

# THE OBSERVER

Vol. V, No. 16

*Serving the Notre Dame and Saint Mary's College Community*

Thursday, Oct. 1, 1970

## OBSERVER BACK

### Glen Corso elected editor

In a tension-filled meeting highlighted by the dramatic appearance of the legendary Robert Sam Anson, founder of The Observer, the editorial board named Glen Stuart Corso editor for the remainder of the year and resolved to recommence daily publication effective immediately.

Anson, who while working for TIME magazine last summer was captured in Cambodia and held for two weeks, wandered into The Observer office unannounced in the middle of the lengthy board meeting, as he wandered into the picture four years ago to edit the fledgling Observer after the demise of the Voice. On the heels of Publisher Guy De Sapiro's angry charge that the editor, "has to push; continually push; to make the paper worthwhile," Anson counselled THE OBSERVER to find "a sense of what is right with the University and what is wrong."

OBSERVER's suspension. "I don't know quite how relevant my experiences are we only came out once a week but we would get the paper out on Friday, go out drinking when we were finished, and know we had a damn good paper. That's what made the whole thing worth it."

Corso, a Massapequa, New York, junior, was elected minutes after Anson's comments and under Corso's direction the Editorial Board decided to present requests for financial aid and academic credit in order to make reportorial chores, in Corso's terms, "more attractive things."

"We need at least forty reporters to give the in-depth news reporting we intend to conduct," said Corso. THE OBSERVER presently has twenty-three reporters.

Corso also announced what he termed "a major reshuffling," in THE OBSERVER's hierarchy.

ment. Under the plan, Ellis will be responsible for story assignments.

In other moves, Senior Dave Lammers assumed control of the OBSERVER Features Department, succeeding T.C. Treanor, who becomes Editorial Page Editor, and seniors Dave Stauffer, of Boaz, West Virginia, and Sue Bury of Battle Creek, Michigan, were named associate editors.

All in all, only publisher Guy De Sapiro and Sports Editor Terry Shields were not involved in the reshuffling. Corso explained the moves by saying, "People were out of position where they were. Some of our best talents were stagnating in irrelevant positions they assumed as stopgap measures. Well, the stopgap measures are over."

Corso also revealed the composition of the Editorial Board, which he pledged would produce "at least one editorial a week."

scholastic  
october 9, 1970

the voice and  
the silence:  
a backward look at  
a daily newspaper

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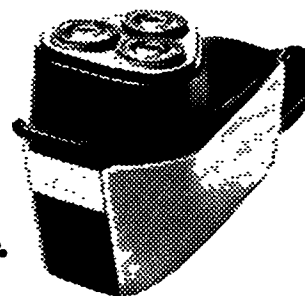
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# Letters

Editor:

I would like to ask your assistance in publicizing a very worthwhile charitable project which is in desperate need of volunteer help. I am referring to the March of Dimes campaign. This Saturday, before the Army game (and on November 14), volunteers for the March of Dimes will be soliciting contributions in the area of the stadium. In the past this campaign has relied primarily on high-school students from the area. This reliance naturally limited the effectiveness of the campaign — as few people were willing to fight the traffic to get to campus on a football Saturday. This year the March of Dimes is asking the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's community for their help.

The MOD Squad — as this year's campaign publicity has dubbed the volunteers — will assemble in Room 128 of O'Shaughnessy between 10:45-11:00 a.m. There they will pick up a cannister and a MOD Squad button; no other preliminary sign-ups or commitments are necessary. Those interested need only come. Collection cannisters will be returned to the same place between 1:15-1:30 p.m. to give students time to get to their seats for the kick-off.

Volunteers will have the opportunity that morning to meet some of the children born with birth defects whom money raised through the MOD assists. Also, there will be volunteers there from both N.D. and S.M.C. for those interested in socializing while they collect contributions.

Albert J. Brenner  
Morrissey Hall Community  
Relations Commissioner

Editor:

Despite my enormous admiration for the Benedictine way of life and especially for the Benedictine community of Mount Saviour, I am afraid I have to disclaim the statement that I spent "several years as a member of a Benedictine monastic community." (THE SCHOLASTIC, September 18, 1970, Page 21.) The background of my interest in the contemplative life is much more complex.

William G. Storey  
Associate Professor  
Liturgy and Church History

Editor:

Last year's graduation ceremonies at Notre Dame and St. Mary's were conducted in traditional fashion. Students wore caps and gowns and the commencement speakers (with the exception of senior class president Jack Crawford) said very little.

In the course of the preceding year, numerous suggestions were made on both campuses to modify the ceremonies. Perhaps the most sensible and least controversial of these was the proposal to forego the traditional caps and gowns and to donate that money (approximately \$4 per person) to a specified charity. This particular proposal was nonpartisan and apolitical; that may disappoint some and please others, but it should broaden the appeal — and hence the financial return — of the plan. If undertaken seriously, this innovation could yield as much as \$25,000 for Vietnamese orphans, the Logan Center in South Bend, or whatever. The deletion of caps and gowns from the ceremonies could be noted and explained in the graduation program.

Another proposal applies only to Notre Dame: that students consult on the selection of the commencement speaker. (St. Mary's already has some system of this sort.) Evidently, speakers have up to this time been largely selected and acquired by Father Hesburgh. There were rumors last year that Nixon was to speak; apparently he was invited, but decided against coming. That invitation itself is an indictment against the system now in use. The commencement speaker should not be selected according to his fame, even according to his political beliefs, but rather according to his wisdom. This is, of course, a more difficult commodity to measure, but Notre Dame is a university and the task of measuring wisdom (rather than fame, wealth, or opinion) seems more in keeping with the hopes of a university. It is not outlandish to select men from the Notre Dame campus as candidates.

Finally, there were plans — plans which collapsed — to hold supplementary events over the commencement weekend. These events were designed to evoke discussion among graduates and their families. Again, these events would best be planned not with a view to spectacle but rather with a view to honest evaluation of the issues that confront college students and their families. And again there need not be importation of talent; men like Fathers Bartell, Burrell, and Dunne are in fine positions to evaluate the sympathies of the students and their families.

I have decided to send this letter early in the year since the formulation of graduation plans occurs then — behind hidden, if not closed, doors.

Rich Moran, '70

# Editorial

## Third Floor LaFortune

The *Observer* has lost its editor-in-chief in two consecutive Septembers. Which is easy enough to understand.

The day-to-day maze of problems facing the writers and editors of a daily newspaper is complex enough; when the same maze faces writers and editors who are also part-time students, the problems often appear without solution.

The specific problems cited by the paper in its suspension issue last week included these: more money, better training and expanded academic credit.

*Observer* Publisher Guy De Sapio believes the problems are primarily financial. We wonder about the cause-effect relationship he establishes between more money and better quality, but then we can afford to: we receive a subsidy from the University.

The *Observer* presently receives about \$10,000 from a \$2 fee tagged on to students' fees. It also makes money from advertising and circulation, but DeSapio insists that it needs more for salaries and to purchase printing machinery. We agree.

We wonder, however, about De Sapio's plan to get the needed funds. He has suggested that the SCHOLASTIC and the *Observer* merge, with the SCHOLASTIC becoming a weekly supplement of the *Observer*. The SCHOLASTIC would be printed on newsprint at a substantial savings, the *Observer* would have all the money it needs, and there'd be a little left over to give back to the sagging general fund of the University.

The presumption implicit in this plan and explicit in its rhetoric is that the SCHOLASTIC provides a kind of dessert following the *Observer's* meat and potatoes. The *Observer*, that is, supplies the hard news; the SCHOLASTIC the reflective comment. The *Observer* is essential, the reasoning goes, while the SCHOLASTIC is something the University could do without.

We believe the SCHOLASTIC to be more reflective, more creative and, therefore, more worthwhile than the *Observer*. If we didn't, we'd be working for them.

We believe, however, that the *Observer* has the potential of providing more accurate and more thoughtful reporting and analysis of daily events than it has

been doing. In other words, we support the effort to improve the *Observer*, but not to the tune of wiping out the SCHOLASTIC, or wiping it under the *Observer's* rug.

The campus needs the kind of tension created by maintaining two separate publications. Financially, this university can't pay them each \$58,000—and we realize this magazine should not be immune from the belt tightening which is going on all over.

Both publications must enlarge their visions of themselves beyond respective budgets: the SCHOLASTIC needs to improve quality in ways a budget cut won't necessarily destroy; the *Observer* needs to improve in ways more fundamental to its problems than finances.

The *Observer's* focus on daily events must become more accurate and thoughtful, and the paper must grow beyond the chaos of daily deadlines. The SCHOLASTIC must gain an increasing awareness of its readers, without getting enveloped in the no-where land of the "hard news" illusion. The *Observer* needs to become more reflective; the SCHOLASTIC more communicative.

With this line of reasoning in mind and acknowledging the limitations that come with the size and purpose of the University, it would be wise to locate areas in which the two campus publications could cooperate without jeopardizing each other. Business and circulation management is obviously one of these; sharing writers might be another.

However this must take place in a manner that will preserve the integrity and quality of each publication, and recognize the important inherent distinctions between a magazine and a daily paper.

Abandonment of competitive back-biting and political maneuvering and movement into beneficial cooperation might eventually produce a wedding of the two journals. We're not sure this is a good idea. But whether or not it is, it is highly unlikely if the maneuvers of one publication cause the rape—financially or otherwise—of the other. As any marriage counselor would admit, shotgun weddings have an affinity for disaster.

# Markings

## A New Wall for the Huddle

THE Huddle has a new look this year; no more booths with sliced-up, slick green vinyl seats, no more uncheery black walls, and (its most conspicuous change) no more mural with the wincing, grimacing hulks of flesh and muscle wrapped in football uniforms.

The monstrosity of a mural had been part of the Huddle since it first opened in 1957. That particular year was a rather fertile one for murals on the campus as undergraduate artists adorned not only the Huddle, but the boxing room in the Fieldhouse, the Rathskeller, and the Lyons Hall Chapel.

The one in the Huddle, however, has had a rough go at winning an appreciative audience ever since its unveiling. The football coaches that year denounced it as repulsive, members of the Administration thought it grotesque and disgusting, and that year, and nearly every one since, the SCHOLASTIC has thrown in at least one dig against the work.

But now the mural lies hidden under a layer of serene, inoffensive knotty pine paneling. It's a lot more comfortable without it, but one feels a sort of melancholy munching on a pasty Huddleburger and staring off at the innocent camouflage. The monsters of the mural aren't around to intensify the gloom of a rainy Tuesday night and they no longer stare you down as you use the Huddle as a sanctuary against the home football game crowd. The gloom and the terror of the Huddle are gone, but so is its character.

But not many feel such an attachment to the work, or are the least bit nostalgic at its disappearance. For thirteen years the mural had probably come to accumulate every odium of insult in the American language (not to mention spitballs and catsup smears). What was it that finally tipped the balance and sent the Neanderthal men behind the boards?

For the student who calls himself a Huddle mural fan, the immediate reaction was that it must have been those corrupters of the arts sheltered under the tastelessly gilded dome. Edmund Price, director of food services and prime suspect number one, flatly denied that it was his doing, adding in fact that he thought the mural had a "certain charm" to it. The Director pointed out that he is here as a servant of the students and consequently that he conforms to their wishes. He said it was the students who wanted the mural disposed of. His seemed to be a completely incredible story, perhaps even a cover for some higher-up who made the foolish decision, so the investigation proceeded to suspect number two. Father Wilson, Vice-president in charge of business affairs, proved to be as clean as the newly painted Huddle walls. "No, the students considered it a decoration that had been up long enough. They wanted a change and I agreed with them." His story coincided with Price's, so the credibility was there; yet one could only imagine what the Sistine Chapel would look like if the Vatican had such a whimsical business director!



The not too terribly thorough investigation finally revealed that it really was the students (via Student Government) who requested the eradication of the mural in question. The arguments against the mural were twofold: the piece was offensive and ugly, and it seemed symbolic of brawny masculinity, the blood-and-guts manliness that really is not manliness at all.

Unfortunately for the mural's sake, the people in Student Government didn't piece together their own reactions to the painting and discover the statement that the artist was making in the work.

"I guess you could call it a homily on the over-emphasis of that kind of manliness that the artist found repulsive," stated Professor Robert Leader of the Art Department, whose student, Michael Todd, painted the Huddle mural in 1957. "Superficially it was full of the ballyhoo characteristic of Notre Dame football, and of the Huddle crowd. But that ballyhoo was no more than a disguise for the satire of the artist's statement. Certainly it was never a beautiful piece, but that was an integral part of the message."

Commenting on the satire's new disguise, Leader mused, "Now isn't that what we so often do when we're confronted with something we don't understand . . . we cover it up. Well, now the Huddle is comfortably innocuous and doesn't offend anyone."

Todd, one of the most highly respected sculptors in America today, is currently working at the University of California at San Diego. When informed of the demise of his mural, he registered no surprise. It was as if it were something he had expected from Notre Dame for the past thirteen years. Asked about Leader's interpretation of the work, Todd replied, "Yes, that's correct."

Todd will be visiting the campus in November as a guest artist, and wanted to know if the place had changed much in recent years. The first impulse is to say "Yes" emphatically and proceed to delineate just how much more refined the student body is today as compared with that of thirteen years ago. But that's a hard thing to tell an artist whose work was ironically both preserved and destroyed by a misunderstanding.

—Jack Fiala

# Markings

## A New Rock

The University Arts Council's claim that the old Fieldhouse contains ideal space for large projects has been fully verified. For the former site of pep rallies now houses a twenty-one block of Indiana limestone which is slowly assuming the recognizable shape of a finished sculpture. Many people are aware of the stone block, but few know of the man who is engaged in the process of transforming it.

The sculptor is Brother Joe Faul, C.S.C., a maintenance man-turned-artist commissioned to execute the work for King's College, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. The statue will grace the lobby of the school's newly completed physical education building (a perverse type of irony seems to be at work here) where it will exhort passersby to overcome all that shackles their potentially liberated selves. Brother Faul is interested in freedom.

In one sense, the statue itself symbolizes its creator's conquest of much which could have been construed as inhibiting his spirit. Brother Faul's past includes ten years of supervising building and grounds maintenance at Stonehill College where he also ran a weight lifting club. (In fact, Brother Faul was a friend of Notre Dame's late Fr. Lang.) Somehow he developed an interest in woodcarving — an interest which prompted him to experiment without formal training beyond one figure modelling course. It was only later that his work with the art form was transferred from the category of hobby to more serious pursuit. In 1960 Brother Faul was allowed to study under Fr. Lauck at Notre Dame for three months; he returned in February of 1962.

Today, as the artist attempts his most challenging project, the influence of his past is plainly visible. Brother Faul admires the simple, but essentially powerful work of the German expressionist woodcarver, Barlock. The German did not "prostitute his materials" by making the wood seem to be anything other than the rough substance that it is.

Brother Faul works with rock to utilize the power inherent in its mass, and in fact, his completed sculpture (prospectively entitled, *Following The Spirit*) will suggest much of the original stone's unpolished coarseness. The sculpture portrays a stylized man breaking out of the rock to reach his destiny of freedom. All that formerly restrained him crumbles to the sides as the figure is frozen in his moment of exhilaration. The implied reference to Michaelangelo's "Bound Slave" is intended, but Brother Faul's man seeks a resurrection not from himself, but for himself. And above all, the context of the work remains firmly terrestrial. There is no ethereal extension above conflict (à la Giacometti), nor is there loss of a Nietzschean anguish at the pain of overcoming.

Of course much remains to be accomplished. Brother Faul can only talk (hopefully) of completion by spring. But then, a particularly relished aspect of this work is the absence of any definite deadline.

As to the location of his work, Brother Faul could not be happier. The Arts Center provides room enough to view the sculpture from a distance and more-than-adequate space in which to work. And surprisingly Brother Faul does not consider the continual questioning he receives — caused by his location — to be any hindrance to his work. In fact, he views it as a chance to appraise his own conception of the project.

But perhaps most importantly, the converted Fieldhouse effectively dwarfs the stone so that it does not appear as awesome as it might were it placed in a smaller studio. Brother Faul is quick to admit the feelings of intimidation with which he first approached the project. And, although familiarity has succeeded in "shrinking" the size of the rock a bit, he is still grateful for the opportunity to move away occasionally.

In fact Brother Faul is left with only one main worry: what happens to the temperature inside the Arts Center when the temperature outside begins to drop?

— Phil Glotzbach

# in the Fieldhouse



OCTOBER 9, 1970

John Stupp

# My '57 Chevy Can Beat Yours Any Day!



Last summer I took a girl to the drive-in and during the intermission she became rather boisterous; in fact, she went so far as to insult the driver of the car next to ours. Now I am forced to admit that this in itself is not an unusual event (anyone who has ever spent time driving from one burger lane to the next will agree with me)—the female hopes to incite her escort to heroic acts of virtue, often forgetting that her male companion is in no way heroic or virtuous, just a trifle bewildered. Well true to course, the driver of the car next to ours proved to be a greaser of enormous physical stature (I confess, I swore I saw him detach his Hurst floor shifter and utter something in a semi-primitive tongue). At any rate, I was in no position to do battle with a Neanderthal; besides, the light was dim and how was I to know if he was carrying a gun, or a knife, or the four-speed stick. I mention this, because some of my friends often confuse my common sense with cowardice. For me there is no distinction between the two.

Later, while meditating from a safer distance upon the previous incident, I was forced against my will to admit that I felt a certain kinship, a certain admiration for the greaser in his struggle to assert himself. I was moved to follow this line of thinking from two standpoints. One, the greaser is a dying breed. A minority among minorities. I thought of the expeditions which have been sent to Africa and the Far East to secure the salvation of animal strains near extinction, and the thought struck me—why not an expedition to save the greasers. After all, I rationalized (with good

radical masochism), he was only acting to preserve his race against the no-good, long-haired fairies like me. The thought wasn't enough to send me running to the barber, but I couldn't help feeling a twinge of emotion at the thought of a world devoid of hamburger joints and drive-ins.

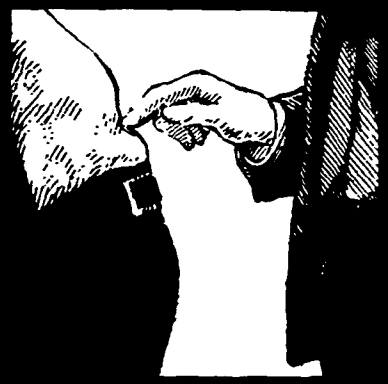
The second thought struck me soon after I was recovering from the first. Here before my eyes was the pristine struggle between Eros and the automobile. Certainly it was this very struggle between the erotic and the mechanic that moved Nietzsche to inquire:

"What power was it that freed Prometheus from his vultures and transformed the myth into a vehicle of Dionysian wisdom?"

The vehicle is obviously the '57 Chevy with the gray primer on the hood. I am forced again to think of an article I read in an old *Evergreen Review* some years ago about a man who sexually assaulted cars. Now this isn't unusual (as anyone who has hung around the drag strips will attest), however it was this fellow's twisted mentality and moral sense which led him to unnaturally engage in penetration from the rear (an uncommon position). Now this is all neither here nor there, but the thought struck me—probably 50% of the next generation will be born with Hurst shifters instead of genitals. Now if this isn't as Nietzsche suggested, *Die Geburt der Tragodie*, then I don't know what is.



# the gallump ing gourmet



*In this first of an irregular ongoing feature, the SCHOLASTIC shares with its readers the culinary wisdom and curiosity of Leo J. Mulchahy. Through a guided tour of several of South Bend's smaller and (in some cases) stranger patisseries, boulangeries, and eateries, the column will offer alternatives to those in the community tired of dining hall meals, tired of green or yellow or chartreuse stamps, tired of giving money to K-Mart and A&P — or just tired and searching desperately for new sensual delights.*



*Sindlinger's Grocery, 430 Lincolnway West (two or maybe three or four blocks past the Kroger Super-market).*

Behind a chest-high counter, the kind that in childhood appeared no less than six stories tall, stands a man wearing spectacles and sporting a clean white apron. "The sauerkraut," he says, "should be ready in a few weeks. We're just about down to the last of what we made last spring — nothin' but juice left now. Come back and try some, if you like."

The outside of his store is adorned with a sign that bears one huge star and the words, "Sindlinger's Grocery." Inside, the small room is crowded and chaotic with shelves that display everything from Cold Water All to dill pickles to honey "direct from Ross Apiaries in Wilkerton, Indiana." Outside, it is one more in an army of small businesses competing for the scraps left by A&P, Kroger and the rest. Inside is a world K-Mart never dreamed of.

Smiles. And samples of whatever catches the eye. And sausage, and sauerkraut and bacon (at 89c per pound) cured and cut as you watch by Frank Sindlinger. Rings of knockwurst and bolognas, garnished with small bits of parsley. Straw brooms stacked in one corner, a bandsaw to cut ribs of beef, chopping blocks that shine from six coats of varnish, massive rounds of sharp New York cheddar or mild Swiss, and apparently endless rolls of brown paper and string.

A thousand things to touch. A thousand more to look at, across counters and through display windows and on shelves. Not a single shopping cart. Not a single conveyor belt, nor a numbered badge, nor a faceless cashier. Things noticed in childhood, forgotten when old.

In some one of his stories, one that appears in the standard fourth grade reader, G. K. Chesterton quotes an old shoemaker: "Bootz," he says, "is an Art." So too is sausage-curing or sauerkraut-making. Through the door of Frank Sindlinger's grocery is a world not much different from his father's father's, or whoever it was that first opened the store in 1891. Except that beyond the glass-top counter and outside the front window are Lincolnway West, Kroger's. Past the door is a world where Bootz is not an Art. And the fear that the world inside will not last.

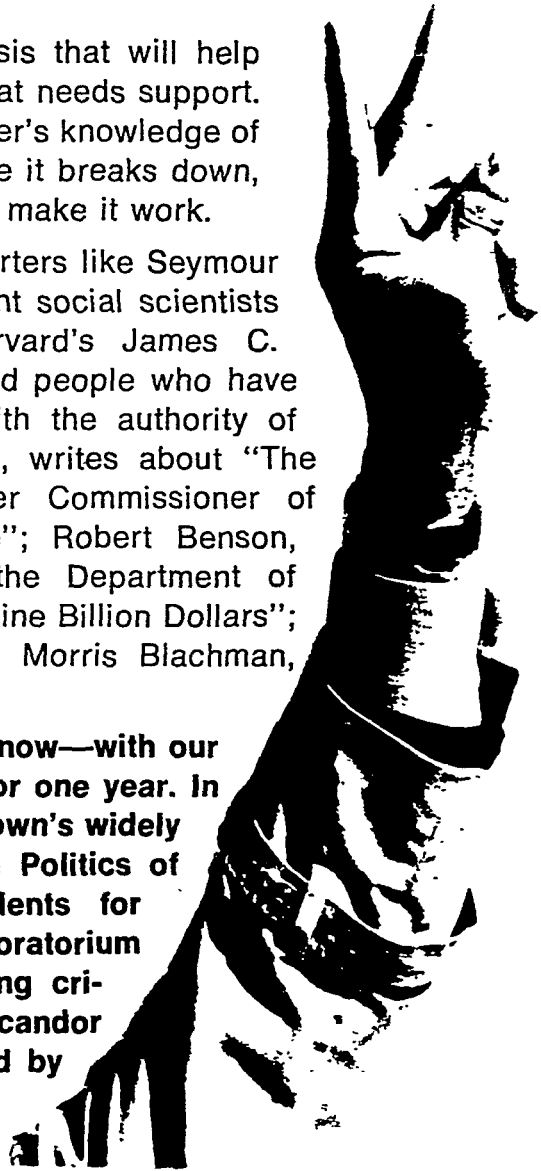
—Leo J. Mulchahy

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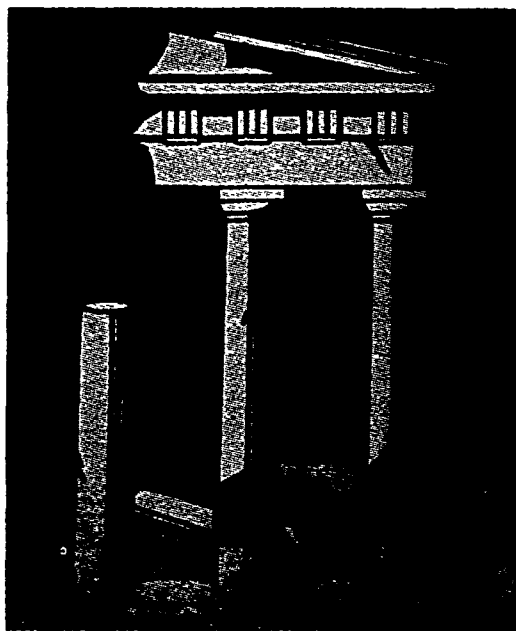
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# The Week In Distortion

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## *The Real Issues*

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The following letter was one of three sent to the SCHOLASTIC for possible publication. They first appeared in the Washington *Evening Star*, and were forwarded by one Conrad Drexel, who wrote: "These letters express what seems to me to be the real issues involved in the Ky, McIntire Vietnam story."

SIR: You recently called the Rev. Carl McIntire a "right-wing fundamentalist radio preacher." Why do you call him a right winger? He represents all that is decent and honest and respectable in America and you should stand for the same things he does. What's wrong in deserving a decent civilized nation in which to live? To hear some people talk I get the impression it is wrong.

Dr. McIntire is trying to preserve our heritage—the things that made our country great such as liberty, freedom, and free speech. A man who will not fight to protect these rights does not deserve his freedom. It is high time you and thousands of others got on the firing line with Dr. McIntire and did something to save our country from the enemies that seek to destroy decent civilization instead of criticizing everything the man says.

Ruby Thompson  
Staunton, Va.

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## *Only in Pakistan or Most Other Places*

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When ritual and the world of business clash within one situation, the results are amazing. Take the recent situation in Pakistan where a strike by goldsmiths temporarily halted the traditional practice of draping couples at weddings with costly ornaments of gold. To cope with the situation, ritual adapted to reality (disguised as labor disputes), and garlands fashioned with rupee currency notes were used. Most valued, however, were garlands entwined with U.S. greenbacks, exceedingly hard to come by in Pakistan. Various Pakistani newlyweds were heard to offer thanksgiving for not having been residents of Polynesia (where large wheels of sandstone were used as currency) during the crisis.

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## *Apotheosis*

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Explains Marvin Levich of Reed College's presidential selection committee: "We begin our search for a college president by looking for a man with the qualities one associates with God." Father Hesburgh, who as a priest probably has a better feel for this standard than many of his secular counterparts, adds, "We are expected to achieve peace, clean up pollution, educate twice as many

students, reform the corporations and extend the frontiers of knowledge." A most unrealistic set of expectations.

Declares our own Rev. Theodore Hesburgh: "The way things are going no intelligent guy in his right mind would want to be a university administrator."

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## *Letter from an Editor*

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A lot of people (particularly such queasy types as publishers, advertisers and backers) continually ask us why we print so much anti-Nixon propaganda. "Why beat a dead horse?" they say, not without an appreciation for metaphor.

Well, the *National Lampoon* is pleased to announce it has discovered that President Nixon has been planning, in secret, one of the most exciting rock festivals ever conceived for America's young people. Tentatively planned to be held in the Grand Canyon, the Festival of Reconciliation will boast practically every rock and supergroup, including Sly and the Family Stone, and Johnny Winter. Rumor has it that the Treasury Department has offered an undisclosed sum to McCartney for a final gig with the Beatles at the Festival. Free food, shelter and Port-O-Sans will be provided by the army engineers, who have been told to expect over 1,000,000 to gather in the his-

toric gorge. Peter Max posters have been commissioned to publicize the free event, and the date will be announced later this month in a special Presidential news conference. On the third day of the Festival, our sources reveal, the vast crowd will be treated to an aerial ballet by the U.S. Air Force's renowned Blue Angels. The aerobatics will include, as a grand finale, a display of sky-writing. Zooming over the heads of the multitudes, three of the smoke-streaming silver birds will inscribe a peace sign in the heavens to an appreciatively oh-wowing audience.

The fourth plane will drop the bomb.

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#### *Housekeeping and House-Keeping*

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Reality intrudes upon even the most sublimely oriented. After three weeks of existence as a Christ-

ian Community, one of the local communes found themselves barricaded (well, almost) into their house by a mound of accumulated garbage. In search of the location of the city dump, the residents phoned the *South Bend Tribune*. They didn't know, but recommended going right to the top (which seems apt advice for a Christian Community). So the next phone call went to the home of Mayor Lloyd Allen. Mrs. Lloyd Allen, wife of said mayor, doesn't know where the city dump is either (file that somewhere, you muckrakers). She, however, is a woman of vast resources, and the City Engineer *does* know where the city dump is. Problem solved.

Rumors now abound that the house of the Christian Community is about to be sold—things have even proceeded as far as the owner giving tours to probable buyers. An opportunist in Dillon is accepting

bets on the approach that will be used to thwart this latest intrusion of reality.

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#### *Gems of Wisdom*

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When you think your life is in a fix, consider the typical weather we live in and then consider the sunflower planted in Flanner's pit.

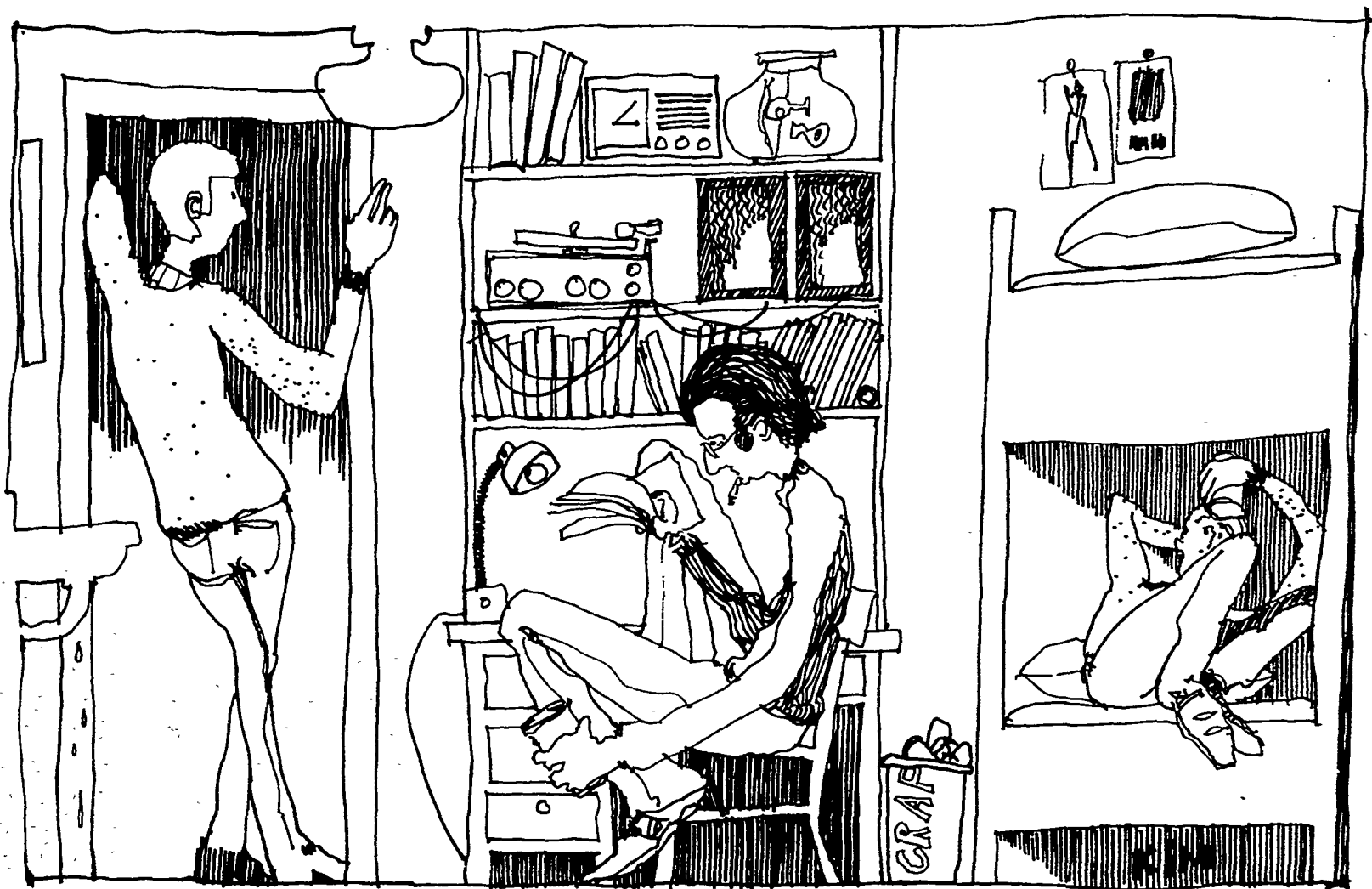
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#### *Heard in The Huddle*

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... and we held a tumultuous meeting behind barred doors, attempting to revive a defunct *Observer*. When, behold, our founder, Robert Sam Anson, appeared and breathed life into our presses. But I would not believe it was he until I was able to thrust my hand into his typewriter.

... cramming



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# The Voice and the Silence: A Backward Look

**T**HE *Observer*: born as the illegitimate son of Robert Sam Anson and the *Voice* (which died in childbirth) on November 3, 1965, died September 29, 1970. Two days later it was miraculously resurrected.

In that time, resiliency and the obstinate desire to be "an independent student newspaper" have remained, and the paper has been shaped by the consuming presence of three men: Anson, Bill Luking, and Guy DeSapio. Each has gone far beyond the role of editor to reach and control the lifeblood — changing tone and style without the overt manipulation and politics of an elaborate demarkation of a new regime. At first glance, the successive politics attributed to each appear radically different — Anson's free-swinging liberalism against DeSapio's cautious, deliberate attempt to make the paper work — but the bulk of writers, night editors, and columnists cannot be broken down into this or that period. So all that is certain is that the phenomenon exists: the *Observer* is a motherless child that has been beaten, humiliated, and exalted in its temperamental youth, and now finds itself struggling with pangs of self-awareness and destiny.

Anson explained the genesis of the *Observer* in a SCHOLASTIC interview on May 5, 1967:

I left the SCHOLASTIC for a number of reasons. The SCHOLASTIC seemed to be a very going concern. Extremely talented people. I thought it was

going to be given some direction during the course of the year. And certainly my presence on it was not indispensable (I sometimes think now that I was indispensable). The *Voice* was the leakiest of sinking ships, incredibly bad by all standards, in taste and journalism. Mostly accuracy. All in all, a hideous publication. In a way my decision to go to the *Voice*, now the *Observer*, was motivated in a sense by kindness to dumb animals. And certainly there was a bit of egotism involved in being master of your own ship. There was so much to be done.

Despite Anson, the early *Observer* was also full of inaccuracy, typos, and lousy photography (when it appeared); but it was yellow journalism clichéd to the fullest. There was a certain vicarious thrill to its style: a combination of elitism and exciting (if inconsistent) reporting. Against the fiasco of the *Berkeley Barb* story containing "screw" (for which Anson and Steve Feldhaus were threatened with dismissal), the coverage of the Man-of-the-Year Award to General Westmoreland and the investigation of double standards for athletes were responsible. They contributed to the *Observer's* crusade for "sensible" reform. As one of its columnists, Betty Doerr, always said: "It was written for fifty people and everyone else just wished they knew what we said."

**P**AT COLLINS was Anson's News Editor; he inherited an irregular and sporadic publication in 1967. It was a year of political affiliation and alienation: the election, Chris Murphy and the General Assembly of Students, Daley's Chicago, and the SUMMA Challenge. All this material was transformed in columns written by Dennis Gallagher, Tom McKenna, and Jay Schwartz; cumulatively, they represented some of the best material published in the paper's first five years.

Out of this array came Bill Luking, quiet and very quick, with the demanding organizational ability to push a daily and the sensitivity to work with such diverse personalities as Chris Wolfe and Michael Patrick O'Connor. It was Luking, perhaps more than anyone else, who gave the *Observer* depth and direction. Anson's occasional accuracy achieved the respect of students and political recognition from the faculty and Administration. But from an occasional happening, the *Observer* became under Luking an established daily — with a features page, notable columnists, regular sports, expanded format, competent news reporting.

Luking had opened the year with a joint ultimatum with Richard Rossie and Bill Cullen (then Editor of the *SCHOLASTIC*) demanding an evaluation of the University's function and direction. This same inspection was applied to student organizations. At the same time, the *Observer* was published twice weekly; the first step was selling the paper with a program on football Saturdays. Advertising was solicited and format expanded from four pages to eight on Friday (now three times a week). This expansion was not unnoticed: it became obvious that the *Observer* was a political force and as such attracted a full spectrum of interested writers. Those volunteers — Don Hynes, Kathy Cecil, Chris Wolfe, Betty Doerr and the rest — besides offering memorable and occasionally eloquent columns, gave Luking the manpower to go daily, first as an experiment and finally as an integral part of the institution.

This new power did not go untried; crises abounded but Luking was always there, ready to spend all night on a story or harass anyone on policy, jobs or coffee. The year's most significant event was the Pornography Conference in early February and the fiasco it precipitated. The day after the raid (the film *Kodak Ghost Poems* had been confiscated by South Bend of-



*Robert Sam Anson*

## Apathy was the crime; the *Observer* was the bludgeon to awaken involvement...



ficials responding to a complaint by the California Legion of Decency, the *Observer* published a special edition; the move was important because it represented a commitment far beyond editorial policy. In following this up, Luking became involved with trying to establish restrictions against further invasions and gain some vindication from the Administration. This led to a tenuous relationship with the ill-fated and much-censored *Vacilline* — co-authored by *Observer* columnists Hynes, Cecil and friends. Out of much maneuvering and animosity on both sides, the legal necessity of some sort of advisory board became apparent; yet the control of the paper was secured for the editors. A little-known change in structure now protects the paper from censorship; a board — of students and faculty — was established to choose succeeding editors and bear the responsibility of further editorial outrage. Luking left the *Observer* at the end of the year in a preeminent position at Notre Dame: the power he had worked for was used well and wisely.

**I**t had been a political year — the year to be involved. Apathy was the crime; the *Observer* was the bludgeon to awaken involvement and spearhead the liberal ma-

jority. It asked for reasonable solutions to tradition-bound problems, and questioning was a daily process. Luking at once fueled the enthusiasm he found and resonated from it. But the pitch of activity only evolved toward a level of mediocrity: the job of turning out the *Observer* was suicidal for all who indulged, and the paper's quality suffered because of this.

After some executive shuffling early in September of 1969, Tim O'Meilie became a columnist, Guy DeSapio took over as Editor, and as the first concession to the immensity of Luking's energy, the position of Publisher was created and filled by Don Holliday. Policy shifted to a more conservative stance; the daily routine was confirmed and expanded with a Features Editor, (Tom Ehrbar), national news coverage from UPI, and an attempt at political commentary from Ed Roickle, Tim MacCarry, Mike Kelly and others. But the routine started taking its toll, as those more experienced and less committed left to join the staff of the *SCHOLASTIC*, *Dome* and *Juggler*. Freshmen and sophomores were promoted to fill the gap; the paper initiated a folksy, colloquial approach to anything beyond news. For a while this was refreshing and tastefully done, but it was soon out of hand. The characteristic attitude was more damaging than any loss of credibility, because it prevented any serious writers from joining the staff.

Graduation took Ehrbar and others, and the staff this year is raw. Unlike Anson, DeSapio is constitutionally unable to generate the news; what is left as local news often has a redundant, stale cast to it. So the *Observer*, while physically producing five issues a week, is reduced to reporting the wire services, an occasional bulletin from the Administration, the Student Union calendar, and an occasional feature. It was in this situation that Bach as Editor and DeSapio as Publisher found themselves last week. The *Observer* needed to purchase new equipment; Bach did not think it feasible. After some soul-searching and a pep talk by Robert Sam Anson (fresh from his excursion in Cambodia), Glen Corso was elected Editor. The silence was broken; the *Observer* once more resumed publication.

...and spearhead  
the liberal majority.

But this does not change the real problems: it is a very difficult job to publish a daily and maintain consistent quality. DeSapio would like some money from the University to cover editors' salaries (although the paper operated at a profit last year, improvements and incidentals will absorb most of it), and expanded academic credit from the Communication Arts department — both of which senior SCHOLASTIC editors get now. However, the real solutions operate on other levels. Somehow the paper must gather about it people of great dedication and imagination, people capable of trans-

forming it into the power it so briefly was. And the money, though from the University, will have to come from someone else's budget. Furthermore, even if these proposals were only temporary measures — until the *Observer* could pay its own salaries — the Administration might well like to assume control over the paper's financial aspects . . . which could lead to an actual censorship board. This potential crisis seems remote now; but five years ago, the *Observer* was launched by Father Hesburgh's taking issue with "screw."

Jim Coburn



# the dust is

I suspect this proposal will strike most of my audience as fantastic, but so, when you think of it, is the present state of affairs — a vast educational enterprise built entirely upon a caste of learned men whose learning has no relevance to the young and even seems to alienate the young from both education and culture. It is a vision of madness accomplished.



*At least some of those who went to the Library Auditorium last Wednesday (September 30) to hear a classicist named William Arrowsmith speak on "Teaching and the Liberal Arts" must have been a bit shocked at the strength and urgency of what they heard. Among them were several members of the SCHOLASTIC staff. The essay that follows draws on the text of Arrowsmith's speech, two articles written by him in the last few years (in Arion: VI, 1, Spring 1967 and The Center Magazine: III, 2, March 1970), and a hurried seven a.m. conversation the morning after his talk. It can only serve as a partial synopsis, an impression of the man and his message—and hopefully as an invitation to further, deeper consideration of the solutions he offers.*

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# not without its power

## arrowsmith and a dream of wisdom

THE words are from an article William Arrowsmith wrote in the spring of 1967 for *Arion*, a magazine he co-edits. They, are, in miniature, the substance of his message, the source both of his despair and of the radicalism that characterizes his solutions. Education in America, he would tell us, is a wasteland from the primary level to the most prestigious universities and colleges. It is racist, it produces "mass illiteracy," it isolates culture as the possession of a select and scholarly few, it represses curiosity, and perhaps most serious of all it offers no moral or spiritual direction to a generation "capable of moral outrage in a morally outrageous world."

When Arrowsmith spoke at Notre Dame last week, his message was passionate and compelling. Drawing on statements made by American Indian chieftains and texts of tribal council meetings, he contrasted the values inculcated by American education in the 20th century with those that characterized the American Indian and pre-Socratic cultures. For the Indian, the earth was Mother and Teacher, while the white man has valued it only for the material wealth it can bring him. Arrowsmith recalled a Shoshone Chieftain's answer to the white materialism:

You ask me to cut the grass and make hay, and sell it, and to be rich like the white man. But how dare I cut my mother's hair? Shall I take a knife, the plow, and cut my mother's breasts? My young men will never work. Men who work cannot dream, and wisdom comes in dreams.

At first the statement appears far-fetched, to say the least. After some consideration, however, the earth-mother analogy seems completely natural. Where does the substance of all things living come from, if not the earth? The Indian recognizes that the earth possesses an energy of its own — an energy far greater than man's. Therefore, the earth deserves respect.

This recognition seems simple enough. Why, then, have white men missed it for so long? The answer, Arrowsmith says, can be found in the last sentence of the passage quoted above. In the dream, the Indian encounters forces which he recognizes as being beyond himself; he considers these encounters to be the basis of wisdom. The whiteman's wisdom, on the other hand, does not recognize any force that is beyond his own scope. All power resides within himself. It follows that the earth or anything else that is outside him, is valuable only to the extent to which he can use it. This disposition explains many evils which are all too obvious yet continue to characterize American Society and its educational institutions in particular: terrible waste of natural and human resources, violence, and racism so ingrained as to be almost ineradicable.

ARROWSMITH feels that these and related problems have reached a point of crisis. Something had better be done soon, or it will be too late. This sentiment is a common enough one in these times, but when Arrowsmith voices it, one realizes that he is not indulging in idle speculations about apocalypse. He has a sense of why things are gone wrong, and he is optimistic enough to venture some specific proposals for making the situation better.

Since the worst difficulties are rooted in moral egoism, the most appropriate way to eliminate them is by eliminating the egoism itself—by replacing it with a wisdom like that which the Indians (and pre-Socratics) possessed. In other words, Western whiteman must learn to recognize a larger, non-personal force: the vastness of nature, or a community of all men.

This is a difficult necessity, and given the current lack of political leadership and vision, we must look toward the colleges and universities to reverse our present, fatal way of regarding life. Right now these institutions are scarcely better equipped than the rest of the society to provide the impetus for so massive a

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# men who work cannot dream, and wisdom comes in dreams

change. However, they possess (or at least it must be hoped that they possess) the important advantages of flexibility and a willingness to experiment.

With these things in mind, Arrowsmith offers two sets of specific proposals. The first is designed to change the goals and methods of undergraduate education, which is now constricted by an over-emphasis on specialization and scholarly research. He believes that undergraduate studies must be vivified and must serve as the University's heart beat—nurturing and feeding the energies of its students:

The function of the university is not to repress or paralyze those energies, but to suggest how they might find meaningful fulfillment and creative direction. John Gardner writes: "One of the most difficult problems we face is to make it possible for young people to participate in the great tasks of their time. . . . Instead of giving young people the impression that their task is to stand a dreary watch over the ancient values, we should be telling them the grim but bracing truth that it is their task to re-create those values, continuously in their own behavior." This, ironically, is what the young are now saying to us, insisting, clamorously and incoherently, that the university should enfranchise and corroborate, through action and moral involvement, their conviction that human courage and compassion and initiative matter.

This imperative must be taken seriously. The student cannot learn of compassion and initiative from a text alone: such qualities can be taught only when they are embodied and exemplified, by men whose whole lives are devoted to making those qualities live. Action becomes as necessary as contemplation. Scholarship must be subordinated, so that students may have the

opportunity to see in their texts *and* in the lives of their teachers, both the nobility and the possibilities offered by the wisdom of the Indian culture. In that wisdom lies a possible end to the personal and cultural violence peculiar to Western man.

**T**HE second half of Arrowsmith's vision is more specific. It concerns plans for what colleges can do at this point to establish the kind of common culture in which moral values and the "priorities of the spirit" can grow. It is the blue-print for the university as a corporation dedicated to protecting the public interest. The move is a dangerous but terribly necessary one—simply because that institution is the only one capable of simultaneously promoting "the general enlightenment" and fusing the powers of intelligence and conscience. A few of these proposals:

- **use of educational technology:** with McLuhan, Arrowsmith feels the universities must "involve themselves" in plans for computerized learning and programming. If not, control over curricula and even educational assumptions will pass to those large corporations already in the field. It is in the university's and the public's interest that this transfer be avoided.
- **support for community colleges:** in the near future such institutions will be educating forty percent of the college population, most of whom will come from "the lowest socioeconomic level." At stake is this nation's commitment to universal education. "One of the highest priorities in American education is for a new and valid kind of 'general education'—the general education that these community colleges, with their 'non-academic' students,



their vocational orientation, and their two-year programs, so obviously and desperately need." But they will require what Arrowsmith terms "bold and experimental approaches," radically different from what goes on today.

- **criticism of mass media:** "The mass media are almost wholly exempt from serious or sustained criticism, and this exemption is, given the influence of the media on our lives, both intolerable and disastrous. For better or worse, our lives are shaped by what we see and hear, by the information made available to us . . . And the criticism of the media is surely a task compatible with the function of colleges and universities—their charter, as educators of almost everybody, to protect and promote the general enlightenment."
- **creation of a national newspaper:** Arrowsmith sees no technological problems here. "The University," he says, "must deliberately create anew those institutions—such as new colleges, newspapers, etc.—for which it now trains personnel. . . . The general corruption of the American press and the wretched standards of newspaper journalism are not something the university can reasonably be held responsible for; yet the university cannot realistically train personnel for such a press unless it either consents to the general corruption or strives to create a genuine alternative—which means a different kind of newspaper, a press to which a man need not sell his soul in order to work."

There are more such proposals, equally interesting and frightening—because the risks are great. Who will control this national newspaper? What will prevent it from becoming a monolith, a central information (and

propaganda) agency? The questions and dangers are as infinite as the possibilities.

Arrowsmith himself is acutely aware of the risks, but would tell us they must be taken. American education must extricate itself from the impotence and sterility that now plague it, so that it can become the dynamis for a culture-wide change in our ways of thinking; otherwise, the future of our culture is dark, the road leads to destruction. Again, the Indian can teach us; Arrowsmith concluded his talk last week with a letter from the chief Seattle to President Polk:

Day and night cannot live together. The red man has ever run before the white man, as morning mist before the morning sun. But your proposition seems fair. My people will accept the reservation. We will live apart in peace. The words of the white chief are the words of nature speaking to my people, speaking out of a dense darkness.

It matters little where we pass the remnant of our days—they will not be many. A few more moons, a few more winters . . . tribe follows tribe, and nation nation like the waves of the sea—that is nature's order. Regret is useless. Your decay may be distant, but it will surely come. Even the white man whose God walked and talked with him as friend with friend cannot deny this destiny. We may be brothers after all. We shall see. . . .

steve brion &  
rory holscher

## **perspectives**

# **student priority number one**

**chris wolfe**

**I**t is very difficult to write an essay which accuses many people of a fault. The reader automatically tends to become defensive, either moving on to another article or proceeding to read the essay with a rather critical attitude. All that the writer can do is to disclaim any attitude of superiority with regard to the fault, freely admitting that he is himself subject to that which he describes, and ask the reader to hear what he says with an open mind.

The fault of which I speak is usually experienced at some time by just about everyone. An example is the feeling one gets when he tries to recall the contents of something he has read and can produce only a brief and meaningless generalization. It is understandable that not every book a person picks up is read well. But the problem is that the sketchy sort of perusal that a detective story gets is not what the academic matter in university education deserves.

And this is what I believe to be the major defect of liberal education today (and liberal education includes those liberal studies in the science, business, and engineering curricula). Education in liberal arts is second rate at Notre Dame and most other places primarily because students do not want to or do not know how to study well.

This essay is not concerned with the problem of students not wanting to study. Given the generally espoused notion that everyone should get a college education, there is no way to prevent universities from being crowded—and overcrowded—with people who have little desire to pursue the development of the

intellect. The sobering thought is that students who do have some desire to learn usually do not know how to go about it.

Many students will object to this. Students with good marks might especially feel slighted since their good marks often reflect hard work. And this points out the worst thing about grades. It is not the oft-bemoaned mark-mongering of those who care about only their 4.0. It is the fact that many people who get good marks are fooled into believing that they are really studying well.

The symptoms of the inability to study properly are numerous.

Hardly anyone devotes more than one reading to even a difficult book. People assume that if one reading of their books can get them A's in their courses, then only one reading is necessary (because of their superior capacity to retain reading material, maybe). And it is enough for an A — but not for a good education.

Knowledge is not assimilated. Within hours or weeks after a final the course material is forgotten, except for a few generalized impressions, some interesting trivia, and the names of a few good books that you can use in a conversation, or on a date, or at an interview.

When course material is studied well, it is still often not a starting point for reflection which will yield a greater depth of understanding and good critical evaluation which will be remembered for more than a short time.

Knowledge attained from different sources is rarely

brought together, even though insights obtained in the reading of, say, a good novel can and ought to be brought to bear on study in history, political theory, philosophy, and other liberal studies. The liberal studies all say something about Man and about men, so knowledge attained in any one particular field generally has ramifications in other fields.

And the best symptom of all, to my mind: the class reaction when a professor walks in, sits down, and says, "Well, what do you have to say about the book?" Silence for a short while. Then a generalization about a particular part of the book or about its style. Or maybe a tentative remark about an alleged flaw. Or a statement of general approbation or disapprobation. Anything but a cogent presentation of the thesis, the premises, evidence, and reasoning involved, and a thoughtful evaluation of these. And if one or a few individuals do present something like this, discussion is minimal because most people have not given careful thought to them, much less made sure that they could articulate such thoughts.

Admittedly these are generalizations. There are exceptions to all of them, of course. But on the whole I believe that observations such as these can be made about the study of many of even the best students at Notre Dame and elsewhere.

These are only some examples. For a reader who is interested in seeing a more clear-cut critique of poor study habits of these kinds, the best source is John Henry Cardinal Newman's *The Idea of a University*. In the first chapters after the basic lectures he describes the examination of two Latin students, one of whom has studied poorly and is left with only general and inessential knowledge, and the other of whom has studied well and knows what he ought to. The description tends to inculcate in the reader a realization that he should make some radical changes in his study methods.

(Some people will try to dismiss the problem by simply contending that they do not have enough time for studying as well as they would like to. And this objection is — up to a point — justified. But, granted that doing things well requires more time than is available, what follows? Does one try to do everything half-well, or does he do as much of the most important matter as possible very well? Ideally, the latter; in fact, the former.)

**H**AVING been given the symptoms, one wonders about the reasons. As far as the students go, it would seem simply to be inertia. They don't study well because they have not been taught to do so and because they are lulled by good marks or indifference or general opinion into thinking that the problem does not exist. There is no way out of the problem as things stand — until people become aware of it.

It is difficult to arrive at a method of bringing the problem forcibly to people's attention. The faculty

might contribute to the solution of a problem they have helped to create. The lack of rigor in testing and grading is part of the reason that many people think (unjustifiably) that they study well. As long as the faculty have to go through the grief and trouble of giving tests and marking them, they might as well make it worthwhile by making them a more accurate indication of a student's level of study. The standards ought to be especially raised in the higher ranges. Theoretically C is the "average" student's grade — in fact average work usually earns a B. It will not solve everything, but more rigorous tests and grades are at least something that will contribute to the realization of the problem.

But grading is not the primary concern of this essay. Its purpose is mainly to encourage people to evaluate their own methods of study with a critical eye, and to try to improve those habits with help from those who can offer it (and there are professors who are willing to devote time to this, if only to make the ground in which they sow seeds bear more fruit). If an increasing number of students — and especially the better ones — do not do something along this line, then universities will not be able to provide the well-educated men who must be responsible for excellence in our society.

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*Chris Wolfe is a senior in the College of Arts and Letters, majoring in Government. A past Observer columnist, he has occupied a spotlight as first and foremost campus voice for the conservative stance.*

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*Each week the SCHOLASTIC will make this column available to a member of the University community to explore and comment upon any issues of general interest to the Notre Dame-St. Mary's community. Views expressed here do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of the SCHOLASTIC.*

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# an old song

THE classical guitar is a finely versatile instrument. In the hands of a master guitarist it becomes a sensitive tool for exploring the emotive content within a broad spectrum of musical structures. The compositions of the baroque and classical periods are often interpreted on the guitar, as well as the more familiar melodies originating in Spain and South America. Yet this range of musical potential is essentially problematic to the guitarist: he must master several varieties of musical thought (no easy task), and develop a style which will accommodate all these very different traditions.

In two debut recordings made in 1966 and 1967 Christopher Parkening demonstrated a remarkable grasp of Bach and Weiss, representative of the baroque period, but a less exciting feel for the music of the Spanish masters, Sor, Tarrega and Villa-Lobos. With his new recording, *Romanza*, Parkening returns again to the Spanish idiom to focus on a tempting theme for the guitar: the Spanish romantic piece. The album's orientation has brought Parkening under some criticism for selling soft romantic soap, somewhat in the manner of Andy Williams. Yet this is basically unfair; Parkening shows at least two conscious improvements in musical style. He has acquired a new texture in playing Spanish music, and he demonstrates a willingness to experiment with new arrangements of traditional songs.

It is a difficult business to describe the role of texture in the interpretation of music. Parkening's development might best be understood by way of contrast with another guitarist, John Williams, whose playing is often criticized as being "mechanical." There is a certain quality, a tactile quality, missing from Williams' performance. In his debut album Parkening seemed to suffer from the same deficiency: his playing was precise but not inspired. In *Romanza*, this elusive, tactile quality suddenly appears — indescribable, but noticeably there.

Parkening's initiation into the sometimes-hazardous role of innovator was prompted by his cousin, Jack Marshall, who arranged the traditional Spanish ballad known simply as "Romance" to include several discordant harmonies. That Parkening recorded this

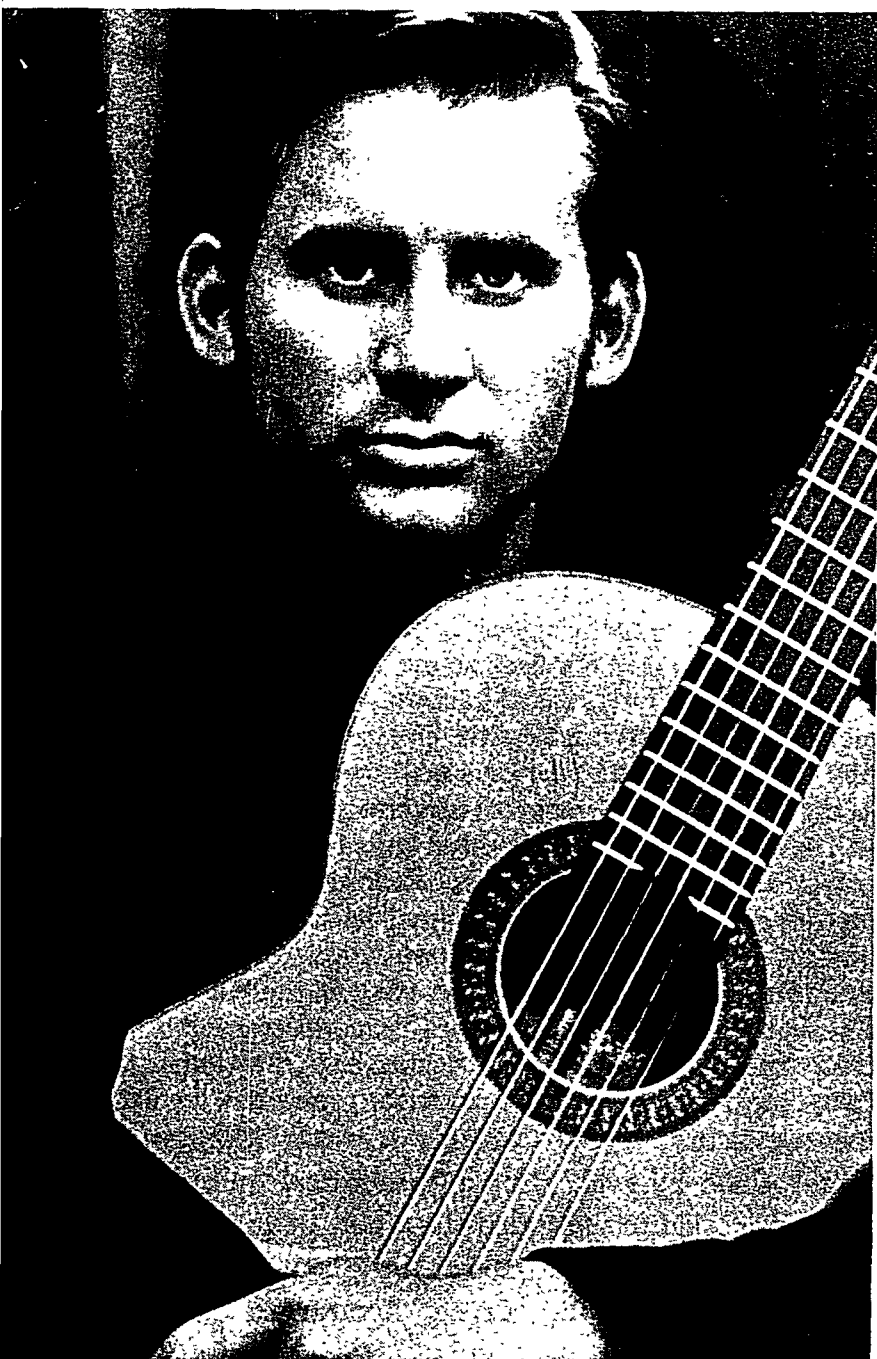


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Christopher Parkening: *Romanza* (Angel Records, 1970, \$4.98)

# becomes beautiful

arrangement in the face of inevitable conservatist criticism indicates the extent of his new feel for Spanish music. Moreover, it demonstrates good taste; he and his cousin have transformed an old song into a beautiful one.



SUCH apparently minor indicators of musical development are important in considering Parkening, more so than most other recording guitarists. Parkening is extremely young (24) and of unusual nationality for a guitarist, American. Few classical guitarists make early concert debuts; Parkening was 16. There has never been a major American guitarist, at least not in the classical field; but Parkening is so American that he was even born in California and holds the fly-casting record there. His stature in the music world will certainly become greater if the small improvements in style are compounded regularly.

Parkening's selection of compositions for the new album are particularly satisfying. He presents three works by the modern Spanish composer, Heitor Villa-Lobos: Etude No. II, and Preludes 1 and 3. The two preludes are most representative of the composer's ability to establish distinctive melodies within a constantly shifting chordal framework. Two nineteenth-century Spanish composers, Tarrega and Albeniz, are also interpreted by Parkening.

Tarrega is often referred to as the father of the modern classical guitar. Although such epithets are usually assigned by enthusiastic biographers, there is no doubt about Tarrega's preeminence in developing a body of musical literature strictly for guitar. "Capricho Arabe," often considered as Tarrega's finest composition, is played by Parkening with the full benefit of his improved feel for Spanish music. Albeniz wrote all his music for piano, and with such heavy Spanish flavoring that his compositions are inevitably included in any concert or recording that intends to delve into the Spanish sound. The piece included in *Romanza* is "Rumores de la Caleta," which is heard less often than Albeniz's "Leyenda" or "Tango Espanol."

Critical comment cannot proceed further than to recommend or not to recommend an album for listening. That is still perhaps the ultimate and most accurate appraisal. Many things in Parkening's recording are worth thinking or talking about; all of it is worth listening to.

tom booker

# some thoughts on the art of dying

**D**EATH is inextricably connected with film. The film-maker would be hard pressed to find anything to place before his lens which is not already in a process of decay or disintegration. The filmstrip itself, the camera body, the camera lens, the actors, even the film-maker himself are in varying stages of decay, varying levels of death. Within this format, life can be effectively viewed as death in action. Films do not endure, neither does life endure. Someone who says, "... the cinema is a rifle ..." may be right. Under the presumption that the weapon is indeed loaded, and in fact aimed in some direction, one has to raise the question, who is the victim? The actors? The film-maker himself? The audience?

Life seems to endure because it presents the illusion of a cyclical nature. Similarly, the cinema pretends to capture minute elements of life and present them, frame by frame, often under the guise of art, in a way that presupposes existence, and enforces that very existence by its presence. In fact, one is tempted to think of art as a means of life, yet both the mover and the moved are open to vulnerability. At all points along a given line or plane, it might be correct to say that all movement is in the direction of death, and that what paradoxically appears as existence is in reality another stage on the road to decay.



On the level of reality (and what an unsavory term that is), the film-maker cannot escape the fact that what he is filming is death. The actual filming of death need not be limited to a portrayal of characters or personal relationships, but may also extend itself into the realm of the so-called "underground," where abstract qualities of light, colors, or sound may be the primary emphasis and motivational factors. Inasmuch as these elements are entwined with the physical nature of film, the physical nature of sound systems, then death is indeed present. However, statements such as sound will always exist, or blue will always be blue, even in a world of the dead, may be considered as diversionary tactics, since who would be present to know if blue was blue, if indeed there was no human existence to relay this information? Abstractions exist at the core of the cerebral concrete, and maintain their abstractness and their transcendence, only because of the temporal. Deny the temporal and paradoxically one has to deny the transcendent. Perhaps this is what Kierkegaard meant when he said, "But a paradoxical and humble courage is required to grasp the whole of the temporal by virtue of the absurd, and this is the courage of faith." By virtue of the temporal, the film-maker hopes for transcendence.

DEATH may be one of the last realms in which the male can safely express himself. In the area of warfare this has largely been deferred. Developments in missile power, bacteriological warfare, and the like, have largely destroyed the personal qualities of war. It is quite impossible then to say, with any degree of credulity, that one can still "fight like a man." Alas, one of the few areas of struggle still available is on the domestic front. Both *Easy Rider* and *Joe* attest to this fact. However, here again the personal element has been superseded by the symbolic element. So the male is thwarted. Try as he might, he cannot act in the traditional male role. The male prerogatives of combat and physical violence (bravery in the face of personal danger) are becoming outmoded. In the cinema, violence has degenerated into symbolic disaster, and the tragic heroes inspire neither hatred nor compassion, but only confusion.



In the fall issue of *Film Comment*, Charles Hampton touches upon a similar theme: "... the sudden vanishing of David Hemmings into the child world of the invisible tennis ball at the end of *Blow Up*, and, in a more traditional manner, by the aerial backing shot of the burning motorcycle which ends *Easy Rider* ... each is death, but each evokes the beauty, vitality, playfulness of the childhood pastoral. Our ambivalent feelings toward these endings are the result of the juxtaposition and subsequent breaking of mutually incompatible genre expectations." In a world divested of traditions, the tragic hero can only be viewed ambivalently. In a world of mutually incompatible genres (in the case of *Easy Rider*, the head world and the straight world), it is impossible to straddle both with any degree of safety or stability. Any attempt to do so results in destruction. This schizophrenic sense runs rampant throughout both *Joe* and *Easy Rider*, but strangely enough, only in the world of the male. Sexual union proves to be a means of straddling the gap physically (especially in *Joe*), but the unconscious consequences may be disastrous. There is no similar means of straddling the gap by males of both genres



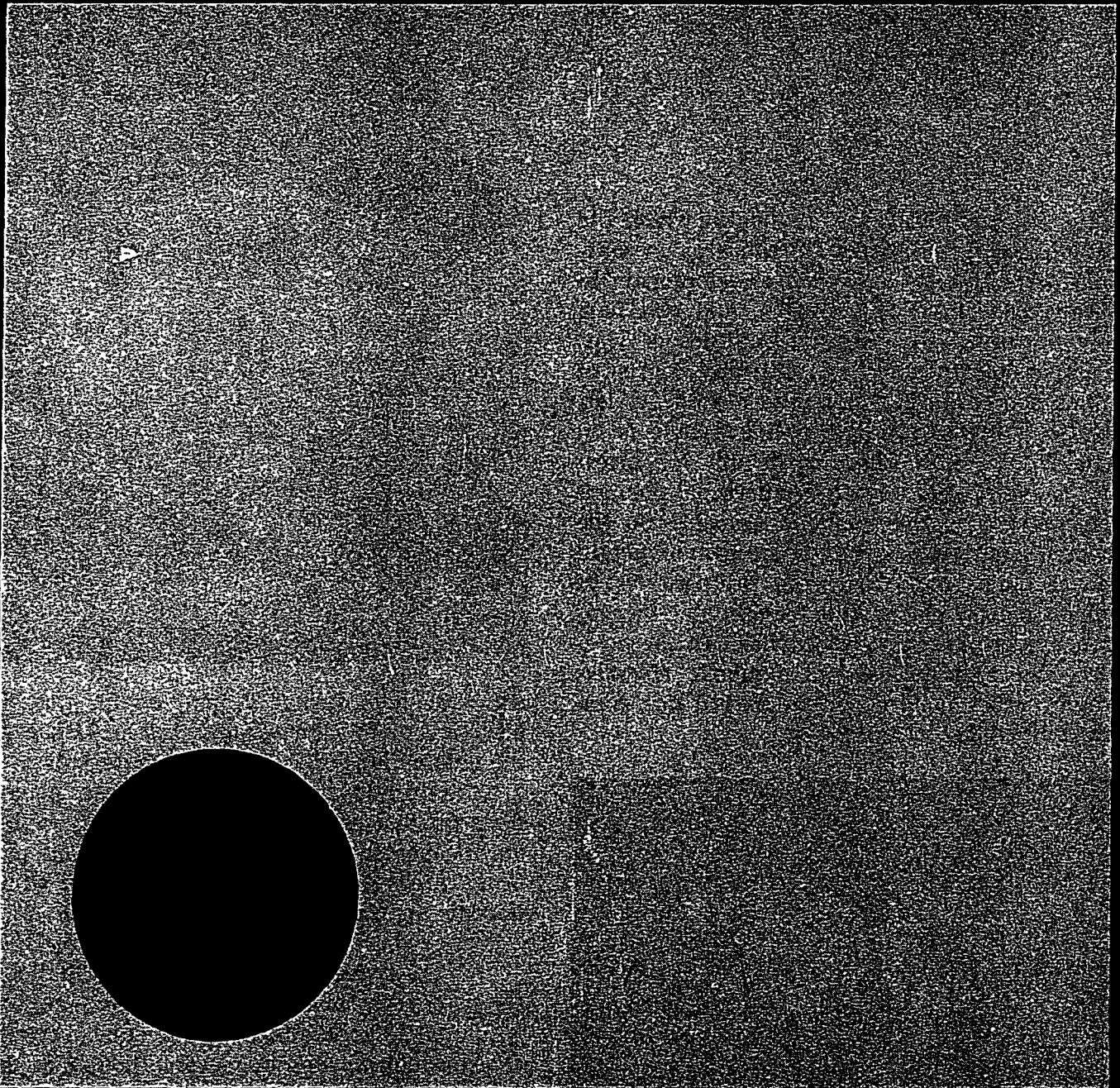
short of homosexuality, and again, that is courting disaster, given the circumstances. Disintegration in the cinema is primarily male disintegration.

The drug mythology that permeates much of today's films introduces the possibilities of psychological death on the screen. Again, in both *Joe* and *Easy Rider*, drugs are viewed as an essential part of the schizophrenic approach to male disintegration:

The widespread use of such hallucinogens as peyote, marijuana, LSD, etc., as well as pep pills, goofballs, airplane glue, certain kinds of cough syrups and even, though in many fewer cases, heroin, is not merely a matter of changing taste in stimulants but of the programmatic espousal of an anti-puritanical mode of existence — hedonistic and detached — one more strategy in the war on time and work. But it is also (to pursue my analogy once more) an attempt to arrogate to the male certain traditional privileges of the female. What could be more womanly, as Elemire Zolla was already pointing out some years ago, than permitting the penetration of the body by a foreign object which not only stirs delight but even (possibly) creates new life?

As Fielder suggests, drugs may be connected to a new male/female schizophrenia. This is the most harrowing conclusion of all. In *Blow Up* both sexuality and death are present only as a means of perception, observation, and manipulation. The closer Hemmings approaches either, the more distorted they appear. Death is merely disappearance, sex becomes merely picture taking and voyeurism. Perhaps one cannot even straddle the incompatible genres of the male and the female without destruction. This schizophrenia is of the deadliest kind.

john stupp



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## coming distractions

Senator George McGovern, an also-ran in '68 who may also run in '72, will talk about butter, not guns at 4:30 p.m. today at Stepan Center.

The Notre Dame-St. Mary's Theatre opens its season next Friday in Washington Hall with a production of *The Sea Gull*, by Anton Chekhov. Players include Lenore Wright, Jim Hawthorne, Missy Smith, Mark Genero and Jack Fiala.

**Ti-Grace Atkinson**, perhaps the most radical, separatist speaker for the Feminist movement, will speak October 11.

The **Gary Burton Jazz Quartet** will be here one week from Saturday, courtesy of (but you still pay) the Contemporary Arts Festival.

A string quartet from Amsterdam will perform the *Sonata Da Camera* October 20 in the library auditorium. Doc Severinsen's **Generation Brass** will be here October 23. The CAF also will bring the **Second City**

**Players** on the last day of this month. The group is from Chicago; they see themselves as actors and revolutionaries, insisting the two are inseparable.

**Lee Harwood**, who read here last spring and wrote the wonderful line, "I will put down the poem and go and lay by my love. It is late and this madness cannot go on forever, thank God," will read in the library auditorium November 1.

The combined chorus of Notre Dame and St. Mary's will perform Friday the sixth. But Sergio Mendez and his **Brazil 66**, probably at prices over most heads, will be at the Convo that Sunday.

**Jane Fonda**, who hates the war, will be here that Monday; **Bob Hope**, who doesn't seem to hate it all that much, will tell some jokes Nov. 14.

**Leo J. Mulchahy**, noted culinary columnist, is expected to appear on campus soon, pending contractual negotiations and policy adjustments.

## football

**Notre Dame over Army**—Too bad they couldn't have gotten Jefferson Airplane for tomorrow night's concert.

**Arizona State over Washington State**—The Sun Devils are finally breaking into the Top Ten in football after years of baseball domination in the NCAA.

**Penn State over Boston College**—Joe Paterno is finally back home in the East, apparently the only place he can win this year. The Eagles are undefeated in three games.

**Georgia Tech over Tennessee**—The McAshan-led Yellowjackets are now 4-0, but meet their first formidable opponent at Atlanta tomorrow. A win here could push the 'Jackets into the Top Ten, adding a little

more class to their Nov. 14 meeting with the Irish.

**Pittsburgh over Navy**—The Panthers will also be carrying a pretty impressive record with them when they invade South Bend in November.

**Ohio State over Michigan State**—This just isn't Duffy's year. Look for Woody Hayes to try for more than a 29-point victory margin just to impress the pollsters that the Buckeyes are better than the Irish.

**Southern California over Stanford**—But not by much. The Indians are still smarting from last week's upset by Purdue and, for what it's worth, they have the homesite advantage. Last year SC won in a squeaker, 26-24.

**Purdue over Michigan**—The Wolverines had a tough time with a spirited Texas A&M team last week. A Purdue win here could show just how dominant ND is to supposedly strong Big-Ten teams.

**Nebraska over Missouri**—*Sports Illustrated* thinks the Huskers are better than the Irish. It will be interesting to compare the results of this game with next week's ND-Mizzou clash.

**Texas over Oklahoma**—At the "neutral" site of Dallas. A nationally televised clash sure to be a lot more entertaining than the zoo-show at ND Stadium tomorrow.

Record to date: 13 Right, 6 Wrong, 1 Tie. Pct. 684



# SPORTTRIVIA

*This puzzle, specifically designed to tie you in knots for Homecoming Weekend, is the result of 6 hours combined effort of SCHOLASTIC Sports Editor Don Kennedy and a friend, Pat Donovan.*

*Anyone who can solve this puzzle in less than an hour wins a free trip, financed by the author.*

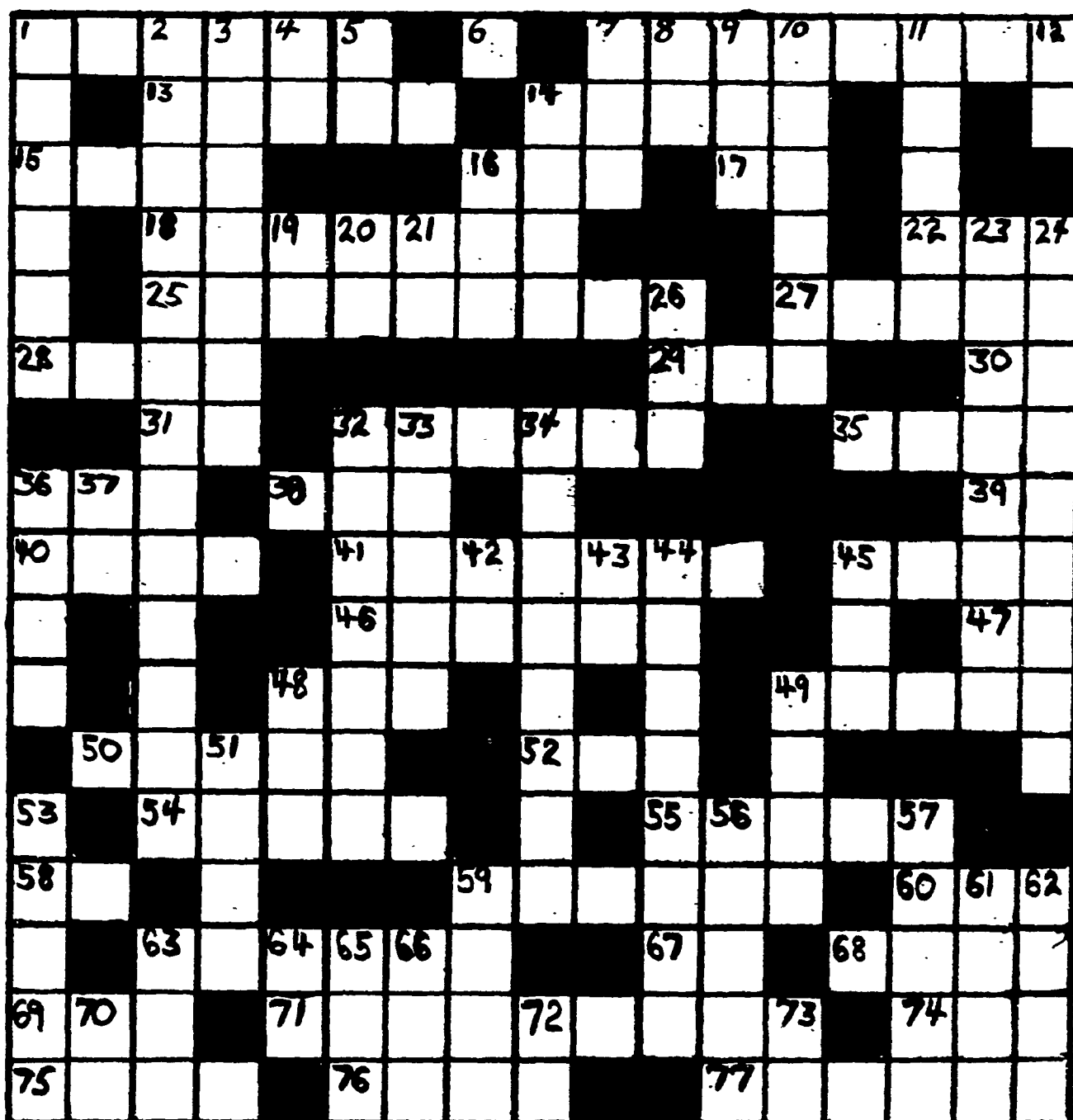
## ACROSS

- 1—All-time Irish scoring leader (football)
- 6—Number of points scored by Purdue in 1970 against ND
- 7—First Japanese pro-baseball player to play in the Majors
- 13—Last pitcher to win 300 games in the Majors
- 14—Won Heisman Trophy in 1962
- 15—Irish placekicker on the Huarte-Snow team
- 16—Nickname of Red Sox outfielder who attended ND
- 17—Black pitcher for the Dodgers from 1949-'58 (initials)
- 18—Right-handed starter for the 1970 Astros
- 22—Goose eggs
- 25—Princeton back drafted by Jets with Namath and Huarte
- 27—Scored touchdown that broke Oklahoma's winning streak in 1957
- 28—Magazine of the boxing world
- 29—Nickname of fighter who died of injuries sustained in a bout with Emile Griffith
- 30—No clue here, I'll give you a start with the letters OI
- 31—A cheer
- 32—His baserunning boner cost the Giants the pennant in 1908
- 35—Purdue defenseman who thought the Irish "didn't hit very hard" in 1969
- 36—Owner of the New York Yankees
- 38—What Namath almost quit football over in 1969
- 39—Outfielder-first baseman who went to KC from the Yankees in trade for Roger Maris (initials)
- 40—Nickname of Expos' Laboy
- 41—NHL Rookie of the Year in 1964-'65
- 45—What McLain, Karras and Hornung have in common (2 wds.)
- 46—His eighth-inning single drove in 51-down to account for the only run in the first game of the 1948 World Series
- 47—Home of the NHL's Kings (initials)
- 48—First name of racehorse that won the triple crown in 1919

- 49—In tennis, the term used to describe a mistake on a serve
- 50—Mascot of DePaul (sans the color)
- 52—Quarterback for the Irish from '57-'59
- 54—Catcher who was a member of the original Colt .45's
- 55—Number of games the Irish have tied at neutral sites
- 58—Sports magazine that seems to hold a grudge against ND
- 59—Opposite of depart (I know it's not sports, but it's the only word that fits)
- 60—What some people think Joe Namath is
- 63—Winning pitcher in last game of the 1964 World Series
- 67—Position that Billy Cannon played for the Raiders
- 68—What Namath and Mantle both had trouble with
- 69—The Preacher
- 71—Original home of the team that later became the New York Yankees
- 74—State that Ed Gulyas hails from (first three letters)
- 75—Same as 22 — across
- 76—Bob, Don, Jackie and Thornton are a few of these
- 77—He threw the "eephus ball"

## DOWN

- 1—N.Y. Jets' first-round draft choice in 1967 (from ND)
- 2—From 1959 to 1961 Paul Hornung had this claim to fame in the NFL (2 words)
- 3—Goalie who allowed Bobby Hull's 51st goal in 1966
- 4—In baseball you either win — lose
- 5—This league holds the edge in All-Star game victories
- 6—Same as 6—across
- 7—Nickname of the Buccos perennial second-baseman
- 8—Johnny Raye's new home
- 9—Nickname of 1—across
- 10—Golf's leading money winner in 1967 (first name)
- 11—Won NL home-run title in 1967
- 12—Ad- —, opposite of Ad-out in tennis
- 14—Scored first Irish touchdown against MSU in 1969
- 16—A cheer



- 19—Fighter who beat Jersey Joe Walcott for heavy-weight championship in 1949 (initials)  
 20—NL batting champ in 1955 (initials)  
 21—U.S. Open winner in 1964 (initials)  
 23—One of the guards on the 1969 Irish basketball team  
 24—Winner of the 1960 NCAA basketball tourney  
 26—U.S. President who spent much of his time playing golf  
 32—The Big Red \_\_\_\_\_  
 33—This hinders a fielder's chance at the Golden Glove  
 34—Last Ivy Leaguer to win the Heisman Trophy  
 36—Only team to win both the NCAA and NIT tourneys in the same year  
 37—Nickname of pitcher Belinsky  
 42—First part of one of the nicknames for Archie Manning's school  
 43—Latin for "that is"; abbreviation (sorry, another case of "the only thing that would fit")  
 44—One of the brother combos in the NHL (last name)  
 45—His teams have been in the top ten for the past six years  
 48—Relationship of Dick Sisler to George Sisler

- 49—Number of years Terry Brennan coached the Irish  
 51—He was ruled safe in a disputed pickoff play by Bob Feller and Lou Boudreau in the 1948 World Series  
 53—Jim Bouton's last major league appearance was as an \_\_\_\_\_  
 56—Second-baseman for the Cubs from 1902 to 1913  
 57—Rushing leader and MVP of the AFL in 1966  
 69—In poker, the small wager placed before the deal  
 61—What Harry Howell was last year  
 62—What most AL owners would like Charley Finley to do with the Oakland A's  
 63—Abbreviation of 52-across' first name  
 64—What you load an air rifle with  
 65—The Barber  
 66—A Spanish bullfight cheer  
 70—Same as 75 — across  
 72—First two letters of the last name of Kentucky's high scoring center last year  
 73—Last two letters of last name of Packer end who caused many problems for the Chiefs in the 1967 Super Bowl

## the last word

In modern times, the ancient SCHOLASTIC has displayed an identity problem, vacillating between the formats of a news magazine, a literary journal, and a magazine of opinion and commentary. Its strengths have been a bright staff, imaginative design, an occasional insightful single-theme issue, and three prodigious teacher evaluations. Its weaknesses have been an ideological inbreeding, an under-use of a faculty whose diverse opinions could provide a counterpoint to the relative sameness of student ruminations, and an elitist mentality which has answered charges of dwindling readership with: "We influence the small group which sets the tone on campus."

The paragraph re-printed above is part of a letter sent to this office this week; it will appear as a column in the next *Alumnus* magazine, accompanied by a list of credentials to substantiate the critic's authority and capability. Traditionally, arguing from authority is the weakest of tactics—especially when the "authority" is simply wrong. Most of the specific charges made here are questionable (for example, the magazine has used faculty members in each of the first four issues published this fall), but finally minor. What is infinitely more serious and discouraging is the attitude that characterizes this passage and the rest of the column.

This attitude requires some examination, especially with a view toward the SCHOLASTIC's position on campus. It is the same set of assumptions that gave birth to the "Protestant ethic" in America. Criticism of this phenomenon has become so familiar as to be clichéd. But that fact makes the problem not a bit less serious. What most critics fail to realize is that this ethic, beyond merely institutionalizing a Success morality, has in effect shut us off from a whole set of perceptions, a way of knowing.

The Jeffersonian admiration for the working man

has been transformed into a perverse and fatal religion which hates those who refuse to work like everyone else—whether poor or rich. Leisure is identified with wealth or with laziness. Reflection and the search for knowledge are derided as superfluous—a "dessert" perhaps.

But leisure is not necessarily aristocratic. And reflection is not necessarily "elitist." Nor is the university a Metropolis. It is, or should be, a community of people seeking moral growth and the tools with which to become better people. It should be an institution that shows us how to act *well*—how to be, in Frank O'Malley's words, "men of courage, spiritually formed, incapable of dissociating ourselves from social and historical changes, capable of alleviating suffering caused by them."

It is only through reflection that we act well. It is only after asking the most serious and sometimes disturbing questions that we begin moving toward knowledge. That most of us refuse to confront, no less ask, those questions only makes them more urgent and important.

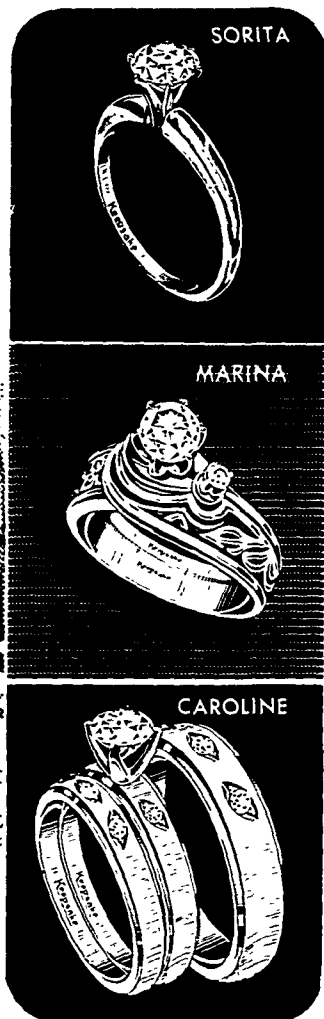
If there is any distinction at all between the university and the metropolis, if indeed the university has any meaning, it is exactly in its ability to ask those questions, to place understanding before usefulness. Those priorities cannot be termed "elitist" or "aristocratic"; they are, as William Arrowsmith makes clear, of the greatest importance.

Goethe, in 1830, wrote this in a letter to his friend Sorel:

I have never bothered or asked, in what way I was useful to society as a whole; I contented myself with expressing what was good and true. That has certainly been useful in a wide circle; but that was not the aim, it was the necessary result.

—Steve Brion

THE SCHOLASTIC



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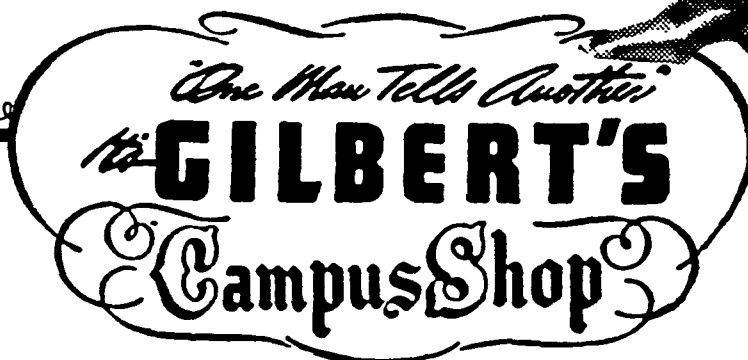
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