

AN OBSERVER EXCLUSIVE

## Kavanaugh Rejects Doctrine, Priesthood

BY BILL MITCHELL

In a slam bang, often emotional tirade, James Kavanaugh yesterday claimed "the institutional church is dead" and announced publicly his plans to leave the Church's priesthood.

In an interview with an Observer reporter Friday night at the Morris Inn, Kavanaugh, author of the best-selling book, *A Modern Priest Looks At His Outdated Church*, said, "I will resign my priesthood of the Institution (the Church). I'm tired of beating my head against the wall."

Lashing out at everything from the Mass and the sacraments to the religious celibacy and hierarchical authority, he said, "Your institution can go to hell! I want no part of it. I don't find it in the gospels. I won't be associated with that (the Catholic) Church until it stops telling men struggling with God that they are damned."

"So I'll leave, although not without misgivings, but I'll be a Christian. I will try to find a community and in my own way will search for God. I will admit my own strengths and weaknesses and will find God, for in Him I know there is truth. I have learned not to fear the judgement of men."

Of his words, Kavanaugh said, "If this be heresy, let it be heresy. The heresy of this generation has always been the greatest insights of the next."

Of his former compatriots, he said, "those who need the traditional forms of the church will stay in it, while those for whom the traditional is irrelevant and legalistic will leave. I don't want to destroy the Church. Some people need it."

Concluding his talk to the 400 persons jammed into the Engineering Auditorium, he said, "Now I must listen to voices which know not Rome."

Currently on a leave of absence from the Diocese of Lansing, Mich., the notoriously outspoken priest is working as a child, family and marriage counselor at the Human Resources Institute in La Jolla, California. It is this counseling work that he said "is probably now my priesthood."

When discussing what he terms the "pointless legalism that pervades today's church," Kavanaugh radiates nothing but frustration. He said,

"The institution must wipe out this legalism, but the institution will not wipe it out." He sees little hope for the institution that is the Church today and predicts that "it must grow smaller and smaller and become more obsolete before it will begin to achieve relevance."

Why leave the priesthood? To answer, Kavanaugh discussed his reasons for wanting the priesthood: "One thing that drew me to the priesthood was the desire to help people find God and themselves and to discover their own capacity for love, self-respect and responsibility. That is what Christianity is all about."

He hopes his new priesthood at La Jolla will provide him with a better environment to achieve these goals than did the institutional priesthood. And he seems to be pretty sure it will.

Looking at his feelings about such a step, he said, "I plan to formally disassociate myself from the priesthood as a means to express my utter rejection of the refusal of the bishops to put Vatican II into effect. I have not done this yet, but it is not too far in the offing."

He took a guess at what he thought the reaction of the Church hierarchy will be when he submits his request to be laicized. He said, "When I make my move, I think they'll get rid of me rather quickly."

What lies ahead for James Kavanaugh the man, when he is no longer James Kavanaugh the priest?

In addition to his counseling work at La Jolla, he will continue to write. His next book, *The Struggle of The Unbeliever*, will be published in the spring.

In speaking of marriage, he said, "Although I have no definite plans as yet, I will definitely marry. I don't know how I, as a man, can find God and meaning without marriage. I need the close personal relationship of a woman — I need it and I intend to have it."

"I am open to the position that some men can live without this relationship, but I'm not much impressed by it. Personally, I haven't met a real celibate, a man who has freely and integrally given up the gift of marriage for the kingdom of God. I know there are some, but I have yet to see them," he said.



### WIPE OUT THIS LEGALISM

Asked if he thought there was hope for a married clergy within the Catholic Church, Kavanaugh said he expected there would be — "possibly in five or ten years."

He stressed the importance of man's right, of the priest's right, to choose marriage or not to choose it. He questioned, "Are today's priests living the unmarried life strictly out of dedication, or is it because of a psychological hang-up? — the burden of proof rests with man himself."

Kavanaugh cited several areas in which he thinks people in the Church are coming around to his way of thinking: "The story in this week's Time about penance is identical to what I said about penance. . . The new teaching concerning parochial schools is essentially what I said in my chapter about Catholic education. . . the same with my treatment of mortal sin. It seems the Church is unwittingly adopting my suggestions without my getting any credit — but that's fine with me."

Offering some advice to those who remain within the structure of the Church, he urged them to act first according to their own conscience. He further urged those who might be involved in such situations as divorce to "ignore the excommunication. Excommunication is valid only if there is serious sin involved, and if the person feels there has been no serious sin, the excommunication is not valid."

Kavanaugh's talk yesterday afternoon at Notre Dame represented the first such invitation he has accepted. He said he has received several hundred invitations, including requests from almost every university in the country.

He said he decided to accept the invitation of Notre Dame's Academic Commission of the Student Union because, "Notre Dame represents a tradition which I'm part of. To me, Notre Dame has always represented the old church, and I hope it will become the new church — from what I've seen I think it may."



LET IT BE HERESY



I'LL LEAVE

# Joyce Tells Police Threats

Senior Lenny Joyce has claimed that South Bend police threatened to arrest the early morning Army induction protesters at the Federal Building. Joyce maintains that police backed down when several adults in the group of 25, including professors at Notre Dame and the University of Indiana, South Bend extension, distributed literature to the 16 inductees, thus putting themselves in a position to be arrested.

The extraordinary part of the assertion by Joyce is the allegation that the police knew before hand that the local ordinance they threatened to enforce had been declared unconstitutional twice in federal courts and twice in civil courts. Yet, the local police threatened to use the ordinance. According to Joyce, a veteran leader in anti-Vietnam war

protests, police action was thwarted by choosing the relatively prominent people, namely the professors, who were to be "run in" if the police chose to act.

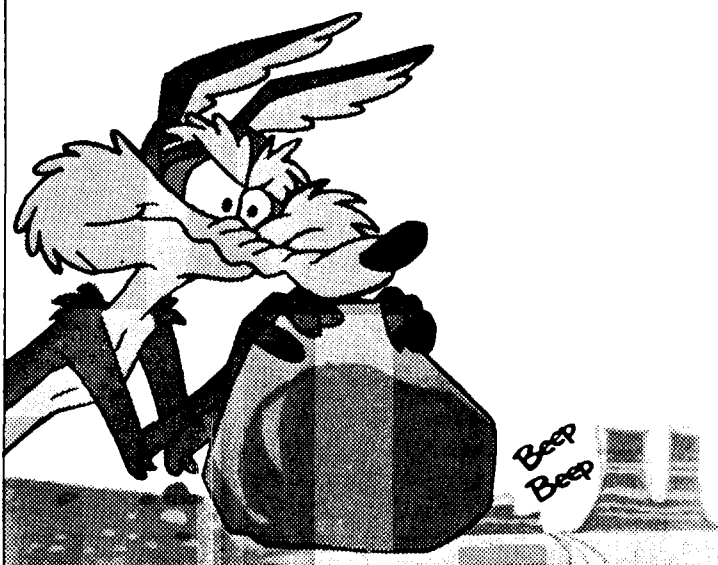
The band of approximately 25 pickets has appeared twice in the wee hours of the morning, between 4:30 and 5:30 a.m., to hand out pamphlets to Army inductees. Last Tuesday, in their second appearance, they also left literature at the Federal Building. It was quickly removed by Post Office employees.

Before their second appearance outside the Federal Building, leaders of Joyce's group, the Michiana Committee to End the War in Vietnam, met with attorneys of the American Civil Liberties Union. This meeting, according to Joyce, was in regard to the local ordinance on literature distribution rather than the investigation instituted by federal

authorities in South Bend. This latter investigation regards whether or not federal laws in regard to counseling young men to evade the draft have been violated by the literature distributed by the End the War Committee. If indeed the police had chosen to act and arrest members of the group, Joyce claims the ACLU might very well have made a test case of the arrests.

The issue has definitely not been resolved. Inductees leave the Federal Building several times every month, and the Michiana Committee to End the War in Vietnam vows to keep up its actions. In Tuesday's encounter, however, the Committee did not get in the last blow. As the minor drama was ending just before 6 in the morning, authorities played the National Anthem over a loudspeaker.

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## Other Places, Other People



The only word for the old man was amazing. A product of the fish markets of Baltimore, he had voted for Al Smith in '28, Roosevelt in '32, and Joe McCarthy in '53. He had taken his wife and six kids through the Depression in good style and yet he was still unable to figure out his income tax. He had loved the Orioles, had despaired with the Senators, and had carried on a love affair with Jim Beam for the last 30 years. We had always called him Pop.

There is some kind of silent tryst that develops between grandfather and eldest grandson. Invariably they share the same cigarettes and the same liquor by the time that grandson reaches the tender age of 17. I guess that's the way it was between Pop and me. For the last three years we had always puffed and sipped in the bathroom discreetly out of sight of all relatives. Off and on at every Christmas and Easter we had been secret companions. Pop had always brought the Beam and I had contributed the forbidden Winstons. It had to be that way because we were friends.

I suppose that the head of every dynasty is toasted and feted for his wisdom and love. Pop was like this too but there was something different. I think everyone believed that there was something a bit satanic about the old guy and perhaps that's what made him so human and so good.

Pop had loved the good Catholic from New York in '28 and had probably voted for him five times. But Smith lost and forgot to take Pop with him. Pop lived in Washington and Mr. Hoover was now in the Capitol City and Mr. Hoover's friends were coming to see his inauguration. In December Pop decided to take the friends to see the grand old town. Come January and the old man was in the taxi service for the grand swear in. Mr. Hoover's friend streamed into Union Station and Pop was ready and willing. "To the Willard, you despicable cur" and to the Willard they went, sort of. The Grand old hotel of the cosmopolitans sat on one side of Pennsylvania Avenue. Pop would let one of his charges on the other side, bid them a fond farewell, take their Republican money, and utter a salutation to the President elect. All that they had to do was pick up their valises and trot across the street.

That act in itself is an impossibility in Washington when the new man comes to town; to cross Penn Ave. takes the guts of a Kamikaze, the strength of a work horse, and the daring of a Tennessee rum runner. The old man would look at them with a twinkle in his eye and wish them a hasty death as he sped back to the train station.

After mother had died less than a year ago Pop had gone downhill. He had to be put in a home and everyone was about to give up his spirit. But Pop still had a lot of fight left in him. He hollered, screamed, ranted and raved for release. My own father, worried after a 3 a.m. phone call, had gone to rescue him. He found the wily old codger at the front door with his suitcase, attired in his pin strip suit with that impeccable diamond stick pin. As he walked toward him the old man had fainted into his arms, frantically murmuring that he had to leave. Halfway home Pop had sat up, lit a Winston, and inquired whether he was a good actor. That's just the way he was.

A couple of days ago Pop was rushed to the Hospital. They thought he was dead in the afternoon but by 6 p.m. he was up and at them. He was ready to leave. At 9:25 the next morning Pop was dead, victim to a massive coronary attack. Over the weekend the old man was laid out and buried from his parish church in the Southeast section of the city that he had known, loved and partially swindled. Pop had gone to other people and other places.

The Observer is published three times a week during the college semester by the students of the University of Notre Dame. Subscription rate: \$5.00 per year, payable to The Observer, P.O. Box 11, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556.

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LADIES INVITED

# KKK Comes to South Bend

BY JOEL CONNELLY

The northern Indiana and southern Michigan Klaverns of the Ku Klux Klan staged a motorcade through South Bend early yesterday morning to demonstrate their strength. The dozen or so Klan cars were met on the Leeper Park bridge by fifty people gathered to mourn slain Mississippi civil rights workers Andrew Goodman, Michael Schwerner, and James Chaney.

Police guarded the motorcade route, even placing an officer on the railroad overpass north of the park to ward off sniper. However, nothing serious occurred.

The vigil on the bridge organized by the Indiana University, South Bend chapter of the Students for a Democratic Society

was quiet save for a few shouts of "murderer" as the Klansmen rode by.

From the last car of the motorcade, a Klansman struck at WSBT-TV reporter-cameraman Greg Hacker with a length of pipe. Hacker pursued the car, and was rewarded with an apology from the Klansman. Said a Klansman, Hacker had been mistaken for one of "the peaceniks on the bridge."

The Klan was dressed in a variety of outfits ranging from Nazi storm trooper uniforms to purple robes. There were a number of women and young children in the motorcade. Their emblems varied, too. There were a sprinkling of "Wallace for President" signs, some "fight Communism" bumper stickers, and a smattering of American and

Confederate Flags. The most prominent of the Klansmen was the Grand Dragon of the Ohio Klan.

The group on the bridge was mostly composed of Indiana students plus communicants of the nearby First Unitarian Church. The Rev. Joseph Schneiders of the Church was in the lead of the vigil, carrying a large sign in memory of the three slain workers.

There was a marked absence of Notre Dame students, only a half-dozen being present. This contrasts with the last major Klan gathering in South Bend, back in 1924. On this occasion the Klansmen came into physical conflict with Notre Dame students much to the detriment of the hooded crusaders. There were also few Negroes in the vigil.

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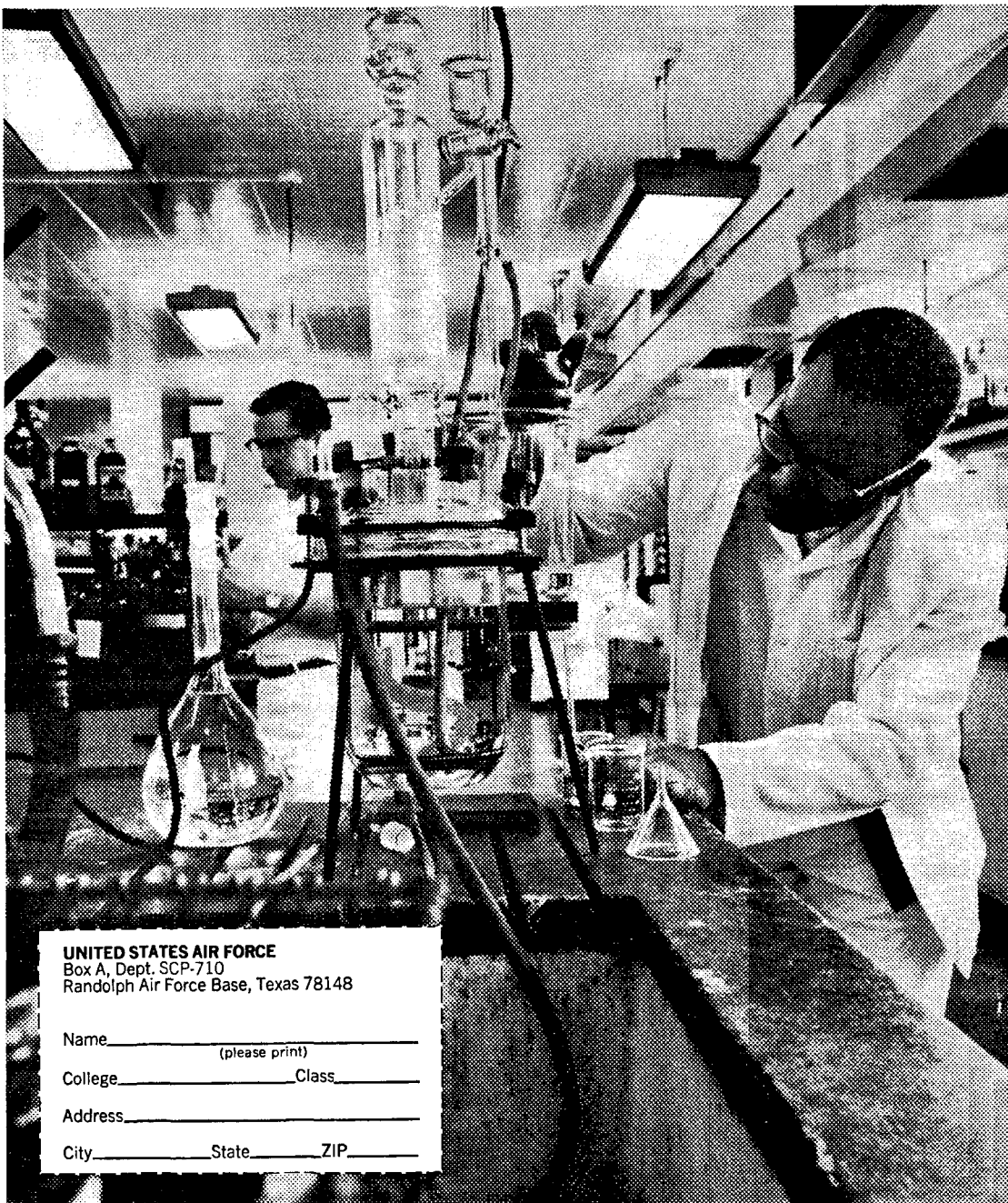
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# THE OBSERVER

A Student Newspaper

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

PATRICK COLLINS

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 3, 1966

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

## Let Them Have Tickets

Robert Cahill's office last week intimated that St. Mary's students may no longer receive their quota of football tickets. This move would come ostensibly because of the fact that many SMC girls have been scalping their tickets, but the word is that so many irate Alumni have been complaining that Cahill is desperately trying to come up with some more tickets. St. Mary's with One Thousand tickets every year, is a good place to start.

The only problem with his suggestion is that it would be a throwback to the days when ND-SMC separation was more

rigorously enforced. Statements coming from both sides of the lake seem to indicate that the destinies and activities of the two schools are coming closer and closer every year. This in turn will hopefully make life for the Notre Dame-St. Mary's student a little bit easier.

All administrators make it clear that complete merger is not their interest, but add quickly that "Co-ordination" of the two institutions would benefit both. Robert Cahill's move to separate the two by refusing St. Mary's students their football tickets may not be very important in itself, but as a gesture of bad will it is unwelcome.



D. OREHEK

### THE REPORTER

## The Fear Of God



BY DENNIS GALLAGHER

The audience is small. There are about a hundred people scattered among the four hundred seats of the Riley High School auditorium. The men are mostly of early middle-age, paunchy and crew-cut. They look to a man like used car salesman. Their women are well-kept middle class matrons with a certain fine hardness about the mouth and eyes.

Just before the lecture begins, a white girl and Negro boy come in. They walk down the middle of the aisle together and sit in the second row. The woman in front of me murmurs a harsh sounding comment to her husband. He says nothing but stares fixedly down the aisle. The back of his neck grows very red.

The lecture is introduced. Father Francis Fenton, a Connecticut diocesan priest and member of the John Birch Society, is going to speak on "The Churches and the Challenge of Communism." The lecture is sponsored by the American Opinion Speakers Forum, one of the Birch organizations.

The speech goes according to a de rigueur formula. The greatest menace in the world today is the "criminal, militant, satanic, diabolical, materialistic, insidious, atheistic Communist conspiracy." Already one-third of the world is enslaved, and the rest of the world is being steadily undermined. The conspiracy and its unswervingly loyal members will stop at nothing in order to achieve their aims.

And the clash between Communism and the "Free World" is simply the struggle between good and evil. It is, Father Fenton says, ultimately the struggle between Christ and Antichrist, for a primary aim of the Communist conspiracy is to destroy Christianity.

And who is to fight this fight and save civilization if not the Christian Churches. But the ministers of Protestantism fail to speak out. Some thousands belong to "Communist fronts" through a culpable ignorance of their "true purposes". And the infamous National Council of Churches is doing the work of the conspiracy. (Exactly how it is doing this Father Fenton neglects to say, but he seems quite sure.)

Even the Catholic Church, that bastion of anti-Communism, has weakened to such an extent that in some cases it was aiding the enemy. Father Fenton quotes the proud tradition of Catholic opposition to Communism from papal encyclicals.

But now the Church is infested with "liberals". He condemns Father Peter Riga and his friendship with Dr. Martin Luther King. He pronounces King's name with slow and sarcastic hatred. He condemns the Catholic universities for permitting Communists to speak. He condemns Catholic magazines for airing pink opinions. (Notre Dame and Ave Maria magazine are mentioned by name and for once I'm proud of my school.)

The whole Church, it seems, is overspread with Communist influence. Father Fenton touches name after name with the poison word "sympathizer". (He does not linger long to prove his case, for he assumes that those who are not wholeheartedly against the devil are doing the devil's work.)

He preaches for over an hour, pronouncing every word (accenting his "the" to "thee" and his "a" to "ay") so that the faithful will hear and understand. There is no complexity, he seems to say, only the fight between good and evil. And all the good must do is act with all the power provided by God's grace and modern weaponry, and all will be solved.

At Louie's afterwards we can tell jokes about them and laugh at their naivete. But for those moments they surround us, sober patriots full of fear and blind rage. And a man dedicated to the Prince of Peace is preaching war.

## Violence In The Audience

We went to a movie in the Engineering Auditorium the other night. There was a lot of violence on the screen but it didn't compare with the violence in the audience.

Every time a girl appeared on screen, it began. A few scattered whistles (such as used to greet female contestants on WHAT'S MY LINE?) built up gradually to a great lascivious roar.

Whenever the villain did something particularly nasty, he was hissed. Likewise, the hero was cheered every time he rapped out a bad guy. And when the boy and the girl kissed, you might have thought from the animal noises that the audience was going to physically devour the screen.

It was a sort of children's matinee for overage kiddies. As such, it was hard to take seriously even though we had to feel sorry for the few

girls who had braved the den of the horned Irish.

But we begin to wonder why our mature, responsible and highly moral student body acts like this. Isn't it a kind of verbal exhibitionism to shout obscenities in a darkened theater. What are they trying to prove and to whom?

The traditional answer is that the students are "letting off steam." Among pep rallies, football games, movies, extempore shrieking at various times and what have you, the whole place should be foggy now.

So this is how they break loose, chanting obscenities at a pep rally or screaming them in the Engineering Auditorium. This is how they prove they are free and alive. But they really don't convince us.

### THE OBSERVER

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THE GOLDEN AGE OF BRIDGEWORK

David Kahn writes this week in reply to Professor Edward Fisher's lecture, "Are you a film critic?" (ed.)

BY DAVID KAHN

Audio-visual logic will no longer perplex. Perennial puzzlers will cease to puzzle. Generations-to-come will be able not only to solve the awesome enigmas of contemporary cinema, but to enjoy it as well. Yes, the film-goer of the future will verily achieve an inversion of values, and make the transition from braces to bridgework.

Braces is the primeval stage of filmgoing when visual language did not communicate and book-oriented minds could not properly respond to pictorial image. The audience of the sixties must be freed from their incapacitating braces, so to speak.

Mr. Fischer has "got a little list of offenders against society who might well be underground." The Trial, 8½, Last Year at Marienbad, Blow-Up and the like will continue to baffle audiences through they years. But give the masses a prescription for managing their visual affairs, and in the final stage, the overbearing frustrations of tricky, tricky cinema will be made all better.

The golden age of *Bridgework!* The common man, so plain and simple will approach cinema on cinema's terms. And now that time has come. For Mr. Fischer will now demonstrate that which is truly fitting proper and just in film analysis, specifically by *doing* film analysis.

But the master does not adhere to his own standards, that is, the "bridgework" standards. Mr. Fischer does not approach cinema on cinema terms. Instead of concentrating on those immediate sensations that a particular image might communicate, he abstracts; he makes concepts out of pictures.

For an example he declares the hand-in-hand human circle of 8½ the "dance of life". Or the band's destruction of their amplifier as the urge to destroy the products of technology.



Mr. Fischer's acknowledgement of the radical individuality of interpretation is good. He has called the psychognostic film a "Rorschach test in motion." Images arranged in non-chronological order inspire private interpretation. He noted that there were as many explanations for Last Year at Marienbad as there were viewers, and it is these explanations and not the film which are most interesting.

But generally Mr. Fischer did not convey a real understanding of film criticism. Symbols are presented as those elusive things about which one must comment. Nonsense. Their vitality need not be articulated conceptually, and they should not be discussed outside of the film as a whole. The audience's encounter with film should be casual and relaxed, and Mr. Fischer wishes to make it a kind of cerebral cocktail sport. He has yet to take the final step into the domain of the *bridgework*.

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4. _____	9. _____
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This ballot can be mailed or dropped into on-campus ballot boxes.

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# Judicial Board Planned

BY PHIL WEBRE

The Board of Discipline Student Civil offender might face what is being studied now by Tom Breslin and Steve Anderson.

The plan they draw up will be discussed by the Student Government Cabinet. Then it will be presented to the Lay Board of Trustees, meeting on Nov. 4.

The plan will probably include representation on the board for faculty, students and

administration. It will also allow for a Campus Judicial Council to decide routine matters, leaving extraordinary cases and appeals to the Board of Discipline.

Unlike last year's Council, this planned one will not include representation for each hall. It was felt that last year's group was too unwieldy and, more importantly, that not all halls could be trusted to provide efficient judicial systems.

Said Breslin, "There was more need for it this year as the

police are picking up and arresting students rather than turning them over to the school for discipline as they did last year."

Breslin is also working on a standardized constitution and judicial system for the halls. "If we can show them that we can enforce discipline," said Breslin, "then they might give us the power to make the laws." However, he said if it wasn't working in a year the advancement at Notre Dame would "become Static."

## Sorin Award for Hallinan

Archbishop Oaul J. Hallinan of Atlanta is this year's winner of the Alumni Association's Edward Frederick Sorin Award for distinguished service to Notre Dame. Ambrose F. "Bud" Dudley, Association president, presented the award to the Archbishop at a campus dinner. At the dinner were members of the Advisory Council for Arts & Letters, the Alumni Association Bo-

ard, and the University Administration

Archbishop Hallinan is a 1932 graduate of Notre Dame. A native of Cleveland, the Archbishop began parish work in his native city in 1937, the year of his Ordination. He spent the last two years of World War II as an Army Chaplain in the Southwest Pacific.

Hallinan was consecrated bishop of the deep South Diocese of Charleston, South Carolina in 1958. Four years later he was appointed archbishop of Atlanta. His work in Charleston and Atlanta has made him stand out as a stalwart opponent of racial discrimination. This year the

Archbishop was gained added Noteriety through his signing of a "Negotiate Now" petition on the Vietnam War. In response to criticism from his Diocese, Hallinan has strongly defended his position as in keeping with the American Bishops' statement on the War.

Archbishop Hallinan served during and after Vatican II on commissions for renewing the liturgy. This past week, he announced the coming adoption of English in the Canon of the Mass, a move expected to come on Sunday, October 22. In another capacity, Hallinan is the episcopal moderator of the National Newman Apostolate.

## The Mail

Dear Editor:

The following is intended as a reply to Ray Caston's letter to the editor (Observer, Oct. 9) in which he severely criticized (?) Dennis Gallagher.

Ray, surprising as this must seem to you, your type is not the only species that grows in this sacred soil of Notre Dame. Slowly, like misshapen sprigs of marijuana, a new breed is sprouting amidst "the tradition, the spirit, the gold and blue, the beauty, the fellowship of the most exclusive fraternity in the world." These students are tired

of being treated as cogs in the pre-conceived world view of our administrators.

When they came here, many of them had views similar to yours. But then an unexplainable thing happened: despite all precautions, they grew up. It is difficult to affix the blame for this. You, at least (together with our administrators), are excluded from suspicion. It is to be hoped that the guilty party will be found and removed from this ethereal atmosphere.

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## The Observer

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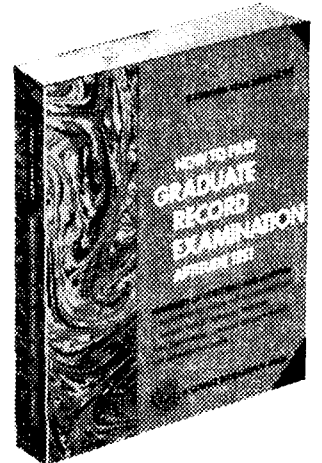
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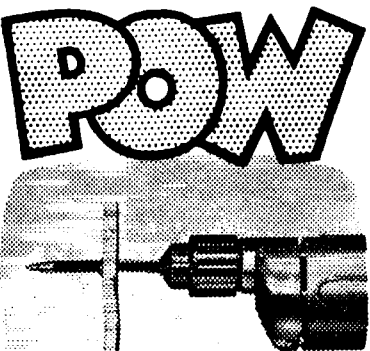
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# John Davidson at Notre Dame

with

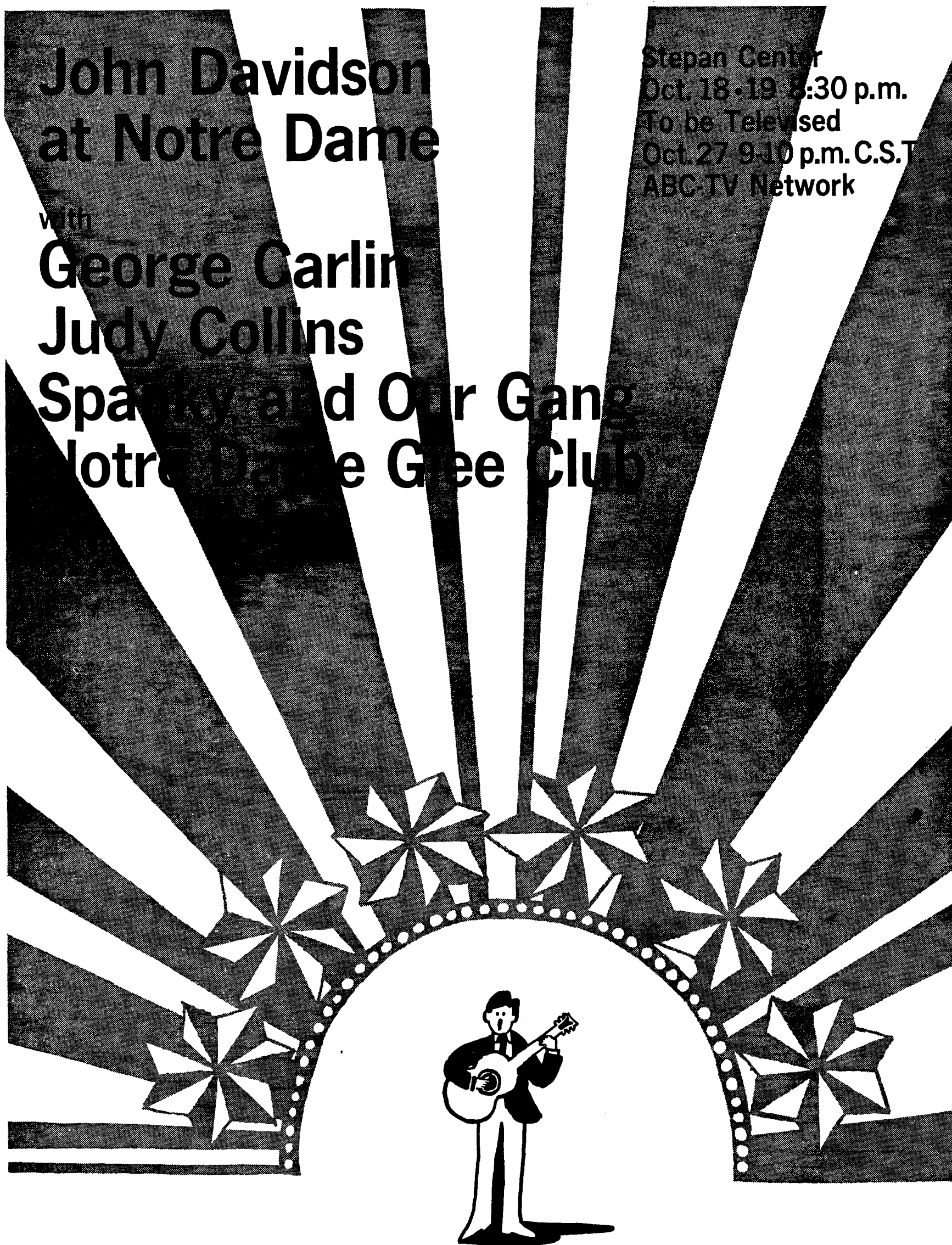
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# Ruggers Pull One Out

BY TOM CONDON

Rugby's child, football, misbehaved on Saturday. And the child was nearly the father of the parent. The Notre Dame Ruggers beat the University of Wisconsin, 6-3, in one of the most grueling matches ever seen at the Stephan Center Rugby Field.

The Irish had to come from behind. After ten minutes of the first half, the Badger wing found its way into the far right corner of the Irish end zone for a 3 point score. From this point, the Irish controlled play, but found it extremely difficult to improve the scoreboard.

Notre Dame continually moved within range, only to have Wisconsin's brilliant fullback, Rusty MacClear, get the Badgers out of trouble with a boom-

ing punt. The high point of frustration came when Notre Dame second row man Duke Heskett powered his way into the end zone, only to have the ball pinned to his body and unable to touch it down (in rugby, the ball must be touched down in the end zone for the 'try' the forefather, for obvious reasons, of the touchdown, to be valid).

The frustrations continued. Dick Carrigan missed a penalty kick, which would have tied the score, by inches. Parenthetically, the penalty kick is the ancestor of the field goal in American football, and both, if converted, are good for three points.

The Irish finally came back. Bill Kenealy, Notre Dame's most powerful back, crashed into the end zone for a try, tying the score. He was set up by a cross

kick from fly half John Drndak, another Irish star who was held in check until late in the game. Then Brien Murphy, who was by consensus of the four hundred spectators the outstanding player in the contest, frightened a Wisconsin player into committing a penalty, and huge Clint Sullivan converted the ensuing penalty kick for the victory.

The Irish played without the services of regular fullback Sal Bammarito, a bruising tackler, but Sal should be ready when the Irish travel to Illinois next weekend to contest the Illini ruggers.

In the 'B' team prelim, Dave Yonto and Mike Paterni, two definite stars of the not too distant future, led the Irish second side to a convincing 14-0 victory over the Wisconsin seconds.



## "Hey, Man, That's Me"

BY TERRY O'NEIL

Most of the players had gone, but Ara lingered in the ND locker room to answer a few final questions. Across the tunnel, the Southern Cal door was open. Inside, John McKay was lacing his shoes and talking to reporters. Nearby was a chalkboard which proclaimed, "No. 1".

Where's Superman Simpson? I walked past the first row of lockers and saw just one fellow, but he couldn't be O.J. His shirt was just a blue, wide-track stripe. . . no "S" emblazoned on the front, no cape, no copies of the Daily Planet lying around, no sign of Lois Lane.

I turned toward the showers but he recaptured my attention with a friendly greeting, — "Hi, there."

"Hi," I said. "Is O.J. Simpson around?"

He chuckled, pointing an index finger to his chest. "Hey man, that's me."

My right hand tightened into a fist. "Hit him," I thought. "That s.o.b. ruined our Homecoming; I'll show 'em what we mean by Fighting Irish." But O.J. thwarted my plan. I mean, how can you smash a guy who's got his right extended to shake hands with you? So we shook and I mumbled something trite like, "You're one of the finest ball players I've ever seen." He nearly blushed.

O.J. slipped into a pair of loafers and started to answer the questions. "You have a good clean team, a bunch of real nice guys. Sure, they hit hard. But they don't lay there and gloat over it or say something smart. They just get right up and go back to the huddle," he said.

Did he agree with McKay's statement that ND Stadium is an unusually noisy place to play football?

"Oh, it wasn't as bad as I expected. You wouldn't believe some of the rumors about playing in a snake pit and all that. We had some trouble in the first half. You know, the linemen would be blocking one play and the backs would be running another. But Steve (Sogge) got it

straightened out at halftime."

"In the second half, we just decided we'd run more. We knew the ends were big but we found out they weren't quite fast enough. We didn't know we could run around 'em until the second half. Then we spread out our formations and started to move."

How about the play which seemed to be the turning point?

"We knew that play was open all day," said O.J. "Steve ran it once in the first half, but kept the ball instead of pitching it. Coach told us at halftime that everybody was blocked except Schoen. So when I got through the line, I looked up and there he was. Then it was just a foot race to the corner of the endzone."

"The guys really made a hole for me," said O.J. as he demonstrated with a toothbrush and tube of toothpaste. "Dan Scott (brush) came around (brush moves toward paste) and wiped out their linebacker" (paste yeilds to the force of a good block by the brush).

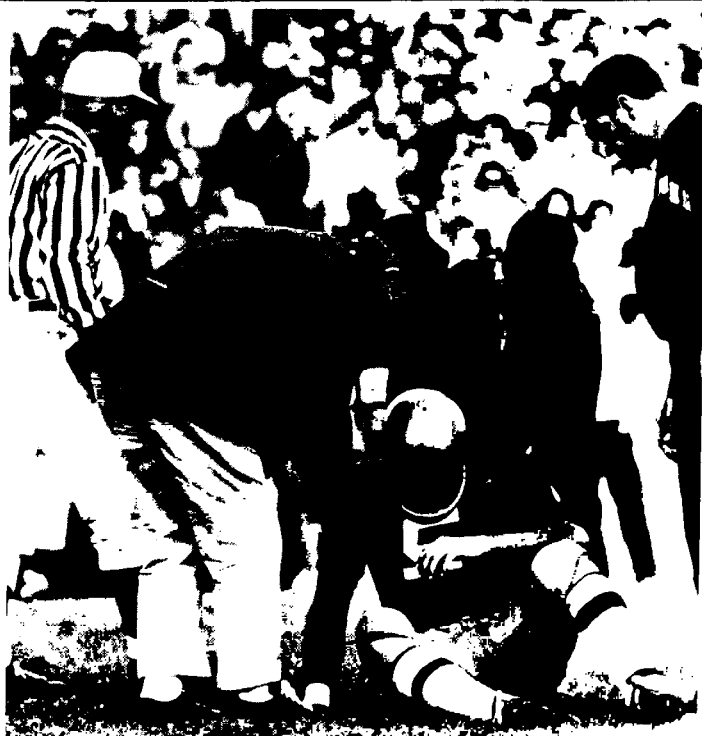
In the Irish locker room, Ara was more inclined to talk about O.J. than his blockers. "Simpson showed us everything we expected in the second half. What did he wind up with? (150 yards on 38 carries) It's a very simple thing. We did the best job we could. He's an awful tough back to contain for 60 minutes. Southern Cal is a great team and O.J. Simpson is a great ball player," Ara admitted.

At 5:30 Saturday, that great team was preparing to board its bus. O.J. was still signing autographs. Most of his mates had purchased green derbies with "Fighting Irish" sewn on them. . . something like the ancient Trojan custom of taking the queen of a city they had conquered.

O.J. looked over the souvenir stand like a woman at a department store basement sale. After a few minutes, he selected a large pin which read, "Kiss me, I'm Irish."

That's the kind of guy he is. O.J. is O.K.

# OBSERVER SPORTS



## THE IRISH EYE

### Pride

BY TOM FIGEL

If the Fates decreed a loss Saturday, at least the sting of defeat diminishes when you consider the victor. Southern Cal was a team that had everything — spelled with an O, a J and an Adrian Young. If a kitchen sink can run, it was somewhere on the Southern Cal bench that afternoon.

Evidently coach John McKay and his team put less faith in the bookies' prediction that President Johnson does in the Gallup poll; or the Boston Red Sox, in Jean Dixon. The team that was picked to lose its No. 1 position and a game by twelve points didn't. It would have been a Jesus Christ losing his soul.

It wasn't that Notre Dame played poorly. Rather, the Irish were over their heads in four leaf clover, sadly outclassed, for thirty of the sixty minutes. Pride was Saturday's word when the defense held O. J. Simpson and the Trojans to a standstill during the first half and the offense matched a faster team yard for yard. The first touchdown and the defensive effort made Notre Dame look like the victor at the half.

You had to look closely to see Simpson all afternoon. He either ran into the wrong hole and ended up under a pile or streaked through an open field to long yardage. What impressed you was his strength. He lowered his red helmet and with more than a second effort humbled Kevin Hardy and gained some extra inches. He got up slowly from a pile — like Jimmy Brown and with a lot of Jimmy Brown ability.

Southern Cal just did everything well. There's no doubt about their No. 1 potential. The Trojan punts were high and long, a serious handicap to an offense that usually gets its start with a Tom Schoen runback. Their running game was the fastest Notre Dame will face this season and their line, one of the most effective. The Trojan passing game was less impressive but accurate enough to keep the Irish defense wary.

What the Irish lacked in speed they made up with their heads. Against a team which is also out for track, the Irish defenders kept the line of scrimmage from moving fifty yards at a toss. The pitch-out play which resulted in a 36 yard touchdown the first time resulted in a Simpson mauling the second time. But in sixty minutes of football, a team is bound to be fooled sometime and Southern Cal had the deception and the speed to make the most of a momentarily bluffed defense.

There was a lot of pride wound into Saturday's afternoon. Southern Cal played over its head, too. They had to, or they wouldn't have been a winning champion. They came into the house that Rock built with nervous faces simply because the Irish were there, too. And Notre Dame has a tendency to win regardless of national ranking.

The Irish played over their heads because the Irish like, and expect, to win. If Southern Cal won the second half, the first half was Notre Dame's. For thirty minutes, Notre Dame was No. 1 and Southern Cal was a worried challenger as pride almost made O.J. Simpson a "Who's He?" player.

