

The summer seems to be a good time to rebuild and renovate, from the looks of the LaFortune student center and the Football stadium.

At the stadium, renovation of the press box is currently underway. The radio broadcasting booth is being rebuilt, and ten new rooms are being erected above the press box. The football field has been resodded, and the appearance of the main concourse has been improved. Story on page twelve.

LaFortune renovation is soon to be completed. Recently, the ballroom floor has been resurfaced. The main lobby has been in use for some time now, and according to Father David Schlaver, Director of Student Activities, "If the reaction of the summer students is any indication, the Center will be well received by students in the fall." Story on page two.

✠The Observer

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university of notre dame - st. mary's college

Thursday, July 24, 1975

The letters and calls have been pouring in all summer. Where is Father Griffin? Why hasn't he written? What's going on? We decided to call Fr. Griffin, University Chaplain and regular Observer columnist, in New York City where he is staying for the summer, and find out just what was going on.

During a forty-minute interview, faithfully transcribed on page five, Father Griffin told us of his trip to Europe with the Glee Club, (including a search through Ireland for leprechauns), living just enough for the City in New York, and contributed thoughts on the changing priesthood.



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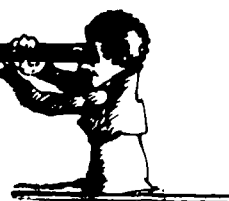
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Insights.....



According to an item in the Wall Street Journal, baseball players live longer than the rest of us. Statisticians for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., after studying the lives of more than 10,000 major leagues, report their death rate at all ages averaged just 72 per cent of that of the general white male population. Actuaries attribute the longevity to "superior physical condition" and "close supervision" by team doctors. The death rate declined as the game aged. Hall of Famers had a slightly higher death rate than other players, but, says the insurance firm, the manager's mortality rate was much higher - perhaps attributable to the "severe pressure to win."

★

The Great Pyramid of Cheops was a tomb for Egypt's royalty, right? Wrong, says Edward Kunkel of Warren, Ohio. Kunkel says few mummies were ever found in the pyramid and rejects the idea that thousands of slaves hauled 20-ton rocks up ramps to build them.

The Great Pyramid was, he says, a big pump that held 600 tons of water and worked by a hydraulic system. Kunkel's theory - that the Egyptians floated huge blocks through locks and positioned them - is based on drawings found in the pyramid. Kunkel who has had little formal education, is not deterred by his critics. "Is it any wonder that school kids grow up believing these ancient builders to be civilization's No. 1 numbskulls?" he asks. "This slave-ramp-roller business is for the birds, a lot of malarky."

Vatican Radio has come a long way since Pope Pius XI first spoke over its airwaves. Twelve months ago, Italians tuning in to hear the Latin Mass, "Christian Horizons," or "The Moment of the Spirit" were surprised to hear the call-sign followed by fine-quality jazz in stereo.

The new program of jazz at noon and evening concentrates on music, a minimum of religious content. The experimental program is the idea of Father John Saint George, a Jesuit from the United States.

Father Saint George says the program is sort of an effort to gain the lost sheep back into the flock. Most people associate Vatican radio with religious programming, and some had stopped listening for that reason. According to accounts, this venture is one of the Vatican Radio's few success stories in recent times.

★

A nightclub in Terre Haute, Indiana now features male go-go dancers. The owner of the club says his place differs from most go-go lounges because only women are allowed in during the performance. "For the girls, it's a party," he said. "They would become inhibited if men were allowed in here." Men are allowed in after 10:30 pm.

The women say they attend out of curiosity more than anything else. They are encouraged to dance with the go-go boys and tip them by slipping a dollar into their briefs. In return, they receive a kiss and a coupon. A drawing is held later, and the girl holding the winning coupon is given a bottle of champagne to share with the go-go dancer of her choice.

★★★

English course offered to International Students

By Katy Bernard
Staff Reporter

It used to be that, when foreign students were accepted at Notre Dame, they would have high abilities in such areas as math and science, but their knowledge (or lack thereof) of the English language hindered them from performing up to par. For the past six summers, however, Notre Dame has instituted some preventive medicine in a program called "English as a Foreign Language," a six week, highly intensive course in English 101.

Professor Edward Kline, Director of Graduate Studies in English, teaches the class. He sees the program as having five aims: pronunciation of English, idiomatic expression, vocabulary enrichment, reading comprehension and sentence grammar.

"What we do in six weeks is amazing," claims Kline. "Of course they do not reach fluency level, but there is astounding improvement."

The program does not exclude those not entering Notre Dame in the fall. Kline says the course is geared to those persons who have performed badly on the Test of English as a Foreign Language (TOEFL). This summer, all but one of the nine students, is at a graduate level and, again, all but one, are Spanish speaking, although, Kline says he usually has about eight or nine different nationalities.

Notre Dame's program is exceptional in that it only concentrates on the academic aspect of the language.

"We do not involve ourselves with the social and cultural aspects," Kline points out. "I know, in other programs such as at Michigan State, they do. They'll take the students to the grocery store and on shopping trips. We find our students do not need this so much, as they usually are from such a background that they are already acquainted with social amenities." Kline added that he has one student "who after spending a whole semester at Michigan State, says he learned more here in six weeks."

To accomplish so much so fast, the students all work extremely hard.

"I have never had American students who worked nearly as hard. You can see the change everyday, not just when you give a test."

Foreign students on the whole have been very successful at Notre Dame after completing the course. Because the course tries to anticipate only the academic needs of each student, it prevents a six week program from turning into a haphazard English course, learning everything from how to order a hamburger with no catchup to studying the works of William Faulkner.



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Thursday, July 24, 1975

Arms and the Man: a fine performance

review by maria o'meara

In these days of banal television commercials and blaring AM lyrics, it is exciting to see theatre such as *Arms and the Man*. The acting develops into a quick, humorous pace and brings Shaw's witty, fast-moving dialogue to life. Mirroring each other's actions, the cast performs tightly to produce a well balanced, clean production which progresses with perfect timing.

Bell McGlinn, as Captain Bluntschli, fashioned his shrewd, yet romantic role as the chocolate cream soldier as his floppy humour beat the rhythm of the play. As a fugitive in Raina's bedroom, Bluntschli accepts her hospitality and her chocolates. When Raina leaves to tell her mother of the strange visitor, McGlinn falls asleep in a most convincing, groggy way, always upholding the light, humorous strain of the work. His witty exchanges with Raina, from Anger to Apology and back again, were executed with grace and intuition, as was all of McGlinn's performance.

Speaking of grace, Nancy Syburg (as Raina) moved with poise and sophistication throughout the entire play. Her gliding hand motions and coquettish turns of her head accentuates the ambivalence of her role: bravery and femininity. As the result of war and personal conflicts, Raina must shirk her flighty mannerisms to establish her individuality and strength. Miss Syburg performs artistically and creates a character who elicits both our laughter and our sympathy.

Major Sergius Saranoff, played by Dan Dailey, is a melodramatic two-timer. His rationalization of cheating with Louka is well done, and his bumbling honors suit him well. But in the first act, his scene with Miss Syburg expressing their pure love for each other was over done and broke the rhythm



of the play. However this is more a problem with direction and detracts little from Dailey's overall fine performance. Funny as it was, it was one of the few interruptions in the intricate balance of the play and should have been done more subtly. Another high point was his rendering of the lines: "I never apologize," which developed the repetitious comedy so vital to the play.

Katherine Burke's bulging eyes and throaty anger enriched her already powerful performance as Raina's domineering mother, Catherine Petkoff. She also managed to bring out sympathetic qualities which saved her from being a flat, unlikable character. Her acting, in par-

ticular, reflected the acting of her husband and her daughter. While Major Petkoff relates the story of the chocolate cream soldier to Sergius, Miss Burke and Miss Syburg enact a hysterical series of pained glances and ogles and is a tribute to the amazing performances of both actresses. Catherine's arguments with her husband also reflect a great sensitivity to her role. Soon after, Paul Petkoff smashes a riding crop on the table to emphasize a point. Miss Burke does the same thing, introducing a sense of family unity to the act.

Paul Petkoff, played by Dan Deizel, is the only man in Bulgaria to own a library. Mr. Deizel plays an arthritic, crotchety soldier and his blindness about life is reflected in

the character of Sergius, who is even more naive than Petkoff, especially when it comes to war.

The two servants, Louka and Nicola, played by Janey Wilson and Terrence Kennedy, provide a direct contrast to the upper class characters in the play. Through the eyes of these servants, one of the main themes of the play is developed: the question of the nature of man's soul. Louka repeatedly tells Nicola that he has the heart of a servant, and through this repetition, and Kennedy's interpretation of the servant's role, the hearts of the other characters also begin to come through. Captain Bluntschli has the soul of a shopkeeper, Major Petkoff has the heart of a soldier.

The nature of the women is not so directly explained, however, and the character of Louka refuses to be defined. She will not succumb to the humiliating tasks of servants, such as lying and making demanding love.

Kennedy played a good liar and a shrewd businessman, however his strange accent was very disturbing and should have been dropped. Janey Wilson, beautiful as she is, did not seem earthy enough to play the seductive Louka.

The characterizations and rhythmic transitions in the play were delightful to watch. Technically, the play was well done. The mellow lighting in the first act set the mood of suspense, while the well-lit second act reflected the tone of that scene, comic and open. The sets were also well done, yet it is strange that the round, gold couch that worked so well in the third act could have looked so blobby and ungraceful in the first.

I highly recommend this play for the fine performances, especially by the women, who were entertaining and professional. It sure beats watching Cher or listening to WLS.

Dylan and the Band : Spaces and Shadows

review by fred graver

It's amazing how Dylan keeps coming up with material that just stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries. What's really amazing about this album is that, although the material is close to eight years old, it is as fresh and exciting as anything that has been released this summer. As a musical and poetic statement by Dylan and the Band, it is as vibrant and alive as anything they have done together since.

The music on this album was recorded in the basement of the Band's house in West Saugerties, New York, the legendary "Big Pink." It was done in 1967, during Dylan's period of reclusion between *Blonde on Blonde* and *John Wesley Harding*, during the period when the Band was preparing to go out on their own after a long association as Dylan's back-up group. Like the later *Planet Waves* album, the last Dylan-Band tour and the ensuing album, the *Basement Tapes* are a joint venture for Dylan and the Band.

In recent Rolling Stone interview with Neil Young, he talks about releasing his latest album *Tonight's the Night*. That album is filled with songs that were recorded while Young and his band, Crazy Horse, were drunk and high. Young defends the album by saying "I think that it's something that people should hear. They should hear what the artist sounds like under all circumstances if they want to get a complete portrait."

So it is with this album. Dylan and the Band are completely loose, completely at ease with the surroundings, with the people, with the music. Much of the material is very low-key, compared to much of the work that they have released on other albums. The songs range from plaintive love ballads to the ribald and the autobiographical. At times, the musicianship is loose to the point of sloppiness (though it would take a stretch of the imagination to ever conceive of the Band being sloppy musicians.)

The important thing about this album, though, is that it is telling music. It tells, not only of the friendship, comradeship and

mutually inspiring relationship of Dylan and the Band, but of the kaleidoscope of influences and imagery, both musically and poetically, that has infused itself into their music.

The cover of the album is a Fellini-esque picture of Dylan and the Band, sitting in the basement of what appears to be an office building of sorts (lots of heating pipes and generators) surrounded by an incredible array of characters. Strong man, fat lady, ballerina, dwarf newspaper vendor, fire eater, eskimo, nun, emmet kelly-like clown, and a dog that looks remarkably like the old RCA Victor pooch. Over to the right side are Dylan and the Band. Levon Helm is dressed like a bridegroom, Richard Manuel is dressed in what appears to be an Admiral's dress uniform, Robbie Robertson is clad in a Chairman Mao outfit, clutching an old guitar, Garth Hudson has his great porkpie hat on, holding an old tuba, Rick Danko sits like an organ grinder, grasping an accordion. In front of the whole group sits Dylan, in a coat of many colors, holding a mandolin like a violin, playing without a bow.

It's the carnival that the Band sang of. It's the million dollar bash that Dylan sings about on this album. It's letting everything go and just playing to hear the music that comes out of it.

The production on these tapes is remarkably good, considering the circumstances. And, considering the significance of this album, the production—empty, sparse and without a frill—adds to the quality. The more I listen to this album, the more comes out of it and I know I'll be listening for a long time (too bad, I'm hardly finished listening to *Blood on the Tracks*).

This atmosphere of discovery and rediscovery, not only of the tracks on this album, but of the tracks that these people have been on, keeps leading me to a mystic assumption about this album.

The magic here, the mystic element, is that in taping this music, Dylan and the Band had absolutely nothing to live up to, and came up with everything. I keep thinking about Allen Ginsberg's advice to people, to empty themselves of everything, to give it all up and away, before they try to put anything together. I keep thinking of the zen contemplation of pure space, a space which contains everything.

This is an album of spaces and shadows. Within the spaces, there are things which evoke a past and a future of Dylan and the Band. These people have created a musical and poetic rhetoric which is inescapably pervasive. Listening to "this Wheel's On Fire," which closes the album, I can hear Robbie Robertson's guitar playing from *Rock of Ages*, though it is not on the tapes. Listening to "Goin' to Acapulco," I get a stirring of the feelings I knew listening to the later "If You See Her, Say Hello." Listening to "Ain't No More Cane," I keep hearing and feeling and seeing the things I knew when I first began to know the Band's second album. Which is not to say that these songs haven't a very strong individuality of their own. They do, and that is where the shadows come in. Because this album, which in many ways is a contrast to the more highly-produced albums of Dylan's and the Band's, casts light and shadows that add a thick, dense texture to the rest of their work.

The album is filled with good spirits, with ribaldry, but also with a seriousness and purpose. Dylan and each member of the Band realize how closely they are tied, not only within their friendship but within their music. Coming together like this, there is an essential settling of terms. Everything is out front, nothing held back. There are songs on this album which contain a real tension which comes from the differences between the musicians. This album differs from slicker, more highly polished efforts, in that there was no attempt to define a role

for any of the musicians. The resolution of differences is a lesson in simplicity. There is never any question here that one person or the other is going to be a leader or a follower. The manner in which vocals and instruments are shifted from player to player, the way in which Dylan shares writing credits with members of the Band (something that he rarely does), the assimilation of Dylan into the tight structure of the Band during their songs, displays the incredible chemistry that went into this album.

Out of the differences in the album comes a highly original style. Nelson Algren once wrote of Ernest Hemmingway, "The risks he takes are risks that, if they fail, fail the writer only. But if they succeed, they succeed for everyone." I think that this album, as most of the Band and Dylan albums, will have a great liberating effect on what has become an all-too-slick musical world. The music towers over any faults in the production, and that is the way it should be. The courage and integrity of the people on this album stands forth, transcending any fault in recording or even in musicianship.

I don't know why Dylan and the Band decided to release this album at this particular time. But I have a strong feeling that it has to do with the reviving folk scene in the Village right now, and the musical community that is beginning to rebuild out on the coast, and the general good feeling that is beginning to arise out of the music scene at present. The music on this album transcends the nostalgia that could come from a bunch of songs written in 1967. It is clearly a means of saying "we had it, and we haven't totally lost it, and if we pay attention and don't blow it, there's a chance that we can keep the feelings, the inspiration, the whole impetus that once infused the land."

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CAMPUS VIEW APARTMENTS

Renovation near completion

by Andy Praschak
Associate Editor

LaFortune Center, located in the heart of the Notre Dame campus, has been under renovation since 1972. This renovation will soon be completed, for the time being, according to Fr. David Schlaver, director of student activities. Schlaver will be stepping down from this position to continue his education at Michigan State University this September.

The plan originated in the fall semester of 1972 when a group of interested students formed the LaFortune Renovation Committee with the purpose of evaluating the existing facilities and determining a future course of action, be it renovation or new construction. "Renovation was chosen because this is really a beautiful building with adequate space for facilities and valuable historical background," said Schlaver.

In 1973, the LaFortune Renovation Architects, Inc., composed of three Notre Dame architects, was formed. In April of 1973, the two committees presented their plans to the Board of Trustees who received them warmly and after much deliberation allocated \$250,000 for the renovation of the Notre Dame landmark.

The actual implementation of renovation began in the fall of the most recent school year. The first areas worked on were the student offices: The Dome, the Notre Dame yearbook, The Observer, and the Student BGovernment offices. Also, the stairwells to these offices have been repaired and extended.

Not all of the renovation process is visible to the average student's eyes, according to Schlaver. "The

roof of the building has been repainted and repaired and a new transformer has been installed, allowing more power to enter the building.

The main lounge of LaFortune has seen the most impressive renovation. Where there once stood old carpeting, worn out and unmatching furniture and lamps, there is now winding portable couches done in a psychedelic orange and purple. The walls of the room are covered with attractive modern art paintings and each room is labeled with large graphic letters describing the room. Marlene Zloza, former student at Notre Dame, expressed a bit of sadness at this new touch to the building. "I'm kind of sorry to see them remove the 'Powder Room' signs from the ladies restrooms," she said.

This main room is also strung with new banners stretching from one side of the building to the other. The addition of live plants has also added to the decor of the room. Unfortunately, some over anxious botanists have already helped themselves to some of this university property.

The Notre Dame ballroom, occasionally visited by famous dance instructor, Fran DeMarco, has also seen a great deal of renovation. The entire floor has been redone, the furniture reupholstered, and the walls redecorated. "We tried to give the room a common theme," explained Schlaver.

Besides the ballroom and main lounge, other areas of the building receiving attention were the Rathskeller, the Advanced Studies lounge, the Auditorium and the Black Cultural Arts Center.

Schlaver commented that the \$250,000 allocated by the Trustees just wasn't enough to do as much with the building as they wanted to. He noted that there is still some money left but not enough to make any more major changes. "The cost of adding another room onto the Huddle is just astronomical," he said.

Schlaver pointed out that although there are no definite plans for the Huddle (and no money even if there were), though ideas are still being tossed around.

There has been a type of survey done, wherein different methods of service have been discussed for the campus "Hang-out". However, Schlaver feels that the university wishes to continue running the Huddle to help supply additional revenue to the school.

There has also been talk of installing a type of gameroom for the students somewhere in the building. However, Schlaver noted that these are all just ideas right now.

Schlaver, analyzing the work done so far, seemed very optimistic about the results. "If the reaction of the summer students is any indication, the Center will be well received by students in the fall," he said.

What once was a drab, old building has been transformed into an attractive student center. The work, however, is not complete; it lies on the shoulders of the students and student leaders. The first task is for the students to make adequate use of the facilities and at the same time treating them

with the respect that will keep them young and attractive for many years to come. Second and most importantly, the ideas discussed, such as Huddle renovation, a gameroom, etc. must not be left to die with a temporary lack of funds.

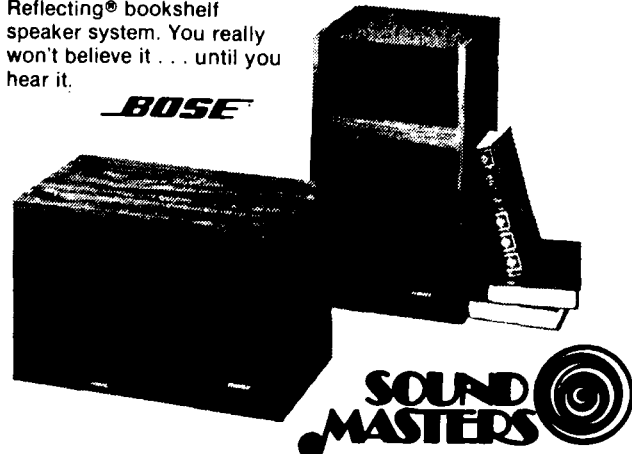
Fr. Schlaver, who has been an integral part of the LaFortune Renovation will be leaving Notre Dame for a short period and along with him, most of the students who have been working on the project all along. It is up to next years' students and their leaders to insure that the LaFortune renovation is continued and the building is given the attention a student center deserves.

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Letters to a Lonely God

How I Spend My Summer Vacation

reverend robert griffin



Editor's Note: We taped a conversation with Father Griffin on the evening of July 21, in an attempt to find out what he had been doing this summer, besides not writing for the Observer. After hanging up, we discovered that, due to a malfunction in the tape system, the entire conversation was lost. Thinking quickly, we locked one of our editors up in a room to transcribe as much of the conversation as possible. Hopefully, it does justice to the conversation.

spent the first three weeks of the summer on tour with the Glee Club in Europe. After which, I returned to New York City, where I am now staying. I'm living at St. Joseph's parish on sixth avenue, in the Village.

Europe was lovely, but Ireland was the most beautiful place of all, the one that truly touched my heart. The towns were somewhat disappointing; they are drab and fairly poor. But the people have such a spirit. They were very hospitable, took us in and clutched us to their bosoms and all of that jazz.

In one town they hosted a party for the Glee Club. All of the townspeople came and they had a great time. The Glee Club was never in finer form. They sang, and the villagers answered them in song.

I finally left the party at four thirty, with my host and his wife, as the sun was coming up over the hills. I looked and looked and searched all over, but I couldn't find a leprachaun. I also did not hear a banshee's wail, which is just as well as they told me it probably would have just been some old woman, and that's some omen for a quick death or some such thing.

Despite the lack of preternatural forces, Ireland was absolutely stunning and breathtaking. I'm trying to figure out a way of getting back there soon.

But now I'm back home, in New York City. Europe was fine, but there's nothing like being back in the Big Apple. There are the same old faces at the parish, and many new ones.

A woman came to the door the other night, rather dirty and unwashed. She told me she was one of the world's top ten musicians, but that every place she had been playing for had ripped her off from the money they were supposed to be paying her.

You know, these people come to the door all the time, and within two and a half seconds you can tell if they are handing you a line or not. The problem is, whether or not you're going to help them. Some of them get you to believe that the next step for them is out on the street.

You say to yourself, "This damn story is false," but you want to help them, you want to be kind, so you start to believe them. You try to help them out and the next thing you find out is that you were right all along.

Well, anyway, this woman came to the door and asked if I could get her into the YWCA. She said she had ticks in her hair; I guess she meant lice, and she wanted someplace where she could wash them off.

I don't think she was telling me the truth, but I don't think she was lying, either. She really believed in what she was telling me.

There are all sorts of people on the street. Kids who run away, guys without jobs.

Tonight I walked around town. I stopped at the bookstore and bought Jimmy Breslin's new book on Watergate. Then I roamed about for a while. Stopped and had bavarian cream pie with strawberries and iced tea. This sounds pretty exciting, doesn't it?



I got my hair cut today. They told me that Darby had just been to the groomers, so I felt rather obligated to do something about my own appearance I would hate to come up to my dog and have him staring at me like I needed a shave or something.

In New York, you have two choices. You can go to the barbers school where you pay your dollar and a half and end up looking like one of the orphans who gets dragged in for the budget cut. Or you can go to have your hair run through by the fingers of some barber who tells you what condition it's in. They told me I have split ends (imagine me with split ends).

So I had it styled. They combed it and dried it and blow dried it. It's amazing how fast that drier can go through the hairs on my head.

I got back to the rectory and I went in to see the secretary. I walked around the office and talked with her, posed and did everything but stuck my face under hers. After an hour or so of this, I said "didn't you notice I got my hair cut?" And she said, "Yes it looks nice."

Well, I figured if I had to ask her, it wasn't really a compliment. So I asked the housekeeper, and she said she liked it and would be much happier when men went back to having short hair.

I've been reading a lot this summer. Biographies, things about the priesthood. Diary of a Country Priest, reading The Plague, the character of the priest there. Summer is a good time to tie things together, or at least to try to tie them together.

There has been a shift in the priesthood, from what was practiced in the days that these books were written and what is practiced now. I heard that a friend of mine is leaving the priesthood. That disturbs me, makes me think about the kinds of

problems that priests, friends of mine are having. I'm sorry that I haven't written anything. It's just that I compose at the typewriter, and the typewriter that I have here is built such that I can't see the letters I'm typing. So I have a hard time writing. I wish I had something profound to say, but the profundities have escaped me. I guess it was the iced tea I drank tonight, or the bavarian cream pie.

I haven't had dinner with Abe Beam yet. I don't think he knows I'm in town. The same thing with Cardinal Cooke. If he knew I was in town, he'd at least have me up for drinks or something.

Tell people that this stuff they read about New York being fear city just isn't true. It's no worse than it was last year.

A graduate of Notre Dame sent me a book of cartoons today. One of them has all the apostles sitting around, and one says "Some miracle worker. Three weeks after the sermon on the mount, and we're still eating leftovers."

Another one has all the apostles sitting around at the last supper, Da Vinci style, and one turns to another and says, "I just love to eat out."

Remember, Darby and I never said we didn't love you. Well, I haven't seen Darby since the fourth of July, and he may have started to say that he doesn't love you, I don't know.

But as for me, I never said I didn't love you.

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**FOR
MEN**

outrider Solzhenitsyn and Lafayette

President Ford has backed, filled, and semi-apologized for not entertaining Solzhenitsyn in the White House. Senator Jesse Helms says it is just a "common courtesy" to invite a Nobel Prize winner to the White House whenever he happens to be in the country. I do not remember that Mr. Helms cried for a special courtesy to be paid to Martin Luther King during his lifetime — though King, as an American winner of the Nobel Prize, had a better claim to be honored.

Mr. Helms, to tell the truth, fears and distrusts the kind of intellectual achievement Nobel Prize winners are noted for. He would be upset by most laureates if they showed up in Washington. A fair number of them have been Communists, and — even more alien to the senator from North Carolina — many of them are bright.

Senators Helms and Thurmond, along with 500 correspondents to the White House, wanted Solzhenitsyn in the Oval Office precisely because that is not a common courtesy — it is an uncommon symbolic act. The senators wanted to give the Russians one in the snoot. They are trying to make

the president apologize for the uncommon discourtesy of missing a chance to endanger detente.

Of course, Solzhenitsyn is a victim of mistreatment and gallant witness to resistance. For that he has been rightly honored, and the honor will not be lost or tarnished by one less invitation from the world's powers and lights. The fire-breathers had no thought of Solzhenitsyn's honor. They just want to make trouble.

Imagine an American expelled from this country, and wandering the world preaching against it. Suppose, for instance, Moscow had summoned Eldridge Cleaver, during his most militant attacks on America, for the honor of special interviews in the Kremlin. This would not be a way of recognizing the prose in "Soul on Ice." It would be a clear signal that, despite diplomatic efforts at peaceful relations, the Kremlin was signalling its hostility in a gratuitous way. That would be a foolish and provocative thing for Russia to do, whatever the merits or demerits of the American critic's works in themselves. And

it would be a foolish exercise in provocation for President Ford to do the equivalent thing.

Henry Kissinger was justified in advising Ford not to invite Solzhenitsyn, who professes a mission to undermine a foreign government. We were wrong in undermining Chile's government secretly. And we have no business publicly trying to undermine governments we have diplomatically recognized, especially one with which we hope to engage in common efforts at arms limitation, Middle East peace moves, and European settlements.

Those who consider the Kissinger attitude un-American should look to the actions of the greatest American president. George Washington considered the Marquis de Lafayette a kind of spiritual son, and the finest donation of Europe to the American revolutionary effort. But when the French Revolution, which LaFayette helped in its origins, turned on the Marquis and imprisoned him, Washington felt he could do nothing to help his friend without risking the national interest.

Even when Lafayette's wife wrote and begged Washington to use his international prestige, asking for the release of Lafayette, Washington would not do it. He expressed his sincere sympathy in a private letter, but he would not risk the peace of this infant country by a dangerous affront to one of the world's great powers.

Lafayette's son was named George after Washington. Yet when that son was sent to America, the president would not receive him. He delayed the boy's visit to the capital until he could make sure that reception of him would produce no adverse political results.

Washington was a man strong in friendship, as in most things. But he knew that a president's duty often involves a kind of violence to private feelings. A president does not have the luxury of seeing everyone he wants to or responding to each man's need — even a friend's need — as a private citizen would. Washington's priorities were clear, and his decisions, carefully made, were not easily reversed. President Ford should ponder that.

seriously, folks — Travels With Henry art buchwald

Every American going abroad travel with Henry Kissinger at least once. I had the pleasure a couple of weeks ago of flying around Europe with the secretary of state while he held useful and constructive talks in a friendly atmosphere with Giscard d'Estaing of France, Andrei Gromyko of the Soviet Union, Helmut Schmidt of Germany and Yitzhak Rabin of Israel.

There is no greater honor than to be selected as one of the elite 14 journalists to fly on Mr. Kissinger's well-appointed Air Force 707 and share in the joys and heartbreak of American jet diplomacy.

The advantages of traveling with Mr. Kissinger are enormous. You don't have to go through customs, you don't have to carry your own luggage and you don't have to tip taxi drivers.

The only disadvantage is that you have to stand in hotel lobbies and in front of old castles for five or six hours doing nothing until he is ready to leave for his next stop.

The one thing every journalist must agree on when traveling with Mr. Kissinger is that you may not identify the person who gives background briefings on the plane by name. You can't even say a high U.S. official with wavy hair, horn-rimmed glasses and German accent who had his garbage stolen last week said —

The only attribution permitted is "a senior American official on Dr. Kissinger's plane," and since I took the pledge I don't want anyone guessing who that could be.

What I did realize until I traveled on the Kissinger plane is how involved you can become in the secretary's foreign policies. Because you are with him, the foreign press waiting on the ground assume you know something they don't, and pretty soon you find yourself holding press conferences and giving interviews on the steps of chateaus and castles in Paris, Geneva and Bonn. When you're new on the plane you tend to deny inside knowledge concerning Kissinger, but in a short while you become convinced you are an expert and answer every question posed to you by desperate news-hungry press.

While I was willing to talk frankly with the foreign journalists I insisted anything I said had to be attributed to a senior American correspondent traveling with a senior American official.

This is how these conferences would go:

Swiss radio correspondent: Why didn't Nancy come to Europe with Henry?

Senior correspondent: We felt since these were exploratory talks would be too early for her to make an appearance.

German newsmen: Did Nancy come to the airport and if so what was her mood?

S.C.: She seemed relaxed and smiling and both she and Henry agreed that they had frank dialogues and fruitful exchanges during their dinner of the previous evening.

French correspondent: Why did Dr. Kissinger come to Europe at this time?

D.C.: It is very hot in Washington now and he hadn't been out of the country in two weeks.

Israeli TV man: If Dr. Kissinger fails in these talks what will he do next?

S.C.: Kissinger never fails. Sometimes he may not reach a full agreement and then he is willing to settle for a narrowing of the differences between the parties which may eventually bring progress in areas at some future unspecified date within the framework of previous talks and frank exchanges. But that's off the record.

Japanese newsmen: Why did Dr. Kissinger smile when he came out of his meeting with Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko?

S.C.: If you had just spent six hours with Gromyko wouldn't you be smiling?

Belgian newsmen: Will there be a disarmament agreement this year?

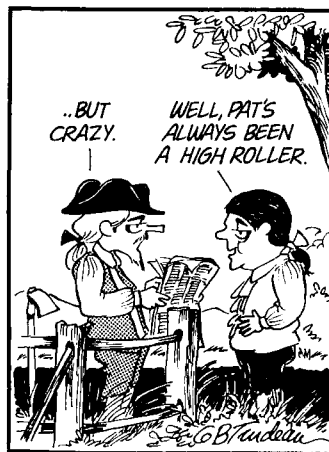
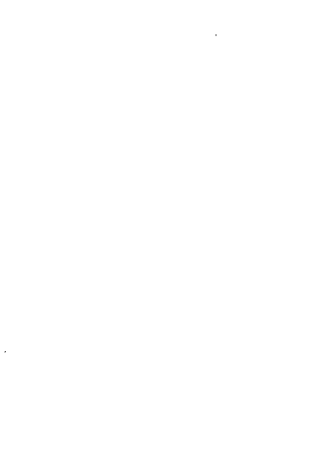
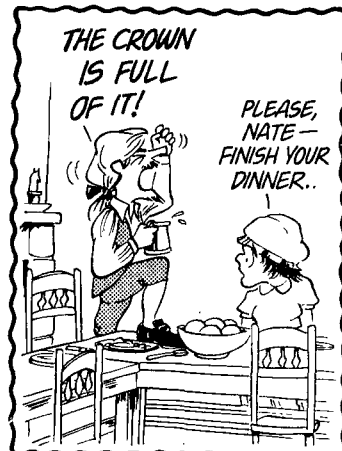
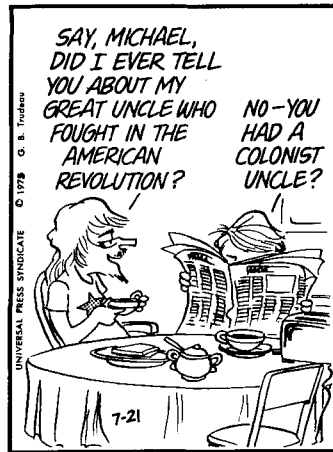
S.C.: We're optimistic that a formula can be worked out that will satisfy all parties. I can't give you details now of our compromise plan because Dr. Kissinger and I still have to report back to President Ford.

British Newsmen: Does Dr. Kissinger ever get seriously depressed when he is on a trip like this?

S.C.: Only when he laughs.

DOONES

by G.B.T.



The Hockey Scuffle

Defenders of hockey player Dave Forbes think they are also defending the sport. Actually, they make the strongest possible case for abolishing hockey.

Forbes is accused of cutting open an opponent's face with a hockey stick -- it took 25 stitches to close the cut near the victim's eye. Defenders of Forbes -- the ones I have heard, anyway -- do not deny that Forbes hit the man in anger rather than by accident. I would not prejudge these facts in the case. But the shocking thing is that friendly people -- those friendly to both Forbes and the victim -- assume this was the result of a fight, and defend it precisely on those grounds.

Fights, we are told, are part of the sport. Inseparable from it. People expect and desire them; would feel cheated if they were to disappear. Athletes implicitly contract to get beat up, gashed, sliced around and threaded through like a baseball sent several times back to the sewing process. If that is the case, then the sport should be banned.

Admittedly, hockey is rough and

dangerous. The puck itself is heavy, edged, and it travels at great speed. Skates are sharp, pointed, fast. Men collide, and their sticks can slash inadvertently. Men pad themselves against the shock, and become heavily armored things that blunder into each other.

Given all this, one would think the inadvertent dangers serious enough. Adding deliberate fisticuffs and stick attacks just suggests that speed and skill are not attractive to the ghouls who come to see deliberate mayhem. Fights, of course, break the rules -- and lead to time spent in a penalty box. But that does not, apparently, stop men from engaging in fights as a regular thing. Their very regularity is made the basis of the popular Forbes' defense.

Admittedly, men lose their temper in the heat of the moment. It happens in basketball, football, and baseball. But it is the exception there; and it usually leads to expulsion from the game. Moreover, the fighting is usually verbal. Even when physical contact occurs, it is done with bare fists, not with wooden clubs.

Yet in hockey men are expected to give and take blows with a weapon that can kill, one made for whipping pucks around. Even in boxing, one can fight only with fists -- and only when the fists are pillowed in gloves, and only within rules, one man on one, with a referee close at hand to prevent kicks, butting, rabbit punches, kidney punches, punches below the belt, wrestling and other violations. Once a man is down he must be left alone while the count proceeds and his opponent goes to a neutral corner. The hockey defended by some of its fans makes boxing matches look like ladies' dancing sessions. Not many boxers have the facial stitches of our rougher hockey players -- and the latter have stitcher, as well, all over the rest of their bodies.

The thing is barbaric. I admire the speed, skill, and nerve of hockey players. But if they contract to risk their own and other men's lives, to be brutalized for the pleasure of brutal onlookers, then they forfeit all that admiration. Their own fans are saying the game is not good enough, not of sufficient interest, to exist without the customary brawls, the punch-outs, the sitck work all

over and around men's skulls.

The sport needs reform -- as boxing needed it, and still needs it. Gradually, bare fists gave way to gloves in boxing, and open-ended fights to our short rounds and technical rules. Fighters should, as well, wear the head gear sparring partners are allowed -- just as football players and men at bat now wear hard hats.

But if the Forbes defenders are fight, hockey is not reformable. People will not go to see it under such restrictions. Well, we shall see. Some claim that a district attorney has no right to protect a professional athlete from mayhem. If a boxer comes out of his corner and shoots a foe, is he immune from prosecution because his foe had contracted to fight with him? Can I kick a man in the groin because we happen to be playing tennis at the time? Can a football player use brass knuckles in the line? If so, then all professional athletes have surrendered their right to defense, under law, against criminal assault. That makes athletes gladiators, for whose blood we can cry at will. That is an insult to more people in out country than to the hockey fans.

buchwald Travels With Henry (cont.)

When you travel with Henry Kissinger on his plane, you move so fast that your notes tend to get jumbled up and it's hard to keep everything he does and says in order.

I planned to do the definitive piece on a Kissinger trip, but when I started to go through my notebook this is all I had.

"GENEVA--Kissinger meets with Gromyko in front of Soviet mission. They are both smiling for cameramen. Gromyko now likes to tell jokes when posing for pictures. Will this be Kissinger's greatest legacy to world diplomacy?"

"Large groups of American tourists waiting in lobby of Hotel Intercontinental. They are not so much sold on detente, but half have been asked to get out of their rooms and the other half are still waiting to get into them....Hope Henry doesn't find out they were not waiting for him....Gromyko gave dinner for Kissinger. Menu: Red and black caviar, smoked fish, cold turkey (should be joke here), cold vegetables, vodka, asparagus soup, trout served with white wine, shaslik with red wine, ice-cream cake with strawberries, French fruit, champagne and coffee.... Kissinger gave lunch the next day. Prosciutto and melon, roast veal, red wine and strawberry ice cream and coffee. No wonder the Russians are worried about parity....Hands down.

"On board plane from Geneva to Bonn. Reporters go up to front of plane to be given background briefing by senior U.S. official. Who happens to be a household name.

"Discussion is about SALT. Senior U.S. official may not be quoted directly but what he says is fascinating. Soviets want to have nuclear tests for what they say is peaceful purposes above the 150 kiloton limit as outlined in nuclear test ban treaty. U.S. says if Soviets explode peace bombs we have right to verify that tests are not above the threshold....Below threshold means explosion for civilian needs. Above threshold means explosion for military purpose. Russians insist they won't go over threshold, but we can't look.

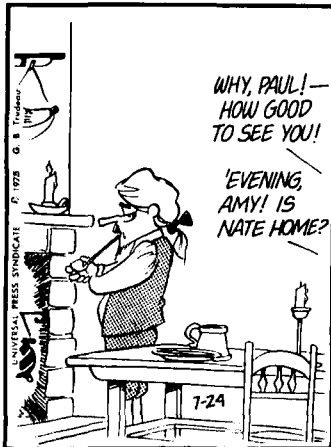
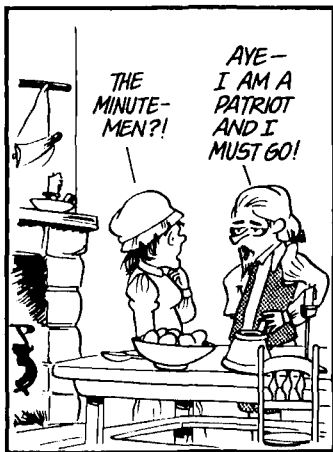
"We have now problems with SALT. Under recent agreement each side can have 1,200 MIRVed missiles (more than one nuclear warhead on missile), but Soviets now have SS-17s and 19s to replace their SS-11s, which are still in place. Difficulty, says senior official, is when you look down a Soviet hole you don't know what's on the tip of the missile. We have not counted 308 new holes in Soviet Union. Russians complain we have 450 new holes in Washington, D.C. They will not take our word that we're honestly trying to build a subway.

"Senior U.S. official's eyes get glazed as he starts talking about the new sophisticated naval cruise missile and whether is should be considered a strategic weapon under SALT or not. Then he suddenly turns to me and says, 'Stop taking notes. This whole thing sounds like one of your columns'...

"As part of a visit to Germany Henry must visit Summerfest, a beer party held in Municipal Theater in Bonn for 2,000 people. The Germans all love Henry and even play a song they wrote about him. Kissinger enjoys himself and signs autographs and drinks beer and gets crushed. An admiring German politician next to me says in English if he had not gone to America he would have been chancellor of Germany. I look at him and say, 'You've got to be kidding'...

"Only place there is some question of Kissinger's popularity is among Israelis. At castle outside of Bonn for Rabin talk an embittered Israeli reporter asks me why, if Henry is so happily married with Nancy, does he always have to screw the Jews?"

BURY
Tudeau.



IUSB



Summer enrollment tops last year IUSB

by Judy Smith
IUSB Editor

Enrollment of students at IUSB for the two summer sessions is higher than for the same period last year.

During the first session there were 2,504 students enrolled, an increase of 148 students, or more than 6 per cent, over the first session of 1974. Preliminary figures for the second session of 2,000 students, show an increase of 144, or 7 per cent more than the second summer session of 1974.

According to Registrar Beulah Schwanke, the increase may be attributed to two factors:

—Students who want to get their degrees earlier.

—A tight job market.

Schwanke said students come to IUSB from other schools. "This is their home base. They come home for the summer and take courses at IUSB. This definitely increases our enrollment."

IUSB has a number of master degree programs which bring teachers, businessmen and others to IUSB. IUSB also has a large graduate program in education.

The increase may be partially due to the scarce job market. "I'm just guessing," Schwanke said, "but the increase of

students points out that IUSB has a pretty adequate schedule for the students."

Last spring, IUSB experienced a record semester-enrollment of more than 5,500 students.

All of the IU campuses had similar increases for the summer. IU Bloomington had the largest enrollment with 5,753 students first session (12.3 per cent increase) and 9,323 (2.5 per cent increase) during the second session. The largest increase is reported at Richmond, which has 644 second session students, up 39 per cent from last year.

IU Bloomington Registrar, M.D. Scherer believes one of the reasons for the higher enrollments at IU campuses is school drop-ins.

"People returning to campus after several years, the school drop-ins are boosting enrollments," Scherer said. "For the most part they want refresher courses or they plan to update their professional skills and knowledge."

Dr. Robert W. Richey, director of summer sessions and dean of continuing education at I.U. Bloomington, said the diverse schedule of summer courses is also attracting more students every year.

New master's degrees offered at IUSB

Two new master's degree opportunities are available for the 1975-76 academic year at Indiana University at South Bend. They lead to the Master of Science Degree in Secondary Education and the Master of Science Degree in Counseling and Guidance.

Authorization for both programs was granted to IUSB during the spring by the Indiana Commission for Higher Education.

The new programs, offered through IUSB's division of education, bring to four the number of graduate areas of study

available to local teachers at the South Bend campus. The other two are master's programs in Elementary Education and Special Education.

The new program in Counseling and Guidance is a limited-admission program which is open not only to teachers but to other professionals who seek competency in counseling. Twenty-four graduate students will be admitted and will begin their counseling coursework during the spring semester of 1976. Thereafter, a new group of 24

students will be selected for each fall semester. All students pursuing the IUSB Counseling and Guidance program will enroll in coursework to cover a three-year period.

The Counseling and Guidance program will emphasize learning in both the cognitive and affective domains and will develop skills, techniques, and strategies applicable to individual counseling and group facilitation.

The Secondary Education program is open to all secondary teachers and other professionals

who meet the entrance requirements. This degree is designed to provide many course options so that students can design a course of study that will meet their professional needs and interests. Teachers in a few specialized fields, such as home economics, industrial arts, some foreign languages and other areas, may still have to take some coursework at Bloomington or other I.U. campuses, but most specialization areas are fully available at IUSB.

The secondary-education area of

studies includes coursework in the principles of scientific investigation, in the teaching-learning process, in the foundations of education, and in curriculum development. Stress will be placed on the continued development of individual teaching skills and the use of systematic methods to improve instructional effectiveness.

Detailed information about the programs can be obtained from the IUSB Graduate Advisement Office, Division of Education in Greenlawn Hall.

IUSB Auditorium given "major overhaul"

A major overhaul of the main Hall auditorium-theatre facility is nearing completion at Indiana University at South Bend.

The 800-seat hall opened in 1961, the year IUSB moved to its present campus site on the east side of South Bend.

The major project in the rehabilitation of the theatre is replacement of the main stage floor. Reinke and Sons, Inc., of South Bend, is the prime contractor for the \$20,000 job, which is scheduled to be finished by mid-August. Work started early this month.

Also under way is the installation of a taping system for musical concerts at IUSB. The system will connect the main auditorium with the smaller recital hall in Northside West Hall and with the electronic synthesizer room in the Northside complex. The project is being done under the direction of the division of music technical staff.

Three new drapes have been purchased for the auditorium-theatre in Northside and are being installed under the direction of the

auditorium services staff. They include a new main drape, a grand border drape, and a cyclorama curtain at the rear of the stage.

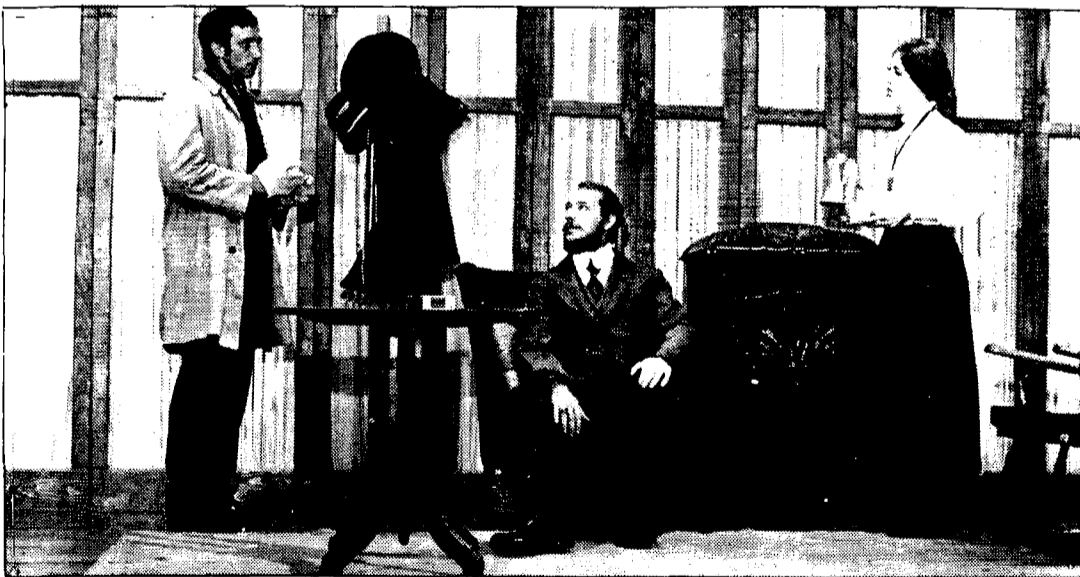
Also under way is a major maintenance project to rehabilitate the auditorium sound system. The project is due for completion in September.

David Davenport, IUSB auditorial facilities manager, said there are tentative plans to overhaul the main auditorium's lighting system next summer.

The stage area of the auditorium-theatre was considered one of the largest and best equipped in the Midwest when Northside Hall opened in 1961. An automated lighting system was a unique feature.

The facility has been used extensively in the intervening years, by community organizations as well as by IUSB's growing music and theatre departments.

Another summer project at IUSB, just under way, involves the remodeling of the office of continuing education, off the main Northside Hall lobby. The I.U. Trustees last week awarded a \$14,350 contract to the Hickey Co. of South Bend for that project.



Players guild to present drama

by Judy Smith
IUSB Editor

IUSB's Players Guild

will present Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll House* July 24, 25, 26, 31 and August 1 and 2 at 8:15, in the little theatre.

The play is being directed by Dennis Rossow. Nora Helmer, the housewife who turns heroine, is played by Norma Greene. Her husband, Torvald, is played by Dale Balsbaugh.

"A lot of times this play is interpreted as a women's lib play because we are living in a contemporary society where we are all aware of it," said Rossow. "But, we are trying to tone that down a

little bit because it can be a little bit corny.

The whole plot revolves around Nora, who is in a marriage which is controlled by her husband. She is living in a "doll house," and she is the doll. Torvald pulls all the strings.

"This is one of Ibsen's better plays. It is one of his middle plays. Ibsen is called the 'father of realism' because his middle plays were realistic," said Rossow.

"It is a tremendous, tremendous play. It is exciting, and there is a lot of plot to it," said Rossow.

Rossow hopes the audience responds to *A Doll's House* as they did *Gershwin and Friends*. He added, however, that it would have to be a different kind of audience.

Other members of the cast include, as Nora's close friend, Christian Linden; the confidant, played by Gale Hamilton. The villainous banker is played by Morrice Reed. Mike Phebus plays Doctor Rank, a close friend of Nora and Torvald. Ann Nash and Janet Schreiber are also in the show. The children are played by Stephanie Tucker and Sandy Rossow.

Casting The Villain

tony proscio

The old Camelot Space Program certainly isn't what it used to be. There we were, giving Russians tours of the very contraption we used to shoot them for spying on. From its fiercely competitive beginnings, NASA has apparently developed into one more variety of diplomatic backslapping - this time on a (literally) cosmic scale. It's probably just as well; co-operation, after all, will surely be more efficient and polite. But cleaning up after the Cold War has likewise left an uncomfortable vacancy in the cast of America's political melodrama. There's no one left to play the villain.

Menace, Anyone?

Back when space was a New Frontier, and Russians the political Redskins we had to fight for it, one was always certain who the bad guys were. A Red Menace was the convenient source of every social evil from Depression to George McGovern, and around any corner some Commie could be caught peeking under the skirts of Lady Liberty. But no more.

Ironically enough, it was the old Communist-baiter himself who did away with it all. Whatever else may be said of the Nixon foreign policy, it was at least the end of a cherished old American foe. But no political slouch himself, Nixon also knew that governments (and their politicians) are dependent for survival on their ability to vent national hatred. If one menace was to be reconciled, we'd need another.

The Enemies list, then may have been the first roster of applicants. But the public, not easily satisfied with such heavies as Barbra Streisand and Shirley Chisholm, took off after the White House instead, and for a while Republicans donned the Black Hat.

But the story ends there. One pardon and several convictions did away with the Republican Menace -- if anyone ever took it seriously at all -- and left the market wide open.

If witch-hunting is to continue as the highly functional national pastime, someone will have to find a witch.

Enemy Within

A few names have been offered:

Arabs, the Trusts, Catholic Charismatics and Earl Butz have all been held up to public scorn, but with disappointing results. Some, like Alabama's Gov. George Wallace, have even tried resurrecting the Red Devil, with Wallace charging last May that "we were fighting the wrong people" in World War II. Still no help.

Then again, however, the Enemy Within may be even deeper within than we realized. Recent scandals have turned up the CIA behind the same wily misdoings for which Communists used to be blamed. Nonetheless, this may also be short-lived, and with neither a Joe McCarthy in the Senate nor a Khrushchev in the CIA, the whole thing could lose its popular appeal.

This all takes on a new urgency with campaigns coming up. The fact is that if anything is going to play in Perotia, it will have to have something to play against. It may well be the candidate with the most appealing problem that will win the White House.

But then, what better reward for such a contribution?

inside out

Let Me Think

andy praschak

Why is it that anti-abortion (pro-life) advocates never seem to make any sense to me? It took me, as well as many others, many years to finally reach a personal decision on the delicate and highly sensitive issue of legal abortions in the United States. Regardless of what my final decision was, anti-abortion people such as B. Keefe N. Montgomery and Joe Copora (page 10) seem to work against rather than for their cause. Granted, they will be applauded by members of their organization and congratulated by sympathizers with their position but for the undecided, the person who is searching for "the answer", they provide only an endless channel of confusion and rhetoric.

B. Keefe Montgomery, executive director of Life Is For Everyone wrote to The Observer, expressing dissatisfaction over a "menstrual regulation" advertisement which appeared in the first issue of the newspaper. He notes that he was offended by the advertisement and deserves an explanation because his group spent \$650 on advertisements in The Observer. He calls for positive action from the newspaper, in the form of an educational forum.

To my recollection, the majority of the \$650 was spent on an ad they

ran in a January issue of the paper.

The ad consisted of four pages of signatures of people opposed to the Supreme Court decision. Educational? Only in the sense that I now know that Digger Phelps is against legalized abortion.

Montgomery emphasizes that this is his paper and he was offended. But what about those who upheld the decisions of the Supreme Court and this decision in particular? Could it be that they were offended by their four page petition? Is Montgomery assuming that the paper does not belong to these individuals also?

Joe Corpora wrote to The Observer expressing his disgust over the same ad that was run in the paper. Corpora, who last year ran for Student Body President at Notre Dame, told the Editor-in-Chief of the Summer Observer that

if he was so unhappy at Notre Dame to "LEAVE". This is the man who a few short months ago was asking Notre Dame students to elect him as their official representative. We can thank our lucky stars he lost the election.

This one-time candidate expresses his happiness that the student newspaper was confiscated, because it contained an advertisement he disagreed with. Even if the administration had not

confiscated the papers he would have done it himself...an intelligent comment by a person asking people to sympathize with him on such a sensitive issue.

Even more of an intelligent statement is that he is only sorry that Fred Graver was not confiscated by the administration. Why doesn't he take it into his hands to do that one himself? Corpora accuses, "You are promoting murder of innocent unborn children." Is the confused onlooker to assume that murder of "Innocent unborn children" is any less serious than murder of a person? Hopefully they will not and will see this as another attempt to play on the emotions rather than the logic and common sense of the reader.

Corpora closes his letter asking for an apology from The Observer for running the ad. I would like to close asking for an apology from Corpora and all the other people who have made it so difficult for people like myself, who have anguished through piles of color pictures of mutilated fetuses, pages of words designed to play only on the emotions, and hundreds of nonsensical comparisons of the Supreme Court with the Hitler forces, to reach a decision we feel in our hearts is the right one.

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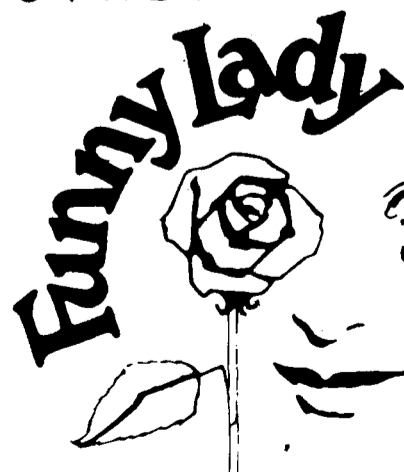
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P.O. Box Q

**The Right
to What?**

Dear Editor:

I am writing to you at this time in reference to the summer issues of the Observer. I have before me the June 12 and the June 19 issues of the Observer. I am disgusted. I must tell you that the June 12 issue would undoubtedly take first place in a yellow journalism contest. Supposedly the issue was put out for the alumni on campus. It was absolutely horrible. Your bias and prejudice against the University were so very clear. There wasn't a single complimentary article about the University. All the letters you ran from the school year were those that did nothing but complain. I tried in every possible way to make Notre Dame seem as awful as possible.

In some aspects I must say that Notre Dame is bad or lacking also. e.g. The University of Notre Dame remains a coward by not taking a corporate stand against abortion. If they took a stand they might lose some money and O! God forbid that.

But if you really are that unhappy at Notre Dame because there are so many problems I can offer you some advice. LEAVE!

The second and main point of this letter concerns a pro-abortion ad which appeared in the June 12 issue of the Observer. The running of such an ad is morally and professionally irresponsible. You are promoting murder. I don't know who was responsible for the ad but as the Editor-in-Chief of a five man staff, you must be held responsible. It is a shame that one who would promote murder of unborn children should be the Editor-in Chief of a school newspaper.

I am so happy that the University administration confiscated the papers. I have two regrets. One, I must believe that the University confiscated the paper so that the alumni would not see it and would continue to give. The papers were put out of circulation so they could not be seen anymore. My second regret is that the University administration did not confiscate you—putting you out of circulation so that you could not be seen by anyone.

You said that if all the students were at school, the University would not have confiscated the papers. That's probably right. I would have beat them to it.

I am sorry that the ad was run in a newspaper on a Catholic campus especially. I must repeat that by running the ad, you are promoting murder of innocent unborn children. This is indefensible. I would like to close asking you for a public apology in the Observer for running this pro-abortion ad.

Thank you sincerely,
yours for LIFE
Joe Corpora

Whose Observer?

Dear Editor:

I am writing concerning your advertisement of June 12, 1975 purchased by the National Health Care Services. I was very sorry that it slipped your attention and was printed.

The Observer is known as a students publication and most people accept it as a represen-

tation of our thoughts. I believe that it was in poor taste to accept that ad, especially when most of the students were not at school to see it. Yes, Mr. Graver, this would have been an "outrageously large issue", but not exactly in the ways that you would have thought. Let me assure you of that.

Indeed, it was unfortunate that our paper was confiscated. This was the only recourse that anyone had, and I salute the administration on its decisive action. You really should have proofed a little better, Graver.

You see, this is my paper, also. I am offended by the ad's appearance. This past semester my group spent over \$650 on advertisements in your paper. I feel that my group deserves some explanation.

Why doesn't The Observer do something positive? You could sponsor an educational forum, presenting both sides, so that the students can make their own decisions. Education is an integral part of the issue, something evidently you have missed. We'll be more than glad to help. I am expecting a reply.

Sincerely,

B. Keefe Montgomery

Exec. Dir. LIFE

**Confiscation
Congratulations**

Dear Editor:

In the ever changing world of ignorance and sin, it is reassuring to know that there still exists an educational institution in America that maintains the high ideals of medieval intellectual thought. In reading the June 19 issue of the Observer, I was mildly surprised to find that your debut summer issue (June 12) had been censored by Administration officials. And I thought I held the honor of being the last censored editor at Notre Dame!

In 1970, I was one of the Senior Editors of the Notre Dame Student Business Review, which at the time, was funded and produced by and for the undergraduate students in the business school.

Our final edition that year was by the university press to my room in Morrissey Hall, pending distribution by our staff. The next morning, one of the deans (business school (who shall remain nameless) got one of the maids to let him into my room; he promptly loaded the complete edition of the Review, some 1200 copies into a waiting pickup truck and hauled them away. Evidently, he had seen an advance copy and reacted with typical knee-jerk tactics. The material considered offensive was the cover and inside cover as the business school administration, at the school's expense had them replaced and mailed out a revised edition to the business students later that summer. (Not surprisingly, they never did send me a copy.)

Our censorable sin was

questioning the quality of education and specifically, a business education, at the University. Unfortunately, the confiscation and censoring occurred late in the school year, after the Observer had ceased publication, at a time when students were either preparing for final exams or, as in the case of a concerned minority, protesting the U.S. invasion of Cambodia. I don't know that the inclination would have particularly upset the majority of business students anyway, even if some vehicle of communication such as the Observer had been available to inform them of it. As graduating seniors, our only recourse was a confrontation with the particular dean, but this only resulted in creating more heat than light.

Our mistakes were 1) foolishly trusting the administration of the business school and 2) presuming the existence of freedom of thought and press at the University. In relating this incident, I did not intend to dwell on an occurrence of five years past that may be considered trivial by many, but I think the incident provided me a better "business education" than the four years I spent studying and going to class.

Notre Dame has outwardly made great strides since 1970 in such areas as minority enrollment and coeducation but to borrow the words of French novelist Alphonse Karr: "Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose."

Sincerely,
James F. Burke

**Bicentennial
Reflections**

Dear Editor:

Re: Point-Counterpoint, Observer, July 3 (and by the way, where was counterpoint?)

Judging from the enthusiasm of its co-chairman, the Notre Dame-St. Mary's Bicentennial Committee would do well to fold its tents and steal silently away. The sooner the better.

Mr. Ronald Weber expends 500 words of plastic prose recounting his struggle not to be cynical about the nation's forthcoming 200th birthday celebration. The attempt issues in almost total failure: His manifold, heart-warming conclusion is that the celebration just might matter a little if we — uh — hold our noses and try.

Mr. Weber's philosophical agonizing (which inflict real agony on the ears, eyes, minds, hearts, and stomachs of many of his readers) rings an especially specious note when one contemplates the probability of spilling such egregious garbage around any other country's landscape.

To admit America's imperfections is one thing; to dwell on these to the point of being blind to what is good is a form of self-hatred that ill becomes the citizens of any country, especially this one.

Charles W. McColester

More ND icers drafted than from any other college

There's really something big happening in Minnesota these days. The first trial initiated against a professional hockey player, or for that matter a pro athlete, has been held.

Boston Bruin Dave Forbes was charged with aggravated assault, with the incident occurring January 4 against the Minnesota North Stars' Henry Boucha in the Twin Cities. The assault is with a deadly weapon, a hockey stick.

A guilty verdict would possibly have major impact on the depth and breadth of violence currently found in pro sports. The jury of seven men and five women never reached the unanimous verdict, voting 9-3 in favor of the lesser charge of simple assault.

The story has not ended, as the fact of a hung jury could mean the possibility of a second trial for aggravated assault. In addition Boucha has filed a civil suit against Forbes for the facial cuts, 30 stitches in the eye, and the lingering double vision from the incident.

Hennepin (Minneapolis) County attorney Gary Flakne has not decided about the second trial, but offered, "I don't see any reason why we shouldn't go again." According to Flakne, a second trial might depend on the availability of witnesses.

Flakne's line of prosecution was that the Forbes' attack was not an ordinary fighting incident in hockey. He argued it was an assault, not a fight, therefore a crime, a deliberate attack with a weapon.

Defense attorney Ron Meshbesh took a similar line in arguing on behalf of Forbes'. He claims that the incident was not

out of the ordinary in a sport such as hockey and in fact the sport encourages fights, a risk every hockey must take when on the ice.

Meshbesh claimed in his closing remarks that Forbes was homejobbed, had Forbes been in a different uniform that January night, the trial would not have been initiated.

Another point made by both Forbes and his attorney was that the injury was caused by a punch rather than by the stick. Forbes was seeking to even the score after Boucha threw a 'rabbit punch' in preliminary confrontation during the game.

You want my opinion? Well I wasn't at the game, so I have to pass, knowing not much more than what's been written in the media.

One friend, a Notre Dame senior who lives in Minneapolis, attended the game last January and was sitting cross-ice from the penalty box, where Forbes did the work on Boucha. This source also has been playing Minnesota's own game, hockey, for all his life.

According to this person, Forbes skated straight toward Boucha after both players emerged from the penalty box. Forbes wasted no time in using his stick on Boucha, he related. According to this Domer, it was no usual hockey fight, but a vicious and seemingly deliberate attack.

Now my own opinion. It seems that the attack was hardly what one would call a normal hockey fight. But the NHL did nothing about curbing similar incidents in the future. Forbes' was given a mere ten game suspension...end of punishment.

I wish to propose that the affair should have been strongly dealt

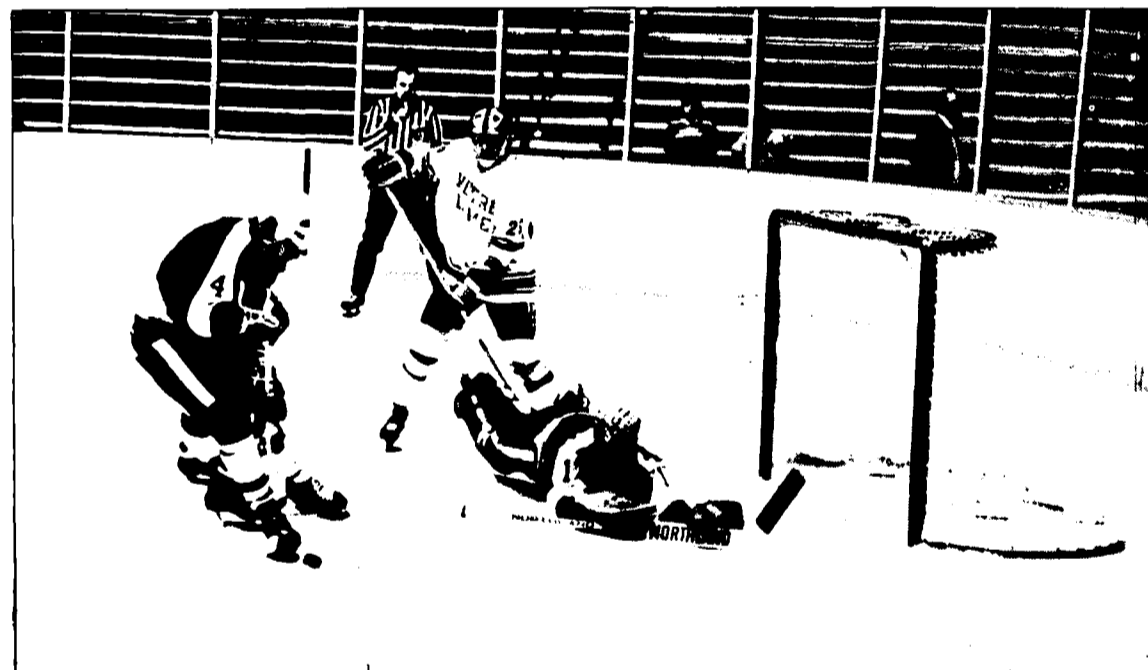
with by the National Hockey League, not civil authorities. It seems to me to be a sad state of affairs when the law has to intervene in pro sports, for the protection of other athletes.

In more local hockey news, head coach Lefty Smith should be fraternizing with basketball coach Digger Phelps, trying to learn the secrets of weathering the pro draft storm.

In the hockey draft held by the NHL, Notre Dame had more players selected than any other college team. The players, all who have or will turn 20 this year, and their teams are: Len Moher, Buffalo Sabres; Paul Clarke, Montreal Canadiens; Roger Bourque, Montreal Canadiens; Clark Hamilton, Detroit Red Wings and WHA Indianapolis Racers; Jack Brownschilde, St. Louis Blues; Alex Pirus, Minnesota North Stars and WHA Calgary Cowboys; and Kevin Nugent, Boston Bruins.

So for the most part there is the nucleus of a Lefty Smith team which has the makings to go places in the CWCHA next season, given these players stick around to complete their degree and also improve their hockey game.

So Lefty why don't you take Digger out to lunch and find out how the good basketball coach kept Adrian Dantley around for another season.




Thursday, July 24, 1975


the observer 11

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