Nearly one year to the minute this day a star shone over the valleys of Mishawaka and two college newspaper editors, Robert Sam Amson and Stephen Feldhaus pulled their new child-tab off some indiscriminate swaddling papers, wrapped it in swaddling papers, and laid it in the trunk of the car.

The Observer was born, and as they phrased it, with a Purpose and a Promise. From the Volume One to chock 400 inches of sports copy into the Saturday program. On the news side, Joel Connely, a man of YAF fame, asks the questions and commands the beat system. For a number of years the tradition has been that the Patriot of the Year Award has been a center of controversy. The exception was Westmoreland last year. Two years ago, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara received the highest number of votes, but demoed as far as we're speaking here. So, instead, the award went to Illinois Senator Everett Dirksen who could fit the appearance into his schedule.

Patriot of the Year Award Committee had a total of 75 pickets greeted him at the Morris Inn, protesting that the award for General William Westmoreland, 75 pickets entered The Observer's production manager. If the number of years the tradition has been that the Patriot of the Year Award has been a center of controversy, the last two years. When Army ROTC Colonel John Stephens accepted last year’s award for General William Westmoreland, 75 pickets greeted him at the Morris Inn, protesting that the award was representative of by no means all of Notre Dame.

For the same reason the award is given to not the candidate with the lowest vote total, but rather to the highest vote-getter who could make it here to deliver an acceptance speech.
Wilson Denies Tax Evasion

Rev. Jerome Wilson, C.S.C., Vice President for Business Affairs, denied Tuesday that there is any foundation to reports that the Notre Dame Bookstore is charging the Indiana State Sales Tax and not paying it to the state. Fr. Wilson suggested that the charge had been but a carry-over from an earlier controversy involving the excise tax on luggage sold at the Bookstore.

The luggage question arose two years ago when Congress eliminated the excise on several luxuries. The Bookstore did not accordingly reduce its prices. Fr. Wilson suggested that Brother Cronin was simply too busy to take notice of the situation. Students found out about the matter and pressured the Bookstore into making the adjustment in prices.

The Hammes Bookstore, with sales of $13.2 million per year, has long been a center of campus controversy. Complaints have sprung up this year over the issue of charging twenty-five cents for Campus-Packs. Retail outlets are actually paid a small fee for distributing them, but the Bookstore has reflected the fee to the buyer.

Also, there has long been the issue of insertions for Law School textbooks. These insertions are put out by the textbook companies to bring the books up to date with recent Supreme Court rulings. While the insertions are meant for free distribution, Bro. Cronin gets a quarter for the service.

Fr. Wilson maintains that the Bookstore prices are, except for lead items, much the same as South Bend stores. According to the Business Affairs Vice President, the profit in the Huddle and Bookstore serves in the long run to reduce tuition. He suggests that student fees would have to be raised if it were not for money-making campus enterprises.

The minimum markup in the Bookstore is 20%, the markup of souvenir items being considerably higher than on textbooks.

Stanford Rector Keeping The Books

In a year in which hall autonomy is, to put it kindly, an understatement, the rule of paternalism still remains. The Rev. James J. McGrath, C.S.C., Rector, has taken over financial management of the halls and forbidden refrigerators except under certain unspecified conditions.

Keenan-Stanford borrowed money from the University at the start of the year to install television antennas ("We now have the best Chicago reception of any halls" says Fr. McGrath). Fr. McGrath, who last year dismantled the excise on several luxuries, has now forbidden iceboxes in his halls in spite of the necessity allowing them on payment of a fee. The only way anyone can get a refrigerator in the two halls is in a case of medical need (e.g. insulin) or under definite and specified conditions set down in discussion with Fr. McGrath himself.

A final element of the Keenan-Stanford system is a system of fines imposed by a hall judiciary board or by proctors on the different floors. The fines, for such offenses as breaking the freshman curfew or yarding ob-scenities in the direction of Zahm, total $150 to date. The hall government at the end of the year will donate the accumulated funds to an appropriate charity.
Beyond the campus past Frankie's and past Louis', down near the South Shore, sandwiched between the LaSalle hotel and the environs of the Avon Art, somewhere in that lump of mortar and tee shirts lies the pulse of the town, the being South Bend and the pulse, according to many, being the City Hall. For the last four years the king of the mountain has been a fellow named Allen.

Since I’m in the unique position of being a subscriber to the South Bend Tribune, a local tabloid that has the editorial guts of iggy oatmeal, I have been able to follow this great race rather intently. And what a race it has been.

Mr. Light, though perhaps the most interesting, is the least expected and should perhaps become a lobbyist for the Skippy Company in Congress. His campaign has been devoted to the propaganda of the peanut. His speeches have continually espoused the nutrimental value of the creamy nut. Many informed sources see a tie with George Washington Carver, the first man of peanutery, and have construed that Light is, in truth, a beacon of Black Power.

Mr. Bill Fields is no doubt the finest “call me American” of the lot. If elected he vows to fire George Neago, the man behind the administration. This statement prompted one Allen adherent to propose that Mr. Pajakowski remain a private citizen in the interest of town improvement. However, at best Gene does appear a bit clunky, a lot prejudiced, and awfully dumb.

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At any rate the assault has been vigorous and the moustaschioed mayor is fighting it out against the odds of a Democratic voter edge. Allen’s four years have been productive and though he might not be a white knight on white horse, his record deserves re-election. His speeches have continually espoused the nutrimental value of the creamy nut. Many informed sources see a tie with George Washington Carver, the first man of peanutery, and have construed that Light is, in truth, a beacon of Black Power.

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The Price Of A Good Joke

When W.C. Fields pushed his famous card-cutting trick, the theatre roared. When Sergeant Bilko sold an Army Jeep for a sports car, television audiences throughout the land laughed and laughed. But when Brother Conan sells a 10-cent ball-point pen for forty cents in the Hammes bookstore, no one thinks it's funny.

Strange how the sense of humor operates in the minds of students. After all, Conan is a nice man, he's a Holy Cross brother. And after all he's out for a profit. So when he sells free campus packs for a quarter or a dime pen for 40-cents or law book supplements for 25-cents, he's just doing his job. A round here the bookstore is the student's market. And Brother Conan is the only one we have.

And the little white tabs that say $1.25 and cover a marked price of $1.00, they're no worse than a 15-cent Coke.

Today there is a story in the paper which accuses Brother Conan of charging Indiana sales tax, but not turning the tax over to the State because he claims that the bookstore is a non-profit organization. But you see it is funny, very funny, because anyone stupid enough to pay for these things deserves to get hooked. The bookstore is a convenience and traditionally you must pay for a convenience. Brother Conan is a Holy Cross brother who deals in a service, all he wants to do is make a little profit.

To all you disillusioned people who gripe about the prices around here, remember things like the bookstore keep the cost of tuition down. Ha ha ha... that's the greatest joke of them all.

There is an alternative. The Bookshop on Michigan Ave. for books and Osco's for cheap pens. But for those who insist on patronizing a place that you think crooks you, there is nothing more to do than laugh at your own stupidity.

After all, the mark of a good University is not the books read but the books sold.

In Democratic Tradition

While it may never be ranked as one of the great American debates, the "Vietnam Discussion" held on Wednesday was an articulate airing of a polarity of views on that close quarters scuffle above and below the DMZ (once called, for some reason, the demilitarized zone). Chiefly representing these two sides were Professors Bogle and Niemeyer.

The former gave us the hardnosed "realpolitik" line on the disadvantages of waiting for the V.C. and crotchety old Ho to come crawling to the negotiation table. The disadvantage is that namely they won't, and we are doing violence to ourselves both economically (22 billion dollars worth) and politically in the process of trying to pound the "enemy" into a happy submission.

Funny how little people get uppity when you threaten their national integrity or political security; they become damn stupid. Anyway, what Prof. Bogle was saying was the amount of money and manpower the U.S. is putting in isn't worth what we are getting out of it: a tiresome stalemate.

On the pro side of the war issue Prof. Niemeyer conjured up a startling vision about the weakening support for the war against "global communism". His vision was of a national loss of nerve or "nervous breakdown". Nihilism and an air of the absurd are infecting today's mass of young.

To point this out Dr. Niemeyer referred to the march on Washington which was an affront to the sacred laws of the land and to the national establishment. Opposition to the war then, we conclude, is a sick thing; it isn't respectful to our political elders who live in the White House. The big March was an act of mad despairing youth then, and directly corruptive to the holy and omnipresent American Ideal.

This apocalyptic vision of recent dissent by students, liberal professors, and most anyone else who doesn't hold to the rigid dictum of "America Wrong or Right" seems a little severe. To call the march on Washington a slice of nihilism is to ignore the intent of the whole affair which was political and not apolitical. Had the marchers stormed the White House and Capitol Hill there might be good reason to believe that the American Ideal was no longer viable in the eyes of the people.

Things would have come to a point where our government was being thrown out the window. Yet what was protested was the Pentagon and its own corrupting influence all the same. The marchers felt that justice was not being done either to the Vietnamese or to America.

American policy had become an extension not of the "welfare and prosperity" of its citizens but of the slanted vision of a military machine.

Whether or not their view is true is another matter. What we should see is the tone of political seriousness in their actions. They were not out to destroy but to purge the government of a destructive influence to our ultimate political well-being and to an essential American humanism, the ideal upon which the constitution was constructed. Alienated the protesters are, but nihilistic, weak, gutless, and un-American they are not.

The death of Mike Smith represents such a gaping hole in the existence of all of us who knew him. We could hardly vote to be silent and to let the aching wound have healing rest. Yet it so fills my mind that even at the risk of giving further pain to those who have suffered from his loss, I must try to say something. Mike was so much a part of our everyday life, of Sundays' and Wednesdays' endless succession of layout sessions, of Tuesdays and Thursdays of talk and Budweiser at Louie's, that it is probably going to take a month of his persistent absence to convince me of his death. Seeing the alabaster, bloodless corpse couldn't convince me that my ruddy complexioned and perpetually smiling friend was dead. It just wasn't, and isn't real.

I don't know what it means to eulogize a man who died at twenty-two. It seems that we live our early years in preparation for some future work and, in a situation like this, much of the labor of that preparation appears meaningless. Mike, like most of the rest of us, could have been moderately outstanding or relatively obscure. But he didn't relate to other people with an openness that very few of us possess. He seldom sought to convince you of the validity of his own position but he was always eager to hear yours. He was seldom at ease in groups because he was too interested in what was going on to be self-conscious. He could talk to anybody on any subject from the new theology to who was going out with whom at Notre Dame-St. Mary's simply because he liked being with, and talking to, other people. It was, I think, his greatest pleasure to sit and drink and talk with people he knew and liked.

It was only a week ago that Mike and I got to talking as he exercised his professional skill in applying my column to the layout sheets. Somehow the subject of conversation came around to a speculative dialogue on funerals. And we considered that the dead body has no consciousness or human existence. Mike decided that he'd prefer to be cremated and have the ashes scattered to the winds.

In fact, he had a more or less traditional funeral with casket and flowers, and that unconscious corpse lies in a simple grave in a little cemetery a few hundred yards from Moreau. And I think perhaps it was necessary, if only to comfort the living, to go through all the traditional ceremonies of bidding our friend farewell and praying for his safe entrance into that world of which we know not. But in a sense the remnants of his being have been scattered to the winds. Part of it was in the ashes we tasted in our mouths as we partook of it. But in a sense the remnants of his being have been scattered to the winds. Part of it was in the ashes we tasted in our mouths as we partook of it.
November 2, 1967

THE OBSERVER

"Students More Politically Aware" Says Cushing

A small, six-member committee without name and without a defined function was the result of a meeting of the faculty called by Prof. Peter Cushing last Thursday evening. Eighteen faculty members attended as a result of the physics professor's "Open Letter to the Faculty". The letter invited those who support the war as well as those who oppose it to determine a faculty response to the war as it affects the Notre Dame student.

Half of the eighteen faculty members at the meeting were from Notre Dame's Department of Physics, a department which, according to Professor Cushing, "seems to be a hotbed." There was scattered response from the other departments and even some of those who signed the "Open Letter" did not attend.

Professor Cushing was "bitterly disappointed" the "the students seem to be more politically aware than the members of the Notre Dame faculty." The students, in his estimation, have "already belong." The faculty members present at the meeting did not agree on any response to the war. Most felt that any organized faculty opposition would only duplicate the actions and goals of the Michiana Committee to End the War, a group to which several already belong.

The most significant discussion at the meeting hinged on the University's compliance with the Selective Service System. Those at the meeting were in agreement that the University should not submit a student's mark to his board but did not determine any action.

The problem, according to Professor Cushing, is that "when a student refuses to have his grades sent, the draft board frequently interprets this as a sign of poor grades. It's no good to have it half way and leave it up to the student. Either grades are sent all the time or they're not sent at all."

Professor Cushing's purpose in calling the meeting was to secure faculty support for the students' draft resistance activities. He circulated a letter in support of the students' "We Won't Go" statement but only six faculty members would sign. Professor Cushing had planned to submit the letter to the Observer and Scholastic.

Students deserve the faculty's support in their anti-war activities, Professor Cushing feels, and was disappointed in the meeting's outcome. The loose association of six will organize debates and, in general, attempt to secure faculty support for the students' protest.

Professor Cushing, as well as several other faculty members, has been involved this year in the activities of the Michiana Committee to End the War. He and Professors Plevias and Michelson joined a member of the Indiana Extension faculty in leafleting South Bend's draft induction center a week ago. Professor Cushing will also picket the same center next Thursday morning at 4:00. He has heard rumors that South Bend's John Birch Society intends to counter-picket.

Junior Treats Resigns

Junior Class Treasurer Tom Alter resigned his office because of "an increased academic load," said Class President Rick Rembusch who has named John Kenjick as Alter's replacement.

In his letter of resignation, Alter said he had been thinking over his move for a period of two weeks. He felt his work load was too great, saying that, as far as he is concerned, "academics is of prime importance and everything else comes second."

Alter did not discuss his resignation with Rembusch immediately prior to making the decision. He blamed his own lack of communication for this fact. In the letter Alter declined to suggest a replacement.

Four Notre Dame faculty members presented differing and divergent viewpoints on the Vietnam question in a Washington Hall discussion Wednesday. The most direct clash in the forum was between Government professors Gerhart Niemeyer and James Bogle.

Niemeyer said the war has inspired a "major national crisis" in which the United States is in grave danger of losing a war of nerve and spirit. Niemeyer blamed a fear of atomic war and a growth of nihilism for endangering the spirit of the nation. However, he also cited the death of the Vietnam administration for confusing the issue.

Bogle's point of view was that the war in fact has little relevance. Bogle maintained that those who see the United States as facing a monolithic Communist threat to see the reality of the '60's. He described as "abused" the notions that China controls North Vietnam or that China and the Soviet Union are to any degree united.

Prof. Alexsis Rupulis of the Modern Languages Department took issue in the question period with Bogle, saying that the Communists will unite in assisting takeovers throughout the world as symbolized by North Vietnam. Rubolis also spoke from the audience and he described the false promises made by Stalin prior to his takeover of Latvia and by Castro in Burma. Rubolis asked the rhetorical question of "How many more takeovers will there be before we wake up?"

I'LL SELL YOU BOARDWALK if you'll sell Park Place and Marven Gardens...these are the new men in the Business Graduate school here, posting with dollar signs in their eyes.

The time these guys graduated there will be a new Business school here just as sure as Ling is President of the Business school.

Bogle, Niemeyer Lock On Viet Debate

The gymnasium of Christ the King School has been closed to further Notre Dame dances. A buildup in complaints and disturbances, described as a "practical thing" by a priest at Christ the King Church, caused the pastor at the Church to make the decision.

The rash of complaints culminated with the Red Garter party of three weeks ago at which the pastor said "heavy drinking" was apparent. Also, according to Christ the King officials, there were problems regarding the building itself. There was no fire door or such which could be used to shut off the gym from the rest of the building.

There was considerable reaction against the dances on the part of Christ the King parishioners. Their complaints were twofold: That Notre Dame's use of the gym kept schoolchildren from Christ the King Church, caused the pastor at the Church to make the decision.

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Burial In Community Cemetery

Tuesday afternoon at 3:00, funeral services were held at the Moreau Chapel for Michael Smith, senior English major, Moreau seminarian and managing editor of the Observer. He had died unexpectedly Sunday morning at the seminary. The cause of death was carbon monoxide poisoning and the coroner’s office suspects that the death was a suicide.

The night-long wake had begun at 3:30 p.m. Monday, the day before. From this time, unlimited hours of prayer, mass, and clubs on campus were invited to remember Mike and to discuss a proposal which the committee’s desire simply to improve the appearance and to improve the flow of traffic.

Immediately after the Mass, Rev. Howard Kenna, C.S.C., Provincial of the Holy Cross Seminary, Indiana Province, presided at the blessing of the body. Following this, the celebrants, the family and friends formed a cortege outside, and proceeded to the Community Cemetery, just behind the Co-Ex gym.

The headstone, simple and inconic like the rest, will bear this inscription: Mr. Michael J. Smith (Born October 4, 1945) Died October 29, 1967.

An estimated 400 people were at the cemetery in a very light drizzle for the final goodbye blessing. Father Louis Putz officiated at the short ceremony. The flowers were arranged around the grave. The pallbearers, including the four Moreau seminarians who had been with Mike since he first entered the seminary six years ago, carried the coffin from the hearse.

Mardi Gras

The 1968 Mardi-Gras Carnival got off to an active start at a meeting held on Monday night when Representatives of the halls and clubs on campus were invited to discuss a proposal which would have all the booths in the carnival designed by the architecture department in order to give the carnival a more uniform appearance and to improve the flow of traffic.

Carnival chairman Bill Weller explained the Mardi-Gras committee’s desire simply to improve the event but succeeded only with difficulty in convincing the organization representatives.

THE OBSERVER

November 2, 1967
Anderson To Plan
Campus Judicial Board
Steve Anderson, the ex-ombudsman, will soon be attempt­
ing to set up a Campus Judicial Board, similar to the off-campus board. At Chris Murphy's re­quest Anderson accepted the job of temporary chairman.

This move came as somewhat of a surprise as Anderson had resigned Wednesday to devote
more time to school. When asked to comment Anderson said, "It requires a different kind of time.
I can go strong for two
days and leave it for three. While
as ombudsman it was day after
day every day."

The board will handle only
those cases given if it by Fath­
er Riehle. These cases will be in
cases where the halls had no jur­
isdiction of referred to handle it.
In the case of most halls on cam­
pus there is no board to deal with
any violations.

According to Anderson, the
future of the board looks bright.
He commented, "If this board
works out I would have no
qualms about going to Riehle
at the end of the year and ask
for power to make rules." The
only major problem he does see
is getting the halls to set up
boards. Only four have reported
theirs to Father Riehle, under
whose jurisdiction they fall.

ND Cagers At Niles Tonight
Irish fans will get their
first public look at the 1967-68
Notre Dame varsity and fresh­
man basketball teams tonight
when the two meet in Niles
Senior High Gym, Niles, Mich.
T-tip-off is set for 8:30
(Niles time) or 7:30 (South
Bend time). A preliminary will
be featured at 6:15

In a scrimmage Friday af­
termoon, the frosh edged the var­
sity 78-77 in overtime behind
the 26-point effort of guard
Austin Carr. Center Bob Whit­
more dropped in 27 points for
the variety, which played with­
out captain Bob Arzen. Arzen,
the team's leading scorer last
year as a sophomore, has a
sprained ankle.

Coach Johnny Dee scored
an A-plus in recruiting this year,
landing the most prized high
school talent in the country.
The "Basketball News" described
his effort as "probably the best coll­
lege recruiting job of 1967."

The frosh will likely start
center John Pieck (6-9) of El
Segundo, Calif.; forward Collie
Jones (6-7) of Washington D.C.
forward Tom Sinnott (6-4) of
Elizabeth, N.J.; guard Austin
Carr (6-3) of Washington D.C.
guard Jackie Meehan (6-1) of
Philadelphia. Top reserve is Jim
Hinga (6-5) of Muncie, Ind. Also
recruited was Sid Calletti (6-8)
of Hyattsville, Md. Sid is con­
centrating on academic duties
this semester.

Probable opening lineup
for the varsity includes center
Bob Whitmore, guard Mike O'Connell
(6-5) of Miami; guard
Jim Derrig (6-2) of Villa Park
Ill.; guard Mike O'Connell (6-1)
of Cincinnati. Top reserves are
Tom Gallagher (6-4) of Lyn­
brook N.Y. and Brian Keller
Washington D.C.

The only casualty besides
Arzen is Whitmore. Bob re­
quired seven stitches after he
was cut over the eye in practice.
However, he will be in top shape
tonight.

Student tickets at $1.75 can
be purchased at the Huddle or at
the door.

Three other frosh-varsity
exhibitions are on tap this mon­
th. They are Nov. 8 at Elkhart,
Nov. 15 at Michigan City and
Nov. 21 in the ND Fieldhouse.
The regular schedule opens at
home Dec. 2.

Rained Out
The forecast of "cloudy with
a chance of rain" is being regard­
ed these days with about as
much amusement as prices in the
Bookstore. The Notre Dame-Mi­
chigan State Frosh football game
scheduled for School Field in
South Bend Tuesday had to be
called off due to the weather,
and there really isn't much im­
provement in sight.

The month of October saw
better than five inches of rain
fall in the "Valley of Vision",
two inches more than normal. As
November dawned under the
forecast of a 90% chance of rain
little relief was in sight.

Temperatures are at least mil­
er than they were last Friday,
when snow fell. The Weather Bu­
reau gives us hope of sorts, say­
ing temperatures the next two
nights will not fall below de­
grees. Then again, the days aren't
expected to top 60.

Grad student desires assistance of undergrad skilled in library research. Subject: Art History.
Will Pay.
P.O. Box 289.

THE OPEN HOUSE
IS OPENING
WIDER...

- 3 pool tables to hustle
your women (who else?)

- An afternoon date at the
Coffee Shop: Ice cream
with all the trimmings.

- Or Call Pizza Delivery,
2236

- Private Dining Facilities.

If Matthew Thornton had signed his name
with the Scripto Reading Pen, he'd be remembered today.

Scripto's new Reading Pen makes what you write easier
to read. That's why Scripto calls it the Reading Pen. It's a
new kind of pen with a durable Fiber-Tip. Get the re­
fillable Reading Pen for $1. Refills come in 12 colors.
Available in a non-refillable model for 39¢. Write with
Not a fountain pen, not a ball point, this is an entirely
new Fiber-Tip pen. You'll be remembered.
Ulysses On Film

BY BILL SISCA

David Kahn has withdrawn temporarily from the Observer staff in order that he might concentrate his efforts on Cinema '68. He will rejoin the staff next spring.

The problem in reviewing the filmed version of a novel is the pride of James Joyce's Ulysses — that attempts to analyze the characters and situations themselves are superfluous and trite. All the more so in the case of this novel in film in which producer-director Joseph Strick has contented himself to lift scenes from the book and adapt them word-for-word to select- ed views.

The film opens with Buck Mulligan shavig, exactly as the novel does. Strick gets the nude scene out of the way early, a short snatch of Buck's battuocks before he jumps in for his morning swim. The film continues one, parallelizing the book, skipping its 783 pages down to 4:10 minutes running time. Consequently what we get are selections from Ulysses: Diingham's funeral, Dedalus' soliloquy, Bloom's and Dedalus' adventures in the red-light district, and bringing the film to a close. Molly's soliloquy, her testament on past and future lovers.

"is that attempts to analyze the characters and situations themselves are superfluous and trite. All the more so in the case of this novel in film in which producer-director Joseph Strick has contented himself to lift scenes from the book and adapt them word-for-word to selected views."

"...a parade of neither exciting nor boring images, the 'readings from Joyce' being recited at the Avon, are well worth attending."

More sensitive and questing, Roeves comes off as more of a moody, Irish-boy-next-door type than an intellectual rebel or genius. His character requests for no less than "the uncreated conscience of (his) race.

"...Bloom's and Dedalus' adventures in the red-light district, and bringing the film to a close."