Hatfield!

BY TOM CONDON

This is the second in a three part series on Detroit riots this spring.

Wayne State University is in urban Detroit. Stand­
ing on the campus, a student can see the General Mo­tors Office Building, the international headquarters of America's largest corporation; a symbol of America's success. But if he were to look in another direction, he sees the worst part of the Motor City's ghetto area, America's failure. If he chooses to acknowledge the contradiction, it confines him. Wayne State, a one hundred year old institution, is in many ways a microcosm of the entire Detroit situa­tion. Of its 30,000 students, 28,000 commute from the white suburbs. Until very recently, when token ef­forts were made, a paternalistic administration has to­tally ignored the transectional area.

Certain of Wayne's expansion programs have caused the destruction of good, lower-middle income housing (which predominates in this area); there are very few rusty fire escapes, dirty children tenements that one associates with the word 'ghetto.' This has alienated the neighboring black community. The huge majority of Wayne's middle class white students did not bargain for the continually chaotic racial situation that pervades their academic pursuits. But the administration in reality forces them to make a person­al decision. Many return to the gardens and pane pan­eling of Grove Point with a rationalizing hope that the negroes will 'just give way.' But some feel that they should stay, and others must stay.

Perhaps the most difficult decision is that which is forced upon the black student. This scholastic year has seen the formation of a group called the Associa­tion of Black Students. The organization stems, in the words of founder and president Lonnie Peak, from "an awareness, a psychological awareness that one's major priority is to the community from which he came." The group's first public activity was to boycott a University-sponsored symposium on 'Race Relations and the Urban University' and hold their own con­ference on the same subject, which many observers felt was the best attended event ever held at the school.

The city's leaders feel that Wayne is irrelevant to the black community and have told the black students "take what you can get" from the school. Paul said: "We know that some of the material we get at Wayne is garbage. Wayne is a part of the white power structure, and we can do in it and sort out the in­formation that is useful to us." The articulate Peak con­tinued: "The black student now wants to work for change within the community. But if this change does not come about, a decision on a further course of action will have to be made."

The sensitized white student finds himself in a delicate situation. Art Johnston, editor of 'The South End,' the student newspaper, states: "The white radical, the individual who believes in a change in the social order, will be caught on the spot. This individual, who opposes the use of force, will attempt to communi­cate with both parties and hence be in great personal danger: my life has been threatened." Johnston continues: "Racial discrimination exists in and around Wayne State. The English Department didn't allow an African literature course, for example. Also, there exists a definite effort to release profes­sors who are politically active on an unfavorable po­sition. A professor was fired. I firmly believe, because he joined the West Central Organization (a black activ­ist group)." On future riots, Johnston said: "I'm af­raid of next summer. I wouldn't be surprised to see the place burn down." Another white radical, commenting on black pow­er, said: "The black militants are becoming more po­litical oriented. Their political convictions have grown from their experiences, and now they are plan­ning, growing more confident. After the riots, the city administration said that we don't approve of riots, but they are symptomatic and we need more jobs, more open housing. But it is too late. We will have to pay for the past 300 years."

There is another type of individual. The majority of Wayne's students, like those of most northern, ur­ban universities, are middle class, unawares whites. One fraternity man said: "After the riots, I looked upon the Negroes with a different perspective. I don't trust them." Another said: "You don't know what they'll do. All they understand is force." This type of individual, and his counterpart in the 'adult' society, must be made sensitive to the situation if it is to be saved.

But now Wayne State, like the entire city of De­troit, is becoming an armed camp. The campus police, like the municipal's, have greatly increased their arma­ments. 'Rifle clubs,' having very little to do with sport shooting, have sprung up on both sides. For the student who chooses to understand, there is an almost unbearable tension at his school.

And one student pointed out that "Detroit was progressiue. What you see in Detroit and at Wayne now, you will soon see elsewhere."
Hall Presidents To Ponder Future

By GUY DE SAPIO

A group of prominent hall presidents will meet tonight to discuss the future of the Hall President’s Council. Discussion will center around the possibility of declaring the President’s Council independent of Student Government.

The informal meeting will be held to outline a set of ideas about the role of the Hall President’s Council. The results will be presented to all the presidents at the regular meeting Thursday night.

The need for the redefinition of roles is due, according to Bob McCarter, newly elected Alumni Hall President because of the “confusion, mismeasurement, and lack of communica- tion” between the President’s Council, Student Government and Student Union.

“It seems to me, that while hall life is becoming more important, it is being de-emphasized. Student government should be there to benefit halls.” McCarter said. “Students are poor only not enough emphasis is placed on interhall activities.”

McCarter cited troubles that Alumni Hall had with Student Government Officials over Mardi Gras and Homecoming as reasons for his concern. He said that the Mardi Gras Committee promised to contact him about allowing Alumni to set up a booth but never did.

McCarter claims that the Student Union Homecoming Committee still owes Alumni $100 for second prize in last year’s homecoming. “We put in a lot of time and money,” he said. “They promised that the first place hall never would.”

McCarter said that although Alumni came in second, John O’Brien, Student Union Business Manager, had promised the hall $100. Alumni has not yet received it. McCarter said he talked to Chris Murphy, Student Body President and Murphy said Alumni would get the money “so, it’s ands, or bats.”

Neither O’Brien or Murphy were available for comment. Lou Larwensmeyer, Chairman of Hall Decorations for Homecoming said that Alumni was promised the money but by mistake. Alumni was told that “we had money left over” they would get it, Larwensmeyer said. As it was, “we overspent the budgets by $175 dollars.” “I intend to write letter to Alumni Hall, explaining to them exactly what happened and what arose. There was a misunderstanding from the Illinois State Treasurer Adlai Stevenson III said Monday night that he has yet to make up his mind on who to support for the Democratic Presidential nomination. The son of the late Democratic Presidential contender stated “I want to first re-ap- praise our policy in Vietnam. I anticipate I will decide who to support within six weeks.” Stevenson maintained, however, that “It is likely that III will have a delegation pledged to the renomination of President Johnson.” He said there has been talk of entering Senator McCarthy in the Ill. Primary, but re- marked that “there has been little visible support for the Ken- nedy candidacy.”

Stevenson, reflecting on the question of Vietnam, maintained

“I think the stand of my father has been rendered irrelevant by what has happened in the two and one half years since his death.” Nevertheless, Stevenson said that “in general I don’t think he disagreed with our Vietnam policies. My father was very unhappy about some of the pres- sures that had been brought to bear on him to resign as U.N. Ambassador by those who as- sumed he disagreed with what we are doing.”

The State Treasurer spoke of a “politics of excellence” articulated by his father. He warned “Now I wonder if it is not already over without having accomplished its purposes. My father attracted many bright and dedicated men and women to public service but one wonders if their interest and their energy are beginning now to ebb.

“The Great Society still hasn’t flowered from the seeds he plant- ed. Black man is still pitted a- gainst white, rich against poor. Our cities are rotting at the core. Our resources, human and ma- terial, are drained by a vicious war against a tiny nation in Asia.”

Stevenson was presumptuous in surveying the leadership situation in America today. He reflected “One of the virtues of our political system has been its extra- ordinary knack for producing the right man at the right time; great men when they are needed. Or perhaps the men who were simply rose to the occa- 

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March 20, 1968
Although many students are blaming Fr. Hesburgh for the new dorm construction designed to make Notre Dame a residential university, the decision was as great a shock to him as to any Danes-bound junior. The policy is, after all, inclusive, affecting Fr. Hesburgh's style of life perhaps more than anyone else.

FR. HESBURGH was looking down on the tangled beauties of inland Brazil when a voice beside him asked, "Excuse me, aren't you Fr. Hesburgh?"

"Yes, I am," he answered, at the same time pushing a cigarette into his black and silver cigarette holder. "You look familiar, too."

"We met last fall. I'm Notre Dame's Student Body President."

Here, allow me. He pulled a shiny silver lighter from a pocket of his suit and lit the priest's cigarette to the strains of the Victory March.

FR. HESBURGH dragged hard. "Beautiful down there, isn't it? Or in English, of course, here the language is Portuguese—simpatico. It reminds me of the time I was travelling with Richard Nixon for Pepsi-Cola and the Catholic University system and back in the tremendous poverty of a Sao Paulo slum, we met a Notre Dame student."

"That's wonderful. Working with the poor, no doubt, acting on the Christian principles a Notre Dame education instills. You know, Father, I've been meaning to talk to you."

"No, he was avoiding the draft."

"Oh." The two sat quietly for several moments, listening to the whine of the engines, bouncing lazily in the pockets of air. Fr. Hesburgh turned once again to his companion. "What are you doing on this flight?"

"I've got a government grant to write a book—156 pages long in eleven point medium type on a dozen by twelve paper with one and a half inch margins on Student Power Among the Incas. Also, I've been fortunate enough to have it scheduled as a directed readings, three credits."

"Wonderful, wonderful, uh, what did you say your name was? Notre Dame students should be in that type of leadership position. Anything happening back at school?"

"Nothing much. Football team was 8-2. Mass attendance still falling off. Some stir, not much, about the new policy on the residential university. What's his name, you know, the Vice President for Student Affairs, is handling it."

"What's this residential university you mean everybody living on campus, like Harvard or Oxford? Even the Administration?"

"That's the way I understand it. Why?"

FR. HESBURGH stared out the window for a moment. He stubbed his cigarette with a shaking hand and turned back to his companion, an angry look on his face. "Who do they think they are? Why, that's in loco parentis. I can't be tied down like that. I've got commitments to honor, Summa Drives, Marriage Conferences, the War College, Civil Rights Commission, the Peace Corps."

He shuffled his feet until the plane touched down in Brasilia. The Notre Dame student beside him watched him out of the corner of his eye, prepared to block any drastic action.

FR. HESBURGH had calmed down by the time he entered the terminal. "Maybe I'll see you again, son," he said with a smile. "Ever consider the Peace Corps? Or maybe at a reunion."

MINUTES before Sunday night's Patty Raid began, Mike Minton predicted. "It'll be a flop. It wasn't organized by the Senior Class." The Notre Dame freshman Class outdid Minton in organizational ability. Approximately 750 Notre Dame students ran up the road to Holy Cross Hall at 11:30 p.m. Sunday shouting "Hence Come The Irish." When anxious students began to run ahead, outstanding members of the mob shouted "Slow down. Wait for the others. We've got to stick together."

Firecrackers exploded against the walls of the form as cries of "We want underwear!" went up from the crowd. They got nylon stockings and rolls of toilet paper.

ND mobsters met with better success in the back of LeMans Hall but they still weren't satisfied. If the girls called them names and refused to throw out lingerie, the crowd replied "Perverts!"

The police, city or campus, were nowhere to be seen. Unrestricted even by the pleas of SBP-elect Richard Rosse, the mob ran to McCandless. The girls threw slips and bras out the windows, but the garments caught on the wooden railings decorating the hall. The taunted ND students attempted to scale the walls, but it was futile. The fun petered out. The ND freshmen wandered home after one of the most successful raids staged at Saint Mary's in the last years. One freshman commented proudly: 'We're terrifying when we're in a group,' but he added "We're shy when we're alone."
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