

THE OBSERVER

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University of Notre Dame

September 18, 1967

S.B. POLICE ARREST SCHOLASTIC EDITOR ON POT VIOLATION

== Flash ==

Father James Riehle, Dean of Students, has suspended Steve Heagan for a year, the Observer learned this morning. Heagan, art editor of the Notre Dame Scholastic magazine was arrested for a marijuana violation late last month and is awaiting trial on several charges against the Marijuana Act.

BY RON CHANDONIA

Police investigation continues into what they term a large scale operation distributing marijuana. Already arrested in the police probe is the current art editor of the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC.

Police said on Saturday, Aug. 19, they confiscated 5½ pounds of marijuana and arrested a Notre Dame senior, 20-year-old SCHOLASTIC Editor Stephen Heagan Jr., of Miami, Fla., on a charge of possessing a narcotic drug.

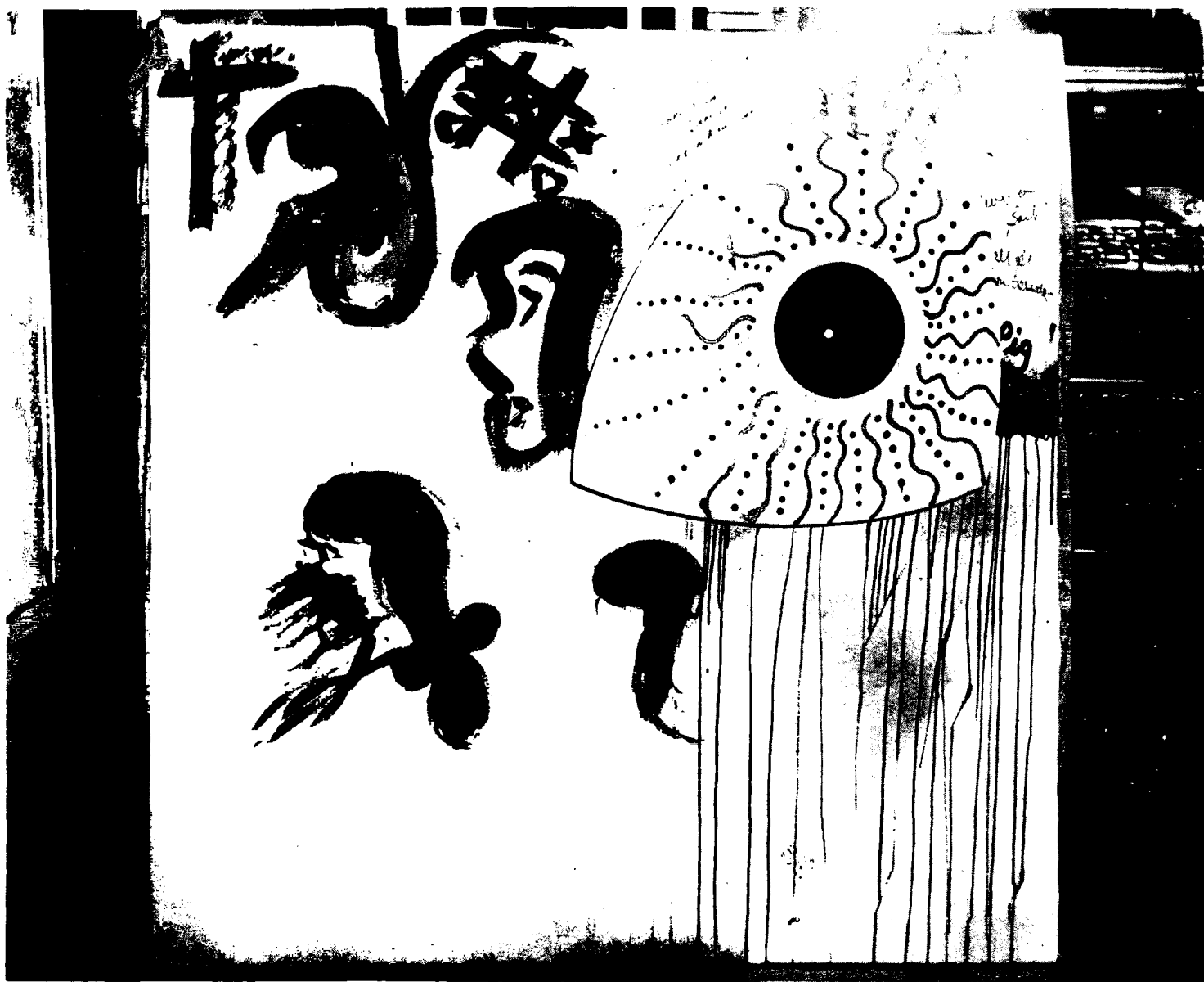
According to the information released thus far by the police department, a long investigation and a good deal of undercover work preceded the arrest. Police say the investigation began on a tip from an informer in the Lake County, Indiana, area.

Following that lead, State Trooper Michael Bolin, acting as an undercover agent, made contact with several small-time marijuana peddlers among South Bend teenagers. Finally a group of youths directed Bolin to "Steve's place," the apartment rented by Heagan at 415 E. Broadway in one of South Bend's "transition" neighborhoods.

On Aug. 19, shortly before noon, police said Trooper Bolin visited "Steve's place" and purchased \$38 worth of uncut marijuana and rolled cigarettes, all of it subsequently confiscated by Bolin, state police Sergeant Charles Neary, and city police detective Richard Mattasits.

The city police became involved in the case after Trooper Bolin learned that South Bend teenagers and others had been making illegal marijuana pur-

(continued on page 6)



THIS GIANT ABSTRACTION — of a bleeding eye, was found at Heagan's 415 E. Broadway apartment. Barely visible in the top right-hand corner is a collection of wise sayings. Sample: "God is blind. Ray Charles is God."

--- INSIDE ---

— The parents of a Notre Dame senior who was killed over the summer along with two other seniors, have donated a scholarship in his name. Read the story of the dream that died, page 2.

— Off-campus students were greeted with a new rule this year providing for the legalization of apartment living, while on campus students were met with a warning concerning marijuana. Get all the dope, page 3.

— A week ago Notre Dame began another intensified money campaign — Summa, a program scheduled to bring \$52 million to the funding of new dorms, higher faculty salaries and general improvement of the campus scene. A detailed account of the

benefits can be found on page 7.

— Much hub=bub was generated last year over what to do with the old Post Office. Well, the Knights of Columbus got it. And the Observer editors question the usefulness of the Knights, page 4.

— Next to Rockne and the Gipper stood a man knee deep in Notre Dame tradition, his name Father John Farley. But to his friends he was Pop. He carried with him a spirit unique and bound to the legend of Notre Dame. See the story of Pop, page 5.

— Jay Schwartz exposes the newest Huddle price raise and discloses the immediate cause for concern. Schwartz versus the Huddle, page 3.

Scholarship Donated In Memoriam

BY DON HYNES

The parents of a Notre Dame senior, who was killed in a high speed turnpike accident, today announced they will donate a partial scholarship in their deceased son's memory.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Duffy said "because Bob had a deep love for Notre Dame and it had always been a foremost ambition of his to graduate from there, we feel that we should

Fort Dix or Summer School

Revised regulations for draft deferments announced by the Selective Service System this summer are to take effect beginning with the fall semester, according to Leo M. Corbaci, Assistant Vice President of Academic Affairs.

In order to obtain an undergraduate deferment and keep it, Corbaci said Friday, a student must pass 25 per cent of the number of hours required for the baccalaureate degree for a four year course, or 20 per cent for a five year course, during the 12-month period preceding the submission to the student's local board of the Selective Service form 109.

Upon completion of the draft section of the enrollment card at registration, the Registrar will send the required form 109 to each student's local board, certifying that he is satisfactorily pursuing a full-time course of instruction.

New students themselves must previously request a Class IIS deferment from their draft boards by letter. Returning students, deferred last year, need not request a new deferment.

Corbaci foresees that the new Selective Service regulations requiring that a stipulated amount of course work be satisfactorily completed yearly may force many more students into summer school. Students carrying a light course load of 12 to 15 hours per semester, or those who have failed one or more courses during the regular school year may have to pick up extra credits in the summer months to fulfill the Selective Service requirements.

Other students may elect a heavier course schedule of 15 to 18 hours per semester, in order to free themselves from school work during the summer. Every student must currently be taking more than 12 credit hours per semester to retain his IIS classification.

do something in honor of that dream." The scholarship will go to a fourth year Engineering student, to allow him to finish the year that was lost to Duffy.

Duffy was killed along with two other seniors, Stephen J. Donlon, 21, of Farmingdale, New York, and Charles L. Didden, 20, of Washington, D. C., on August 25. Police said a dense fog on a Bryant, Ohio road obscured the vision of an oncoming truck which crashed into their car.

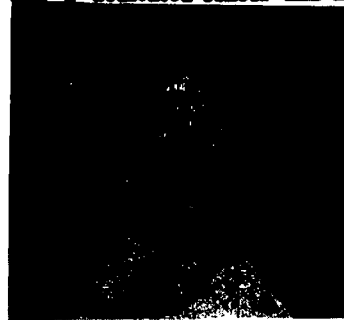
Duffy attended Chaminade H.S. where he was an honor student and a member of the track team and the band. At Notre Dame he was an en-

gineering major and fenced for two years.

Donlon also attended Chaminade H. S., and there he and Duffy became close friends. Donlon was an Honor Student in High School, Vice-President of his class, and a member of the baseball team. He was an engineering major at Notre Dame and three years fencing veteran. Called "Dart" by his fellow teammates, Donlon was the outstanding epee fencer for the squad, and last year he led the team to an 18-0 record, while he himself finished third in the NCAA fencing championships.

He was named to the All-American team and had hopes of participating in the 1968

Olympics. Coach Mike DeCicco said, "There isn't a finer kid than Steve walking this campus, now or ever. He was a dedicated fencer and a



STEVE DONLON

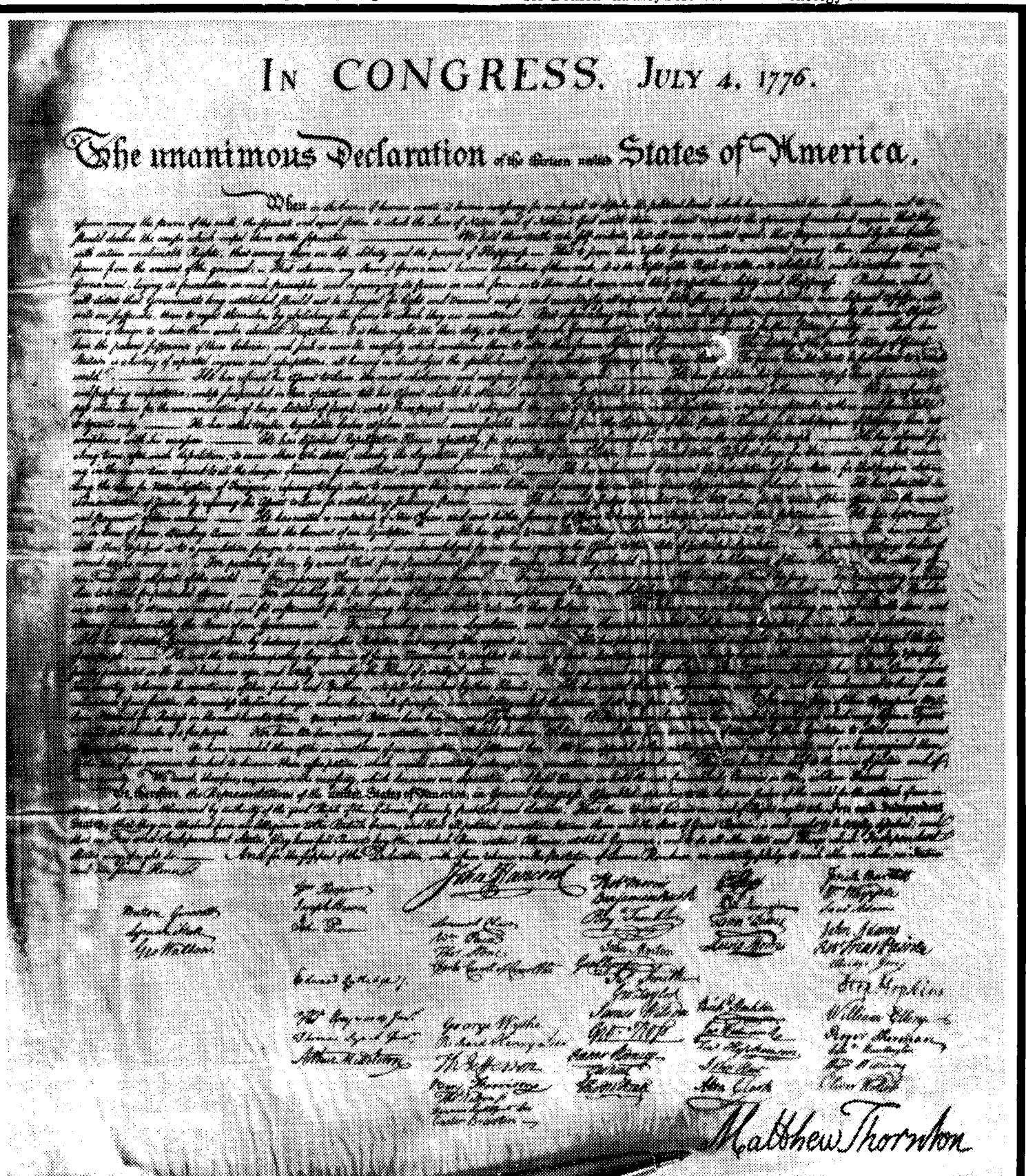
fine leader."

ND fencers had great respect for Donlon and they selected him

to be Captain of the team for the 1967-68 season. Sixteen members of the fencing squad, including last year's Captain Jack Haynes and John Crikelair, 1967-68 co-captain, attended Donlon's funeral in New York. In his last letter to DeCicco, Donlon said, "Bring on NYU, they don't have a chance."

Among Donlon's survivors are twin brothers who graduated from Notre Dame in 1961, one of whom, John, was also an All-American fencer.

Didden graduated from St. John's College High School in Washington, D. C., where he ran track. He was in the Arts and Letters College as a Psychology major.



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

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JAY SCHWARTZ

Tom Mix is Dead



A homecoming is generally a happy thing. There is something delicious about familiar and friendly places and at Notre Dame one of those delightful places has always been the Huddle. Even the ugly football pictures and a blaring jukebox could never ruin the conviviality of the joint — and for a worn and knowing few it had always been one of those places.

During the summer you could feel a craving welling up in you to look on the slightly wrinkled but motherly faces of Helen and Marie and Stella. It was the first place to be nine months of the year — black coffee in the morning and then cokes straight on out until 10 p.m. A bad day was a no ice day. That night you would brush slightly syrupy teeth.

But those days were few and far between these last three years. Sometimes the only thing real and wholesome and good and neat was a ten cent Huddle coke. Once in a while it didn't make the day but it always helped one.

In early September, before the dining halls open and when you still like summer hamburgers, you invariably wind up at the long white counter — a counter too long to be useful and one long enough to get lost on for a semester or two.

There your people would be — tan, and nice, and talking European but still loving the Huddle. And you would meet Figel or Gini or Joan or Rock or Fred or PJ and while away your none too precious hours. But this was a different year.

Yeah Stella still smiles and Marie still frowns and Helen remembers your name but something is different. The tables are still littered with cigarette ashes and the good townies still congregate in the end booths.

Yet all of a sudden — in a short three months — your change is different. The hamburger still tastes the same and the cokes still have crunchy icelets, but you're ten cents short and you know darn well that your mother sewed your pockets tight and that she is a good danner.

You can't find it in your hand or on the counter but all of a sudden you spy your ten cents perched on a wall inside an altered price list.

The same old team is there but the rodent like manager has gotten a bit greedier. He watches the extra nickels and dimes from his oblong slit in the side wall and barks orders to his girls to slice tomatoes a bit thinner. He's the guy who sells cigarettes when the girls are on break and he's a little further right than Ghengis Khan. Our scrupulous little Shylock also sells meat but it's ground and costs a nickel more this month. Our sanctimonious, penny pinching, perfidious boy in brown is happy now. The spell is gone.

We didn't mind the change in hamburgers, or cheeseburgers or even the extra two cents for coffee. The cokes were the grabber.

Helen said, "Hi, boys"
And we said "Hi, Helen"
She said "Two cokes"

We said "Yeah, Helen". Two liberty dimes smacked on the counter and the drinks arrived simultaneously and Helen said "Sorry, boys, but it'll cost you another dime". And we said why and a new gal who must have been a maid of honor at Shylock's wedding said "Helen give them a napkin and charge them a quarter."

And we said "you aren't nice lady and you're pretty ugly to boot". A third silver hit the counter and the spell was gone. The sun had set and Tom Mix was dead. The ten cent coke was a thing of the past, gone with three minute weddings and bad football teams. And we said "you're just damn ugly, lady."

As we walked past the box and into the Huddle room we lifted our gaze from the sunlit past to the dark window in the tower and heard the sound of a low chuckle. Inside the beady eyes were scanning ledgers and figuring how to cut costs by importing perch from Colorado.

He had just bought a tandem for his two kids because it was cheaper than two bikes and he bought his wife nothing. But after all business is business. A small guy has to watch out for himself. You have to cut corners and up prices so you can eke out a living and pay the girls less than \$1.25 an hour. A guy has to take what he can get when he only sells 2000 hamburgers and 4000 cokes a day.

(If You're 21)

Apartments Made Legal

BY PHIL WEBRE

The plan to make Notre Dame a resident University was shattered last summer when University officials decided to allow apartment living for Notre Dame students 21 years and over.

Housing officials said that the main reason for the change is the over-crowded dormitory conditions which presently have as many as three students crammed into a nine by fifteen room.

Previously those students required to live off campus and those students who wanted to live off campus had to live in the homes approved by the University.

Those homes had to have a house mother over a certain age with children under a certain age. Under the old off-campus conditions the house mother would set the rules as well as enforce the standard University rules.

Coupled with the loosened housing regulation came a shocking additional rule on the use of hallucinatory drugs,

which states in effect, anyone caught with pot marijuana or any hallucinogenic drugs is sub-



Rev. James Riehle, C.S.C.

ject to the discipline of the Dean of Students.

University officials have implied that this restriction will only be applicable when the offense has been made on the University campus.

"We have a regulation on drinking," said Fr. Riehle Dean of Students, "Drugs are beginning to become a problem on the campus and we have to be covered in case anything happens."

The only other rule alteration was merely a typographical one. The University simply included the entire Indiana law on drinking in the Student manual.

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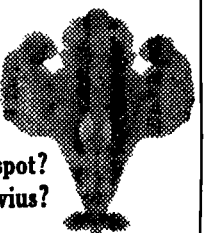
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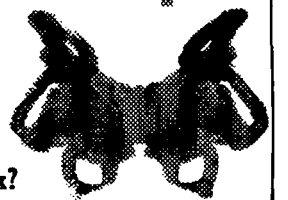
Swingline Ratty Rorschachs

Test yourself...
What do you see in the ink blots?

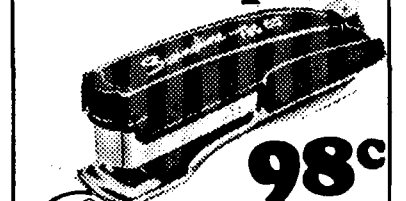
[1] A Japanese
judo expert?
Just an ink spot?
Mount Vesuvius?



[2] An ax?
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THE OBSERVER

A Student Newspaper

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

PATRICK COLLINS

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 3, 1966

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

"In His Possession"

"Any student having in his possession, using or having under his control any hallucinatory drug will be subject to the disciplinary action by the Dean of Students."

This is the gem that replaced the paragraph about student apartments in the new 1967-68 edition of the Student handbook. It is hemmed in neatly under that long awkward rule about drinking on the college campus, and if you happen to be drowsy or on a trip, it's easy to miss.

But the issue to be raised here is not whether the use of drugs or hallucinatory materials are or are not hazardous to the human being, rather the grounds for which an Administration can make and enforce something beyond their jurisdiction.

The Federal Government's Narcotics act and Marjuanna laws have proven relatively successful in governing the narcotic traffic on and around college campuses. And it is no secret that Federal agents do breeze thru the Notre Dame Campus in search of a buy, or a boy with a sweet smoky room.

Yet defying all Federal laws and agencies, the Administration again sticks its quilted domed nose into an area which it does not belong.

Specifically:

Administrations should not be police agen-

cies. For by playing Scotland Yard 24 hours a day no Administration can do its job like getting good teachers, better hall facilities and all of that neat stuff.

No administration, priest, parent or man can impose a moral code on another. That brings us up to Rule 7, page 2.

"Any student who substantially violates the moral law is subject to disciplinary action of the Dean of Students."

Now this fine Christian rule may be meant to keep the soul of the student as pure as the gold and as true as the blue. But it just doesn't sell to mature grown men.

Who is to tell us poor little helpless creatures what is against the moral law? Is it to be Chief Pears, Br. Gorch, or Loule Rappelli.

Afterall, everyone knows that babies come from storks and girls come from everyplace except Indiana. It seems that with the all-boy enrollment at Notre Dame the thing the Administration should be most concerned with is boys holding hands on the main quad — not a couple necking in the half-way house.

Nevertheless, we must be careful, to look beyond the glimmering changes and into the itemized laws of the university so as not to give up a moral freedom for a two room flat on Coufax Street.

Money Speaks Good English

So far there has been no official announcement from the University. But in fact the old post office building has been sold or leased by the University to the Knights of Columbus for approximately five hundred thousand dollars.

Now the Knights of Columbus are nice people, not to mention rich ones. But they have not been a very active force in campus life for several years. They used to sponsor the Bengal Bouts but their affiliation with it ended last year. The only University-wide function of the Knights that anyone seems able to remember is to provide a lecture or two annually. Meanwhile, they do a big business in life insurance but only for members.

Up to the point of sale, no one suggested that the building be allotted either to the Academic Commission or Equitable Life, which provide the Knights two services on a larger scale. In fact, there were those in Student Government who thought the old post office might be converted into a late night gathering place where students could buy pizza and talk without the time and expense involved in a trip downtown.

But, reasoned the Administration, there is already the Student Center. But, replied the student body, there is Brother Gorch. We always have the impression that the Student Center came right out of the thirties with no redecoration. The maze of locked doors and ironclad rules provided by its headmaster

confirms the impression that it has been directly bequeathed to us from the era of compulsory daily Mass.

The opening of the Halfway House takes away much of the sting of this triumph of money over the idea of a university. But the fact remains that a part of the main quad has been dedicated to the nineteen-thirties. We would really have preferred the memorial chapel which Father McCarragher suggested with some pretense of seriousness. After all, we have become used to ignoring chapels, but this life insurance syndicate may be something else.

We feel a sense of irony in writing about this at all. All the plans that were made by dewy-eyed student leaders last spring won't change the fact that the bill of sale is already signed. Presumably nobody was all that emotionally involved with the project anyway. It would have been nice, but that's the way it goes (or fails to go) on the big campus.

The University has never in its whole history been known to give back money. Don't bother to write your congressman, there's nothing he can do. The student body may need a place to go worse than the K. of C. but on the other hand we do not have five hundred thousand dollars. Anyway, it may only be a hundred year lease, so someday it will be all right again. Meanwhile, it's no big thing, just another little spot that hurts.



Punch

"I'm so glad you're opposed to looting."

THE REPORTER

Putting Dad On



BY DENNIS GALLAGHER

Today, to speak of the middle class is to say the American people (except for the powerless and disreputable poor), the power structure, the Establishment. In America, the middle class includes everyone from bank tellers to bank presidents, clerks to clergymen, down to skilled workers and even laborers who live shabby but stable lives on the outskirts of respectability. Even our upper class of business executives (e.g. Percy, McNamara) largely recruited from the middle class and share its values and beliefs.

These values and beliefs have been categorized by the leftist writers from Sinclair Lewis to Norman Mailer. The middle class is characterized as being first and primarily materialistic. They are money-oriented, but they also adhere to a hypocritical code of moral values based on social respectability. That is, they would stab their grandmother in the back but not while anyone was looking. They are insensitive to culture and in fact have a fear of it stemming from an instinctive need to avoid thinking.

So it goes. Even now, a period of withdrawal appears to be in its initial stages. The hippies want to live outside our civilization, leading "beautiful" lives apart from our daily dreariness. And the rest of us are determined not to be swallowed into the bourgeois morass. We will have fun after marriage. We will always like a rock music. We will be trustworthy after thirty. We will read Kafka during our lunch hour at I.B.M.

But from what do we run? If middle class society is responsible for "Petticoat Junction" and the rest of the vast wasteland, it is also responsible for educational television and "The New Yorker". No age, not even the Age of Pericles, was a time of mass response to high culture. A century is rare that produces more than one Milton. Perhaps rarer still is a century that produces a thousand aesthetes capable of appreciating him.

The America of our parents is basically a civilized and moral society. If it has produced few saints, it has produced many good men who have done the right thing because it was expected of them. The worst among them are bounded by a code which circumscribes the evil which they may do to others of the class. It is a narrow and closed existence but for its good members it provides a reasonable chance to achieve such comfort and happiness as is granted to men.

Within this closed society, there is some degree of peace and harmony. Yet, like a Tolkien's hobbits, their effort to shut out the world outside does not prevent it from crashing in on them. Nor does it keep them from committing evil abroad that they would not do at home. The British, civilized mercantile humanists, committed atrocities in Ireland and India time and again to preserve the Empire the little island ruled as a fief from God. We may do the same.

Yet perhaps the American middle class is no worse than any other large group would be with similar power. At least they seem less likely to kill because one's skin is the wrong color or because one has forgotten the forty-third parable of Chairman Mao. Being less idealistic, they are more careful. With all their taste for simplicity, they have fought two long and indecisive wars in twenty years because, according to their lights, there was nothing else they could do.

It is not enough to mean well and this generation must solve the complexities which beset it. Yet the solution lies in a perfection and not a destruction of the past. As Gandalf says to Frodo (Tolkien again): "I should like to save the Shire, if I could — though there have been times when I thought the inhabitants too dull and stupid for words, and have felt that an earthquake or an invasion of dragons might be good for them. I don't feel like that now. I feel that as long as the Shire lies behind, safe and comfortable, I shall find wandering more bearable: I shall know that somewhere there is a firm foothold, even if my feet cannot stand there again."

THE OBSERVER

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I A Bore - A Woman In Revolt

BY DAVID KAHN

If I, A WOMAN make DEAR JOHN "look like a fairytale" and leaves VIRGINIA WOOLF looking "like a Sunday-go-to-meeting," then, indeed, fairy tales and Sunday-go-to-meetings should be preferred to these "totally new concepts in artistic motion picture for adults." Essy Persson, one of those pretty "non-actress" types, plays the role of an oversexed nurse who has become highly contemptuous about "singing in church." She consequently begins to defy any sort of existence which is not sexual, specifically by being sexual all of the time. Repulsed by an intense and sober relationship with a hyper-conventional, sawed off intellectual, Siv (incidentally, pronounced SEEVE) now makes love — hot but impassive — with any man.

She loses her virginity to an antique merchant whose wife DOES understand him, (this is the scriptwriters idea of a twist.) Next she shares beds with husky ship captain on weekend leave, (a ridiculous allusion to DEAR JOHN.) Then she dates a cold, highly rational doctor who would usually rather fish than make love. Each male companion seems more suitable for Siv's needs than the preceding one, but in the final stage all of them desire to control and finally possess her. She eludes them all. In the final sequence, she meets her male counterpart. He slaps her, strips her, sleeps with her and finally exits while Siv laughs hysterically.

Now if Mae Ahlberg (the directors full name which sounds

more like German-Scotch than Swedish,) wished to convey the agitation of one woman's dissatisfactions why did he make such a glossy spectacle? Why not expand her conversations with student boy friend or develop her disagreements with her parents. Ahlberg instead baffles all serious considerations about Siv because of his racy shooting. Siv's lovely exterior prevents any real encounter with what's inside.

I A WOMAN is not even good pornography. The skin shots were nothing more than the usual — head thrust back in ecstasy, a living room strip tease, a nude in the shower. That's all. A very ineffective superimposition was used at one point when a wheel of memories whirled about Siv's visage at an absurdly accelerated pace during one of her more sexual moments.

Lastly, there is nothing more dull than 90 minutes of one woman resisting all commitment, repudiating all love and scorning all possessive men. You can meet these kind everyday on the shuttle bus. What best suits good drama is not a woman who revolts aimlessly in the name Eros, but rather women who desires express goals and defies in order to obtain those goals. Siv's breed of defiance was not womanly at all, but rather more like an unusually pleasant period of sexual experimentation that we all wish we had during our adolescence.

Once Jacques Maritain wrote about plants. He said: "The plants live in perpetual sleep. Because they have only a vegetative soul, all their aim is in the flower. They have their mouth in the earth, and it is their hermaphroditic corolla that they expose to the birds of heaven, without the least repression." I, A WOMAN has got a little bit of vegetative soul.



OBSERVER FEATURES

John "Pop" Farley: Man or Myth

BY BOB BRADY

In the history of Notre Dame, there have been only a few "Great Men." Men — like Joan of Ark — capable of leading their troops through sheer folly to histrionic greatness.

What great men we have had, have been destroyed (where possible) and submerged in all other cases by the revisionist forces of such organs as a propagandistic Student Government. They in turn have supplied us with surrogate heroes in the forms of Knute Rockne and others of his ilk.

We must not allow Notre Dame to wallow in the mire to which we have been brought. We must restore to their rightful places the men who have made out University what it is. We Must Rewrite History So That It Speaks the Truth. We Must Destroy all who would have it be what it is not. We pledge to campaign to do so.

.....

He came to Notre Dame years before even Brother Finnbar was here, and he left a four-story mark on the campus. Yet his name is never heard today—his grave unvisited. His spirit nevertheless lives on. Father Farley should be a truly mythic element in the University. He was for many years rector of that once-proud-hall, Sorin. Known affectionately as "Pop" by the inmates of Sorin, he forged a truly reactionary fervor within his happy home—always uniting his charges with the cry, "PATERNALISM FOREVER!"

Every morning of the year, Father Farley would be up with the sun, praising God and arousing his charges. He would then renew his vigor by a cool swim before Mass — in the lake if it were warm enough and in the indoor pool of the old gymnasium in January. Then to Mass.

.....

Father Farley genuinely loved his boys, and it was due to him alone that Sorin Hall gained the hegemony that it has, until recently, held. He was always looking for the means to improve the moral and psychological character of his boys. Every day, amidst his crushing schedule of classes and sports, he would take time from his crowded life to read all of the letters which his boys had received that day.



We Must Rewrite History So That It Speaks The Truth, We Pledge To Campaign To Do So.

No task was too great for him, if it was in service of his lads. If it appeared from letters that one of his boys was having difficulties, "Pop" would take him aside and counsel him; or, if the trouble was of

.....

a magnitude that it should be taken care of immediately and openly, he would ask him about it at mail call.

But Father John "Pop" Farley did not restrict his genius to the residents of Sorin alone. There was a spot on the bench of every athletic team on the campus, which he made sure was reserved from him. Every athlete was a friend of Pop's. Pop made sure of that.

.....

Pop (like all great men) grew old. He had given his whole life to the cause of the University, and the cruel revisionist forces which by that time had begun, insidiously, to supplant the real heroes of the University. They forced him to leave his position and go to a quiet apartment on the other side of the lake.

They did not order him to be silent. They knew that taking him away from his boys would be enough to break his heart and kill him. There were tears in his eyes when these evil forces, which have since achieved hegemony on the campus, rolled him away from Sorin for the last time. He died soon afterwards.

.....

James Cavnar, local Penteostal and archivist of Farley Hall last week hinted, tongue in cheek, that Pop, before he died, left his vision of "the true University" to this campus. Cavnar said that he has heard that Father Farley was walking in the North Twenty of the campus one August evening, delighting in the snows, when a white-gloved hand came down from the clouded skies and eloquently traced the outline of Farley Hall in the August snows.

He then returned to Sorin and took Father Sorin's statue from its pedestal. He hid the statue with him in his grave, and it shall not be restored until the hegemony of Farley Hall is established, the revisionist forces of the university administration are expelled, and all Sorin residents arise of a February morn to take a swim in the ice-laden waters of St. Mary's lake.

Heagan's Court Date Upcoming

(continued from page 1)

chases, often on the city hall parking lot.

The exact nature of Heagan's activities in the area are being held as "classified information" by local police officials. Sergeant Neary said that Heagan had apparently been obtaining the drug in its raw form somewhere in St. Joseph County, then cutting it, treating it, and rolling it into cigarettes for sale to area youngsters and adults at the rate of 25 cents to 75 cents a cigarette.

A more talkative but far more publicity-shy official claims that Heagan was a "major distributor" of marijuana in St. Joseph County, and that he has been involved in a dope

operation directed from the Lake County area since his arrival in South Bend from Miami about a year ago.

Heagan was arraigned in St. Joseph County Superior Court on Monday, Aug. 21, where he entered an initial plea of not guilty. Judge F. Kenneth Dempsey set bond at \$1,000, and Heagan was released.

An 18-year-old youth subsequently arrested in connection with the same investigation, Michael Bottomley of South Bend, pleaded guilty in Superior Court on Aug. 31 to a charge of possessing 46 marijuana cigarettes. Police officials report that the investigation is being continued in several other cities in northern

Indiana.

Father Charles McCarragher, University Vice-president for Student Affairs, said that he has not yet had time to consider Heagan's status as an editor of the SCHOLASTIC, and that any decision finally made by his office would be based on the decision of the Dean of Students.

Notre Dame's new dean of students, Father James Riehle, meanwhile, says that he feels the case is a "private matter" at the moment, especially since Heagan denies the charge against him, and that no decision has as yet been reached by university's disciplinary office.

Father Riehle did state, how-

ever, that a new university directive forbidding any student to possess narcotic drugs might possibly apply to the case. (According to the best police sources, Heagan most probably did not, at any rate, sell marijuana to other university students.)

Such is the state of the Stephen Heagan case at the moment. Heagan's lawyer, Edward Olczak of South Bend, informed that at present only wild rumors are circulating about the case, commented, "Well, that's all you're going to get for now."

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Jerry Parker's LION'S DEN, So. Bend, Ind., has been designated a "Scene Stylesville Store" by G. Q. Scene, the magazine for men. As a result of this designation, they will be listed in the recently published issue of Scene as the store with — "The IN Look" in Clothes — the kind that fit and the people you like to deal with. (see page 112 - Sept. issue - G. Q. Scene).

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MONDAY — SATURDAY

Summa: Our Greatest Challenge

BY MIKE SMITH

The University announced plans last Monday for the construction of seven major buildings and the establishment of forty endowed professorships in a \$52 million program geared to the expansion of graduate education and research.

Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh described the capital fund raising effort, named "SUMMA: Notre Dame's Greatest Challenge," as the largest in the university's 125 year history. Speaking at an inaugural dinner attended by the university's trustees, senior faculty, members of the SUMMA national committee and 300 campaign leaders from thirty-nine cities, Father Hesburgh disclosed that \$20.8 million in leadership gifts has already been committed.

The major segments of the SUMMA Program include faculty development, \$20 million; graduate education, \$13,925,000; special research programs, \$4,550,000; and general university development, \$13,525,000.

Dr. Oliver C. Carmichael, Jr., chairman of the board of the Associates Investment Company, South Bend, Ind., has accepted appointment as national chairman of SUMMA; and J. Peter Grace, president of W. R. Grace and Company, New York City, is honorary chairman.

New buildings to be erected include three, eleven story residence halls which will accommodate a total of 1,500 undergraduates; a complex to house a new Institute for Advanced Religious Studies; a Life Science Center incorporating the departments of biology and microbiology and the Lobund Laboratory; a Chemical Research Building; and a new College of Engineering Building providing quarters for the chemical, electrical, and metallurgical engineering departments.

The largest segment of the SUMMA Program, however, is earmarked for faculty development. In addition to keeping faculty salaries "not only competitive but attractive" and providing for normal faculty growth, the university will seek \$20 million to establish forty endowed professorships.

The SUMMA Program will generate support for several new graduate programs including the Master of Business Administration Program being inaugurated this fall and the Doctoral Program in Theology launched a year ago. Funds will also be allocated for a new graduate program in urban studies and the development of the Department of Psychology to the doctoral level. A total of \$2,250,000 is earmarked for the acquisition of books and materials principally on the graduate level, for the Notre Dame Library.

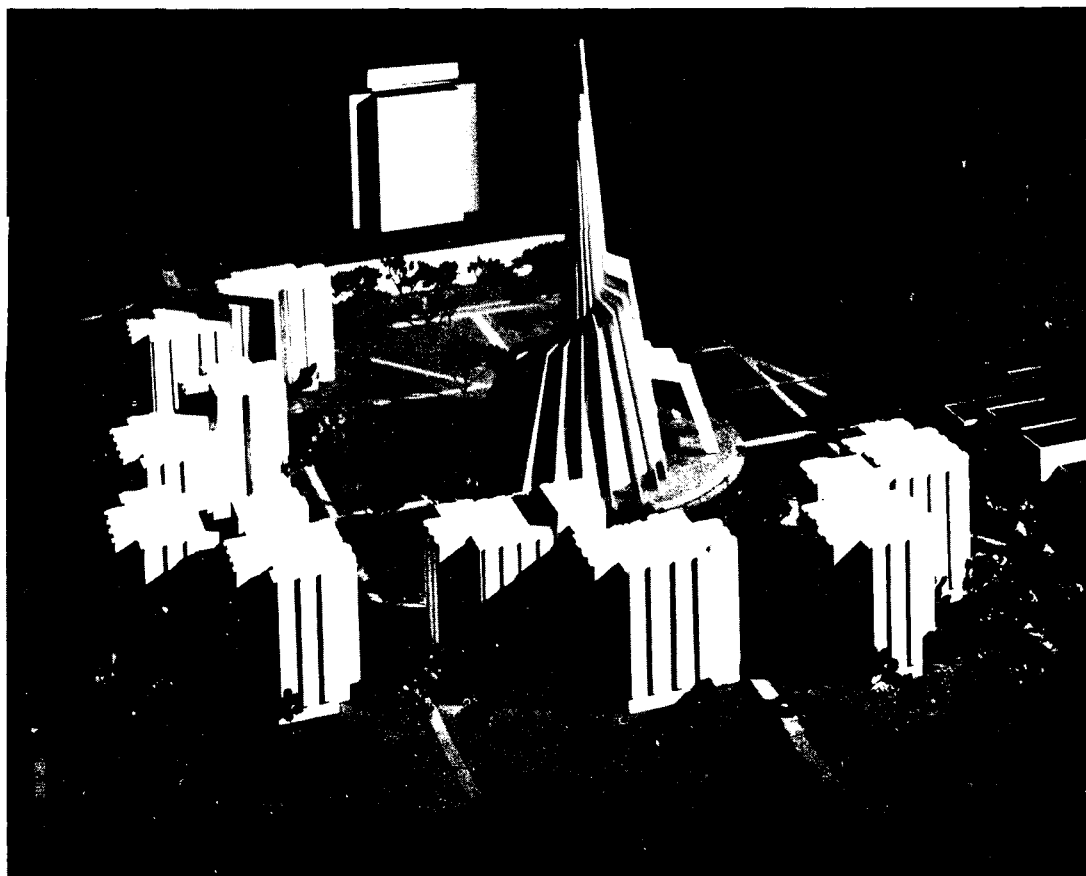
Five special research programs will be inaugurated or expanded with SUMMA funds. The new Institute for Advanced Religious Studies, the only organization of its kind in the world, will have in residence twenty-four Christian and non-Christian scholars who will explore on a continuing basis a wide range of problems in which religion plays a major role.

Other research units included in the SUMMA Program

are the Office of Educational Research which has evolved from the widely quoted Notre Dame Study of Catholic Elementary and Secondary Education; the new Research Center for Christian Democracy; the Center for the Study of Man in Contemporary Society.

Besides the construction of residence halls and an addition to the North Dining Hall, the SUMMA Program provides for the expansion or upgrading of several other university operations.

Student aid funds totaling \$2,250,000 are being sought in the expectation that the number of students requiring financial assistance will increase from the present 30 per cent to 50 per cent or 60 per cent in the years ahead. The university also expects to increase its involvement in educational television, including participation in a statewide educational communications network. Sophomore foreign study programs, established earlier at Innsbruck, Austria, and Angers, France, and extended to Tokyo this fall, will be expanded to other countries including Chile and Formosa.

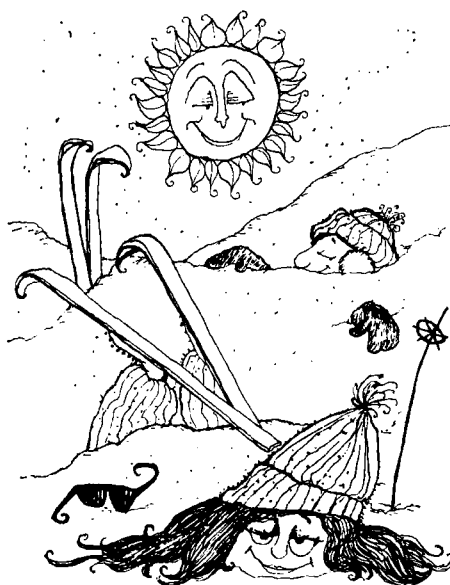


THESE PROJECTED RESIDENCE HALLS — costing an estimated \$9 million, will be situated north of the Memorial Library, surrounding a space-age chapel.

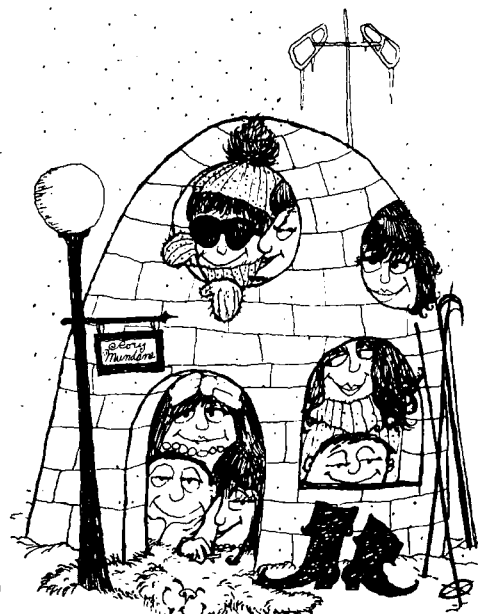
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"On Top of the World" - Bleier

BY TOM CONDON

Last Sunday, I had gone to Sorin looking for someone, and ran into Rocky Bleier, who was momentarily locked out of his room. We stepped into the aforementioned basement tubule to see indigenes Steve Anderson and Dennis Withers. The subject, as it is wont to do on occasion, turned to sports. Dennis, with very little prompting, recounted his heroics in last Wednesday's Blue Circle Touch Football Classic. He then produced a southern magazine with a front page spread on Atlanta Falcon linebacker Tommy Nobis. Nobis is to football, so some Peachtree Staters seem to think, what God is to creation.

Then someone asked Rocky what he thought of the sophomores on this year's team. Rock, who by the end of the season will have heard this question as many times as Wilbur Wright was asked how it was up there, gave a conventional "They're coming along pretty well," but then mused on the question for a moment.

"You know, they come here as ex-high school All-Cosmos or whatever in four or

five sports, and, hopefully, will be stars for Notre Dame," said Bleier. "Because they're on top of the world as freshmen, though, some may tend to think themselves indispensable." "But when it comes to football's facts of life—running, blocking, tackling and the best possible competition—many of these highly rated individuals become frustrated rookies, desperately working to make one of the top two teams."

"The change between freshmen fall and freshman spring is a most violent one," continued the Irish Captain. "It separates the men from the boys and the football players from the home town scrapbook enthusiasts." Most notions of immediate immortality are quickly dispelled in face of experience's usually harder nose.

Bleier also cited the pressure on the newcomers. "This class inherited the National Championship— their true test will be whether or not they can achieve another." The sophs confront a many-faceted challenge. Pressure comes primarily from their pride as athletes; but pressure from the old home town to make good,— plus the expectations of one's classmates and the recurring roommate needle

push the second year tyro toward a starting berth, despite his inexperience.

Rocky singled out a few of the sophomores who had most successfully made the transition to varsity attitude and capability. Offensive tackle Jim Riley was one. No one had heard of Jim at the beginning of spring ball, but, according to the one who should know: "he kept plugging away, and is now a starter."

Bleier also mentioned hard charging full-back Jeff Zimmerman, now with the second club, and powerful Bob Olsen, a 230 lb. linebacker who is presently learning the trade from the Messrs. Martin, Pergine and McGill. Vito Racannelli, who came as a highly touted linebacker and has not made the second club as an offensive guard, also made the Rock's list. Nor did he forget eclipse-causing Mike McCoy, a rather large defensive tackle. These are the individuals who kept pushing during the seemingly interminable drills and took jobs from more experienced upperclassmen. And there are more.

Rocky's brief reverie ended, as did the session. We went our way, and Sorin's cannisters girded themselves against the incipient descent of the thunder from the skies.

OBSERVER SPORTS

Only 11 Can Play

BY TOM FIGEL

Three years ago Ara Parseghian came to a school which had little more than a Golden Dome and a legacy of former football greatness. He began then to get what he wanted and this year what Ara Parseghian wanted three years ago takes the field. A freshman team which consistently bothered the 1964 almost-National Champion Irish is now a senior team bigger, stronger, and possessing all the finesse of a sure winner.

Led by Captain Rocky Bleier, the 6'1", 185 lb. halfback from Appleton, Wisconsin, the senior Irish look forward to a season more successful than that of the team they pushed around three years ago. On other and lesser teams they would have been veterans, returning as the backbone of a squad instead of aspiring to become its strength. Only eleven men can play at a time and some, though needed and able in pinches, have had to remain in the shadows.

But now Nick Eddy, Pete Duranko, Larry Conjar, Jim Lynch, the class of '67 are gone and the class of '68 is in the sun and ready to take over. Dave Martin, leader of the Irish defense, has played consistently in past seasons and is what some have called the smartest player in the college game. For two years, Dave has been where it's at 132 times—70 tackles in '65, 62 in '66. Against Southern Cal last year, he ran a pass interception back 33 yards for a part of the revenge score.

John Pergine, so aggressive he pushes on "Pull" doors, Tom Schoen, Jim Smithberger, and Tom O'Leary provide the '67 team with perhaps its most valuable asset. All are experienced and more than experienced,



DAVE MARTIN

enced, good. Against a variety of sparkling offenses and a variety of offensive patterns, the five accounted for 12 interceptions, three of them returned for touchdowns. Tom Schoen, in looks and ability the new Paul Hornung, represents a danger which Ara can only admire and the opposition can only avoid. His punt returns netted the Irish 253 yards and one touchdown last year. Never at home in a crowd, the independent Schoen frequently popped out and zig-zag towards running room and the end zone.

Joe Azarro, the Irish place kicker, has been consistently dependable in the past. In the '64 season as a sophomore, his field goal against Pitt prevented a complacent Notre Dame team from suffering an embarrassing defeat. Not so fortunate last year, Azarro missed a victory over Michigan State and eternal adulation by three feet.

The only thing that can really be said about Kevin Hardy, the 270 lb. returning member of the

defensive forward wall, is that he will be avoided. Hardy returns with a wealth of experience and a treasure chest of ability, ability not restricted only to football. A favorite in basketball and baseball as well as on the gridiron, Kevin is able to play this year because of a back injury suffered against Purdue in '65. The blessing is hard to disguise as his awesome past achievements attest—79 tackles last year and ulcers for ten quarterbacks.

A source of dependable ability in the past, the class of '68 returns with the polish of past bruises and the accomplishments of regulars on lesser teams. Some will ride the bench again as they have in the past but willingly knowing that Notre Dame must field its best and only eleven men can play. Three years ago Ara Parseghian got what he wanted and this year what he wanted, mature and capable, takes the No. 1 field. They intend to keep it.



JIM SEYMOUR

THE IRISH EYE And the Band Plays On



BY TOM FIGEL

The freshmen saw it Friday when the Blue Circle member pointed in its general direction and slipped "the Fieldhouse" into a conversation about hometowns and campus housing. The Fieldhouse looked quiet then. You could look in through its side door and see a hollow empty building with a dirt floor and filled with shadow. Its yellow walls support few vines and the birds seem to avoid its roof. Some schools have refused to bring their teams to play basketball on its court.

As a freshman, you heard about it again when you asked directions and the one you asked told you that the Huddle is just past it or to turn left and that would be Cavanaugh. For the first week, it was just there, indistinct, part of the entire blur in a mind new to Notre Dame. After the first pep rally it stood out like the Golden Dome.

Pep rallies begin with the band marching bold and brassy around the campus, followed by a growing swell of bolder and brassier fans. A meat squad in handsome meat squad T-shirts attempts to protect the band from the crowds but in the Fieldhouse during a pep rally everything is intimate and up for grabs. All hell is breaking loose when you get there and things will get worse. The room is full of noise, posters, popping flashbulbs, and more people than the room can hold—but it holds them and they love it.

You stand shoulder to shoulder, stretching your neck to see the cheerleaders running and waving along the balcony. The air is filled with rolls of streaming toilet paper, and the air is filled with a roar. Pyramids of students form and fall spasmodically; towards the front a student is flying up and down, tossed from a blanket.

The band picks up "We're No. 1, We're No. 1" and all the fingers in the world rise and fall with the steady rhythm. The team enters and Notre Dame knows its own with a cheer that never stops but only decreases for the remainder of the rally. At the mike, the students hear what they want and what they already know. "We're better, we'll kill them, we're No. 1." The speakers are cheered wildly from the time they clear their throats to the final "We're No. 1."

The mass of excited humanity makes promises. "Give us sixty minutes of cheering tomorrow and we'll give you sixty minutes of football." All right, all right, but please, please give us "Ara! Ara! Ara!" Ara steps finally to the mike and cannot speak because he must know first that Notre Dame loves him. He introduces the team and asks for support for the No. 1 team. The students cheer his every breath.

The band strikes up the Alma Mater and you become aware of the heat, the quiet, that the pep rally is ending. Notre Dame explodes out of the fieldhouse, ready to do battle and ready to win. Notre Dame is drained and the fieldhouse is forever distinctive.

Someone picks up the litter, the discarded signs and the rolls of paper. The shadows return and the corners hold the silence in black. The doors close on any empty dirt floor and the Fieldhouse once again looks big and empty. You walk by during the week and wish that it were full once more.