

THE OBSERVER

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AN OBSERVER EXCLUSIVE

Heagan - "Not Guilty" Suspension Stands

BY PAT COLLINS

In an exclusive interview with the Observer this week, Steve Heagan, former Scholastic art editor, told the story of his arrest on a charge of possessing marijuana. Heagan, who has been suspended from N.D. for one year, has accepted a post as art editor of the Observer.

Steve Heagan likes sweaters, motorcycles, and good art. He has long blond hair and a whispering smile. In the estimation of the experts, he is probably one of the finest artists ever to have attended Notre Dame.

Attended is the word. Last week Steve Heagan was suspended from Notre Dame because he had been arrested for selling marijuana, a maneuver based strictly on the "discretion" of Notre Dame hierarchy, namely Rev. James Riehle, the new Déan of Students.

Heagan, a 21-year-old native of Miami, Fla., was mysteriously arrested August 19th at his South Bend home, at 415 East Broadway, by an undercover state trooper who confiscated nearly five and a half pounds of green wild marijuana.

"I had just returned from a visit to my home," said Heagan, "and an acquaintance of mine asked me if I could get him some grass. I said that I didn't have any, and I thought it was kind of odd that he didn't get it himself, because he knew where it was. The stuff grows wild all over the place. I've even heard it grows on the campus at school."

"But I needed some rent money. And the guy said that he didn't have time to pick the grass and that there was this guy from Chicago who wanted to buy it. Then, I thought, who would come from Chicago to buy the lousy stuff down here, must be really stupid, because most of the grass around here is terrible.

Even though the bust was in the air, Heagan needed the rent money and so chopped the grass and stashed it in a laundry bag in his apartment.

"On the night my friend came up with this guy who was supposed to be from Chicago. I looked at him—he looked wasted. His eyes were sallow and his face was pale. I figured the guy was stoned or something.

"They knocked on the door. The price was set at \$30.00 but I asked for \$10.00 more. My friend asked the 'contact' from Chicago who turned out to be a State Trooper, for some more money, but he said all he had was \$8. I took that and then told them to wait until I went to the back apartment to get a paper bag...I needed my laundry bag for the wash."

While Heagan was out getting the other bag, another boy who lived in the house approached Heagan's friend and the state trooper. Heagan's neighbor pulled out a simulated police badge and told them to stick up their hands, that "this was a bust."

The trooper, officer Mike Bolin of the Indiana State Police didn't know what to make of it until Heagan's roommate began to laugh.

"When I went back to get the bag, the boy who set up the bust went downstairs, and the cop came into the back apt. which belonged to a friend of mine, pulled a gun and said,



STEVE HEAGAN

'You're under arrest, put your hands against the wall.' He was sweating and the gun trembled in his hand.

"He looked so nervous that I asked him to be careful and relax before he shot somebody. I could understand the gun if this was a big bust, but my God, this poor guy's been watching too many Jimmy Cagney movies."

By this time the house was surrounded by police, and two officers from the South Bend narcotics squad joined the trooper, Heagan and his friend in the hallway.

"I was handcuffed and asked to sit down while they gave my room a thorough going over."

"They emptied all my drawers, read some of my private correspondence and confiscated all the medicine and some vitamin C tablets (which I got from the Notre Dame infirmary. .). I had a cold last week, and it was terrible."

Police labeled the medicine and turned it in for chemical analysis. They transported Heagan down to the South Bend station house where he was advised of his rights and then questioned.

At the station house police read off a list of Notre Dame students and faculty members whom they suspect of participating in marijuana traffic and asked Heagan if he knew whether or not they had anything to do with narcotics. He answered that he didn't know.

"Once they had booked me they put me into a pint-size jail cell with four other guys. I was there for a dinner of spaghetti and jello. The food had come from the county jail; it was cold and the meat was bad. I asked the cop if we could get something else. I told him that I had

some money which they had confiscated and would he get me a hamburger. He said to eat the spaghetti and that would be all that I would get. Then the next morning they brought us coffee that tasted like urine and two rolls that were so hard that you could have thrown them at the bars and bent them.

After two days Heagan was released from the city jail on \$1,000 bond. About two weeks later he was told by his friends that the two officers who aided Bolin in the arrest had stopped by the house and apologized for the way they had gone about the arrest, but that Bolin was relatively new on the force and was inexperienced.

"I got a lawyer, and pleaded innocent because the marijuana which I had sold was green, uncut, undried, and it wouldn't have gotten anybody high even if they had eaten it."

Heagan's trial with the law is pending, but his standing as a student at Notre Dame came to an abrupt end several days after his arrest.

"I went to the office of the Dean of Students and talked to Fr. Riehle. I wanted to know how I stood. When I walked into his office I saw a copy of the South Bend Tribune on his desk. They had made it sound like a big bust, but the whole thing was built up out of proportion for publicity's sake I assume, which, by the way was mostly erroneous."

Riehle, who had said earlier he wanted to keep Heagan's case a private matter "especially since Heagan denies the charge." Earlier this week the Observer learned of the disciplinary decision, as did the Notre Dame chapter of the AAUP which plans to act on the University's decision.

Meanwhile Steve Heagan remains in South Bend waiting trial and the due process promised him at Notre Dame.

"(Arthur) Pears is out to get everybody with grass at Notre Dame."

Heagan hasn't changed much. He still likes sweaters, motorcycles and good art. But his smile becomes tarnished when he recounts the dreary hours in the Dean of Students office on that lonely day in August.

"Father Riehle said that I had to leave. He said that it had nothing to do with the publicity, but that he had decided that the offense was serious enough for a year's suspension.

"I asked him why. And I told him that I had pleaded innocent. That I had made a mistake, but I wanted a chance. He gave me no reasons. He said he had made up his mind."

Heagan, an art major with about a 2.85 cumulative average, has a clean disciplinary record at Notre Dame. At the end of last semester he was given a tenuous job offer with a major car manufacturer as an automotive designer pending his graduation.

He told Riehle that he had never sold marijuana or any other form of narcotics to local teenagers or students, and that his involvement on this particular occasion was only because of the fact that he was in desperate need of money.

"All I wanted to do was get back in school. I liked what I was doing. I was involved with the Scholastic, I liked doing the art work, and was tremendously interested in the Automotive design field."

O'Meara Staying!

Rev. John E. Walsh, C.S.C., vice president for academic affairs, has announced that Dean Joseph O'Meara will retain his position as head of the Notre Dame Law School for the coming year.

Homecoming Without Lines

Student Union President Mike Browning's Homecoming this year should be a little more reasonably administered than any big dance in the history of the Social Commission.

To begin with, there will be no lines. The United States Government has been contracted to deliver all bids and notices.

The Homecoming office must receive an application for the Homecoming Bid by this Saturday. A check for Ten Dollars must be included in the request, and it must be sent with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to box 427 Notre Dame. Both the notices to the Seven Hundred Winners, and the voided checks will be returned by mail as well, hopefully eliminating the traditional but rather uninteresting lines.

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Dean O'Meara had disclosed plans last February of an approaching retirement. However in a statement to the Committee appointed to recommend a new dean for the Law School, Dean O'Meara said, "I haven't resigned and don't intend to resign. I'm in better health than I've been in for some years."

In stating his objectives for the future he said, "My only concern now is that the vigor, the strength, and sound health of the Notre Dame Law School shall be preserved and its excellence increased to greater and greater heights of excellence."

O'Meara, who is 68, has headed the Notre Dame Law School since 1952. He is a graduate of Xavier University with a law degree from the University of Cincinnati.

An outstanding number of faculty changes took place over the summer. Over one hundred

and twenty five new men were added to the teaching staff.

Thirty professors are on a leave of absence for the coming year. Among this number were Fr. McDonagh, head of the Economics dept., who will be succeeded by acting chairman, Dr. Stephen Warland, Professor Frederick Crosson, chairman of the General Program, who is followed by Professor Michael Crowe acting chairman, and Professor Vincent P. DeSantis, head of the History Dept.

Also on sabbatical are Joseph Duffy, English, Donald Komers, Government, Gerhart Niemeyer, Government (1st sem.), and Donald Sniegowski, English.

There are more than seventy faculty members who have left Notre Dame. Among these are Rev. Earl Johnson, O.S.B., theology, and Vincent P. Tarella, English.

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JAY SCHWARTZ

ND Means BUSINESS



I MET MR. ERNIE Ferro the other day and he came off as a good man who was caught in what a third baseman would call a squeeze play. Ernie is the much maligned manager of the Huddle Ritz — an unobtrusive guy who has to follow a book of rules laid down by the powers that be in a facist business office.

Ernie is a hard worker and he runs a tight ship. But it seems that the men on top are getting itchy fingers. You see the Huddle has this problem that has put the University in an uproar. For the last five years they haven't changed their prices and yet their profit has staved the same.

Mr. Ernest Ferro and I talked in his office the other day and you knew he felt like a scapegoat. We talked about the price of meat and I found out Ernie gets good hamburger at sixty-cents a pound. And then the talk turned to cokes. Ferro is an honest man and he answered true.

WE FIGURED A dixie cup at one cent. I spotted him a penny for ice. Fourteen ounces of coke came to three more coppers. That made five and three to go. Stella or Marie or the gal that serves it gets about two cents per. And then we figured a penny per coke for upkeep. The building is free and the floor is what has to be swept. A paint job every five to seven years generally suffices. Drink up, but only halfway. (At this point) you're still drinking honest money. Yet by any man's arithmetic seven pennies are unaccounted for.

It seems when this university makes money, like its football team, it goes to the air. But when the pigskin is thrown, at least there is a secondary for the defense. Not so in the food game. Three to four thousand fourteen-ouncers are sold every day in the Huddle. Seven times 3,000 equals \$210. That's a day and that's straight profit and that's only \$150 a day more profit than last year and that's life. That's \$56,700 profit in nine months on cokes alone and that's only \$40,500 more dollars than they made in the previous nine fiscal months and that's ugly.

And then we talked some more. Ferro and I agreed that the Huddle is in business not only to make profit but also to provide aservice to the student body. I thought the scale had become a bit unbalanced to the tune of forty thousand shekels. Then we shook hands and I left feeling a bit empty about Ernie's plight. He's a good fellow and he's about to get tagged by both the catcher and the third bagger.

I talked to Tom Figel later and as we bought cokes the solution came. The girl shoved the cokes to us and we handed her two dimes. She looked annoyed and scratched for another silver. We shook our heads and said "no more money." She emptied the cokes into smaller cups and poured the rest down the drain. Ten cents profit and a lot of coke gone in a swish. And ten cents times 3,000 is a lot of money and a lot of coke.

Police Are Armed!

BY PHIL WEBRE

The campus security police have obtained pistols which are presumably to be used only in emergencies. During the near-riots in South Bend over the summer, the Office of the Dean of Students discovered that the South Bend Police Department did not consider the University within its jurisdiction.

This puts the University under the Sheriff's office. Since the University's dealings with both former sheriff Billy Locks and Sheriff Elmer Sokol have at times been unsatisfactory, the University felt it necessary to undertake measures of its own.

Arthur Pears, head of security, suggested and got approval for the arming of a few security guards. Since many of the guards have no police training or experience, use of pistols was to be restricted to a few trained men.

Originally, it was planned that the pistols would be kept in the Security Office and worn

if disturbances occurred. However officers have been seen patrolling the grounds armed when there was no visible sign of any disturbance.

When questioned about the arming, Sheriff Elmer Sokol deemed it a sensible precaution. He further stated that in his six years as security chief there had been about three times when he could have used guns, believing that the sight of them would

have served as a deterrent. Sheriff Sokol also maintained that it might help prevent robbers from stealing from the Treasurer's Office.

Primarily the measure seems part of a growing concern that riots whether by students or others might endanger the campus. One security office suggested that the guns might prevent rioters or "Communists" from "blowing up the University."

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THE OBSERVER

A Student Newspaper

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

PATRICK COLLINS

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 3, 1966

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

"That's Not A Fact"

Five is a shifty little number. There are five decades in the Rosary. Five players on a basketball team. Five sides to the Pentagon. Five senses. Five weeks from Easter to Pentecost. And let's not forget the five student finks who are supposed to act as University informers.

That's not a fact. But that's why it's here on the editorial page where we take the opportunity to talk of ideas and well-founded rumours. After all, a rumour about a student spy ring is nothing to choke over, especially after the new rule in the student manual concerning marijuana.

Students are not always bundles of sweetness and light, as they may appear before the eyes of their University professors. In fact, some students and professors dazed by "I Spy" or "The Invaders" may be enticed into a nice profitable fink network. That's not very nice at all.

Only last year, Lenny Joyce, Notre Dame's radical leader was turned into the Dean of Students as the Campus' foremost

retailer of drugs, pot, and other hallucinogenic pills.

According to Joyce, three Notre Dame students signed an affidavit to the affect that he was this campus' largest supplier. Then the three turned over their affidavit to Capt. Pears, head of Notre Dame security.

Later Joyce was contacted by Rev. Joseph Simons who questioned Joyce's connection with the pot traffic. But nothing conclusive was found except that Joyce did not sell pot, and that he didn't even have one in which to cook his meals.

The idea of having students tell tales in school could be unhealthy. We do have an honor system here, and, at last report, it was successfully irritating the guilt ridden minds of campus criminals.

It might even be reasonable if the Campus authorities would study problems before launching into a Gestapo crusade against them. But that would be a reasonable approach.

Service For Students?

People who have been forced to purchase their food at the Huddle or Caf have been wondering if perhaps the management mistook the Playtex Living Fieldhouse for some sort of Unisphere. Not since the New York World's Fair have so many been asked to pay so much for food of such inferior quality.

The nickel Cokes cost a dime now, and the dime Cokes cost fifteen cents. Both varieties are composed primarily of ice, thus assuring a cold but tasteless drink. Those who have had to drink Huddle Coke without ice (during the ice famines which invariably occur during heat waves) have reported that the ice is not wholly to blame. The mixture, it seems, just doesn't contain much syrup.

But the real specialty of the house is Huddleburgers. Combined with watery Huddle Coke and greasy Huddle french fries, they provide a real excursion into culinary vacuity. The Huddle was one of the pioneers of the put-more-bread-crumbs-into-the-hamburger school of cooking. Huddleburgers have now reached the point at which they should not be fried but toasted. These, along with the tasty soggy sandwiches served by the Caf, will cost a nickel more this year.

South Bend seems to think of itself as some sort of big-league town. You can't starve decently for less than twenty bucks a week. But at least when you pay your bill at Louie's, you

only figure you've been overcharged, not poisoned. It's one thing to be overcharged, but to be overcharged for crap is humiliating.

The upshot of the whole thing is to make the rest of the food services on campus look good by comparison. There might have been an outcry against Brother Gorch replacing the bottled pop in the Rathskellar with canned pop for a nickel more. It seems the good brother did not want to be bothered with the deposit bottles. But at least the cans are bigger than the bottles, and you can't get pop cheaper anywhere on campus.

Likewise, the library automat raised their milk prices, but they are giving a couple ounces more a carton. Meanwhile, business is carried on as usual in the Caf and Huddle. Only the prices have been changed to squeeze the students.

The hapless student can't really take his business elsewhere. It's a long and expensive way downtown. Meanwhile, somebody is making a lot of money at our expense, and it's certainly not the waitresses.

All this brings up some questions. Why are prices here, where the demand for food is large and constant, as high as in little diners that serve an uncertain trade? Why is a service provided largely for the students not run by the student union as it is in many other colleges? Is the University seeking to make a large profit by parlaying an isolated campus with South Bend's zoning laws? Is there a cure for Huddleburgers? Does God love us? Help!



FREE ENTERPRISE

THE REPORTER

The Bearded Radical



BY DENNIS GALLAGHER

It was Saturday night in the middle of Freshman Orientation. I was standing in front of the Huddle when I saw my friend, the Bearded Radical, approaching.

"Hi, baby," he said, handing me a white daisy. "Peace."

"And with your spirit," I murmured.

Just then a freshman walked up. He was apparently late and obviously confused concerning the whereabouts of one of the innumerable orientation meetings. He asked if either of us could tell him the way to Nieuwland Science Hall.

The Bearded Radical gave him a complicated but precise set of directions. If I followed him correctly, he was sending the kid off towards the Rockne Memorial. At this point, I intervened and finally sent the freshman off in the right direction. He looked more confused than ever.

"Why did you do that?" asked the B.R.

"All these Freshman Orientation meetings," the Bearded Radical began expansively, "contribute to the preservation of hot air. I mean these serious old guys get up and start that 'you-are-on-the-edge-of-a-great-journey' routine and even the kids have got to know they're being put on."

"If it weren't for three or four guys who teach here," he more or less shrieked, "I wouldn't even stay at this (omitted) school. They talk about fitting you for life but all they do is fill you with a lot of useless glop so you can sit around drinking gin with your little finger extended thinking you know something."

I asked him if he thought that education should be more idealistic or more practical.

"You know," he said, with a serious graduate-student glare forming behind his glazed eyes, "It doesn't matter what they do. If they teach them how to be idealistic, they'll want to kill people for their ideals. And then they'll find practical people who want to kill people because it's good business. Then they'll get together and wipe out a lot of people. The ideals are rotten and the machines are even more rotten."

After a short pause for applause, he went on.

"It's basic, man," he stated in flat authoritative tones. "When a system is based on killing people, all the lead-ins can only be lies. They're trying to hide that one basic thing way down the bottom.

We got to hold everybody else down so that we can lead our nice comfortable studious careers as doctors and lawyers. That's what they're telling them. 'If you start now, little freshmen, someday you too can help with some of the killing!'"

I had a vague feeling that I had lost him somewhere. Having some memories of the original topic, I asked whether he thought that Freshman Orientation should be abolished.

"That's not the point," he said, slipping back into more familiar verbiage of his pre-flower child days. "Of course, they're stupid and pointless. It's just a chance for a bunch of old men to get up and say how wonderful all the other old men are and how the little nothings can someday be wonderful old men themselves. But I don't want to stop them because it is their function to do stupid and pointless things. If they didn't, they wouldn't be the Enemy. And they are the Enemy."

I started to ask another question but he put his hand on my shoulder in a gesture of farewell.

"I got to go," he said. "We got this guy who's going to read to us from the SAYINGS OF CHAIRMAN MAO. Why don't you come by later on? We'll be going for a couple of hours. It'll be great."

"Yeah," I murmured numbly, raising a hand, "Peace."

THE OBSERVER

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Football, Alcohol, Sex or Riots

BY LENNY JOYCE

Che Guevara, who — like Marat — lives, has written that his life is guided by the ‘feeling of fulfilling the most sacred of duties: to fight against imperialism where ever it may be.’ In another context, a student member of the Free Speech Movement has commented upon ‘the commitment that is necessary to institute a reign of participating democracy in the university, in which the student has access to the decision-making processes controlling his life.’ Freedom from an oppressive system and freedom to develop to full human dimensions has been the ideological essence of this summer’s Black Rebellions in the city.

We know that the peoples of the Third World are deprived of power over the most elementary directions of their individual and collective destinies; denied control over their raw materials and thus the development of their nation; and imposed upon by the exploitation of foreign nations (more often than not the United States). ‘Blessed are those who suffer neo-colonialism, for theirs is the kingdom of earth.’ That is what revolution is all about: certain basic contradictions within a society finally escalate to such an intense level that those who suffer most become acutely conscious that their personal trials are inextricably connected with the political policies of their government.

For example, by the early 1950’s the peasants of Cuba were experiencing mass starvation while the oligarchy composed of Batista and the American sugar cane industrialists lived in blantant opulence. Given certain other important factors, such as a disciplined leadership group (July 22 Movement), the result is a revolution, which basically has nothing to do with this ‘International Communist Conspiracy.’

Alongside the rise of mass militancy which was experienced this summer, comes the solidification of Black people and leadership groups. Likewise there is an identification of American Blacks with darker peoples throughout the world. As masses of people, in America and elsewhere, begin to realize that the abundance of the U.S. is the very reason for their own misery (rather than color, caste position, or God’s will), they will have begun the first task toward liberation: they will have identified their enemy, the obstacle to their freedom.

Students in America, especially at Notre Dame are hardly materially oppressed. Nevertheless they are objects, and are being exploited. The activities of ASP and the Popular Front emphasized this condition of political powerlessness in an unuaually clear way. But there are other indications, for example a panty raid. At Notre Dame the institution of football, regardless of the sport’s obvious appeal or our team’s obvious skill, acts as a social-psychological outlet for all of the frustrations, murmurings, and discontents that the system of our university imposes on us

It is not at all strange for a pep rally to be closer to a sex orgy than to an athletic event, for sex after all is one of our frustrations. Remember: football in the fall, panty raid in the spring. But there are other less organized, less sanctioned modes of dissent. A panty raid is merely a social revolt too timid for success, too narrow for the pursuit of its own exciting implications, too spontaneous to develop the internal structures of discipline and persistence. A panty raid is like an adolescent’s first sex a pre-emptive orgasm which falls short of the mark, fails to penetrate to the core, and which ultimately messes things up. Afterwards, he is

exhausted, but the social context pulsates with the need for determined and direct action.

The raid may always spill over into a political revolt, which is why the administration gets so uptight; which is why the cops are called in with K-9 squad and tear gas.

A rebellion, if it is real, demands the mass internalized perception with related personal hang-ups to social mal-administration. After experiencing the first year of sexual deprivation and sonal incompetence: or if he is really perceptive the student must attempt to explain this frustration to himself. He has several alternatives: he may drown his frustrations in alcohol, masturbation, or football; he may admit sexual and personal incompetence; or if he is really perceptive he will realize that lack of serious female companionship is directly the result of administrative policy at Notre Dame and St. Mary’s

If he is organized and joins together with others he will then create a rebellion which will eventually force policy changes. There are other more important contradictions at this university: the rhetoric of college as a pilgrimage to truth co-existing with the chemical-biological research done here; the Defense and State Department contracts designed to explore new ways of exploiting small nations’ raw materials and suppressing their revolutions.

All administrators are paper tigers, more prone to the institutional freak-out than the benevolent trip. Their rule books, while hypocritically brandishing ‘the moral code’ (whatever that curious creature may be), offend our moral sensibilities. They appear invincible while they are only vindictive; they have more power than they humanly need, but less power than they need to defeat the student rebellion.

OBSERVER FEATURES

To The Neglected Great

In order to start the year in a generous and thoroughly Christian spirit, The Observer feels that it should honor the various achievements and achievers that have so far gone neglected by the cold and unappreciative world of mass media. We all (each and every one of us) know that everybody at some point in life deserves a-little-something-special for his efforts, even if it be only for breathing twice in a row without choking on his own saliva. And so, in a big-hearted and completely unashamed sort of a way we (gosh!) will now present our citations, prizes, gifts and the like to the unsung. Remember, even The Observer can have a heart.

—To George Romney, a man who can still run an amazing presidential race with both feet in his mouth: a pair of cleetless track shoes so he won’t cut his gums every time he tries to speak.

—To Ronald “The Gip” Reagan: Enough napalm to wipe out Berkeley, that nest of subversion, intellectualism, and education, and by doing so make the world safe for Gov. Reagan.

—To University Rule 7: the Martin Heidegger Metaphysics Medalion for catch-all ambiguity and confusing terminology.

—To the editors of the St. Mary’s Crux: a bronzed typewriter with only four letters (b,l,a, and h) for consistent mediocrity throughout last year and for expectations of more of the same this year.

—To Jane Fonda (the “Nancy Sinatra” of the acting world): a special collection of Doris Day’s unprinted movie-takes so that Jane can pick up a few helpful tips to improve her deep and serious acting.

—To Roger Vadim, french director: an engraved cashbox for managing to show more of Jane Fonda’s flesh than he did talent in his last film “The Game Is Over”.

—To the Egyptian Army: 400,000 wooden rifles so that they won’t have to surrender anything of value in their next war with Israel.

—To N.D.’s Admissions staff: A fold-leaf plaque reading “Plan Ahead”, for finding themselves with 160 extra frosh because they had not figured out the exact correlation between our team’s record on the gridiron and the number of sports loving frosh willing to enter Notre Dame to see a good football game.

—To Lyndon Baines Johnson: The winning ways of Alf Landon and the silver tongue of Harry Truman so he may find his way back into the heart of the american voting public, er, people.

—To Andy Warhol, pop cultist: a can of Campbell’s tomato soup for successfully producing non-art both in the realm of painting and cinematography (and successfully profiting from both).

—To Shirley Temple: George Murphy’s dancing shoes so she can continue her song—and—dance straight to Washington.

—To the writers for The Observer: The Hearst Lovingcup for conducting brinkmanship between taste and yellow journalism.

—With this last award we must close our little session having spread happiness and reward all around.



“JOYCE IN THE RACE”

— so ran the headline in the March 24, 1966 VOICE, (The OBSERVER’s predecessor.) The manifesto above is Lenny after a year of mellow, Confucian consideration. The Student Body Presidency eluded him, but controversy did not then, and does not now.

— The above may not be construed as the editorial position of the OBSERVER. It is simply the view of a campus personality, and rebuttals from other sources are welcome and encouraged.

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The Mail

Dear Editor:

Your lead article on the arrest of Scholastic art editor Stephen Heagan Jr. (The Observer, September 18, 1967) is an unjustified attack on the person of Mr. Heagan and a violation of his civil rights.

Your 6"x7" front page reproduction of a painting found by police in Heagan's apartment and described by you as "THIS GIANT ABSTRACTION — of a bleeding eye" is categorically irrelevant to the content of the article. The display of this seemingly grotesque painting can only be construed as intended by you to prejudice to reader against Mr. Heagan. That attack is clearly unjustified.

You furthermore deny Mr. Heagan's Constitutional right to be presumed innocent until proven guilty by your low standards of headlining and copy writing.

Your five-column banner headline, "S.B. POLICE ARREST SCHOLASTIC EDITOR ON POT VIOLATION," besides being visually out of proportion to the event's significance, also condemns Mr. Heagan by its sheer sensationalism before the article is even read.

The text of the article is written with the implicit assumption that Mr. Heagan is a convicted criminal instead of a citizen under arrest. Sixty-nine lines of newsprint are devoted to a detailed account of how the state and local police zeroed in on their man (ala Elliot Ness), to statements by police as to how Heagan allegedly processed the raw marijuana, and to the scope of Heagan's alleged operation ("a major distributor" in St. Joseph County). We assert that the length, detail, and wording of this account treat Heagan as if he were actually guilty of breaking the Marijuana Act, a judgement more properly reserved for the Superior Court of St. Joseph County.

These violations represent a low form of yellow journalism and a flagrant abuse of Stephen Heagan's rights. We demand the Observer amend its account of the case, and further, that it make formal apology to Mr. Heagan and to the rest of its reading public for the deceit it has perpetrated.

Y.C.S. (Young Christian Students)

To the Editor:

There are reasons to regret that some of the campus security force now carry pistols, cartridges, and handcuffs on duty. At present there is no appreciable evidence that our students bear them any ill will. They are watchmen, not policemen; congenial if not energetic. The most aggravated indignity they seem to suffer is the repeated and disobedient delinquency of frisbie players. During awful moments of stress — panty raids or water fights — they discreetly fade from view, thus combining tact with congeniality. None of them has ever been violently treated, nor has it been ex-

plained why this might be expected.

One can imagine several possible results of the University's present indiscretion. On some dark November night the students might jump the armed officer as a joke, and the weapon will follow the blue flashing light of last year into oblivion. Or in some moment of impatience the officer will use his pistol to bluff disorderly students into disobedience — a frightening sort of bluff. Or he may lose his temper and his nerve and shoot someone. Our campus is, all things considered, among the most peaceful and orderly in the country. It would not do for the University to lose its patience and alienate the students by relying on threat of force, rather than on congeniality and tact.

James Burtchaell, C.S.C.

Dear Mr. Brady:

I read with interest your article "Modern University Inherits a Dead Past". Being a Freshman, I had quite a shock when I read that our traditions had died, and just as I was arriving. I was reminded of when I heard that God had died, too, after an eternity of life, just as I came on the scene.

Mr. Brady, you may have forgotten why you chose to come to Notre Dame. But being a

Freshman, I haven't.

I was accepted at four colleges: Boston College, St. John Fisher, St. Bonaventure, and Notre Dame. I had the choice of a good, Catholic education at any of these schools, but I chose to go to Notre Dame.

I turned them down, Mr. Brady. And it wasn't because my father went to Notre Dame as many here. My parents were educated in Boston. No, Mr. Brady I chose Notre Dame because I didn't want to walk down the main steps of the administration building, because I wanted to study in the shadow of the Golden Dome, because I wanted to go to the school that gave one for the Gipper, and I wanted for the rest of my life to be able to say, "I Was a Notre Dame Man."

You should remember, Mr. Brady, that many of us young Freshman are at an impressionable age. We are in many cases prone to think it terribly clever to be cynical of traditions, to tear down certain aspects of our religious or school traditions. I am sure that this is not your motivation, Mr. Brady, but remember that you are looked up to as a mature guiding force by many young Freshman. Please, in the future, make sure you are being a good influence.

Michael Peterson
329 Farley

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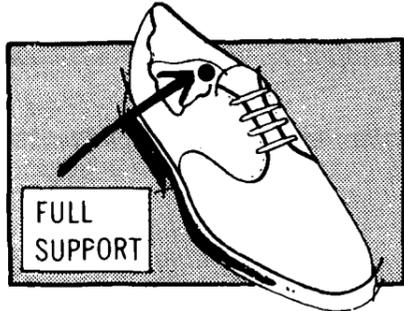
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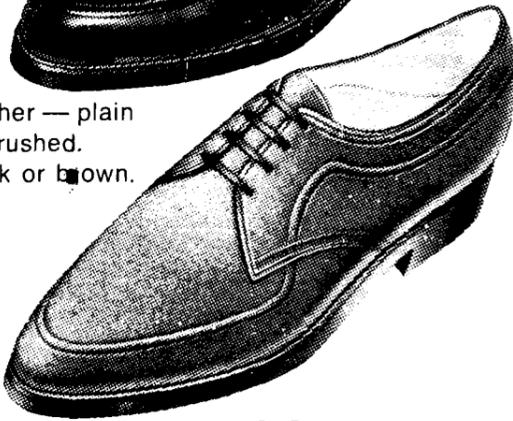
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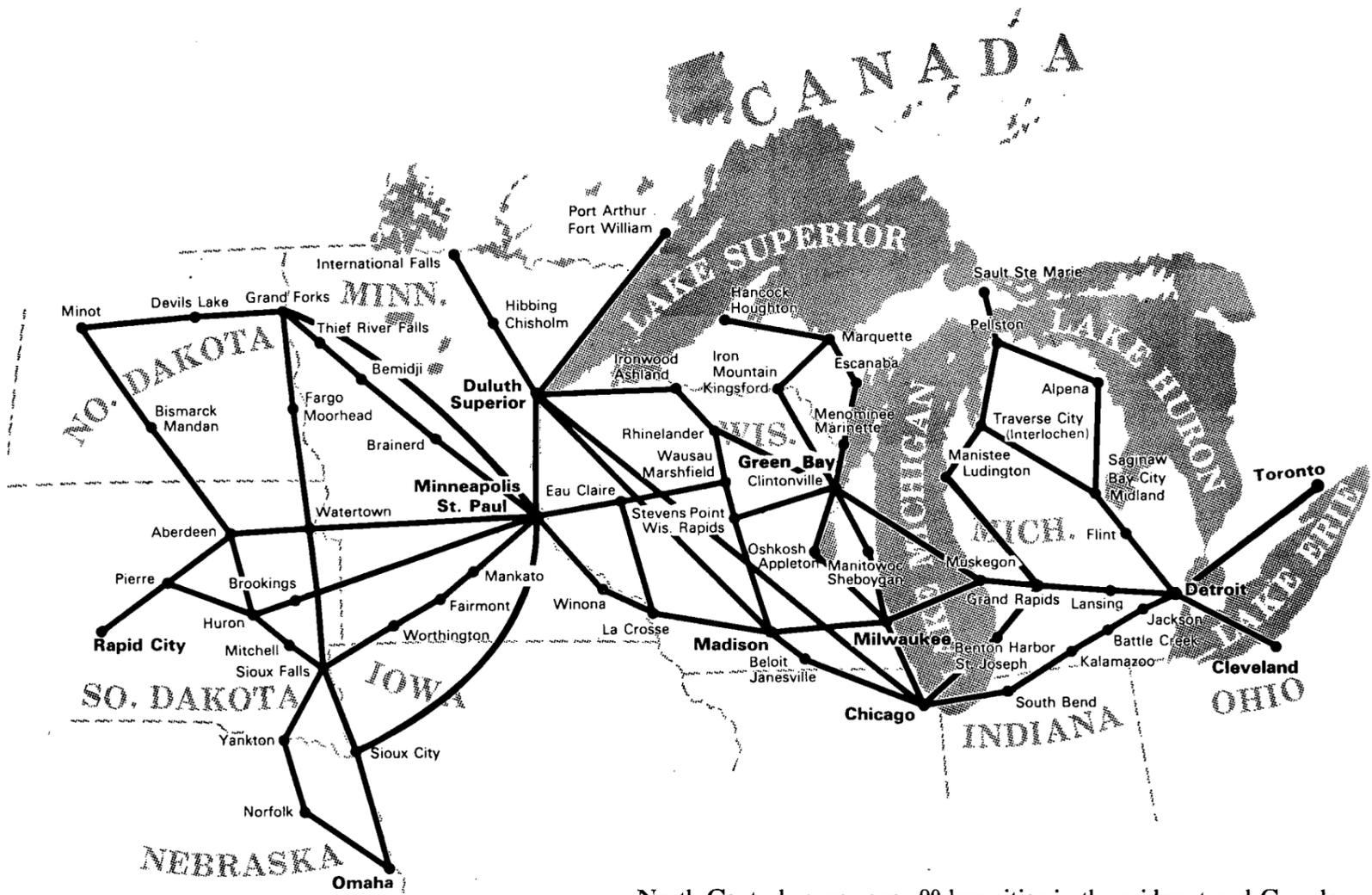


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34-67

Hurd Takes The Field

BY TOM CONDON

Bill Hurd, perhaps Notre Dame's closest allusion to the concept of 'medieval man', is playing football. And Bill, as he appears to do in just about everything, is doing quite well.

Hurd came to Notre Dame as a highly touted track man. He had run a 9.3 second hundred yard dash (outdoor) in high school. Also, he is extremely accomplished on the alto sax and the flute. He plays, incidently, all the reed instruments, the sax and flute are merely his specialties. Further, he is an excellent student, making the Dean's List during his freshman year as a Math major, and missing by a mere fraction last year in Electrical Engineering.

Hurd has proved himself on the track. He has run several 5.9 second sixty yard dashes, and repeated his stellar 9.3 hundred. But his chief goal as an athlete was the Olympics, and the quest of a medal in that highest of athletic contests kept him off the gridiron. To discover why he has changed his mind and donned the pads, I talked with Bill the other night in Alumni Hall.

"I have always wanted to play football," began the articulate native of Memphis, "but my high school track coach thought it inadvisable. When I came to Notre Dame, I never expected to play football. But, when I felt the excitement in the stands, the temptation was so great and I wanted to give it a try. So when

the coach asked me to come out, I did. It is, after all, a great conditioner for track, and should increase my overall strength."

Hurd, until last Monday, was a split end with the second club, but has since been moved to the flanker position where he is right behind Paul Snow.

Bill, the realization of a latent desire most of us have to leap from the stands to play for our old alma mater, Notre Dame, was asked about the transition. "It was difficult getting adjusted to the contact work, but with the encouragement of the coaches and fellow split ends, Jim Seymour and Paul Snow, things are progressing to my satisfaction. Also, I could not have picked a better time or place to be-



gin playing football. With an inside view, I am greatly impressed with the real ND spirit of the club and especially Coach Parseghian's ability to evoke spirit from the players. It is a wonderful thing to be a part of, and it

is something all the students can partake of."

Hurd is not, however, of the starry-eyed ilk. He is sensitive about his work and his position; he'd like to see more negroes on the team representing their school. And he worries about football cramping his study time (he slipped to a 3.2 last semester!).

Furthermore, his chief athletic goal remains the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City. "The Olympic Trials are in February and I hope to be there." The smart money is on his putting in a good appearance. There is a precedent for all of this—Rockne lured a track man to his team years ago, and George did reasonably well.

OBSERVER SPORTS

Frosh Take The Field

BY TERRY O'NEIL

Thirty-one of America's finest and most highly-sought football players checked in with their 1599 other freshman counterparts Friday.

Head frosh coach Wally Moore wasted no time as he sent his full and partial scholarship winners through two drills Saturday, including a "dummy scrimmage."

The remainder of this season's frosh eleven will be composed of boys whose tuition is not being subsidized by the University. A large turnout met with Moore and assistant coach John Murphy Monday evening in Rockne Memorial on the first day of tryouts.

Although a sleeper or two is likely to be found among the non-scholarship winners, most of the load will be carried by the prized 31.

They come from all parts of the nation and 16 different states, another tribute to the recruiting of a widely-scattered alumni. Ohio heads the list with six candidates, followed by Illi-



nois, Pennsylvania and Washington with three each.

Tallest of the group are a local favorite, tight end Craig

Stark of South Bend's St. Joseph High School, and John Zilly of Narragansett, R. I. Both are 6-5. Smallest is 5-10 fullback Denny Allan of Ashtabula, Ohio.

Heaviest is 6-2, 260-pound tackle Tony Falsetta of Mt. Pleasant, Mich. Lightweight honors go to 160-pound Chuck Nightingale of Valparaiso, Ind.

Ten of the 31 are interior linemen — one center, two guards and seven tackles. They average 6-2 and 240 pounds. The six ends average 6-2½, 210 pounds. The 15 backs carry norms of 6-0½ and 188 pounds.

Overall, the 31 frosh average 6-1¼, 206 pounds.

Moore is undefeated as a collegiate coach after posting a 2-0 mark last year in his first season with the frosh. He directed the Little Irish to a 29-0 whitewash of Pittsburg and a 30-27 victory over Michigan State.



THE SCENE ON SATURDAY

The Polish Eye

A Cataract



BY TOM FIGEL

If you think Ara Parseghian's stormy decision not to pass in the closing seconds of last year's Michigan State game was a tough one to make, consider the plight of Robert Cahill, class of '34, Notre Dame Ticket Manager. Beside the problem Mr. Cahill faced and surmounted last summer, President Johnson's decision to bomb on China's borders seems like a random guess, a flip-of-the-wrist choice. Truman's approval of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki seems a mere heads-tails and so-to-bed proposition.

Last summer Robert Cahill had to make a decision whose consequences rivaled the storming of the Bastille or the charge up San Juan Hill. Last summer Robert Cahill decided who of the 18,000 contributing alumni would obtain the 10,000 Michigan State tickets allotted for their purpose.

"The problem," Mr. Cahill says, "is that in the 1950's, Notre Dame only had about 17,000 alumni — total. Now we've got 18,000 contributing alumni out of a 40,000 total. Each year 1500 become alumni and the attrition is nowhere close to that figure."

The house that Rock built only holds 59,075, with a few peanut vendors and professional traffic cops thrown in. Adequate in Rock's day for the teams which built and filled it, Notre Dame's stadium is no longer adequate for the throngs which seek admittance. Money can't buy what doesn't exist and extra seats in the Notre Dame football stadium don't exist this year.

For the first time in its history, the ticket office was not able to sell tickets on an individual game basis. Season ticket sales froze at the 1966 level and those who last year held season tickets could purchase no more. There were not enough spaces available to satisfy the University's priorities — faculty, students, alumni, and parents of students — let alone the University's friends. This year the subway alumni will watch TV and listen to the radio; he can't possibly be where it's at because where it's at has no room.

The problem, one of not so simple supply and demand, came to a head with the Michigan State game. The ticket office decided on a lottery, with Fr. Joyce, Executive Vice President of the University, picking the first lucky purchaser's check from a barrel before the popping flashbulbs of the national press. Mr. Cahill's office sent cards headed "Special Information For the Michigan State Game" to the 18,000 contributing alumni in June.

Each alumnus could request only two seats. Lottery winners would not be notified; they would receive no returned check. Even now some do not feel safe.

As Notre Dame grows, the stadium shrinks. Ara Parseghian could nip Challenge III in the bud with a national Championship in '67. A second Championship in '68 could fill every classroom with an atheist and Brownson Hall with co-eds.

Tuesday Robert Cahill looked across his desk and found a dubious good in the long hot summer. "All I can say is that I'll never have to worry about anyone wanting my job." That would be like the Little Old Woman adopting a son. The house that Rock built is a small house and the family is much too large, as large as Robert Cahill's 1967 headache.