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 Notre Dame 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 whining 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 "disccretion" of Notre Dame hierarchy, namely Rev. James Riehle, the new Dean 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 bleeds in his hand."

"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 just to buy the lousy stuff down here, must be really stupid, because most of the grass around here is terrible.

"I went back in the house, 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, "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 should 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 bow 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 treated about the arrest. The bust 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 "bust." 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) Pearse 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 I had nothing to do with the publicity...but that he 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."

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 tenacious job offer with a major car manufacturer as an automobile designer pending his graduation.

"Father Riehle told me 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 I 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 Room 121.

Winners, and the voided checks, will be returned by mail as well.

DEAN O'MEARA

Dean O'Meara had disclosed plans last February as 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 have not 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 even 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 Dr. Stephen Warland, Professor Frederick Crosson, chairman of the General Program, who is succeeded by Professor Michael Crowe acting chairman, and Professor Vincent P. DeBianchi, head of the History Dept.

Also on sabbatical are Joseph Duffy, English, Donald Kommer, Government, Gerhard Niemeier, Government ( Ist sem.), and Donald Sniegoski, English.

There are more than seventy faculty members who have left Notre Dame. Among these are Rev. Earl Johnson, O.S.B., and Fr. McDonagh, head of the History Dept.

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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 fascist 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.

Mr. Ernest Ferro and I talked in his office the other day and you know 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 copper-pennies. 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 their profit has doubled the previous nine fiscal months and that's life. That's only $150 a day more profit than last year and that's $56,700 profit in nine months on cokes alone and that's only $210. That's a day and that's life. That's high. It's a lot of money and a lot of coke.

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 a meal, and we 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 baseman.

I talked to Tom Figel later and as we bought cokes the discussion came. The girl shoved the cokes to us and we handed her two dimes. She looked annoyed and scratched for another. 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 swirl. And ten cents times three,000 is a lot of money and a lot of coke.

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LOUIE'S HAM SANDWICH — A MEAL IN ITSELF

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 breaking into 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 men might prevent rioters or "Communists" from "blowing up the University."

Tickets $18.00
(price includes game ticket)

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ND Means BUSINESS

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-riot 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 Peers, 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

They command attention...handsome...hand stitched front seams...the casauls...the hefty look...the hefty look you'll see up front in casuals everywhere this season.

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Ticket Sales:
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"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 University informers. Five senses. Five weeks from Easter. Five is a shifty little number. There are five students 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 statements. 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 film 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 irritated 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 misconstrued the "baytex Living House for some sort of University. Not since the New York World's Fair have so many been asked to pay so much for their food at the Huddle or Caf.

"The nickel Coke costs a dime now, and the Coke Dines 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 supply crises which they should not be fried but toasted."

"Even the cans are even more rotten. "Why are they telling them, 'If you start now, little freshmen, someday you too can help with some of the projects?' "Of course, they're stupid and pointless things. They're trying to hide that one basic thing down the bottom. They can't hold everybody else down so that we can get 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 projects."

"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 company. "We got to hold everybody else down so that we can get 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 projects."

"It wasn't for three or four years 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 gosp 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 you 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 ideots are rotten and the machines are even more rotten."

"You can't starve depression," 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 down the bottom. We got to hold everybody else down so that we can get 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 projects."

"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."
Football, Alcohol, Sex or Riots

By Lenny Joyce

The Guevara, who — like Marat — lives, has written that his life is guided by the ‘feeling of fulfilling the mass duties of duties: to fight against imperialism wherever 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; deprived of power over the most elementary necessities; denied control over their raw materials and exploited 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 hypothetically branding “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.

— To University Rule 7: The Marathons. Medallion for catch-all ambiguity and confusing terminology.
— To the editors of the St. Mary’s Crux: a Bronzed typerwriter with only four letters (b,l,a,h) for consistent page layout 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.

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 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 emphasizes this condition of political powerlessness in an unusually 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, murmurations, and frustrations that the system of our university imposes upon 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 outlet and a reversal of 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 pulses with the need for determined and direct action.

The raid may always spell 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 human and 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 plagiarism to truth exists with the chemical­­biological 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 hypothetically branding “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.

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.
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 lead "X's" front page reproduction of a painting found by police in Heagan's apartment and described by you as "THIS GUY'S REACTION... 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 reader against Mr. Heagan. That attack is clearly unjustified.

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 event's significance, also treated, nor has it been extended account of how the state disposed of this case. During awful moments 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 University's best female singer performing today." -Time

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Michael Peterson 129 Farley
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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, does quite well. Hurd came to Notre Dame as a slightly tortured 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 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 9.2 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 athlete. 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 Morgantown, "for my high school track coach thought it undesirable. 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, indeed, to give it a try. So when the coach asked me to come out, I did. It is, after all, a great condition for track, and should increase my overall strength." Hurd, until last Monday, was a sprinter and 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 keep 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 a varsity player."

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 Illinois. The remainder of this state's eleven will be composed of boys whose tuition is not being subsidized by the University. A large turnout met with Moore wasted no time as he sent their 1599 other freshman counterparts Friday.

Although a sleeper or two is ever present 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 '54, Notre Dame Ticket Manager. 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 Mt. chigan State tickets allotted for their purpose.

"The problem,' Mr. Cahill says, 'is that in the 1950's, Notre Dame had only 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. In Rock's day for the teams which built and filled Notre Dame's stadium is no longer adequate for the throngs which seek admission. Money can't buy what doesn't exist and extra seats in the Notre Dame football stadium don't exist this year.

The problem, one of not too 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 lucky千方百计'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 alumni 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 anthem and Brownson Hall with coeds.

THE SCENE ON SATURDAY

THE POLISH EYE

BY TOM FUEG

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 '54, Notre Dame Ticket Manager. To 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.

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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.