Steve 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 speaking voice. 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 banned strictly on the "discretion" 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 half a pound 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 from N.D. for one year, has accepted a

post as art editor of the Observer.

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 watched 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 South Bend pharmacy). 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-sized 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 been 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 sided Bolin in the arrest had stopped by the house and apologized for the way they had gone about the bust. The arrests were relatively new on the force and was inexperienced.

"I got a lawyer, and pleaded innocent because the marijuana which I had sold was green, uncle, undried, and it wouldn't have gotten anybody high even if they had smoked 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) 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 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 tenacious 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, but 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 Scholastica, I liked doing the art work, and was tremendously interested in the Automotive design field."
Rev. John E. Walsh, C.S.C., vice president for academic affairs, has announced that Dean Patrick O'Meara has resigned his position as head of the Notre Dame Law School for the coming year.

O'Meara Staying!

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."

Also on sabatical are Joseph Duffy, English, Donald Kommers, Government, Gerhart Niemeyer, Government (1st sem.), and Donald Stangelovski, English, 

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 notice 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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The new Plymouth Road Runner now at your Plymouth Dealer's where the beat goes on.
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 sticky 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. Ernie 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 service to the student body. I thought the scale had become a bit unbalanced to the tune of forty thousand dollars. 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 baseman.

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.

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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 men might prevent rioters or "Communists" from "blowing up the University."
"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 Pentecost. Only 5 cents for a Coca-Cola. 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-meaning aims. Five senses. Five weeks from Easter to Pentecost.

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 'daytex Living Fieldhouse for some sort of Unisphere. No since the New York World's Fair so many been asked to pay so much for food of such inferior quality.

The nickel Coke cost a dime now, and the dime Cokes cost fifteen cents. Both varieties are composed primarily of ice, thus assuring a least the cans are bigger than the bottles, and the nickel Coke costs a dime 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 cheaper anywhere on campus.

Likewise, the library automatrons raised their milk prices, but they are giving a couple ounces more for the buck. The nickel Coke costs a dime now, and the dime Cokes cost fifteen cents. Both varieties are composed primarily of ice, thus assuring a least the cans are bigger than the bottles, and you can't get cheaper anywhere on campus.

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.

Only last year, Lenny Joyce, Notre Dame's radical leader was turned into the student fink who was supposed to act as the Campus' foremost retailer of drugs, pot, and other hallucinogenic pills.

According to Joyce, three Notre Dame students signed an affidavit to the effect 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.

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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 most sacred of duties: to fight against imperialism wherever 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 Rebels 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 escalet 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 blatant 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 being exploited. The activities of ASP and the Popular Front emphasized 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, murmuring, and discontent that the system of our universities imposes on us.

It is not all at 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 pre-emprise orgasm which falls short of the mark, falls to private 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 social 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 change as a pilgrimage to truth co-existing with the chemical-biological research done here; the futility 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 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.

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 Heidigger Metaphysics Medalion for catch-all ambiguity and confusing terminology.

To the editors of the St. Mary's Cax: A bronzed typewriter with one of four letters (h,l,a,b) for consistency in the yearbook. That is the only way the paper will have a future that 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-out leaflet reading "Plan Ahead!" for finding the others with 16 extra tricks because they hadn't figured out the exact correlation between our team's record on the gridiron and the number of sports loving freshmen willing to enter Notre Dame to see a good football game.

To A.P. Staines 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. Internal struggle at the pop-cultist: a can of Campbell's tomato soup for successfully producing non-art both in the realm of painting and cinema atrophy (and successfully profiteering from it."

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

To the writers for The Observer: The Hearst Looting syndicate 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.
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 Gippers, 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

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 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 frisky 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 excised.

Y.C.S. (Young Christian Students)

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.

The “X’s”-“O’s” front page reproduction of a painting found by police in Heagan’s apartment and described by you as “THIS GIANT ABSTRACIZATION” — 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 a 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.F. POLICE ARREST SCHOLASTIC EDITOR ON POT VIOLATION,” besides being visually out of proportion to the event’s significance, also condemns Mr. Heagan by his 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 new print are devoted to a detailed account of how the state and local police zeroed in on he man (ala Elliot Ness), to statements by police as to how Heagan allegedly processed the marijuana, and to the scope of Heagan’s alleged operation — a major distributor in St. Joseph County. We assert that he length, detail, and wording of this account treat Heagan as if he were actually guilty of wrecking, the Marijuana Act, a judgment 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 at it has perpetrated.

Y.C.S. (Young Christian Students)
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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 slightly 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, incidentally, all the reed instruments, the sax and flute are merely his specialties. Further, he is an excel lent 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 arenas. 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 Mem phis, "but 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, 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 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 couch and fellow split ends, Jim Sey mour and Paul Snow, things are progressing to my satisfaction. Also, I could not have picked a better time or place to be.

BY TERRY O'NEIL

THE SCENE ON SATURDAY

September 21, 1967

Hurd Takes The Field

SPORTS

The Polish Eye

A Cataract