Hoods Jump 2 Sophomores At Gunpoint

Two Notre Dame Sophomores were beaten at gunpoint Monday night at the corner of LaSalle and Michigan avenues in South Bend, police said. Bill Meyer, 19, from Long Island, New York and Ernie Balonis, 19, from Pittsburg, Pa., told police that they were standing on the corner across from the LaSalle Hotel hitchhiking when a car carrying four white men stopped at the edge of the curb.

"One of them got out of the car," said Meyer, "and came running toward us yelling 'do you want me.' Then he hit me in the jaw.

"A couple minutes later, another car carrying three more men stopped and two of them got out and started beating up on Ernie and myself. One knocked Ernie to the ground while the other stomped on his head.

"I heard Ernie yell 'my eye, my eye' and started to go to help him when the driver of the second car pointed a pistol at me and said 'don't move just stand there and watch.'"

"Cars continued to travel down LaSalle street despite the fight," said Meyer. "Here was this guy punching on Ernie's head in the middle of the street and all people did was drive around him."

After several minutes the guy whole football team to take those guys," he said, with the gun shouted to his friends that the cops were coming and they fled down LaSalle Street.

Police escorted Balonis and Meyer back to the University for medical treatment where Meyer was sent to St. Joseph's Hospital and given seven stitches in the right side of his jaw. Meyer has also lost all movement in his lower jaw.

Meyer said today that Police are relatively certain of the gang's identity. "They told me that it would have taken the meanwhile, Indiana State troopers are investigating last Friday night's fight involving members of the Notre Dame track team. According to reports, several track members were running in the vicinity of Route 31 when youths jumped out of their car and attacked them. One of the youths brandished a tire iron.

Murphy To Ask Hesburgh For 95 Cars

Next Monday, Student Body President Chris Murphy will present a proposal to Father Hesburgh calling for an increase in the number of organizational cars to be authorized.

Murphy will make the proposal as he and Father Hesburgh travel by plane to New York to address a SUMMA fund raising banquet. Student Government had planned to release the story Monday after the proposal had been made. However, a source outside Student Government learned of the plan and transmitted the news to all student publications.

Last year's Student Organizations Commissioner, Tom Kistlis, tried to increase the number of organizational cars. He argued that there was a need for more contact with the "outside world" now that students had become increasingly active in the running of the University and in providing services to the non-campus society.

He drew up a plan for fifty-six organizational cars to be used this school year. Father Simons, then Dean of Students, approved the plan. Thus, the fifty-six were notified that they would be permitted to bring back cars.

However, when this year's Organizations Commissioner, John Exline, presented the list to Arthur Pears, Head of Security, he was informed that Father Riehle's permission would be needed. Father Riehle said that thirty-five was the limit and there was no change.

Thus, there are now some fifteen to twenty students who possess cars in violation of University restrictions through no fault of their own. It is hoped that the proposed liberalization of the organizational car rule will enable them to keep these cars which are, in Exline's words, "important to the carrying out of the activities of the organizations."

Under the present system, most of the large student organizations are permitted to have only one car. This includes WSND, the Scholastic and Observer. The junior and senior classes are allotted two but many of the smaller area clubs do not have any.
Burkholder Loses Suit

A U.S. District Court Jury last Thursday returned a verdict in favor of the University of Notre Dame in companion suits arising from a left eye injury to M. Reagan Burkholder during an impromptu fencing match in 1963.

Reagan, now a reporter for the Neenah, Wisconsin newspaper, is a 1966 graduate of Notre Dame and a former WSNF Station manager. He claimed in his suit that the University had been negligent in permitting the foils to be kept on the wall of a student's room in Breen-Philips Hall and further contended that "friendly" fencing matches of this kind had not been uncommon at that time.

The jury however found that Reagan had been guilty of "contributory negligence" by participating in the match, and under Indiana statute, if a litigant can be shown to have contributed to an accident, the other party need not prove its innocence but escapes all injury arising from the suit.

His father had sued also to recover medical expenses of $160 and the loss of a NROTC scholarship valued at $6,390 which was lost as a result of the eye damage. Reagan's suit had been for fifty thousand dollars.
Dove Tale

The senator from Oregon came to Notre Dame last Monday night and in a carefully scripted speech told a college throng what they wanted to hear. In the course of his extended invocation he managed to castigate President Johnson, laugh with Everett Dink- s, and boost Mark Hatfield's political stock. It really was a feast.

The auditorium of the Memorial and the scene of a once long ago coffee hour were crammed to the gills. It was the type of event that didn't have the room to look for an ash tray and really didn't want to. It seemed like a strong wind had gathered the campus up and thrown everyone midst mosh together after sprinkling an aroma of sweat and smoke.

There were faces everywhere, some in sweatshirts and jeans and others in impeccable suits and regimental ties, but together all hanging limb by limb on the spirited words of an attractive politician from the timberlands of the Far West. And he would keep them that way for the next 45 minutes. Actually he was a pretty stock speech for an experienced pol. Be funny, then hit the other side and proceed to offer the viable alternative, firmly and at length. Close by telling them of their challenge and then proceed, unfurled, to the next town or whistle stop.

Yet Hatfield had a little guts in the middle and guts to our present breed of aspiring academicians is a white bird that only flies toward the South. And a good bird she is the dove. Quite simply he says "we want to do is present viable alternatives to our country's involvement in Vietnam . The final argument against ignoring discussion on this problem is that it is cowardly, a specific refusal to accept moral responsibility."

Peace Table Approved For War Objectors

A draft counselling service will be provided for the students in the North Dining Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday nights of this week. The facility was organized by Ned Buchbinder, and Randy Fasnacht under the Notre Dame Peace Fellowship, and it is the first such service available at Notre Dame.

The counselling will consist of a table at which the students can obtain literature on Conscientious Objection and on the Draft Law. Also available will be information on where the students can obtain more extensive draft information.

"We are not going to sell anything," said Buchbinder, "What we want to do is present viable alternatives to military service for a citizen of this country."

Buchbinder denied that anti-war literature will be handed out at the table. "The question of the draft is not directly connected to our country's involvement in Vietnam," he said. "They are separate issues and should be treated as such."

According to Buchbinder student councillors will be versed in the draft law, and are able to provide competent advice.

The table is intended to be a preface to a permanent draft counselling service at Notre Dame.

Walsh Says Pass-Fail Possibility

John E. Walsh, vice-president for academic affairs, said Notre Dame students can obtain information on pass-fail system comparable to student-faculty proposals for a pass/fail system.

Father feels that "Notre Dame is a place that should be experimental. One of the chief reasons for maintaining a private institution is the capability for experimentation."

Walsh said he has yet to make up his own mind on the system, and because of the many angles involved, would want to see a specific plan before committing himself.

He described the newly-formed faculty senate as the means to present the pass/fail system rolling. The date of the first session will depend on such variables as Father Hesburgh's scheduale, the SUMMA project and plans for the observance of the University's 125th anniversary. Resting the burden of initiating on the shoulders of pass/fail pushers among the student body, Father Walsh suggested they talk to faculty delegates as soon as they are elected and request that the proposal be brought to the floor of the senate this fall. The usual red-tape bound committee work would send pass/fail first to a senate committee before the actual voting on the floor.

A pioneer group of 17 professors and 55 students are giving pass/fail plans a pilot test on St. Mary's College. Included are 21 courses in languages, physics, and chemistry.

Richard J. Sullivan, director of academic records and assistant to University Registrar Leo J. Corbaci, said no official University investigation has been conducted regarding pass/fail.
Tell It Like It Is

With Student Senate elections less than a week away, it might be timely to examine an "integrity check" on our campus politicians.

The best place to begin is behind the creaky old door of the Dean of Student's office. The Dean, Rev. James Riehle, C.S.C., maintains that all disciplinary records of all students should remain confidential.

That is an admirable policy, but somehow disciplinary actions are suspect by their very nature. And a campus policeman is something special. He's elected. He's representative. He is not always clean.

Anyone who is willing to accept the responsibility of representation should also forfeit the right to privacy, so that those people responsible for the politician are also sure of that politician.

A helpful device for curbing a bad government security risk would be a statement of disciplinary disposition by the Dean of Students which could be attached to the nomination petition, as a requirement for candidacy.

Not that having a disciplinary record is always a bad thing, or not that we are trying to indict any of our present campus leaders. Just that voters should know and politicians should be willing to tell the truth.

"Just Coat And Tie"

What with ABC raids and various other happenings emanating from many and sundry sources, it seems obvious that this is going to be "get tough with the students" year. One of the least significant yet more annoying of these moves is a spur of the moment attempt at more rigid enforcement of the dining hall coat and tie rule.

We noticed a "browncoat" Tuesday night boldly reprimanding his fellow students for failing to observe the rule. In fact, he turned several out of line. He also gave one student a bit of the old University verbal discipline for wearing a coat of lumberjack plaid, which although not precisely a sport coat, was perhaps closer to that species of apparel than any other. Meanwhile, there were no forks in the line that the "browncoat" was supposedly co-ordinating.

While most of us patiently put on our coat and tie every evening as a matter of habit, any value the practice has consists in the old Catholic value of discipline for its own sake. No one could honestly say that the student body looks better in their tattered and food-stained coats.

We supposed that some concerted effort could be made by the dining halls to force the student body to wear clean and neat coats and ties. But why do we need to dress up for the DHO's? Does the pretense of a formal meal really change the taste of the salty ham and soggy vegetables?

It is sometimes a nuisance to have to wear a coat and tie on a warm day or have to go back to your room before dinner. But is it such a minor annoyance that any sort of crusade against it would be a waste of time. We can only hope that the presumably reasonable administrators of the dining halls will eventually be convinced that this pointless rule simply is not worth the effort to enforce it.

THE OBSERVER

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October 5, 1967

Tell It Like It Is

You've been here three weeks and you don't like the place as much as you did the first couple of days. You still go to the pep rallies and you still believe WE'RE NO. 1 but the team has lost and you feel a little lost yourself. You think about home a lot.

You get up on Tuesday morning and it's hot in your eleven by eighteen triple. You feel as if someone has secretly beaten you with a rubber hose in the course of the night. One of your neighbors pushes you away as you fight for possession of the little sink. You get along with him pretty well but for a fraction of a second you hate him with a deep and primordial hatred. The moment passes and life goes on.

Life goes on to breakfast and the eggs are cold. Life goes on to three morning classes in a row and, though its better than high school, you still get bored and tired of sitting. You start to count the seconds off (Five hundred, four hundred and ninety nine...) just like you did in Sister Mary John's religion course. You draw football plays in the margin of your notebook and score three mental touchdowns before the end of Logic class.

Finally, the bell rings and you move on. You are pushed, jostled and shoved. In turn you push, jostle and shove. You feint to your left and cut right. Suddenly you're in the clear and go all the way by four classrooms, fight past one last defender and stride victoriously into History class.

The teacher is talking about Hammurabi. Hammurabi was a great lawmaker. Hammurabi has been dead for about four thousand years. You don't even feel sorry for him.

The code of Hammurabi is discussed upon and finished. He sleeps with his ancestors only to be succeeded by other monarchs less enlightened and more remote. You are free to go to lunch.

The afternoon is your own. You read TIME and listen to the radio. About three, you and your roommate take your basketball and go to the Steppen Center Courts. You get in a pick-up game and for a time you can let yourself go. You don't think about who you are or what you're doing. You act and react. You feel alive.

After dinner, you go to the library to study. There are a lot of unpopular drinks but they all have books on them. With no quiet spot available, you sit at a desk surrounded by people. You try to study but one guy at the table across from you has a bad cold. Every fifteen seconds or so he sniffles. You start to think in rhythm with him and then he mimes a snuffle and your concentration is destroyed.

You read word that never seem to fall together and mean anything. You press on, hoping that your subconscious is learning something that your conscious doesn't know about. About ten-thirty, the call of a rather tame wild stikes you. You head for LaFortune.

There is one (count her, one) girl in the Rathskellar talking to "Our anti-anti-missile-missile just shot itself down, sir!"
October 5, 1967

THE OBSERVER

LTV '67

Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc., is among the top 50 industrial corporations in the United States, with projected 1967 consolidated sales in the range of $1.6 to $1.7 billion.

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We welcome the opportunity to tell the LTV story to college students across the nation.

For additional information on the many challenging career positions available throughout LTV and its subsidiaries, please write to Professional Placement at the addresses shown in each company's chart. An equal opportunity employer.
Richard Hatcher is almost a "Grey-flannel man." He wears striped ties, conservatively cut suits and black rimmed glasses. He speaks quietly in almost perfectly accentless Great Lakes speech.

Working against his own heritage has put Richard Hatcher in a somewhat difficult position. He is seeking to become Mayor of Gary, but by his ethical stance has forced nearly every Power in the area to oppose his candidacy.

Speaking at the home of Notre Dame History Professor, Sam Shapiro, last Sunday, he made it quite clear that his imagination of civic life does not hold corruption as the necessary condition for administration. This is wholly opposed to the traditional idea of a Gary Mayor.

The first mayor of Gary was elected in 1906. In the first two years of his administration, he was arrested sixteen times on charges of administrative corruption. He was certainly not the last man to hold that office while being accused, charged and convicted. Gary's mayors have seemed as destined for the courthouse and jail as New York's Governors for the Presidential nomination.

Traditionally, reform candidates must take almost universal command of the popular imagination, if they are to win. In Gary especially, Mr. Hatcher is battling against the establishment and vested interests of a city which is reputedly dominated by genuinely professional criminals.

Hatcher's problem is almost made impossible by the fact that he is a Negro reform candidate. After a summer of rioting in the nation's ghettos, it is extremely difficult for any Negro to win the confidence of bourgeois America. They fear Black Power by any name, and are very willing to listen to anyone's attempt to smear anyone with the cry of "Extremism."

As a result of the Lake County Democratic Party Chairman's suggestion that Hatcher may be an extremist, he has found it almost impossible to obtain funds from the Gary sources. He was in South Bend during the middle of the campaign only to attend a fund raising cocktail party.

He made it very clear in statements that he does not intend to become the Rap Brown of Gary, and that he feels he is being "misused." "I am opposed to violence; I am opposed to hatred, and to those involved in subversive and anti-American activities," is his constantly returning cry. He says that he is trying to bring order to Gary out of the chaos of previous civic administration.
October 5, 1967

THE OBSERVER

ABC Offenders Face Judge

BY DENNIS MOORE

Five Notre Dame students taken into custody by state excise officers will be arraigned before Judge Philip C. Potts in the city court of South Bend Friday night.

The five were arrested in a September 22 raid on the Corby Tavern. All were released on $100 bond.

The students were to have faced arraignment September 29. At that time all asked, and received continuances to October 6.

Peter McGroddy, 18, and Chris Rohrs, also 18 have secured counsel for their appearances.

Rohrs told the OBSERVER he intends to plead guilty. McGroddy is as yet undecided on his plea. Others slated to appear Friday are Gregory Ellsworth, 19, Chris Fisher, 18, and James Gillespie, 18.

Two students also seized in the Corby raid appeared before Judge Potts last Friday night. Kevin Myles, 18, and John Murtaugh, both sophomores in the College of Business Administration, pleaded guilty to the charge of being in a tavern while under age and were assessed fines of $5 and court costs, a total of $25 each.

Maximum penalty for the offense is a $100 fine and up to 10 days in the St. Joseph County jail.

Judge Potts admonished Myles, “Think this is the kind of thing your dad is paying for?” Potts allowed Murtaugh one week to pay his fine. Murtaugh is putting himself through school.

At the close of the session Judge Potts told an OBSERVER reporter, “I’ve had very little trouble with Notre Dame Students during my time here.”

Friday's session will convene at 5:00 P.M. in the South Bend City Hall.

Remember Next Week Is National Press Week

The OBSERVER needs reporters. If you're experienced in newspaper work, put that experience to work for you in an atmosphere of big-time journalism; if you're inexperienced, let us introduce you to the rigors (there is work involved) and the rewards that are the reporter’s. All interested parties contact Denny Moore at the OBSERVER office or in Room 319, Morrissey, 7070.

Take Your Favorite Press To Lunch

*JOHN DAVIDSON * GEORGE CARLIN * JUDY COLLINS * SPANKY AND OUR GANG * NOTRE DAME GLEE CLUB

John davidson
Room 155
Center for Continuing Education

Here’s my ballot for the “All-Time Top Ten” song medley to be featured in the “JOHN DAVIDSON AT NOTRE DAME” TV Special, performed at Stepan Center, 8:30 p.m. Wednesday and Thursday, October 18th and 19th, which we’ll see on the ABC-TV network, October 27, 9-10 p.m. (CST).

1. ___________________________________________________________ 6. __________________________
2. ___________________________________________________________ 7. __________________________
3. ___________________________________________________________ 8. __________________________
4. ___________________________________________________________ 9. __________________________
5. ___________________________________________________________ 10. __________________________

Signed ___________________________________________________
Class of ___________________________________________________

This ballot can be mailed or dropped into on-campus ballot boxes.
Hang on to your seats matinee-goers, here comes bouncy Bonnie Parker and country cousin Clyde Barrow, two of the most famous bank robbers of the 1930s. Bonnie and Clyde was a crime-doesn't-pay genre film of the thirties. And there always was and always is Clyde's rivalry with a strange child on his back. How exquisite is Bonnie with a strange child on her back. How peaceful is Bonnie in the embrace of her mother. However, it is too late when these two realize all the possibilities of their own love. Momentarily, before their massacre, they wish for the dignity and harmony of their own love.

Crime has haunted the cinema from its beginnings. First there was the initial gun shot of the GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY, point-blank at the audience. Then came the crime-doesn't-pay genre film of the thirties and, as earlier, there was the good-old-guy dichotomizing of the TV adventure. And at the moment, well, it is simply BONNIE AND CYLDE.

Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow rob banks. Their felonious behavior is not the inevitable climax of undue environmental stress. There is no chocking adversary, no harrowing miles to goad them into rebellion. Bonnie and Clyde thrive because they are bored, because they find themselves exhausted by the sugar-and-molasses pace of southern-style existence. Their relationship is not manufactured by sexual enchantment or grand illusions, but rather their mutual commitment to the larceny game. They have discovered, together, the forbidden thrills of the "sinner" life.

And as the tensions of evasion and escape accumulate, and the notoriety of their partnership is established, the personal union between Bonnie and Clyde solidifies. An interdependence is created by the forced nature of their loneliness, and Bonnie and Clyde are ostensibly one.

There is something missing from this almost occupational bond. How exquisite is Clyde with a strange child on his back. How peaceful is Bonnie in the embrace of her mother. However, it is too late when these two realize all the possibilities of their own love. Momentarily, before their massacre, they wish for the dignity and harmony of their own love.

It is the superb craftsmanship of the Arthur Penn team that permits us to enter within the viewpoint of Bonnie and Clyde, who by virtue of their relationship are rendered as hostile, alien. Police men seem nothing more than formidably shod with guns. Storekeepers acquire a kind of mercantile ferociousness. One butcher waves a cleaver in an attempt to foil Clyde's robbery of two pizzas. Objects, too, play a part. The eerily red "Borning Shaving" and the hosiery tones of "no trespassing" emphasize the inconstancies of the world. How exquisite is Bonnie with a strange child on her back. How peaceful is Bonnie in the embrace of her mother. However, it is too late when these two realize all the possibilities of their own love. Momentarily, before their massacre, they wish for the dignity and harmony of their own love.

Penn has directed performances. Bonnie and Clyde emerge as people. Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway manage to keep the hillbilly dialect and gangster tones of "no trespassing" emphasize the inconstancies of the world. How exquisite is Bonnie with a strange child on her back. How peaceful is Bonnie in the embrace of her mother. However, it is too late when these two realize all the possibilities of their own love. Momentarily, before their massacre, they wish for the dignity and harmony of their own love.

The first such myth, says Hatfield, is that Viet-Nam is such a complex issue that leaders alone can, with an enthusiasm on Monday night which had pep rally overtones, win the war in Viet-Nam. Hatfield was received with a roar and subsequent shot up themselves. To convince us that you-are-there director Penn saturates the screen with an aura of the 1930's via Roosevelt posters. Not only the little people whose banks and stores they rob. In the first half of the film there are only pencil sketches by breaking down the myths acting of Warren Beatty and Miss Dunnaway is engaging enough to leave us in an entertained spell throughout the film. But while watching, we can't help but notice that the characters are only acceptable faces. The facade of hillbilly accents, half-swallowed lines, yelps and hollers, home-verse and snapshots there are only pencil sketches of people. The one thing that does go out strongly in the film though is the theme of family and roots. Clyde and Bonnie are at the end of it all family to each other, and so this sense of family that finally destroys them.

Nevertheless, to see our swarthy gunman and bland moll as cuddle-bunnies is enough to make Billy Joe McAllister jump off the Tazlachee bridge.

Hang on to your seats matinee-goers, here comes bouncy Bonnie Parker and country cousin Clyde Barrow, two of the most famous bank robbers of the 1930s. Bonnie and Clyde was a crime-doesn't-pay genre film of the thirties. And there always was and always is Clyde's rivalry with a strange child on his back. How peaceful is Bonnie in the embrace of her mother. However, it is too late when these two realize all the possibilities of their own love. Momentarily, before their massacre, they wish for the dignity and harmony of their own love.

As counterpoint to emphasize B & C's loveable selves, the lawmen in this picture are given to look like two dimensionalidiots who only find safety in numbers. Further, the big, black villain of the whole business is portrayed by R.B. Duncan with 52% of the vote. However, the Golden Boy can, with 46% of the vote, win the war in Viet-Nam. Hatfield was received with a roar and subsequent shot up themselves. To convince us that you-are-there director Penn saturates the screen with an aura of the 1930's via Roosevelt posters. Not only the little people whose banks and stores they rob. In the first half of the film there are only pencil sketches by breaking down the myths acting of Warren Beatty and Miss Dunnaway is engaging enough to leave us in an entertained spell throughout the film. But while watching, we can't help but notice that the characters are only acceptable faces. The facade of hillbilly accents, half-swallowed lines, yelps and hollers, home-verse and snapshots there are only pencil sketches of people. The one thing that does go out strongly in the film though is the theme of family and roots. Clyde and Bonnie are at the end of it all family to each other, and so this sense of family that finally destroys them.

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