The incumbent
Hudnut cites city growth, health during his term

by Joni Steele

"Some people like to look at potholes and some like to look at resurfaced streets, says incumbent GOP mayoral candidate William Hudnut, summing up his campaign philosophy."

The mayor says he prefers to look at the 724 miles of roads which he claims have been resurfaced during his administration.

His Democrat opponent in Tuesday's mayoral elections, Paul Cantwell, has charged that during Hudnut's term of office the inner city has not grown but deteriorated, and has cited potholes in the city as an example.

Hudnut admits that, "reasonable people may have differing opinions," but claims, "Downtown Indianapolis has shown signs of growth and health during my term of office."

Hudnut cites city growth, health during his term

Running against Hudnut is mayor.

The growth of bureaucracy in city government is an area which Cantwell sees as a problem. "The mayor's office," he said, "is a large bureaucracy handled by a large staff."

Cantwell said he would like to see the city government decentralized. His philosophy is that the city is made up of neighborhoods. "I would like to see the city government decentralized. My philosophy is that the city is made up of neighborhoods."

Cantwell also said he would be in favor of dialogues between the police and those living in neighborhoods around the city.

He lists beautification of parks, development of the inner-loop residential areas, the new tennis complex, growth in terms of buildings and interstate and commercial and industrial development in addition to the repaving of Indianapolis roads as examples of growth in this city.

Metro basketball tickets on sale

Tickets are on sale for the 1979-80 IUPUI Metro men's basketball season. This year the Metro will face 15 opponents on home courts. Eight games are slated as preliminaries to Pacer games in Market Square Arena, while the remaining seven will be played in the Harry E. Wood Continuing Education Center, 501 S. Meridian.

Stadiums for Metro games will be the 25th floor of the City County Building. Hudnut exclaimed, "Look at all the new growth out there."

The mayor cites city growth, health during his term

Hudnut admits that, "reasonable people may have differing opinions," but claims, "Downtown Indianapolis has shown signs of growth and health during my term of office."

Hudnut adds, "This points to a city which runs its affairs well and has a stable debt position."

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Hudnut also says that, "reasonable people may have differing opinions," but claims, "Downtown Indianapolis has shown signs of growth and health during my term of office."

A mandatory meeting for those interested in playing baseball this spring will be held Friday, Nov. 2, at 5 pm in the School of Physical Education Building. Those who cannot attend the meeting should contact Dr. Robert Bunnell, 264-3764.
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IUPUI News

Student runs for Speedway office

"Running for public office and being a student at the same time is tough," admits 29-year-old IUPUI student Mark Broderick.

The Democrat candidate for Speedway Clerk-Treasurer believes that "young people should become more involved in government."

Broderick has criticized the high turnover rate in the Speedway police department, placing the blame for the number of resignations of officers on the incumbent town administration.

"The town board sets the salaries for our policemen, and in the last ten years the department has gone from being the highest paid in Marion County to being the lowest paid," he claims.

"Furthermore, low pay is just part of the problem," Broderick adds. "Long-standing and persistent complaints by patrolmen were callously ignored for years, and in this election year the town board, through its appointed police commissioners decided to dismiss the chief."

"We need a promotion system that is fair and nonpolitical," proposes Broderick, "such as a merit board which will listen to the opinions of policemen when making their decisions. The current commissioner system rewards the favorites, not the finest."

Broderick says that his metropolitan studies degree from IU gives him valuable background for the job of clerk-treasurer.

He also points to a family background in government. His father, Lawrence Broderick, was Marion County sheriff for several years.

Broderick encourages other students to get involved in politics. "Everybody ought to run for office at least once."

WORLD PREMIERE!

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Cavanaugh Hall, Room 322

Ticket Sales end November 7
For more information, call 264-3931, or stop by the Student Activities Office.

Mutual interest is shared by both child and lamb during a visit paid to a local farm by children attending the IUPUI Day Care Center. The children went to look at pumpkins, but the animals somehow captured their attention. (Photo by Jill Turman)
Tricks not for kids

Halloween may be the time of 'trick or treat' but some of the tricks played on innocent children and animals in the past have certainly been no treat.

The abominations that certain depraved souls inflict upon children are certainly no secret to anyone. Although most of us have fond childhood memories of 'trick or treating' and the large majority of children enjoy a happy Halloween, some children are 'treated' to candy that's just not quite candy along with other cruelties.

And recently a spokesman for the Humane Society observed that the cruel things done to animals on Halloween are too disgusting to even look at.

Why do people do these things? The reasons behind—if reason there be—hurting innocent children and animals is beyond us and until the answer is found the problem will no doubt continue.

But until such a time we'll all have to do the best we can by taking precautions.

Parents need to watch their children for more than one reason on Halloween. Adults may be responsible for poisoned candy but no doubt some not-so-innocent children must take the blame for some of the abhorrent acts committed on animals.

Of course, adults are ultimately responsible for that too.

A little too much

"You can never get too much of a good thing."

That may be true, but a good thing can certainly be pushed to its limit and one of the best things we've seen around IUPUI in a while may die an early death due to poor planning.

We're referring to the recently re-instituted Irwin lunches.

The idea of the lunches is to give students and administration the opportunity to communicate and to allow the administration a chance to address student issues.

The fact that these lunches have started again after about a semester's lull is to be applauded.

And Student Body President Frank Brinkman's ideas to prepare a list of questions for Vice President Glenn Irwin to answer at the lunch is also to be applauded as it helps make best use of the time.

Frankly, however, Brinkman's prepared list of questions has become a bit embarrassing.

The list is just too long.

Some of the points brought up at the last luncheon were brought up at the luncheon before that. And many of the thirty-odd questions could have been answered just as easily by less busy administrators.

And as one observer pointed out—with the administrators needing all the luncheon's time to answer a list of questions, no opportunity for equally important informal communication between administrators and students arises.

One last but glaring fault found in the luncheons is the conspicuous lack of female students present.

Of 14 students invited by Brinkman, only three were female.

Brinkman claims that "he couldn't find any" but we find this hard to believe.

As said before, the Irwin lunches are a good thing. Let's not take them to the limit.

Viewpoint

letters

Information gap

To the Editor

It is time IUPUI officials observe the actions of the Financial Aid Office on this campus.

The purpose of that office should be investigation, and initiating financial aid for students who qualify for grants, loans, or scholarships.

Most important should be information—there are far too many confused students. IUPUI has real need for some information distributed to each student who applies for aid. Simply, how to apply, when to apply, and what is required of students receiving aid.

For example, one student applied for a Basic Grant in February before starting at IUPUI in August. The application was returned four times for more information. The staff at IUPUI Financial Aid Office were rude and of little assistance when asked for help.

The award letter came after registration for the Fall semester. The student registered for 12 hours, but due to scheduling conflicts had to drop three hours. The student asked a Financial Aid representative if that would create any problems and was instructed to drop at Drop/Add and it would not effect the aid. At mid-term the student was notified that the drop put the student below eligibility, therefore, this student must repay a portion of the grant.

This student, being a first-year freshman, was ready to withdraw from the university simply because the student could not repay the aid. There is an extreme need at this campus for better communication: II What is required of the student, 21 What happens if the student is unable to live up to the requirements.

If this action is implemented there would be less drop-outs in the freshman class and the aid monies would accomplish the intended purpose—to educate and not to create debts, depression and failure.

Concerned Parent

Sagamore

The Sagamore welcomes letters to the editor. Letters should be limited to 300 words, be to the point and include the phone number and address of the writer. Mo letter will be printed unless it is signed initiating financial aid for students who qualify for grants, loans, or scholarships.

The Sagamore is a semi-weekly weekly during the academic term magazine published at 927 W. Michigan St., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. Editorial phone, 264-4208, advertisement phone, 264-3450, business phone, 264-2234.

Sagamore
Ace reporter meets up with Hal O. Wean

by William A. Barton

"We wanted a weird Halloween feature on the history of the holiday and thought you'd be just the one to do it." Thus said my editor that fateful day in the Sagamore office. Casting off my thoughts into the word "weird," I felt a reflection on my stunning prose style, I eagerly accepted the assignment for the greater glory of the press and for my 50 cents a column inch. Little did I know that I soon find myself embroiled in a cauldron of ancient evil—black magic run rampant in the 20th century! Ta-daaaaaaaa!

October 15, strange music beat down around my brain like the theme song to a sery school grad for that matter. Could not even fly out the window with an odor of rotten apples bobbing in a tub of water and stale candy lying around in orange and black sacks, mixed in with an odor of something else—canon perhaps, or maybe cheap aftershave. Cobwebs brushed my face and hair (missed by teeth—kept my m-oouth shut). Suddenly something landed on my shoulder. "Hello!" I turned and walked slowly back to the door, "that's Transylvanian, just my doorbell."

"That accent," I said, turning and walking away among the personals. "No, a tarantula. Now—" My screams and thrashings covered up the rest of Wean's sentence.

"Oh, do settle down," he said as I began to recover from my near heart-attack. "Step into the den here and I'll introduce you to my two friends."

I followed him into a dusky room and spotted two figures rising to greet us. Wean pointed to the first one, a short, squat fellow with a head like a turpin. "This is John O'lantern." My friends call me Jack," he interjected. "Oh no," I groaned. "And I suppose this is Mummy." Wean's semantics Something wasn't right. Then when I saw the book they were talking about, I knew I was in trouble. It was the dreaded Necronomicon, the book of dead names, the key to ancient evil, chaos, horrors beyond imagine. I know. I read about it in a comic book.

I started looking around for a way out, but it was too late. Wean began to chant, an incantation from the book. "Wormph, fahhn, mmnnygh, eel, Chuluu, Yog-Sothoth, aah, Azathoth!" "Don'tumble, it isn't polite," I muttered as the others joined in the chant. I was beginning to wonder if 50 cents a column inch was worth in.

Halloween was once regarded as holy day

by William A. Barton

It's Halloween and once again our thoughts may turn to ghosts and goblins, and kids dressed in crazy costumes trick-or-treating, and bobbing for apples and other gay holiday festivities. Ah, but it was not always thus.

In times past Halloween was much more than just another fun holiday. To many it was a serious time of religious observance, a hallowed day of worship.

To others, it was a time to invoke supernatural forces for one's benefit. And those benefits had little to do with "trick or treat."

In medieval times November 1 was known as All Saints Day—one of the Roman Catholic Church's many holy days set aside to honor its saints. By a kind of religious osmosis, October 31 also became a holy day, the evening before All Saints Day, and was known as All Hallows Eve.

Through a bit of corruption in speech habits over the centuries, the venerated All Hallowes Eve metamorphosed into our own familiar Halloween. At least in name. It took a few more detours in practices to become the holiday we now observe.

While the medieval church folks were observing their own holy All Hallowes Eve, the pagans were getting their three shillings worth in.

In ancient Britain and Ireland, October 31 was the date of the great Celtic festival of Samhain in which the ancients practiced some of their more primitive rites such as sex orgies and the like. Begins to sound a little more like a modern Halloween dorm party, eh?

The same date was also the eve of the new year in Anglo-saxon and Celtic times. However, instead of using champagne and party hats, the rather uncouth pagans used the occasion for one of their ancient fire festivals, setting up huge bonfires on nearby hills to frighten away the evil spirits. Can't really blame them, though. Nothing dampens an orgy more than being dropped in on by evil spirits.

The supernatural element began to creep more and more into the date. The souls of the dead were thought to visit their old haunts.

The happy autumnal festival began to acquire sinister significances in the minds of the superstitious Ghosts, witches, black cats, hobgoblins, fairies, royal tax collectors and demons of all kinds were thought to roam the countryside on that cursed night.

The entrenched traditions of the Celts and Saxons, held on long after they'd embraced Christianity, influenced the Christian festival of All Hallows Eve, causing the latter observance to take on some of the sinister aspects of the pagan holiday.

All Hallowes Eve became Satan's day rather than God's. The medieval church's habit of embracing and "Christianizing" pagan holidays as a method of gaining converts did little to prevent this.

Halloween became a day to placate the supernatural powers thought to control the processes of nature, the wood sprites, and fertility gods and other beings of legend.

It was also thought to be the most favorable time for divinations on marriage, luck, health, and death—a belief which kept the pockets of many a travelling gypsy fortune-teller lined with coin.

Halloween was one of the two holy days, along with April 30, Walpurgisnacht of the Old Religion, known to most of us for some reference to our old friend, the jack-o-lantern.

Originating in Scotland, the jack-o-lantern—whose name was probably derived from that night watchman who would roam the cities with lighted lanterns—was used to scare off evil spirits with its demonic face and lighted candle inside.

However, in Scotland the jack-o-lantern was not a halloweent pumpkin. The pumpkin wasn't used until the custom was brought to America. In Scotland the pumpkin was called a turnip.

And, perhaps more than anything else, that shows you just how far Halloween has come over the years.

After all, how would it sound? You've just finished dinner and you sit down with the kids in front of the television and on comes this year's showing of that great Halloween special, "It's the Great Tump, Charlie Brown!"

No, pumpkins, like Halloween, are definitely here to stay. Of course turnips may still come in handy on this spooky night. The next time you make turnips you may want to sit with the kids in front of the television and on comes this year's showing of that great Halloween special, "It's the Great Tump, Charlie Brown!"
worth it when the room began to swirl around us.

"Hey, nice special effects," I admired. "Does Hollywood know about this—hey?" Suddenly the room was gone and we were floating in a black void at the center of which was some-thing.

"What is that?"

"That," Wean replied, "is Azathoth, the nuclear chaos that bubbles and blasphemies at the center of infinity."

"Nuclear! Hey, does the AEC know about that? Or better yet, how about Jane Fonda?" I would have said more, but I realized that the thing was speaking.

"I accept this as a sacrifice," it bubbled.

"Sacrifice?" I countered, dodging a bubble.

"Now just wait a minute. I'm a reporter for the Sagamore and neither rain nor snow nor sleet nor human sacrifice can deter this reporter from his deadline." I improvised. I figured the current state of postal services would protect me from charges of plagiarism.

"Azathoth is pleased," rejoiced Wean. "Let the sacrifice begin!"

He clapped his hands and suddenly I found myself on a moonlit plain surrounded by tall, broken stones. Unfortunately, Wean and his cohorts found me there too.

"Wait," I said looking around at the circle of stones surrounding us, "I know where we are. This is Stonehenge! We're in England!"

"I'm afraid not," Wean countered. "Oversea flights make me sick. Actually, we're on the back lot of MGM studios. They just finished a Draculas flick. I guess you could call this Plasterhenge. Tie him down!"

O'Lantern and Skeleton secured me, kicking and screaming, to the altar stone. I noticed we weren't alone. Presiding over things was a robe figure that looked vaguely like Darren McGavin in a potato sack. The high priest, I guessed.

"Let the sacrifice begin," cried Wean. Suddenly the high priest began to wave a sword (sharp little bougher, too) over my head and chant wildly.

To my horror, shapes began to crawl from behind the stones and creep toward me. Monsters!

From one side crept the Creature from the Black Lagoon. From another, the Giant Ape-man. They were followed by Godzilla. From one side crept the Black Lagoon. From another, the Gant Behe-thmites. They were followed by Rodan, Vincent Price, and more. The Mother-ship from Close Encounters, a battalion of Woodies, the Alien, the head of the IRS, the Blob—all were descending on my shuddering form. It was too much.

"Stop, wait! I'm just a poor reporter out after a story and SO cents a column inch," I screamed. Have mercy!

At my words, something amazing happened. The high priest ceased to chant and instead called out, "In the name of good taste and responsible journalism—Begone!"

At once all the monsters, including Wean and friends, faded away. The priest untied me and I faced my rescuer. "Hey, thanks, you sure saved this newshawk."

"Nothing I wouldn't do for any fellow reporter," he said regrouping the hoary robe. "Kolchak, INS. I watched in amazement as he stalked off into the night.

As for my story on the History of Halloween, I decided to check into safer sources. After all, I don't think anyone's ever been haunted by the Encyclopedia Britanni-ca yet.
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Cantwell—

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buildings or bridges that you need," he said, "not to buy park equipment," as he said was done last year.

Cantwell also takes issue with the way the city has been issuing bonds for "trifles." "You use bonds to finance

Hudnut—

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percent below that average." However, he adds, "This is not to say that we live in a perfect city. We have problems of the '80s yet to solve—infation, energy, neighborhood erosion." If re-elected, Hudnut said he plans to expand the mass transit system; sponsor neighborhood development; harness new technology, such as the co-disposal of sludge and trash by burning it in a manner which creates electricity; support the revitalization of downtown neighborhoods using federal and local dollars; and working on solving drainage problems. In answer to Cantwell's criticism of his handling of the restoration of Garfield Park and claims that workers have left hazardous 10-foot holes there, Hudnut states, "I've been out there and I can't find one such hole. We refurbished the pøpods and built a swimming pool. I ask you—which is more important, a new swimming pool or a 10-foot hole which I can't find anyway?"

The mayor's accomplishments of his administration, claims the mayor, are: a 17 percent decrease in downtown crime statistics, the establishment of a municipal environmental court which he says is the first in the nation; the Mayor's Neighborhood Advisory Council; an advisory council for the handicapped and for organized labor; the establishment of a Board of Ethics which sets up guidelines for ethical conduct for city officials and the internal audit system which investigates city departments. Asked if he thought his position as mayor would give him an edge in the elections, Hudnut replied, "I never underestimate the power of an opponent—there's no such thing as an easy race. "I always run hard. I don't want anyone to say 'Hudnut's an easy race.' "

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