1630 Begin Orientation Today: Frosh Face Room Shortage

BY MIKE SMITH

The largest group of freshmen ever to enter Notre Dame arrives today and faces a campus housing shortage that threatens to force about 80 new students off campus. Some 1630 freshmen will pour into the campus today to begin a five day period of orientation, according to William M. Burke, Dean of the Freshman Year of Studies. Orientation activities will begin tonight with an official welcoming assembly in the Student Center. Hall meetings, testing programs, counselling, and religious orientation will round out the weekend schedule. Monday through Wednesday, freshmen will have an opportunity to learn the workings of the Honor Council, Student Government, various student activities and service organizations. As a later stage of orientation, beginning September 25, Dean Burke will conduct a week-long series of lectures entitled "How to Study." These talks, given daily at 5:00 P.M. in the Library Auditorium, will cover techniques of studying, note-taking, and development of mature academic motivations.

Statistics released by the Office of Admissions reveal the outstanding academic quality of the Class of 1971: 109 freshmen ranked first in their high school classes, 51 ranked second, and 56 ranked third. Of the 1630 total, a healthy 75 per cent ranked in the top fifth of their high school graduating classes, and 648 were members of the National Honor Society.

This freshman class faces a serious challenge from previous classes who have consistently broken new records of academic achievement. According to statistics from the University Registrar's Office, the percentage of freshmen on the Dean's List has doubled over the past five years. Last year, a total of 254 freshmen (17% of the class) had averages of 3.00 to 4.0, compared with 114 (8%) of the 1962-63 school year. Also noted was an increase from 7 to 12% of freshmen with non-Dean's List "B" averages (3.00 to 3.249). The total percentage of all freshmen with averages above 3.000 has gone from 16 to 20 per cent in the last five years.

Approximately 180 top freshmen have been admitted to (continued on page 6)
Elephants (and bunnies) Are Coming!

BY DON HYNES

From the cold, crisp autumn football days to that warm graduation day of ’71, classmen assure the foreign countries, with the major ones, bounced in today, increasing to Michigan of school boys talk constantly about those ‘different’ college days of graduation, the high school of the National Honor Society, and nine were class val-dictorians. (Statistics on beauty contest winners are at this time or any other time, unavailable.)

St. Mary’s junior class will act as ‘big sisters’ to the newly arrived freshmen. Notre Dame freshmen aren’t familiar with their own glorious heritage have cordially invited them to the documentaty, ‘Knute Rockne, All-American’ to be presented at 9 p.m. fol­lowed by an open house in the Social Center.

Everyone wants to meet an intelligent and informed girl at college, and 133 of SMC’s freshmen graduated in the top ten percent of their high school class. More than 120 were mem­bers of the National Honor Soci­ety, and nine were class vale­dictorians. Statistics on beauty contest winners are at this time or any other time, unavailable.

St. Mary’s junior class will act as ‘big sisters’ to the newly acquired puffy pulchritude. Their job is to act as advisors to the innocents, or in other words give them the low down on what it takes to be a ‘St. Mary’s Girl’.

Today is meet a friend day with St. Mary’s – campus tours, unpacking, girl talk, etc. On Sat­urday they will get acquainted with Notre Dame with the show­ing of ‘Knute Rockne, All-Amer­ican’ at O’Laughlin Auditor­ium.

Sunday, the girls are sup­posed to attend Mass with their parents. During the afternoon there will be a reception tea for the faculty, for the girls to meet their prospective teachers. ‘Madonna Night,’ SMC’s an­swer to a prayer, takes place Monday night. The organ­izers of this orientation week must assume that Notre Dame freshmen know enough about the Madonna because they are not cordially invited to this event.

This same night, all 1630 Notre Dame freshmen are cordially invited to Engineering audi­torium for an Indian meditation ses­sion on George Washington Carver, in pursuit of the cultural peanut.

To the dismay of all in­vited the girls will be attending classes for the rest of the week. However, for the freshmen extra­vagis, this is deemed by the un­

derground as the best time to make acquaintances. For the temporarily unformed fresh­man, the place to meet these dazzling damselies, are the SMC Social Center, the Bookstore and Kubiaks.

The last of the formal activi­ties takes place on Sunday, September 24, the day of the freshmen Friendly. Everyone from Notre Dame is invited ex­cept seniors, juniors, sophomores, faculty, and members of the custodial staff. The smart boys are there early. The real intelli­gent ones never arrive.

But an authoritative source at St. Mary’s says, ‘it’s pretty hard to meet anyone at the Fri­endly but remember, if at first you don’t succeed, try, and try, and try, and try.

The Observer
Never Forgets
To Write Home
For Your Copy Send $5 to The
Observer, Box 11, ND, Indiana

Name
Address
City

Road Runner Day

The Plymouth Road Runner now at your Plymouth Dealers

The new Plymouth Road Runner now at your Plymouth Dealers

The Observer Needs Staff:

FRESHMEN

Interested in working for a dynamic and growing student newspaper are invited to a meeting Sunday at 2 p.m. in the OBSERVER OFFICE (3rd floor, Student center). Or: contact Mike Smith: phone 7735

THE MANAGEMEN'T AND STAFF OF THE NOTRE DAME DINING HALLS WELCOME THE CLASS OF ’71 ALREADY

FORWARD TO SERVING YOU.

7:30 to 8:15 11:45 to 12:45 5:30 to 6:30

CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST 8:30 a.m. to 10:00 a.m.

MONDAY THROUGH SATURDAY

The Observer
September 15, 1967

Desire something different?

The Observer Never Forgets
To Write Home
For Your Copy Send $5 to The
Observer, Box 11, ND, Indiana

Name
Address
City

Road Runner Day

The Plymouth Road Runner now at your Plymouth Dealers

The new Plymouth Road Runner now at your Plymouth Dealers

The Observer Needs Staff:

FRESHMEN

Interested in working for a dynamic and growing student newspaper are invited to a meeting Sunday at 2 p.m. in the OBSERVER OFFICE (3rd floor, Student center). Or: contact Mike Smith: phone 7735

THE MANAGEMEN'T AND STAFF OF THE NOTRE DAME DINING HALLS WELCOME THE CLASS OF ’71 ALREADY

FORWARD TO SERVING YOU.

7:30 to 8:15 11:45 to 12:45 5:30 to 6:30

CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST 8:30 a.m. to 10:00 a.m.

MONDAY THROUGH SATURDAY

LOUIE'S

BEST

ITALIAN BEEF

IN TOWN

Swingline

Patty Porschack

Test yourself...
What do you see in the ink blobs?


This is a Swingline Tot Stapler

Students Get Your Chairs - Lamps - Desks - Etc.

The Salvation Army
Red Shield Store
9 5 Daily
510 S. Main
Reasonably Priced.
SOUTH BEND WAS calling her illegitimate children home yesterday, and the day before, and the week before that. And they were tricked in from Detroit, Iowa, Texas, and New York - tan remnants from the beaches and summer factories. Umbilical September was here again.

The Student Government crew had arrived still wearing the same suit that had reluctantly departed in late last June - the same suit that had been at another ineffectual NSA Conference in Maryland, the same suit that had just bid a fond farewell to the homestead and set out for football, beer, blind dates, and pooh-bah-ing on the Indiana plains.

The Circle was here, gone and back again loaded with the tedious task of Orientation. And the Freshmen were here with their Moms, Dads, and assorted relations. They were buying minatures for the girls back home and getting lost in the Stadium after trying to find their lockers at the Rock for most of the day - doing the same things you and I had done three years ago.

In THE FALL the campus greets everyone with a lazy and luscious air. They are here and they're here now. They walk briskly down the quads. The home is suburban, the place is Scarsdale. New Jersey is over. The tuition is paid. It'll never be paid again.

The House is located in the west wing of the new residence hall, Holly Cross, and will accommodate 150 students. It was approved late in July and will open Sept. 29 under the supervision of a Faculty-Student, ND-SMC committee headed by executive director, the Rev. Joseph Hoffman, C.S.C., and Father Burchetta.

Franco Anastasio will move his Quo Vadis pizza enterprises to the basement of the House and operate solely with non-student help, though all other jobs will be filled by students of both schools.

Facilities range from a restaurant with a full menu at moderate prices, to "the best handball court on campus," Fr. Burchetta said. They include a pizza cellar, for quiet informal gatherings, four private dining rooms catering from 10-30 persons, a large lounge area, check room and new ladies powder rooms. Nine classrooms are being constructed for extracurricular purposes. However, these rooms are also available to other groups.

The Halfway House is on an experimental basis, Father Burchetta said, testing method, for it will be entirely student run, and because it is open to only those with Notre Dame or SMC ID's. However, Father for- sees few major problems and expects it to be "pretty heavily used."

"Interest in the House will be heightened," said Fr. Burchetta, "by the availability of rooms for group meetings, hence giving the opportunity for closer and cheaper facilities to those student groups that presently meet in South Bend."
Out of Golden Glimmer

Before that gold glimmer wears off the freshman's sweat shirt and before he does his first math assignment and perhaps even before mommey and daddyy hit the road, a big dark cloud will hover over that quilted dome and junior will realize that Notre Dame is no candy house.

It won't take long for him to discover that his bed is too short, the locker doesn't work and the sink leaks. He'll probably meet a priest in the black flow ing robes of the Holy Cross perhaps with a faint odor of whiskey on his breath.

The priest will call him 'son.' Then he'll turn to reassure the parents that their son is in the finest of hands.

Under the foiled roof of the Stepan Center he will hear a student leader speak of Notre Dame. The leader will be dressed neatly in a dark suit and dark shoes. And he will talk as an old man teachers results in courses of inferior quality which are utterly without challenge.

But soon, maybe too late, the freshman discovers that the doorway is merely a toll booth and the street just a filthy alley.

Every school has at least one white haired dean. Notre Dame has a score of them including Dean William Burke. Dean Burke will tell of his days at Duke University and then spout off a list of impressive statistics.

"All we ask," he will say, "is two hours of study for every hour of class."

Outside a chill will wind through the night, South Bend's subtle signal of winter. The father will rest his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Study hard son," he'll say. "These are important days that will shape your future."

But the son doesn't really care about his future because doctors, lawyers and especially indian chiefs go to war. They go directly to war. Do not pass rostra, do not collect $200.

Mother will kiss the child good night. "Have you forgotten anything? Do you have your towels? What about your toothpaste?"

The freshman will answer yes even though he left his toothpaste at the motel. He just wants his parents to leave. And after a while they will and he will get an opportunity to examine the great doorway to the modern world.

Sophomoric Frosh Idea?

It is September. The Freshman Year of Studies once again opens its arms wide to embrace the annual crop of new students. But the idea of a Freshman Year of Studies, though a viable and improving institution since its inception in 1962, needs considerable re-evaluation if it is to properly serve the students it is aimed at.

According to Freshman Dean William M. Burke, the program is designed to "ease the difficult transition of new students from high school into the swing of collegiate academics."

But some alarming statistics mar the rosy outlook of the Freshman Program, and raise doubts about its effectiveness. During the school year of 1965-66, for example, 13 freshmen were dismissed for academic reasons, while 67 sophomores suffered academic dismissal. This generally higher dropout rate of sophomores raises the question: Were these sophomores adequately 'eased' into college work by the Freshman Year of Studies?

Some prominent voices are of the opinion that the Freshman Program is spoon-feeding the officious student with something that closely resembles a fifth year of high school. Others feel the use of inexperienced graduate students as Freshman teachers results in courses of inferior quality which are utterly without challenge.

The Freshman Office proudly boasts of an increase in the number of freshmen on the Dean's List from five percent in 1961 to seventeen percent last year, but fails to note the corresponding decreases which occur consistently in the Sophomore Year.

Recent trends, notably toward stay hall, demonstrate a desire to integrate the four undivided years into the maturing atmosphere of a stimulating hall life. Why, then, should the Freshman Year of Studies continue to segregate and pamper the first year student, only to release him to a sink or swim situation in his second year? Granting the difficulty of the high school-college transition, it is nonsense to water down the Freshman year to pablum consistency. This only delays the actual transition and postpones the crisis until the Sophomore year, when there is no Sophomore Year of Studies to lend a helping hand.

The Freshman Year of Studies has made admirable progress in counselling facilities and personnel. For this it must be commended. The concept of a special Sophomore Program, though relatively scarcer in other colleges, is worth much experimentation.

Perhaps it is the very idea of "easing" freshmen into college that is at fault. Taken to any sort of extreme, it allows unfit freshmen to continue into the Sophomore Year.

More stringent standards of academic good standing are in order for the Freshman year. Freshmen must be initiated realistically into university academia, not deluded by an esoteric Program that makes things look easier than they are. The academic well-being of freshmen and the entire student body demands a first year program that can more realistically cope with the problems of transition.
Modern University inherits A Dead Past

BY BOB BRADY

According to an eminent (and former) member of Notre Dame's English Department, a tradition is what has been "around" for a year and the darkest history of the university is that 'happened' the year before the present senior class arrived.

His point is perfectly reasonable. The deepest traditions of our university are as trivial as Notre Dame is raw, and it is through our triviality and our ways that we invest ourselves with magnificence. If this seems paradoxical, or even a bit stupid, remember that in a Catholic institution, mysteries are the stuff of which lives are made.

We are built not on the sense and sensibility of the eighteenth Century, but on the Indiana prairie. We are the Midwest of Father Badin. We lack all manner of subdued but possess the force to build in and from the wilderness. We are the Midwest which images itself monotonously decisive. The Hippie cultures of San Francisco have a much more fundamental sense of what has gone before than we do. We are charming but lack the character to sustain ourselves.

The bricks which face the Administration building are as true a manifestation of the imagination of Indiana and of the University of Notre Dame as any materials that we have. They were made of clay dredged from the sides and bottom of St. Mary's Lake.

They are hard and coarse. And because they have grown old, they have lost all their charm and show that they never had any charm.

(continued on page 7)

Grand Prix or Peyton Prix

BY DENNIS GALLAGHER

There is a species of Hollywood product which is known as the exploitation movie. A producer seizes upon some topic of current interest - LSD (THE TRIP), Motorcycle gangs (THE WILD WINDS, et al.) - and then hires a writer to do a potboiler script which will titillate the mass audience with a carbon copy of Time magazine's view of the particular or vice in the news.

GRAND PRIX, which is a sort of exploitation movie, is in a somewhat higher class than the American-International I WAS A TEENAGE BEACH PARTY ANGEL things. For one thing, it's money is on its side. With money, you can hire name actors (Yves Montand, James Gardner, Toshiro Mifune, Eva Marie Saint) and a name director (John Frankenheimer).

You can also take reels and reels of great color footage of Grand Prix racing cars going around and around and around.

Again, subject matter helps the movie perhaps more than it deserves to be helped. It may be simply impossible for normally intelligent people to make a totally worthless movie about bullfighting or automobile racing. No matter how much blarney the solution the movie presents, the simple question of why men set themselves such dangerous but apparently pointless tasks has an inner profundity quite apart from its treatment.

In fact, the treatment leaves quite a lot to be desired. The plot is too complex to be adequately resolved and at the same time, too stereotyped to be very interesting. James Gardner plays a character who was apparently modelled after Phil Hill, an American driver who has a small part in the film. Like Hill, Pete Aron (Gardner) is a loner who leaves the Ferrari factory team to drive English cars. A series of mechanical failures and accidents leads to a violent argument with his hot-headed employer. Ultimately, his wife shows him, takes up with Gardner, whom she doesn't love, and who will get hurt is almost non-existent.

One thing that puzzled me was the voice of John Frankenheimer, a good enough too 'great' director, is capable of turning out a first rate entertainment or even a truly superior film when he is provided with a good script and lots of action (for example, THE TRAIN). But there is too much soap here to handle. The racing scenes are directed with considerable skill and imagination. But all he can do with the rest of the movie, is to consider the action as a partial remedy to viewer boredom.

None of the actors in the movie appears to be in any danger of receiving merit awards. Yes, Gardner lacks his hankied lines with so much sincerity that you have to admire him, even while wondering why he bothered to try. Eva Marie Saint tries to do something with her lines by being coy, hesitant, so searching for the proper inflection that will make a cliché meaningful.

She succeeds in giving an extremely offensive performance, since playing by a real actor becomes obvious because there is no immediately recognizable stage personality to cover it. Meanwhile, James Gardner tries manfully to hide the mildly ironic style which characterizes his acting. He never quite succeeds.

One thing that puzzled me was the voice of Toshiro Mifune, the great Japanese actor who had a cameo part as a Japanese industrialist. He sounded like John Bresford Tipton (the baron of 'The Millionaire') speaking slowly through an old landline in an effort to avoid feedback. Presumably his lines were dubbed, but why so oddly?

Grand Prix tends to be a young man's movie on the basis of its subject matter and a young girl's movie on the basis of a maturity specialty plot. If you plan to see it all, it's probably a good idea to catch it before it hits television, where it is liable to look like episodes of wide World of Sports and The Guiding Light run simultaneously.

Grand Prix or Peyton Prix

GRAND PRIX, which is a sort of exploitation movie, is in a somewhat higher class than the American-International I WAS A TEENAGE BEACH PARTY ANGEL things. For one thing, it's money is on its side. With money, you can hire name actors (Yves Montand, James Gardner, Toshiro Mifune, Eva Marie Saint) and a name director (John Frankenheimer).

You can also take reels and reels of great color footage of Grand Prix racing cars going around and around and around.

Again, subject matter helps the movie perhaps more than it deserves to be helped. It may be simply impossible for normally intelligent people to make a totally worthless movie about bullfighting or automobile racing. No matter how much blarney the solution the movie presents, the simple question of why men set themselves such dangerous but apparently pointless tasks has an inner profundity quite apart from its treatment.

In fact, the treatment leaves quite a lot to be desired. The plot is too complex to be adequately resolved and at the same time, too stereotyped to be very interesting. James Gardner plays a character who was apparently modelled after Phil Hill, an American driver who has a small part in the film. Like Hill, Pete Aron (Gardner) is a loner who leaves the Ferrari factory team to drive English cars. A series of mechanical failures and accidents leads to a violent argument with his hot-headed employer. Ultimately, his wife shows him, takes up with Gardner, whom she doesn't love, and who will get hurt is almost non-existent.

One thing that puzzled me was the voice of John Frankenheimer, a good enough too 'great' director, is capable of turning out a first rate entertainment or even a truly superior film when he is provided with a good script and lots of action (for example, THE TRAIN). But there is too much soap here to handle. The racing scenes are directed with considerable skill and imagination. But all he can do with the rest of the movie, is to consider the action as a partial remedy to viewer boredom.

None of the actors in the movie appears to be in any danger of receiving merit awards. Yes, Gardner lacks his hankied lines with so much sincerity that you have to admire him, even while wondering why he bothered to try. Eva Marie Saint tries to do something with her lines by being coy, hesitant, so searching for the proper inflection that will make a cliché meaningful.

She succeeds in giving an extremely offensive performance, since playing by a real actor becomes obvious because there is no immediately recognizable stage personality to cover it. Meanwhile, James Gardner tries manfully to hide the mildly ironic style which characterizes his acting. He never quite succeeds.

One thing that puzzled me was the voice of Toshiro Mifune, the great Japanese actor who had a cameo part as a Japanese industrialist. He sounded like John Bresford Tipton (the baron of 'The Millionaire') speaking slowly through an old landline in an effort to avoid feedback. Presumably his lines were dubbed, but why so oddly?

Grand Prix tends to be a young man's movie on the basis of its subject matter and a young girl's movie on the basis of a maturity specialty plot. If you plan to see it all, it's probably a good idea to catch it before it hits television, where it is liable to look like episodes of wide World of Sports and The Guiding Light run simultaneously.

There is a species of Hollywood product which is known as the exploitation movie. A producer seizes upon some topic of current interest - LSD (THE TRIP), Motorcycle gangs (THE WILD WINDS, et al.) - and then hires a writer to do a potboiler script which will titillate the mass audience with a carbon copy of Time magazine's view of the particular or vice in the news.

GRAND PRIX, which is a sort of exploitation movie, is in a somewhat higher class than the American-International I WAS A TEENAGE BEACH PARTY ANGEL things. For one thing, it's money is on its side. With money, you can hire name actors (Yves Montand, James Gardner, Toshiro Mifune, Eva Marie Saint) and a name director (John Frankenheimer).

You can also take reels and reels of great color footage of Grand Prix racing cars going around and around and around.

Again, subject matter helps the movie perhaps more than it deserves to be helped. It may be simply impossible for normally intelligent people to make a totally worthless movie about bullfighting or automobile racing. No matter how much blarney the solution the movie presents, the simple question of why men set themselves such dangerous but apparently pointless tasks has an inner profundity quite apart from its treatment.

In fact, the treatment leaves quite a lot to be desired. The plot is too complex to be adequately resolved and at the same time, too stereotyped to be very interesting. James Gardner plays a character who was apparently modelled after Phil Hill, an American driver who has a small part in the film. Like Hill, Pete Aron (Gardner) is a loner who leaves the Ferrari factory team to drive English cars. A series of mechanical failures and accidents leads to a violent argument with his hot-headed employer. Ultimately, his wife shows him, takes up with Gardner, whom she doesn't love, and who will get hurt is almost non-existent.

One thing that puzzled me was the voice of John Frankenheimer, a good enough too 'great' director, is capable of turning out a first rate entertainment or even a truly superior film when he is provided with a good script and lots of action (for example, THE TRAIN). But there is too much soap here to handle. The racing scenes are directed with considerable skill and imagination. But all he can do with the rest of the movie, is to consider the action as a partial remedy to viewer boredom.

None of the actors in the movie appears to be in any danger of receiving merit awards. Yes, Gardner lacks his hankied lines with so much sincerity that you have to admire him, even while wondering why he bothered to try. Eva Marie Saint tries to do something with her lines by being coy, hesitant, so searching for the proper inflection that will make a cliché meaningful.

She succeeds in giving an extremely offensive performance, since playing by a real actor becomes obvious because there is no immediately recognizable stage personality to cover it. Meanwhile, James Gardner tries manfully to hide the mildly ironic style which characterizes his acting. He never quite succeeds.

One thing that puzzled me was the voice of Toshiro Mifune, the great Japanese actor who had a cameo part as a Japanese industrialist. He sounded like John Bresford Tipton (the baron of 'The Millionaire') speaking slowly through an old landline in an effort to avoid feedback. Presumably his lines were dubbed, but why so oddly?

Grand Prix tends to be a young man's movie on the basis of its subject matter and a young girl's movie on the basis of a maturity specialty plot. If you plan to see it all, it's probably a good idea to catch it before it hits television, where it is liable to look like episodes of wide World of Sports and The Guiding Light run simultaneously.
Burke Outlines Freshman Humanities Program

(continued from page 1)

a new Humanities program which will engage them for six credit hours each semester. The new courses, under the direction of Prof. Thomas Lorch of the English Department, are designed to unify and correlate the fields of Literature, Theology, and Philosophy.

Despite the academic excellence of the Freshmen, a record number won distinction in high school athletics. The number of letters won by entering students compare favorably with last year’s class (in parentheses): football 281 (258), basketball 212 (164), baseball 159 (107), track and cross country 317 (172), golf 112 (44), wrestling 53 (39), tennis 71 (33), swimming 42 (26), crew 32 (15), lacrosse-ice hockey 13 (10), soccer 22 (23).

The Class of ’71 represents a broad spectrum of geographical areas with nearly half, 799, coming from the Midwest. Other regions follow with 451 from Middle Atlantic states, 170 from the South, 100 from the West, and 99 from New England. The recruiting of Negroes for Notre Dame grows slowly with some 25 in the new Freshmen class.

The freshmen this year will find themselves spread over a wide area of the campus as stay halls become the rule rather than the exception. The purpose of the stay halls is to fully integrate students from all four years into living community units, thus fostering an atmosphere of growing academic, social, and psychological maturity.

The former Holy Cross Seminary on St. Mary’s Lake has been leased by the University from the Holy Cross Fathers, re-named Holy Cross Hall, it will house about 160 students and the newly set-up Halfway House. Despite the opening of this new facility, about 80 freshmen will not be able to find rooms on the campus.

Freshmen will find one of the most striking characteristics of the Notre Dame academic community is its concept of honor. The Student Honor Code places the entire burden of honesty in course work on the student body itself.

The Honor Code represents each student’s pledge that he will be honest and encourage his fellow students to uphold the common standards of honor. It embodies the basic principle of an intellectual community — each man does his own work in all the studies he pursues.

The positive value of the Honor Council is that it provides for a responsible and mature atmosphere for academic work by eliminating the need for proctoring. The Code states that “if dishonesty should occur, the students themselves have the responsibility to see that it is effectively curbed.” In such cases the Student Honor Council provides apparatus and sanctions to forestall further dishonesty. Ideally, however, each student will take seriously his pledge to preserve and defend the concept of intellectual integrity.
Our Fathers' Clay Crumbles

(continued from page 5)

acter. Beneath their brittle yellow there is nothing but a muted, vain vision. They have died and become ugly in the same sense that what has gone before us at Notre Dame, has died. The traditions which we have show only the most primitively imagined self, e.g. "Do not walk up the stairs to the main entrance of the Administration building." This is hardly an act which invests us with a sense of the magnificence of our institutions. That this "tradition" can be referred to in reverential tones demonstrates how trivial we are. And the heirs of Sinclair Lewis's Zenith—firmly rooted to, and hatred by the Midwestern soil. Our buildings, our churches and our monuments reflect either the monotonous of day-to-day life, or the monotony of periodic "bigness." The garish outer and inner shells of Sacred Heart Church are the "real Notre Dame," and the magnificent works of Mestrovic are simply, and only, "ornaments."

Furthermore, the institutions and traditions which were conceived outside of this "Midwestern." American ethos, have died. One today "cannot feel the magnificently Gothic attraction to the B.V.M., which former generations felt. One cannot go to daily mass. One cannot visit the Grotto. Weekly Mass if it remains at all becomes only the outer shell of a once vibrant idea.

Yet, for individuals before us, they were ideal structures for the material of men's lives. They were, in the greatest sense, "traditions." They were what the people were. They have died, and what is left is a pitiful mock of the same Gothic fascination. Like the clay which was quarried from St. Mary's Lake, and used to build such architectural masterpieces as the Notre Dame Fieldhouse, we have become cold and decrepit.

There is no point in trying to resurrect what is dead.

What was once "real" is now "Camp," and it is deplorable foolishness to treat it as a living force in our lives. We must have respect for the dead, but not allow them to restrict our imaginations of the present and the future.

Notre Dame is nothing if it is only the sentimentality of Old Grads and Priests. Genuine institutional sentiment cannot exist in a view bordered by such artificial restraints. If students of our generation are to hold fondly to our memories of Notre Dame, and live vital and relevant lives as well, we must realize what we are, and begin to reconstruct not our lost' "narrative, but our very selves.

Radio-Refrigerators-TV Antenna-Converters-etc

A. F. SMITH Co.
407 So. Michigan St.

...
According to Grantland Rice, the greatest football team ever assembled was the 1943 Notre Dame team. According to everybody, the man who made that team was Angelo Bertelli. Notre Dame won the National Championship Bertelli's senior year, 1943, but Angelo Bertelli was in Parris Island for that season's last games.

In 1943, he became the first Notre Dame player to win the Heisman trophy, but he played in only seven games before he was drafted into the Marine Corps.

During an exclusive interview early this week with Bertelli, he told the Observer that one of the greatest and worst moments of his life came while he was listening to the final game of the '43 season.

As he sat at Paris Island, a drifter still in basic training, he received a telegram informing him that he had won the Heisman trophy.

"Five minutes after receiving the telegram I heard over the radio that Notre Dame had lost its last game to Great Lakes College on a freak, last second play." Bertelli's personal gain was not very close to him, but he shows by his attitudes toward other issues that he thinks that sports are only a means through which he can grasp and understand his own experience.

He means that these players will learn something far more reasonable and valuable than they could thread through other, more sterile learning processes. "Football was and opportunity to express myself," said Bertelli. And from the few comments which he gave the Observer, it is evident that he still retains in life the good judgement that he was noted for on the football field.

As conversations inevitably do these days, we eventually turned to the subject of the Ghetto riots. Bertelli is a liquor and beer dealer in and around suburban New York. He knows Newark, N.J., scene of one of the country's worst riots.

"Do you know that garbage collections throughout the riot area of Newark averaged once every two weeks?" questioned Bertelli. "Throughout the rest of the city garbage was collected at least twice a week. This is what causes riots. Not 'outside agitators.' Sure, there were people stirring up otherwise peaceful citizens, but they would not have been able to do this if these people had not been mistrusted in the first place."

He made it clear that he hated the purpose - the riots cannot be placed squarely on the shoulders of anyone. This ability to transcend the usual stereotyped, and banal expressions was indeed an inspiring testament to the continuing vitality of Angelo Bertelli's Notre Dame education. He was not, and is not, the worthless animal who goes out on the football field and plays good football, capable of doing nothing else. He does not say 'dah.' but articulates his statements with precision and force, and an inherent honesty.