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, counseling, 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 3.250 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 29 per cent in the last five years.

Approximately 180 top freshmen have been admitted to the University of Notre Dame this fall.
Elephants (and bunnies) Are Coming!

BY DON HYNES

From the cold, crisp autumn football days to that warm day of graduation, the high school boys talk constantly about those 'different' college girls. And Notre Dame upperclassmen assure the Class of 1971 that St. Mary's girls ARE different — really different.

The bunnies, 273 fluffy ones, bounced in today, increasing the boy-girl ratio from 6-0 to 6.21-1. They represent thirty three states and five foreign countries, with the majority calling home Illinois, Indiana, Michigan of Ohio.

Sunday, the girls are supposed to attend Mass with their parents. During the afternoon there will be a reception tea with 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 mediation session on George Washington Carver, in pursuit of the cultural pinnacle.

To the dismay of all invited the girls will be attending classes for the rest of the week. However, for the freshmen extra-verts, this is deemed by the un-derground as the best time to make acquaintances. For the temporarily uniformed freshman, the place to meet these dazzling damselles, are the SMC Social Center, the Bookstore and Kubsaks.

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 get 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 Friendy but remember, if at first you don't succeed, try, and try, and try, and try.'

The Observer Never Forgets

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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

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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 129 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 advisers 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'Loughlin Auditorium.

St. Mary's realizing some Notre Dame freshmen aren't familiar with their own glorious heritage here cordially invited them to the documentary, Knute Rockne, All-American, to be presented at 8 p.m. followed by an open house in the Social Center.

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Boys and Girls Play Halfway

BY BARNEY KING

A co-ox gym is in the making for Notre Dame and St. Mary’s athletic types. The new Halfway House has added that feature to its now-plentiful assortment of facilities for co-ox entertainment, according to the Rev. James Burtschaell, C.S.C., director of the program.

The gym, which has basketball and handball courts may be used for dances sponsored by student groups, co-ox volleyball and will contribute greatly to facilities intended to provide recreation previously found only in town, said Fr. Burtschaell.

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 Burtschaell.

Franco Anastasio will move his Quo Vadis pizzeria 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. Burtschaell said. They include a pizza cellar, for quiet informal gatherings, four private dining rooms seating from 10-30 persons, large lounge area, check room and new ladies powder rooms. Nine classrooms are being constructed for co-ox classes. However, these rooms are also available to other groups.

The Halfway House is on an experimental basis, Father Burtschaell 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 foresaw major problems and expects it to be ‘pretty heavily used.’

‘Interest in the House will be heightened,’ said Fr. Burtschaell. ‘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’

Originally conceived by the Rev. Don McNeil and worked on closely by Father Hoffman and Father Burtschaell, the Halfway House plans to provide a good recreational area convenient to both schools with good evening entertainment, food and meeting facilities. In addition Father Burtschaell said, ‘it will encourage a more causal than centered acquaintance between Notre Dame and Saint Mary’s and thus lay a solid social foundation for a merger between the two schools.’

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WALKER’S

207 North Michigan

SOUTH BEND WAS calling her illegitimate children home yesterday, and the week before that. And they were tracking 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 they 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 poobah-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 lush yawning, carefully cultivated after a spring semester of battle and fragrant sex.

Yes, it was here again. The festive arrival was a lush yawning, carefully cultivated after a spring semester of bustle and furious activity trying to show off these machines and their products.

JAY SCHWARTZ-Jose
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JAY SCHWARTZ-Jose
Out of Golden Glimmer

Before that gold glimmer wears off the freshman's sweatshirt and before he does his first math assignment and perhaps even before mommy and daddy 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 flowing robe who looks like a Crossman 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 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 salt about the great Notre Dame doorway to the street named Desire.

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 rostrum, 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 go and he will get an opportunity to examine the great doorway to the modern world.

Sophomoric

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 reevaluation 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. The generally higher dropout rate of sophomores raises the question: Were these Sophomore Year, when there is no Sophomore year for freshmen, consistent in the Sophomore Year.

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 scarce in other colleges, is worth much experimentation.

Perhaps it is the very idea of "easing" freshmen into college work by the Freshman Year of Studies?

Some prominent voices are of the opinion that the Freshman Program is spoon-feeding the sholom-diploph the law professors as they set up an obstacle course of weef sidewalks for a few people and a large number of squirrels to run as best they can. It is the calm before the storm, the ninth of September, week before Freshman orientation.

Six years ago I came to this campus for the first time, as a high school sophomore and a dorm disciple. I entered the sophomore structure on the campus of Notre Dame which was indeed gold and at the same time a dome.

But after a few seconds, noticed the Administration Building, which the Dome crowns. The Ad Building (hereafter referred to as an oldy but goody) is not precisely modern building. In fact, it is rumored to be a reconstruction of a condemned tenement in Hoboken. I feel no Holden Caulfield sense that I had caught my elders in the act of being phony, so that I began to wonder what I had seen in the campus to impress me so much.

THIS IS NOT to say that this is not a nice campus. It is full of trees and squirrels and birds. The lawn is green except during toilet football and frisbee season when it is a colorless brown. Even the sun and somewhat decrepit buildings are perhaps and expression of our administrators' love for places that hold fond memories.

The Memorial Library is open only part of the day, staffed by a skeleton crew of middle-aged librarians and gatekeepers, who look on impartially offering neither help nor hindrance. The floors seem unreally clean, sparkling with a mechanical sheen that is somehow unfriend.

The change machine in the basement automatswallows my dollar without a word of apology or a coin or to refund. I appeal to the buzzer (RING FOR SERVICE ONLY - NO CHANGE GIVEN) but there is no one behind the locked door. Defeated by the mechanical alliance, I wander out through the turnstile again. The reflection pool in front of the library is filled for the football season but there is no Goodyear blimp or alumini to impress.

The Freshman quad seems a little more active, even though none of the freshmen have yet arrived. The football team is rooming in at Foyle until school starts and strains of Smokey Robinson and the Miracles waft gently down from a third floor radio. Next door was my Freshman bail, Breen-Phillips. Rembering a whole year in an eleven by eighteen triple, I'm still amazed that the three of us are still friends.

But nostalgia is not something to make a meal on. I finally headed for the Rocken Memorial, not to contemn the past glories of the Fighting Irish but to buy some food at the snack shop in the golf course clubhouse.

Armed with two paper cartons of milk and a couple of packages of Fig Newtons, I scurried back to my room. The empty campus depressed me. Father Burrell, who has been here somewhere longer than I have, says he finds times like these moments of pregnant silence. I suppose for those who have seen the cycle change, the mechanical alliance, I wander out through the turnstile again. The reflection pool in front of the library is filled for the football season but there is no Goodyear blimp or alumini to impress.

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Modern University Inherits A Dead Past

BY BOB BRADY

According to an emminent (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 what "happened" the year before the present senior class arrived.

His point is perfectly reasonable. The deep-cut traditions of our university are as trivial as Notre Dame is raw, and it is through our triviality that we honor our one-true tradition, which is nothing more than a source of satisfaction throughout a world that no one cares anything about. This it seems paradoxical, or even a bit stupid, remember that in a Catholic institution, mysteries are the staff of which lines are made.

We are built 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 subtlety but possess the force to build in and from the wilderness. We are the Midwest which imagines 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)

POEMS OF HOLY MEN

Poems of Holy Men

BY BOB BRADY

In a review on the New York Times, Richard Goldstein wrote, "Musically, there are already indications that the intense spirituality of a Day in the Life is a key to the sound of 1967." It is a "key" in the same way that the Beatles as individuals (and as an institution) are materializations of the imagination of the Late Sixties. They have suffered and continue to do so both in and because of their prosperity. They are immensely rich and eminently successful, and yet obviously feel an enormous spiritual dislocation. It would seem that "art" is always an articulation of the artist's spirituality, and the spirit of the Beatles in such poems as A Day in the Life doubtfully catch the breath and soul of our age.

They say, "If you still need me I will still feed me When I'm 64!"

This is burlesque and mockery, but it is a deadly serious querie as well.

They seem to fear that the prosperity which they are experiencing, even if it remains, will lead to a destruction of all of their spiritual energy. When this is gone, they know that the essential justification for life will be absent from their lives. The Beatles affirm the Baltimore Cathedral in their implicit statement that once the soul has left the body, there is death.

They fear that this death will be brought on by over exposure to the materials of the world. This is the source of the hope for America in Bohemia.

They are absurd. They are ridiculous. But their statements are not the trite notions that mere words sometimes are. They can say that "Love is all," and make us believe it in a way that no one else can. And so we in the world cannot.

They are not idealists, but genuine realists. They are capable of dealing in their work, with their own experience at a most intense and honest level. "Serpent Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band" is their most articulate, untrained, and legitimate statement up to this point. They, and the members of our generation in Bohemia, are not the frivolous, flowery-bowery, powder-puffs that bourgeois America considers them. They are honest men.

It is monochromatic that the source of material prosperity for the Beatles came to the segment of squabbling America that will soon be squabbling them. The same is the situation however, becomes its justice when we realize that it is against the spiritual stagnation of bourgeois America that the Beatles are rebelling. They can sing "We shall scrimp and Save" in all honesty, and with great reverence, and the fact that they can is a cause for celebration.

GRAND PRIX or Peyton Prix

BY DENNIS GALLAGHER

There is a species of Hollywood product which is known as the exploitation movie. A producer seize upon some topic of current interest - LSD (THE TRIP), Motorcycle gangs (THE WILD ANGELS, et al.) - He then hires a writer to do a poor boiler script which will stimulate the main 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, money is on its side. With money, you can hire name actors (Yves Montand, James Gardner, Toshio 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 truly worthwhile movie about bullfighting or automobile racing. No matter how ambiguous the solution the movie presents, the public is conditioned to believe that 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 Atron (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 boss-leader employer. Ultimately, like Hill, he makes a comeback with another factory team.

The pace of the plot is fairly interesting, particularly if you have not studied up on Hill's career. But the rest is pure Peyton Place. Yves Montand plays an aging French racing great whose wife doesn't understand him. He takes up with American journalist Eva Marie Saint who does understand him. Eventually, his wife shows up and apparently doesn't understand either of them.

Meanwhile, Brian Bedford plays an English driver who is trying to live up to the reputation of his late great older brother. His wife (Jessica Walter leaves him because she loves him so much that she can't bear to see him suffer. She takes up with Gardner, whom she doesn't love, and can bear to see suffer. It all gets pretty sticky but Gardner displays no emotion one way or the other.

What holds the movie together are the racing sequences, which are exciting even though the plot cracks so badly that the dramatic tension over who will win and who will get killed is almost non-existent. Everything you expect to happen happens except that the carefree Italian driver survives the movie through some oversight on the script writer's part.

John Frankenheimer, a tough enough not '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 with lots of action (for example, THE TRAIN). But there is too much soup 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 constantly shift 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. Yves Montand attacks his hickneyed 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 by searching for the proper inflection that will make a cliché meaningful.

She succeeds in giving an extremely offensive performance, since playacting by a real actress 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 Toshio Mifune, the great Japanese actor who had a cameo part as a Japanese industrialist. He sounded like John Beresford Tipton (the millionnaire of The Millionaire) speaking slowly through an old loudspeaker 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 maturely sexy 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 THE GUIDING LIGHT run simultaneously.
Burke Outlines Freshman Humanities Program

(continued from page 1)

The Observer September 15, 1967

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 (106), lacrosse-ice hockey 15 (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 apace 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; renamed 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—that each man does his own work in all the studies he pursues.

The positive value of the Honor Code 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 effective-ly 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 was nothing but a muted, vain vision. They have died and become ugly in the same sense that what has gone before at the Notre Dame, has died.

The traditions which we have show only the most pinty, imaginings of 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 institution. The "traditions" can be referred to in reverential tones demonstrates exactly how trivial we are.

We are the heirs of Sinclair Lewis's Zenith firmly rooted to, and limited by the Midwestern soil. Our buildings, our churches, and our monuments reflect the monotony of days-to-day life, or the monotony of periodic "bings." The garish outer and inner shells of Sacred Heart Church are the "real Notre Dame," and the magnificent works of Mestrovic are simply, and exactly how trivial we are.

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 old and decrepit.

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

What was once "real" is now "Camp," and it is deformed 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 bounded 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 we are, and begin to reconstruct not our lost-sentimentality, but our very selves.

"The Irish Eye" - Cont'd

Michigan State can get its lingo to Vietnam, if not the future!

This kind of prediction could revolutionize football practice seasons. The head coach will take his star aside and tell him, "Rock, you've got to watch those blocks. No one's getting through. He told you boys before, you can never tell when Sports Illustrated is around. If I have to mention this again, you're going to chug a six-pack. Now go out Notre Dame looks and is overpowering but Sports Illustrated put it in print and everything has gone out the window. Until and look bad. It's for the team."

September 11, being No. 1 seemed inevitable as rain in South Bend, as sure as lines at registration or beer at Frankies.

DO PRIESTS
- Cut Ribbons at Civic Affairs?
- Wrestle with Bookkeeping?
- Balance the Budget?
- Shuffle Papers?

Let's face it. There are some things that have to be done. In that we differ from no other priest.

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According to Grandtand 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 Paris 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 year 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 draftee 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 final, second play." Bertelli's personal gain was not very close to him, but he shows by his attitude 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 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 judgment 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 and in and around suburban New York. He knows Newark, "the 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 mistreated in the first place."

He made it clear that he hated the purpose of those 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 Notre Dame.