

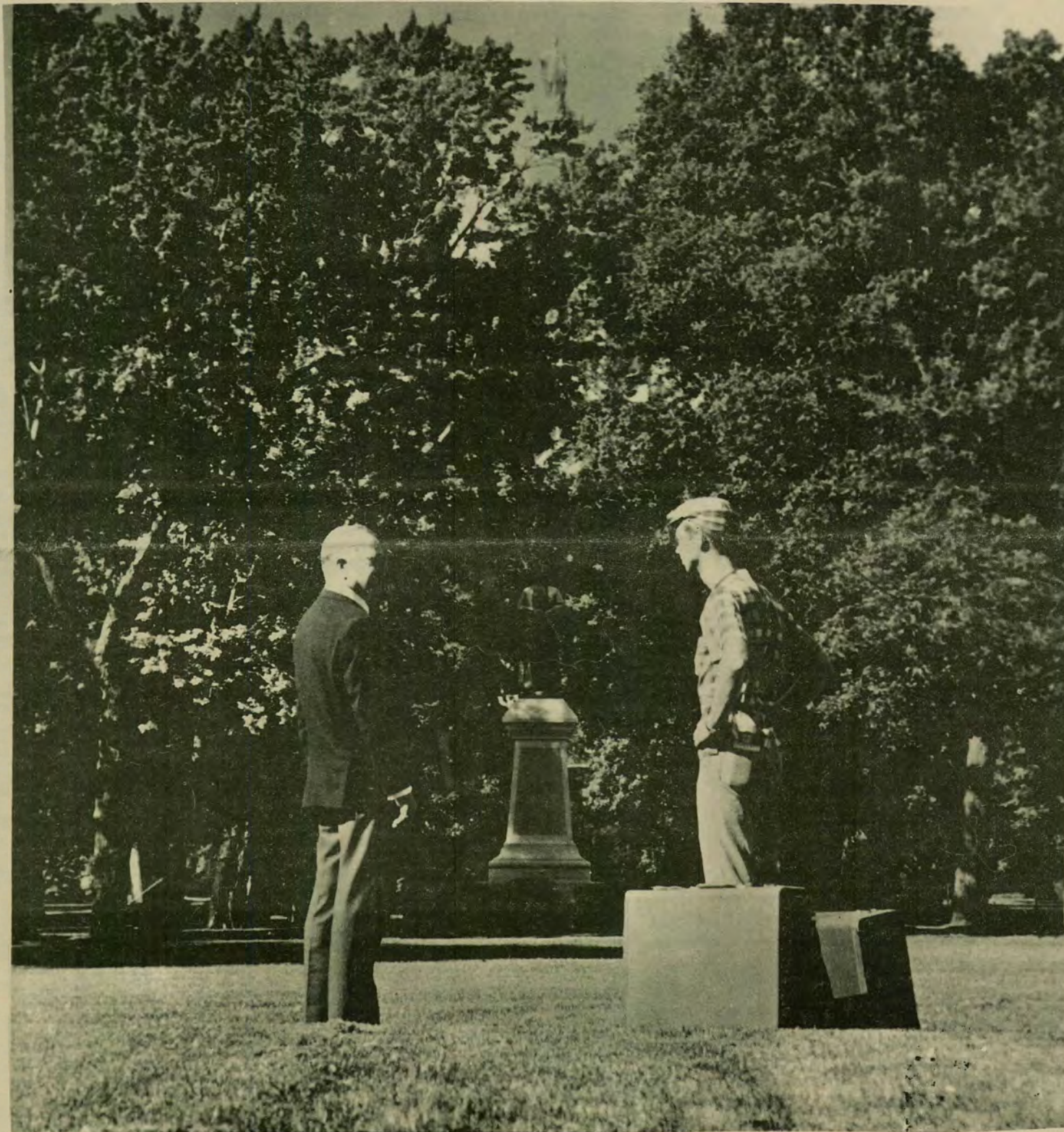
THE OBSERVER

volume II no. I

University of Notre Dame

September 15, 1967

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 Stephan 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 Freshman 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

(continued on page 6)

BUT I DON'T WANNA GO — Freshman Bill Kelly arrived a little early with his father this morning from New York. Then it happened. He saw the Golden dome, dropped his baggage and begged off. Bill and the other 1629 freshmen begin their orientation exercises this week-end.

--INSIDE--

— At the same time Notre Dame freshmen are weaving their way through the campus, across the road, the sister school St. Mary's is kicking off their freshman program with a Knute Rockne film and a "Madonna" ceremony. See the details of the SMC freshman, page 2.

— One of the most exciting record albums recorded, The Beatles' Sergeant Pepper, is seen by feature editor Bob Brady as the mainstream of modern thought. Brady on the Beatles, page 5.

— Tom Figel focuses the Irish Eye on the 1967 Fighting Irish as seen by Sports Illustrated. The full account of Figel and SI begins on page 8.

— Over the years the freshman program has been criticized violently by upperclassmen for its lack of sophistication and its downright childish approach to education. Read the reasons on the Observer's editorial page, 4.

— From the dim lights of the bar room of the Holiday Inn comes an Observer exclusive interview with Angelo Bertelli, Notre Dame's first Heisman trophy winner. Bertelli talks of his life with football, page 8.

— For an Observer subscription, turn to page 2, fill out a blank, write the check and mail to box 11, Notre Dame, 46556. It's as easy as that.

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 or Ohio.

Everyone wants to meet an intelligent and informed girl at college, and 133 of SMC's fresh-females graduated in the top ten per cent 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 "Knut Rockne, All-American" at O'Laughlin Auditorium.

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

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-in, 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 involved the girls will be attending classes for the rest of the week. However, for the freshmen extraverts, this is deemed by the un-

derground as the best time to make acquaintances. For the temporarily uninformed freshman, the place to meet these dazzling damselles, 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 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 Friendly but remember, if at first you don't succeed, try, and try, and try, and try."

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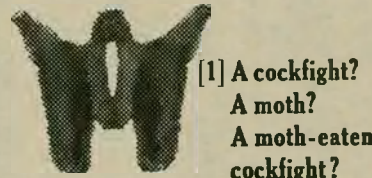
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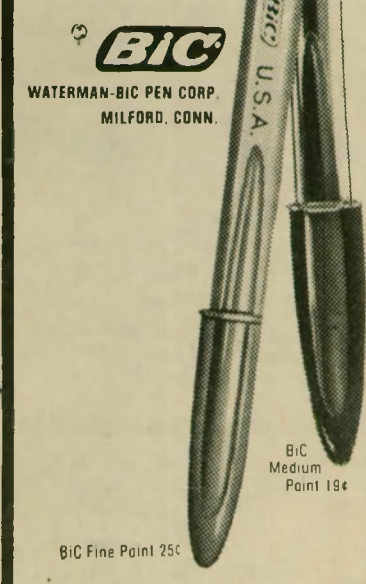
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JAY SCHWARTZ

Fetid Autumn



SOUTH BEND WAS calling her illegitimate children home yesterday, and the day before, and the week before that. And they were trickling 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 miniatures 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 yawn, carefully cultivated after a spring semester of bustle and fragrant sex. Yes, it was here again. The festive arrival was bound to dissolve in the fetid October and November air.

The Class of 1971 is the strongest, healthiest, brightest and most sensitive class in the history of Du Lac. They are the best football players, lovers, and beer drinkers in the memory of the oldest priest on campus.

They blow grass and trip out like champs. Each and everyone of them is the archetypal man, the Odysseus of smalltown America, the Sophocles of Central New York. Their girls are the prettiest, the most laughable, and the most buxom lasses that could ever inhabit a California seashore. Their mothers are the trimmest and the most attractive of matrons. They shop at Bonwit Teller, and dine at Maxim's. Their Dads are athletic, handsome and the most successful magnates on the Avenue of the Americas. Their beautiful brothers and sisters are at home this weekend with the other slightly older Ford station wagon. The home is suburban, the place is Scarsdale, New York. It doesn't really matter. It never has and never will. For they are the epitome of manhood, the bastille of morality and goodness.

But they're here now. They walk briskly down the quads. They eat. They talk. Their great moment is here. The correspondence with Princeton, New Jersey is over. The tuition is paid. Only registration remains. The Grotto, Church - Roomate, Library, Stepan Center - Honor Code, Student Government. Blue Circle - Activities, Chemistry and St. Mary's. Shine down sunshine, we're here.

AUTUMN PIGSKINS and the children of nature arrive simultaneously. They are the ones who will cheer the loudest, talk the biggest and bash the baddest. Watch out, trombone players, they are here and they'll probably get two or three bands this year. They'll scrawl the bawdiest of signs and the Trojans will be much malfeted.

One of them doesn't have Venus on his shoulder and Jupiter in his fist. In fact the only thing he really has is a skin condition. And sometime, in the fetid October sir he might see a kid with a beard, and he might like him. And as soon as that happens, he'll never make it.

And when he does make it, it won't be on the Avenue of the Americas. It'll be nice and quiet and secure, and he's going to love October.

Boys and Girls Play Halfway

BY BARNEY KING

A co-ex 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-ex entertainment, according to the Rev. James Burtchaell, C.S.C., director of the program.

The gym, which has basketball and handball courts may be used for dances sponsored by students groups, co-ex volley ball and will contribute greatly to facilities intended to provide 'recreation previously found only in town,' said Fr. Burtchaell.

The House is located in the west wing of the new residence hall, Holly Cross, and will accomodate 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 Burtchaell.

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. Burtchaell said. They include a pizza cellar, for quiet informal gatherings, four private dining rooms seating from 10-30 persons, a large lounge area, check room and new ladies powder rooms. Nine classrooms are being constructed for co-ex courses. However, these rooms are also available to other groups.

The Halfway House is on an experimental basis, Father Burtchaell 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 foresees few major problems and expects it to be 'pretty heavily used.'

"Interest in the House will be heightened," said Fr. Burtchaell, "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 Burtchaell, 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 Burtchaell said, 'it will encourage a more casual than contrived acquaintanship 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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THE OBSERVER

A Student Newspaper

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

PATRICK COLLINS

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 3, 1966

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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 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 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 the 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

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 some 67 Sophomores suffered academic dismissal. The 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 ordinary 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

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.

which occur consistently in the Sophomore Year.

Recent trends, notably toward stay hall, demonstrate a desire to integrate the four undergraduate classes in 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 pabulum 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 Freshman Program, though relatively scarce 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.



"BEE - IN"

THE REPORTER

Cookies And Milk



BY DENNIS GALLAGHER

THE SILENCE OF the sleeping campus is broken only by the steady shloop-shloop of the lawn sprinklers as they set up an obstacle course of wet 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, a week before Freshman orientation.

Six years ago I came to this campus for the first time, as a high school sophomore and a delegate to a student convention. I saw for the first time the fabled Golden Dome (hereafter referred to as an oldy but goldy). I felt a kind of real awe in finding that, just like it said in the pictures, there was a large structure on the campus of Notre Dame which was indeed gold and at the same time a dome.

But after a few seconds I noticed the Administration Building, which the Dome crowns. The Ad. Building (hereafter referred to as a mouldy but goodie) is not precisely modern building. In fact, it is rumored to be a reconstruction of a condemned tenement in Hoboken. I felt a 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 touch football and frisbee season when it is a colorful brown. Even the aged and somewhat decrepit buildings are perhaps an 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 unreal clean, sparkling with a mechanical sheen that is somehow unfriendly.

The change machine in the basement automat swallows 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 alumni 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 Farley until school starts and strains of Smokey Robinson and the Miracles waft gently down from a third floor radio. Next door was my Freshman hall, Breen-Phillips. Remembering 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 Rockne Memorial, not to contemplate 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 somewhat longer than I have, says he finds times like these moments of 'pregnant silence. I suppose for those who have seen the cycle change continually and not merely been a part of the change, there is a sense of rightness about these periods of rest between long periods of hectic motion. But for me, it just seemed cold and deserted. I finished my milk, half consciously deciding to hibernate myself until the people came who would turn the hodgepode of old and new buildings into a university.

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 what "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 rawness 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.

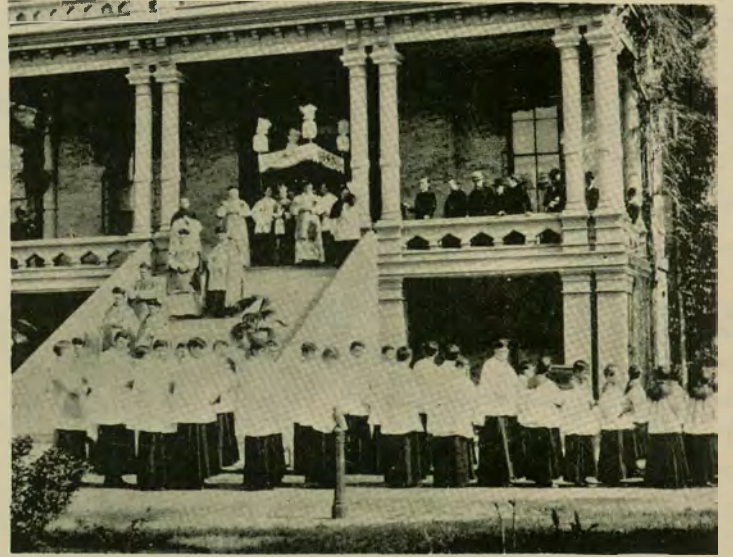
We are built not on the sense and sensibility of the Eighteenth Century, but on the Indiana prairie. We are the Midwest of Father

Badin. We lack all manner of 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 char-

(continued on page 7)



OBSERVER FEATURES



Poems of Holy Men

BY BOB BRADY

In a review for the New York Times, Richard Goldstein wrote, "Musically, there are already indications that the intense atonality 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 spirit, and the spirit of the Beatles in such poems as 'A Day in the Life' doubtlessly catch the breath and soul of our age.

They ask,

*Will you still need me
Will you still feed me
When I'm 64?*

This is burlesque and mockery, but it is a deadly serious queerie 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 Catholicism 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 nothings that their mere words sometimes are. They can say that "Love is all," and make us believe it in a way that all of the Lyndons 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 intimate and honest level. "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band" is their most articulate, unrestrained, 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 bourgeoisie America considers them. They are honest men.

It is ironic that the source of material prosperity for the Beatles was the segment of squealing America that will soon be maiming them. The irony of the situation however, becomes its justice when we realize that it is against the spiritual stagnation of bourgeoisie 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 seizes upon some topic of current interest — LSD (THE TRIP), Motorcycle gangs (THE WILD ANGELS, et. al.). He 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, 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 ambiguous 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, like Hill, he makes a comeback with another factory team.

This much 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. She 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 creaks so badly that the dramatic tension over who will win and who will get hurt is almost non-existent. Everything you expect to happen happens except that the carefree Sicilian driver survives the movie through some oversight on the script writer's part.

John Frankenheimer, a good though 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 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 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 hackneyed 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 Toshiro Mifune, the great Japanese actor who had a cameo part as a Japanese industrialist. He sounded like John Beresford Tipton (the billionaire 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 soapy 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-lacrosse-ice hockey 15 (10), soccer 22 (23).

The Class of '71 represents a broad spectrum of geographi-

cal 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 year 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 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.



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Our Fathers' Clay Crumbles

(continued from page 5)

acter. Beneath their brittle yellow there eas 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 palt'y imaginations 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 institutions. That this "tradition" 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 Mid-western soil. Our buildings, our churches and our monuments reflect either the monotony of day-to-day life, or the monotony of periodic 'binges.' 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 'Mid-western,' 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 ressurect what is dead.

What was once 'real' is now 'Camp,' and it is demented 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 'image,' but our very selves.

"The Irish Eye"-Cont'd

(cont. from page 8)

September 11, 1967, Sports Illustrated 'The Fight for No. 1 — Notre Dame will take it. Who's behind all this? It's not hard to imagine Duffy Daugherty, smiling feindishly, ghosting the article. If

Michigan State can get its fingers into Vietnam, why not the future?

This kind of prediction could revolutionize football practice sessions. The head coach will take his star aside and tell him, 'Rock, you've got to watch those blocks. No one's getting through. I've told you boys before, you never can tell when Sports Illus-

trated 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 as inevitable as rain in South Bend, as sure as lines at registration or beer at Frankies.

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An Observer Exclusive

"Opportunity for Expression" - Bertelli

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 Notional 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 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 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 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 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 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 foot-



ball, capable of doing nothing else. He does not say 'dah.' but articulates his statements with precision and force, and an inherent honesty.

OBSERVER SPORTS



Photo by Richard Stevens

What About Nick Eddy?

BY JOE MCGHILL

Back in 1964 Ara Parseghian stood knee deep in snow or the steps of Sorin Hall. His face was somewhat chapped by the cold and his voice masked by the students whinning cry for "Ara." But somehow above it all Parseghian managed to communicate one thing. 'I'm going to bring a national championship to Notre Dame.'

And somehow the students believed the little man on the steps of Sorin.

Last year, the promise was realized as Notre Dame was picked No. 1 at the seasons end by both UPI and AP sports polls. And it was all done with a season record of 9-0-1, a pair of fuzzy cheeked sophomore quarterbacks, a skinny sophomore end, and a dazzling halfback named Eddy.

Today, as in the previous year, the fate of the Irish depends on the arm of Terrance Hugh Hanratty and the legs of Jim Seymour. The year has changed the Notre Dame sophomores of destiny.

Hanratty, a 19 year-old junior from Butler Pa., has pulled his weight to 200 pounds and increased his poise in the pocket while his teammate Seymour, an All-American candidate, has increased his speed and sharpened his feigning both inside and out.

Here is the way things are going to go. Hanratty will pass to Seymour. Hanratty will pass to Seymour. Hanratty to Seymour. Hanratty to Seymour. End of first quarter. In the second quarter Hanratty will fake to Bleier and pass to Seymour. Hanratty will fake to Glacieux and then pass to Seymour. and on and on. for the combination should be one of the high-

est scoring teams in the history of Irish football.

Everything should come up roses from California to Miami. Everyone will be waiting for Notre Dame to take the basket. And everyone will be talking about the two fuzzy faced kids who grew up on the gridiron.

And no one will remember a fellow named Eddy or that guy named Conjar, unless the magic of the Gipper wears thin in the corn fields of Illinois of the sands of Miami. Then they'll say 'we need Eddy back.' And some wise guy will shout 'we need any back.'

But then they'll all remember back on the steps of Sorin Hall when a man stood knee deep in snow and promised Notre Dame a championship team. And their faith will be restored.

THE IRISH EYE

On to Basketball

BY TOM FIGEL

ON THE SURFACE everything looks good, healthy, bigger, faster and better than ever. You know that the boys at Ball State, St. Thomas, Michigan State and Pinky Lee U. are sporting bright 'No. 1' buttons but the dreams are cheap and harmless. Even ninety-seven pound weakling can make a fist. You know that thousands of freshmen at No. 1 schools will be hazed through ten games, their No. 1 teams never achieving victory. You know all that but it doesn't matter. It doesn't shake your faith because you've seen the Irish tearing up Cartier field and each other.

We're Number One. We, us Notre du Lac. Everyone says so and we've seen it. Bill Dunfy, Mike Ryan, Joe Irish, even the Scholastic know where to put their money. Not only the fans in the stands, the subway alumni but the professional experts have already computed the season and we finish on top, winded but unscathed.

The columnists convince us that there's no point in even fielding a team; you don't need the new math to add up the scores in advance. It's almost like the scientist who suggested that wars be fought on computers, that the vital statistics and resources of warring countries be programmed and the victory determined without the war. This year Notre Dame has all kinds of reources: brawn, speed, and a stadium full of sixty minute's worth fans. Everyone and his brother wanted to see one of the routs this year, but the house that Rock built only holds so many and so much noise.

Notre Dame should be able to bask in the predictions like a sleek hunting dog in an autumn sun. But something wears at our expectations and fills every scheduled game with hidden terrors. A force more powerful than Colt 45, more glossy than Playboy, more knowing than a Quija board has given us the kiss of death - Sports Illustrated has agreed with the obvious; Notre Dame will be number one, holder of all the marbles. Thanks, fellas, but we'd rather do it ourselves. We know your choices have gone awry in the past: German in World War Two, Hitler for Coach of the Year in '45, and Dennis O'Dea for Student Body President in '67.

WE KNOW THAT you've got eyes, ears, all the faculties plus one - the kiss of death, the black spot, a journalistic bubonic plague. Think that Notre Dame will bring the cookskin home this year but think it quietly; don't print it. Some things shouldn't be mentioned at least not by you. Give Alabama, Georgia, or Pinky Lee U. that boost. With friends like you, who needs the Michigan State band? (continued on page 7)