

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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No. 6.

## Grief.

S. F.

JOY said,  
Be mine to-day. . .  
I rose to go, when Grief  
Passed on my way and silent led me  
By the hand.

Benjamin-Marie Petit.

ARTHUR B. HOPE, C. S. C., A. B.

ON the western wall of the chancel in our University chapel, hangs a small marble slab which informs the passer-by who can read Latin, that beneath his feet lies the dust of three priests. The first name recorded is that of Father Francis Cointet, C. S. C., who died in 1854 at the age of 37, having spent all of his meagre allotment of years in caring for the Indians of Northern Indiana. The name of Rev. J. DeSeille is next, and we read that he died in 1836. Of his meritorious work and life, much might be written. Long after his tragic death, his acquaintances recalled him as a saint; and one missionary wrote several years later that when the body was disinterred, he himself had seen and touched it, and found it in a remarkable state of preservation. But it is the last name which excites most interest: for Benjamin-Marie Petit, by the ardor of his apostolic spirit, the completeness of his sacrifice, and the untimely course of events which brought so youthful a life to a close, is more calculated to arouse our admiration and sympathy. The tombstone relates that he died in 1838, but it is certain that his demise did not take place until the following year.

Benjamin-Marie Petit was born at Rennes, in France, April 8, 1811. He was educated for the law, and was just beginning to assume an honorable place in the profession, when his soul was stirred by a desire for greater things than

the honors of this world. Always pious and charitable, as an old record states, it was but a step for him to the priesthood. That he should choose the American missions, however, caused some comment and not a little admiration.

In 1835, the Bishop of Vincennes, Simon Gabriel Bruté, visited France for the purpose of procuring priests and money with which to maintain his diocese, which consisted of what is now the state of Indiana, and the eastern half of Illinois. In all this vast territory there were but four or five priests, and ten times that number were urgently needed. The simple eloquence of this devoted prelate and the pressing need under which he was laboring induced the French to give generously. But he obtained more than money on that trip; he procured an uncrowned saint for America. Benjamin Petit heard him and was drawn to him, and the Bishop talked to the young man and was satisfied. Although an honorable career in the fairest of lands lay before him, this youth was anxious to follow the tender-hearted Bruté to his mission in the forests of Indiana. Moreover, the Bishop was the young man's uncle; the ties of blood must have augmented his holy desire. There was no turning back. Immediately he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, but his ardor for the missions drove him to America in the following year, although he had not yet received major orders. In the little town of Vincennes on the banks of the Wabash, Bishop Bruté taught the docile Petit theology. In the fall of the year 1837, however, there occurred an incident which brought the young man's studies to a close.

A young Belgian priest, Father DeSeille, who cared for the Pottawatomies of the St. Joseph Valley, had suddenly died. Previously however, he bade his Indians carry him to the little altar at the other end of his cabin. He opened the small door, but owing to his weakness could not genuflect. His trembling hands

brought forth the little pyx which contained the Lord; he communicated for the last time. Then he locked the sacred door, and praying his God to give him safe conduct over the road to eternity, he peacefully breathed his last.

When this news was brought to the Bishop, he was filled with grief. That one so young should be called from the service of God quite dismayed him, because he had no one to send instead. Petit had been made a subdeacon only the month before; he was not ready to go to the mission. Nor was it the intention of the Bishop to send him. Yet there was nothing else to do. The Indian who had brought the sad news begged earnestly for a "Black-robe." Petit was anxious to be ordained, but said nothing of this to his uncle. The good Bishop, however, divined the wishes of the sub-deacon, and when a few days later he ordered him to prepare for his ordination, he was overjoyed to witness the fervent delight with which the young man began his preparations.

On the morning of October 15, 1837, Benjamin Petit wrote to his mother in France:

"I am a priest, and the hand which writes you these lines, has this very day held Jesus Christ Himself! How can I express all that I want to say; how can I tell you those things which no human tongue is able to tell! My hands are consecrated to God; my voice now has power akin to His Own. How my voice trembled this morning after having come to the Memento; I recalled you all to my God, my God. And I will recall you again, and yet again, all the days of my life, even to the last . . . . In two days I will depart from here all alone and will travel three hundred miles to labor among a people whom I know not at all. . . yet I am going in the company of my God, reposing day and night on my breast."

The Indians for whom Father Petit was to care had long since been converted to Catholicism. They had been under the influence of the missionaries at various times during the two preceding centuries. Father Petit's duty, then, was not so much to evangelize as to sanctify these people. The government agents, besides stealing the land from the Indians, had tried to induce them to accept a Protestant minister, and had even established a Baptist preacher in commodious quarters near Bertrand, on a piece of ground which the Indians had given to the government for the purpose of erecting a chapel and a school to be conducted

by a Catholic priest. The Indians steadily refused to have anything to do with the preacher, and called continually for a priest. First, Father Badin had come to them, and after him, Father DeSeille. And now, when things looked most black, the simple youth, Petit, came.

The Indians were having difficulties. The corrupt government officials had seized most of their land, and had petitioned the Washington authorities to remove the tribes to the other side of the Mississippi. The Indians were helpless; fortunately they had discovered that the missionaries were their friends. In them, they hoped. As a matter of fact, but for the fearless denunciation and exposure of the corrupt methods of government agents by the priests, the tribes would have long since been moved from the St. Joseph Valley.

It was evening when Petit came to St. Mary's of the Lake. There, by the edge of the water, stood his little log chapel, the replica of which is now used by the members of the Holy Cross Mission Band. The Indians sent up a great shout when they saw him, and as he dismounted, numbers of savages came streaming from the woods to greet him. There was an old French lady there, Miss Angelique Campeau, to tell the Indians what the missionary said, for he was not able to speak their language. This lady was about 65 or 70 years of age and had consecrated her life to the interpretation of the words of the missionary priests.

What Father Petit found there amazed him. In those woods were over twelve hundred Catholic Indians. At the rising of the sun, a signal was given and the Indians came forth from the woods toward a grassy spot near the chapel. Together, they recited a chapter from the catechism which had been translated into their language by Miss Campeau. Then Father Petit would celebrate Mass while the Indians would chant, after which they listened with great patience to a sermon in French, which was then translated for them by Miss Campeau. After Mass, the priest heard confessions, often until evening. And then they would gather for night prayer and the singing of the *Magnificat*. Father Petit states in one of his letters that when they would be deprived of Sacramental Communion for any reason, they would practice spiritual Communion with all the ardor of pious desire. They would often leave their own homes and go to a great distance to instruct other Indians who wished to become Christians.

So great was the piety of these Indians, and so attached were they to their new missionary that they wept whenever he found it necessary to leave them for a few days to attend to the spiritual wants of the white Catholics in other parts of the diocese. When he would return from these visits, the Indians would flock to his cabin, seat themselves in a circle about him, and listen to his words. "One might imagine they were glued there," he writes; "they stay late into the night until I am compelled to tell them to go to their wigwams." He was soon able to speak the language of the Indians. It was a great comfort to be able to hear their confessions without the aid of an interpreter. At Easter time he heard confessions for six weeks continuously.

But he was destined soon to see his fruitful mission destroyed, and his pious Christians driven into exile. There are some hearts which suffer more intensely because of evil done to others than because of injustice done to themselves. Benjamin Petit had such a heart. It had been definitely decided by the government, that the Indians must cross the Mississippi. All attempts to dissuade Washington from such an unjust step were futile. The Indians however would not give up hope. They were confident that the priest had some wonderful influence over the government which he would exercise at the opportune time. Consequently when the order for their removal came, they were crazed with grief. Many of them ran to the woods and hid there for weeks, choosing to die on soil which rightfully belonged to them rather than leave it.

To depart from their ancestral home was sufficient cause of sorrow to the Indians; but when they learned that the missionary was not to accompany them, their dismay knew no bounds. The young priest had earnestly solicited permission to accompany the exiles, but his uncle had refused for two reasons. He was sadly in need of priests in his own diocese, first of all; and secondly, to accompany the Indians, he thought, would create the impression that the removal of the savages had the approval of the ecclesiastical authorities. So the afflicted Indians were gathered together one morning, and surrounded by a large body of soldiers, said farewell to the home of their forefathers. Let Father Petit tell of the incident.

"One morning," he writes, "it was the 4th of September—I said Mass, and then stripped

my pretty church of all its ornaments, and called my children around me at the hour of departure. I talked to them once more. We wept—we, who were leaving forever this little mission, prayed for all other missions, and together we chanted, 'I place all my confidence, O Virgin, in thy mercy.' The voice of him who intoned broke in a sob, and only a few voices were able to come in at the end."

The parting was not for long. It happened that on the 9th of September, Bishop Bruté was to bless a church at Logansport. He came through South Bend on his way from Chicago and requested Father Petit to go with him to assist in the ceremony. Father Petit was glad of the distraction, for his heart was heavy on account of the loss of his Indians. As they came to Logansport, they encountered the cavalcade on its way to exile. The Indians were being pushed along at the point of the bayonet. Many, having become sick, had been placed in covered wagons where they thirsted and baked to death on account of the stifling air. Many had died, and the sight of their wretched condition so touched the Bishop that he told Father Petit he might go on with the Indians to their destination, on condition that he would return at the first order, or as soon as the Indians had received a new missionary. Father Petit was overjoyed and went to the camping grounds to see the Indians. They all knelt for his benediction, and the soldiers, who were drawn up in a square about the Indians, were wholly astonished at witnessing the influence which this little man seemed to have over a group of savages whom they had found very intractable.

The journey across the country was a frightful spectacle. The season was unusually warm; fever developed among the savages and many of them died. Some Indian women gave birth to children and the poor attention they received, together with the exhaustion from the journey, caused both mothers and babes to die. Father Petit says that although over eight hundred began the journey, scarcely six hundred and fifty completed it. After travelling through the states of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and into what is now Oklahoma, they arrived at their destination on November 4th. Father Petit, by reason of his unceasing labor of baptizing the newly born, burying the dead and administering the sacraments, was exhausted. He had contracted the fever and his body was wasted and covered with running sores. On the journey

he had scarcely slept at all; the sight of the misery to which his savages were subjected, compelled him to sacrifice all comfort whatsoever.

Fortunately, a new missionary awaited the Indians in Oklahoma. This was the venerable Jesuit, Father Hoekea, who was both a doctor and a priest. He gave Father Petit what medical attention he could; but the young man did not recover rapidly. It was not until two months later that the fever left him. He had scarcely recovered when a letter from Bishop Bruté ordered him to return to Vincennes. The Bishop, of course, did not realize the condition of Father Petit; if he had, he would not have asked him to return at such an inopportune time, for it was midwinter.

The young priest was not at all equal to the journey that lay before him. Nevertheless, he started out. The first stage of the journey, he accomplished on horseback. When he reached Jefferson City, he found himself so weak that he was obliged to rest there a number of days. From there he took the stage. How long he enjoyed this luxury he does not say, but he finished the journey to St. Louis in a covered wagon, which let in the rain and snow. The Jesuits had a house in St. Louis, and Father Petit sought shelter with them. They treated him as a brother: nothing that could be done for his relief was neglected. It was his hope that he would very shortly be able to complete his journey. He did so, but sooner than he had expected. The Rector of the Jesuits thus describes his departure to Bishop Bruté:

"What a great loss your diocese has sustained in Father Petit! He arrived here on the 15th of January, reduced to a most pitiable state by the fever, eleven running sores on different parts of his body, his person covered with the tint of jaundice, and in the last stage of debility. God certainly had given him strength to reach St. Louis, and to give us the happiness of being edified by his virtues. Oh, what patience, resignation, and lively gratitude toward those who waited on him! But above all, what tender devotion to the Mother of the Saviour! The eve of the Purification, he begged permission to celebrate the Holy Mass in honor of this good Mother who had protected him from his tenderest years; his desire was so great that notwithstanding his extreme weakness, I granted his request and had an altar placed in the adjoining room, where he said his last Mass.

"On the night of the 10th of February, they

came to tell me that he was near his end. As I entered, he raised his head, and inclined it, saluting me with a smile upon his dying lips. I asked him if he suffered much. He answered by casting an expressive glance at the crucifix. 'You wish to say,' I replied, 'that He suffered much more for you.' 'Oh, yes,' he answered. I placed the crucifix on his lips, and he kissed it twice with great tenderness; during his agony, we recited the prayers for the dying, which he followed, keeping his eyes constantly fixed upon us. He sweetly expired about midnight."

Thus, at the age of twenty-seven, in the springtime of his priestly life, and before he had given anything but a faint glimpse of the sanctity that was in him, this young missionary died, a martyr not of blood, but of charity. Is it any wonder that Father Sorin, when he came to the banks of the lake on which Father Petit had had his little chapel, when he saw the little articles of furniture he had left—his books of devotion and learning,—when he heard the stories of him told by the trembling lips of the few remaining savages; is it any wonder that he exclaimed; "I must make this man my model!" It was this longing to be like him, that compelled Father Sorin to travel to St. Louis in quest of his body.

Surely the memory of this boy-missionary, whose ardor for the advancement of God's word made him measure himself on the cross of self-denial and sacrifice ought to be held in reverence. Perhaps if he could teach us what true devotion to the Mother of God means in a man's life, we would have more power with her who so shielded him. At least, to remember his charity should make us more generous, to recall his zeal should make us more fervent, to have before us his innocence, could not but make us more pure. Of him it can truly be said, that in a short space he accomplished a long time.

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*In this paper Mr. Hope tells the tale of a priest who was also a martyr. It is a story of deep pathos and spiritual beauty though the subject antedates collegiate Notre Dame and was regarded by Father Sorin as one of the patrons who prayed for his success from heaven.*

#### Darkness.

The night is like a poet in a cell,  
Unseen, forgetful of his very eyes,  
Cast down from beauty's citadel,  
Stunned by the splendour in the glowing skies.—J. E.

## Varsity Verse.

## STAR READING.

The Stars  
Are golden words  
That fall from Mary's lips,  
At night. . . . to tell her children  
God is near.

## THE SMILE AT SUNSET.

I saw the sun with drowsy smile,  
Yawn on the sleeping earth.  
But I yawned back at him and said,  
"I like your silent mirth."  
I watched him thru the busy day,  
Observed him at his toil,  
And then I thought I heard him say,  
"My work, please do not soil."  
It seems so many cast away,  
The pleasure that he brings,  
For he works hard throughout the day,  
To give us many things.  
Today I know that he was pleased,  
With what we mortals did,  
Because I saw the wondrous smile,  
He gave before he hid.—J. T. B.

## BALLADE AUX TEMPS PERDUS.

Columbus pawned the queen's trousseau  
To gain the lands that none had seen;  
But I would let the whole world go  
To pawn a trousseau for my queen.  
She is a maid of just nineteen  
With rubber springs in every toe;  
Such was that Guinevere, I ween,  
That led King Arthur to his woe.  
But brokers' clerks are very slow  
To grasp the proper shade of green.  
I have no yeast in my small dough  
Nor crust enough to wed my Jean;  
The times are surely monstrous mean  
When love must take a tally-ho,  
Though every guzzler's a machine  
And uses mufflers just for show.  
Come back, you days of long ago,  
When life was yet a man's demesne:  
When every morning's cock would crow  
The day's replenished hippocrene;  
When housewives minded their cuisine  
And politics were thought pas beaux;  
When wedding-bells sang out, serene,  
And money never seemed to flow.

## Envoi.

I have the license for my Jean—  
We've got a flat in Cherry Row—  
The world's a dandy, rakish thence?  
Who's talking times of long ago?—M. E. W.

## The Quizzical Queerness of Mike Kampa.

FOREST JEROME HALL, '23.

Life, according to everybody's testimony is "a queer proposition." Read any ten books from any public library, and you will find that affirmation at least eleven times, for in ten authors there is always one or more who forgets and says it twice in his volume. I have no doubt that the first man who took a sharp stone and began making marks with it on another stone was trying to picture his primitive conception of "Life" in close proximity to an artistic representation of the "queer Proposition."

Yet, notwithstanding the great mass of testimony in favor of this "proposition," I have always felt that there is a basic inaccuracy in that all but unanimous decision of mankind. For, if life is the queer thing alleged, what are we to say of those marvellously odd creatures who live it? Flatly, I believe life has been slandered; for it is the queer things we queer mortals do to it that gives to life a wholly undeserved reputation. To every man who comes into this world there is given one perfectly good normal life. But immediately every man begins assiduously to make it over into what he thinks will please him,—but which never does. Some are satisfied with just smoothing down and leveling out their existences so as to avoid any rough jars. These usually get positions as clerks in grocery or furniture stores and live happily ever after. There are still others, who are not so consistent—like Mike Kampa, our hero, for instance, who levelled down the first few years of his life and then created a bulge in his otherwise monotonous history, which made a rather high plateau of about five years, before he sank back to normal.

Mike was a queer fellow—that is, he was unless you believe, with all mankind except me, that it was Mike's life that was guilty of the singularity. At any rate he was one of those extraordinary persons who seem never to grow up. I think that, at seventy, he will "enthuse" when after his turn at "shooting," he rises from his knee at the edge of a marble game and in the technical language of the sport shouts "Vint roundsums" at the neighbors' children. For all his childishness at heart, however, Mike had a fine well-developed mind that could stand the shock of contact with the best thinkers and the shrewdest business men of his home town.

But, like thousands of other young chaps, he was thoroughly content with the simple, easy course of things. In fact he bestirred himself only once in his early career. That was when, at the age of eighteen, he searched out and secured a quiet, respectable position as salesman in one of the two furniture emporiums of his native city.

Mike seldom worked up great enthusiasm in any direction, and he showed less perhaps in regard to the opposite sex than over most of his other affairs. An occasional dance, one in perhaps two or three months, was the extent of his social indulgence. Nevertheless, Mike had in his very youthful years, lost that child heart of his to a little black-haired, blue-eyed Irish girl, good to look at, good at housekeeping, and interesting, as are all colleens. The damsel of his dreams reciprocated most amiably, and the net result was that when the youth felt the need of a soothing feminine voice, he could always be found in her company, either at the only available theatre or at the infrequent dances he attended. It was at one of the latter that things began to happen which eventually caused him to begin work on the big bulge that appeared on his plane of life.

One evening Mike and Billie—the latter appellation being that by which the blue-eyed daughter of Erin was known—stepped inside the door of the K. of P. dance hall, the only available one of its kind. On entering they stopped short, as Mike felt his hand in the grip of someone at the side of the door. Suspecting a joke he turned quickly but the frown that had begun to gather on his forehead relaxed into an expression of delight.

"Why, you old son-of-a-gun," he exclaimed "when did you get back? My Gosh, but you're looking good! And tanned! Here, Billie, meet Mr. Nelson. He's an old friend of mine that's been out west. How'd you like the country, Nelse?"

"Oh, the country's all right," replied Nelson, "but it's pretty slow, though, and I want to make up for a little lost time now. I think Miss Billie can start me off with a couple of dances tonight, can't she? Thanks, old top. You look about the same as always, Mike—a little heavier, though, aren't you?"

"Yes, I've gained a bit since you left. Its three years, you see, and I was only eighteen when I saw you last."

"How's business coming along, old boy? Still with the furniture company?"

Chatting thus commonplacely, the three ascended to the ball room. Billie frankly admired Nelson's tanned face and the appearance of strength and health about him, which lent him a certain handsomeness. Hence the number of their dances together increased from the requested two to four. As a consequence, she was noticeably neglectful of her escort, and it began to dawn upon Mike that he possibly had in the field a dangerous rival. Yet he did not blame Billie for wanting to dance with Nelson, for the Westerner certainly knew how to handle both his feet and his tongue, and both he and his experiences were altogether interesting.

What followed is an old story, which needs not be rehearsed here. It always ends, you will recall, with the girl remarking to her commonplace lover something like this: "Oh, why don't you ever do something interesting?" Whereupon she turns her back to the gentleman addressed and her smiling countenance toward the third angle of the triangle—and wedding bells are heard in the distance. It was at this stage that the line of Mike's life began to develop its bulge. Three days later, suitcase in hand, he went to the railroad station, checked his trunk, and shook the mud of Cooperton from his feet.

Now, as I said, Mike had a mind although he seldom placed himself in a position where it was necessary to use that part of himself. He had, also, some two thousand dollars saved from his four years of salesmanship, and some farm experience from his younger days. He headed west, therefore, to the land of golden opportunity. It was not to California, where the only golden opportunity consists in the feeding of tourists. Mike could not afford that, and so he went to South Dakota. There, for a year, he watched the farmers plow furrows three inches deep to hurry things, when they should have plowed them six to get good crops. He watched them burn strawstacks which would have made good fertilizer, and he watched them use antiquated machinery.

When he had saved a little more money, he plunged. His twenty-five hundred and odd dollars went for machinery, which in turn was mortgaged to buy a tractor. He plowed all his rented land six inches deep, fertilized with straw and commercial mixtures, rotated crops—and in two years was worth twenty-five thousand dollars. Then he plunged again, this time in

Kansas, repeating his first success in two more years. From the two enterprises he was then worth nearly a hundred thousand and he began travelling for pleasure in his limousines. I say limousines, because he always kept an extra one behind his car to be of service in case of accident to that in which he rode. And today—but what of the girl? Mike went back to his home town at the end of the fifth year and married her. He had plunged again in Canada, and had lost all he had made in the first four years. Bad crops and the hail did it. And today, as I was about to say, he is back in the furniture store, a salesman again. My sister Billie told me all along that she was just teasing Mike to make him jealous and to hurry him up a bit. But she was certainly glad when he came back. She had waited much longer than she had intended.

Hence I maintain that it is not life, after all, that is queer. If Mike Kampa had not done things to his, there would have been nothing unique about it. No, it was Mike that was queer, with his one-girl child heart; queer in his way just as all the rest of us supposedly rational bipeds, are in our own way. But, as usual, Mike's life got the epithet.

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### Popular Anthologies.

CHARLES MOLZ, '24.

Anthologies are usually associated with Spoon River. For, whatever the intelligence of the average American, he has generally heard of Mr. Masters' graveyard. Whether he knows what the whole thing is about or has read even a line concerning the Spoon River folk makes little difference. Spoon River sticks in his mind and so does "anthology." Thereafter the two are complementary to each other. He marries them—no doubt using the ring service and producing bridesmaids who carry pink bouquets and wear chiffon dresses. That is the way of Mr. Average Man.

There is little doubt that Miss Spoon River and Mr. Anthology make an adorable couple. But it is unjust to create such a permanent union. Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls tell us that an anthology is "a collection of choice literary extracts, usually poetic," thus saying nothing of Mr. Masters' graveyard. Therefore, it must be concluded that an anthology may be produced about anything,—and by anyone. Of course,

there are definite ways to go about it, but I shall not discuss them.

I do not think that Mr. Masters can be blamed because he attracted undue attention to the anthology as a form by publishing his Spoon River collection. I am told that Mr. Masters is a very amiable gentleman. However, we are just witnessing what appears to be an epidemic of anthologies. Possibly the war—but that has outgrown its usefulness as a reason. I am a Democrat and therefore shall not accuse Mr. Wilson. But at any rate, the anthologies are here. Like small-pox they seem to be contagious.

Not all of these books are in verse. Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, for instance, contributes to the general gaiety by publishing each twelve months, "The Best Short Stories of 19—." There is no question that Mr. O'Brien is an able literary critic, but I doubt whether any man, or any group of men, can put a finger on twenty-five short stories and say, "These are the best; they are the ones that will endure." Mr. O'Brien probably in all sincerity believes each year that he is discovering the new Maupassants, the new Chekhovs, Kiplings and O. Henry's. . . . And 10,000 young authors who had a story accepted by "The Pepper Pot" buy the anthology to discover whether Mr. O'Brien dedicated the book to them.

Mr. W. S. Braithwaite makes his anthology out of verse—as most sensible persons would. "The Anthology of the Year's Magazine Verse" he calls it. Wise Mr. Braithwaite! His, too, are *the best*, but poetry instead of shortstories. Or, if you do not like Mr. Braithwaite's book, you may turn to "The Anthology of Free Verse," which is no less an anthology.

Even Mr. O'Brien, who I always visualize sitting in the midst of a stack of fiction magazines trying to figure out whether Fibbners had 11.3% of the best shortstories or 11.4%, faces competition, too. The O. Henry Memorial Association publishes its choices, invoking the spirit of O. H. to do so. So, if Mr. O'Brien's dish doesn't satisfy, there will be no sadness.

But lest the work lag, Mr. Burns Mantle, the eminent gentleman who occupies an aisle seat the first night that a new Cohan farce comes out or "The Slanders of 1920" is produced, will publish an anthology of the year's best plays. They are always *the best*.

Tomorrow we shall learn that someone has collected *the best* political piffle of the 1920 campaign. We are being anthologized!

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In this issue of the SCHOLASTIC there is begun what the editors feel is one of the most important enterprises ever undertaken by the magazine:—

a series of articles  
**Makers of Notre Dame.** dealing with the great men to whom, under God, is due the success of Notre Dame. The older generation is passing away, and the venerable, grey-haired men on the campus carry with them an unwritten record of the sacrifice and fervor which they and their colleagues put into the making of this university. While a great deal of information is scattered through the archives in the library, little of the material has perforce been arranged; and so, every essay in the series will represent not only literary effort but great toil in research. The writers will, however, feel amply rewarded if they can bring home to alumni, friends and students a faint image of the labor and love which men like Father Walsh and Judge Howard brought to the service of Our Lady; if they can revive memories in older readers and preserve for the young a record, imperfect though it be, of one of the most resplendent ideals in the history of American Catholic education.

These days are given, in Ireland, to the wearing of the black—black with a fringe of solemn red for the life which Terence MacSwiney laid down. The tale of his sacrifice stood out like a block of Grecian marble amidst the gabble of politics and vice that filled the newspapers of the day. All

the world wondered that such a hero could exist in these times of the triumph of Epicurus and Machiavelli: all the world spoke in its heart the words of an Irishman, "If there is a God in heaven, I had rather be Mayor of Cork than Premier of Britain;" all the world wept but admired the patriot whose educated will bore down the maddening demands of his body for seventy-four days, and deliberately decreed that body's death.

We need not repeat that England is cruel; it is unnecessary to examine the differences between sacrifice and suicide, or even to wonder with the *Chicago Tribune* whether Britain showed good judgment. These things will be settled during the Eternal Years which Terence MacSwiney trusted with the faith of a Christian saint. We believe that although the green of Ireland be sombre in the shadow of tyranny, it remains an immortal pledge of liberty to free-men, a pledge that some day will be redeemed.

To us the Lord Mayor of Cork is a fellow student, a man who read and gloried in the beauty of the past, who dreamed of the future through college windows, who learned in his youth that the Ideal is the Real. In a peculiar way the spirit of MacSwiney is the spirit of Notre Dame. This school believes that sacrifice is better than success, that death is sometimes a greater thing than life. The martyrs of Ireland are today largely college men; they lend to a term often sceptically considered a beauty and a sacred worth beside which the victories of money are dirt cheap. And so, we read the testimony of the Lord Mayor of Cork from the shining scroll of his martyrdom, confident that he and we are right.—V. E.

With our railroad system but tardily convalescing from the debility of war-time rough-riding, the advantages of a Lakes-to-Atlantic deep waterway, plans for  
**Down to the Sea.** which are now under consideration at the joint international commission in session at Boston, were never more evident. Herbert Hoover, eminent expert, showing how the St. Lawrence route would reduce by one third transportation costs on grain shipments abroad, predicts continued decline in the exportation of foodstuffs from this country, until the end of this decade when American grain production will be scarcely sufficient for our own consumption. Unless transportation charges are lowered to the point



where central grain-growers can realize a margin of returns large enough to stimulate more intensive cultivation, the United States will be importing necessities within ten years, according to the testimony of the Philadelphian economic oracle. Admiral Benson, of the American merchant marine, advocating support of the project by a federal bond issue, if necessary, showed how the improvement would annually furnish New England with electric current equal to that now generated by consumption of 24 million tons of coal. Widely circulated claims of wasteful expenditures, on an impracticable project, disseminated by Eastern shipping syndicates, which have up to the present intercepted every forward attempt at the passage of the measure, are conclusively controverted by the offer, laid before the commission by T. Kennart, representing a New York engineering firm. Construction of the St. Lawrence deep-sea road, as well as outright purchase of the New York Ship Canal, is contained in terms of the bid. That a project involving so evidently our national welfare should become a punching-bag for sectional antagonism is a gloomy comment on our national competence. If, confronted by the present dim transportation outlook, the government again tables the Lakes-to-Atlantic proposition, the recriminations of curb-stone statesmen will begin to reflect a glimmer of reasonableness. Let the fourteen points slide into the background while we consider the thousand islands.—E. W. M.

Well now, here's the *Juggler*, wide-awake after the summer's nap and a better fellow than ever. There are a lot of smirks about Notre Dame which nobody would ever notice **Shake.** if it weren't for him, and a great deal of wisdom which would otherwise be lost. Last year his success was great but we feel that he will reach his real stride during the present session. With able editors, the best artists on the quad, and an enthusiastic business force, there is nothing to prevent the *Juggler* from becoming the peer of the jstiest jst-weeklies in the land. And so, we shake.—E. B. D.

Social progress: the acquiring of sufficient position to be snubbed by the foremost families of the town.

He is apt to be a lasting friend who forms his friendships slowly.

### Home-Coming Program.

The approved program for the first annual "home-coming" celebration at Notre Dame indicates "something doing" at every minute. Old Graduates, students and friends from near and far who are planning on taking part will surely find enough to keep them busy. Messages, reservations and congratulations from the Gulf, the Rockies and East point to a gathering surpassing that of many Commencements. The Faculty and the Students' Activities Committee have approved of the following tentative program.

#### FRIDAY, THE 5TH.

- 6:30 Pep and cheer rally in gym.
- 7:00 Snake dance in town.
- 7:45 Welcome to Purdue.
- 9:00 Interhall Boxing-Wrestling Championships and Entertainment in Gym.

#### SATURDAY, THE 6TH.

- 12:30 Elkhart H. S. vs Mishawaka, H. S., football, Cartier Field.
- 1:30 Purdue vs Notre Dame.
- 4:00 Special Feature in Gymnasium.
- 5:00 Monogram Club Banquet, Main Building
- 8:00 Monogram Club Dances, Benefit Service Club Memorial.

### The New Notre Dame Preparatory School.

When the University of Notre Dame decided to abandon its preparatory department, hundreds of boys, past and prospective students in that department, were obliged to seek an academic education elsewhere. While it must be admitted that the accommodations at Notre Dame will be put to better use by being given over to men of collegiate standing, yet it is also true that a Catholic boarding school in Northern Indiana for boys of preparatory standing is an imperative necessity.

Realizing this fact the Brothers of the Xaverian Order, at the instance of Father James A. Burns, C. S. C., Ph. D., have made tentative plans for the establishment of a new institution of learning to be known as the "New Notre Dame Preparatory School." This school, the erection of which will entail an expenditure of approximately \$350,000, will probably be situated at Interlaken on Silver Lake some twenty miles from South Bend. Plans include the construction of a camp for the summer of 1921 and the construction of a brick building to be ready for occupancy next September. The faculty would consist of about twenty brothers.

of the Xaverian Order, a religious community which is already conducting boys' boarding schools in Massachusetts, New York, Maryland and several other states.

Since this institution as proposed should ably replace our own preparatory department by training boys for entrance to Notre Dame or to other universities and colleges throughout the country, it is to be sincerely hoped that the Xaverian Brothers will have the ample success which they deserve.

#### Another Club-Sandwich.

—Clubs are more numerous at Notre Dame this year than ever before. The reader of the bulletin boards becomes confused when he reads of the many calls for meetings of state clubs, class clubs, course clubs, and all other kinds of clubs.

—The architectural students, having duly decided that they should be one of the many units of the campus, elected Thomas W. Dollard, of Troy, N. Y., as the chief of the band; Frank W. Pedrotty, of Dennison, Ohio, as second high man; Joseph B. Shaughnessy, of Kansas City, as the scribbler, and believed that Humbert A. Barra, of Murphysboro, Ill., was big enough to be sergeant-at-arms.

—The New Englanders tossed in enough ballots to make James Murphy, Bridgeport, Conn., president; J. V. Regan, Springfield, Mass., vice-president; and Cletus Lynch, Meriden, Conn., secretary-treasurer.

—The Kentuckians dubbed Frank Bloemer colonel; Philip Dant, lieutenant colonel; Cornie Pfeiffer, revenue collector, and Bernard Campbell, stillhouse watch. Louisville was at the meeting in force; accordingly every officer is a denizen of that metropolis.

—The Iowans chose Emmett Sweeney, Ottumwa, as president, Walter E. Klauer, Dubuque, vice-president; Joseph Römberg, Dubuque, secretary, and Elmer Tschudi, Dubuque, as treasurer.

—The university band will be a real organization this year. Since the threnodic thirty, that is, the music makers, will have uniforms, Notre Dame will see them much more frequently than in the past. To make the future roseate they gave Al Slaggert, Saginaw, Mich., another job to add to the record number he already has, when they made him business manager. S. W.

Pedrotty, Dennison, Ohio, got the plain title of manager, and James A. Culligan, West Point, Iowa, that of assistant manager. Matthew Schwartz, is secretary, and Romaine Reichert, Long Prairie, Minn., treasurer.

—The Notre Dame Law Club decided that Archibald M. Duncan, Green Bay, Wis., was the man to head them; that Clarence Manion, Henderson, Ky., would be a good vice-president; James Murtaugh, Chadsworth, Ill., a good secretary; Vincent Pater, Hamilton, O., a working treasurer; Hugh Gibbons, Carroll, Ia., a stalwart sergeant-at-arms. The carriers and students of the biggest books in the university, say that they will get the best of Blackstone's followers to address them this year.

—The Catholic Students' Foreign Mission Society invaded Notre Dame and was received with an enthusiastic welcome at Washington Hall Sunday morning. About one hundred and fifty students attended the meeting, which was a live-wire affair from beginning to end. Several enthusiastic speeches were followed by the election of five men who will form a constitution for the local branch. They are Dan Duffy, Tom Keefe, M. Brady, Robert Gallagher and Al. Scott. This committee will elect its own officers, and prepare a report for the missionites in a few days.

—The Buckeyes picked on Dan Duffy, of Huron, for president; Al Ficks, Cincinnati, for vice-president; Thomas Van Arle, Toledo, for secretary; Walter Stuhldreher, Massilon, for treasurer; and Rev. Bernard J. Ill, C. S. C., who hails from Cincinnati, for honorary president.

—Election of officers, and a discussion of plans for the coming year occupied the attention of the "Chemists Club" at its first meeting. Jim Bailey was elected president, Geo. A. Uhlmeyer secretary, and Leo Lovitt Sergeant-at-Arms. Interesting talks were given during the evening by Prof. Froning, Father Nieuwland, and Mr. Bailey. The next meeting will be held on Mon. Oct. 8, 1920. An interesting time is promised all attending.

—The personnel of the Students' Activities Committee, most important executive body in so far as undergraduate "spirit" is concerned, has just been formally announced.

The president of each class is a member of the committee and the rest of the members have

been chosen by vote. They are: Seniors—Frank Coughlin, Chicago; Walter O'Keefe, Hartford, Conn.; E. M. Starrett, Port Townsend, Washington; Gerald Hoar, La Salle, Ill.; Allen Cusack, Green Bay, Wis.; Donald Duffy, Huron, Ohio; E. J. Schubmehl, Perkinsville, N. Y. Juniors—Frank C. Blasius, Logan, O.; Benedict Susen, Chicago; John Heuther, Sharon, Pa. Sophomores—Leslie Logan, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Maurice Dacy, Caldwell, Kan. Freshmen—Frank J. Donahue, Logansport, Ind.

—A select forty chosen to constitute the Glee Club of this year, have been decided upon after a month of steady practise and of tryouts, while Prof. John J. Becker, director, listened to the notes of the eighty men who aspired to be members of the choral body. It was, of course, impossible to form a club of eighty men. Not only is the number too great, but transportation costs would be excessive.

—H. W. FLANNERY.

### Caring of the Green.

Now that the cacti have again hibernated, that the grass has withered and the leaves gone from golden age to death, the old question repeats itself: who is the magician who guards the beauty of Notre Dame with all the devotion of a Greek priest watching over the temple of his gods? We are afraid that Brother Philip doesn't want us to give away the secret; he would prefer to walk about the quadrangle incognito with his eyes on a dozen comely spots that nobody else has seen as yet.

Nevertheless the tale is told now, although we haven't the ability to describe the years of patient work and impatient idealism which have gone into making the University campus a fit garment for Father Sorin's dream of Our Lady's school, for the shrine to which so many men have brought their youth. And, looking through the eyes of Brother Philip, we also see "shining fields and dark towers" of the Notre Dame that is to be, where other boys will walk perversely over new greens and nail posters to trees as yet unborn.

The splendid thing about our grounds is their individuality. Other schools have trees and shrubbery, lakes and winding pathways; but here the symphony of green and gold has the large individuality of Beethoven.

### Inside and Out.

—John Railton, old student, is now connected with the B. A. Railton Co., a wholesale grocery firm in Chicago.

—William N. Hogan, an electrical engineering alumnus of 1914, has joined the benedicts. In a very pretty wedding at St. Vincent de Paul's church in Elm Grove, Wheeling, West Virginia, he and Miss Mary Angela McFadden, of Elmwood, were married by Rev. Charles A. Daugherty. Leo J. Hogan, who got his Ph. B. here in 1909, was best man. Mr. Hogan is a resident of Crafton, Pa., and electrical engineer for the General Electric Co. at Pittsburg.

—Charles L. Vaughan, LL. B., '14, was united forever and ever more to Miss Mary A. Reifers on October twentieth. The ceremony, which we regret not having seen, was held in Lafayette, Indiana.

—Leo Hassenauer, LL. B., '20, was one of the lucky fifty-two to pass the recent bar examinations held in Illinois. Two hundred and eight more tried to cross the barristers' goal and failed.

—The lure of the flying fist beguiled a goodly number of Forumites from the spell of the rostrum Thursday night, when Harry Greb battled Gunboat Smith. Accordingly, the president of the society has requested that the Mishawaka fight promoters schedule no more matches which conflict with the dates set for the Forum meetings.

—Robert Warwick's escapades in the "Fourteenth Man" tickled the funnybones of the movie followers in Washington Hall Monday. A misguided youth who checked the film in the middle of an entrancing scene in order to make a campaign announcement, was greeted with a thousand polite names.

—Coach Sweeney's renowned squad of 35 cross-country men will compete for inter-Varsity honors on Thursday, November 4. The course will cover three and one-half miles, and the six men who run it with the least expenditure of time will receive prizes awarded by South Bend business men.

—Hear ye! Under the auspices of the American Legion of South Bend, the Presidents' Own Marine Band—the one that plays on the White House porch during soft summer evenings—will give a concert at the Coliseum, South Bend, on Wednesday, November 3. The proceeds go to the Americanization fund:

Notre Dame has been allotted 220 seats, regular two dollar ones, which will sell at the special price of one dollar each. See Al Ficks of the Service Club for yours.

—Al Slaggert's nifty uniform of white helps materially to grip the attention of the rooters, and thus draw from them the loudest possible U. N. D. Anyway, that's what he says, so let's all thank Adler Brothers for their generous donation of the outfit.

—Swimming is a forgotten sport in St. Joseph's lake these days. For two weeks, not a bather has ventured his shivering flesh into its crystal depths. Meanwhile "Mike" records an ever increasing use of the Natatorium.

—The St. Mary's Club of Chicago will give a dance on Tuesday, November 23rd, for the benefit of the St. Mary's Building Fund. Details will be published later.

—Assistant-Coach Halas has sounded the call for ye Varsity basketball men, who will assemble in the gymnasium on Thursday, October 25th. Until further notice is given, practice will be held daily from 3 to 4 P. M.

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### Gridiron Gossip.

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#### THE CRUMBLING OF VALPARAISO.

Notre Dame advanced one step further in a pilgrimage towards national gridiron honors last Saturday afternoon when the powerful Valparaiso eleven submitted to a decisive beating at the hands of the "Rockmen" before a crowd of over 8,000 spectators. The final score was 28 to 3 and although the big Brown warriors were hopelessly outclassed, particularly during the second half, by the superior brand of gridiron play of the Gold and Blue, they put up a grim front during every minute of the thrilling fight.

Rarely has Cartier Field been the scene of such a bitterly fought, spectacular contest. Pitted against a mountain of real football beef from end to end and a defensive formation that was stubbornly courageous, the Varsity, resorting to the old style of play sprinkled with many strategic innovations, gained momentum as the combat progressed. Worn to a frazzle by the constant hammering of the first half, the "Valps" offered but little resistance to the first stringers in the third and fourth frames. Of course the score does not represent the actual superiority of Rockne's aggregation over the visitors. Had the blond mentor put his

premier outfit on the field with the opening whistle, the score would have been practically doubled. If comparative scoring dope, however, can be considered reliable, Notre Dame has a comfortable edge on the Cambridge outfit which defeated Valparaiso earlier in the season, 21 to 0.

#### GIPP IS MIRACLE-MAN.

If Gipp is not considered All-American material of the first rank by the recognized athletic judges and sporting scribes of the country, we miss our bet. The big Wolverine's exhibition was but a repetition of his wonder work of the past. He was unerring in the few passes, which the Varsity resorted to, and ran rough-shod at will through the enemy line. Twice he planted the oval behind the Valparaiso trench after nerve-tingling drives, and three times the Gipp boot sent the pigskin spinning over the posts for goals.

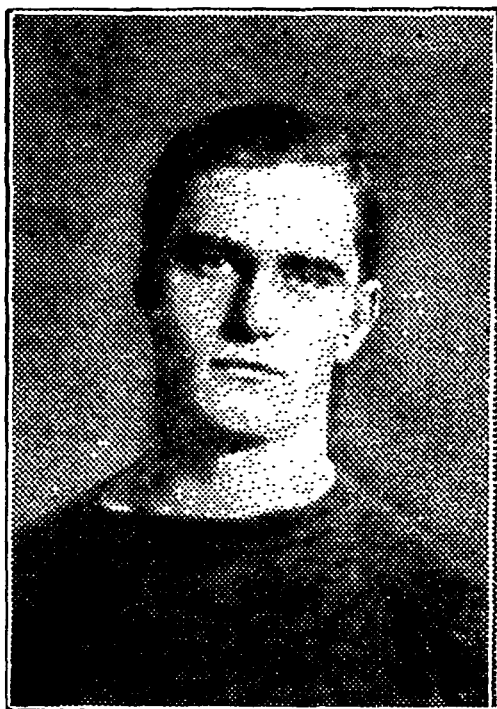
The work of Wynne at full was a revelation. Time and time again this husky backfield meteor brought the stands to their feet, as he dashed would-be Brown tacklers aside like so much egg-shell. Wynne registered a ringer in the third period. "Johnny" Mohardt was another factor in the Gold and Blue triumph. This speedy half reeled off much yardage and accounted for the third touchdown of the tournament.

The work of the Gold and Blue line was inspiring. Out-weighted to the man, Rockne's battling catapults cut lightning boulevards for the backfield march. Coughlin, Smith, Anderson, Larson, Shaw, Garvey,—each did herculean work.

#### VALPO'S GOOD START.

The game opened with the Varsity successfully crushing the Brown drives after kick-off. Ecklund punted to the Gold and Blue forty yard mark but a fumble resulted in recovery for the opposition. A brief punting duel was followed by a few gains by Dandalet, the Brown fullback, who planted the oval in an advantageous position for Ecklund's neat drop kick, the game's first score. For the balance of the quarter Ecklund and Castner fought it out with soaring punts and twisting spirals, neither side gaining any marked advantage by the exchange until Carberry spilled Scanlon, who attempted to advance one of Castner's offerings, on the Valparaiso twenty yard line. The quarter ended at this juncture with the Brown machine in proud possession of a three point edge.

Thrown again on the defensive in the second quarter, the second stringers were growing perceptibly weaker under the grilling smashes of Scanlon, Gilbert and Dandalet, which trio carried the ball well up into Notre Dame territory. At this moment, Rockne injected his Aces and the Valpo advance was pulverized with ease. Ecklund again tried to add three more with his toe but failed and the ball was put into play on the Gold and Blue twenty yard mark and Gipp, Wynne and Barry began their lunges towards the opposite poles. A magnificent pass, Gipp to Kiley, netted thirty eight yards but in a moment a sure touchdown



Roger Kiley

was foiled when Dandalet intercepted Gipp's second throw and Ecklund punted. The half ended with Valparaiso still in the lead but with the final result quite apparent.

A GREAT HALF.

Gipp carried the oval fifteen yards when Gilbert made the opening boot of the second period and in a few driving plunges the Varsity backs had advanced the ball to within striking distance of the Brown goal. The next moment Wynne gamboled over and Gipp kicked goal. The Gold and Blue immediately set out to duplicate the performance when Barry, Wynne, Gipp and Brandy hurdled over toppled tacklers to the ten yard line and Gipp went over for the second ringer, following the plunge with a goal-kick. The fourth frame opened with Castner and Ecklund again hard at the punting game and all the first string men out of the scrap with the exception of Captain Coughlin, Gipp and Brandy. Gipp and Mohardt then

set the Notre Dame followers wild with scintillating off-tackle and end charges. A forward pass, Gipp to Coughlin was good for thirty two yards but another attempt at the passing game failed and the ball went over only to be regained again and carried to a touchdown when Mohardt skirted the entire opposition for twenty five yards and Gipp duplicated the gain. A wild pass by Kercheval, the Brown center, was scooped up by Hayes who was downed on the enemy five yard line. On the next snap of the ball Mohardt wriggled over for the fourth touchdown and Thomas kicked goal. The game ended with the Rockmen goin' strong and well on the way to the Valparaiso goal.

For Valparaiso, Dandalet, Scanlon, Ecklund, and Kercheval were the stellar performers. The Summary:

NOTRE DAME (28)		VALPARAISO (3)
Carberry	Left End	Goheen
Garvey	Left Tackle	Omer
Cotton	Left Guard	Sawyer
Mehre	Center	Kercheval
Dooley	Right Guard	Kriebel
Voss	Right Tackle	Coule
Hayes	Right End	Ecklund
Grant	Quarterback	Scanlon
Mohardt	Left Halfback	Gilbert
Walsh	Right Halfback	Bradle
Castner	Fullback	Dandalet

Score by periods:

Notre Dame.....	0	0	14	14—28
Valparaiso.....	3	0	0	0—3

Touchdowns—Gipp 2, Wynne, Mohardt, Goal from touchdown—Gipp 3, Thomas. Field Goal—Ecklund.

Substitutions—Notre Dame: Kiley for Carberry, Hayes for Kiley, F. Coughlin for Garvey, Smith for Cotton, Larson for Mehre, Mehre for Larson, H. Anderson for Dooley, Shaw for Voss, E. Anderson for Hayes, Prokup for E. Anderson, Brandy for Grant, Thomas for Brandy, Gipp for Mohardt, D. Coughlin for Walsh, Barry for D. Coughlin, Shea for Barry, Wynne for Castner, Castner for Wynne, Phelan for Castner.

Valparaiso.—Engstrom for Kercheval, Dandalet for Scanlon, C. Harris for Gilbert, Cearing for C. Harris, B. Harris for Dandalet.

Referee—Lipski (Chicago). Umpire—Wyatt, (Missouri). Head linesman—Cooper (Springfield).

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THE LAST WARNING.

Plans for a Notre Dame welcome to Notre Dame men next week-end have been completed. On Friday the largest delegation of old graduates, students and friends that the campus has ever accommodated will begin to pour in for Notre Dame's first "home-coming" week. The Purdue-Notre Dame football game on

Cartier Field is scheduled as the main event of a three-day program with which we hope to make every visitor feel that his university days under the Gold and Blue are not yet past. Mail orders for reserved seats in both Purdue and Notre Dame sections of the new west stand have been past expectations. The demand for seats by football fandom of South Bend and near-by cities has warned us of another over-capacity crowd for the day, should the weather be inclined to be favorable at all. The record attendance of 7,200 set at the Valparaiso game last Saturday bids fair to be shattered. We want every visitor to be comfortably accommodated and urge no delay in rushing your reservations through to the Athletic Office.

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#### NOTRE DAME IN THE EAST.

Since 1909 Notre Dame's football reputation in the East has been in the process of building. Today it undoubtedly leads that of any other western or mid-western university. There is a reason and a very substantial one; her success in the Army series, which has been conducted for seven years, is only a part of that real reason. Notre Dame has consistently gone into the East and defeated the best opposition given her, and she stands today as the only real western team which has year after year pounded the front line of eastern football criticism with success. The Army-Notre Dame game has assumed the proportions of an annual inter-sectional football classic. Despite the plans of the Army to whip the Navy, the Army is anxious to defeat Notre Dame, for the "Irish" have been more consistently unbeatable opponents of the "Cadets" than any collegiate organization on their schedule. This year the Notre Dame game is their "big" game, for the Navy defeats have detracted interest from the annual Polo Ground Classic. Hundreds have journeyed from New York and other eastern seaboard cities annually to witness the Notre Dame-Army clash in the past and it is expected that thousands will come this fall. The success of Notre Dame's season and the honor of western football hangs on the success of Rockne at West Point. The record of Notre Dame in the East is given below. Can any other western school compare?

1909

Notre Dame 6; Pittsburg 0.

1911

Notre Dame 0; Pittsburg 0.

1912

Notre Dame 3; Pittsburg 0.

1913

Notre Dame 35; West Point 13.

Notre Dame 14; Penn State 7.

1914

Notre Dame 0; Yale 28.

Notre Dame 7; West Point 20.

Notre Dame 48; Carlisle 5.

Notre Dame 20; Syracuse 0.

1915

Notre Dame 7; West Point 0.

1916

Notre Dame 10; West Point 30.

1917

Notre Dame 7; West Point 2.

Notre Dame 3; Wash. &amp; Jeff. 0.

1919

Notre Dame 12; West Point 9.

Won 10; Lost 3; Tied 1.

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#### INTERHALL FOOTBALL.

Outplayed at every formation and going down to certain defeat, Sorin managed by a slip of luck to tie the score in the R. O. T. C. game on Cartier field, Sunday, when Frank Miles intercepted a forward pass on the Sorin two-yard line, and frisked down the lawn for six points. With the goal kick safe for the hall of fame, fifty minutes of hard play displayed by the towners went to hard luck, the game ending 7 to 7.

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A well-placed forward pass, taking the ball to the two-yard line, Sunday, put Badin in a position to push over the deciding touchdown in the tussle with the Mishawaka "prep" outfit. With Whalen guiding the local aggregation down the field, supported by a crack back-field, consisting of Nicholson and De Gurse, Badin held the contenders for the northern Indiana high school title to a blank. Not once during the contest did Mishawaka threaten seriously.

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With lanky "Jim" Flynn, and variations of Jerry Hoar, Kelly and Maher, smashing the elastic line of Delta Sigma Upsilon of Goshen, in the struggle abroad, Sunday, Corby had little difficulty in registering 33 points to the meagre seven garnered by the outsiders.

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Brownson travelled all the way to Elgin, Sunday, to receive a trouncing at the hands of the American Legion heavyweights. The 26 to 0 score, however, does not indicate accurately the quality of exhibition staged by Brother

Allan's gridders. Time and again, the end runs of Riley and Vignos, and the passes of Q. B. Smith brought Brownson dangerously near the Legion goal. Superior by at least 25 pounds to the man, the Legionites made four touch-downs only after a stiff battle.

SLAGGERT-STARRETT.

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#### NOTRE DAME ALL-TIME TEAM.

The following All-time selection has been sent us by Mr. Robert Singler, '11, who has followed Notre Dame football for a long, long time. It will arouse opposition certainly; and the SCHOLASTIC will publish other selections as space permits, under the condition that letters be limited to 30 words.

Matthews, E.

Philbrook, T.

Dolan, G.

Lynch, C.

Dimmick, G.

Edwards, T.

Rockne, E.

Miller, R. H.

Gipp, L. H.

Salmon, F.

Hamilton, Q.

Starrett, Business Manager.

Accumulate, gentlemen, and project an attentive ear,—for here is a hardy piece of literature. Here is a speaker who has scrutinized Notre Dame football teams ever since they put on buns for breakfast. He tackles, therefore, the juicy job of picking an all-time team with a dash of assurance commingled with nonchalance, to say nothing of utter fearlessness, to say nothing of a lot of other high-sounding words.

Look ye now—Don Hamilton is given the Quarter position: this in the face of hundreds of rabid Dorais men who will immediately set about starting a subscription to erect a gallows in my honor. But not so fast—let us take them in good order. Thus the ends come first.

Rockne and Matthews. Rockne—broad of shoulders, bald, brainy and swift. As Swinburne said: "Fleet feet o'er the gridiron fly." Three F's and a pile of poetry. To Matthews I give the other end, picking him in preference to Farley. The latter played in the days when the prime object was to break your opponents leg just above the ankle early in the game. He was, indeed, a very good player. But Matthews could be used at quarter also, or at half. He was fast and tough and the only thing against him was that he had a hard time keeping his socks up.

The tackles: Philbrook and Edwards. Philbrook's the big guy, a Goliath without a David. Phil-

brook's the bird who used to carry cannon balls in his vest pocket for luck and pick his teeth with a crowbar. He went down to Urbana in 1910—or was it 1911?—and all by himself won the greatest track meet ever pulled anywhere.

Edwards, the other tackle was so punk that he still plays on the Canton world's champion professional team. The only time they ever got by Edwards was on the cinder path coming back to the gym.

The guards! Dolan and Dimmick. Ah, Senors, there is the most beautiful symphony ever written! Dolan and Dimmick. Ralph is dead, and only Sam Dolan, his running mate can adequately tell what a wonderful, big-hearted man Dimmick was. And oh, what a guard! Senors, Senors—unless you saw you'll never know. But Dolan—Dolan was the greatest line man that ever walked on a football field anytime anywhere. He used his helmet to carry his chewing-tobacco in. He was susceptible to nothing. In that great Michigan game in 1909 he broke his collar bone in the first few minutes of play. And then he tore loose. Hole after hole he tore in the Michigan line, a rod wide and as deep as he wanted to go. They say he became demented. Four of the Michigan players wanted to quit. They appealed first to the referee, then to the umpire, and finally to Yost. They said they didn't want to play against a crazy man. Crazy was right, crazy like a horse. The walls at Ann Arbor still resound the echo of his charge.

The center I pass over quickly. There's been a crowd of them, all good men. To Lynch, in preference to Feeney, I give the place.

Red Miller at right half needs no singing. He was in a class by himself. I challenge any school in the nation to indicate a better player in that position. Run and twirl, run and twirl, touchdown. "Get the red-head!" they vainly howled at Michigan.

To say that you know of a full-back that had it all over Thorpe of Carlisle is to make an assertion that amounts to a speech. Well, then, here's a conference. Salmon was the greatest full back of all time anywhere! Defense, offense, anything, everything. Some day they'll put a statue of Salmon atop the gym.

Now Hamilton vs. Dorais. Dorais had a superior head: he was, let us say, more of a field general. But Hamilton could think of more trick plays. Also Hamilton's voice had the snap; he called signals like pistol shots. He could pass as well as Dorais, punt further, and tackle as accurately and much harder. He was above all also a vastly tougher nut on the football field than Dorais. The laurel goes to Hamilton.

Ho, George Gipp! Welcome! You don't train George, you don't have to. You arrived like a Roman gladiator out of your due time! 1909 would have been fitter. And that, George, is the best tribute I or anybody else can pay you. As it is, you stand alone, like the bright light of a semaphore on the Union Pacific railroad, twelve miles west of Pocatello, Idaho.

Bob Singler.

#### MORE BOX SEATS

Owing to the unusual demand for box seats, it has been decided to build at least twelve boxes, near the sidelines on the playing field, just in front of the new west stands. There will be six seats to the box, at \$3 a seat. Reserve yours at once.

### Safety Valve.

THE TROUBLE WITH VALPO WAS—

They had a Gilbert but no Sullivan, an Omer but no Khayham, and a Sawyer but no Tom.

\*\*\*

All that we have against Hector Garvey is that he will tackle anything—even dancing.

\*\*\*

Our idea of absolute Nothingness is to accompany a political orator to St. Mary's, introduce him, and sit on the stage for two hours trying to keep the hiccoughs from hicking.

\*\*\*

YES, YES.

The trouble with these here R. O. T. C. men is that they think "retreat" means to "run away."

\*\*\*

FRESHMAN VERSE.

The melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of the year,  
When radiators are on the bum  
And there ain't no plumber near.

\*\*\*

THE EVOLUTION OF ENGLISH SPELLING IN IRELAND.

patriot  
pat-riot  
pat-rot

\*\*\*

One thing you can get lots of free is campaign oratory. Some of it is real estate, too.

\*\*\*

PROFESSOR (*to Latin-American student*): "How do you do!"

STUDENT: "Fine, sir; what is the matter with you?"

\*\*\*

Two old grads are going to start a Popular University with courses that are really interesting. Here is the menu:

Cubical Engineering  
Civil Service  
Hearts and Letters  
Chicken Cooping

\*\*\*

AD IN OLD SCHOLASTIC:

Civil Engineer—Persons divided up on short notice.(??)

\*\*\*

Of all the sad words by tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "Logic at ten."

\*\*\*

The Sorin Hall watchman was introduced to a young man the other night, by the name of U. Tellum.

\*\*\*

TRIALS OF A TEACHER.

Why does a Freshman always want to write a composition about how to skive?

\*\*\*

SOFT.

"Yes," he said as he counted the nickles in his trousers pockets and swallowed the frappe, "I believe in treating you right, Mabel."

"Will you take me to the Purdue game, Bill? You know I love football."

"The seats are too hard, Mabel," he confided, putting the check into his pocket and substituting a ten-cent one, "Let's go out in your Dad's car that afternoon."

\*\*\*

RIDDLE NO. 1222.

Why is a football coach like a vampire?—Because he develops a wicked line.

\*\*\*

Said Solomon Wise, a late riser,  
"At skiving, I'm quite a deviser!"  
The next quiz, it is true,  
Showed how little he knew,  
And so Wise became wiser and wiser.

\*\*\*

There was a conductor named Barr  
Who worked on the Hill Street Car,  
When he'd worked half a year  
They discharged him for fear  
That he'd own all the company's par.

\*\*\*

*Foreword:* In common with other progressive papers of the time the SCHOLASTIC is going to tear a page or two from Politics and the Irish question to devote to culture. Many there are, alleged students, whose time is so occupied with football and the Brownson Rec Room and other influences that they cannot read the classics. In an effort to make it easy for these men and so that they can have time to catch the Hill St. Car, we will run "Condensed Classics."

THE ÆNEID.

Æneas, a man-about-town in the home of the Arrow collar, got into some sort of scrape for swiping the nickels out of a 'phone booth, and decided to pull his freight for Chateaurien. Queen Dido of Carthage, according to this spicy narrative, was sitting out on the shore of the Mediterranean playing traffic cop, when Æneas busted by, in his skiff (navis in the original text) and so she hollered out 'The Top o' the Morning' which was the fashion in which the natives of the Sahara used to greet each other before Africa went solid for the Eighteenth Amendment. Æneas parked his bus and spent the week end with the old girl. Dido was busy Monday morning with her washing, so Æneas ran out of Camels and decided to find an Italian fruit store. He ran up the coast of Italy (Original text: Italia) and having a good eye for real-estate he spotted the seven hills of Rome. On the platform of Peace Prosperity and Pilsner he was elected the High Hooper Dooper and he then established the first Blanco Villa (Trans: White House) Some of the big bambinos from the North disputed the title to the Seven Hills to Baldpate and "Ainy" (as they were wont to term him) administered his coroner's wallop several times. For years Æneas held the red white and blue belt but in 325 A. D. when he was hardened at the arteries and curly at the toes he threw up the sponge. He was survived by more wives than Brigham Young and a flock of little Æneases.

Next week: The Illiad.