

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS · VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS

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## ACROSS THE TRACKS.

A RONDEAU.

Across the tracks the winds are free  
And birds are chirping cheerily;  
But out on the hill beyond the glade  
Where the green grass revels in the shade,  
Sits a friend of mine whom I long to see.

There in the shadow of a tree  
With love in heart, with thought of me,  
She sits alone, my lonely maid  
Across the tracks.

Were I a sprite or could I be  
A fairy winging rapidly,  
I'd wing my way to where she stayed,  
I'd settle near on a wind-kissed blade  
There to live contentedly  
Across the tracks.

D. N. H.

## TO NOTRE DAME.

**T**HERE are no fairylands," say those who are to be pitied, "You are a dreamer, there are no fairylands."

And they are wrong. For in heaven there is a virgin who is our Lady. She has consecrated a spot on earth; all who come to it taste of a noble lotus and all are blest. In summer it is coloured with the breath of poetry; emerald and yellow, blue and pink and grey. In winter it is a white. Sometimes its twin lakes catch the clear blue twinkle of her eyes—sometimes, at night, the spirit of her soul broods over them and they are blest. Sometimes its old towers are glorious with the day, sometimes they stand huge and shadowy in the queer dusk. But always it is fairyland. You cannot see the silver sprites—they are in the hearts of the pines, but whenever you pass they whisper, "Be friends, be friends." The moment

you step from the street car their magic is upon you, and you are aware that this is no common place.

There are no strangers here. Although the face of the man you meet may be unfamiliar, there is something, in the air about him or in his eyes, that makes you recognize, unconsciously too perhaps, that you are both children of the Father and therefore, brothers. So you nod and say, "Hello, old boy." The fairies smile.

They are taught, in this lovely place, that good exists in all men, not just a little good, but a great good, that goodness is implied in the idea of man. He is an image of the Father. Realizing this, they try to understand and to sympathize with, and to love all humans, the virtuous no more than the so-called mean, the reputed degenerate. In this they find happiness. By this, and this alone, they are brought an immortal satisfaction.

This is the spirit of fairyland—Love. It was created in Love. It continues through and with Love. Should Love cease—then it could no longer be Fairyland.

But, in the words of a French writer, the spirit of every lover is most vitally martial. There is given him a brave vision of the battle. And if you ask, "What! Shall fairyland speak of victory and vanquishing?" we answer, "Yes." You must remember, though, that our welfare is of the spirit, with no eye on the spoils. "Fighting, fighting, fighting,—die, driven against the wall."

Die, driven against the wall.

On earth there is no place like this—like Notre Dame. In heaven—but I do not know what heaven is like.

VINCENT ENGELS.

*If you're in Rome, don't worry — Come Home.*

## THE PATRIOTISM OF NOTRE DAME.

A. N. SLAGGERT.

Ever mindful of those honored ones who went forth in the black hour of war; those determined, obedient hosts who bled and died to the end that this great Republic may continue to exist in peace and security, America has dedicated worthily a day of loyal remembrance to her heroic sons who gave their all so courageously and so generously. On this day, we are glad to offer in a spirit of true charity our sincere prayers for them and their comrades-in-arms who still survive, living witnesses of the valor and the glory of those who trod the path of victory straight to the end. Unswervingly they clung to duty, with an inspiring faith and earnestness, knowing full well the danger but thinking not of self but of country. And on the terrible, dark, red fields of war they gave up the world's glamors, life's sweetest aspirations and victories for an ideal. Truly theirs was an unselfish patriotism. Their love of country rose far above the love of parents, of brothers and sisters, far above their love of friend for friend; yes, above the intense affection for their own children into the heavenly realm of a greater love for right, for justice, for mankind.

Notre Dame played an honorable part in the great Civil war, the glory of which has quite recently been recalled by the passing of Brother Raphael, the last survivor of the Notre Dame Post of the G. A. R. Priests and brothers, teachers and sons went out in large numbers from this institution to answer the call of Lincoln when dissension threatened to obliterate our national unity. Laying aside the gentler tasks of the classroom they gladly took up the grim duties of war and history records in bright passages the splendid work of Notre Dame men; a record stimulating in the inspiration—one worthy of the emulation of all true partakers of that noble heritage. Out they went from these halls imbued with the spirit of the school they loved; strong with the hope that Liberty and Union would prevail. Out they went with a firm faith that commanded them to consecrate their lives to God and to Country—a faith rejuvenated by the consoling words of absolution from the lips

of the saintly Father Corby on the field of Gettysburg. And when the first rays of peace broke over the drab smoke-clotted fields of battle theirs was the joy of a duty amply fulfilled.

A few years ago when it became apparent that the United States would inevitably be drawn into a conflict that had clutched nearly every other nation in the world to its greedy breast, Notre Dame men again gladly and willingly rose to the urgent call of country for intelligent manhood. Casting aside the beautiful dreams of the future; forgetting their ambitions and but a short distance away from the coveted goal they took the field to prove themselves worthy successors of the heroes of another day; to pit their might against the enemies of sane democracy; to aid in protecting the rights of man and in "keeping open the door of opportunity for the poor and the oppressed of all nations." Forty-six Notre Dame men died on the battle-scarred fields of Europe—in the depths of the trackless sea—for these equitable principles; hundreds of others would willingly have taken their places; six of our beloved priests went valiantly into the camps and the trenches to administer the consolations of religion to weary legions while the white, merciless hand of death hovered near and

"Where mid the rush and roar of war  
Brave souls and true went up to God."

Our service flag speaks eloquently of the wonderful realities which it represents; the courageous manhood and intense devotion to civic duty of Notre Dame men; the efficiency of Catholic doctrine in instilling into their hearts loyalty and self-sacrifice. Theirs was the spirited blood of another generation once again enkindled into the fires of a sublime patriotism. Well can we point with just pride to the work of the sons of Our Lady who so bravely endured untold hardships and so willingly offered their lives "that the light of freedom might not be extinguished forever."

Days of peace have come to America; with their coming we must remember that patriotic loyalty to our country remains a most important duty. Those great principles of right and freedom which claimed a million

lives that they might not be shattered must always be preserved for they are in peril in peace as well as in war. America calls to her sons for constant aid in this troublesome period of reconstruction. There is no place in this land for narrowness of thought—for unreasoning radicalism—for unjust discrimination in religious, political and civic affairs. We as real Notre Dame men must be American in spirit as well as in name, loyal to the country that guarantees liberties and rights, loyal to Church and State, loyal to the banner carried bravely to victory by the men whose memory we revere today. Men of Notre Dame, we must accept the duties of peace as our brothers so unselfishly accepted the duties of desperate war.

### THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME.

LEO WARD, C. S. C.

Among the several activities which engage a student at the University, the representative Notre Dame man considers none to be of more importance than the religious. He has come to make devotion a very vital element in the daily discipline of his college life. The various devout practices of which he makes frequent or daily use group themselves readily under two headlines, devotion to the Blessed Virgin and devotion to the Eucharist. About these two centers the student of Notre Dame builds his spiritual edifice.

It has been invariably understood that the student of Notre Dame is under the protection and patronage of Our Lady. She is, in the words of a student, "the Mother of all Notre Dame men." The trust that has been reposed in her, and the number of hearts and lives that have here been soothed and guided and strengthened by her, no one shall attempt to measure. The devotion nevertheless, that has most ostensibly and most effectively taken hold of the great majority of the students is that to the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. Ever since the promulgation of the edict of Pope Pius X, on the frequent reception of the Euchar-

ist, students at Notre Dame have cherished and fostered this devotion. But for the past two or three years the average number of daily communions has increased even prodigiously, so much so that throughout the past school year the average number of daily communions ran well above one-half the number of men resident at the University; and the daily average to date for this year is some two hundred above that of last year. The season of retreat, of penance, and of examinations, First Fridays, and Novenas in honor of the principal feasts, will naturally swell the present number; for it has been the invariable custom upon such occasions to receive the Sacraments.

The faith of the men of Notre Dame is thus seen in action. Not the least significant feature of this program of frequent communion is that though students are in no way obliged to adopt it, the vast majority of them adopted it, and extremely few, if any, have found it necessary or desirable, upon any account, to discontinue it. On the contrary, students themselves thus testify, "If one starts frequent communion it seems that he acquires a grace whereby he wishes to continue." The Catholic student at Notre Dame is obliged in conscience to precisely what is of obligation to the Catholic anywhere in the world. But he is determined to make fullest use of the opportunities at his disposal, and to do something more than the ordinary Catholic accomplishes in the world. The result is that "no one ever feels that there is anything unusual about being pious." Frequent and even daily reception of the Eucharist has thus come to be characteristic of these young American, and they have found the practice to be in no way incompatible with their study, their associations, and recreations, and not a secondary factor in the building up of the whole man. "Since receiving holy communion every day," says one, "I have greater success in classes and am stronger physically." Whereas young men generally resent being characterized as pious, the average student at Notre Dame preaches by daily practice a piety at once simple, manly, solid, and volutary.

***It can't be helped; Wynne's on the team.***

This edifying practice of frequent communion can justly be taken as an indication and largely as a determination of the tone of the entire institution. "It always seemed to me that God spent more time at Notre Dame than anywhere else," recently declared an old student, "or at least it was always easier to find him there." The experience at Notre Dame clearly evinces a readiness, even a desire on the part of the young American Catholic to respond to spiritual stimuli, provided that circumstances are not too demanding, and a reasonable amount of vital explanation has been thoroughly assimilated. "Daily communion is one of the best things Notre Dame offers," says a student. A cursory glance at the religious survey made at the University last year will show that there is ordinarily a close connection between the parochial school and frequent communion, Catholic associations, Catholic reading and in general a healthy Catholic life.

"I think that frequent communion is the best help to leading a clean life, and this, I think, is the best ambition any young man can have." This is the true testimony of the students themselves.

The students who frequently receive the sacraments are of course the first to profit thereby; but there must follow a healthy reaction, a kind of overflow on all the associates of such students. The fact is that what were pervading and pertinacious obstacles in the way of college discipline in former days have, since the advent of frequent communion, fallen out of the student's life. "A more cordial spirit of fellowship among the students" has sprung up, engendered no doubt by something akin to mutual admiration among frequent communicants as well as by common aims in communicating and common interests in the event of the sickness or death of a fellow student. At least some small degree of sacrifice is demanded of him who often and reverently receives Holy Communion. The work, the difficulties, and the successes of each one become very properly objects of interest to everybody else. And lastly there is here exemplification of the truth that holiness is happiness, that the free man is he who binds himself in a worthy cause, that not luxury, sloth, and selfishness,

but some little degree of sacrifice and altruism pave the way to genuine contentment and peace.

## DEMOCRACY AT NOTRE DAME.

BY GERALD J. HAGAN.

Each year we see the budding writers and aspiring journalists at Notre Dame turn themselves to consideration of the much-discussed Notre Dame spirit, and discussion of Notre Dame spirit naturally involves the democracy which is so marked among our men. This intangible "spirit" and this very evident democracy are not things to be passed over lightly. They are not creations of the genius who prepared the catalogue, nor are they merely balmy ideas in the head of some noisy patriot. Notre Dame democracy does not originate with the orator waxing eloquent; it is not called into imaginary being by the effusive pen of some inspired writer.

If every institution which styled itself a "cradle of democracy" were to live up to its claim, then our educational world would indeed resemble a vast figurative nursery. Is the abbreviated cap which most schools force upon their unfortunate freshmen, causing them to take on the appearance of so many transplanted monkeys, a sign of democracy? Is the hazing of new men who have come from a distance and who are practically "strangers in a strange land" conducive to a true democracy? These are remnants of ages past, reminders of the time when senile, broken-down rulers found it necessary to resort to half-wits and fools as sources of amusement. I do not intend to liken the freshmen to the fool of olden days, but upper classmen in many "cradles of democracy" are today perpetrating the ancient practice of making sport of others.

We may be proud to declare that this condition does not prevail at Notre Dame; when a man joins us he is hailed as a man and not as a new and strange plaything to amuse super-intellectuals. He is regarded as a man throughout his years here, or until such time as he shall prove himself otherwise, and then there is no longer room for him. We do not look for the social lion, neither do we cater to a race of educated

roughnecks. We want to develop men, men with knowledge in their heads and courage in their hearts, "square" men who consider one another equals and whose "words are bonds, whose oaths are oracles, whose love sincere," and such men as these develop only where democracy is enthroned.

It is such a democracy as this which makes Notre Dame men comrades the world over and which has enabled us to grow from the humblest of beginnings to a place of importance and influence in the educational world without any endowment save that which one of our presidents has termed "an endowment of flesh and blood."

### A STORY WITH A MORAL.

HAROLD E. MCKEE.

Nestling peacefully on the north banks of the romantic old Kankakee River, nearby the fording place of the ancient Hubbard Trail, is the rural town of Cleggsville. True to the custom of small towns, it embraces a public square, in the center of which stands a ramshackle two story frame building.

In the upper story, facing the south are two large windows, one raised, which have stenciled on their panes, "Peter DuFrain, Justice of Peace."

Occasionally a grey bearded face appears at the open window, the jaws move vigorously, the lips pucker, and a consignment of tobacco juice sails through the opening and splatters itself on the sidewalk below.

Lounging around the public square, some on the lawn, others on benches, are the village loiterers. Now and then some rise, stretch, wet their fingers and after drawing them down the crease of their trousers, saunter off in search of other dissipation.

Seated on the bench which commands a good view of the squire's windows, is a young man, a native, barely out of his teens. His eyes wander slowly, with a look of dread and terror to the windows above. When the face appears to unload its superfluous juice, a slight quiver runs through his well-knit body, and he quickly lowers his eyes. He makes several attempts to rise but each time

some unseen terror grips him and he slumps back on the bench, digging his palms with his finger nails and incessantly moistening his lips with his parched tongue. After several moments of intense agony, the youth succeeds in rising to his feet. He clenches his fists, jerks back his head and walks briskly to the entrance of the town hall. With a quick, half frightened glance at the windows overhead, he disappears through the open doorway.

"A young man wishes to see you," announced the squire's office boy, a few seconds later. "He says it's very important too."

"Who is he?" and the tobacco stained beard gave a sharp snap.

"It's Mr. Hil, sir."

"Alright, let him come," and he swiveled around and spat through the open window.

A few seconds afterwards the young man, more nervous than before, was ushered into the presence of his majesty, the squire. The squire was bent over his desk as if deeply concerned in the study of a few legal papers and without raising his head said, "Sit down," and gesticulated with his pen to a leather chair near his desk.

The young man fumbled with his hat, ran his finger around the edge of his wilted collar, shaped his lips as if to speak, swallowed hard, blinked his eyes, looked first at the squire and then at the chair and finally sat down.

"Well," snapped the squire straightening up and wiping his pen on his sock.

"Mr. Du Frain—er—I mean Squire Du Frain—I—ah—came, that is your daughter she and I have—ah—ah—talked it over—and she thought, that is we both thought it the proper thing—ah—the best thing for me to see you first."

The squire's eyes snapped, his beard jerked spasmodically. "See me first, eh about what?"

"Oh I forgot—you see—Ella, er I mean Miss Du Frain, your daughter and I have—er—ah—well—sort of loved one another—"

"That's enough, young fellow, stop where you are. I want you to understand right now that my answer is No, absolutely NO."

***Send the money and get a seat.***

She is going to marry Haney, his folks are rich, he is the only heir. What have you to offer her?"

"My love," replied the young man sheepishly, lowering his eyes, his cheeks reddening.

"Your love," blurted the squire, and pulling open a drawer he fumbled with some papers, selected several and threw them on the desk, "what does your love amount to with these unpaid?" and he pointed his stubby finger at the papers.

"Why—er what are they?" queried the young man.

"That's just what I was trying to find out, what are they—worth? These are the notes your father promised to pay but never did."

"But I thought father paid those notes before he left, at least the morning he left for camp, he told me—I'm sure he would have paid them," he finally blurted, his face sinking in his chest.

"Yes, but the fact remains that they are unpaid. What do you think I run here, a charitable institution? I haven't been paid a cent on them and you, his son, has got to pay me—and until you do young fellow, have nothing more to do with Ella. Good day."

The young man arose and walked drunkenly towards the door.

"Oh just one thing more," shouted the squire, "remember that interest is piling up every day, but if you pay up these notes within a year, why I might give you—."

"Your daughter," cried the young man, wheeling, crushing his hat between his hands.

"No, two per cent discount," snapped the squire.

At the entrance of the town hall, below the squire's windows, the young man paused, hands thrust deeply in his pockets, his chin resting on his breast.

"Poor father, he didn't know he owed them, he isn't to blame. Oh why didn't Fritz get me too?"

A grey bearded face appeared at the window above, the jaws moved vigorously, the lips puckered and a great consignment of tobacco juice sailed through the open window and splattered itself on the shoulder of the young man below.

The melancholy vanished from the young man's face. His fingers slowly sought the tobacco besplattered shoulder and when they touched the wet, his face flushed with anger. Shaking his clenched fist at the window above, he cried:

"You dirty old tobacco chewing skunk up there, what do you mean spitting all over my new Sunday suit. I'll show you whose clothes you're spitting on," and with this he charged through the entrance and went three steps at a time to the door of the squire's office.

"See here old man Du Frain," he blurted as he dashed in brushing aside the dumfounded office boy, "You may have a few unpaid notes of my father's, but I'll be hanged if you can spit your dirty old tobacco on my new suit and get away with it."

"But my dear young man," interrupted the squire, "I er—."

"See this, what does it mean?" and he shoved the stained coat shoulder close to the squire's face.

"But I assure you it was an accident," crayfished the squire.

"But this is no accident," and the young man snatched the notes from the table and tore them to bits.

"I'll have the law on you for that—."

"Hang you and the law, my father died for the preservation of the law, I went through hell, fire and mud for it. What did you do? You sat here at your little old desk, hoarding these notes praying that the maker would not be killed. Why? Not that you had any particular love for him, but you wanted him to come home and pay these notes. For two cents I'd—but I haven't time now, Ella is waiting for me to bring her your answer—and that answer is going to be YES," and the young man wheeled and walked sprightly from the office.

The squire sat slumped down in his chair for several moments, half wittedly staring at the door through which the young man had disappeared.

"Here Eddie," he whispered feebly, tossing a coin to the office boy, "Go out and buy me a cast iron cuspidor," and the squire swiveled and closed the window.

#### MORAL

*"If ye be the spitting kind, buy ye a gaboon."*

HOLY SMOKE.

There will be many voices heard in Washington Hall this year that will be just what they are cracked up to be.

\*\*\*

The spaghetti we had last week was cooked too long. Two inches would have been about right.

\*\*\*

Freshman:—(Observing the light globe)—What do they put glass around the light for?

Sophomore:—To keep it from going out nights.

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WEEKLY WEATHER REPORT.

Clear with temperature every morning. Not much change—in pockets.

\*\*\*

There is a demand for "Holy Smoke" in every city in the country except Pittsburg.

\*\*\*

Sweet spring gives leaves the leave to leave the tree,  
And I can see no reason why she shouldn't;  
But fall too gives leaves leave to leave the trees.  
I wish you'd dope this out: I've tried and couldn't.

\*\*\*

Sorinite:—I couldn't study a bit this morning. Every time someone opened a door in our hall it squeaked horribly.

Corbyite:—Too bad, and with so many oil cans around too.

CURRENT POETRY.

He sat looking into space;  
His head was in a whirl.  
His mind was on his studies,  
And his thoughts were on his—books.

\*\*\*

ISABELLE.

They told me Isabella was an old-fashioned girl, but I didn't believe them. I watched the way she danced. Still I didn't believe them. I looked her over—her shoes, her hose, her dress, her makeup, her hair. Nothing doing! I listened to her line. It had a day-after-tomorrow ring. . . . . But one day she sat down, and I saw the edge of a petticoat . . . . . And they were right . . . . . Isabelle was an old-fashioned girl.

Oh, well,  
As the  
Badinite  
Said as  
He shaved,  
Be it ever  
So homely  
There's no  
Mug  
Like your own.

NOTICE, FRESHMEN!

In order to acquaint freshmen with the equipment that they must have for their sojourn in these parts, we present, as a special feature this week, the following suggestions for their consideration:

1. Crate matches. Everybody wants them (The new student cannot learn this soon enough.)

1000 Packs Lucky Strikes. These for the "Gimmees."

1 Necktie, green. For use during entire first year.

12 Neckties, assorted. Upper classmen like to borrow these. If the taste of the freshman is suitable to the borrower, he may order more.

1 Hat, Dobbs or Stetson. For use of your upper class friends, except when you can persuade them to let you wear it into South Bend on a "rec" night.

1 Pipe, corncob. For personal use.

1 Humidor tobacco. For personal use. (Try and keep it.)

1 Shirt. The one you wear will be enough.

1 Pair dice. For social and financial use.

6 Dozen razor blades. One-half dozen for yourself. Other five and a half for the borrowing squad.

1 Stick shaving soap. (The razor may be borrowed.)

1 Bank account, large. The necessity is obvious.

1 Check book, many checks. To be used in connection with foregoing, assisted by Ollie Clark.

1 Set excuses. These come in handy after missing 8:10 classes in the morning.

1 Line, extra heavy. For use on chaperons.

1 Line, very heavy. For use on girls at Oliver Dances, et cetera.

Our idea of a losing game is running a blacksmith shop in a one-horse town.

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There's nothing good or bad in life, but thinking makes it so:

This may be true, but listen while I spill a tale af woe:

I think I got a zero in the test we had today;

I think my room rent's due and I'll get bounced if I don't pay;

I think some guy has copped my girl since I left for here;

I think a bet I made last night will cost me pretty dear;

I think a certain tailor'd like to talk with me awhile;

I think those socks that I just bought weren't made of silk but lisle;

I think my teeth need fixing, I know they hurt enough;

I think that skive I pulled will cost me pretty tough;

I think the guy that spoke those lines was loaded up with "snow:"

There's nothing good or bad in life but thinking makes it so.

KOLARS.

*It's the 22nd that means a lot to '22.*



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The Student Activities Committee has announced that it is attempting to obtain information of student abilities. The committee is trying to gather WHAT CAN YOU DO? this information through the questionnaire cards that have been issued on the campus.

The months or years spent at Notre Dame afford an unusual opportunity for self-development. Education is properly a "drawing forth." The abilities of the man are never uncovered until they have been employed or evoked in one way or another. They are tested, in fact, only after use. A catalogue of student talents should enable the student to properly apply those talents. It should benefit both the student and the university—by helping the one to develop his own abilities and by placing at the disposal of the other the individual capabilities within the student body.

Athletics, debating, glee club work, dramatics, music, journalistic activities—all of these demand the work of Notre Dame men. The university deserves the services of those who display individual gifts. The student, on the other hand, owes all that he can give, in any field, to the school.

The Student Activities Committee is to be

congratulated, therefore, upon attempting to organize information about student capabilities. When you are supplying this information, play square with the university. You owe a duty to your school to do your share in collegiate activities. MOLZ.

An anxious Alma Mater is awaiting one of the happiest days of her life. October 22nd has been set aside for her second annual family reunion, and she has been working from morning till night getting things ready so that the day will be a lively, happy one for the old fellows who return to renew family ties. John and Mac. and Henry will be thrilled once more by the thunderous "U. N. D." and the handshake of an old professor or a classmate.

The day will belong to them, grads and old students of the Notre Dame of the past who have, in a measure, made the Notre Dame of the present. The school is going to do all in its power to make them enjoy it; to make them feel as they did when they were spectators of those events which have since passed into the school's traditions of loyalty and accomplishment.

So if you're a grad or an old student—remember October 22nd and be present at the second assembly of the Greater Notre Dame.

ARNDT.

The Ku Klux Klan is perhaps the most popular topic of current comment. Its Kleagles and Kaliffs have catered so effectively to the hates and prejudices of certain groups that the subjects of the "invisible empire" now number about 800,000. This vast organization has no useful function. It is opposed to all the principles of free government. It is a blow to civilization. Whether the Klan was really the instigator of the recent terror of tarring and feathering in Texas and in other Southern states makes little difference. If it was not responsible it was at least indirectly responsible for many or most of these outrages because it provides a cloak under which the lawless and criminally-minded can hide. The menace to



society in the form of secret warring and hooded raids and in the attempt to dignify mob violence should arouse every patriotic American to action. The "invisible empire" should be destroyed by popular sentiment. Nothing else can do it. The leaders of the Klan have drawn enormous profits from their dupes. It is the duty of press and people to ridicule the Klan out of existence.

### ATTENTION, MONOGRAM MEN!

(In this place official announcements by the Faculty Board in control of Athletics will appear from time to time.)

The Faculty Athletic Board is glad to announce that additional prizes for excellence in scholarship among athletes will be offered this year through the courtesy of a friend of Notre Dame. The conditions and character of the new awards will be determined upon soon. Meanwhile all monogram men and prospective monogram men ought to bear this matter in mind while performing their daily academic work. "Get set!" now, and watch this space for further information. You will find it distinctly worth while.

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The celebration on October 22 would not be complete without the usual Monogram Club banquet which will open with canape caviar (or something else) at six-thirty sharp in the Rotary Room of the Hotel Oliver. It has been decided to invite homecoming Monogram men and other alumni as well, but it will be necessary for all who attend to secure tickets at \$2.50 a plate. In order to preserve the sanity of the Oliver chef (who is a rare bird), all those who wish to partake in this banquet must make reservations, accompanied by checks, before 10 o'clock, Saturday morning, October 22. Address K. K. Rockne.

G. N. SHUSTER, Sec.

### HOOPING UP THE HOME.

#### INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT OF OCTOBER 22

For two whole day and nights the old quad is going to assume all the festive features of a Russian Riot. Banners of purest

gold and blue shall float from every post, tree-stump and rain spout, a sign that the dignity suited to its age has departed the campus for this one-third of a week. South Bend, so recently made spouse of the college, shall be decked out as it never was for an annual mix-up of the Grand Army of the Republic. Joy shall be everywhere present and age shall dance with youth beneath the sacred third floor windows of Dear Old Sorin. Home-coming day shall then have arrived.

Getting away to flying start, the reception committee, which has been appointed by the S. A. C., will meet each and every Alumnus who tosses his grip into the New York Central depot. After having received a most joyous welcome, he shall be directed to the room reserved for him and be supplied with a program, giving in great detail the events which are about to enliven his annual visit to the old school.

The next event of interest to the gay young boulevardiers on the campus will be the snakist snake dance in the history of the college-by-the-lake. Leaving the quad, headed by the band, cheerleaders and the more enthusiastic spirits, the carefree young students shall march to the city. Here will be given a vivid demonstration of the Notre Dame man's ability to twine himself among street cars, auto trucks and traffic cops. As the snake dances he will also spit fire from a hundred torches held in the hands of eager young men in earnest pursuit of a diploma. The chief feature of the evening will be the booming welcome given to the Nebraska team and the Nebraska team's heroic response. After the gay frivolity and enthusiasm has spent itself there will be an interesting card of indoor athletics, taking the form of boxing, wrestling, etc. served in the Gymnasium. A very special invitation is extended to the Alumni to witness this latter entertainment—to give them a chance to compare our present crop of facepounders with the sluggers of other years who have slugged and have departed. This will be the dramatic conclusion of the first day in the great two-day festival.

**"Very good Eddie", is what everybody says.**

After Nebraska has been tucked away in the moth-ball bag and everyone has yelled himself to a whisper, the evening's round of enjoyment shall begin. Not one, but two dances, S. A. C. supervised, shall take place in South Bend immediately after the Monogram banquet, one being held in the Oliver and the other in the Tribune Building. As nothing is too good for the old boys who once were comrades under the dome, the very best music shall be provided, being very much in keeping with the spirit of the occasion.

It is regrettable that all good things must end and we hope that the old men who have gone to such trouble to get one fleeting glimpse of the Alma Mater that sheltered them in their days of joyous young manhood, will depart with a renewed love for the old school and a firm conviction that they will never miss another Home-coming. The present students on the campus will, we hope, return to their book shelves with a lasting memory of Home-coming Day, 1921, and with a few words of worthy praise for the Student Activities Committee which, by much planning and hard work, has made all the foregoing events possible.

FR. MCGINNIS.

### SHOP TALK.

It has been suggested that a large portion of the E. S. B., as well as ancient Varsity men whose contributions were read with awe in times gone by, would consider with interest the new program of the SCHOLASTIC. The paper is more or less of a jack-of-all-trades: it welcomes the academic muse and the college philosopher; it conveys the official pronouncements of the University authorities, hits right and left editorially, collects all the local gossip, and makes an effort to chronicle the achievements of everybody from '65 to '21. Most of all, it exists for the purpose of inoculating the student public with the germ of composition, a dangerous germ indeed, but one which people from Homer to Chesterton have coveted as did Cleopatra the asp.

Last year the executive council of the University scrutinized the running gear of the SCHOLASTIC rather carefully and decided

that several things ought to be done. It was recognized first of all that a sound financial basis was necessary before any improvements of note could be attempted; and the present system provides for a larger subscription list, for the elimination of waste, and for the increase of advertising space. This issue begins to show some of the effects of our new policy. It was decided recently to mail the paper regularly to all alumni, the expenses of which procedure are to be borne by the Alumni Association. Nevertheless, the financial support of old timers who feel able to pay their subscription will be distinctly appreciated.

From an editorial point of view many changes have been instituted. Members of the board are now in personal control of departments. In addition there are several new features, the introduction of which will take place soon. Editors attend a meeting every week during which matters of moment to the paper are discussed, and for this are awarded a regular class credit. Absence or negligence are visited by penalties too dire to outline here. At the end of the year a prize will be awarded the man whose work is adjudged to have been the best during the year by a committee of great ability in detecting flaws. It is hoped that this scheme will arouse the wildest enthusiasm and the most devoted effort. The members of the English faculty will be called upon to contribute advice; and suggestions from other people will be smiled upon if their phrasing is devoid of profanity.

We want it understood above all that the SCHOLASTIC is Notre Dame's paper: Just because a man is not a member of the staff is no reason why he should refuse to submit the product of his experience, vision, or intellect. Anything of a useable character lying around the campus ought to be handed in, and though the editorial basket is ample it does not take up all the space in the room. Get behind and push—your pen. We want a better paper: so do you.

The South Bend Council, Knights of Columbus, will entertain with a special program next Tuesday night. All "Caseys" at Notre Dame are cordially invited to participate.

### IN MEMORIAM.

John V. McNally, student in the early nineties, was buried with imposing honors at New Richmond, Wisconsin, Sept. 26. Bright, clever, generous, entertaining, he was universally loved and honored in his community. When he passed away eulogy was unanimous and unmeasured from pastor, people and press. Mrs. McNally, who survives him, is a sister of Fred Murphy of the Minneapolis *Tribune*. To her we offer sincere condolence.

### MEMORABLE MEN.

The appointment of Mr. Maxwell M. Kazus LL. B., '18, of Buffalo, to office in the Department of Internal Revenue of the state of New York follows closely upon his election as committeeman of the Republican party in Buffalo.

Besides filling a position on the editorial staff of the Buffalo *News*, Alexander Szczepannick in a very active member in American Legion affairs, having been director of the largest post in the country for the past three years.

Among the most active spirits in political life in the Philippine Islands is Mr. José E. Valdez. Remarkably faithful to all Notre Dame ideals, he is one of the moving spirits in the formation of La Solidaridad Filipina, a new organization for the promotion of civic virtue.

Beyond Joseph Scott's residence there, little is known on the campus of the numbers and the activities of Notre Dame men in Los Angeles. A recent organization meeting of Notre Dame Los Angeles Club called out more than ninety alumni and former students. The accomplishments of this meeting will be announced at a later date. For the present let us hear about the individuals.

Mr. P. P. O'Beirn '89, for many years chairman of the Board of Public Works of Los Angeles, was recently appointed Postmaster of Los Angeles. Private speculation has it that Mr. O'Beirn's interest in the

workings of the postoffice system was first aroused when he used to watch Brother Stamp sort out the Sorin Hall mail.

George Scott of Los Angeles, student at the University three years ago, who has been preparing for the priesthood at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, has returned to England to complete his theological studies at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, Durham.

Stanley Cofall, captain of the '16 varsity is first vice-president of the Higher Art Film Co., of Los Angeles. This company is filming Gene Stratton Porter's novels and is one of the high-class concerns in the industry.

Leo B. (Red) Ward '20 and Joe Suttner '19, recently passed their examinations to the California bar and are practicing law in Los Angeles, the former being connected with the law office of Mr. Joseph Scott.

Paul McGarry, one of the best fellows of last year's freshman class, is now associated with the Merchants' National Bank of Los Angeles and wishes to be remembered to his friends on the campus.

Delmar J. Edmonson '18, author, editor, actor and producer, has entered the moving picture field as a scenario writer for Alan Dwan Pictures, Incorporated.

William C. Havey, C. S. C., William H. Robinson, C. S. C., Stanislaus Lizewski, C. S. C., Arthur B. Hope, C. S. C., and Thomas C. Duffy, C. S. C., all of the class of '20, left for Rome last Wednesday where they will continue their theological studies.

Dan Carr, Ph. B., 1921, is teaching classes in biology and chemistry at Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa. It is a bit hard for Seton Hill has four hundred of the prettiest young lady students in the world. He is also taking work for his Master's Degree at the University of Pittsburgh.

Joe Tillman, 1921 engineer, who was seriously injured in a very tragic auto accident in Toledo last week, is recovering very nicely.

Paul Tobin, old student and live wire of

***Come early and watch the second Degree.***

'15-'16 years, was married to Miss Grace Fenlon of Cleveland in the latter part of July. We wish them the very best luck.

Cupid and the holy bonds gained another victory over Notre Dame men last Summer when the marriage of Miss Lela Rosamond Genette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Plenny Genette of Charlevoix, Michigan, and Irving L. Hallett '21, of Charlevoix took place on June fourteenth. Mr. and Mrs. Hallett make their home at Charlevoix, where "Irv" is manager of Hallett's Inn.

SHEA.

### CHEZ NOUS.

The possibility of good cheer was the subject of a few extemporaneous remarks by Al Slaggert, at the first meeting of the Junior Class, Wednesday. His talk follows in part:

"Gentlemen Juniors, pale students, and fellow artists: I am here tonight in deadly earnest. I speak of a matter of transcendental importance to the student body, and to whom it may concern. If there are any here (with ferocious glance at the auburn expanse of "Red" Dwire) who cannot appreciate the seriousness of it all, let him go where the woodbine twineth and there abandon himself to his levity, (extending in oratorical austerity a lank forefinger.)"

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In a voice quivering with suppressed emotion the Varsity Cheer Leader explained his mission. A hiccough escaped him, and when he had concluded there were tears in the eyes of his auditors—tears of mirth. Moved by the eloquence of these words, eighteen juniors allowed themselves to be volunteered. As space does not permit the enumeration of all these men, suffice it to mention small Paul Breen, Pio Montenegro, and the inimitable Dwire as indicating the sterling worth of the aspirants. They will come up for consideration at the returns from the Iowa game, when six masked marvels in the stands will choose the three best men. The SCHOLASTIC endorses to the full the three just named.

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One of the exhibits lacking in the Science Hall Museum is an Egyptian mummy. Last

Wednesday, eighteen men earnestly discussed this crying need, and formed themselves into an Egyptian Club. E. Merlin Rolwing was chosen temporary chairman of the organization. Humbert Wop Berra, Anthony Miles Jackson, and Dan Sullivan will constitute the committee for drafting the constitution. It is significant that all these men as well as the other members of the club come from Southern Illinois. Permanent organization will be effected at the meeting scheduled for next Wednesday. It is expected that plans will be laid for a Christmas dance in Cairo, the proceeds to go to a fund for buying the long-lacking mummy.

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Editor McKee, following an old tradition of the campus, predicts the "Dome" will be out on time this year. He was sworn before a committee of the faculty and the S. A. C. The "Dome" staff, this year, includes a bevy of eminent journalists, among them Vincent Engels, the poet of the future, Harry A. Flannery, author of "Futurism, Past and Present," William A. Castellini, noted radical writer, and a host of stars of the fourth dimension. "The 'Dome' this year will make Notre Dame famous," confidently confided the editor-in-chief in a secret interview with a "SCHOLASTIC" representative.

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Showing a propensity for political organization, almost incredible in Notre Dame freshmen, the members of the class of '25 in Brownson and Carroll Halls united to elect their entire program without noticeable opposition. Ray Matthews, Brownson candidate, rode into office on a landslide that was quite convincing. Eugene O'Connell, of Carroll, became vice-president. For secretary Brownson is represented by Jack Scallan. Dan Lemont of Carroll, is treasurer. It is estimated more than 300 freshmen were in attendance, the largest class in the history of the university.

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Probably 30 men will constitute the personnel of the University Orchestra this year Monday, Fr. Remmes, director, selected a group of local musicians, most of them members of the last year's organization, who will form the nucleus of the '21 orchestra. Under the efforts of Prof. Parreant the band

is working overtime every evening in anticipation of Homecoming. Its first appearance is scheduled for Saturday.

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Last week a meeting of all men who served overseas during the late expedition to the land of Gaul was held for the purpose of looking into the matter of forming a Notre Dame Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Those who attended found out a great deal concerning the organization from the officers of the George Campbell Post of South Bend. The V. F. W. has been in existence nearly twenty-five years, and if one is to judge from the activity of the Bend members is a very much alive and kicking outfit. Nearly a million men "belong" throughout the United States, and though many are especially interested in things as they used to be in Cuba and the Phillipines, the majority are chaps who enjoy getting together for pipe-dreams and a parlez-vous about matters between the Rue de la Paix and Montfaucon. There is room for the V. F. W. at Notre Dame, because at least seventy-five men are eligible for membership. Father Walsh is enthusiastic, and the official sanction of the University has been granted. The South Bend Post is eager to lend all the assistance needed and then some; as soon as word is received from Headquarters, the organization will begin. When all available ex-louies and ex-bucks have been roped in by Mr. Louis Murphy and his assisting M. P.'s, permanent officers will be elected and a formal installation will take place. The outfit offers a splendid chance for high jinks, and besides every Notre Dame foreign-warrior ought to consider it a duty to help perpetuate the memory of Notre Dame's service, particularly the service of the dead.

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Flannery, Harry W., American journalist (b Hagerstown, Md. residence, Box XXX, Notre Dame of America) author of "Roman Women I Have Known," "Footprints of a Footpad," "Riot and Rot," "Is Literature Too Literary," etc., art editor of "The Juggler," editor of "Notre Dame SCHOLAS-

TIC, member of the Local Institute of Artists and Letterheads," exalted klaxon in the Klak Klak Klan, for a while associated with Frank Wallace, and Walter Eckersoll, in putting Notre Dame on the map. Mr. Flannery was recently elected president of the Writers' Club of Notre Dame, a bohemian organization of much odor, succeeding himself by a landslide.

Club. Writer's mutual adoration society, open to whom it may concern, and journalists in general. Address Box XXX. Notre Dame of America. Among notables it has turned out, and by whom it has increased its reputation, are Anthony A. Morgan, head of the Chicago Tammnay organization, Donald Dunkle, theatrical aeroplane publicity and advertising, (res. South Bend), J. P. McAvoy, (not to be confused with home-brew) author of a serial drama, appearing weekly in the "Chicago Tribune"—the "Potters," a story of ancient Rome, just before the Fall, depicted in futuristic style.

Officers of the Club are invited annually. Flannery, Harry W. President, Joseph Luley, (Fort Wayne) secretary, Frank McGinnis, (Toledo, member of Toledo Club—see Clubs—Toledo) treasurer and tax collector. Conventions every week, Thursday, Journalist Room of the Library. Its purpose is the creation of an agency on the campus for examining mms. and the formation of a national literature in accordance with design laid out in the text of Ring Lardner. Its principal

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The senior class in mechanics went on a tour of inspection through the North Side Pumping Station of South Bend, last Saturday mornin. Prof. Benitz acted as conductor. The intricate details of the Corliss engines which are essential in the process of irrigating South Bend were explained concisely by the conductor. The class will return later to make out indicator cards of the engines which are to be studied in connection with the regular class work.

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The formal celebration of the Diamond

***When you've seen Lieb he will be Lieber.***

Jubilee of the Sisters of Mercy in Chicago was held last Saturday. The University sent a special representative. The Sisters of Mercy are one of the glories of the Church in America and have won distinction by their charitable ministrations both in war and peace. Their schools and hospitals are always of the highest order of excellence. Chicago is showing its appreciation by "putting over" a drive for a million dollars for the Sisters. May it abundantly succeed!

MURPHY.

## WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

### SHERLOCK WINS.

Known far and wide among the football folk of the land as the Miracle Man of the gridiron, the wizard of football and other similar dubbings, Knute Rockne of Notre Dame is also a chemist. In his endeavors of the past he has forced ambitious gridders to take the nitrogen and other elements which make up atmosphere. He has provided the H<sub>2</sub>O for other teams to absorb. He has fed them strychnine and he has even routed Armies by the virulence of the poison he disseminates.

But last week, Rockne the chemist, was called into an entirely different field. He was compelled to solve the mystery of Depauw. Entirely characteristic of the great scientist—Rock went to work. He took the mist from the mystery—and separated Depauw into its various elements.

In doing so the learned professor used a combination of Mohardt, Wynne, Desch, Coughlin, Lieb, Shaw and Kiley. To this concoction he added touches of Mehre and a powerful combination of Garvey, Dooley and Degree. With the entire mixture he dissolved two parts of Anderson and a variety of other chemicals with a kick in both feet and a punch in either hand. He unloosed this formula on Cartier field and sent it into action on the Depauw mystery.

The result was amazing. The element of Mohardt ran wild over the form of the mystery and discovered the weak spots through which the Desch, Wynne and Lieb trickled. The Anderson and Kiley picked off pieces from the end during the process while the

Shaw, Garvey, and Mehre tore into the heart of the unsolvable and scattered it into parts. After the work had been fairly started the expert scientist poured a solution of Carberry, Seyfrit, Dooley, Thomas, Shea, Lieb and other Irish chemicals onto the rapidly disintegrating surface—and in just a little while the mist of the mystery had evaporated and the subject of the experiment was exposed to plain view as merely a collection of game but outclassed fighting football men.

The experiment was viewed by 8000 people and its fame went abroad to other scientific quarters where the 1921 experiments of Mr. Rockne are being observed with much care.

### THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY—PUNCH BY PUNCH.

Notre Dame entered the mortar first and Prof. Rockne took his position. A great cheer announces the coming of the challenger—the mystery team—headed by the master of the occult in football—Coach Walker. The challengers are almost entirely surrounded by white headgears which occasion important statements as to their relativity to the Ku Klux. "Announcing Al" explains the experiment—and they are off.

Manager Walker is still keeping the name of his men a profound secret and the newshounds are being compelled to commit the mortal sin of journalism as announced by Dr. Cooney—the fake.

Umpha, the Depauw bare-back, kicks to Coughlin out of bounds on the 10 yard line. Mohardt nicks the line for 5. Wynne punts out of bounds and it is DP ball on our 40. They lose 5 on off-side—then punt to our 15. Danny Coughlin made 6 and was carried from the field as the result of contact with an enemy shoe. Desch in and lost 2. ND penalized 15 for being too doggoned rough. Wynne punted to Bloodgood. No gain. Garvey stabbed a DP runner. Buck Shaw tears in and grabs a fumble and it is our ball on the mid-field line. Johnny starts the fireworks with 25 around right end, Wynne galloped through center for 5, Gus added 6 and then 6 more. Thomas sneaked through for a touchdown and Buck kicked his 8th consecutive goal.

Garvey kicked over the goal line and



when the ball was brought out to the 20 yard line DP kicked to Tommy in mid-field. Wenkle got through and nailed Gus from behind for a 4 yard loss. ND penalized 15 for not being polite. Johnny made 4 and the honorable Chetter Wynne dashed madly through the center aisle for a 60 yard run to the 1 yard line. Wynne went over. Buck made it 9 goals. The mystery team.

Desch returned the kickoff 25 and was then stopped for no gain. Wynne over the top for 6 and Myers stopped Gus again—the left side of the line was failing. Johnny passed 15 to Rodge who ran 15 more—a pretty play. Mohardt added 10 and Chetter scored. Buck made it 10.

Carberry in for Kiley. Johnny returned the kickoff 25 and Gus carried the ball down the sward for a nifty run of 65 and a touchdown. He could have led the boys to Green-castle that time. Buck 11.

Hunk made a hard tackle on Garvey's next kickoff. DP kicked to Tommy who shook off eight tacklers on a wonderful open field run of 19. Johnny slipped down through the west end for 35 and another counter but grounded the ball and Buck missed his chance for 12.

Quarter over. ND 34. DP 0.  
Second quarter.

DP kicked to the 15 yard line. Wynne punted out of bounds to ND 40. DP penalized 5. Mehre intercepts pass and runs 10. Larson in for Mehre. Second team in. ND penalized 5 off-side—and then 15 more for impoliteness. Degree punts 50 to DP 20. DP center passes over goal line and ND scores safety.

Ball brought to 30 and DP punts 40 to Reass who returns 10. Lieb 10. ND fumbled and DP recovers on mid-field. Reass intercepts forward. ND grounds pass. Degree punts and DP penalized 15 for picking on Ed. Reass 6, Walsh 2. Maker 6, Walsh 8, Reass 4, Lieb 4. DP recovers Walsh's fumble. DP punts to Lieb on ND 40. Tom loses 2. Smith in for Reass. Time out for beverage. Degree punts. DP gains 6 for a change and ND penalized 5. Seyfrit nails a mystery man for a loss. DP

punts and Degree returns it after a smeared pass. DP fair catch on the 5 yard line and punted to Lieb who returned to DP 30. Half over. ND 36, DP 0.

#### SECOND HALF.

First team in. Wynne returns kickoff 10. Desch hit from behind again. Wynne punted and Eddie went down for a nice tackle. Mystery play gains 3. Time out to tie a Ku Klux headgear. More mystery—DP runs around the center like boys under an arc light playing Run, Sheep, Run—Eddie into the mystery, got the ball and ran 50 for touchdown. Ball brought back and DP penalized. Mystery gains 4 with Slutz carrying the ball. Wynne smears a pass. DP punts 60. ND on own 10. Desch 3, Johnny 5. Thomas 4. Gus fumbles and DP recovered on ND 30. More mystery—Johnny solved the play, intercepts the pass and runs 70 behind splendid interference for a touchdown. Shaw made it 12. Score 43-0.

Ellis kicked to Wynne who returned 15 and fumbled, DP recovering on ND 35. Buck smears a play. Thomas batted forward but DP given ball on ND 25 for interference with receiver. Mystery play a 10 yard failure. Buck intercepted a forward and ambled for a touchdown but ball brought back and ND penalized 5. DP failed at field goal. ND on own 20. Dooley out and Higi in. Ogden in fast for a pretty tackle on Desch. Chet punted 30 and Eddie downed Bloodgood in his tracks. Johnny smeared pass. Very much mystery again but Hector fooled 'em. Eddie dropped Bloodgood on a fake forward. ND ball in mid-field. Wynne 2 and 7. Thomas made first down. Mohardt passed 35 to Rodge who ran 10 for a touchdown. Rodge gets 'em. Buck made it 13. ND 50, DP 0.

Thomas ran kickoff back 10. Desch nailed from behind but on next play made a spectacular dash through guard for 20. Johnny passed 25 to Eddie. Quarter up.

Second team in. Maher no gain. Lieb 12 on a fake punt but ball returned and ND penalized 10. Ogden rushed through, blocked Degree's kick and Clarke gathered

*See the biggest team, in the biggest year.*



it in and ran 65 through a clear field for a touchdown. Ogden kicked goal.

Maher received 15 and fumbled but Lieb recovered. Lieb 5. ND penalized 5. Maher no gain. Degree punted 65, ball rolling part way. The judge downed a mystery man in his tracks. Mehre intercepted another forward. Third team in gradually. Logan shoved through center for 15. DP penalized 5. Phelan 3. Logan 4. DP ball on downs and punted 40 to Shea who returned 20. Phelan 3. Lieb passed 20 to Seyfrit who ran for touchdown. Lieb kicked goal.

ND kicks to DP 30 and on first play Carberry downs Jangro for 10 yard loss. DP passes 12 yards. Incomplete pass and DP punts to our 30. DP deflected a punt and recovered on ND 38. Two incomplete passes and Bloodgood booted a pretty field goal for 38 yards.

Phelan returned 30 after kickoff—that's all there is.

ND 57, DP 10.

And now—Iowa.

#### LINEUP AND SUMMARY.

NOTRE DAME.	DEPAUW.
E. Anderson, Capt.	Capt. Ogden
Left Tackle.	
H. Anderson	Ellis
Left Guard.	
Larson	Winkle
Center	
Dooley	Diamond
Right Guard	
Garvey	Moffett
Right Tackle.	
Kiley	Myers
Right End.	
Thomas	Bloodgood
Quarterback.	
Mohardt	Krohmeier
Left Halfback.	
Coughlin	Jangro
Right Halfback.	
Wynne	Meyers
Fullback.	

Touchdowns—Notre Dame, 8. (Thomas, Wynne 2, Seyfrit, Desch, Mohardt 2). De Pauw, 1 (Clark).

Field goals—DePauw, 1 (Bloodgood).

Substitutions—Desch for Coughlin, Carberry for Kiley, Degree for Dooley, Reess for

Thomas, Walsh for Wynne, Lieb for Mohardt, Cotton for Garvey, Maher for Desch, Seyfrit for Anderson, Brown for Degree, Smith for Reese, Higi for Degree, Reese for Thomas, Smith for Reese, Logan for Reese, Miller for Degree, Flinn for Voss, Mayl for Carberry, Cameron for Seyfrit, Bergman for Lieb, Kane for Bergman, Reagan for Mehre, Phelan for Wynne, Murphy for Cotton. Dougherty for Krohmeier, Clark for Winkle, Clark going to right end and Ogden to center and Mendenhall to left end, Stutz for Dougherty, Daniel for Stutz, Maas for Mendenhall.

FRANK WALLACE.

#### INTERHALL ATHLETICS.

Carroll and Walsh halls played the opener of the interhall football season, battling each other to a scoreless tie. The game was played under adverse conditions with the weather interfering with operations, and the shortness of time preventing the playing of the regulation quarters. Whelan, De Gurse, Durkin and Sullivan starred for Walsh while quarterback Johnson played a stellar game for the Carroll boys.

In the afternoon Corby, exhibiting one of the most powerful teams seen in interhall circles in years, trounced Sorin's fighting crew by a score of 20-0. Father Quinlan's men displayed wisdom in relying on their old system instead of learning new and intricate plays, and with last year's formation the team worked faultlessly. James Barry starred in the Corby backfield, the former showing himself of All-Interhall material. The entire right side of the Corby line emulated the proverbial stone wall and the end positions were unusually well cared for. Scott was the outstanding star for Sorin, with Pfeiffer and Carmody playing valiantly in the line.

Brownson's heavy team made good use of Coach Eddie Anderson's shift plays in defeating Badin, 13-0. The work of Jimmy Burns at left half was a feature of the Brownson play. The Brownson line was powerful, but frequent offsides marred its work. Excellence in the kicking department gave Brownson a big advantage over the beginners who were especially weak in kicking. McNabb played a good game at guard for the losers.

G. J. HAGAN.