

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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No. 9

A JUBILEE RONDEAU.

To Father John Lauth, C. S. C., on the
50th Anniversary of His Ordination.

A kindly priest for fifty years!
What tribute paid by fond compeers
Outvalues that? What sweeter praise
Can glorify one's length of days
In Christ's, the highest of careers?

A normal priest the world reveres;
But in its heart a throne uprears
Where reigns the man of gentle ways,
A kindly priest.

Renown for learning disappears
Like morning mist or transient tears;
But memory forever pays
Its debt to him whose yesterdays
Show Father John in all life's spheres
A kindly priest.

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

November 11, 1921.

THE DEATH OF FATHER ZAHM.

NOTRE DAME mourns the passing of one of her most illustrious sons. On November 11, Reverend John Zahm, C. S. C., died in Munich, Bavaria, of pneumonia. Although the men of recent years were not acquainted with him personally, all had learned to appreciate the great service he rendered the University in so many marked ways. The Dante Library, which is gaining in value and usefulness every day; the Department of Science, which looks back with loyal memory to the inspiration of its founder; the art galleries which attract so many visitors: all of these things were made possible by the energy and skill of Father Zahm.

Mentally he was a giant whose learning bore resemblance to that of a mediaeval scholar. Father Zahm loved a specialty, of course, but outside of that his mind was open

to a multitude of interests, and he was a scientist, a remarkable linguist, a profound Dante scholar, a philosopher, a wide traveler and a collector of rare books and art treasures. His opinions were listened to with respect at many an international congress; Roosevelt cherished his companionship on the famous voyage to South America; and his books have gone into the private libraries of the world's most thoughtful men. Perhaps the greatest service rendered by Father Zahm to the world of philosophy was his careful explanation of the attitude of the Church towards science. In this domain he was a pioneer, and long before others had seen the necessity for dealing with the subject, he had said practically all that needed to be said. "Evolution and Dogma" and "The Church and Science" are treatises that deserve their own place in history. No less important are the half-dozen books in which he opened the eyes of Americans to the reality of South America. Before he made the English speaking world familiar with the Andes, the Pampas, and the cities of Brazil and Argentine, together with the manifold and interesting peoples who dwell in these places opinions on the subjects of South America were not devoid of untruth and unfairness in many essentials.

This man, whose life was so singularly devoted to religion and knowledge, was born in Perry County, Ohio, June 14, 1851, and ordained a priest June 4, 1875. He was successively a professor of science, Provincial of the Order of Holy Cross, and a guiding spirit of Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C. The SCHOLASTIC will present later on a detailed account of his career and character. Arrangements are being completed to bring the body to Notre Dame, where interment will take place.

Requiescat in pace!

THE REMINISCENCES OF A ROUNDER.

FRANK WALLACE.

"Mike, what does the guard do on 87?"

"He drives the center in."

"Good. Pat, where does the quarterback go on 99?"



EDDIE.

"He cuts around and takes the right end."

"Very fine. Get to bed, now."

The grand-sons of the old Notre Dame man dropped their football primers and grouped themselves about his knees.

"Tell us a story first, grandpa."

"The one about the Eastern trip."

"Which trip, lads?"

"Oh, you know—the one when you knocked off the Army and Rutgers in four days—"

"And made Grantland Rice look foolish—"

"And converted Hughie Fullerton—"

"Do you mean the time when Joe Byrne and Danny Sullivan showed us the great time?"

"Yes—and tell us about Hector Garvey being the toast of Broadway and how the

girls sang to Chet Wynne and how Capt. Eddie wouldn't dance with the leading lady at Reisenwebers."

"The time when Al Jolson wore the Notre Dame pennant in his show?"

"Yes—the time when the Irish intercepted Harvard's meal?"

"Oh—that's an old story, lads. Many's the time you've heard it."

"That story will never get old, grandad—come on now."

He was an old man now and his beard had grown to the sidewalk but his constitution still was strong. He signaled for his monogram pipe, shot a long pass into the fire, tackled a stein and called sharply:

"18—24—32—HIKE!"

The primer class shifted in approved style and the story began:

"Those were the good old days—early in the reign of King Canute. We had had a good season with the exception of one game at Iowa—gr-r-r."

"Let him alone, Mikie. He'll get it over in a minute."

In a little while the old man was quiet and composed again.

"How did you happen to lose to Iowa, grandad?"

"That is what we have all been asking ourselves ever since, lad. But to get on with my story. It was about noon when 40 of us boarded the train at South Bend enroute to West Point and Rutgers where we intended to show the world what a real football team was like. Many things happened on the train—and of course there were some who were so unscrupulous as to beat the New York Central out of train fare. No wonder the railroads were poor in those days, children.

"At any rate, some rode the cushions, some kissed the springs and some gazed longingly out at the cows and sheep that were painted on the landscape; and as is the fashion on even the longest and dreariest of trips, we all turned up bright and tuneful at West Point where we were taken over the river on an old ferry and carted up the long hill direct to the mess hall.

"It was wonderful there, children. Table after table of smiling young boys, the choice of the nation, stood and applauded loudly

and smiled heartily into our faces as we walked by and tried to act unassumed. At each of the four meals we had at the academy the same hearty greeting was given us; and deep in our hearts we were thinking quite a bit of ourselves.

"They forced wonderful meals upon us—milk and honey and ices. They invited us to roam over their campus and they made us welcome at the Officers' club where we brushed shoulders with generals, and gazed out upon the curving sweep of the Hudson as it scattered the climbing hills that old Iroquois used to roam. We wrote and we wrote and we wrote—and I tell you children, it was a great and glorious line that the postman carried away on the embossed stationery of the Army Mess.

"There were so many things we might have seen there—but we played a lot of billiards and a lot of victrola and a lot of gentlemen. Some of us did climb the hill to the chapel where the Marquette club was sponsoring a concert; and on from there we went to the ruins of old Fort Putnam and looked from its eminence to the banks of yielding leaves that swarmed in autumnal cleverness over the surrounding hills. Then we climbed down—and ate again—after we had watched the cadets march into their mess hall in swinging military formation. We listened to their confident pep meeting that night, we watched their splendid dress parade before the game the next day and then we beat them and took all of their money away. It was a fiercely cold day with the chilly air running up and down beneath the trousers. But some thoughtful soul in the press box, a gentleman who disguises himself as Monitor, had a bit of Scotch—"

"What is Scotch, grandad?"

"Something they used to drink, honey, in those old days. But to get on. After the game we were heroes—even those of us who had kissed the springs under the Pullman seats—and we got our names in the papers and everything. But the real time had just begun. Mikie, who was the greatest cheer leader Notre Dame ever had?"

"Danny Sullivan."

"Pattie, who were the greatest angels in the history of the school?"

"Joe Byrne, father and son."

"I see it's well you know your history, lads. And now I'll tell you how they earned those titles. From the time we won the West Point game until we stepped on the train four days later, we were not even permitted to think for ourselves. There were shows and special cars and big dinners and taxicabs—there were everything, lads—and everything was provided by the angels. What do you say gang? Hip-hip!"

"Al Slaggert would have been proud of you, lads. But to continue. After the Army game we boarded our special cars and we sat down in the big seats and thought of how good the boys at home must be feeling. We were winners and we felt like winners when we were driven to the Moulin Rouge and ushered to reserved seats at the ringside."

"What was the Moulin Rouge, grandad?"

"It was enough, Mikie. But that was where Hector Garvey became the toast of Broadway. A pretty, black haired lass came out and sang to him—and the lad whom they called "the beast" was afraid to raise his eyes. Another sweet colleen came out and made eyes at Chetter Wynne, and Seyfrit, who had been unfriendly to no food suddenly forgot to eat.

"Danny Sullivan, the greatest little fixer in the business, incited the orchestra to play the Victory march and we all arose and sang like good fellows—after which we marched away to Al Jolson's show.

"The same Danny had fixed Al pretty well; and after Buck Hennes had nearly fallen out of our private box when the colored Hebrew sang a few lines from the ritual, Al made mention of us to the house and wore a Notre Dame pennant pinned on his breast in the second act. We gave him a big U. N. D. after the show—and then we discovered that Harvard had also been a guest at the party. But Harvard didn't win that day—maybe they thought us boisterous—I don't know."

"But we met the Cambridge boys again on Sunday morning. Joe Byrne had intended ordering a nice breakfast for the crew but on arriving a bit late discovered Tom Lieb and 33 others working valiantly upon one of the menus which are better than coffee and buns. The waiter informed Joe that everything was all right—and everything was all right for us—but Harvard's forethought i:

ordering the previous night went for naught as we had intercepted their breakfast very neatly."

"Well, we went to mass at St. Patrick's that morning and Hector Garvey and Ed Degree put over their barnyard specialty from the elevated stage of a Seventh Avenue bus for the benefit of New York all dressed up in its morning suit. Then we all returned to the Hotel Pennsylvania—which was considered up-to-date in those days—and from there we boarded another private car for our summer home at the Coleman House on the Atlantic coast at Asbury Park.

"Monday morning be abandoned golf long enough to work the kinks out—and then we made the stay a perfect one by visiting Mr. Byrne's home at Deal and meeting Mrs. Byrne, who also qualified for the all-American angel team. That evening there was a box party at the Savoy in Asbury Park and then we all returned to the Horatio Alger's town Tuesday morning where we walloped Rutgers aplenty in the afternoon. Johnny, recite the details of that game, play-by-play."

"Fine, boy, Rock will make a wonderful press agent of you some day. But the Polo Grounds completes our triumph as every writer in New York was among those present. They mistook Desch for Cotton—but they were both fast—and they thought Wynne made one of Castner's drop kicks—but a

journalist rates those privileges. Ring Lardner was at the club-house inquiring for Eddie Murphy and Jack Veiock met Rodge Kiley for the first time—a historic occasion as Jack was the original Kiley booster.

"It was the beginning of the end. There was a lot of talk about the Notre Dame shift and Rock was penalized for coaching from the sidelines when he was only talking to himself. But we won and went home to the Pennsylvania where we washed up and took taxis to the New York A. C. which is Wilson's private club—Steve's, I mean. It is a rotten joint they have there and they gave us an awful poor meal and we didn't like it at all and were only a half-hour late getting to the Hippodrome where the usually thoughtful angels, the Messrs. Byrne, and the usually thoughtful fixers, the Honorable Danny and Rupe Mills, had everything all set. We took positions and then the gentleman who was manipulating a magic lantern and screen informed the world that the Notre Dame team was in the house. After the applause we were asked for a yell—and all New York waited to hear whether Hylan was elected or not until we gave a big U. N. D. with a Levy on the end. Danny earned his cheer-leader's monogram.

"After the ice-ballet, at which we all caught a cold, it was another bus and up to Reisenweber's—an emporium manipulated



THE PASS MASTER.

by John Wagner, a former South Bend lad who saw the light. There was much 'Yoo-Hoo'-ing here as is the custom on election night in the real place. Earl Walsh, still up to his old tricks, was the first but not the last of the boys to intercept a dance partner. There were oysters, and steaks and ham actors. Paul Castner opined to Ed Degree that one of the girls would make a good punter. Those who could afford it got happy and after watching the great American public at play we remembered training rules and quit the place—sadly for some perhaps.

"That's about all there is—there is little more. We bade the angels a hearty farewell and they invited us back again and we had a little sleep and then boarded the train and went home where the gang showed their devotion by meeting our train at 6:15 in the morning. Everybody told us how lucky we were—even those who kissed the springs—and we admit it. Get to bed now—what is it, Dinty?"

"Where did Rockne get his shift, granddad?"

"That's a philosophical question, lad; but I did hear that he picked it up after watching Bruce Holmberg at the Junior Prom."

PICTURES.

CHARLES O. MOLZ.

The wind, slipping between the narrow crevices in the wall, sweeps in mad ecstasy up and down the tumbled staircase. A door at the bottom wrestles with the cold draughts. The ragged plaster creaks. Darkness with silent hand draws a curtain of black—calm, sinister, unperturbed. A thin strip of light appears against the floor. The sound of childish laughter. A woman's voice, abrupt and harsh; then silence, while the wind sucks away the odor of boiling coffee.

The face at the window is dried and shrivelled, like a yellow fruit that has lain in the glow of a hot summer sun. The eyebrows are drawn down, away from the grayish forehead. The chin is a twisted beard. But in the eyes there is a shifting sparkle, and the bluish lips flicker in smile. . . . The

face draws nearer the pane. Snowflakes outside halt, then grope their way to the earth. . . . The old man nods and smiles.

Birds flash their colors in the moist sunlight of a summer morning. Exultant melody fills the air. The trees rustle their leaves as they smile. Nearby, the river treads nervously onward as it curls away from the broken shores. And the hills that have watched it for centuries gaze and listen. An organ thrills, now sweeps into deep booming notes, now into appealing diminuendo. . . . The birds sing. The trees rustle as they smile. But the hills that have watched the river sweeping onward and onward for centuries—the hills only gaze and listen.

The workman is black with grime. His clothes are dirty, but they are dirty only with soot and dust. Their dirt comes from a day of toil. The workman whistles as he swings along, dinner-pail in hand. Dusk blots out patches of the street. There are lights at the windows as he hurries further. There is smoke from many chimneys. . . His stride quickens. Others turn to hear him whistle his song.

The earth quivers under the soft thrill of summer moonlight. The shadows that undulate here and there on the open prairie are infirm and wan. . . A farmhouse in the distance seems insecure, hugging close to its red barns. A windmill in the ruffled pasture ticks in the breeze. The sharp bark of a dog as it bays the moon. . . An owl uttering its false orisons. . . The subdued purr of a motor sweeping down the road. . . The nightingale's appeal. . . But the moon, pasty and vacuous, wonders.

The street is slippery with ice. Pedestrians bend their heads against the whirls of snow. The wind sweeps into uninclosed doorways. Vehicles crowd the curb. . . A limousine, sleek and black, glides into an empty parking space. Its tires are covered with chains, like intertwining bracelets. The driver steps out with a heavy blanket; he covers the radiator. . . Nearby, a horse frets and neighs. Every now and then it lifts its

hoof as it almost slips on the glassy street. Its flank quivers under the cold.

It is an old house. Its reddish bricks have lost their color. As it sits there far back from the street, you surmise that it must have gotten tired of the busy shuffle of life and withdrawn into its own world, satisfied with self. And there, shut out by its vines and bushes, it has scorned the rest of people. Though its once-yellow blinds have faded to gray, it imagines still that it is quite an imposing picture. Grass has crept up through the cracks in the walk which leads up to it. The blinds are always drawn—closed eyes. . . . Yet the house does not know that it lives in death.

ONCE TO EVERY MAN.

GERALD HAGAN.

Deep in the heart of a pine forest was a cabin, so far removed from the ordinary paths of men that scarce any visitor ever came to break the solitude. All around the first snows of winter were burdening the evergreens, and everywhere was cold and silence. Within the cabin a fire blazed merrily and crackled its defiance to the blasts, lighting up the cabin and imparting warmth and cheer to the two men who sat before it.

The younger of these two was hardly the man one would expect to find in such a lonely place. He was the type ordinarily connected with the club, the mansion, and other such things which made life worth living back in civilization. He was tall and of pleasing appearance and there was good nature all about him. Perhaps the warden at Yuma could tell much that was of interest concerning this same young man and his good nature, for Darrington's ability to please had led him to a career of living off those who liked good nature and hearty handshakes and who were pleased at the sound of flattery. In time this ability had brought him behind bars, but after leading him there it had not deserted him; it stayed, and one fall afternoon it had brought him forth from his incarceration before his time by winning the favor of a certain guard. The guard had been a hard

man, big as Darrington himself and at one time as bad a man as the West had ever seen, but the guard liked good fellowship and, so he said, he knew a real man when he saw one. He had chosen to join with his former charge in his journey to the north, and now the two sat in their solitary little cabin, well satisfied with their ability to live and let live.

"No, sir," the older man was concluding a tale, "fear ain't never bothered me. Gun fights, knife fights and just plain fights has all interrupted my life, but none of them ain't never scared me. I've seen murders without battin' an eye, an' when I was visitin' in the East I was known as unscareable. I ain't blowin'—I'm just tellin' facts. Sometimes I almost wish I knew what fear was like. It'd be something new."

Apparently satisfied with his tale he lapsed into silence and for a long while neither man spoke. Occasionally the overburdened roof threw off a load of snow, but inside there was no sound save the hissing of logs on the fire. Finally Darrington's deep voice broke the silence. "What's wrong, Plute," he queried, "you haven't told any whoppers for half an hour."

"It's the weather, I guess," answered Plute, the ex-guard, "that wind howling out there and biting at the corners of this shack got me thinking of the time I was in Oklahoma, headed for Yuma. I was going—"

"He must needs go that the devil drives," mused Darrington making unconscious interruption.

"More of that poetry stuff of yours. You ought to be writing books instead of settin' here listenin' to me—shove on some more wood there."

"I should be—but I'm not. I'm an erring journalist, a man of the pen gone wrong."

"Yep—Yuma pen. Well, you mean all right. As I was sayin' before you butted in, I was passin' through Oklahoma on my cayuse. I was all alone and traveling by evening and night for good reasons. One evening I come near Virginia Gulch whereabouts they was once an old camp. Folks 'round there says people gathered there like gold diggers round a mine—all in a village an' depending on the wells, an' when the wells went flooey away they went where they was

more oil. Well, me an' the cayuse roamed through this deserted joint about six-thirty an' it was just gettin' dark. We perculated a while and noticed they wasn't a sign of life, so we headed west again. Comes seven-thirty and it starts to rain, so I turns back toward the town an' got there after dark. I rides down what once was main street an' out towards where the houses was. The place was darker than any darkness I ever saw before an' the cayuse was havin' a tough time pickin' through the gumbo in the streets. Everything was black an' there wasn't a sound except the rain, nothin' but dark——"

"Lo, dark——"

"Shut up. I'm talkin'. Well, he turns a corner into a kind of a gulch an' here's a house all lit up like a sailor on leave. Two stories it was, an' lookin' big amongst them shacks, an' I heads for it, thinkin' to find bunk for me an' the pony. I ties him to the hitchin' post an' starts up onto the porch when all of a sudden all the lights went out at once and something stopped me right there. I don't know what it was stopped me, but I turned around, climbed aboard and headed west into the rain an' didn't stop that night."

"Well spoken, Plute. A truly interesting tale. Let's turn in now and let the wind roar."

Plute banked the fire and the two men climbed into their bunks and lay in silence listening to the sounds outside and waiting for sleep. At the end of the room a faint glow came from the fire, while outside the pine trees groaned and now and then little avalanches of snow fell from the roof.

"Plute," suddenly spoke up Darrington, "I was in Oklahoma once an' I lived for a year in Virginia Gulch. I've heard before about that house and no one has ever been able to dope it out. I was over myself one night and while I was there I found out one thing, although I did not know it at the time. I found out what stopped you from going in, what held you back and turned you away."

"Uh-huh," grunted Plute sleepily, "what was it?"

"Well, did you ever hear of Macbeth?"

"Mc—who? What number was he?"

"Macbeth wasn't in the jug; he killed a king."

"Well he ought to of been. There's guys in for less'n that."

"Quite so, but beside the point. But in this play Macbeth is in we hear of fear 'whose horrid image doth unfix my hair, and make my-seated heart pound at my ribs.'"

"Meanin' what in English?"

"Guess."

"You mean—aw go to sleep."

A PHILOSOPHIC FLY

Just as in tones and accents strange,
Professor briefly sketched the range
Of matters deep enough for class,
A fly came peeping through the glass
With philosophic bent.

On balanced wing it deftly sped
And wended towards professor's head
To pay a compliment quite neat
Most fitting for this man replete
With philosophic grace.

"Now what I want," it seemed to say
"I'm going to tell you every day,
And if I bore you by and by
Just tell me and I'll surely fly
With philosophic pace."

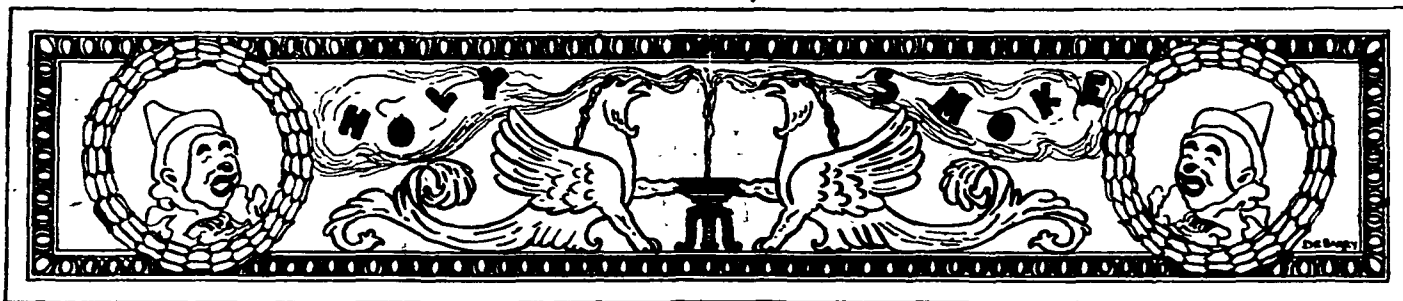
'Twas plain the fly was greatly pleased
And yet I grant it never ceased
To urge its steps with itching toes
All over poor professor's nose
With philosophic ease.

"We'll have to leave this room I know,"
Professor said. "The cause I'll show
When in the library southern wing
I've once escaped this terrible thing,
This philosophic tease."

And to the southern hall they beat,
Professor with his class complete.
But wings can travel faster still:
Behold the fly's on window sill
With philosophic grin!

Perhaps the class may reach the dome
Or take a voyage on the foam,
E'en so, I feel that fly will come
To pick up every single crumb
With philosophic kin,

M. J. L.



Oh, what is so rare as a day in June?
The meat you get at the "Greasy Spoon."

Those eggs I ate the other day
Were not like those at home.
They'd make one think about (Let's say)
The lays of ancient Rome.

A bald man named Dunn was inspecting
The lawn. His wife, always correcting,
Said, "Now Edward Dunn,
Come out of the sun."
He said, "Don't nag dear, I'm reflecting."

Fresh: Say, that girl I had last night was a
bird.

Soph: You mean EGG.

Each mile during the trip he would seize
His fair sweetie and give her a squeeze.
She looked up and said, "Rolfe,
Ain't you glad this ain't golf?
'Cause in golf you can't drive with your knees."

A funny word is wholesome,
For if you have it cleft
And take the whole away from it
Why still you have some left.

"I'd like to be a census."
"That's an odd wish."
"It's a good one, though. The last census em-
braced eight million women."

Prof.:—What are the three commonest words used
by Freshmen?

Fresh:—I don't know.

Prof.:—Correct.

A fellow may mend his ways a lot at college, but
he still sends his torn socks home.

Dum:—I guess from the way Al was dressed
when I saw him going home last night he must
have been to a masquerade party.

Bell:—Or a crap game.

As Sherlock Holmes said to Watson, "You don't
know the half of it, dearie."

Bill and his girl
Were going to a football game
On the train.
And the train was nearing
A tunnel,
And Bill said, "We are
Nearing a tunnel.
Are you afraid?"
And she said,
"Not if you take that cigar
Out of your mouth."

First Soldier:—Wasn't that a beautiful girl that
passed here yesterday?

Second Soldier:—You said it. Even the bul-
lets glanced.

Did you know that Mr. Knapp lives at Sleepy Eye,
Minnesota?

A doctor and a dentist too,
Reside in our fair village.
The dentist's bill is robbery;
The doctor's bill is pillage.

A. DOCTOR.

AT THE GAS WORKS.

Employment Mgr.:—And what did you take up
at college?

Applicant:—Fiction writing, sir.

Employment Mgr.:—Give this man a job reading
meters.

It hung in the hall.
A piteous sight—
Twisted and mangled.
All semblance of shape
Squashed from it.
It was hideously maimed.
Its outline was
Snarled and ugly.
It was a "brown derby"
With a "college crush."

HOLY SMOKES' PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep—
I guess this page was pretty cheap.

KOLARS.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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No. 9

A few words about Armistice Day may not be amiss, belated though they are. The event this year took on new significance because it preceded a new

NOVEMBER 11TH, effort to lift the burdens IN PASSING. of war. There was an added fervency, there-

fore, in the prayers that went up from the heart of the nation. New faith burned in the breast. Subsequent events have proved that possibly that faith may not burn in vain.

For almost all of us November 11th is a day of memories. Our thoughts go back to twenty-four hours of excitement, of wild enthusiasm and revelry, three years ago. We recall everything that might have expressed the wildest joy. We have a satisfying sense of having had a part in the excitement. We are glad to have been alive.

Platitudes can always be uttered about such an event as Armistice Day. Practically all of the available ones were used up this year. The world wants to forget platitudes right now. We are anxious to see something tangible accomplished at the present conference at Washington. The college world—as well as the rest of the nation—hopes to see agreements reached which will not be bound up in mere words. There was something consciously serious about Armistice Day as

it was observed by the country. We hope that seriousness has been transmitted to the conferees at Washington.

MOLZ.

No good business man ever fails to boost his concern as often as opportunity offers; he knows that a boost for his house, whether he be its owner or an employe, is BOOST! a boost for his own interests. His common sense tells him that his reputation as a business man can hardly be greater than that of the house with which he is connected.

And why should not college students, apt, as they must be, at drawing proper lessons from the experiences of others, take a lesson from this trait of the business man?

When a man graduates from a college he goes out into the world bearing the stamp of that school's approval. He has been tested by this particular institution and found not wanting. And how much weight will this approval have on the world?

It depends entirely upon the reputation of the school. If it is good, the approval may be worth much; and, obviously, it can be worth but little if the reputation of the school is worth little.

Those of us who read this and know that we are to go out into the world during the

next four years as graduates of Notre Dame University, should begin at once to put on individual boosting campaigns for Notre Dame. Let us talk of its many virtues to those we meet; let us remember them when vacation time finds us in California or New York; in China or in the Philippines. Let us not forget them in letters home and to our friends.

Let us boost!

For every little boost has its reaction, and from each reaction we must receive benefit.

Again, let us boost! Boost for Notre Dame!

ADAMS.

THE BOARD OF LAY TRUSTEES.

At a very important meeting held at the University on Tuesday, November 15, the



MR. A. R. ERSKINE.

Notre Dame Board of Lay Trustees elected officers for the coming year and devoted itself to a consideration of the endowment funds with which it is entrusted. We are happy to announce that Mr. A. R. Erskine, president of the Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana, was elected President, to succeed the Hon. William P. Breen, '77, whom poor health had unfortunately compelled to resign. Mr. James D. Callery, '73,

was reelected treasurer; Mr. Clement C. Mitchell, '02, was elected assistant treasurer and the Rev. John T. Boland was chosen Secretary.

The purpose of this board is a very vital one in the development of Notre Dame, for it exists to hold, invest and administer all endowment funds of the University in accordance with the terms on which these endowments have been made. At present the personnel is as follows:

William P. Breen, LL.D., Class of 1877, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Joseph M. Byrne, 1879, Newark, N. J.

James D. Callery, 1873, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Warren A. Cartier, Class of 1887, Ludington, Mich.

Clement C. Mitchell, Class of 1902, Chicago, Ill.

Edward N. Hurley, LL.D., Chicago, Ill.

John W. Johnson, Kokomo, Ind.

Francis J. Reitz, Evansville, Ind.

Solon O. Richardson, Jr., Toledo, Ohio.

A. R. Erskine, South Bend, Ind.

Mr. Erskine, who accepted membership in the Board several weeks ago, has shown a very deep interest in the affairs of Notre Dame ever since taking up his residence in South Bend. He has also been particularly influential in the endowment campaign which the University has been conducting with the aid of the city's prominent citizens. The Board is to be congratulated upon the selection, which is only another indication of the splendid work being done.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Notre Dame Scholastic,
Notre Dame University,
Notre Dame, Ind.

Dear Sir: While I was absent from the city, for a month, in the interest of my profession, attending Dental Clinics, in the city of Los Angeles, Cal., I find there has been circulated a slanderous story calculated to injure my good name before my Catholic patients.

The story I find was that I was connected with the Klu Klux Klan. This story I wish to brand as an incredible falsehood. That I have ever had any connection with this order is also equally untrue.

Sincerely yours,

F. W. VAUGHN.

OURSELVES.

Another successful dance is to be credited to the Students Activity Committee. The dance held in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel last Saturday night was the best ever held by a Notre Dame organization. Of course the place was the same as many a previous dance but everyone danced with an animation that was noticeable. The reason was the "Tampa Five" who supplied the best dance music ever heard in these wilds, with the possible exception of Isham Jones' visit last spring.

The first round in the dizzy whirl of autumnal revelry took place recently at the Oliver Rotary Room. The Scholarship Club, an organization of South Bend women, has offered to chaperone a series of dances for Off-Campus students, agreeing to furnish the sine qua non, who will be invited from among the South Bend debutantes, while Harry Denny has come forward to donate the necessary melody. This was a preliminary bout in anticipation of the big event, the Day Dog Dance, scheduled for Nov. 11th.

The South Bend Scholarship Club exists primarily for the purpose of providing the means to send to Notre Dame some local resident lacking the purchase price of a college education. Their affable attitude toward Notre Dame is reciprocated with the sincere gratitude of the Off-Campus men who are the immediate profiteers of the work of the Club.

A committee of the Rocky Mountain Canary Club was constituted at last week's general assembly to see about being grafted into the Pacific Coast organization. The committee consisted of: Gerry Hagen, known to the third floor back; David Hagenbarth, known in equally dubious haunts; and Worth Clark who is known for his silver tongue and golden hair. The assembly encompassed Ted McDonald, who is the original Lochinvar out of the West, and some others. A conjunction of both the clubs would be much delectable.

"The Rum Villagers" is the latest thing in Off-Campus developments. At the or-

ganization meeting held, Oct. 19th at the Y. M. C. A. 25 Notre Dame students claiming South Bend as their place of origin formed a fellowship club. L. V. Bruggner, notorious in South Bend and Notre Dame literary circles, was elected president. Joseph Nyikos, was chosen vice-president. David Weeks was returned as secretary, and Michael Nyikos is treasurer. The association has a potential membership of 150. It is important in that it will be the nucleus of the Notre Dame alumni in South Bend for the future.

While the home edition of the South Bend *Tribune* was rumbling off of the press on Wednesday afternoon, a number of Freshmen journalists were giving the plant the "once over," and were learning some of the technique that involves the construction of a newspaper. They are indebted to Mr. F. A. Miller, the editor-in-chief, and to Mr. Chester, finance editor, who willingly devoted his time explaining the complicated mechanism of the linotype and the other numerous details that must be performed daily in the printing of the modern newspaper.

The National Quartet presented one of the most pleasant entertainments of the past few years in Washington Hall last Saturday night. Though most of the entertaining devolved upon Mr. Cox, the company's basso, his work was delightfully refreshing and never at any time savored of staleness. He gave two readings, impersonated Harry Lauder and Bert Williams, acted exceptionally well during humorous numbers, "kidded" the audience, and did all in such a way that the evening was most enjoyable. Mr. Graham, tenor, and Mr. Ivins, baritone, were favorably received in their duet "The Fishermen." The former also interpreted in a pleasing way "The Lullaby" from Jocelyn. Mr. Wickland, second tenor, displayed his superior talent as a pianist in two selections. The program was agreeably varied. "On the Sea," "Swing Along," and "The Sunset" were among the best serious numbers. The quartet excelled, however, in its humorous offerings, easily surpassing that that have been heard in Washington Hall during recent years. "In a Lazy Old Land," "I Don't," and "The Darkey Camp

Meeting," have left very favorable impressions of the quartet's ability. The celebration of the victory over the Army attracted several students to South Bend, but the small audience thoroughly appreciated the evening's entertainment. It is hoped that similar programs will feature the concerts of the future.

The spirit of the Electrical Engineering Society went way up into the thousands of volts at the meeting last Monday, when J. Fitzgerald was chosen President; Edward Kreimer, Vice President; Walter Shilts, Secretary, and Vincent Brown, Treasurer. When the excitement of the flashy campaign had grown dim, the President yielded to the demands of the shock-men and appointed an Entertainment Committee of which John Heuther is chairman, and Vincent Brown and Walter Rauber are the other members. Later in the evening, Ray Black read a paper on "The Standardization of Electrical Engineering Symbols," and John Huether delivered a speech on "College Education for Engineers."

"It was great." Fr. Cavanaugh acquitted himself with due eloquence at Tuesday's meeting of the Knights of Columbus. His address was a eulogy on Dante, and both poet and orator added, if possible, a little to the luster of their reputations. But luster was not all that was added to the occasion. Five names were added to the Building Fund committee of Notre Dame Council. The committee is headed by Gene Heidleman. Plans for incorporating the Building Fund were proposed by Grand Knight Slaggert, and Elmer Peak, Grand Knight of South Bend Council, has been authorized to work out articles of incorporation. The main event of the evening was ice cream and coffee. Frosted cake served as stabilizer, the frost melting only in the mouth. During the cake-eating contest, former Grand Knight Cusick, having escaped from Chicago for the occasion, talked on a policy for maintaining the Building Fund. He also amused the audience with some unpublished jokes. (For explicit details turn to "Holy Smoke.") Gerry Hassmer and his orchestra din was last on the program but first in the hearts

of his hearers. The meeting ended with prayer.

It has finally been decided that the Players' Club will not go out of existence. No more appropriate epithets had been suggested than those appearing in a back number of the SCHOLASTIC and the organization hitherto disregarded as the Players' Club will continue as such. Large scale production was the keynote of the last meeting of the club. Four one-act plays are being produced by the young thespians. "In the Zone," by Eugene O'Neill, is the headliner. It is a Little Theater classic, and offers a remarkable opportunity for dramatic personality. Eugene O'Neill is a Princeton man with a Harvard finish. For five years he sailed the briny deep, living the life in the fo-c-sle (accent according to Barnhart). As official playwright for the Provincetown Players, the foremost Little Theatre organization in the land, he has established a name that will last. His plays are almost entirely sea-faring, and they exude the tang of the Atlantic. "Emperor Jones" is his latest success. Prof. Sullivan, director of the Players' Club, has selected the cast for "In the Zone." It includes a bevy of twilight stars: Vincent Engels, a soulful individual; Gerry Hagen, whose cherubic cheeks belie his wordly wisdom; Stephano Wilson, a strong personality, particularly in his stocking feet; Bryan Boru Heneghan, a wit and humorist; Frank Galvin, a man of galvanic energy; Bob Shea, inventor of the one-horse shay; and some minor details. The other plays are: "The Sweeps of '98," by John Masefield; "The Clod," one of the Washington Square plays, and the sixth episode from the play "Experience," called "The House of Last Resort." The casts for these plays will be announced anon.

Among the organizations which are adding excitement to Notre Dame life is the Keystone club which rather informally commenced its formal existence on Tuesday, Nov. 1. Father P. J. Haggerty was unanimously chosen Honary President, and "Wiliman Penn" Miner was discovered to be the one who had bought enough Presidential votes. The electors favored J. A. Briley for

Secretary and E. L. Walsh for Press Agent. Later Mr. Miner delivered an oration (which, it seems, had been carefully prepared long before the election) in which he outlined the social and athletic activities of the club during the coming season. The meeting closed with the general promise of the members to uphold faithfully the club and its President.

On Thursday, Nov. 3, twenty-two picked warriors from the Pacific States assembled in Chas. Hirschbuhl's wigwam, smoked his monogram pipe of peace and elected the chiefs of the Pacific Coast Club. Al Scott of Los Angeles was chosen Hyas-Tyee; Chas. Hirschbuhl of Portland became Tenas-Tyee; Ed Cochrane of Kent, Wash., was made Sachem; "Red" Heidelman of Los Angeles was given charge of the Wampum; and Ivan Sharp of The Dalles, Ore., was elected to a fourth consecutive terms as Chief Scout. After two moons or so, there will be a Big Feast at which the younger braves will be initiated into the tribe.

The personnel of the Senior Ball Committees, which was announced by President Rhomberg at the meeting of the Class held last week, is as follows: General Chairman, James Murtaugh; Committee on Arrangements, Worth Clark (Chairman), Robert Gallagher and Eugene Kennedy; Entertainment Committee, Vincent Pater (Chairman), Frank Bloemen and George Fischer; Board of Finance, John Higgins (Chairman), Mark Foote and John Hart.

"The Organization and Methods of the Ku Klux Klan" was the main topic up for discussion at the meeting of the Forum in its room in the Main Building last Friday evening. These theme was warmly and thoroughly debated, some of the orators showing an astonishing and remarkable knowledge of the subject.

INDIAN MASSACRE.

Cartier Field, Saturday, was the scene of an Indian Massacre. When scalps had been counted, the toll was: Notre Dame 42; Has-

kell 7. It was a cold-blooded affray, throughout, all the more so because of a cutting wind off Lake Michigan. The second and third string teams played practically the entire massacre.

Castner was, from a Notre Dame viewpoint, the bright spot in a decidedly drab affair. During the first few minutes of play, he broke loose near the middle of the field, and ran through half the Indian team for a touchdown. Altogether, he put over three touchdowns during the two quarters he appeared in the lineup. Walsh and Phelan, alternating at fullback, showed up remarkably. Walsh's effective line-smashing netted two of the "Irish" goals. Gus Desch cantered around end for the remaining tally.

It was a fascinating contest during the last half—as fascinating as any game of tag usually is. For most people there is a certain delight in watching lithe, agile youths chase each other across the green. It gives an exhilarating feeling of pleasure to see a bevy of buxom athletes gamboling on the meadow, giving expression to deep emotions, with such lilt and ardor. It might have been a classic folk dance or delightful pageant under other circumstances.

During the first quarter the Indians managed to hold the score down to seven points. Had they been able to keep it to that margin all through the game, they might have been in line for a game with Harvard, next Fall. But with the opening of the second period, the varsity managed to penetrate their line at every point for big gains, the Haskell aggregation functioning the while with the effectiveness of a sieve. Using straight football, the subs romped down the field for four touchdowns. It began to look like a stampede.

Towards the end of the half, however, the Indians recovered from the bewilderment elicited by the varsity and intricacy of the varsity formations. In the memorable phrase of Wee Willie Coughlin, the Indians "were rejuvenated." A series of three successful forward passes brought the ball up to the Notre Dame eleven yard line, as the whistle blew.

Commencing the second half, the game became brilliant with the display of terpsichore. A forward passing combination, Levi

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"ROOM AND BOARD"



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"SHAM"



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ALL WINNERS



LASALLE

to Wofford, and McLemore to Wofford, played havoc with the Notre Dame subs. At one time McLemore, the Haskell quarterback, ran fifteen yards to the rear, traversing almost the width of the field eluding five tacklers and hurling the ovoid to Wofford, who completed for a net gain of ten yards.

The Indians scored their only touchdown in the third period after an unremitting forward pass attack, in which four out of six passes were completed, resulting in a total gain of 53 yards. With the ball on Notre Dame's four yard line, Wofford, Haskell's speedy halfback, went around the end for a touchdown. For the remainder of the period and well into the fourth quarter the Indians kept crowding the subs, executing fantastic plays, and completing freak passes, to an extent never before seen on Cartier Field.

Although the Indians were not in immediate danger of scoring, they kept edging up the field, and threatening to make their goal by long forward passes, most of which grounded. The regulars did not appear until the last four minutes of play. On the first down Mohardt waltzed around end for 20 yards. Wynne followed this up with a ten-yard line plunge. Mohardt reeled off 30 yards on the next play. The ball was well on the way to a Notre Dame touchdown when the game ended.

No other team on the Notre Dame schedule has used the forward pass so steadily and successfully as the Haskell Indians. Undoubtedly their efforts in this department would have been useless against the regular lineup, but their showing was nevertheless remarkable against a team schooled under K. K. Rockne, the man who has popularized the forward pass. Saturday's libretto was entirely a practice affair. But it proved one thing conclusively—the best defense against the forward pass is the forward pass.

Rockne was absent in Milwaukee during the rehearsal. Probably he realizes the huge task he has on his hands next season when 13 monogram regulars will be out of the lineup. Had he seen the Haskell dansant, there would not have been left any room for probability with him.

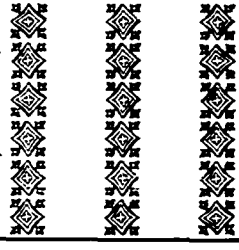
It was the first time Murphy appeared at quarterback on Cartier Field. His perform-

ance lays the basis for huge hopes when he makes his debut next season.

Haskell was without the services of Evans, their vaunted halfback. He had not recovered from injury received in the Marquette game. McLemore, the sturdy quarterback of the Indians, distinguished himself. In forward passes he generally operated at the passing end, although he could pick the ball out of thin air with remarkable facility. In running and plunging he registered substantial gains. Wofford, Haskell halfback, was prominent as the receiver into whose hands most passes were completed. With J. Levi at fullback, they formed a trio which achieved the distance of 57 yards on a succession of six forward passes, that preceded their lone score.

The frigid wind that cut across Cartier Field throughout the game numbed the fingers of the press staff, early in the contest, accounting for the crudity of above. While the second-string varsity was disporting itself between the side-lines, the second-string scribes were displaying themselves in the press box.

Notre Dame.	Haskell Indians.
Kiley, Carberry	Carpenter
Left End.	
Cotton, Garvey	Kipp
Left Tackle.	
Brown, Miller	Lassa
Left Guard	
Mehre, Reagan	Ping
Center	
Higi, Degree, Dooley	Hood, Robinson
Right Guard	
Voss, Shaw, Flynn	Brace
Right Tackle	
Seyfrit, Mayl, Anderson	Campbell
Right End	
Thomas, Smith, Murphy	McLemore (Capt.)
Quarterback	
Walsh, Desch	Anderson, Wofford
Left Halfback	
Castner, Bergman, Maher	Webster, Wofford
Right Halfback	
Phelan, Walsh, Wynne	J. Levi
Fullback	
Referee, Ray, Illinois; umpire, Lipski, Chicago; head linesman, Wyatt, Chicago.	
EDWIN MURPHY.	

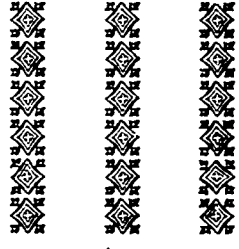


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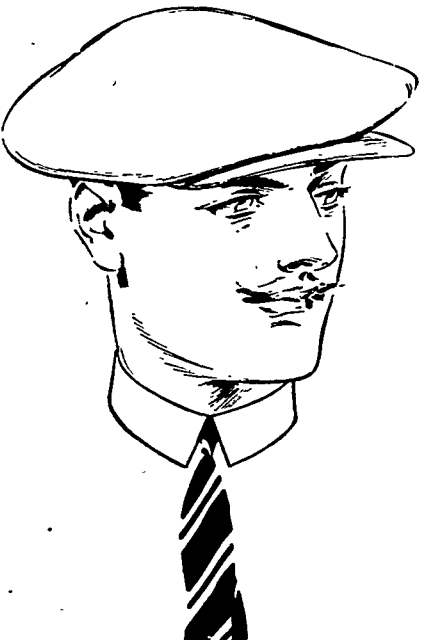
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THE SHAKE.

It makes no difference whether it be through a great success in the business world, a leader among men and society in general, or by unusual prestige gained on the football field—there will be a certain element ready at all times to discredit the achievement, regardless of how worthy it may have been.

The remarkable honors won on the American gridiron by the Notre Dame football eleven during the last few years is a striking example of this very point. In some circles it is whispered that paid athletes, the lack of eligibility rules and the like, are the causes for the successes on the athletic field each year at the Catholic institution.

Such a rumor is not well founded and bears the stamp of ignorance as to the actual conditions which exist at Notre Dame. Coach Rockne has inaugurated a system of athletics which has ground out its own stars of all-Western and all-American caliber—a progressive system which has in its beginning the development of talent, first in the prep department, then as freshmen, until, when this talent is eligible for varsity honors, the rudiments of the game can be ignored. It is assumed that the men know what may be termed football algebra and are ready for gridiron analytical geometry.

It is true that most of the Conference elevens are at a disadvantage over Notre Dame teams in not having the same amount of seasoned material to work with, but that is neither here nor there, nor a logical argument against the fine system of developing men of real prowess as is employed at Notre Dame.

In fairness to the upstate eleven, one that has brought honor to Hoosierdom in many a hard fought battle on foreign gridirons, the following points should be called to the attention of those who would discount Notre Dame successes:

The school observes the Conference eligibility rules regarding scholastic standing.

Freshmen are not allowed to play on the varsity.
—Patton in the Indianapolis Star.

Notre Dame's delegation of football tourists points to beat Rutgers in the election day game at the Polo Grounds yesterday afternoon. On the first play, following Rutgers' kick-off, one of the Hoosier backs scampered around the end for a 60-yard run and a touchdown. Thereafter it was the same old question for Rutgers—not which team, but how much. Later developments showed the amount of the damage to be 48 to 0.

Fifteen thousand football devotees sat through the one-sided tussle and had their enthusiasm tested to the limit. They came mainly to see the much-heralded Notre Dame attack, which was being unveiled in New York for the first time in many years. Notre Dame's was the hand that rocked the cradle of the forward pass, and Knute Rockne, one of the pioneers in the aerial game, showed conclusively that he is as good a teacher of the pass as he was a