

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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## CAMPUS CRUSADERS.

**T**HE call for volunteers in the Crusaders' Army was answered by every Notre Dame man. There was a great enlistment, in which the entire school took its place in the ranks behind the Crusaders' banner and marched on with the stirring cry, "God wills it." Never has such a noble effort been met with more interest and enthusiasm. After the careful explanation of its aims by Father Thill, the speech of Father Matthis on the work of the Holy Cross Order in Bengal, and the persuasive appeal of Father Handy, there was no doubt that the campaign had succeeded. These organizers looked to Notre Dame as the pillar of the missions, as the school which could put the "national punch" into the Mission Campaign, and they were not mistaken; for the whole student body was imbued with the spirit of the Cross. Truly, the students realized the missionary spirit of which Notre Dame is the embodiment.

The purpose of the Mission Crusade is to effect in every Catholic institution in the country a permanent organization which will have continually before it one definite aim—interest in the mission cause. At Notre Dame the work of the Crusade will be conducted by a central committee of three who will be at all times in close relation with Fathers Thill and Matthis, and the National Committee. To bring the work nearer to the students, the central committee will operate through hall committees; thus the purpose of the Students' Crusade can be kept constantly before the minds of the recruits.

One of the primary aims of the Crusade is to create a sincere mission conviction; there is no reason why this cannot be accomplished at Notre Dame whose spirit is the mission spirit, and whose traditions are

built around some of the greatest missionaries who labored in America. Student leadership in mission endeavor should result from the instillation of the missionary spirit. Such leadership must be spiritual; it must be leadership in prayer, in reading and in sacrifice; it must spring from the heart. Student interest in the missions demands student education in the meaning and the work of the missions. It would be well for Notre Dame men to search into the past of their own school, to know something about the tiny mission building which has stood for years on the banks of St. Mary's lake, and thus to learn to appreciate more fully the value of mission work. It will then be more easy to realize the labors of the religious in Bengal and in the whole mission field. Support of the Crusade can come from nothing but a knowledge of the cause.

Such are the purposes of the Students' Mission crusade and the means by which they are to be attained. Notre Dame's wealth of spirit and determination, manifested at the meeting in Washington Hall, can be moulded into a permanent organization, if it is sustained by the deep Catholic Crusader's conviction which arises from a thorough knowledge of the ideals of the Church's greatest work—the salvation of souls. "Never has an appeal like this gone forth to the Catholic student body of the United States, and those who presage failure neglect to understand the spirit of piety and of unselfishness which is characteristic of our American young men." The great work has started at Notre Dame; the banner of the new crusade has been raised over the campus and the men have rallied around it. Notre Dame must maintain itself as the stronghold of the cause; the work is too noble, too holy and too necessary not to succeed in a school which is symbolic of the endeavor. **KARL ARNDT.**

## THE PRESS BOWS.

Charley Brickley calls Wynne of the Notre Dame eleven the best fullback of the season.—*Hartford, Conn. Courant.*



"CHET"

Had a man with a stopwatch been trying to time the lapse between the signal and the start of play by Notre Dame it is safe to say he never would have caught it once in five times. By the time that he had pushed his thumb down on his split second regulator it would have been time to push it again, before it had been released from the first push. That's the way the ball was going into play against those Army youngsters. Is it any wonder that they were little confused?—*John B. Foster.*

The Notre Dame team is made up of fighters and they know the college game thoroughly. They do not weaken an inch when difficult situations arise, but keep battling away for all that is them. It is my opinion they outshine any team in the country.—*Sam Crane, N. Y. Evening Journal.*

In the respect of keeping uncovered during the forward passing operation the Notre Dame backs and ends are far and away ahead of any team that has shown its wares here this fall.—*Valentine in N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser.*

Knute Rockne, at Notre Dame, has met with great success. He stands as the best teacher of the mechanics of the forward pass that college football knows. His men always handle their aerial attack with great effect, based chiefly on precision in throw-

ing and catching the ball.—*McGuinness, New York Evening Telegram.*

## WANTED—COURSE CLERK.

There are some folks in this world who are never satisfied with anything, and they have no desire for a change. When Notre Dame was running wild around the Rutgers ends and scoring incidental touchdowns a track athletic fan sat in the stands and complained bitterly of the way the meet was being conducted. According to this worthy the Notre Dame backs never told the clerk of the course when they were ready, and that since they incessantly beat the gun any records made should not be allowed.—*New York Sun.*

The college with the fairest co-eds has the best football players.

Centre is gonna play California, or Notre Dame may play Yale, or Yale, Penn State, or Centre, Yale, or California, Notre Dame, or—Aw, figure it out for yourself.—*Grove in N. E. A. Synagogue.*

Other officials who saw Notre Dame play rate Rockne's eleven well above Penn State, the Navy, Yale or Princeton—in fact, beyond anything in the East.

"How would Lafayette stack up against Notre Dame, Iowa or Nebraska?" we are asked. We'd hate, for one example, to have a crate of gold bullion bet upon any Eastern team to beat Notre Dame, with its tremendous supremacy in the passing game.

Notre Dame had more real football players on it, stars who were adjusted to the modern game, than any of the leading Eastern teams that we have seen.

Rockne's team had no greater ground gaining attack than Penn State or the Navy, but it has so much the better passing game, coupled with a strong defense, that it must be given precedence.—*Grantland Rice, Philadelphia Evening Ledger.*

Iowa and Notre Dame both had great tackles while Ohio State, Chicago, Wisconsin, Michigan and Nebraska had stars who call for at least one spring from the olive bough.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In my opinion Notre Dame is the greatest football team in the country, with Lafayette second, Penn State third, perhaps Cornell fourth, although Cornell has had too easy a schedule to be judged as good as its record shows. Penn State has been scored on so often as to reveal the fact that its defense is pregnable.

Which brings us to Notre Dame which I consider (remember, you only have my opinion) the strongest and most resourceful team, with the great-

est wealth of material, the most mobile style of attack, the most diversified lot of talent, in the country. This team can run, forward pass, kick and plunge. It has yielded fewer first downs to opponents than any team in the country, and probably gained more ground than any other team. That it would beat Lafayette I feel certain, for you must remember that these two play entirely different football. In figuring it, do not figure the score against Army. Notre Dame and Army played shortened periods. Had the game been full length, Notre Dame could have won by 30 addition points at least.

It is not worth while arguing the ethics of Notre Dame's style. It is cheating the rules beyond power in starting before the ball is snapped. It did it 20 times against Rutgers. They are pulling the old "one, two, three waltz" play, gaining momentum before the ball is snapped. Two men hit tackle, two bump the end, a 225 pounder crashes into the defensive halfbacks, the runner takes a wide sweep without any interference and they chalk up six more points.

Their runners are not tackled or hurt, they run out of bounds to avoid it, try two throws, open up the opponent line again, plunge once to get them guessing, then "one, two, three waltz" and around the end again. If they get tired running, they drop their left footed miracle back and let him kick a goal while they get their breath back.

The players wear no pads, and don't have to. They are playing glorified basketball rather than football. They have five men on the team who are as good as the men who will be chosen for All-American this fall, and two who probably will be chosen. They have two men on the squad as fast as French was (one faster). They have a forward passer who shoots a football as if pegging a baseball, and two great men in Kiley and Anderson, who can catch it the same way.

Conceivably, if Lafayette got the ball and hammered and hammered and never gave it up the boys from the Hilltop would have a chance, but Rockne has the better team.

You wanted a frank expression of opinion, Mr. Trailer, and there it is. The mystery of me is how Iowa ever beat that team without the use of a gas attack.—*Hugh Fullerton in N. Y. Evening Mail Syndicate.*

Notre Dame has played an even fifty games since 1916, losing four. It has scored 1,550 points to opponents' 197. Funny thing I noticed in the dope book, Harve, is that aside from Purdue and Indiana conference teams seem content to play Notre Dame just once. Wonder if Iowa will take another crack at the "Fighting Irish" next season?. Gil.—*The Wake, Chicago Tribune.*

"Notre Dame has one of the greatest football teams I have seen in years. It is a much better team than Yale, Harvard or Princeton. I would

like nothing better than to have \$100,000 parlayed on Notre Dame in a series in which the western team would meet Yale, Harvard and Princeton."

That is the way Tacks Hardwick, former Harvard star, sizes up the Notre Dame team, which has taken the east by storm.

Eastern critics are agreed that Penn State is the best team in the east. Most of them are of the opinion that Notre Dame has a slight edge on Penn.—*Billy Evans, Cincinnati Post.*

We haven't see a team in the East that looks to have the all-around power of Notre Dame upon both attack and defense.

We haven't see a team in East that looks to have the running and passing class of Rockne's brilliant machine.—*Grantland Rice, Indianapolis Star.*

Notre Dame's hurdle champion, in his role of half back, Desched around the ends for substantial gains any time he was given the ball.—*Jas. K. McGuinness, N. Y. Herald (Syndicate).*

#### PASS MAY BAFFLE YALE.

Those who have watched Yale closely this year are of the opinion that Jones' men will be baffled by a cleverly executed forward passing game, one such as Notre Dame can attack with, for instance. We do not believe that Princeton can use the aerial game as well as Notre Dame, not by a long ways, yet the Tiger eleven has been well schooled in shooting passes, and Yale has not demonstrated a proficiency at stopping the overhead shoots.—*Ver-non Van Ness, N. Y. Telegram.*

We frequently have been asked the question, "Could Notre Dame beat Penn State, Lafayette of W. and J., if these undefeated elevens were to be met this season?" It is our opinion that Notre Dame could turn the trick, not with one, but with all three of the teams in three successive Saturdays. The East may differ in the matter, but it is our honest opinion that the best football elevens in the mid-West have the edge on the best that have been produced in the East.—*Blaine Patton, Indianapolis Star.*

All of which means that Knute Rockne is a few steps ahead of the other coaches. He has seen the possibilities of the overhead game and had the courage of his convictions.—*Tiny Maxwell, Chicago Journal.*

Ten years ago, Rockne in co-operation with Dorias, furnished the first real overhead combination the gridiron had then seen. To-day, Rockne relives the brilliance of his gridiron past in the creation

of such versatile men as Brandy, Coughlin, Johnny Mohardt, Gus Desch and the late George Gipp. Notre Dame's variegated attack probably will remain as long as Knute Rocke does. Which will be something of an interval.—*Walsh, New York World.*

There are two linemen who deserve special mention for their work against Rutgers. They handled themselves like real players and are good enough to hold their own against any of our performers in this section. They are Garvey at left tackle and Dooley at right guard. Garvey was all over the field, tackling and interfering, and Dooley took care of the middle section of the line.—*Tiny Maxwell, Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.*

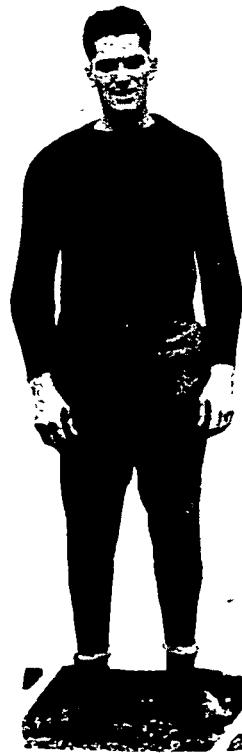
As a matter of fact, Notre Dame has been getting first class material for several years because of its system of athletic training. Rockne is the director of athletics and he has so trained his small group of available athletes that they can play football, baseball, basketball and take part in track events with as much grace in one as another. Besides Rockne is a firm believer in the forward pass and he has made a science of the aerial game, where other coaches, especially many in the East, consider the pass as merely a weapon to be used in a desperate situation.—*New York Sun.*

While I expected Notre Dame to press West Point, I thought there was a possibility of a very close game and was astonished at the size of the score. This game is an annual feature at West Point and the Army has had such a good opportunity to size up the Westerners' play that I was really astonished at the decisive defeat the soldiers received.—*Bill Roper, Head Coach of Princeton, in N. Y. World.*

Once again, after well nigh ten years of peace, the old battle cry, "Get Notre Dame," has been sounded at the Hilltop. Once again, as of yore, there is feverish preparation and intensive training, for when Greek meets Greek and the Irish face the Irish there is no quarter and there is none asked.

Knute Rockne, the "Madman of Football" as he has been termed by his admirers, carrying the heaviest schedule a Notre Dame eleven has ever attempted, leads his widely heralded and highly advertised charges to Milwaukee next Saturday to renew athletic relations with Marquette. Knute has an idea of football all his own—a distinctly Notre Dame idea. Football came to Rockne at Notre Dame and it appears to be a strange sort of football, according to the East—football with a shift, a flash and a bang. Some of Knute's late opponents have not recovered from the shock as yet—notably the Army, which is still giddy under the terrific and unexpected reverse; also Rutgers, to whom the

48 to 0 wallop was naught but a huge joke. *A. J. Skinner, Milwaukee Telegram.*



"BUCK"

Winning two games in four days is quite an accomplishment, but not for a high-class, well-trained, brainy bunch of gridiron warriors. Notre Dame measures up to that standard, and might be even better than that.

Many football teams have played in the East this year, but it is doubtful if any made such an impressive showing. Chicago looked good in defeating Princeton, Centre showed some great football in winning from Harvard and Nebraska surprised by outplaying Pittsburgh, but none can compare with the athletes from South Bend, Ind. To my mind, Notre Dame is as good a football team as there is in the country and can be ranked with the leaders.—*Tiny Maxwell, Los Angeles Times.*

That's Notre Dame—a collection of stars molded into a splendid machine, playing 1921, or, shall we say, 1925 football? To read between the lines of the dreadful shock which the South Bend eleven gives the Eastern iconoclasts on their yearly pilgrimage, Notre Dame is playing 1950 football. Several years back Dorias, leading a gold jerseyed crew of Westerners onto the plains of West Point, tossed the pigskin hither and yon about the landscape and when the battle was over, the staid East, from which all learning and goodness flows, had visioned the possibilities of the forward pass for the first time. The spell of ancient football was broken and the East, assimilating, accepted what it saw and adopted it as its own.

Now again it is Notre Dame with the triple threat, a pass, a run or a drive, which has again sounded the depths of football and given the foot-

ball world the latest up-to-date model of a football machine.—A. J. Skinner, *Milwaukee Telegram*.

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#### WELCOME ROCKNE.

Here's how Knute Rockne, coach of the Notre Dame university football team got into the Marquette-North Dakota game.

He slipped into Milwaukee from South Bend secretly for the purpose of "scouting" the Hilltoppers' strength. As he stood in line at the box office, the manager of the Marquette team recognized him.

"Hello, there Rockne. You don't have to buy a ticket. Come in as my guest," the manager said.

Rockne accepted the invitation. He was shown to the press box where he was given a seat. Shortly after his entrance, the Marquette cheer leaders announced the presence of the Notre Dame coach in the stands.—*Milwaukee Telegram*.

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Outside of the conference teams only Notre Dame and Nebraska have men whose heads have stuck up above the mob. Mohardt at half and E. Anderson at end have shown sufficient class to displace Meyers and Steketee, Mohardt especially being a worthy successor of George Gipp. From all reports, Lewellyn, Nebraska's quarter, has been the big factor in putting over the Missouri conference win for his school. He is ranked with Romney in the present selection. Castner and Wynne of Notre Dame have co-starred throughout a stormy season, and have well earned a place with the elite.—*Chicago Herald-Examiner*.

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We have at present in this country two football teams typifying the highest development of distinct types of our modern game—Lafayette, the mastodon team, which in point of avoirdupois probably is the heaviest team of consequence ever developed, and Notre Dame, which in point of avoirdupois is one of the lightest teams to ever gain so high a rating.

In my opinion either of these two teams can beat Yale, Harvard and Princeton. Lafayette would do it with majestic certainty to the extent of say, two touchdowns. Notre Dame would have an easier time and score anywhere from 28 to 40 points against any one of the so-called Big Three.—*George Foster Sanford, Coach Rutgers eleven and one time All-America center at Yale*.

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Every eastern coach in the country would have found it valuable to study Notre Dame's extraordinary forward passing, following a double pass or even a triple pass, the ball going wide or short over center, or far down the field, as the play was called.—*Lawrence Perry*.

#### A CRITIC, M. D.

P. T. C.

Whatever literature may be, it is not life, although, perhaps, it ought to be. Mixing realities with visions quite indiscriminately, average authors succeed in setting afoot some kind of Frankenstein, more or less creaky and epileptic. People are apt to like this creature all the better for his unearthly qualities. He is the bringer of dreams, a sort of vagabond Morpheus forever drifting to Arcadia. More prosaically, literature is sometimes a food but generally a stimulant which may become dangerous. It may do good, like fishing-trips or wine; but also there is in it the making of dram-slaves and neurotics, the seeds of hysteria and darkness. If we would avert a mandate of literary prohibition, already demanded by Tolstoi and his closest disciples, we must tell people how to temper the bitter with the sweet; how to choose steeds for their wagons from his multitude of erratic stars. The situation demands in short a benevolent Critic who can select for others such food and tonic as they require: not merely a publicity agent for the latest *vendange*. He should be master of his dispensary and speak plainly to the patients; for instance, "Take a little of this for melancholy, and a bottle or two of that for your tired-feeling." He must be a genius at effervescent compounds, too, and quite dubious of poisons. And the principles of his science? Nature's way—good diet, exercises and sound rest. Then also, I think, he ought to be a homeopathic Critic. What dignified dentist ever remedied an aching molar without additional wrenchings most heinous? Has ever a guide cured the parvenue's simple artistic dotage except with more art? Let our Critic be a homeopath; thus will he have the doctrine and the laws.

When your health is normal, keep it so, says our wise man, having read widely in ancient Chinese. Dine sensibly. Good, well-done meat, like Shakespeare or Dickens, and a bottle of wine with the Chesterton label, or of an older vintage like Browning or Dick Steele (there is no eighteenth amendment in Literaria); good, fresh vegetables, Cooper and Scott, for instance; bread and butter to go with it—Thackeray brand; and des-

sert fresh from Tennyson or Keats. A good savory diet like this will do wonders, and there is an opportunity for almost endless variety. Fasting is beneficial at seasons; feasting is occasionally permitted. Everything possible should be done to preserve the robust Christian mind, which takes the universe as it was intended to be taken,—with a grain of blessed salt. A sober, generous temperament does not lust after vermouth and caviare; it says grace for honest fare and companionship, and is content with life.

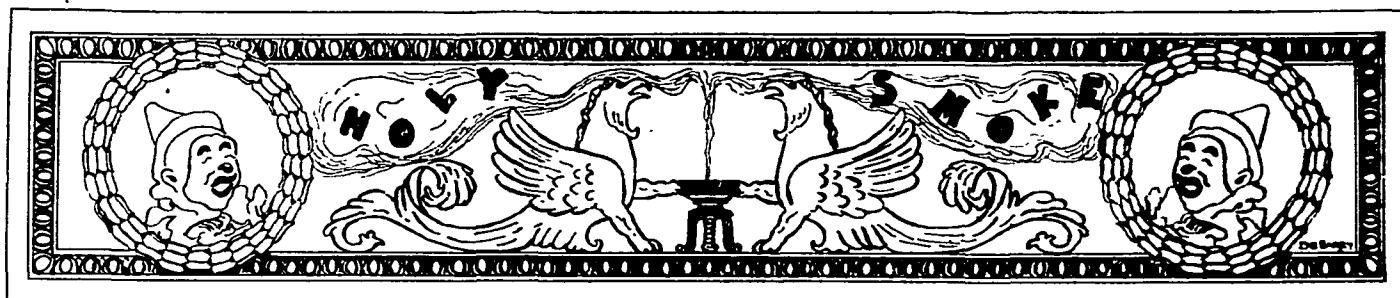
Let us suppose, however, that the microbe has entered and you are down in the mouth. The world looks small and mouldy, like a Renaissance dungeon. Chains rattle everywhere, and the scramble of humanity seems to resemble a wierd perpetual movement towards a ghastly oubliette. Your heart loathes the gloom. What shall you take? "Beware of Pollyanna," says our Critic, "and her kindred. They are sirens. Have nothing to do with the Success Sisters, for they are Lorelei." You need Ibsen, a half-dozen of the most pessimistic Jews taken in one dose, and a dash of German philosophy. Having undergone this treatment, you will brighten up. Things, you will affirm, are not so bad as these gentlemen have made them out to be. "By Jove," you will ejaculate firmly, "it's a great, free world after all." The woman next door is picking roses from her garden, and birds are singing. You have been saved.

Suppose, however, that you are in the opposite condition. The automobile in the garage is a splendid brute; money seems easy to get, success a golden spoon that some fairy godmother has left in your mouth at birth. What is all this discontent about, this gout that all working-people seem affected with? "Obesity!" warns the Critic, and prescribes—a few egotists. It doesn't matter much who they are. A drop or two of Malthus, Max Stirner, and Nietzsche, with a bottle of H. L. Mencken to wash them down. Indigestion begins to loosen its grip upon you. Why, what about the common people whom everybody believes in? What about Our Lady Poverty, the starving and sorrowing of the poor? You develop a furious appetite for the Declaration of Independence

and a certain chapter from Saint Paul; the cure has been effected. These medicines are no longer necessary. Indeed nothing can save the man who takes them habitually like medicine.

Undoubtedly, however, the greatest amount of disease results from over-eating of sweets. Younger people especially get a variety of cranial and cardiac afflictions from an excessive use of sugar. Popular confection boxes, prepared by firms like H. B. Wright, Kate Boshier, Meredith Nicholson and others of similar character, produce mental diabetes, the symptoms of which are absent-mindedness, and a complication termed "sigh-itis" most dangerous to sensible living. Such persons become anemic, fretful, unable to participate in the emotional give-and-take which is life's most vigorous game. Our Critic is nothing if not a dietarian, but his prescription of plain, honest fare is often ignored by those who prefer to listen to the noisy quacks in the marketplace. Then, too, he does not hesitate to lift his voice against the musty, unhealthy foods so often preferred by unscrupulous venders. Of course, the Critic is not a vegetarian, but the meat he advises does not smell. The game on the old Fielding or Sterne preserves may be found too strong for some palates, but it is after all honest game. The malodorous hampers so often brought in nowadays, however, fill him with righteous indignation; but ordinarily he is helpless, because such viands are reputed popular elsewhere, and good advice can seldom prevail against a fad. Another sort of people will not eat anything that is not tart, or warranted to distort their faces into a perpetual grin. They make agreeable companions, but are usually slothful.

While shaking his head rather sadly over these vagaries, the Critic finds much joy in those whose literary lives are regulated sensibly; these, having built up sturdy constitutions, become able to introduce new dishes to their tables, to detect easily good things from bad, and to temper the rugged joy of living with delicate beauty and virile sensitiveness. They not only eat; they dine. Moreover, he invites into his dispensary many who are famished, ill, or young, and initiates them into the Arcana of Reading.



A Freshman ate dinner at Kable's last week and told me that Mrs. Kable sure was a good cook.

\*\*\*

An actor from Boston named Dapple  
With a difficult role had to grapple.  
But now he's clean suit-less;  
His efforts weren't fruitless;  
Some one threw a big rotten apple.

\*\*\*

Prof:—Can anyone give me an illustration of a scene of suspense.

Stude:—A hanging.

\*\*\*

A smart man invented  
A new kind of  
Explosive.  
And he said that  
It was very  
Powerful.  
I said, "Will it work?"  
He said that it would  
And to prove it  
He set a match  
To it.  
It worked, and now  
We don't.

\*\*\*

Show Manager:—I wish I had a dime for every man who has sneaked in without paying.

Ticket Collector:—I have sir.

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It has been suggested that owing to the scarcity of the thing common sense be called uncommon sense.

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This is indeed a golden age. It takes a lot of it to get anywhere.

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Holy Smoke is going to keep on printing moonshine jokes until there is a contribution or two and the page doesn't have to use them.

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Two men and a girl from Nebraska  
Espied an old friend named Bill Chaska.  
Said one, "I can't go'm;  
Think she's care to Nome?"  
His pal said, "Don't know but Alaska."

\*\*\*

"A Jim can hold his breath for two minutes."  
"He certainly must have a strong one."

SONG: I'M THROUGH.

You think you're swell.  
I never missed  
The kisses that  
I didn't get.  
You made life—well,  
I couldn't list  
The evenings flat  
At home we sat.  
You posed as a high-brow but gee,  
No more of your friendship for me.

REFRAIN.

*You low-brow don't you high-brow me.  
Your ten cent words give me ennui  
You stereoptyped caliope  
Your moorings, dear, are way off quay.*

*I guess you better pull a coup—  
Go hunt yourself a new debut.  
The line you peddle is all blah,  
Go seek a different repertoire.*

*You'd have me think you're so blase—  
You're dizzy, dear—to much pulque.  
Bum's-rush for you. I got another,  
And he don't tote no able's brother.  
—you low brow, don't etc.*

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Our ostrich named Pirou, poor pet,  
A pin-wheel and sodium-met.  
You've heard of the maelstrom?  
Well, join it with depth bomb—  
Oh course that vile thing Pirouette.

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The melancholy days are come,  
We surely miss our beer.  
But he who'd stagger needs no rum—  
The coy galosh is here.

\*\*\*

Soph:—Jones does all his setting up exercises in his rooms.

Junior:—Ya, he acts like it when he's out with the bunch.

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He:—Jones told me that I look just like you.  
Him:—When I see him I'll punch his face in.  
He:—Never mind, I killed him on the spot.

KOLARS.

## FROSH LIMERICKS.

## A PARODY.

A youth said to his Angel;  
 "I fear that I shall 'flunk'."  
 The Angel said: "You're silly,  
 And all your talk is 'bunk'."  
 "Get down to work and study,  
 Quit all the woeful wail;  
 'Cause idleness is one thing  
 That sure will help you fail."  
 "So write a horse and study.  
 Don't give the "profs" the best  
 'Cause you will do it over  
 If you don't pass the test."  
 "And should they try with questions  
 To press you to the wall,  
 Don't give, but writing fight them  
 Till writing dead you fall."

E. F. DANKOWSKI.

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There was an old duffer named Jink,  
 In the cupboard he sought for a drink;  
 But the cupboard was bare  
 And he found nothing there;  
 So Jink got a drink at the sink.

\*\*\*

There once was a damsel named Sue,  
 And her lover was Adam McShue.  
 Once he asked for a kiss  
 And to that she said this,  
 "I don't care A-dam, if you do.

W. W. HOLLISTER.

\*\*\*

There was a young student named Paul,  
 Who went to a fraternity ball;  
 But while at the dance  
 He fractured his pants,  
 And had to go home in a shawl.

E. E. BURSON.

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There once was a gay kangaroo,  
 Oh, the comical things he would do!  
 He'd skip, and he'd flop,  
 Then he'd turn a flip-flop,  
 With more ease than I could—or you.

S. D. CHAPMAN.

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There's the story of Ferdinand Rize,  
 Who was a gambler wise,  
 He bet on West Point,  
 They were thrown out of joint—  
 Now he's walking around-in-disguise.

D. D. HICKEY.

\*\*\*

There once was a lad named Layre  
 Who went to a masquerade fair;  
 His sweetheart to please,  
 He dressed like a cheese,  
 And-succumbed to the rat in her hair.

R. MAHER.

## BUTTONS.

BOB W. WORTH.

Buttons are insignificant yet important articles. Their prominence and popularity are due in great measure to the no mean fact that they help support the world. Why do we use them? Why not some other mode of assembling ourselves such as by cords, which would be more adjustable? The fact is, we men are already approaching a buttonless ideal: by throwing off the yoke of custom we have eliminated six of the flat discs. This has been accomplished by replacing galluses with a thin strip of leather known more familiarly as a belt. Before proceeding farther we must wait on those few individuals who disclaim dare-deviltry as a part of their nature and still cling to their ancestral support.

We must now consider the origin of buttons. We know Caesar was a mighty man and also a man of might and it is not at all surprising that when he shouted with much gusto, "The die is cast," he broke a shoulder strap of his Parisian toga. At that time he was in a hurry and for that reason was travelling light, which for our purpose is the same as to say his button maker was not along. Soon after a tire on a baggage wagon picked up a nail. There is a relationship between these two events. Having a mind of Dinosaurian attributes Caesar called for his tablet and pencil bearer.

The reason the people have used buttons so long is because of the versatility of the latter. Consider what the children would do for a substitute in the "button-button" game if we had no buttons. Then think of the fat man who is a stout supporter of these useful articles, than which there is no better substitute to warn him from overeating. Besides what would the manufacturers do for a living? Related to these humanic deliberations is the fact that in less than a million years the world would be covered with unused oyster shells; shells that had been allowed to pile up because there had been no one to use pearl buttons. Therefore if we do away with buttons we must come to oyster-eating to prevent over-rapid reproduction of oysters. But we do not like oysters for every meal. Therefore buttons are a necessary institution.





When radical social reformers assert that modern intellectual life must be rational to the exclusion of God and His revelation, that man must be led by the laws of physical nature and not by the laws of morality; even then, common sense suggests that they live up to the standards, however low they may be, which they adopt as rules of conduct. Hardly one of them, however, is consistent in his teaching.

A MODERN GORGON. The theories of Mrs. Sanger, the American champion of birth control, are almost too immoral to be spoken of in connection with morality, and are almost too far removed from the field of rationality to be freely reasoned aloud in their relation to the century old Catholic principles; yet they may be attacked directly with the very weapons used in their defense. Mrs. Sanger, together with her too numerous acquaintances, destroys her ideals rather than attains them, assuming, of course, that her statement of them is sincere. She desires to establish in the field of morality a new "woman's inalienable right," but rights cannot be established by the subjection of morality itself and the abolition of duties. She wishes to build a new race; she is merely destroying the one that exists; she boasts a higher civilization, but she is undermining all civilization; and, as is characteristic of the reformer of her type, she plans to annihilate all evils—she is but adding another.

Catholicity and all right-reason are fighting a vicious battle; may they triumph before too much damage has been done.

KARL ARNDT.

One often reads that the absence of co-education at Notre Dame is supplied by the co-existence of an institution a half-mile away that affords a closer relationship between Notre Dame and St. Mary's. The fact that five hundred of "the winsome daughters of Eve" go blithely about their work with no visible connection with the two thousand young men but a stone's throw away is, in our opinion, the height of irrationality.

Mixed marriages have been repeatedly condemned by the Church; Catholic young men are urged to marry Catholic young women. Why, then, do the authorities permit Notre Dame men to go down to South Bend and pick up any sort of riff-raff from the streets and forbid them under pain of expulsion to become acquainted with a group of Catholic girls who are the cream of the earth?

It is a well-known truth that the girls themselves chafe under the stringent regulations now in vogue and that enrollment is not so great as it would be under more liberal rules. When these girls are no longer amenable to the iron discipline of their

school, they are "wilder" than ever before. This vis inertiae is like a rubber band in which the recoil is almost as great as the original tension.

A condition similar to that which now exists between Notre Dame and St. Mary's was found a few years ago at Washington, D. C. Trinity College, a girls' school, and the Catholic University were in the same locality and a very rigid discipline was enforced. Recently, however, these unsatisfactory rules were dispensed with and authorities of both schools agree that the change was a good one.

Free and unlimited communication between the two institutions is not advocated, but a system whereby permissions to visit St. Mary's would be bestowed at frequent intervals and at the discretion of the rector would be of great benefit to both schools.

A. THIEMANN.

Not all bills are Williams but some of them do "get your Willie." This is a poor joke, but the point we wish to emphasize is that in sending out statements to subscribers we are likely to make occasional mistakes. Our business office is trying hard to work towards clarity and sanity, and admits that the job is *somewhat*, indeed. If you get a bill which does not fit, write us about it—all alumni are ipso facto entitled to the SCHOLASTIC, although their voluntary subscriptions are acceptable. To such students as are vainly endeavoring to subscribe for this venerable weekly, we suggest that they address a request to the Business Manager of the SCHOLASTIC or leave their names with the campus prefect who presides over their destinies.

#### A LETTER ABOUT STODDARD.

Colonel J. E. Cusack, B. S., 1889, who recently returned with his regiment from the Hawaiian Islands, is now stationed at Monterey, California. He had studied English under Charles Warren Stoddard, then at Notre Dame; and after arriving at Monterey and learning that Stoddard had died there he gathered the details of his old professor's

last days and embodied them in the following letter to the Reverend President:

"A short time ago I visited 'The Tea Room and Gift Shop,' one of the places of interest in Monterey, and learned that Charles Warren Stoddard made his home in this city for the last six years of his life, died here and was buried here in the Catholic cemetery. I made the discovery through seeing on the walls of one of the rooms a pencil sketch of Joaquin Miller, Stoddard and another literary man; and learned from a lady present of his death and burial. From Father Raymond Mestres, a Spanish priest and pastor of the San Carlos Mission, the only active Catholic church within a radius of twenty or more miles, who had been a warm personal friend of Stoddard's during the latter's student day at the Catholic university, I learned the particulars of his last days and happy death. I am sure you will be interested and so I shall state the matter briefly.

"It seems that Stoddard was in poor health suffering from heart disease, and needed a change of climate. He had always been keenly interested in the Catholic Missions and missionary priests of California, and went to a Mission at Santa Barbara conducted by the Franciscans, I believe. He remained there for a few months but did not meet with the cordial welcome to which he was accustomed, and being still in poor health returned to Monterey unknown to Father Mestres. The Father was returning to his residence after having administered the last Sacraments to a soldier in the Post Hospital and met a friend who said, 'Charlie has returned and is not well, you had better call and see him.' The Father called on him that evening and after the usual courtesies said to him: 'Charlie, you are a very sick man. I had better administer Extreme Unction. You are a good Catholic and are well prepared but you can never tell what may happen.' Stoddard said that a priest from San Francisco, of whom he was very fond and who had been one of his students at the University, would probably be along in a few days and would give him Communion; but upon the advice of Father Mestres as to the uncertainty of life he made

his confession and received Extreme Unction, and Father Mestres told him that he would bring his Communion after Mass in the morning. In carrying out this mission the next morning, the Father met the same friend who had advised him of Stoddard's return and about the same place, and was informed that one hour after Father Mestres left him Charlie passed away very peacefully.

"Father Mestres endeavored by subscription to raise \$500.00 to erect a suitable monument, he subscribing what his means would warrant—\$25.00. He was unsuccessful and disappointed, but with the small amount he raised he placed a granite cross over the grave. I told Father Mestres that I would write to you and Sam Murdock and see if you couldn't get some of the "old boys" of Stoddard's time to subscribe to a fund to erect a suitable monument. Before seeing Father Mestres I visited the cemetery—which is large and poorly kept—on All Souls' Day after Mass and endeavored to locate the grave but was unsuccessful. The only person about, a non-Catholic laborer from the adjoining cemetery, was unfamiliar with the surroundings. Father Mestres was very much pleased when I told him that I would write to you and Sam and he hoped that we might be able to do something." (Evidently Colonel Cusack had not learned of Mr. Murdock's death.)

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

1016 California Avenue, South Bend, Indiana,  
November 26, 1921.

THE EDITORS OF THE SCHOLASTIC:

In the November 19 issue of THE SCHOLASTIC, in the column headed "Ourselves," appeared a paragraph on the organization of a Notre Dame club in South Bend. This club was referred to in the story as "The Rum Villagers."

We who are members of the organization strongly object to the misnomer. To those not acquainted with the name, it may be said that what is known in South Bend as "Rum Village" is a none too cultured community in the southwestern part of South Bend. In view of the fact that the name given us in THE SCHOLASTIC will not redound to our credit in South Bend, we wish the correction made. Our name, officially chosen, is "The Villagers," indicating our identity as a group of Notre Dame students whose permanent homes are in South Bend. We disclaim any connection with Rum Village or

the Rum Village semi-professional football team.

Such statements, or rather misstatements, as this one have been appearing in the columns of THE SCHOLASTIC this year and last under the guise of witty, snappy writing. To me it is rather a reflection on my profession that certain individuals in the profession write such striking inaccuracies on the plea of journalistic vivacity.

It might be well to remind some that in THE SCHOLASTIC, as well as elsewhere, journalistic buoyancy should be attained by a happy blending of humor with truth, rather than by asinine faking. Journalism, in the long run, would profit much more by truth than by humor.

Respectfully,

LOUIS V. BRUGGER.

#### OUTSIDE AND IN.

We are very happy indeed, to be able to present this extract from a letter written by the chaplain to Catholic cadets at West Point, Rev. John A. Langton, of Highland Falls, N. Y.:

"Permit me to express my grateful appreciation for the pamphlets on 'Frequent Communion for College Men.' I distributed them to my cadet squad yesterday at Mass.

"Now I know the reason for that wonderful fidelity to our Lord shown by the members of your football team. As usual they received Holy Communion this year and as usual they were admirable exemplars of young Christian gentlemen both on and off the field.

"Notre Dame can justly feel proud of her success in the athletic world. But I think her greatest glory is the success of her Catholic education. She is proving wherever your young athletes go that her training is *moral* as well as physical and mental. Your men possess character—because they live up to their convictions."

\*\*\*

When the roll was called at the meeting of the Civil Engineering Society last Wednesday, it was discovered that all had survived the recent examinations. After a snappy business session, J. B. Reardon, Charles O'Toole, and W. Peter Eckerle read papers on subjects pertaining to engineering, and E. Von Merveldt puzzled the members with several enigmatical demonstrations.

\*\*\*

The Mining Engineers' Club has made ar-

rangements with the Sullivan Machinery Company of Chicago for the showing of the new film of the U. S. Bureau of Mines entitled "Improved Methods of Rock Quarrying," as well as the government film, "Coal Mining." The pictures will be shown at a special meeting of the club to be held at 8 P. M., Monday, Dec. 5th in Washington Hall. All engineers are invited.

\*\*\*

Kenneth Nyhan announces that the Greater Toledo Club of Notre Dame (which includes among its members students who live in Freemont, Maumee and Monroe as well) will give an entertainment and dance in the home town on Jan. 3, in conjunction with the Toledo Alumni Association. Both clubs are working hard to make the holiday social as successful as those of past years. Tickets will be on sale soon on the campus and in Toledo.

\*\*\*

The Mechanical Engineers oiled up their social engine last week and started it on its year's work. It is guaranteed to produce three smokers, a dance and a banquet before it runs down in June. Mr. McCaffery is shop foreman, Edgar Raub is sub-foreman, and J. Hyland has charge of production records and the cash book.

\*\*\*

The Notre Dame Soldiers' Memorial to the realization of which much effort has been devoted, will become a reality next June. This is the decision of the final committee appointed to conduct the project to a successful conclusion. The committee will consist of the following members: Father Mathew Walsh, C. S. C., chairman; Professor W. E. Benitz, Mr. George Shuster, Mr. James Murphy, Mr. Harry Denny, and the chairman of the S. A. C., Mr. Frank Blasius, or his representative.

\*\*\*

The artistic traditions of Notre Dame are receiving more attention, now that the great possibilities of the "drive" are being manifested. Meanwhile our treasures are being added to little by little (intrinsically, much by much); would that we had space properly to chronicle everything. One of the most

important of recent benefactions is the gift of a complete set of Guerin prints. This able artist executed a series of paintings illustrating various scenes along the Mediterranean coast and also striking sites in American cities—for instance, his own Lincoln monument in Washington. The present beautiful color prints are in the custodianship of the architectural department, to whom they were generously given by Mr. Chas H. Weightman, of Evanston, Illinois. Mr. Weightman's artistic taste and business enterprise have made the Guerin prints accessible to what we are sure will be a large public.

\*\*\*

One of the most promising classes ever assembled from the halls of Notre Dame will be initiated into the Knights of Columbus next week. The first degree will be exemplified in the Walsh Hall council room on Friday, Dec. 9, and the second and third degrees, in Mishawaka on the following Sunday. Mr. Timothy Galvin, a Notre Dame alumnus, who is prominent in state activities of the Knights, will be captain of the team which will put the new brothers through the latter degrees. After the initiation there will be a banquet in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel which will be enlivened by an orchestra and varied entertainments. Mr. Charles Niezer, a Notre Dame grad of Fort Wayne, will deliver the principal address. He has chosen as his subject "The Gibault Home."

The local council has been progressing with leaps and bounds; the greatly increased membership has made necessary the immediate enlargement of the Walsh Hall council chamber. There is every indication that this year will be the most successful, all round, in the history of the Student Council—the new class of aspiring Knights will have much to do with that.

\*\*\*

The aroma of hundreds of smouldering Omars and Clowns at the Corby smoker stimulated the lawyers to putting on a similar event on Tuesday evening. An address by Father Burns was enjoyed to the fullest extent by the local legal talent, after which Doran and MacEniry burst forth in song, re-

ceiving unstinted applause from the gathering. Pat O'Connell, the Walsh Hall comedian, proved himself another Fred Stone and was encored repeatedly. One of the most delightful features of the evening's program was the serving of refreshments which the lawyers claim have never been equalled at Notre Dame.

\*\*\*

Under the leadership of toastmaster Ted Hayes, the Fort Wayne Club met Wednesday evening for their first annual banquet. Brother Alphonse gave a short talk to the men, which was followed by the reading of a humorous poem. Aaron Huguemard, president of the organization, Edward Lennon, vice-president, and Les Logan, secretary, gauged their addresses by the eats. The Fort Wayne club numbers twenty-five members and is setting a good example for other clubs in its "Big Brother" policy, which places upon every man in the club the duty of securing more students for the university from Fort Wayne, and also of aiding future students after the present members have left Notre Dame.

\*\*\*

The mountaineers of the Rocky Mountains met Wednesday afternoon to perfect their organization for the year. Amid great shouting by the assembled multitude Dave Hagenbarth, of Salt Lake City, succeeded Worth Clark as president of the westerners. Earl O'Donnell, of Lamar, Colorado, was honored by his clubmates with the office of vice-president and Gerald Hagan, of Glendive, Montana, succeeded himself as secretary and guardian of the bullion. It is rumored that the election was prearranged in Corby Hall and Dan Regan's political machine is demanding a recount. All those present agreed to allow the use of their pictures in this year's Dome.

\*\*\*

At a meeting of the Kentucky Club in Pfeiffer's room it was agreed to start things rolling around Louisville, Ky. A Notre Dame Club dance during Christmas vacation, will be the first of interesting events to be staged in the metropolis. The club now numbers about twenty-five members. The newly elected officers are: Phil Dant, Col-

onel; Ed Pfeiffer, Lieutenant Colonel; Arthur Augiermeir, Revenue Collector; Drokery Stillhouse, Watch.

\*\*\*

A modified demonstration was held at the Blackstone theatre on last Friday night in appreciation of Notre Dame's wonder team, and their latest feat of humbling the East. Students and South Bend people alike gave the team a vigorous welcome when they made their appearance on the stage. The victory march was played, and Slaggert then lead the students in several yells. The turnout was what it always is in numbers and in enthusiasm. Pictures of the Army game were shown, and though they were rather brief and somewhat choppy, they were clear enough to the football fan. Coach Rockne disappointed many of his admirers by failing to answer a call for a speech.

\*\*\*

When the Civil Engineers assembled on Wednesday, Nov. 16, they confirmed the rumor that the club is one of the best literary and debating societies on the campus. Mike Fahey, who is a telogian as well as a surveyor, discussed learnedly "The Origin and Development of the Railroads," and Cyril Kellett read an essay entitled, "Lives of the Stevensons, Father and Son." When George Heneghan had delivered his dissertation on "The Importance of Improved Roads," Mr. Leo Aloysius Mahoney proved himself a first-class debater by defending a novel theory on dew formation.

ARNDT.

## WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

### THE BASKETBALL SCHEDULE.

While the school hangs on the wire awaiting word from California where Notre Dame may meet the Golden Bears Jan. 1, Coach Halas has trotted out his basket men. The season will begin Dec. 15 when the local boys open against the stiff Depauw crew at Greencastle.

The schedule, as announced by Coach Halas, includes 18 games, seven of which will be played on the home floor and 11 abroad. Northwestern, Illinois and Butler, all wor-

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Alice Brady  
"DAWN OF THE EAST"

Ina Claire  
"POLLY WITH A PAST"

Dorothy Gish  
"BOOTS"

# LASALLE

thy opponents have been added to the card in addition to the usual opponents. The men will journey to Omaha for a two-game series with Creighton.

Prospects loom bright as nine letter men from last season's squad will return to the court. Capt. Kiley and Eddie Anderson, both of whom have been chosen all-Western and all-American ends by various authorities, hold down the guards. Mehre, center on the football team is also basketball center, while McDermott, Logan and Kane, all members of the grid squad, hold down the forward positions.

The schedule follows: Dec. 15, DePauw at Greencastle; Dec. 16, Armour at Chicago; Dec. 17, Northwestern at Evanston; Jan. 2 and 3, Illinois at Urbana; Jan. 5, Butler at Indianapolis; Jan. 11, Kalamazoo at Notre Dame; Jan. 16, Butler at Notre Dame; Jan. 20 and 21, Creighton at Omaha; Jan. 25, Armour at Notre Dame; Jan. 1, Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame; Feb. 4, Wabash at Crawfordsville (pending); Feb. 11, Northwestern at Notre Dame; Feb. 16, Michigan Aggies at East Lansing; Feb. 17, Kalamazoo at Kalamazoo; Feb. 24, DePauw at Notre Dame; March 2, Wabash at Notre Dame (pending).

\*\*\*

### FINALE.

The Michigan Aggies supplied the turkey for Notre Dame's Thanksgiving Day feast. Although the final count was 48-0 against them the Aggies showed themselves as game a bunch of players as ever stepped on the local gridiron. Also they gave the local outfit a chance to prove that Hugh Fullerton and other eastern critics were not having pipe dreams when they said all those good things about Notre Dame after the Eastern invasion. A large holiday crowd, including the St. Mary's delegation, was out to see the greatest team of them all in action, and no more spectacular exhibition of football has been seen on Cartier Field in some seasons. Generally a score of 48-0 will dampen the enthusiasm and lessen the interest of even the most ardent fan, but who could lose interest with Johnny Mohardt throwing passes from

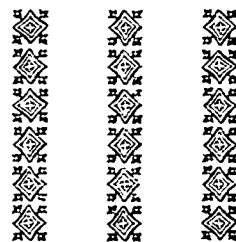
one end of the field to the other with one of his teammates always there to receive the throw?

The game opened with Notre Dame receiving the kickoff. A fumble by Grant gave the ball to the Aggies, Matson making the recovery. An Aggie pass intercepted gave Mehre the chance to score the first touchdown before the game was five minutes old. N. D. then opened up a line-smashing attack with Walsh driving through for long gains, and another touchdown was marked up before the end of the first quarter. Score, Notre Dame 13, Aggies 0.

In the second quarter the Irish first began to display the famous forward pass attack which has won the praise of critics all over the East. Castner passed for 10 yards to Kiley and then added twenty more on an end run. Walsh tore through the line and brought the ball close enough for Wynne to plunge over for the third touchdown. The visitors kicked off and after a few plays Danny Coughlin showed his speed with a 30 yard run. Mohardt went in in place of Walsh and the real aerial display commenced. Several passes to Eddie Anderson advanced the ball the length of the field and Mohardt added another touchdown. A long pass to Kiley brought the ball once more near the Farmers' goal posts, but the Aggies intercepted a pass as the half ended with the score Notre Dame 27, Aggies 0.

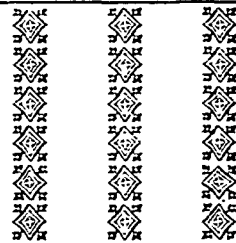
The march commenced again as soon as the third quarter opened and three plays gave Notre Dame another touchdown. A new team was sent in to take part in the festivities, which gave Gus Desch a chance to live up to his reputation as one of the fastest men on the gridiron and he crossed the line for the seventh touchdown. Bergman brought back memories of Dutch I and II by making the final touchdown. Score, Notre Dame 48, M. A. C. 0.

The game was a perfect close for the local football activities of 13 of the players. Bob Phelan and Earl Walsh never plunged better than they did that day, Kiley and Captain Anderson took in Mohardt's long passes faultlessly. Hunk Anderson and Dooley stopped everything that came towards the center of the line. Mehre's brilliant playing did



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not end when he seized the misdirected forward pass, and Carberry could not have performed better. Buck Shaw did all that was expected of him, as usual, smeared every play that came within reaching distance of him and mixed in those which didn't. Grant was another Brandy and Chetter Wynne sustained his rep for speed, drive, and general all-around pep. Among the men who are looked to to carry the blue and gold next year we might mention Castner and Desch especially.

Between halves the Aggie band received applause from the crowd for their music and clever marching, and Coach Rockne had his picture taken while holding a big bouquet of chrysanthemums, the gift of Prof. Gates, the South Bend dancing master.

The visiting team had little opportunity to display its wares, being constantly on the defensive against a far superior team, but they showed themselves to be a dangerous aggregation for any team to meet. Their few forward passes were worked with speed and finish on a couple of occasions and Half-back Johnson proved himself a whirlwind backfield man. The Aggies showed fight throughout and won the approval of the crowd for the game they put up.

For the Notre Dame supporter there could not have been a more pleasing finish for a highly successful season, except perhaps for Frank Wallace to give his play-by-play version of the happenings. It was the first opportunity given the student body to see the team at its best and they were treated to a wonderful exhibition of speedy, hard football.

THE CAST.

M. A. C.		Notre Dame.
Gingrich .....	L. E. ....	Kiley
Thorpe .....	L. T. ....	Garvey
Matson .....	L. G. ....	H. Anderson
Morrison .....	C. ....	Mehre
Swanson .....	R. G. ....	Dooley
Bos .....	R. T. ....	Shaw
McGregor .....	R. E. ....	Anderson
Brady .....	Q. B. ....	Grant
Johnson .....	L. H. ....	Walsh
Archibold .....	R. H. ....	Castner
Graves .....	F. B. ....	Wynne

HAGAN.