

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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## WHO'S WHO AT HOMECOMING.

**D**URING the past three years Notre Dame has staged homecoming games. The success of these affairs has far surpassed any hopes that the University or the Athletic Association may have entertained. We have been hard put to provide enough seats for increasingly larger



crowds, but we do not let that worry us. More than the contagious interest in a football contest has entered into consideration: alumni and old students have permitted their memories of college life to crowd out business for a day or two, have brought back to Cartier Field that idea of youth which no one wants to lose and which money can't buy. Those who have been with us during past years know what this means, and it's up to the rest of you to find out now.

The team that will represent Notre Dame on November fourth is one of the brand-newest outfits in the country. It hasn't played much football together before, it can boast of mighty few All-Western or All-American tags. But it's an ambitious team:—one that has caught the meaning of our tradition and got down to business. Whatever the outcome of the season or the game

may be, Notre Dame will not lose because Notre Dame didn't try to win. Perhaps this is an especial reason why all old timers ought to turn out this year. Show the squad that although last year may have dented the team, it hasn't monkeyed with the side-lines. We are going to meet Indiana, a team which has given us more than one stiff contest and which hasn't made up it's mind to be nice just yet. All in all, I think you will not be disappointed if you come expecting to see a real fight.

Father Walsh's story concerning Pete Vaughn and the goal-post changes as the seasons pass. The famous post has increased its dimensions, and Pete has varied his method of attack. None the less, the story as told retains its appeal because of the old Notre Dame idea of what football is. We may get trimmed but we have never got the habit of staying trimmed. Every one of you knows that the reason for this is that our team is never separate from the school, is part and parcel of everybody's business.

We are glad to tell you that a big new stand has been erected this fall and that the seating capacity will be considerably larger in consequence. The opening of a new hotel in South Bend will make it easier to accommodate the crowd. Nevertheless, it will be wise not to put off your decision too long. Next week definite announcements about arrangements will be made. At present we want simply to "put the bug in your ear." Get out the old pipe and look into the smoke. See the dome, the lakes, old Sorin, the men you once knew; catch a whiff of the old yells that used to make you hoarse when your team went into action; get that worried look off your face and decide here and now that the railroad strike was settled just in order to give you a chance to reach Notre Dame.

K. K. ROCKNE.

## WESTWARD HO!

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind:  
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk or milky way;  
 Yet simpler nature to his hope has given,  
 Behind the cloud-topped hill an humbler heaven.

\* \* \*

Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

POPE

There are doubtless some carping Americans who do not believe that the history of our fair land is as glorious as it has been represented. They would have us fancy that on our own national escutcheon there are blots which no polishing will remove. It is probable that they would intimate, in the most subtle manner, that we are not the salt of the earth. While our hearts beat with many a flirt and flutter as we think of our national honor, they proclaim that we have just emerged from a "century of dishonor." These same people, instead of singing any of our national songs of self-praise, would rather chant a national requiem in commiseration of the American Indian. Though we know that we are the apostles of liberty, and justice, and all other things that the Fourth of July orator speaks of, as the tears well to his eyes, and his bosom heaves like the billowy waves of the sea, these people will have us believe that in our dealings with the American Indian, we have been the lead-characters in one of the world's most heinous and pitiful tragedies.

By way of refutation, it may be said that if we have committed any crimes against the Indian, we were justified because we committed them in the name of civilization. The Indian was an obstacle in the path of civilization. Surely it is agreed that all obstacles to civilization should be removed.

It is said that the white man took advantage of the Indian at every turn. Why, no. Was not the red-skinned individual ignorant, and gullible, and trusting, and in turn rebellious? Could the white man help it if the untutored savage was ignorant enough to give thousands of acres for a nickel's worth of beads? On this score, it might be held that our attitude toward the Indian should have been tempered with

kindness. Yet why should the milk of human kindness have been used when cheap whiskey served just as well?

While much has been said of the Indian's untutored mind it might be well to remember that many of the clouds of ignorance that hovered about him were dissipated by the white man. For instance, before the advent of the white man, the Indian knew that only life had its compensations. The white man demonstrated very clearly to him that death too has its compensations. The Indian of yesterday cherished traditions which some eccentric individuals hold to be beautiful. To-day the Indian becomes familiar with traditions other than his own. If he does not peer within the pages of American history, learning how dastardly his own ancestors were and how noble the white men were, it is not the white man's fault.

Before the white man came, the Indian knew nothing of the Christian religion. He did not even know the meaning of the word "hell." There can be no doubt that the white man taught him the full import of the word.

After so many barrels of gun-powder and so many tons of lead had been used on the recalcitrant Indian, he began to believe in the efficacy of civilization, and subsequently became submissive. At this juncture his conqueror gave him some religious instruction. But that was not because the Indian knew nothing of religion, for he looked upon the Great Spirit as his god. And too he saw his god in the great white clouds that floated through the cerulean sky. The Indian believed that the Great Spirit had given him his instinctive love for the "rocks and rills and templed hills," the majestic woods and the winding rivers, the pale moon, the golden sun, and the solemn mountains. In his ignorance he was grateful, and he worshipped the Great Spirit with awed veneration. His temples were the shadowy forests. Great oak trees were the naves of his temples. The birds pouring forth their joyous songs were his choir. The leaves of the trees when touched by the sweep in winds made mystical music as he worshiped. Such were his temples and his religion. But the white man was not long in seeing the futility of the Indian's creed. He gave him a new and better one—one that teaches that a kind

word will turn away wrath, that one should not covet his neighbor's goods. The white man soon destroyed the temples that Nature had erected for the Indian, and in their places to-day stand towering temples erected to one of the white man's gods—Mammon. And are not these temples more magnificent than those of the Indian?

It is maintained in some circles that the Indian has made some notable contribution to our welfare. It is undeniable that he gave the white man an opportunity to subdue him thereby making it possible for the white man to demonstrate his superiority of intellect. For that we must thank him. But we can not thank him for his sweeping prairies and his great mountains, for we had to wrest them from him. We can, however, understand his reluctance; for we know that he knew nothing of the Bible and its contents. He did not know that the Lord loves a cheerful giver.

In the last few years some of our greatest patriots have made the welkin ring with shouts for "democracy." They deny the efficacy of the theory that might is right. Yet after removing the film from their eyes, seeing the white man "lolling in the lap of luxury," the Indian grovelling in squalor, they must believe after all, that the theory has worked out remarkably well in the "land of the free and the home of the brave." But, of course, circumstance and theories are inseparable. Americans really say, with the greatest impunity that might is no longer right, for we have all the land we need, and there are only a few Indians left on which we might exert our might.

Even though the Indian has always been a source of trouble to us, our troubles with him are about ended. We can now sigh with relief. Death and disease are taking the few that remain of the race, over the trail that leads into oblivion, and the land of the Great Spirit, and the land of sweet forgetfulness. And is it not as it should be? Has it not often been said that the only good Indian is a dead Indian?

Alexander the Great wept when he found no more worlds to conquer. May-be there are not a few of us who will shed a tear when we see the vestiges of the Indian race going over the trail to their fathers.

## THE SPIRITUAL ASPECT OF HISTORY.

SISTER M. ALOYSI, S. N. D.

"Can anyone behold the stars," said Balmes, "without beholding inscribed upon them the name of God?" The myriads of stars glittering in the heavens proclaim with eloquent tongue the praise of their Creator, in language unintelligible, however, to the scoffer and the atheist. These cannot read the wonderful story written in the skies, nor decipher the Divine Name inscribed in indelible characters on the wonders of the firmament. Callous and hardened by unbelief, the godless find the world to be nothing save the result of mere chance. It is to them not the masterpiece of the Divine Artisan who fashioned it in accordance with His eternal plan. Creation in its various aspects bears for them no divine message. The wonders of the universe, and the constant change of life around us, leave them cold and spiritless.

The pages of history no less than the starry heavens are bearers of a divine message, which most men, alas, are loath to receive. The facts of history no less than the beauties of the starlit night are everlasting monuments to a Divine Providence, which "ordains the destinies of the world." If Cicero spoke aright when he styled history the "witness of the ages, the light of truth, the life of our memory, the teacher of our lives, a messenger from the distant past,"—if history is all this, then must we look at history in its spiritual aspect. Man himself, whose deeds essentially constitute the skeleton of history, is not a mere material being. He is endowed with supernatural gifts, which lift him above the plane of the purely material. His deeds, of necessity the result of the interaction of matter and spirit, of body and soul, are capable of spiritual interpretation.

To be a "witness of the ages" history must throw light on the deeds of men and show them forth not merely as accomplished by mortal hand, but as man's part in the execution of the secret decrees of a Divine Providence. The world was in the beginning fashioned not by the hand of man, but by the Omnipotence of God. Could it be pos-

sible for this Master-builder to abandon the child of His creation? Must we not rather hold, with implicit trust, that the same beneficent, divine Hand that gave the world its being, will know how to direct and guide its destinies? Surely, none but the consummate atheist can attribute the events of history to merely human causes. The gigantic movements that rock the world to its very foundation cannot have been set on foot by human foresight and ingenuity. There must be an invisible hand that holds the trend of events that mark the grooves in which history moves. Who would stamp himself so grossly materialistic as still to assert that the "long chain of particular causes which create and dissolve empires is not dependent on the secret decrees of Divine Providence?" It were worse than folly to deny that historical events from the very beginning followed one upon the other so as to fit into the eternal pattern designed by the Most High.

Who that has any knowledge of history does not know the fate of the Jews, for a long time groaning under the yoke of the Romans? When they had finally crucified the Saviour, "those same Romans lent their hands," Bossuet tells us, "without ever thinking that they did so, to the Divine Vengeance, and rooted out that ungrateful people." Again, Bossuet in his *Universal History* tells us that "God renewed upon some the terrible chastisements He had exercised upon Babylon." The same author speaks of the "secret judgments of God upon the Roman Empire and even upon Rome herself."

Examples might be multiplied to stress Divine intervention in the judgments of God upon the great empires of the world. Down through the Christian ages God has taught us in striking ways "that it is He that forms kingdoms to give them to whom He pleaseth. That He knoweth how to make them serve in time and order which He hath decreed, to the designs He hath on His People." There are historians, it is true, that fail to give a just estimate of human things. They measure everything solely by earthly standards, and hence, they cannot conceive of an intermingling of the human element with the divine. They cannot "conceive of eter-

nity as being the groundwork of the history of time," as the immortal Chateaubriand expresses it eloquently. Historians have labored hard and long to search the recesses of the human breast and to "deduce the most important events from the most trivial sources." Yet it is an eternal truth that a "God watching over the kingdoms of earth," dispenses salvation or ruin upon nations according to His divine decrees.

The history of the French Revolution with all its frightful desecration of human life threatening to undo the very Nation, is a significant example of the Divine workings in shaping the planks for the structure of history. While France was being internally rent asunder, she was victorious against external foes. Such a coincidence is beyond the grasp of human intelligence. It is based on no natural principle.

A bloodthirsty, sensual king hurled into the face of the successor of St. Peter the threat to wrench England from the Holy See if he were not granted full liberty to gratify his illicit passion, and a frail fearless Pope remained unmoved. "Catherine is your lawful wife" rang out the answer of the Vicar of Christ. Human intelligence alone could not have withstood the audacious appeal of Henry VIII. The Hand of God, guiding His Church, was shaping history, and time has left impressed upon its pages the eternal truth that God is the Supreme Lord and Ruler of the Universe. "Kings rule by Me," we read in Holy Writ.

When Napoleon III, in defiance of the apostolic "non possumus" of Pius IX, opened his direct campaign against the Holy See in 1860, little did he dream of the overwhelming defeat that would crush his pride on the battlefield of Sedan, about ten years later. This was not mere chance or coincidence, but it was God exercising "His fearful Judgments according to the rules of His Justice."

No less evident is the hand of God in the shaping of the destinies of our beloved Nation. What turned the tide in our favor in the darkest hour of our Revolution when Washington and his thinly clad men suffered intensely at Valley Forge, defeat staring them in the face? It was none other than a benign Providence espousing our cause

which was a just cause. Far from making impiety their standards, Washington and his men prayed to the God of Armies, and at the very moment when, humanly speaking, all was lost, generous aid was granted them by a Catholic sister-nation, and the heavy losses thus far sustained were soon retrieved in a final glorious victory.

England was in the balance and found wanting. In the day of her pride she had severed herself from the Church of Rome. She must now release her iron grip on the colonists of America, for it was decreed by the Almighty to build up a shelter and a home where all might enjoy the blessings of religious liberty which were not granted them in the mother country. And how gloriously has the Church expanded under the Stars and Stripes, demonstrating clearly "that it is vain for weak man to struggle against the arm of the Almighty!"

You will not search in vain in the records of our country's history for the names of men illustrious for the signal service they rendered the Nation in her hour of need. When the cloud which had been gathering for decades finally threatened to burst and disrupt the Union, God gave us leaders who carried out His inscrutable designs. Clay himself in the critical period toward the close of his life significantly said: "Yes, I have ambition, but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument in the hands of Providence to reconcile a divided people." This was one of the great crises of which Balmes wrote that "the mysterious hand which governs the universe seems to hold in reserve, for every great crisis of society, an extraordinary man." Such a man too was Lincoln. It was in the eternal plan of the Almighty that the curse of slavery should no longer be fastened on our Nation, and in due time, through the instrumentality of Lincoln, "He struck those fatal blows of which the counter-blows reach so far."

In summing up I would quote the immortal Bossuet, who evaluated history aright because he weighed human events in the balance of eternity.

"That which is chance," said he, "in respect of our uncertain Councils is a concerted design in a higher Council, in that eternal Council" which is God.

## READING INSCRIPTIONS ON TOMBSTONES.

JOSEPH E. HART.

Whenever I have the combination of a free day and a longing to muse I walk out to Bertrand, the Deserted Village of Michigan, to read inscriptions on the tombstones in a very neglected but extremely interesting old cemetery.

I have visited several old cemeteries in different parts of the country; I have stood over the graves and have read the epitaphs of Franklin, the Adamses, William Penn, Thomas Jefferson and many others whose names have made the pages of modern history. When I read these the longing for power and fame fled from me and I experienced what must have prompted Gray to write:

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave  
Await alike th' inevitable hour:—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

When I read the epitaphs of these unknown and unsung dead of Bertrand I seem to realize for the moment that not only power and fame but life itself are simply bubbles upon which all our joys are rain-bowed.

Here in this neglected acre lies the only vestige of a once living, breathing town. Forty years ago, like an Arab, it stole away and left its dead to herald to coming generations the instability of life and the stability of death.

Just inside the gate, from a lichen-covered slab, comes the greeting like a welcome to their city:

"Dear friend remember as you pass by  
As you are now, so was I  
As I am now, soon you must be  
Prepare for death and follow me."

"As I am now, soon you must be:" How many before me have read these words and to-day preach the same truth thru the concave roofs of their own graves.

But life is too sweet, too full of friends, and birds and trees and flowers and blue skies to cloud with such melancholy thoughts. I try to shake them off but as I turn away a cry like the voice from the grave beneath comes from a marble shaft opposite:

"There is nothing in these painted skies  
Or in this earthly clod,  
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys  
Or lovely as thy God."

Here lies a man who lived upon this earth of ours for seventy-five years. Surely he too loved and was loved; thrilled as the dawn awoke and sang and was grateful for the joys the day brought as the sun sank into the west. He dreamed the very dreams that I dream and now, after he has met his God, he tells me there is no joy beneath this blue sky worthy of my dreams. What a lesson! Would that I could bring the whole world out here to Bertrand to learn it. "Every corpse" says Father Elliott "is an orator and his coffin is his pulpit"; but from his coffin he preaches only to his friends; when he descends into the pulpit of his grave he preaches to the world and he grows more eloquent even as the ages roll along.

Nor does death claim its toll only from the well ripened lives. In the cemetery Youth with its beauty, passion and strength and Old Age weak and deformed meet as equals. Here is a stone bearing the simple and beautiful name—Rose—and under the name a sorrowing parent has written:

A precious one from us is gone  
A voice we loved is still  
A place is vacant in our home  
Which never can be filled;  
God in His wisdom has recalled  
The boon His love has given  
And tho the body slumbers here  
The soul is safe in Heaven.

These words were cut forty years ago but in 1917 when a Rose faded from Joyce Kilmer's life he wrote to Father James: "Rose certainly makes Heaven dearer to us."

Two Catholic parents, living over two generations apart, express practically the same sentiments upon the death of a daughter. Time does not change the Catholic's conception of death. Customs change, people change, towns, cities and nations rise and fall but through it all death to the Catholic is always God calling home a loved one.

On either side or Rose now rest the father and mother. Scarce two years had passed before they too were called—first the husband and then the wife. As I stand here I try to picture this couple watching the

little casket sink into the grave—perhaps she was the Mary White of Bertrand; a year later the widow watched the earth close upon her spouse and before six months had run their course she was lowered into her grave. How well the words St. Augustine spoke of that noble mother Felicitas who watched her sons go forth to meet a death so soon to be hers, might be applied to this woman:

"She was not sending her beloved away, but simply on ahead, nor did she consider the life they had finished but the one they were beginning."

A few paces further along a modest stone marks the grave of a youth of twenty and tells me:

"Death has been here and borne away  
A brother from our side;  
Just in the morning of his day,  
In youth and love he died."

Here is the broken column. His heart pregnant with joy and love and ambition, he was about to attain that long desired and coveted goal—manhood when Death beckoned to him; he followed and left his dreams unfinished.

Race and Rank also meet to claim a grave. Here towers a massive boulder upon which is chiseled this story:

Here repose the mortal remains of  
Ferdinand Metzger, Duke  
Born in the  
Grand Duchy of Baden  
and  
Died at Bertrand  
May 3, 1814.

"He was a man in whom were happily blended frankness, sincerity, honor, honesty and charity." Close beside it darkened by its shadow is a thin sheet of slate upon which I read:

Mary Rotegan  
Born in Tyrone, Ireland  
Died at Bertrand  
March 25, 1850.

"A true representative of her own and her adopted country; a true Catholic whose character was adorned with social and domestic virtues."

Both left the homes of their birth and childhood and crossed the sea to find their graves. They so filled their souls with Christian virtues that shone forth during

their lives and now shine forth from their graves.

Life is indeed not our end—it does not satisfy but it is real; it is earnest and we do leave foot prints behind to mark for others the paths we have come.

---

SUMMER DAY.

FRANK B. SUMMERVILLE, C. S. C.

The wind's asleep on the hill,  
The clouds in the sky.  
The ribs of the stream lie still,  
Bleached, dry.

The lazy sun burns low  
In the blue urn of the west.  
And shadows steal on tiptoe  
Over the hill to rest.

---

LINES.

C. S. CROSS.

"O Sailor, home from the deep,  
What have you brought for me?  
A toy with silken speech  
Of the far-off sea?"

"Or one that is soft as foam,  
Or one like a sea-gull's wing?  
O Sailor, just come home,  
What did you bring?"

"I brought salt winds in my heart,  
And the sea and the wonder ships;  
But from me these will never part  
Except through my lips."

---

THE END OF EVERYTHING.

I love the end of everything,—  
To let the "cat die" in the swing,  
And sway sedately to and fro,  
So languid, lazy-like and slow.  
I love the end of every day  
When all my toys are put away,  
And mother takes me up to bed  
And tucks me in when prayers are said.  
I love the last kiss of the day  
She gives before she steals away.  
I love it more than all the rest,—  
The goodnight kiss is sure the best.  
Then when I hear the hall door close  
As mother leaves on her tiptoes,  
I live again in dreamy thought  
The things the ending day has brought.  
I don't care what next day will bring,—  
I love the end of everything.

C. S. CROSS.

GOOD-BYE NATURE

KARL BARR.

How wonderful is Civilization: An enlightening mistress is she who has dissipated our troubles and lifted the burdens from our oppressed shoulders. She has emancipated us from the tyranny of self; she has defeated Nature in a pitched battle and has made us her grateful subjects. Aha, Nature, you shall oppress us no more; O kind Civilization of the Test Tube, willingly do we leave the merciless witch who has claimed so long to be our ruler and move on to the easy life you have promised.

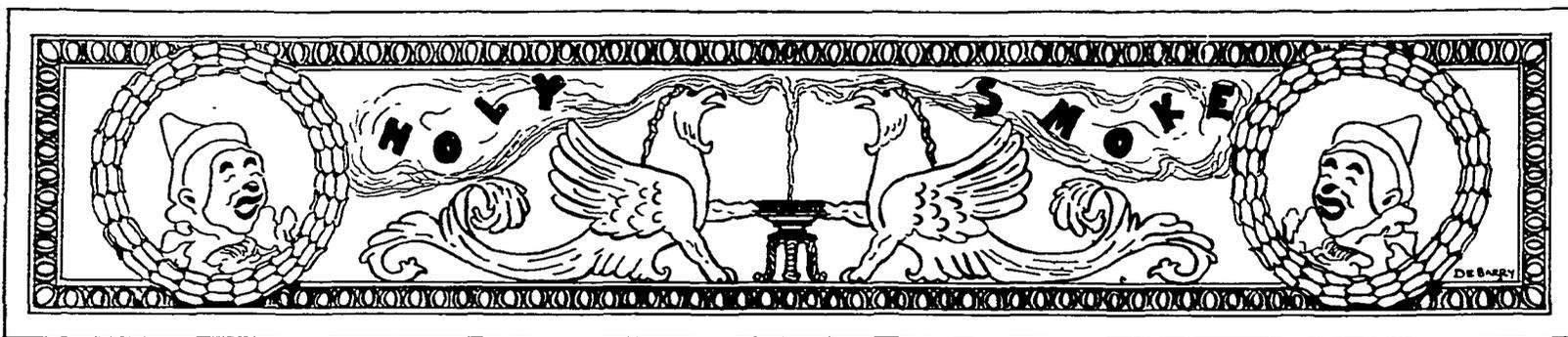
There was a time when we could not avoid living naturally. But the paradox of progress has turned that all about; we need no longer be natural to be ourselves. Nothing reveals this change better than the new means of retaining health. For as you remember, it was once necessary to obey many strict laws said to be prescribed by Nature in order to remain healthy and to enjoy the full physical pleasures of life. Then there were the severe punishments, called inevitable, which followed any departure from those rigid rules. We were the slaves of a great fear who allowed ourselves to be frightened by the boggy word "unnatural".

O savior of saviors, Civilization, you have done away with all that. The bugbear of Nature has been forgotten. Now may we eat what and when we please, sleep little, take no irksome exercise, dissipate freely—in fact, do all that Nature presumed to forbid, and yet retain our health. Live riotously, says Civilization, another name for which, you know, is Science, and then go to the corner drug store and drink a malted milk into which a Vitamon Tablet has been crushed—and health will still be yours.

How good it is to be able to forsake Nature, to leave her forever in the whirl of progress. How fine it is to be ourselves without being natural. So good-bye, Nature. You were the ruler of our ignorant days, but we need obey you no longer. Science has come.

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The height of art is, apparently, to conceal the heart. . . . at least with the majority of modern painters.



FROM A MINNESOTA PAPER.

The Bacon Truck Took a Load of Furniture To the Neighboring Village last Week.

Versatility; That's the rub.

\*\*\*

Lilly: Are you going to the party with Jack?

Nelly: I think I will. While there my sweetie and I are liable to row, and I hate to walk home.

\*\*\*

In debt all the time was McMarger.  
Each week his accounts would grow larger.  
Though he wasn't a horse,  
As a matter of course  
The community called him a charger.

\*\*\*

#### CEMETERY SIGN

THOSE WHO USE THIS CEMETERY WILL NEVER NEED USE ANOTHER.

Yes, yes, yes; we all think that this is true.

\*\*\*

Nico: You can always tell an Irishman.

Nemo: Ya, but you cant' tell him much.

\*\*\*

"When you come right down to it,"  
Said the aeroplane bug,  
"It's a pretty hard world."  
Where he lit, there they dug.

\*\*\*

Ike: Boy, Dave's girl is sure hard to look at.

Mike: Ya, sort o' makes a guy see-sick.

\*\*\*

"Have you an opening for a salesman?"

"Yeh, close it gently as you go out."

\*\*\*

Pell: I understand that your roommate vowed not to shave if he got any conditions last year.

Mell: Righto. He's in the House of David now.

\*\*\*

Music Prof: (trying to teach the class that certain kinds of music are adapted to distinct types of themes) "Now for a sad theme we use something slow, but for some little bit of light humor we use altogether different music: For example, if we had a little piece of verse telling of a man sitting on a bee what would you use?"

Stude: "B flat."

English Prof. (trying to show the class the meaning of Philanthropy). Jones: If you inherited a million dollars and gave it all to some public cause what would you be?

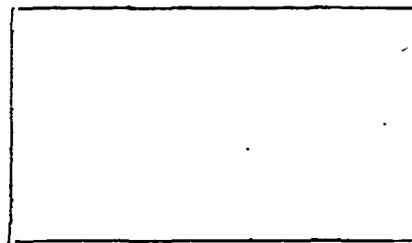
Jones: Asleep or crazy.

\*\*\*

I have here a riddle. Don't fail  
To solve it: What dog has no tale?  
I know that your brain's in a fog,  
So I'll tell you the answer: HOT DOG!

\*\*\*

Space dedicated to the Freshman who thought that "Mayonnaise" is the French national anthem. Fill it out yourself. A charge account at the WOW will be given for the best epithet (or epitaph).



\*\*\*

First Junior: I thought that party last night was the wild cat's warble; but Freddie said that he felt down and out about it. How come?

Second Junior: Why, he got into a fight at one end of the hall with three guys. First they knocked him down, and then they threw him out.

\*\*\*

#### WHA'D' HE MEAN?

A tactful young man—Francis Murray,  
To a date with his sweetie he'd scurry.

She would say, "Dear, am I late,  
Should I rush or can you wait?"

Then in sweet tones he'd answer, "No hurry."

\*\*\*

#### IN PSYCHOLOGY CLASS.

Prof: Now when I ask a question that you do not know the answer to, what is it your natural tendency to do?

Stude: Go back to sleep.

\*\*\*

And remember, Archie, even if you are a worm, all the chickens will be after you.

\*\*\*

He: If you are not dated up this evening, I'd like to take you out in my Ford.

She: I'm sorry Jack, but this is Willys Knight.

KOLARS.

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2

Hamlet's eagerness to present a soul to the devil with no strings attached probably cost him his life and crown. It will never do

"THE SCHOLASTIC" AND THE OPEN-DOOR POLICY.

in this world to attempt perfection in matters of that sort. These are philosophic remarks; but we make them to preface our declaration that THE SCHOLASTIC does not aim at being a faultless magazine, but only—we aren't modest, really—at trying to become the reflector of Notre Dame life from a dozen points of view. We all enjoy fun and have in our midst the *Juggler* to serve that end whole-heartedly; we sometimes need rules and the *Bulletin* supplies them in abundance. THE SCHOLASTIC must therefore contain a shade of humor and a shadow of rules. Our editorial comment, does not, for instance, necessarily voice the opinions of the administration any more than a city paper defends the interests of the city. Any student is entitled to compete for these columns, the criteria being satisfactory writing, common-sense and timeliness. If you do not agree with some expression of opinion, our Correspondence section will welcome a retort, provided you abstain from profanity and personalities. In fact, your literary efforts are sure of a ready Hello, even though the editor must reserve the privilege of turning, with equal readiness, that word round. Since

THE SCHOLASTIC hopes to voice Notre Dame, it will gladly furnish an outlet for you.

An enlightened mind, someone has said, is a sanctuary where no tyrant may enter. This assertion may well be a subject for thought by the man MIND AND CULTURE. or the woman who is seeking knowledge.

Education to-day becomes so easily something routine that its purposes are often overlooked. The search of the twentieth century is the search for the dollar, and education is adapted not towards culture but toward money-making efficiency. The possession of knowledge may become, however, even for the man in the factory or the office, in the farmyard or the field, more than merely a source of earning power. There is a culture bred of books and thoughts. It is of the sanctuary which holds this culture that the unidentified writer has written. "If material ends be our ideals, we are no better than barbarians." If the ends of education are purely material, we build of sand, not marble. True education is both utilitarian and cultural. "The aim and end of education," said Bishop Spalding, "is to bring out and strengthen man's faculties, physical, intellectual and moral; to call into healthful play his manifold capacities; and to promote also with due subordination their high and

heaven-given mission and to attain his true destiny."

MOLZ.

On October fifteenth the students' mission will begin. This time of earnest sermons about the realities of life, this period of

A DRIVE FOR YOUR  
SPIRITUAL ENDOWMENT.

training for the never-ending race which is the destiny of every one of us, may seem a little alien, but it is in reality quite selfish. You are to spend a week thinking only of yourself and of God who (it is a terrible and yet a joyful thought) belongs to you. The idea is to take an inventory of the energy and wealth you have spiritually and to try for more. Nothing that education can tell you about the world and its conduct is so true that all of us are anchorites with the world for our cells. Yet, those cells are bright with everything that is best, or potentially best in us; the shadows are thrown by our personal dark-nesses. The retreat, to be preached by Father Corcoran, of the Mission Band of the Congregation of Holy Cross, will be a Notre Dame man's kind of retreat, adapted to your inner life as a college man and to your possible future as a worthy representative of Notre Dame.

GREGORY.

"Learn How To Think," has been the popular slogan of all writers concerning the purpose of an education. So much has been said of this part of one's training that presumably it has been sufficiently driven into the heads of the learning generation.

It will stick. They will not forget it. Thus it can be said that when the average student has graduated he has learned how to think.

But perhaps something has been omitted, something that should come before. The student has been reminded and taught the processes of reasoning. He is well fitted with logic should he have occasion to pause and go over the matter that he is confronted with. But the thing that has been omitted is this: Does the average individual re-

member to think? In a vast number of cases, no! Many of us rush head-long from day to day through duties and performances that are done poorly. And the most regrettable fact is that, had we stopped to think, we should have done much better. We are capable but we do not pause and reflect that we are. We know HOW to think but we do not know when, nor can we select the times that call for a certain amount of deliberation. If we were told to stop and consider we should in all probability do so, and would reap the rewards of our efforts accordingly. Over half of us do not do this. We rush on pell-mell and consequently lose the benefit of what we have been taught so thoroughly. "Remember to think" is a better slogan for the student.

KOLARS.

Discipline is the one element that distinguishes order from chaos. Discipline at Notre Dame is characterized by the faculty as "parental," sometimes by the student body as "tyrannical."

We admit that there are schools which grant more liberties than our own, still, that is the very reason why most of us are at Notre Dame. We have been sent to receive the advantages of a Catholic education and the essence of those advantages lies in supervision outside the classroom. Let us remember that it would require much less exertion on the part of the faculty if students were restrained less; prefects do not relish the idea of making themselves unpleasant and unpopular but the path of their duty is clearly marked before them. We should rather thank God that there are men who think so much of our welfare that they willingly dedicate their lives to the task of perfecting our characters and guarding our integrities. The school regulations are not arbitrary; students could not enjoy greater freedom and at the same time accomplish the ends for which they have been sent to school. Let us then make it easier for those who, at the expense of health and disposition, try to inculcate the principles of manhood and try to develop the ideal Catholic student.

THODE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## "A VOICE FROM THE GALLERY."

To the Editor of the Scholastic.

Dear Sir:-

We have heard the first group of operatic singers scheduled for this year. We praise their voices. Yet, being an English-speaking race, we can say no more. To many of the audience, including myself, these numbers were nothing more than beautiful sounds presenting no special meaning. "The Quartette from Rigoletto" was the only selection which I had ever heard before.

True, these operas are an education, but every course has electives, so why not include a few in our musical education? Electives are often important subjects. Is there not a parallel case in music? Is "Pangs of Hell" more beautiful or more inspiring than "The Little Gray Home In The West?"

The same may be applied to the instrumental music heard during the year. Is some old, half-forgotten work of Liszt or one of Bach's "Fugues" more fitting to the audience than Rubenstein's "Melody in F" or Mendelssohn's "Spring Song?"

In the days of the "old spirit" as set forth by Tim Galvin, did the men hum selections from "Romeo and Juliet" or was it rather "Mother Machree?"

A. PLEBIAN.

## IN MEMORIAM.

The father of Thomas Madden, student at the university this year, was the unfortunate victim of a railroad accident which occurred near Cleveland. The sympathy of the student body is sincerely offered.

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We regret to announce also the death of the father of Byron V. Kanaley, '07. Mr. Kanaley died and was buried in his beloved town of Weedsport, New York. R. I. P.

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Just previous to registering here as a student, Andrew Cavanaugh, of Louisville, Kentucky, was drowned in the Ohio River. A sister of the deceased, Miss Josephine Cavanaugh, is well known at Notre Dame for her work in behalf of the endowment drive. The University sends condolences and the promise of prayers.

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A tragic accident marred the opening days of school. On September 25, John Herbert Culhane, a Junior in the College of Engineering, was accidentally killed by an automatic pistol in the hands of one of his friends. He lived for only a few minutes after the ac-

cident. The last rites of the Church were administered by Father Haggerty, Rector of Walsh Hall.

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Herbert was blessed with a happy disposition—genial and carefree, but never thoughtless of others. The greatest consolation to his relatives and friends is the knowledge that he had an intense devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. From the time he first entered Notre Dame he was a frequent communicant, and as a general rule he received Holy Communion every morning. He approached the Holy Table for the last time on the morning before his death.

Forty students from the University attended the funeral, which was held from St. Jerome's Church in Chicago on the morning of Thursday, September 28. A solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was sung at Notre Dame on the day previous by the President of the University, assisted by the Vice-President and the Registrar.

To the bereaved parents, brothers and sisters, the faculty and students extend assurances of profound sympathy and of prayers, Masses and Communions for the repose of his soul.

J. O'H.

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Harry McNichols, a student in Carroll Hall from 1911 to 1915, was killed in an automobile accident near Wheeling, West Virginia, on Saturday, September 16.

Harry was one of the happiest boys ever in Carroll Hall. He was a member of Father Haggerty's Eucharistic League and one of the finest daily communicants at the University. His devotion to the Blessed Sacrament continued after he left school and he was a weekly communicant until a few months before his death, when he again resumed the practice of daily Communion. His whole life was a beautiful, happy preparation for death, and when God wanted him He took him.

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The University extends prayerful condolence to his mother, Mrs. H. J. McNichols of Chicago, to his sister, Mary, who was a student at St. Mary's and to his brothers, one of whom, Austin, was a student at Notre Dame from 1910 until 1917.

J. O'H.

## HOME-COMING ADVICE.

FRANK WALLACE.

*All alumni, friends and students please read this official forecast of activities in connection with November 4th.*

Although the date for the annual Notre Dame homecoming contest is one month from to-day, preparations for the event are already occupying the major part of activities of the student managers who have relieved Coach Rockne of much of the detailed work this year. The students' activities committee will also function in a definite sphere during the two days celebration.

The important fact of the business situation is that no seats will be reserved. Seats will be sold—which means that any mail order for reservations must be accompanied by the requisite money. Checks for this purpose, to receive immediate attention, should be addressed to K. K. Rockne, athletic director of Notre Dame.

Salient development in the student activities corps program has been an invitation to Gov. Warren T. McCray, of Indiana, to witness the dispute of the two most representative athletic teams of Indiana, as the guest of Notre Dame. A booster's club, composed of 50 priests, professors and students, will also be appointed as a general committee for service during the celebration. Henry Barnhart, of the S. A. C., has been placed in charge of the student preparations. He will select his own committee.

The new stands which are now being erected on the east side of the field where the student bleachers formerly stood, will seat 6,030. The west stand, which was completed and used last season, will care for 4,596 patrons—which means that 10,626 seats will be available for reservation in the two stands. Boxes on each side of the field will seat approximately 1,000, increasing the total of possible reservations to a figure approaching 12,000. The end bleachers, which will be sold for general admission patronage, can be occupied by 1,500 and another 2,000 will be cared for in circus seats at the south side of the field.

A conservative estimate represents 15,000

seats. Standing room can be supplied to augment the figure to 18,000—easily the greatest crowd which has entered Cartier field. Last year's game drew something over 13,000.

Ronald Guinen and Eddie Lennon, student managers, have worked out a scientific method of arranging the delegations so as to produce the desirable contrasts and harmonies. The courtesy of the best seats on the field, sections B and C in the west stand, which has the sun at its back, has been offered to the Indiana alumni who are expected to come from all over the state. Section D on the same side has been reserved for a delegation of 500 Fort Wayne rooters. All other seats in this favored stand will be placed on sale for South Bend district residents. The seat sale will begin Oct. 23.

Sections C and D of the new stand have been reserved for the student body. Each student will be allowed one reserved seat without charge in exchange for the presentation of his athletic ticket. This exchange will be made at the gymnasium Oct. 24 and 25. Students will also be allowed to purchase tickets for their friends in section G of the new stand. The intervening sections of E and F have been reserved for old grads of Notre Dame—which will give Johnny Gleason, the peppery cheerleader, a solid wall of five sections upon which to practice his wiles. Sections A, B, H, I, J and K of the new stand will be sold to general patrons.

The prices will be: Boxes, \$3, reserved seats, \$2.50, and general admission, \$1.50.

A hot time in the old town is promised when the rollicking grads assemble. A special train from Chicago will be augmented by a bevy of 200 from East Chicago who will come to see Frank Thomas kiss Cartier field good-bye. Two carloads from Cleveland and a special coach from Pittsburgh have already been scheduled and to these delegations will be added the usual numbers from Toledo, Indianapolis and other Indiana cities.

Archie Ward and Freeman Scully, former Notre Dame newspaper men, will be among those present.

For the entertainment of the visitors, the S. A. C., is making elaborate preparations. The usual welcome to the visiting team will be preceded by the traditional snake dance

and congregation before the hotel at which the team will stop. Following this demonstration, the students, old grads and ladies of the old grads, will journey to school where two varying kinds of pleasure will be offered.

In Washington hall, and this program has been designed especially for those who are accompanied by ladies, a medley entertainment will be produced. The Glee club, the band, the Players' club, the orchestra and any other organizations upon the campus which have talent for display, will be asked to give their little acts for the edification of those who used to be.

At the gymnasium at the same time, and this program has been designed for those who wish to see the fighting Irish at one of their favored sports, an extensive campaign of boxing will be waged by the most luxurious and healthy leather-slingers on the lot—which will be some excitement if past performances are criterions.

#### THE PURDUE TRIP.

*Information on "How to Pack Your Suitcase" by the Chairman of the S. A. C.*

After a thorough study of the conditions attending student body trips with the football team, the Purdue game, at Lafayette, has been chosen for the annual jaunt.

Arrangements have already been completed under which tickets, including transportation and admission to the game, can be sold for \$5.50. The University authorities require every student to have a written permission from a parent or guardian in the hands of his rector before permission will be given to make the trip. A special train with accommodations for 1000 students is scheduled to leave the New York Central depot Saturday morning. The exact time of departure from South Bend and of arrival in Lafayette has not been arranged, nor has the time of leaving Lafayette been set. The Alumni and Knights of Columbus in Lafayette are now endeavoring to arrange entertainment for the student body Saturday evening, and until something definite is heard from them, all the details cannot be fixed.

The general good conduct of the student body on all previous trips makes it needless to urge the older Notre Dame men to special

behavior. For the benefit of the newer men, however, it may be said that this attitude on the part of the students in the past, while always admitting a genuine red-letter day, has provided the same privilege for future generations. For the comfort and enjoyment of all the students, here and to come, let's not permit any individual or individuals to forget that, after all, moderation is the very life of college activities.

JOHN CAVANAUGH.

#### THE SCHOLARSHIP DANCES.

The next dance of the Scholarship club will be held in the Rotary room of the Oliver hotel on the evening of Oct. 13 and the same invitation is extended to all students of the University to attend. Two changes in the plans for the next affair will differentiate it from the first of the series held Sept. 29.

Tickets will be absolutely limited to 175 at the next dance and admission will be by ticket only. To allow the club to carry on its work and at the same time to relieve those who attend from the discomfort of a crowded floor, the committee has been compelled to raise the price of tickets twenty-five cents.

The Scholarship club is an organization of South Bend laides who have banded together for two unselfish purposes—particularly ideal because of the fact that many of the members are not Catholics. The primary purpose of the organization is to fulfill something of the normal home life of the students by giving them access to homes of the city of South Bend. The secondary purpose has been to use all finance which accrue from the dances—which are the normal means of enjoyment of young people—to aid deserving young men to meet bills which, unmet, might have compelled them to leave school. Two boys completed their year at Notre Dame last season through the aid of these women. Seven students have already been given help this year.

But, though the secondary purpose is worthy, the dances are essentially devoted to a social purpose—a purpose with which the University officials fully agree—and which will allow young men of Notre Dame to meet conventionally, the best type of womanhood in the city. The Notre Dame man is a gentle-

man and he will not confuse the ideal motives of the Scholarship club with the purely financial purpose of a public dance hall. The boy who attends the next dance will not make the mistake of some who attended the last—under a false impression, we know. He will request a formal introduction to the young lady with whom he wishes to dance and he will respond gracefully and courteously to the kind proffer of help by the chaperones. He will be a gentleman because he is.

In passing, a rule of the scholarship club which prohibits young men from escorting girls TO the dances, is worthy of attention. This provision is based upon the essential custom of the club—that every girl be invited and vouched for by a member of the club. Ignorance of this provision caused embarrassment at the last dance to several couples and to the club.

FRANK WALLACE.

#### CAMPUS COMMENT.

The annual "Campus Beautiful" campaign is now being staged by the Students' Activities Committee, which gives promise of being a most active body throughout the year. The Committee is composed of nineteen men under the leadership of Chairman John Cavanaugh, a worthy successor to the artists of years gone by. During the past week most of the time has been occupied with considering petitions for the sale of numerous different articles about the campus and on the student football trip, which will probably be made to the Purdue game at Lafayette.

The big Hard-time College Farewell Dance given by the Toledo Notre Dame Club in the Collingwood Hall on September eighth, was an affair extraordinary. All through the night the hard-time spirit of the dance prevailed. Couples came to the affair, not in the usual sixes and limousines, but in horse and buggy, old stage coaches, bicycles, dilapidated delivery trucks and roller skates; and each couple wore torn and tattered clothes. Old tomato cans and catsup bottles served as decorations while baled hay and moss replaced the chairs in the hall. Small oil cans were given to each dancer as souvenirs. Ten prizes, ranging from a pair

of rubber heels to one dozen beer bottle caps, were presented to the worst dressed couples. Six musicians, dressed like hoboes, furnished the music for the occasion.

The Iowa Club held its first meeting of the year on Monday noon for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. Hiram H. Hunt, Waverly, Iowa, was elected President, Bernard Dunne, Swoyldale, Iowa, Vice-President, William S. Jacob, Ackley, Iowa, Secretary, and David McGraw, Clinton, Iowa, Treasurer. Rev. Father Healy, Fort Dodge, Iowa, was unanimously chosen Honorary President.

It was decided to have a smoker within the next three weeks, and a committee, Francis Kennedy, Fred New, and Ed. Casey, was appointed.

The students Chemist Club started things with a bang when forty-one members reported at the first meeting of the year held Monday Sept. 22. The election of officers resulted in Mr. E. L. Curtain being run up for president. Mr. G. A. Uhlmeyer became Vice-President, Mr. C. A. Alt, Secretary-Treasurer, and Mr. R. G. Quinn, Member-at-Large of the Executive Committee. In appreciation of the constructive work which Rev. J. A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., has done for the club, the members elected him Honorary President. Father Nieuwland then pointed out how little the average student is acquainted with the things in chemistry and especially with the proceedings of the Club. He proposed a publicity campaign which takes on the nature of enlightening the public about the more fundamental things in the chemical world. It was likewise shown that the great majority of the students confess their utter ignorance of these things with regret. "It is our duty" he said "to enlighten those not familiar with that science which plays so prominent a part in the life of everyone." A surprise greeted the Club when all the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors in Chemistry made known their desire to renew or seek admission into the Northern Indiana section of the American Chemical Society. This society is comprised of fifteen thousand of America's foremost chemists engaged both in practical work and in teaching.

## FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Joe Mangin, pal of Mulligan, is in his father's business—in Newark. Still doing chemical experiments—and with success. Joe is married.

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The McAndrews brothers of Patterson are connected with the Public Service Corporation in Newark.

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Andy McDonough, who used to thrill the students in the half-mile races and act as "counsel" for Stan Cofall, Dutch Bergman and Harry Baujan in the "carpet" sessions, is pursuing the law in Plainfield. So busy, since he's married, that he seldom gets up Newark way.

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Pat Dooley of Paterson, Brownsonite who was crazy about the Orpheum, is very much around the theaters.

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Born to Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Krajewski—"Casey" graduated in architecture during the memorable year of '16,—a son. He will study Math and design a little later on.

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Friends of South America will be glad to see a well-informed article on Brazil, by Rev. John O'Hara, C. S. C. The paper is the leader in the *Catholic World* for September.

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Charles A. Grimes, Journalism, 1920, who is doing big work in New England, closes a recent happy letter to Professor Cooney: "With fond wishes to you and all, and with the hope that this will be a bumper year for much-needed Notre Dame journalists."

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Mr. Frank McGinnis, president of the Sophomore Class last year and member of the SCHOLASTIC staff, has given up school to accept the fine position of assistant advertising manager for the Willys Light Company of Toledo. It is a splendid opportunity, and this periodical will therefore abstain from mourning.

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James ("Tex") Kelly, whose multifarious

duties as sporting editor of the South Bend News-Times compelled his withdrawal from college work last year, is now in "the game" again in his native Bridgeport, where he is making a drive on his younger associates to attend the school of journalism at Notre Dame.

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John Ward, journalist '16-'17—which numbers also give his age at that time, when he was Notre Dame correspondent for many newspapers, is now associate editor of *The Pittsburg Catholic*. John's experiences cover sport editorship on one of the Pittsburg dailies, aviation in the army, another round of positions on dailies, advertising and motion picture publicity.

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Hardy Bush, along with Rupe Mills, recently won first and second places in a horse show. Both are quite adept in the art of riding the animals.

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A new volume of poems by the Very Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., is to be published by the Macmillans this fall. The announcement reads:

The unusual quality of Dr. O'Donnell's poetic gift has been already recognized by the critics, and in this volume he makes a notable addition to his earlier work.

Among his ballads of the saints, his true and graceful nature poems, and his religious verse—simple, direct, sincere—of which "The Cross" and "Advent" are fine examples—among all these the title poem, "Cloister," stands out as perhaps the most beautiful thing in the collection.

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To Mr. W. E. Bradbury, lawyer of '16 reputation, has come the honor of being appointed a member of the Judiciary Committee of the American Legion during the Rock Island, Illinois, convention. Since his separation from the army Brad has given his services freely and free to disabled veterans of his district, securing for all the aid they stood sorely in need of. But he has earned thanks from Notre Dame as well, for it is due solely to his untiring propaganda that this University has now six stu-

dents from Robinson, with a dozen more waiting to be old and wise enough. In '16 Brad was looked upon as a curiosity in his home town; he was then the only Notre Dame man for miles around and folks thought he was trying to investigate the goings-on of Captain Cook.

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The following inside statistics about old men from—and in—the East, have been supplied by a newspaper man who is always “on the job” for Notre Dame—Art J. Lea Mond, of the Newark *Evening News*.

Trotting out to Weequahic Park recently to “cover” the national track championships the first men I bunked into were Joe Byrne, Jr. and Rupe Mills, none of whom need introductions to Notre Dame men. It happened that those two were pretty much the entire works in the running of that wonderful meet which drew 40,000 fans. Incidentally they ran off the affair in the same manner that characterized their work for Notre Dame both in student days and since they left.

Turning around a few seconds later I came face to face with Frank McDermott and Gus Desch, doing the honors of aiding the Newark Athletic Club to make the meet successful. Out on the field was Tom Lieb tossing the discus with the nonchalance of a seasoned veteran. Of these N. D. boys you know as students.

Later was espied Bill Cotter, he who forsook Chicago and environs for the more “effete” (?) east and who recently has taken up his abode in beautiful and exclusive South Orange where society is spelled with a capital “C”. Bill who spent many years at N. D. and who was quite an athletic manager spends his business hours between New York and Washington, chasing those who need insurance.

And I almost forgot, at the same stadium, Frank “Speed” Mulligan was discovered in the crowd. Who is there in late years who did not know “Speed” Mulligan, erstwhile sprinter and former track captain. Mullie hibernated at Brownson and Corby between 1915 and 1919. He is now in the real estate dept. of the “Piggly Wiggly Stores.” He and Bill Hayes had quite a confab in the dressing rooms.

Strewn about the state are various other Jerseyites.

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A Meeting of the Notre Dame Chicago Club was held at the Brevoort Hotel on Thursday evening, Sept. 28th. Plans for attending the home-coming game on November fourth were discussed. It was also decided to hold weekly luncheons at the Brevoort Hotel every Thursday from 12M to 1:30 p. m. The following alumni were elected officers for the year 1922-23:

President, D. E. Hilgartner, Jr., '17; Vice President, Austin McNichols, '18; Secretary, Arthur Hughes, '11; Thomas Shaughnessy, sick, '21.

The Board of Trustees will consist of :

Mark Foote, '73; James Murtaugh, '22; Mark Duncan, '21; John F. O'Connell, '13; Arthur Hughes, '11; Thomas Shaughnessy, '15; Harold Fisher, '06; Frank Hayes, '14; Daniel O'Connor, '05; Fred L. Steers, '15; and Albert O'Sullivan, '18.

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## WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

### THE BAG OPENED.

When Rockne's Fighting Irish trotted out on Cartier Field last Saturday, the eyes of the football world were focused on them in doubt. After two hours Kalamazoo knew, and the world knew, that Rockne had again accomplished the impossible, and moulded a formidable team out of untried material. Our first victim fell by a score of 46 to 0. The game was not close, but Kazoo fought hard, and made our boys display some sterling football.

To those who have waited in suspense to see the results of Rock's grilling of green players, the game was a thrilling revelation. The work of the backs was sensational. Twice after kick-offs Paul Castner raced through the entire opposition for touchdowns, once from the 90 and again from the 95 yard line. Although his work was the feature of the backfield machine, Crowley, Don Miller, Layden, Kane, Maher and Stuhl-draher also brought the stands to their feet. The first two of these men particularly proved that they are masters of the Notre



Compliments, Hagan and Galvin.

#### CASTNER

Dame type of open field running—the speedy, shifting style. Other men who played a good game in the backfield were Thomas, who crashed over the line for a touchdown, Bergman, Desch, Coughlin, Livergood, Cerney, Murphy and James. Desch, however, slivered his ankle bone on the second play of the game, and was greatly slowed down as a consequence.

The line showed up well, and without its scrap many of the backs' long gains would have been impossible. Lieb at tackle was a smashing mountain, consistently breaking through on defense and smothering attacks on the offense. Degree and Brown starred at guard. Regan and Walsh displayed lots of spirit at centre, while Stange played a good game at tackle. Capt. Carberry's hard tackling threw many a scare into Kazoo, and McNulty and Vergara also displayed ability at end. Cotton was out of the game, but is saving up his spite for St. Louis.

The other line men showed the fight that

makes great N. D. teams, though many of them were inexperienced. Lack of experience is the theoretical characteristic of the squad, but certain younger men in both the backfield and line are giving the older men a mighty run for the honors.

Spurgeon starred for the visitors, who made seven first downs. Kazoo showed up certain weaknesses in our defense, especially as regards short passes, which have undoubtedly been improved by to-day, when we hit the St. Louis eleven, and will probably be remedied completely by the time we tackle Georgia Tech, Army, Carnegie Tech and Nebraska.

Rockne's new shift is interesting. The backs swing to one side, stop leaning towards their own goal, then hop again, but continue to lean toward their goal. Thus when the ball is passed they are in a position to swing through the opposing line with great momentum. Rockne has again mastered circumstances, and proven himself the true "miracle man" of football.

The annual student trip will be made to Lafayette, Oct. 14, to witness the Purdue game. A special train capable of accommodating 1,000 will leave the New York Central station early Saturday morning and leave Lafayette before midnight on the same day. Dances and possibly a show will furnish entertainment for the evening.

#### PLAY BY PLAY.

Castner kicked over the goal line to begin the season and Kazoo parked the oval on its own 20 yard line. No gain at guard on the first play but on the next attempt Spurgeon sneaked around his own right and for an 11 yard gain on a fake forward. After two more fakes at guard another fake pass resulted in Tom Lieb and Mayl smothering Spurgeon for a loss. Notre Dame performed indifferently on its first attempts and a 15 yard penalty for holding compelled Castner to lift a 50 yard punt to Vorhees who fumbled and Ed. Degree recovered on the Kazoo 22 yard line. Another 15 yard penalty was tacked on for roughness and Castner booted a wide drop-kick from the 44 yard line. Kazoo put the ball in play on its 20.

Capt. Carberry brought the first thrill when he spilled Spurgeon on an open tackle around the end for a five yard loss. A sleepy looking boy trotted out to relieve Dutch Bergman and immediately started his antics which made Jim Crowley the biggest surprise of the day, by stepping around right end and for 27 yards and just a little later darting



Compliments, Hagan and Galvin.

DESCH

inside tackle on a clever cut for the first touchdown of the year. Castner added the point with drop-kick.

Capt. Doyle kicked a long sloper to Castner who stood on his 10 yard line and followed a wedge to midfield where he left its protection and slipped down the side alley after Carberry. Judge put the final tackler out with full force and Paul completed a 90-yard run to a touchdown—the first of two sensational dashes. Castner missed the goal and the scoring was over for the half. Paul returned the next kickoff 25 and then punted 55 yards to Vorhees who was downed rather vociferously by Lieb. Notre Dame was penalized 25 yards on the play for tripping when the ball was in possession of neither side and it was Kazoo's first down on the Notre Dame 44. Regan broke up a pass and Spurgeon kicked off another 11 yard run at right end. Tom Lieb picked Black up and set him down and on the next play Gus Stange broke through and smeared Vroeg. Castner intercepted a pass as the quarter ended and the second team went in.

Elmer Layden celebrated by a swift dash around left end for 23. Kazoo recovered Livergood's fumble and John Flynn broke through for a tackle. Livergood streaked to the sidelines for one of the spectacular tackles of the day. John Flynn became just a bit too energetic on the next play and was

ejected for roughness and Kalamazoo given a 25 yard penalty.

All pepped up, the Kazooks began their only real offensive of the day. Black passed twice to Vanderburg for short gains and a first down and after a failure Vroeg hurled to Voorhees for 12. With first down on the Notre Dame 16 yard line the air line failed. Paul McNulty, in for Carberry, dropped Vroeg in a sure-shot open field dump. Notre Dame took the ball on downs, punted and then looked very bad when Vroeg received a pass with nobody covering him. Notre Dame took the ball on downs and Layden ran 40 yards but the ball was brought back to a nine yard gain where it was alleged Elmer had stepped out of bounds. Don Miller connected with a gritty run for 36 before the half ended with the ball on the Kazoo two yard line.

Castner started the second half with his second great run through the enemy for 95 yards and a touchdown. The stands went wild when the next kick went to Paul and he returned it 40 yards but was stopped from making another touchdown by the last man. Red Maher broke through and shook his snakey hips for a beautiful run of 50 yards. Thomas capitalized the run by struggling through for the marker.

An unusual play gave Kazoo a 30 yard pass. Livergood batted the ball but it fell into Knight's hands. Livergood knocked down another pass and Bob Regan put a stop to the foolishness by intercepting the next attempt. Jim Crowley came to with another sensational dash of 52 yards and completed the job by darting seven yards for a touchdown. Don Miller had his little say with a 45 yard return of the next kickoff. Stuhldraher registered the next touchdown after a steady march of back-field men. Cerney, third string fullback, returned the next kickoff 34 yards and Micky Kane came through with his 55 yard run for the last score. Kane passed to Coughlin 30 yards for the only Notre Dame aerial attempt of the game.

Summary:

NOTRE DAME 46. KALAMAZOO 0.

Carberry (c),  
 Mc Nulty, Cook \_\_\_\_\_ L.E. \_\_\_\_\_ Vangoern  
 Stange, Flynn,  
 T. Murphy \_\_\_\_\_ L. T. \_\_\_\_\_ (c) Doyle  
 Brown, Oberst,  
 Flynn \_\_\_\_\_ L. G. \_\_\_\_\_ Jacobs  
 Regan, Walsh, Mixon \_\_\_\_\_ C. \_\_\_\_\_ Knight  
 Degree, Weible,  
 Glickert \_\_\_\_\_ R. G. \_\_\_\_\_ Harder  
 Lieb, Miller \_\_\_\_\_ R. T. \_\_\_\_\_ Hunt  
 Mayl, Vergera,  
 Feltes \_\_\_\_\_ R. E. \_\_\_\_\_ Johnson  
 Thomas, Stuhldraher,  
 Murphy, James \_\_\_\_\_ Q. B. \_\_\_\_\_ Vorhees  
 Bergman, Crowley,  
 Layden, Kane \_\_\_\_\_ L. H. \_\_\_\_\_ Vroeg, Muller.  
 Desch, D. Miller,

Maher, Coughlin \_\_\_\_\_ R. H. \_\_\_\_\_ Black, Muller  
 Castner, Livergood,  
 Cerney \_\_\_\_\_ F. B. \_\_\_\_\_ Spurgeon, Smith

Score by periods:

Notre Dame _____	13	0	20	13
Kalamazoo _____	0	0	0	0

Touchdowns—Castner, 2; Thomas, Crowley, 2; Kane, Stuhldraher. Point from try after touchdown—Castner, 2; Crowley, Layden. Referee—Gardner, of Cornell. Umpire—Lipski, of Chicago. Headlinesman—Wyatt, of Missouri. Field judge—Daniels, of Northwestern.

The student outpouring of last year was made to Indianapolis for the Indiana game and two years ago the journey was made to Chicago for the Northwestern engagement.

The Purdue contest will measure the potential strength of the squad of new men whom Coach Rockne uncovered in the opener against Kalamazoo last Saturday. Two sensational runs of 90 and 95 yards by Paul Castner, and dashes of more than 40 yards by Crowley, Layden, Miller and Kane, were made through an eleven which was tiring fast. A squad of the strength which Purdue always packs will give Rockne's men the exact test needed to classify this year's team and to determine its chances of success against Georgia Tech, Indiana, West Point, Carnegie Tech and Nebraska. MAGUIRE.

### THE SHIFT.

This column is conducted by J. Frank Wallace—Water! water!

We are in the midst of one of those periods when ping or unnecessary roughness. After a few plays culated "on paper."

The city series is in that category and forms a dizzy and sticky paperful; the world's series results are in the paper mill after reams have been used to dope whether the two New York clubs would repeat.

But the most interesting item for the paper-hangers in this vicinity these days is the team—or lack of one—upon which the master coach, Knute Rockne, will pin his hopes for Notre Dame this year.

His record and that of Notre Dame is one of the marvels of football annals. Heretofore great material has been combined with Rockne's great ability for the development of wonderful football aggregations. This year his ability is put to a super test, for no great team in the country has lost so many stars as has Notre Dame.

Ends, backs and linemen—a wealth of material—

have vanished from the direction of Rockne, and with a small nucleus of substitutes he will make his bid in what promises to be one of the greatest years of western football history.

Our guess is that Notre Dame will do indefinitely better than can now be figured "on paper." What Say?

In Notre Dame's annual blue note, Castner was referred to as a "sub back," but just watch Castner rip the Nebraska and Georgia Tech lines and kick a few forty yard field goals at West Point this fall.

E. W. G.

Last year when Notre Dame played Rutgers on the Polo grounds in New York an incident came up which afforded great amusement for coaches and players after the call of time.

The game was played on election day, which fell on Tuesday. On the previous Saturday Notre Dame had defeated the Army at West Point. The western eleven was severely criticized for alleged illegal tactics regarding its shift plays. Coach Knute Rockne was kept busy defending his team and tactics for the next three days, and was anything but a calm mentor when his eleven took the field against Rutgers.

Tiny Maxwell, a great player and official who was respected by all who knew him, was head linesman. Notre Dame started out with its open style of play and soon had the game well in hand. As the struggle wore on Coach Rockne made several substitutions, and before each player went into the game the coach gave him a few instructions.

In the second half the play was in midfield and near the Notre Dame side of the field. Coach Rockne was near the side line and crouched on one knee. He happened to be right behind Maxwell when he started to mumble to himself. Maxwell turned around and saw who it was. He blew his horn and ran out on the field, where he informed Referee Tufts to penalize Notre Dame fifteen yards for side line coaching.

At the time Rockne did not pay any attention to the penalty. He thought it was for holding, trip—the general appearance of the sport outlook is caltime was called, and then Maxwell told the Notre Dame mentor his team had been set back fifteen yards for side line coaching.

Rockne was dumfounded. In fact, he was speechless for a moment or two, when he finally turned to Maxwell and said:

"Tiny, I was not coaching. I was simply talking to myself. I was condemning a certain player to myself for his failure to go through with his part in the play."

The story was too good for Maxwell to keep. In the dressing room after the game Tiny let loose of the yarn in the presence of officials, coaches, and other close followers of the game. Rockne admitted it was the truth, and his actions only go to show how irresponsible some coaches become after they work themselves into a nervous state of mind during the excitement of football struggles.

## CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

### PIGTAIL vs PIGSKIN.

Reports have it that football is becoming a popular sport in China and that it may not be long before international games will be scheduled.

\*\*\*

Harvard, Yale and Princeton Universities have injected a number of changes into their athletic policies for the coming year. They disapprove of proselyting in "prep" schools, and of spreading propaganda either through social inducements or through disparagement of other institutions to induce boys to go to a particular college. And they have decided that no post-season contest or sectional championship games, involving long and expensive trips, are to be played.

\*\*\*

Black and white checkered wool shirts have been chosen by the Junior classmen at DePauw University as their garb of distinction. It surely is novel and different. We know of only one other institution where the members wear a black and white combination—in stripes.

\*\*\*

### IT'S A SHAME.

We sympathize with the co-eds at both the Northwestern and California Universities. They are losing their privileges gradually. Last week at Berkeley bulletins were posted stating that the "no smoking" rule was going to be strictly enforced, while at Evanston they were notified that the three dateless nights a week, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, would have to be observed rigidly.

\*\*\*

A complete carillon set of forty six bell chimes, to contain four octaves, and to be played from a keyboard by both hands and feet, is being proposed for the University of Wisconsin. If installed the carillon would be the only set of its size in America and would cost \$50,000. Graduating class memorial funds will be used to pay for the unique set. We are strong for the graduates.

\*\*\*

Cairo, Egypt. "Vote for Mahmoud Bay and no examinations," shout the students from various universities in public street demonstrations. And the government seems to be incapable of dealing with these fanatic college youths because the politicians have taken advantage of the students, promising them cooperation in eliminating all examinations in return for votes at the pending election.

\*\*\*

Want ad in college paper: "Two furnished rooms for rent with sleeping porch half block from the campus. Call 1230."



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#### WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE.

A ban has been placed on bath tubs in Bloomington, where the Indiana University is located, because there is a temporary scarcity of water there. The lake from which the city ordinarily pumped its supply has gone dry and that in the city reservoir is estimated to last but a few days. And today is Saturday.

\*\*\*

#### BOY! PAGE MR. EDISON!

A brain speed test consisting of one hundred questions to be answered in fifteen minutes, was given to all students matriculating at Northwestern University in order to determine the alertness of the mind and accuracy of thought. One student scored ninety four points, the maximum, while several scored as low as fifteen.

\*\*\*

#### COLLEGIATE POLITICIANS.

"The game of politics, as it is played upon the average American campus," editorially comments the Indiana Daily, "is usually smiled indulgently upon as a sort of harmless pastime where the stakes are not very great and where dishonest practices have little influence for good or bad either in the destinies of the institution where they are perpetuated, upon the lives of those engaged in the game or in the ultimate ideals of the nation." There are, however, always a certain few who think "that electing officers to classes and organizations is a matter of politics; that it is a question of who will get an honor, what clique will gain a prestige, or what element of the student body will gain a power." They do not bear in mind always that the one for whom they are pulling might not be suited to a particular office; that the outsider's impression of a school is usually obtained by observing the leaders. It is essential then, that "leadership should be awarded upon a basis of manhood and womanhood, ability and personality, rather than talent for bargaining with cliques and plotting combinations."

\*\*\*

#### CHESS OR NO?

The officials at the University of Kansas are undecided as to whether a chess club should be organized, or a class for the study of chess, established. When these matters are ultimately decided negotiations for tournaments with other schools will be made.

\*\*\*

#### A PHONEY PLEA.

Seventy-five co-eds at Franklin University have filed a petition with the faculty to have at least one more telephone installed in the dormitory. At present there is only one phone and they maintain that approximately seventy-five fellows try to place a call over it during the allotted time. On the average only twenty dates can be made in that length of time and fifty-five go dateless. Surely, something must be done



# THE AVE MARIA

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