

The Notre Dame Scholastic

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY

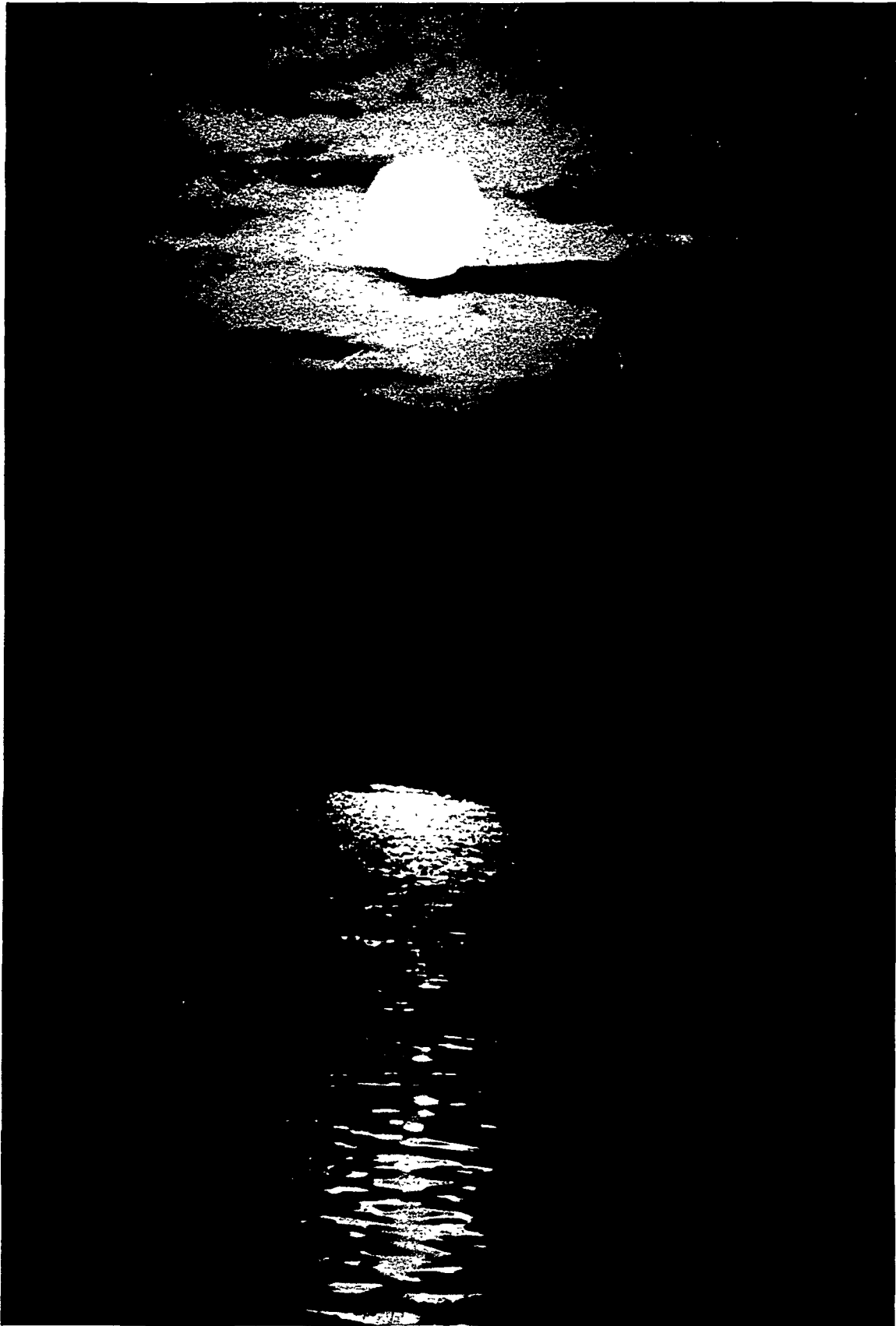
Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

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*The advertiser in Notre Dame publications
deserves the patronage of Notre Dame men.*

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NOVEMBER MOON

... THE WEEK ...

The fields of art, science, and literature have been tagging along bravely behind the interests of Cartier Field. And like the rugged fighter who can take a lot of punishment while waiting for an opening, they have been terribly maltreated. But the end of the first quarter gives them a chance for a comeback. Unfortunately Cartier Field is using the Cornhusker defense, and even prejudiced critics don't give A. L. and S. much chance.

Whoever wrote "On Wisconsin" must have had a prevision of the Notre Dame game. If anyone has landed on Wisconsin lately, the Rockmen did.

Big Ten football might almost be joining the Eastern teams in "the twilight of the kings" were it not for the greasy Mr. Grange. The hissing and booing which this distinguished young man has received at Notre Dame hardly seems warranted. Notre Dame isn't jealous. We probably couldn't find a place on the team for him. So, as the K. C.'s wife said when the financial secretary called, "Give the devil his dues."

Some interest is being manifested in the Nebraska game. It seems that, for some reason, the student body is more earnest about winning this game. The Army, Georgia Tech, Carnegie Tech, Princeton, are all interesting enough but they are commencing to be "old toys" to the boys. Nebraska is Notre Dame's little chemistry set. No matter how much we play with them there is always the possibility of new combinations that may prove to be highly explosive. It is hoped this year that the result will be nothing more serious than H^2O and that in less than flood quantity. This game, too, will probably cure some of the local throat paralysis.

From reports of the trip, we gathered that the Wisconsin team came on the field attired in fur coats, short skirts, and plaid hosiery. Numerous desires have been since expressed for the establishment of sorority houses at Notre Dame. Father O'Hara must know Wisconsin, as well as Notre Dame. The train stopped in Chicago so long after smashing the box-car that some of the fellows were trying to buy tickets to the Chicago-Illinois game.

By the time *The Week* is ready to be tossed aside by its eager follower, the first quarter will be spent. (Sounds like a Carnegie item.) There is reason to be rather proud of what has been accomplished. The Mission caused most of the fellows to become Christians early in the season and the practice has been rather consistently exercised. The football team has had too much expert publicity for this department to comment. The clubs are as numerous and active as a flea tribe at a dog show. The Blue Circle has qualified for individual commission in the National Guard, the Decorator's Union, or employment at The Entertainer's, possibly. A rather comprehensive canvass brings to light the fact that more studying has been accomplished by the upper classmen in this first quarter than they expected to do all year. (Professor's remarks will not be published.) The publications are in full swing. The *Dome* announces that it is keeping pace with time. The *Juggler* has come out and following the first issue, sixty-four pessimists jumped off the Leeper Park bridge. The *Scholastic* is getting monotonous, we hasten to lie modestly. With the first quarter so well spent, the only logical thing to do is "shoot the half."

THE WISCONSIN TRIP

Take five hundred students, add a very small pinch of sleep, a quantity of Victory Marches, an immense volume of enthusiastic cheering; wrap them all up in several tons of overcoats and ribbons, and send them bumping off through the night over four hundred miles of deserted countryland—there you have the recipe for a student trip to Wisconsin. A successful result is guaranteed, for the recipe was tried and tested over the last week-end.

Promptly at 11:30 Friday night the Wisconsin special eased out of the South Bend station and headed across the intervening states with its flag flying before—"Madison or Bust." The first part of the objective was certainly accomplished by eight o'clock the next morning, when the capital city of Wisconsin rolled into view just outside the Pullman windows: it is rumored that the "Bust" also became an actuality, if we are to believe those wakeful ones who tell of the brakemen's wanderings of several hours wherein they combed the countryside in search of a new locomotive to replace the crippled engine which headed the caravan at the beginning of the trip. Whether or not a mechanical breakdown really did occur during the night was the question for debate while the blue-banded Pullman towels were being plied the next morning: that there *was* a notable breakdown in the sleeping system was a subject that would find no negative—everyone balked at admitting more than one hour of slumber. Two in a berth was the general rule—and the general explanation. Of course there were the usual exceptions, those who refused to double up and who insisted on having at least three in their spacious uppers. But two was the rule, except in the day coaches where all resources of engineering skill were called into play to invent contrivances which would tempt the elusive Morpheus. Along towards dawn, however, various flourishing games of skill and luck were postponed indefinitely, and complete quiet descended on every coach.

The awakening, "fawty minutes fum Madison," as the porter put it, was anything but

pleasant, with ice and frosty fields furnishing cold entertainment for the eye. Once in Madison, warmth returned with a brisk walk of three blocks to St. Patrick's church, where Mass was said by Father Carey. After Mass, the students, headed by the Band, fell into line in front of the church and the marching, singing, cheering column began its invasion of the enemy camp. Up the streets they advanced, straight to the central square on which the State Capitol froned. Curious faces popped out of every door and window, and there was much waving of hands and blowing of automobile horns. The invaders, through either ignorance or boldness, hesitating not one moment, dashed half way around the central square in direct opposition to the one-way traffic signs, and came to a halt in front of the NOTRE DAME HEADQUARTERS banner on the Park Hotel. The Madison papers made much of the fact that the delegation from Notre Dame seemed to have brought their own street ordinances with them: it is certain that if every resident of Madison had been too deaf to hear the demonstration that followed, he would still have realized that something exceptional was occurring, by the manner in which all cross-town traffic was effectively blocked. Cheerleader Luther appeared in his familiar and ever-welcome balcony scene; from his third-story perch, he managed to extract some healthy yells and singing from the famished crowd. Breakfast proved a welcome reason for adjournment.

The game at two o'clock that afternoon was, of course, the point and climax of the whole affair. Choice seats in the east stands, on the forty-yard line, to be exact, had been reserved for the Notre Dame delegation, thus placing them directly opposite the mammoth Wisconsin cheering section. That game is history now, and those who were present will not soon forget what a vibrant, colorful afternoon it made. The roaring sensation that was produced when eleven fresh men trotted on the field to replace eleven tired fighters, was alone worth the long trip from South Bend. Spectacular runs and unexpected turns again and again

transformed the stands into tossing whirlpools of madness: yells shot back and forth, treading on the heels of one another, and every now and then, whenever they could make themselves heard, and sometimes when they could not, the rival Bands blared out the strains of school songs dear to those who bared their heads and sang. Spirit, vivid and enthusiastic, ran riot through those thousand football fans. When the final score had been marked up, the faithful Notre Dame Band led the students through the goal posts, where hats were tossed up and over in token of the conquest; led them in one last singing of the Victory March amid the dusky, half-emptied stands; led on the triumphant dance from the field down to the center of town where the great red "W" of the conquered team burned high on the dome of the Capitol. It was a great ending of a great day and the taste of victory was sweet.

The special left for South Bend at eleven o'clock and the evening was short; entertainment was provided by each one according to his inclinations,—informality, not to say hilarity, was the keynote. All too soon was Madison left behind, with its lake at every street-end, its thousand co-eds in a thousand fur coats, its atmosphere of wide-armed welcome. All too soon the New York Central station drawing alongside, back home again,—hours and hours to sleep, and weeks and weeks to keep the memory.

Many votes of thanks are registered mentally: to John Moran and his Committee for arranging the trip from start to finish;

to the S. A. C. for the interest brotherly, if not fatherly; to the Band for giving just the exact finish and inspiration necessary to carry through with the best of spirit. To each of these, individually and collectively, is due a large share of the credit for the most successful student trip this university has ever known.

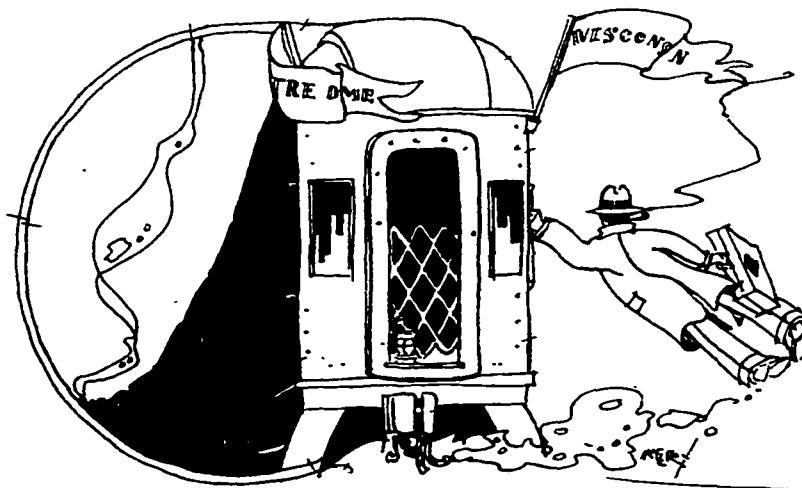
THE DANCE OF THE WEEK

Heralded as one of the most enjoyable social affairs of the season comes the Seniors' Husker-Canter, the dance given tomorrow night following the Nebraska exhibition on Cartier Field. Like the Georgia Tech dance of last year it has been found necessary to secure two halls and orchestras to accommodate the large crowd of dancers. The Tribune Auditorium will rock to the strains of the well-known Steimrich orchestra of Elkhart, while in the Elks Temple Perce Connelly's Big Five will take the stage.

Tickets will be interchangeable at both dances. With the halls located next to each other neither floor will be taxed beyond its capacity. The securing of the two best bands in the vicinity gives promise that the musical part of the evening will be well taken care of.

Arrangements for the dance have been in charge of the Senior Concessions Committee composed of John Bartley, chairman, Howard Spencer, George Laughlin, Robert Klug, and Ralph Gladen.

Tickets are on sale in all the halls at the usual price of \$1.50.



S. A. C. NOTES

The S. A. C. wishes once more to remind the campus "jay-walkers" that the "Please" signs erected on the campus mean please keep off the grass. More paths persist in appearing despite the fact that a fresh supply of signs has recently been staked out.

—NDS—

The S. A. C. trophy for Interhall Football is on display in the Cafeteria. It shall be awarded each year to the Hall winning the Interhall Football championship and shall become the permanent possession of any hall winning it three times, not necessarily in successive years. (See *Scholastic Sports*, this issue.)

—NDS—

Every effort will be made Saturday to restrict outsiders from peddling souvenirs on the campus. The student body is asked to assist in the work of discouraging these unwelcome venders.

—NDS—

Anyone who may have found, or may have information concerning a sum of money lost in the East Stands during the Georgia Tech game is asked to communicate with George Bischoff, Sorin Hall. The S. A. C. is very anxious to recover this sum of money for the alumnus who lost it.

—NDS—

The annual Red Cross Drive, taking place this year between November 11, Armistice Day and November 27, Thanksgiving, will extend to Notre Dame. The following men have been appointed to supervise the membership campaign on the campus: Paul Rahe, Sorin; John Tuohy, Walsh; Dan Brady, Badin; John Purcell, Corby; William Daily, Sophomore; Edward Collins, Freshman; Mark Mooney, Carroll and Brownson.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the Red Cross does a most excellent work in relieving distress, and deserves enthusiastic coöperation.

DOME PROGRESSES

With the completion of the first quarter, comes a loud note of optimism to disturb the bleak silences "in the rear of Corby Hall," where the *Dome's* suite of offices is located.



WILBUR MCELROY
Art Editor.

Apparent progress on this year's volume has been made with the Senior pictures taken, the cover chosen, much of the football section arranged and the Junior section completed.

A unique treatment of the Junior section is promised by the staff of *The Dome of '25*. The particular style of treatment being employed has never before been used in University publications. Its success this year is assured, however, through the coöperation of The Fine Arts Department of the University, and particularly the excellent coöperation being extended by the class in Commercial Design. Some difficulty was encountered in procuring portraits with exactly the right amount of shadow. To Ed Hargon is credit due for the portraits which form the base for the Art Department's work.

George Krispinski, a student in the College of Fine Arts, is executing the athletic division pages for this year's book. They follow closely a wood cut style and are in perfect harmony with the medieval theme which has been chosen for *The Dome of '25*.

Mr. Robert H. McAuliffe, instructor in Journalism, was called home last week on account of the death of his brother in Syracuse, New York.

Joseph D. Becker, A. M., a student in the Boy Guidance Course, has written an article, "Narcotic Addiction, The Latest Social Menace" which appeared in last month's issue of the *Catholic Charities Review*. Mr. Becker is following the course in special feature writing in the Department of Journalism under Professor Cooney.

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY HOLDS SECOND SEMINAR

On Friday evening, November 7th, the Department of Philosophy held its second seminar of the scholastic year. Dr. Ignatius Hamel read an excellent paper on the germ-plasm theory of heredity, which elicited a lively discussion both of the scientific and philosophical phases of this theory and of the problem of heredity in general, from among the professors and senior students present. The next seminar will be held shortly after the quarterly examinations. The subject will be announced in the next issue of THE SCHOLASTIC.

COMMERCE MEN HEAR SPEAKER

Students in the College of Commerce were addressed Monday afternoon by Mr. J. H. Tregoe, Secretary and manager of the National House of Credit Men. Mr. Tregoe, an authority on finance and credit, gave an inspirational talk on the subject, "Work." He pointed out the opportunities in America today, emphasized the necessity for education, and paid tribute to Notre Dame for her football team.

This lecture is one of the series of practical talks that the College of Commerce holds throughout the year.

Corbin Patrick, Journalism, '26, Business Manager of the SCHOLASTIC is contributing a weekly sports column to the *Indiana Catholic*.

SATURDAY NIGHTS IN WASHINGTON HALL

Nov. 15—Wheeler Oakman and Colleen Moore in "Slippy McGee."

Nov. 22—Madge Bellamy in "Lorna Doone."

Nov. 29.—Jackie Coogan and Lon Chaney in "Oliver Twist."

Dec. 6—Douglas McLean and Madge Bellamy in "Hottentot."

WITH THE CLUBMEN

Owing to the first quarter examinations, the regular meeting of the Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus scheduled for last Tuesday night was postponed.

—NDS—

The METROPOLITAN CLUB held a business meeting in the Badin Hall rec room last Monday evening. The plan of distribution of tickets for the Christmas dance was discussed. Jack Adams also made a few remarks concerning the Metropolitan Club's smoker which is to be held the latter part of this month. The exact date will be announced later.

—NDS—

THE CHICAGO CLUB also held a business meeting last Monday evening in the Brownson Hall rec room. The boys from the Windy City are determined to put over the best Christmas dance ever given by a Notre Dame club in Chicago.

—NDS—

THE NEW YORK STATE CLUB met in the Law Building Monday evening. The members of this club are mostly from the cities in the northern part of the Empire state.

—NDS—

THE GRAND RAPIDS CLUB also held a meeting last Monday evening. Important business matters were discussed. Another meeting is to be held in the near future.

—NDS—

On Wednesday evening, November 5, the FORUM met in the Law Building to discuss the question of Capital Punishment. President Sollo divided the members into two groups, those favoring the question and those opposing it. Mr. Quigley was the star of the evening. He showed rare ingenuity in his ability to substantiate all his arguments by quotations from the Bible.

No meeting was held this week due to the examinations, but plans are under way for another short debate next Wednesday. All members and applicants are requested to attend.

"OLD THINGS AND NEW"

For the second time within a week, the student body had the pleasure of listening to Dr. James J. Walsh, prominent Catholic scientist, author, and lecturer, at Washington Hall on Tuesday evening, November 11. Despite the proximity of examinations, the fame of Dr. Walsh drew a satisfying attendance. Those who were present enjoyed a remarkably interesting hour.

Dr. Walsh treated of the phenomena of the age which we are prone to call new and consider peculiar to our own genius. If there was conceit in the audience caused by the accident of birth in the 20th Century, it was successfully removed from the reasoning mind by Dr. Walsh's talk. Facts, told in the interesting and inimitable manner of the popular speaker, either exposed the "new" things as mere adaptations of the old, or put the modern inventions in a very new and less important light.

Among the disclosures which caused surprise or amusement to the audience were a number which will bear repeating. The hyperdermic needle has been in use by physicians for little better than a half century. But the principle has been exemplified in the sting of the wasp for centuries. The stinger of the bee is formed exactly in the grooved shape of the needle and contains a drop of formic acid which works upon the honey in a strictly antiseptic way. Dr. Walsh explained that the bee even anticipated the U. S. pure food laws in using the formic acid, the only antiseptic substance allowed in foodstuffs.

Another subject which was amusing was the treatment of woman's suffrage. Whereas Mrs. Pankhurst et al considered themselves advanced feminists, the good ladies of Athens when Athens was in her prime secured the vote and encountered the same difficulties. The situation is admirably depicted in one of the comedies of Aristophanes.

Dr. Walsh's discourse on the radio put the invention in a new light. He acknowledged that it was new, but quoted the results of a friend in explaining his opinion.

The friend after installing a set succeeded in getting "Silver Threads Among the Gold," sung in only a mediocre fashion. The conclusion Dr. Walsh drew was that much better results could have been obtained by other means.

The main contention of the lecture was that in the pursuit of the new physical improvements the mind and the soul are forgotten. He illustrated by the French sculptor Ronan's criticism of the telephone and the railroad. Ronan said in substance, "You have pulled man's ears out a thousand miles and you have extended his legs so that he wears the fabled seven league boots, and on top of this mighty frame you have left only the small original man."

—N D S—

NOTRE DAME IN THE AIR

Many students viewed Notre Dame from the air during the last week-end when the two aeroplanes composing the Premier Flying Circus stopped on the Notre Dame grounds south of the cemetery. The planes used were equipped with 150 horsepower motors and were particularly arranged for passenger flying, each accomodating two passengers besides the pilot.

As an attraction to the field, feats of daring including wing walking and parachute dropping were performed by Jack Cope, formerly of the Ruth Law Flying Circus.

Several hundred passengers were taken for short flights during Saturday and Sunday. The charge was nominal, being \$3.

—N D S—

THE DANCE TONIGHT

Week-end entertainment starts with the Alumni dance to be given tonight by the St. Joseph Valley-Notre Dame club at the Palais Royale. Music will be furnished by Harry Denny's Collegians.

All Notre Dame is invited to attend. With the throngs here for the Nebraska game the affair promises to be decidedly worthwhile. Tickets are \$2.00, and may be secured either in your hall or at the door.

IN THE COLLEGIATE WORLD

*With The New Student**The First Football Game.*

A match between Harvard and McGill (Montreal) played on May 13, 1874 was the first intercollegiate football game ever contested. Harvard won; but on the second day was held to a tie in a contest played according to Rugby rules.

The manner of playing was simple. A player could either "run, throw or pass" the ball when it came to him. "Many good struggles" are recorded in a contemporaneous account.

Eleven players participated in the first game; but as a matter of chance rather than design, four of the Canadian players having been detained in Montreal. For the first time in its history the Harvard team cast aside their usual costume consisting of the oldest clothes available and wore dark trousers, white undershirts and magneta scarfs wound round their heads. Their opponents appeared neatly uniformed in the English fashion.

The game consisted of three half-hour periods. Five hundred people witnessed the struggle.

—N D S—

A Glee Club Hint.

When Bethoven's Ninth Symphony is presented in Los Angeles next April a choir composed of the hundred and fifty best voices in the Southern Branch of the University of California will accompany the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Students selected to participate will be coached continually during the next seven months.

—N D S—

Well, Why Not.

To fly through college is the aim of Charles T. Wrightson, who arrived last week by airplane at Oregon Agriculture College from Fresno, California. Wrightson, who is registered as a freshman, is a commercial flier and has conceived the novel idea of bringing his plane to school with him and taking up passengers during his spare time to pay his college expenses.

"Pay Day"

Undergraduate due and bill collectors will envy their fellow officers at Hood College and at other institutions which also celebrate an "Annual Pay Day."

During the twenty-four hours set aside for the occasion everybody in the college settles all debts and starts the year with a clean slate. Usually one central point is set aside where all may meet for the purpose.

—N D S—

Student Observers in Japan.

Fifteen students from colleges on the Western Coast visited Japan during the past summer in order to gather information to lay before the Western America Student Convention which will be held at Asilomar on Monterey Bay, California, from December 27 to January 3. Among other questions to be discussed by the five or six hundred students who will be present is the West Coast Inter-racial Problem; these students were sent across the Pacific in order that the consideration of this question might be based on the facts of the case.

—N D S—

Chess by Radio.

The first international intercollegiate radio chess match will be played by Haverford and Oxfrod late in November. American colleges have contested several times by means of radio, but this will be the opening battle between an American and an English college.

Two stations will transmit the moves on each side of the Atlantic. All work is being done by amateurs. G-2NM and G-2SZ will operate from England on wavelengths of 80 and 120 meters. 3-3VN, the Haverford College station, and 3 OT, the private station of a Haverford Sophomore located at Ambler, Pa., will transmit the American moves on a reserved wavelength of 120 meters.

The game will be a test of long-distance, short wavelength amateur transmission as well as a contest between rival chess players.

SPIRITUALITIES

REV. JOHN F. O'HARA, C. S. C.

NINE SUNDAYS

An interesting view of the growth of student devotion to Holy Communion is obtained by comparing the number of communicants each Sunday for the first nine Sundays of the year. The following table makes this comparison for the past five years:

	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924
1.	343	428	506	657	703
2.	395	552	599	707	820
3.	390	612	644	747	967
4.	416	541	673	840	986
5.	540	572	**484	730	878
6.	526	*458	651	764	991
7.	902	**403	596	665	897
8.	345	558	*463	*599	*728
9.	393	530	823	902	**964
Averages	472	517	604	744	881

*Homecoming. **Student football trip.

—NDS—

Attention is directed to the following interesting facts:

1. The Sunday after the Homecoming game is always below the average. The departure from the average in 1921 was 59; in 1922, 141; in 1923, 145; and in 1924, 153.

2. The Novena before examinations was introduced in 1921 at the suggestion of a student. For the past three years it has covered the ninth Sunday of the school year. Exceptionally good arrangements for the reception of Holy Communion on the student trip this year combined with the Novena for examinations made last Sunday's figure considerably above the average for the year.

3. In 1920 the students' mission carried over past the seventh Sunday. The average for the other eight Sundays of that year was 418. In five years the Sunday average has more than doubled.

Some Other Interesting Figures.

The daily average attendance at Holy Communion thus far this year is 871, an increase of 74 a day over the same period last year. The most

interesting departures from this average after the first two weeks of school were the following:

October	3—First Friday	1265
October	13—Founder's Day	650
October	19—After the Army game	991
October	31—Homecoming festivities	766
November	1—“ “	766
November	2—“ “	728
November	7—First Friday	1227

On Saturday, November 8, one hundred and sixty-five students who remained home from the Wisconsin trip received Holy Communion in the Sorin Hall chapel between 8:30 and noon.

—NDS—

The Advantage of Statistics.

Statistics may not prove anything, but they are invaluable in showing trends. For the past five years the daily fluctuations in the number of Communion have been graphed and studied for their revelation of cause and effect, and many a distraction to devotion has been checkmated as a result. The application of practical psychological principles to the cultivation of the students' spiritual life had important results.

—NDS—

The Silent Sermon.

In an interview in a Buffalo paper, Father John Boland, host to the team on the morning after the Army game, has this to say:

"The Christian example of these fine, stalwart lads of the Notre Dame football team, famed for scholarship and athletic prowess, leading the devotions in this temple of the Italian immigrant, forces upon one the memory of American soldiers, a few years back, filling the village churches of war-scarred France for Mass and Holy Communion. America may well be proud of the spirit that fosters this duality. America will live and lead as long as this is possible.

"They were a happy lot at breakfast; three tables of them, and laughter filled the air. There was little reference to the previous day's game. Perhaps they wanted to forget it. Bruised limbs and gnawing pains spoke louder than words in this particular."

WELL DONE

In behalf of the Administration of the University, I would like to make a public acknowledgement of gratitude for services well rendered last Saturday by the following students:

Jack Doyle	Roy Hebbert
John Stoeckley	Al Sommer
Ed Crowe	Barney McNabb
Jim McQuain	H. C. Wurzer
Tom Dempsey	F. McSorley
A. C. Ervin	Ed Byrnes
Maurice McNulty	R. N. Parnell
E. Duggan	Robert Howland
Mark Mooney	George Laughlin
Firmin Fusz	Jos. Navarre
R. Mullaney	George Rohrbach
E. J. Ryan	E. Cullinan
Wm. Krider	Harry McGuire
Pinky Schneider	Joe Quinn
James Sheerin	John Quigley
Milton Leach	Harold Casey
George Schill	John O'Toole
John Kilkenny	W. Houppert
Dutton Griffin	Jim Kelleghan
Harold Watson	Howard DeVault
Gus Scolaro	Ryan
John Gallagher	R. Mullaney
James McNamee	Frank Milbauer
William Reid	Myron Hanley
Chas. Donahue	Red Reilly
Jack Scallan	John Lenihan

Theirs was not an inviting task, but their willingness to coöperate in the protection of their school will be long remembered and deeply appreciated by those who will carry on.

J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C.
Prefect of Discipline.

JUGGLER WANTS COPY

The Juggler, like its neighbor, issues a plea for copy: The Funny Fellow has an edge on us in offering cash prizes of \$5 to the contributor of the best humorous article and a similar V to the lucky artist having a drag with the judges. From the quality of the humor and art work in the last issue, competition among the campus wits will be unusually keen this year.

BREEN MEDAL CONTEST 25TH

Preliminaries for the Breen Medal contest will be held before November 25th, according to announcement. The definite date will be announced later. Contestants must have their names filed in Father Burke's office by November 18th. The contest this year is in charge of Professor Farrell, and Mark Nolan, Breen medalist of last year.

The Breen contest is the climax of oratorical work at Notre Dame and is the goal of upper class orators. The winner of the Breen Medal represents Notre Dame in the state oratorical contest.

BROWNSON SMOKER MONDAY

Brownson Hall will revive the custom of hall smokers as a fall "get-acquainted" feature on Monday night in the Brownson "rec" room, starting at 8 o'clock.

An elaborate program has been arranged by Brother Alphonsus, rector of the hall, and the committee in charge. The entertainment will include—

Ray Sheriff—"Songs"
Jack Doyle—Feature dancing.
Mr. Morrissey—Specialties.
Boxing bouts—Brownson scrappers.
Popular music—Six piece band.
Smoker.
Plenty of refreshments.

The past reputation of Brownson smokers alone promises an entertaining evening, and the program announced bids fair to eclipse past efforts. A nominal admission charge of fifty cents is asked.

The affair is open to the campus at large. An evening filled with music, boxing, songs, laughs, food, and the Notre Dame "get-together" spirit is sure to attract attention and a crowd.

"Lay aside the text-books and start the second quarter with the Brownson Hall smoker," is the slogan advocated by the committee in charge.

EDITORIAL

NEBRASKA

NEBRASKA, we are glad to welcome you back. It seems ages since we last saw you; you red-jerseyed "Cornhuskers" from Nebraska; you who have been our stumbling block for two years.

To-day we meet you on the gridiron as football foes, and we hope to erase that messy blot you have put on our record book. Fairly, and in true sportsmanlike fashion we hope to make you swallow the gall, the bitter gall—defeat.

Twice, have we tasted it at your hands and have not found it a tasty dose. Twice we have accepted it without excuses. Twice we have praised you for your ability to defeat a team which experts heralded as unbeatable. Perhaps you will do it again—perhaps you won't. Time usually solves questions of dispute.

Regardless of the outcome, we hope to see a great game, Nebraska, with the better team the victor.

W. J. H.

—N D S—

THE DEATH BLOW

To any organization which thrives upon publicity, there is always the threatening menace of indifference. Like the Sword of Damocles, ever threatening, ever dangerous, the keen weapon of indifference hangs suspended above the publicity seeker, its retaining thread ready to the destroying hand of him wise enough to foresee its absolute power.

Etiquette demands indifference to the mistakes of others; refinement counsels indifference to the follies of the ignorant; wisdom, thank God, impelled indifference last Saturday to the childish blunderings of the misguided.

J. W. S.

YOUR TEAM

What is the team to you?

Is it something to bet on? You'll bet upon the time it takes a four-legged brute to paw around a track!

Is it something to boast of at home? That means nothing—you'll boast about the make of car your father's money bought!

Is it a thing to sing over the cups? No honor there—you'll sing about aggravatin' papa and that red-headed gal five minutes later!

Is it something good to look at? So is a gang of bawling chorus girls!

Is it something that affords you the opportunity for parading your knowledge of football technique? Exams offer a similar opportunity, yet you dislike them, because they call your bluff!

Is it something to criticize? You'll spend fifteen minutes a day criticizing your janitor!

Does it mean *all* of these things to you? Let it mean all of them, and you have as yet named no viewpoint that sheds credit upon you. It must stand in your estimation as the incarnation of the glories and the trials, the final triumphs and the inevitable defeats of your school. It must apotheosize in your mind the ideals of Notre Dame—as it crouches there on the field it must in your mind be the spirit of Notre Dame itself, hoary with years but young, defeated but never beaten, victorious but never victor, strong with the strength of war but delicate as a flower and gentle as a girl. You must see in that mighty spirit the hands that have built the walls of Notre Dame, the minds that have slaved upon its problems, the lips that have prayed for the school and for you. In that spirit

you must find the souls of the saints who drugged that we might live life to the full, and the souls of men who fought on the field in blood that ours might be a good tradition. And you must find in that spirit a courage and self-sacrifice, a love of good and scorn for evil, that God and His Mother lend to the armies of Notre Dame.

If the team means that to you, NOTRE DAME WILL BEAT NEBRASKA!

H. A. M.

—NDS—

ACTIVE MEMBERS

WHAT are you giving those organizations to which you belong? Are you present at the meetings, interested in what happens, willing to work when you are called upon? Are you an active member, or just—deadwood?

The only reason anyone joins an organization—club, publication, committee—is that he expects to gain something thereby. Now it is a fact rather well known that something cannot come from nothing, or, if you prefer, from nothing, nothing comes. Some seem never to have heard of that fact, if their actions are an indication. By promises, by flattery, by playing the constant “good fellow,”—even, if strictly necessary, by doing a little work, these men manage to land in the midst of an organization as full-fledged members. Whereupon they proceed to sit down and fold their hands, and looking blandly about, they remark from time to time, “Oh yes: I am a member of This or That.” They never do a stitch of work; they overflow with promises which always go unfulfilled; they are useless ornaments—and sometimes not so ornamental at that. You will find them in the personnel of every club, on the staff of every publication—these men who give nothing, and expect everything. If we could only awake to the realization that active members, members who give of their time and thought, are the only ones who gain by belonging to an organization, we might be able to make some progress, to rise above the level to which the dead weight of futile members inevitably chains us.

It may help towards that awakening if we ask ourselves a few questions. What are we *giving* those organizations to which we belong? Are we present at meetings, interested in what happens, willing to work when called upon? Are we active members, or just—deadwood?

J. A. W.

—NDS—

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE

NOTRE DAME will be asked during the next few days to take part in a great national undertaking—the annual membership drive of the American National Red Cross.

No one needs to be told of the great work of the Red Cross. It is chartered by Congress “to relieve and prevent suffering in peace and in war at home and abroad.” It was in 1917 that the first historic roll-call of the Red Cross was taken, and since that time it has continued in its role of mercy. The Red Cross has been first in every emergency and disaster.

Wear a Red Cross button next week and prove the sincerity of your American citizenship. Will you serve humainty?—J. F. S.

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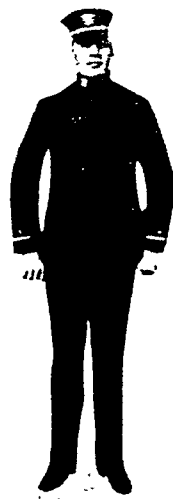
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"Little Willie," was defeated for the Republican Nomination for Prosecuting Attorney of St. Joseph County Last May by "100 Percent Americans."



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JIM PHELAN, '18
Now Coaching at Purdue University.

Armistice Day



CAPTAIN JIM M.
Looking Them Over W



ARNOLD MCINERNY
"Big Mac" made
Sacrifice at C

Remembrances



Gen. Pershing.
LL. B. '22



A "BUDDY"
the Supreme
au Thierry



JOE GARGAN, '15.
Joe Was One of Notre Dame's
Most Famous Cheerleaders.



EDDIE MEEHAN, '21



REV. GEORGE FINNEGAN, C.S.C.
Chaplain.



REV. JOHN MCGINN, C.S.C.
Chaplain.

Robert Hugh Benson.

JAMES CARROLL, '25

ROBERT HUGH BENSON was the fourth son of the Anglican Archbishop Benson of Lincoln. The Bensons (Hugh's father and mother were second-cousins) descended from a sound stock of Yorkshire yeomanry. Hugh's father was a severe man, profoundly religious, kind and good, but stern in his insistence upon his principles. Archbishop Benson loved his children most dearly, and was extremely solicitous for their welfare in every way. He was of what is called the "coldly intellectual type." Hugh Benson, in after life, often regretted his failure to appreciate what a noble man his father was, and how much he loved his son.

His mother was a woman of culture, with decided literary ability. She was Hugh's chief adviser and confidante all through his life. The case was a rare one, in which we find a mother of wholly Protestant views and associations nobly acquiescing in such a choice as this son made. Her trust and confidence in Hugh sustained and restrained him at all times. Her letters to her son reveal to us a person of strong mental powers and a quite high order of learning; they are, too, the lines of a woman sweet and noble, whose love for her son is inspiring.

The first four years of Hugh's life were spent at Lincoln. All his life he was to live in a romantic environment. At Lincoln, the ancient gardens and Tudor Halls and the cathedral towers dim above the smoke were responsible for many of his imaginative tendencies. Childhood's impressions are always exceptionally keen, and Hugh's impressions were especially so.

In 1875 the family moved to Truro. Here the father ministered to foreign Cornishmen, and taught his children. The Archbishop's interest in his children was great, but Hugh would confess later that the time spent in study under his father was dull. Walks in the Truro gardens, on Sundays, during which elevating topics were discussed, were to the children quite uninteresting. Reading and discussions in the study were equally boring. Hugh later

recalled the brilliancy and intellectuality of these functions. It was, at best, a method for a type of children, and Hugh did not benefit of all his father's efforts.

In May, 1882, Hugh left home for the first time. He went to the preparatory school at Walton House, Clevedon, in Somerset. His stay here was characterized by nothing remarkable. His flair for the dramatic cropped out in his association with lively boys. His religious emotions were not profound or extraordinary. He seems to us here as a rather thoughtful boy, quite imaginative, and undergoing a quick development in his individual tastes. In 1885 he went, in September, to Eton.

The boy was not demonstrating any extraordinary precocity. Letters from his parents frequently express worry as to his scholarship. His father cautioned him gently about attention to details, and on greater effort. His mother often, while he was at Eton, reminded him of the importance of his career, and the need for diligent preparation. Perhaps the truth should be expressed that Hugh never was a profound student; he had his likes and dislikes; within the scope of these scholarship was not remarkable, but only acceptable. He was not developing consistency, or rigid perseverance. Disinterestedness in new likes followed too soon after their arising.

As yet theological subjects had not greatly intrigued his interest. Hugh went on, from day to day, blissfully in his own world of fancy and boyish imaginings. At eighteen he contemplated Indian Service, but he failed in examination for it. He finished at Eton, in 1889. A tour in Continental Europe followed. He liked Switzerland. Mountain climbing he found a most fascinating sport.

At this time Benson came upon one of his life's most influential factors. This was J. H. Shorthouse's romance, *John Inglesant*. Its revelation of the Personality of Christ came to him "literally like the tearing of veils and the call of a loved trumpet, and a leaning forth of the Son of God to touch him." This book constituted an apparition in Hugh's life, one of a new transforming

force. In 1890 Benson was back in London. That year he entered Cambridge.

This was his father's school and his elder brother's, and many acquaintances of Eton school were here now, so that he entered under happy auspices. Here at Cambridge Hugh made some of his best friends, men who were to influence him greatly. Notable of these were Professor Bosanquet, Mr. Montague James, Marcus Deinsdale and Walter Headlam.

He was, while at Cambridge, active in boating, golfing, swimming. His activities were always those of a fun-loving, quite thoughtless, youth. Certainly up to this point no questions of great moment bothered him. He was beginning to dabble in spiritualism. There was a touch at least of morbidity in his instinct for the occult. His parents mildly remonstrated.

The first shock of his easy-going existence occurred at this time. His elder sister, Nellie, died. Hugh was much affected by this. She had been nearest to him in age.

In 1881, Hugh begins Theology. Here he made his first vague acquaintance with Catholicity. It was, indeed vague, and the impression faded. In 1892, he left Cambridge. His intellect was now quite aroused; his heart was but half-awakened, but he was now to strike out into a carefully restricted area of experience.

This has thus far been the story of his youth. His interests now grow complex. He studied under Dean Vaughn, who most positively influenced him, in preparing for ordination. Ordination followed, and then Eton Mission. The story of Benson's life from then on is mostly a psychological study, the study of a keen mind slowly drawn upon a sea of doubt to an inevitable end. Years after, when he was asked what he found in the Church of his adoption that he had not found in the Church of his father, he replied, "Absolute spiritual peace." His life at Eton Mission, at Hackney Wick Church House, at Kemsing, at Mirfield; his life between the years 1893 and 1902 was a continual seeking for this spiritual peace. The search ended in 1903. "His conversion was impelled by no social considerations such as moved Bourget, no

deep historical research like that which impelled Newman to make the step, no problems of modern religious criticism. He became a Catholic quite independently of the intellectual currents around him, because he was himself" (Mr. Shuster).

His father had died before Hugh took this step. His mother was his interested and sympathetic adviser during all of his contemplating. Hugh was serenely forgetful of opinions of others in adopting his course.

In October of the year of his conversion, Benson departed for Rome. The abrupt change in his life and associations of course brought its trials and pains. It can hardly be said that he enjoyed his life on the Continent. His predilection for pageantry was amply satisfied by the grandeur of Italian religious ceremonies, and the lasting effect upon him is apparent in his books. He made many friends, for his amiable personality and his likeable interest in things never left him. But he seems never to have lost his "polite reserve," a sort of shyness, which characterized his relations with Catholics. He was sincere in his conversion of course, but he ever felt as somewhat of a stranger who had been admitted.

Monsignor Benson, as a man of letters, has attained a high place. His literary work is not faultless. Being concerned largely with spiritual things, he never wrote without a religious purpose. His insistence upon this theme is not so likeable, but Benson nevertheless is never tiresome. His literary workmanship was not always perfect. He was of too unstable a personality, of too flighty a temperament, if we may say that, to be perfect in anything, and thus his craftsmanship in writing suffered. But he did honest work of which Catholic letters cannot be too proud.

His books are not many. "Oddfish" is probably his most popular work. "Richard Raynal, Solitary," "The Lord of the World," "The Queen's Tragedy," are others of his works. "The Light Invisible" is perhaps his most artistic effort. The story of his conversion to the Church is the subject of his interesting book, "The Confession of a Convert."

Benson's letters, to his mother, his father, and to his closest friends, are revealing, in that they show the charm of the man, the interesting personality, his child-like innocence, and his boyish robustness in his fancying and delights. Benson never lost his youthful spirit. The most commonplace things to others could intoxicate him with pleasure. This was his greatest charm. He wrote constantly to his mother. She shared his secrets, his ambitions, and his sufferings.

It can quite rightly be said that the so-called Oxford Movement did not influence Benson greatly in his decision. For his decision was the result of his own thought processes, of his own efforts to find his "absolute spiritual peace." Yet it is highly probable that the movement did have something to do with Benson's choice. It was in the air, this "Romeward Movement," and Benson surely breathed some of its substance. The great Newman, surely Benson read, and surely the Oxford scholar fanned Hugh's doubts. The movement swept over England, and Benson, in his quiet retreats, was caught in its passing.

Benson's conversion thus brought him in indirect connection with the Oxford Movement. And the prestige of this movement did not suffer thereby. But we do not pre-

sume to place Benson alongside its originators. He was not the equal of Pusey, and certainly not that of Newman. Benson admirers must not be enthusiastic to the point of exaggeration.

The biography of Robert Hugh Benson is ably and artistically performed. No one was better fitted to write his life than Fr. Martindale, who knew and loved Benson for many years. The writer had a rare opportunity for facts concerning the life of his remarkable subject. Benson was such a charming and explicit correspondent, and his letters and his other writings are produced so entertainingly that the reader feels as though he knew Benson personally. Fr. Martindale never apologizes for his friend's faults or shortcomings. He is always entranced by Benson's lovable ways. It is the biography of an impulsive, restless, talented boy, by an elderly friend, one interested intensely in the boy's problems and trials, and who is to the fullest extent appreciative of the abilities and—may we say?—genius of the subject of his writings. The writer gives us, we must say, no assurance of Benson's having a born theological nature. One gets the impression that the man, by force of circumstances, drifted into things theological. Religion, at times, bored the inconsistent Benson.

LIGHT

A candle flaunts its shining ivory
In the clinging blackness of the night,
Warding off the hungry darkness
With that striving fatefulness of light.

The black tide surges to its flickering
portals
And stifles every figured height.
The rolling stillness yells for darkness—
The lone flame struggles through the night.

In waxen form my body holds a light
That flickers in a hungry gloom.
A soul is burning as that flame
And stabbing back a clinging doom.

—JOHN O'NEILL.

BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

THE TEACHER'S YEAR. By Charles Phillips. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons. \$1.75.

JAMES LOUIS SMALL in *The Catholic World*.

Concerning these twelve helpful essays by Mr. Phillips, it is to be regretted that the title may perhaps have a restrictive influence upon their circulation. This were a pity, for the book ought to be read by everyone; not alone by teachers, but by all who are sufficiently interested in youth to be stimulated by its enthusiasms and roused to fresh effort by its ardent idealism. There is a chapter for each month of the year and the headings are indicative of the practical character of the work. The reader will find its treatment of "Parent, Teacher and Child"; "New Year's Resolutions"; "The Daily Grind," etc., a refreshing contrast to the mass of technical literature with which, to speak colloquially, we are about "fed up."

Many of life's failures have come as the result of a teacher's lack of a sense of humor. Mr. Phillips, however, should be a pedagogue par excellence. An occasional jest sets off shrewd observation and pertinent suggestion, and here and there are bits of narrative with educational bearing, gleaned from his experience as a reconstruction welfare worker, particularly in Poland.

—NDS—

The Extension Press of Chicago has issued "A Catholic Dictionary" which defines Catholic words and terms. It is a concise encyclopedia giving brief explanations of the Church's doctrines, rites, history, etc. so arranged that just what you want to know can be easily found. There is real need for such a book of convenient size.

—NDS—

The first number of the new Catholic magazine, "The Commonweal," is announced for November 12th. The Calvert Associates, Inc., the publishers, do not claim it to be an official organ of the Catholic Church. However it will voice forcefully and entertainingly the national and international expression of Catholic principles in art, drama, letters, and social action. Original creative work—fiction, verse, essays—will be published as

well as criticism and keen discussion. Michael Williams is the editor and associated with him are Thomas Walsh, Helen Walker and R. Dana Skinner. The list of contributors to the first numbers is very imposing.

—NDS—

The November *Catholic World* contains a most interesting article by Dr. James J. Walsh, who is well known locally on "John Quinn: Lawyer, Book-Lover, Art Amateur."

—NDS—

E. P. Dutton & Co. have brought out a new edition of "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary." It is claimed that 20,000 new words have been added and that it offers greater assistance to the writer or student of verse than ever before.

—NDS—

Alfred Noyes, the English poet, has written a series of essays as a "challenge to all those who wish to break down the continuity of tradition in verse." It is entitled, "Some Aspects of Modern Poetry."

—NDS—

One of the most popular Catholic juvenile writers is Father Neil Boyton, S. J. His latest story is concerned with an American boy's adventures in India. It is called "Where Monkeys Swing." The hero is a real young American with an appetite for adventure. This is enough to make a strong appeal to the youngsters who are acquainted with the other books of this Jesuit. Publishers: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25.

—NDS—

A new biography of Robert Louis Stevenson is being published by Little, Brown & Company. The author is John A. Stuart and the volume contains previously unpublished documents and facts. The publisher's announcement is optimistic. It says that the book is "certain to arouse a controversy."

—NDS—

"The Little Lady" is a posthumous collection of short stories of the late Katherine Mansfield.

The Nebraska Setting

ANSELM D. MILLER, '25

*We know not what tomorrow will see;
What Fate will hold when they have met.
But for defeat or victory
The stage is set.*

And what a setting it is! Tonight Old Cartier Field is wrapped in what might be called the quiet that precedes the storm. Tomorrow it will resound to the shouts of thousands who have gathered to witness the greatest football classic ever staged on its historic green.

Tonight, miles from the scene of battle two gridiron generals have gathered their warriors about them for a last admonition concerning the morrow. Tonight a loyal student body is impatiently waiting to cheer the team they love... to cheer it whether in victory or defeat. Tonight, wherever men with red blood gather, the conversation concerns to-morrow's game. There is the feeling of tenseness and suspense.

Never have two generals groomed their men more carefully; never have they taken greater precautions to keep them in fighting trim. And never has one of them at least staked more in the wager of battle.

For two successive years an undefeated team has left the Notre Dame campus fully confident of winning over Nebraska. They have returned... grim, defeated, but offering no alibis. This year they have again gone through the greater part of a hard schedule undefeated. Again they have been cheered by thousands; they have been hailed as the greatest team in the country. But they know this will mean little without to-

morrow's victory. The salve of the press has been pleasant but it has not relieved the sting of those two, well-remembered defeats.

Tomorrow they will have a last opportunity to clear the slate. They are going into the game with a full realization of the task before them. There is no overconfidence, no desire for mere revenge, but only a determination to fight as they have never fought before—and to win.

Now what of the invaders? We of the student body are not to turn a bit proudly to them and say,

*"And dar'st then
To beard the lion in his den
The Douglass in his hall?"*

Our answer would be, "We dare!" Nebraska turns out men—men strong in body and fearless of heart. For two successive years they have succeeded where others have failed. They have beaten two Notre Dame wonder elevens. And the feather they have won for their hats by so doing will not be easily relinquished. If Nebraska can win tomorrow they will have beaten the country's best and redeemed their defeat of this year.

They have everything to gain and little to lose. They are determined to win. And Nebraska determined to win is one of the fightingest teams in the country, as Grange and his team-mates will tell you.

When Notre Dame's glorious eleven answers the curtain call tomorrow they will sense in the fullest:

*"The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."*

Such is the Nebraska setting.

AT 'EM ADAM

At 'em, Adam, see your line,
When you're in, the men work fine.
What's a broken hand to you!
How you suffer; If they knew!
Hope that plaster-paris cast
Gives you strength. I know you'll last!
Time is out. (My, what a shame!
Adam Walsh of Notre Dame!)
Back you go into the fray;
It's your chance to save the day.
Intercept that pass they threw!
At 'em Adam, God help you!

Got that ball! Now hold it tight.
Clear's your field; use all your might.
Touchdown! Touchdown! Sure's can be!
Not a man is near you, see!
At 'em Adam, bless your soul;
You have reached the winning goal!
Down into historic afme
Go your deeds for Notre Dame.
All-American! Our pride!
You are great; can't be denied.
As a "Rock" man you've been true.
Adam Walsh, we're all for you!

V. F. LEMMER.

SPORTS

And Now -- Beat Nebraska!

The "Fighting Irish" avalanche swept into the select circle of the Big Ten, caught the Cardinal of Wisconsin into a swirling, eddy-



THE VICTORY SMILE

ing whirlpool and carried it down to a sudden 38-3 defeat. It was the Notre Dame speed of other Saturdays only to a slightly more perfected degree if that be possible, and the Badger defense crumbled before the strutting Irish in the accustomed manner of her Eastern foes.

First, second and third string members of Rockne's fighters battled their way over the Wisconsin men to score at will. Even in the dwindling minutes of play the third string runners sifted through for a counter. It was "that same running attack," employed so effectively by the Notre Dame gridders, that crushed their first Conference opposition. They crowded around the ends, jammed off tackle, injected a forward pass now and then to eventually hustle to a score.

It was not just one man who entered into the brilliant victory over the Northern school, it was every man. There was the wonder backfield streaking over Camp Randall field, and more, there were the "wonders" of a future day radiating brilliance and stimulating hope in their prowess. They all united to overwhelm a fighting but licked team.

The "Magic Man" of football, as on other occasions, sent in his second squad to tempt the Badger forces. It succeeded quite well for the start of the second quarter saw the two teams fighting under a 3-3 deadlock, due to the respective toes of O'Boyle and Doyle Harmon. But it was short-lived as the "greatest backfield" soon hurled itself down the lined field to the Cardinal goal where the efforts of Coach Ryan's men failed in the face of perfect interference and Don Miller ran to a touchdown. The great Irish combination came back down the field again to score when Stuhldreher sent the ball into the ready arms of Crowley who jogged to the Badger goal to end the scoring for the half.

The third period saw Layden bang through the Wisconsin line for six points after his backfield mates had rushed the ball to the four yard line. Another score crowned the Irish efforts in this quarter when Don Miller intercepted a wandering pass and carried the ball to a position for Crowley to score. The counting ended in the final period when Joe Harmon intercepted another Badger pass and Roach readily dashed to the Wisconsin goal and a touchdown.

Thus ended another Irish victory, the sixth straight win of the season. And it was a great victory, as we have said, over a fighting Badger team. It showed "Rock" the condition of his battling team, showed him the "smart" line he has to plow the way for his speed demons; and incidentally showed Nebraska what it should expect this coming Saturday. The stage is set, and everything is in readiness for a still greater victory over the Irish jinx of the past two years.

THE SPORTFEST

LES HEGELE, '26.

The past Saturday may be termed "Upset Day" in the football universe. There was that desperate Chicago-Illini struggle with neither holding the advantage when the game ended. The Maroons, an outsider in the betting, held forth with a driving attack to nearly crush the Urbana men, only to have the mighty "Red" Grange unleash an eighty yard sprint to tie the count at 21 all.

Then there is the Princeton-Harvard combat in which the clawing Tiger tore the Crimson men into shreds to bring back to the Jersey jungle a 34-0 victory, one of the most crushing defeats ever administered a Harvard eleven.

Both the Princeton victory and the near Illini defeat coming as they do at the present time place the "Fighting Irish" in a most commanding and enviable position in the '24 gridiron race. And the coming Saturday will see them continue to rise to greater heights!

Speaking of upsets, Indiana handed the football prospects of Ohio State a wallop when it squeezed out a 12 to 7 win. Considering that the Indiana men have already tasted defeat at the hands of Chicago and Northwestern, it was rather a jolt that Ohio State received.

Both Northwestern and Carnegie Tech were defeated while the Cornhuskers were resting in preparation for their game here Saturday. Michigan lowered the Purple colors while Penn State walloped Tech 22-7.

AS YOU LIKE IT

BILL REID, '26.

The Irish Tank rolled to the northwest last Saturday to continue its destruction of collegiate football aspirations. As this grim monster of football strategy rumbled into Madison it beheld a corps of Red Devils obstructing its way. Possessing confidence, through its conquests in East and the South it immediately set about to triumph over this new sector.

Rockne's plan of attack was well executed by sending out reserves to gain an idea of the Badger strength. They furnished the desired information, and, much to the consternation of Wisconsin held the Conference team in check. Harry O'Boyle, through the medium of a drop kick, was the first to make an impression upon Coach Ryan's charges. A few minutes later Ryan's counter attack was a three point kick over the Irish goal.

"Rock" seeing the futility of dilly-dallying with this impressive aggregation at once sent out his veterans. Led by the "Little General" Stuhldreher, Crowley, Miller, Layden and the forwards ran rampant through the Wisconsin territory. The attack of the Rockmen was relentless, overpowering, and terrifying, never ceasing until the Badger goal line had been crossed five times.

—N D S—

Coach George Vergara led his Freshman outfit to Kalamazoo last Friday to defeat Western State Normal. The Normal school, coached by Earl Martineau, former Minnesota star, has been defeated once in two years.

After a few minutes of play, Parasine, the N. D. quarterback, succeeded in scoring with a drop kick. Martineau's men retaliated with a touchdown. Byrne, the Frosh wing man, got away for an eighty and a forty yard run, which resulted in two touchdowns, making the final score 17 to 7. Bud Boeringer's play at center, both on the offense, and defense, was impressive.

AN IMPRESSION FROM THE EAST

BY FRANK WALLACE, '23

With The Associated Press:

There was a time, not many years ago, when a man who left Notre Dame lost contact with the school. In days even more recent it was customary to fervently rush to Jim Keegan's news stand upon those occasions when Walter Eckersall, inspired writer of the athletic bible of the middle west, the *Chicago Trib*, blessed the campus with a "write-up."

In those days Notre Dame was frankly and proudly, a school for "reg'lar fellers." Corduroys and hobnails and droopy hats were favorite trinkets of adornment. White collars were saved for Saturday nights. One of the "guys" who happened to live along the then gold coast of Walsh made apologies.

Those were the days before the reign of King Knute.

Now, a Notre Dame man walks down Fifth Avenue, and he sees in the shop windows the old gold and blue alongside the colors of Army, Yale, Harvard and Princeton. He walks up Broadway and he sees neckties advertised in the colors of the same schools—the aristocracy of the grid-iron, if you don't happen to know it. He reads the newspapers and lo! The name of Notre Dame leads all the rest.

Rockne is the wizard to whom they ascribe even more than the marvellous amount of wisdom and deception which circles about among the brain cells of that remarkable man who has inspired Notre Dame athletes. Crowley and Layden and Miller and Stuhldreher are glorified in words and pictures as the greatest backshift of all time. Adam and Harry Stuhldreher have already been frankly picked as all-Americans and Elmer, Jimmy and Don are better known than any other football players in the East. There is no longer any argument about Notre Dame being one of the great squads of the ages; the highest compliment a sport writer pays an Eastern team now is to say that it might even be a match for Notre Dame.

Pennsylvania and Harvard are politely arguing as to which will entertain the Notre Dame boys on their second trip East next season, it being now generally understood that Princeton has said "nuff."

But the biggest kick this old grad who knew Notre Dame as she is, or was, was delivered through the mute pane of a show window. A great fur coat was gaily decorated with a Notre Dame pennant. There was a sign: "Going to the game?" If you can imagine it. In my day Gus Stange was the owner of the only fur coat and I understand that Harry McGuire gave the boys a thrill last winter. But the modistes and otherwise here evidently think that the boys are regular collegiates. That is an example of the hysteria rampant.

And from thence comes a paradox. Who is responsible for making of Notre Dame, at least in the popular estimation, collegiate and cake? Nobody but King Knute himself, the sworn enemy of the tea hound, the lounge lizard and the cake-eater.

So, you men, throw out your chests and strut—as we transplanted ones do under the bright lights and wherever football is spoken of. Know you that the Notre Dame football team is probably the keenest wedge and the strongest power in the hands of an intelligent Catholic public today. They blazed the way for those of us who came to this cold country to look for gold; and they are clearing the path for you who are still in school.

They stand for something more than earnest and intelligent athletics. They stand for clean boys who play hard and fair; for boys strong enough to be athletic, gentle enough to be good, wise enough to be smart, fearless enough to be spiritual in the face of a cynical world.

Glory in them but learn from them. There is another game coming and if you boys in school now don't keep in training, you may be the football. I'm preaching now and you'll pay no more attention than I did. You will discover for yourselves. Those of you who take that philosophy seriously and throw a trench of good old

common sense about you, will be able to come here as your team did and win; but if you are not in shape, if your ideas about God and matter and money and virtue are not clear, you'll be the football of atheists and materialists and plain fools. This is the paradise of sham.

That man "Rock" is the marvel of athletics today; undoubtedly the outstanding figure of the football world. It is not an accident. Rock got some things out of Notre Dame which helped him a lot. He is great because he has character. Those of his boys who study under him are fortunate. You cannot all be athletes. But there are things at Notre Dame for your soul and mind which will fit you to leave the campus and stand out like the team does—if you have the eyes to see and the will to do.

The team gives you pleasure but it leaves a responsibility. How can any one of you stand up and cheer, throw out your chest or glory in the name of Notre Dame, unless you have yourself accepted the duty of going into training, of someday showing Broadway or Main Street that EVERYTHING that comes out of that blessed old campus has a kick to it?

GREATEST MODERN BACKFIELD

Perry Lewis, Philadelphia Inquirer.

Oldsters may talk of their Hollenbacks, their Stevensons, their Smiths, their Coys and of all the other great backs of the past, but it is becoming more evident every day that the Miller-Crowley-Layden-Stuhldreher combination of Notre Dame is unquestionably the greatest backfield combination of modern football.

Here are four men who function together like a piece of well-oiled machinery. Their team work is superb. Their individual brilliance dazzling. There isn't a department of backfield play at which they do not excel, and working behind a line which knows its business, they are omnipotent. It is a wondrous football machine which Rockne has created.

THE INTERHALL CHAMPIONSHIP

Sunday morning the football teams of Walsh and Sophomore Halls meet to decide the interhall football championship of No-



S. A. C. INTERHALL FOOTBALL
TROPHY

tre Dame. The handsome trophy and the records of both teams have raised interest in this game second only to the Nebraska event.

Both teams appear to be exceptionally strong. Sophomore, in winning the East Campus section honors, played and won hard-fought games. Walsh, of the West Campus, under the tutelage of its rector, Fr. P. Hagerty, has developed a powerful aggregation.

Practice has been held throughout the week by both teams and the tussle on Sunday morning bids fair to be one of the most entertaining interhall contests of recent years.

Interest in interhall football has been revived this year, due in a great measure to the procuring of the Interhall Football Trophy by the S. A. C. That such enthusiasm is desirable it is hardly necessary to add, for Interhall competition plays a valuable part in Notre Dame's athletic system.

"He played the best game of any man on the field!" In those words Coach Knute Rockne characterized the work of Captain Adam Walsh, of Notre Dame in the Army game.

LACK OF OUTSIDE INFLUENCES REAL SECRET OF NOTRE DAME'S SUCCESS

BY GEORGE E. PULFORD

(Toledo Blade)

Reading Davis S. Walsh's story from and about Notre Dame in Wednesday's *Blade*, one is impressed with the fact that the Indiana university is a school and nothing else. The words of Professor Knute Rockne, who teaches chemistry first and coaches football players afterward, "We stress masculine self sufficiency," is the underlying influence felt at Notre Dame. Regardless of the good or evil of frats and frat influence, the fact that the Greek Letter societies and other clubs are banned at Notre Dame, and that athletics is fostered by faculty and student body, makes it plain that the boy entering the school is not likely to have his attention taken from his studies and his play. Imagine the average collegian, no matter whether he is a freshman or a senior, being compelled to be in his room at 10 P. M., unless granted special dispensation to remain out until midnight, and who, if he overstays the midnight hour, being told to take his books back home! "We have 400 football players on the field every day," Rockne told Walsh. Now try and laugh that off. Inter-class and inter-house football matches at Notre Dame are daily affairs and although he has but one paid assistant, so thorough is the system at the school that Rockne hears of every player who shows indication of ability. Making his own stars from this band of sturdy kids who have no time for jazz bands, and whose ambition is to end each year with high marks, is one of the best things Rockne does. Every fall he trots out players who were never heard of before. Some of them were failures at high school. Few were stars. They are not permitted, under Rockne, to realize that they are stars, no matter how brightly they shine for the

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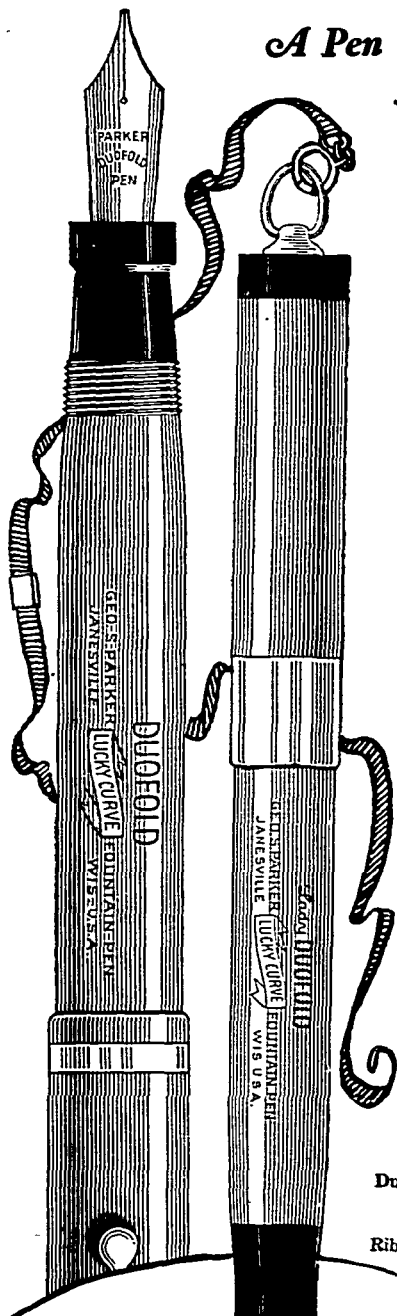
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blue and gold. The coach has his own way to reduce enlarged craniums. It is simple but effective. And he has the entire squad to assist him. The Notre Dame or the Rockne system, as you will, which teaches youth that a university is a place to acquire knowledge first and participate in athletics second, and not the vehicle to be used for a joy ride, gets positive results. Every coach in the country envies the quiet, satirical teacher who each season turns out wonder-elevens, and wishes that he, too, was employed by a school that enforced discipline as strictly as they do at Notre Dame.

WALSH, CROWLEY AND STUHLBREHER LIKELY CANDIDATES FOR ALL- AMERICAN CHOICE

BY DAVID J. WALSH

I. N. S. Sports Editor.

Not more than a casual glance or so at a few of the representative teams is required to assure oneself that the middle west fairly bristles with prospects for the All-American football team of 1924. In fact, it is well within the bounds of possibility that the section in question will outdraw the east in the number of men selected for the first eleven—a state of affairs that would have provoked a polite, well modulated laugh twenty years ago.

You had to be a Heston, a Schultz or an Eckersall to break through the wall of eastern incredulity in those days.

Contrast those conditions with those that prevail today. For one thing, it is not at all impossible that an all-western backfield will be selected. Harold Grange, of Illinois, is certain of one half-back position. He couldn't be kept off the team with a federal injunction.

Nor will it be an easy cinch, as the fellow said, to select an eleven that does not include Crowley, of Notre Dame. On what he has shown to date Crowley rates the honor almost as logically as does Grange.

For quarterback it is generally
(Continued on Page 190)

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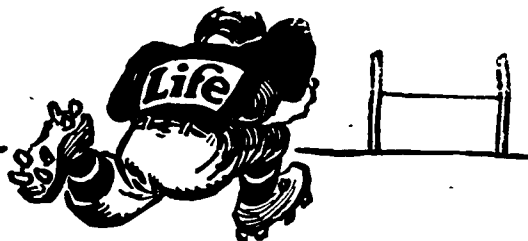
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agreed that Stuhldreher, of Notre Dame, is the ranking candidate. Certainly there is no man in sight at the moment to say him nay. His nomination would leave one backfield post open and for that the middle west, and that part thereof seen by the writer, can summon Baker, of Northwestern; Steffen, of Michigan; Layden and Don Miller, of Notre Dame; H. Thomas, of Chicago; Karow, of Ohio State; Hall, of Illinois, and Parkin, of Iowa.

And these men would be only a few among many. Butler, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Marquette, Kansas and Missouri are some few of the teams east of the Rockies which will have a backfield candidate or two.

In the event that an all-Western backfield is named this section of the country would be certain to outscore the east in the first team choices. There would be only seven positions left open and the east would have to battle with the west, the coast and the south for the remaining places. Therefore, its chances are quite plausible for making its poorest showing since the All-American vogue began.

As a matter of fact the middle west is by no means light on logical choices for the forward positions. It has a half dozen or more ends of quality in Rokusek and Kassel, of Illinois; Collins and Crowe of Notre Dame; Otte and Romey, of Iowa, and Wilson, of Ohio State, among others. Bach, of Notre Dame, Henderson, of Chicago, and Hancock, of Iowa, are excellent tackles. Pondelik, of Chicago; Fleckenstein, of Iowa; Weibel, of Notre Dame, and Dreyer, of Ohio State, are the leading guards.

It will be a man's work to displace Walsh, of Notre Dame, at center, although the east has a real contender in Lovejoy, of Yale.

But whether these men are the whole cream pitcher or just a touch of the sweetening remains to be seen. They merely are a few that came under the writer's observation; yet their class is sufficient to counterbalance anything the entire east may care to mention.

IN THE WAKE OF THE WIS-
CONSIN TRIP

Nov. 10, 1924.

Rev. J. Cavanaugh,

Notre Dame Univ.

South Bend, Indiana.

My Dear Father Cavanaugh:—

I venture to assume that you will be pleased to have a Wisconsin man say to you that all of your boys acquitted themselves with credit on their trip to Madison Saturday. While I feel that your football team gave our Wisconsin boys an unmerciful drubbing I do not believe that there is any team in the country able to match the performers of your team on Camp Randall Saturday afternoon.

I was a member of the State Board of Education for several years, and have been a member of the Board of Regents of Normal Schools for ten years, and therefore keep closely in touch with educational affairs. I feel that I can say without any exaggeration that Wisconsin never entertained a more manly delegation of young fellows than the enthusiastic rooters who accompanied your team on this trip to Madison. I was about the city all evening and visited the Park Hotel, which was headquarters for your boys, four or five times, and everything I saw would tend to make every member of your faculty proud of the conduct and behavior that was in evidence on every side.

Now that you have humbled Wisconsin we all wish to see you make a clean sweep of it by defeating Nebraska next Saturday. Rockne's name is a household word in every family of growing boys. His work is a greater factor for good than he even begins to realize.

Sincerely,

EDWARD J. DEMPSEY.

Editors Note:—Mr. Edward J. Dempsey is an attorney of Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

The complete file of THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC will form a valuable record of the year 1924-25 at Notre Dame. Save your copy each week.

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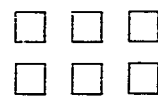
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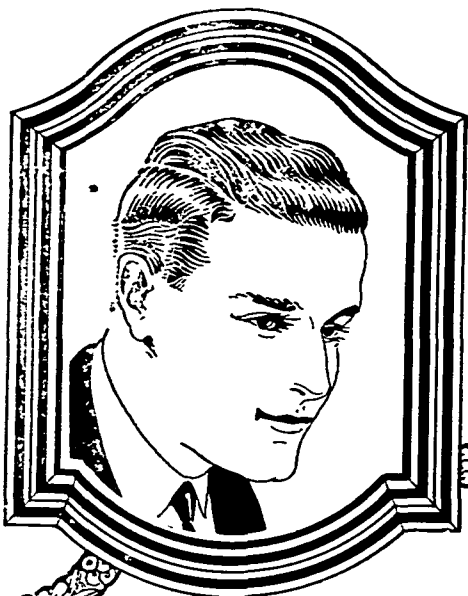
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