

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

ILLUSTRATED

*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibi Quasi Cras Moriturus*

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MARY RECEIVED THE BODY OF JESUS

*(Painted by Joseph Aubert. Recently added to Wightman Art Gallery, Notre Dame)*

## THE WEEK

An old, old priest used to stand on the path near the Sacred Heart Statue and point with his cane at a certain tree. At ten o'clock on any morning during the first three weeks of October he might be found there, watching his tree under the bright blue sky. And suddenly, one day, he would smile and look about: the next passer-by would feel the touch of a withered hand, and hear the old priest's consecrated formula: "When the first branch on that tree turns yellow, I always know that autumn is here. It will be a long winter." And he hobbled away to spread the news.

We watched for that yellow branch this year (the old priest died during last winter) and we are glad to be able to supply the information that "melancholy autumn" arrived last Saturday morning between the ten and the eleven o'clock classes. Unfortunately, it arrived in a sort of back-end-foremost fashion with snow and wind and sheepskin coats. The tramping mob who Monday morning roused many a day student from his slumbers can vouch for the delights of an Indiana October. Aside from the weather, though, the Pre-Dawn Calisthenics proved the excellent sleep-producing qualities of long walks in the fresh air: every Monday morning class found its membership reduced to not more than half the usual attendance. But health cannot be gained without some sacrifice, so why not classes? And echo answers, "Most assuredly" or words to that effect.

!!!!!!! expresses as well as anything else our reaction to the events of the weekend. We hazard only the query: did you notice that the flags were at half-mast throughout South Bend on Saturday? No more.

Walsh Hall held a smoker Monday night.

It is our belief that the members of the committee are planning a desperate year: nothing else can adequately account for the list of speakers they secured for the occasion,—the Prefect of Discipline, the Vice-President of the University, and the Rector of the Hall. A good deal was said about the traditions of Walsh Hall and not much about traditions even now being made. That was Monday night. And Tuesday night the University journeyed en masse to the Blackstone to hear Paul Whiteman give a glorified impression of a combined Palais, Trianon, and the Eagles' Saturday Nights. The balcony was well filled. And Wednesday the huge green exhibition wagon of the Sheaffer Fountain Pen put on the brakes in a secluded spot near the Cafeteria and opened its door for all to see. There were long waiting lines, thus disproving at one fell blow the criticism of involuntary registration lines. Or else proving that the Notre Dame student will stand in line for anything, even a bottle of ink, which he can finally carry away with that triumphant Mine-All-Mine expression.

A crise of the bulletin boards reveals that one day old Cowley pup radios are not allowed in Howard Hall: will someone please reprint the Undergraduate Manual? Flaring yellow placards announce a Dante Club smoker, adding the enticing words "More of Dante." The campus' traditional love of literature is reflected on the newsstand bulletin board, where the covers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Cosmopolitan*, *American* and *Liberty* remind their votaries of the newest opportunities to become well read. And The Scribblers' meeting of Monday night was cheerfully announced by signs which were posted Tuesday morning and still remain to vex the guilty members with their message: Meeting Tonight.—J. A. W.

### NOTRE DAME ARISES EARLY TO GREET TEAM

Inquiring Reporter: "Do you think Notre Dame is losing its he-man atmosphere?"

Sorinite: "Yes! After Notre Dame lost the Nebraska game two years ago, the boys got up at four o'clock in the morning and went downtown to meet the team when they returned. No such spirit is being shown lately."—The Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC, October 9, 1925.

Yes, Notre Dame has surely lost its he-man atmosphere. When the team returned from the Army game Monday—only about 1500 of the student body turned out of their beds at five a. m., to meet them.

At an hour before sunrise, every bell available on the campus was rung, and in five minutes the halls began to empty. The Northwestern Indiana Railway was to have had fifteen special cars at the end of the car line, but the prefect in the car men's dormitory couldn't have been as effective as the one that nearly kicked our door to pieces. Well, the cars weren't there at the appointed hour, so we fell in behind those who had chosen to walk. Day Dogs who haven't made their "eight o'clocks" all year were rudely awakened, and they too joined the throng.

Just why it had to be the coldest morning this Fall is hard to explain. Some of the boys from Alabama and California came down hatless and coatless, but no one complained. The gathering at the New York Central station was not unlike a gathering held there about a year ago under slightly different circumstances, but the casual onlooker could never have guessed the results of this year's contest. The 6:12 train was an hour late, still no one complained.

A cheerleader climbed a telegraph pole and led the cheering. "Speedy," Harold Lloyd's only living rival, gave a pep talk which was well received. After two or three false alarms the Limited rolled in.

Captain Clem Crowe was the first man to alight. He and every other man was given an ovation as he came down the steps of the last car. The team showed marks of the struggle, and though chagrined at the de-

feat, they were more than pleased with the tribute extended by the Notre Dame student body.

The crowd fell into line after having sung the "Victory Song," and marched down Michigan Street. The early rising South Benders were given a demonstration of loyalty to a team, win or lose. At the corner of Michigan and Washington, the line of march ended. Four rousing cheers were given each individual player. "Speedy" just couldn't keep quiet so he climbed a lamp post in front of the Ellsworth Store and delivered another pep talk. In an eloquent manner he urged the student body on to Minnesota.

A final big "U—N—D" and one of the greatest ovations ever tendered a football team ended.

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### M'CREADY HUSTON WELL RECEIVED

Before an enthusiastic and interested audience of budding writers, interspersed here and there with a professor or two, McCready Huston, short-story writer and novelist, delivered an instructive lecture here in the North Room of the Library, Thursday, October 15, at 12:30.

Arrangements for Mr. Huston's appearance were made by Professor John M. Cooney, Director of the School of Journalism, and students of other schools were invited to be present. Many took advantage of the opportunity, and the lecture room was filled.

The necessity for perseverance and concentrated hard work to success in authorship were stressed by Mr. Huston in his lecture. "Fifteen lines in fifteen minutes" he gave as a good rate of speed in preparing a manuscript, adding that the author should live with his story during its writing. The mechanics of authorship were explained by the speaker, and he stressed his points with many incidents from his own experience. He described the course of a manuscript from its acceptance until its final appearance, and told graphically of the difficulties encountered in making that final appearance perfect.

## UNIVERSITY ROAD IS REPAIRED

The road in front of Howard Hall has been repaired so that it is possible now to walk from that building to the Cafeteria without wading through mud and water. This was accomplished by putting a clay culvert under the walk leading from the front door of the hall to the street and by plowing up a small ditch to drain off the water. By using a little gravel to fill up the holes the job was completed.

The plot of ground in front of Howard is also being filled in to bring it up to the level of the concrete walks that have recently been put down.

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 DOME MEN BEGIN ADVERTISING WORK

Rudolph Medlinger and his staff of artists returned to the Russell Studio of Chicago on Saturday night, after photographing approximately 300 seniors and faculty members. They will return to the University in a month to get pictures of those Seniors and members of the faculty, not yet taken.

While the editorial staff is recovering from a week of labor in the K. of C. chambers in Walsh Hall, the business staff of the annual is preparing to inaugurate its local and national advertising campaign on Wednesday. A preliminary meeting of those interested in this work, was held Thursday night at 7 o'clock in the DOME building.

Mark Fiehrer, of Hamilton, Ohio, a Junior in the Law School, will have charge of the campaign, and will be assisted by the following men: Jack Ohnemus, Paul Butler, Jack Daly, Art Hohman, Luther Swygert, James Gray, Prince Slaven, James Jones, George Thomas, Daniel Bradley, Jerry Smith, Bernard Walsh, Martin Callagy, Gerald Highberger, Kirwin Williams, and Thomas Hughes.

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Tom Murphy, a second year man in the Department of Boy Guidance, refereed the football encounter last Saturday at Culver Academy, when the Culver football team defeated the Great Lakes Naval Training Station football eleven.

## SOPHOMORES DISCUSS COTILLION

The first meeting of the Sophomore class to discuss arrangements for the Sophomore Cotillion, was held last Thursday in the South Room of the Library, at the instance of Frederick Collins, President. Formal announcement of the dance on November 20 was made in addition to the announcement from the Faculty Dance Committee to the effect that the dance would be confined strictly to Sophomores. It is expected that Ted Weems will furnish the music. The dance will continue from 10 until two o'clock with permission for return to the campus halls extending to three. Morris B. Conley is general chairman of the Cotillion arrangements and will be assisted by an arrangements committee headed by John P. Smith, as chairman, with John T. Cullinan, Henry Hudson, John Cavanaugh, and Frederick Collins as assistants. It has been decided that the affair will be formal.

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 WALSH HALL HAS SMOKER

Hall social activities were resumed Monday evening when Walsh Hall held a smoker in the K. of C. chambers. A highly entertaining program was arranged by James Ronan, general chairman, and included as speakers Rev. George Finnegan, C.S.C., Vice-President of the University, Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., Prefect of Discipline, Rev. George McNamara, C.S.C., and Rev. Patrick Haggerty, C.S.C., rector of Walsh Hall. Father O'Donnell advanced an optimistic outlook for the crushing defeat of Saturday and was supplemented in his statements by Father Finnegan who also spoke of the traditions surrounding Walsh Hall, and lauded the capabilities of Rev. Father Walsh, C.S.C., ex-President of the University, after whom the Hall is named.

Hogan Morrissey entertained with several vocal selections and the Big Five furnished music throughout the entire smoker. Eats and smokes, the big factors in the success spicuous part, everyone obtaining sufficient to feel comfortable.

### Campus Comment

The SCHOLASTIC invites communications for this department. It will not be responsible for any views contained in these communications, however, nor will it consider for publication any letter not signed, in evidence of good faith, with the writer's name and address. Anonymity in print will be preserved if the writer desires.

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To the Editor of the SCHOLASTIC:

Good reading is plentiful, but unfortunately often hard to get. For us who must depend almost exclusively on libraries for our reading matter, the problem is complicated. The books we want are always out, or on reference, or lost, or loaned to someone who has the privilege, under library rules, of an indefinitely long tenure. Several times we have given up in despair, only to return hopefully to yet another disappointment. But we have solved the problem at last: We have taken out a card in the South Bend Library.

When we want late fiction, we go to the South Bend Library and range along the shelves devoted to such books, selecting here and there as title or author attracts, and finally making a leisurely and well-considered choice. If we are looking for new dramas, new volumes of poetry, recent biographies or travel books, we find them all side by side, ready to be taken down and dipped into at will. New titles and old, good and foolish, clever and tiresome,—they are all there, conveniently arranged, ready to be taken down and looked at. Books seen thus may not have themselves any interest for our needs of the moment: but they inevitably suggest others of which, unaided, we should never have thought. And those others may be just the ones we can use! If we want current magazines, we find them on the shelves and reading tables, appealing and ready to hand. There are no gaps of a year or more between bound volumes and the latest issue—gaps which are accounted for by the cryptic words “in the bindery.” Up to nine o'clock at night, no one will disturb your reading: you pick your favorite chair and forget the world. And if you run into any diffi-

culties, desire any information, or ask for any suggestions, you will find a willing, courteous, and extremely well-informed group of attendants at your service. A vote of thanks to the South Bend Library.

—PHEDRUS.

Editor, Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC:

Recently, the big six-ton (or is it twelve?) bell in the church tower began to roll and boom. Its voice went across the campus like some alarm-bell of ancient Bruges or Antwerp. Students stopped each other, and asked with startled looks, the reason why the big bell had so suddenly and inexplicably revived activities.

None seemed to know the cause, but that is not the point. What I would like to know is: Why does not this bell ring oftener? Surely it is in perfect condition, as the clamor it made recently proved. Is it because the labor involved in swinging it is too laborious? That should be a difficulty easy of solution. Father O'Hara could certainly scare up enough “he-men,” so much identified with Notre Dame, to work the bell properly. Or is it because the frequent use of this bell would violate one or more of Notre Dame's many traditions?

We would like to know, Mr. Editor. Of all the bells at Notre Dame—and they are almost as numerous as her traditions—none moves us so much, emotionally, as the “King of Them All.”

—A SENIOR.

Dear Editor:

What has become of “Hello week?” There has been a noticeable lack, on the part of the present Freshmen, of the “hello spirit” that has heretofore prevailed on the campus.

Can we blame them? There has been nothing to show that the greeting “hello fellows” is as much a part of Notre Dame as the dome or the basement chapel.

—A Sophomore.

Julius J. Danch, '25, of Gary, Indiana, a graduate of the Notre Dame College of Law, was married to Miss Gizalla Christy, also of Gary at St. Emrics Church, recently. A reception was held following the wedding.

## THE SPIRIT LIVES!

We're proud that we are of Notre Dame.

For gold still glints on a golden dome against a cerulian sky. And the gold typifies honor; the blue, loyalty. Out-played in every department of the game, outclassed by a greater team, out-generated at every turn the Fighting Irish went down to defeat before a better team by a 27 to 0 score. If anyone tries to tell you that the Army hasn't a team; that the breaks decided the game;—in fine, anything but that the West Pointers have one of the finest elevens in the country in the one that outshone Notre Dame at the Yankee Stadium last Saturday, just give them the horse laugh.

Up where the lordly Hudson bends around Thunder Head the service men lay in waiting for the Rox, and after nine, long lean, winters managed to humiliate the men from out of the west by the worst pointage that has been had here since the coming of King Knute.

Beguiling end-runs, deceptive off-tackle thrusts, running passes and a multitude of other forms of cannonade were unloosed, but all in vain. The gigantic Army machine bore down for the touchdown, like an armored tank upon a field of saplings.

Since the first eleven men went out, like knights of old, to do battle for Our Lady, men of Notre Dame have gathered in the gym to hear the results of the jousts which they have fought in her honor on foreign fields. Saturday saw them assembled for this purpose for the first time this year. During the entire time the returns were coming in spirit ran high. Then came the final wire; the final flash;—the game was o'er. It was the first time for the great majority of them since their arrival that the school had been conquered on the cross-barred, battle-scarred field. And by such a score! A hush fell over the crammed tiers of students just for a second. In a moment they were up. We have heard the cheering given on the occasion of an ovation for the National Champs of last year; we had heard their Victory March when Joe Brandy snatched the laurels from Indiana in the

closing moments of play; we had known these same men when the mighty Nebraska had been conquered,—but never, not on any of these occasions did we hear as hearty a cheer as was given the Army after Saturday's game. And while the rafters and beams were echoing and reechoing that mighty yell, the crowd broke into the chorus of the Victory March; and the spirit of Notre Dame,—beaten but never vanquished; hoary with age as the sages sing; as tender as a child, rose above that student gathering and sincerity rang out in every voice as they came to:

What though the odds be great or small  
Old Notre Dame will win over all  
While her loyal sons go marching  
Onward to victory.

And it seemed to us that the true spirit of Notre Dame had risen. That they had a right to sing a Victory March. For any school that can display such loyalty after a crushing disappointment is indeed, in the last analysis, victorious.

There were no tears as the gang marched out,—though many an eye did look glassy. No voices cracked. Rather there was that all too-smooth, quite tone that showed that the soul had been hurt too deeply to allow such superficial signs;—that the barbs had really struck home! It was like a harp whose strings have been broken, but whose soul goes singing on.

The consensus of opinion was: "Army had a great team; they deserved to win." Not a word of protest, not a word of complaint. Corduroy pants, army shoes, sweat shirts mingled with tweeds as they left the old gym. Everyone held his head high not because the team, — their team, had gone down fighting, with the courage to hang on just for another moment. Surely Notre Dame was greater in that defeat than it could ever be in victory.

Gold still glints upon a golden dome outlined against a cerulian blue sky!

There is a something deeper in that than mere victory or defeat could bring.—A something that makes one proud to be of Notre Dame!

—J. P. M'NAMARA.



### Campus Opinion

*Question: What do you think of the Army defeat?*

*Where asked: At the station, as the team returned.*

Ray Dahman: (Corby)

Nothing could make us feel any better than the sight of that gang at the station.

Charles Springer: (Sorin)

The defeat was good for the team and for the school as a whole especially the Freshmen. They seemed to think that a Notre Dame team always wins no matter what kind of support is given it. From now on we're going to have spirit and our team is going to roll up a bigger record than last year's.

James Silver: (Sorin)

What does a defeat mean when it brings spirit like this? The game was an eye-opener to the team. They'll be alright from now on.

Joseph Boland: (Corby)

Getting up at five o'clock in the morning and walking two miles to town on a cold morning like this is a greater exhibition of spirit than any other school can show.

John Ryan: (Sorin)

The Army had a good team and the law of average finally worked.

Joe Maxwell: (Corby)

"The demonstration at the train was the greatest exhibition of spirit ever shown here, and it is doubtful if it has ever been equalled anywhere. Believe me, it made us feel better."

Andy Conlin: (Sorin)

"The result of the Army game: It has shown that the students will back a Notre Dame team whether it be a winner or a loser. It is the greatest help that could be given to a student body that seemed to be losing the old Notre Dame spirit."

"Too bad the Cadets couldn't have seen the Army win Saturday. They'll be Brigadier Generals before their team wins again."  
—Campus Prophet.

### BLUE CIRCLE WORKS HARD

The Blue Circle considers that it has scored a coup. (No, not one of those vehicles we ride in, but that the French term a "stroke" of something or other.) Mainly through the Blue Circle's efforts, although the hall prefects came nobly to its assistance, the various and assorted members of the student-body, who were peacefully and peaceably pounding the pillows, were routed out at the unsanctified hour of five o'clock, a. m., with variations of a half-hour either way, to welcome the team, glorious even in defeat, home from the Army game. After unwilling sleep had been banished from one's eyes, it was not so bad, but oh! the racket that "thundering herd" made, galloping up and down the corridors, and pounding with leaden hoofs on the frail doors! Everyone, dazed as he was by the reverberations, thought another fire had occurred, and sprang out of bed with the one thought of "clothes and more of 'em!" But that fear was soon allayed. The fellows trooped out into the searching air of early morning down to the car-line, where they waited fruitlessly for the 18 cars the Blue Circle had arranged to be on hand at 5:30. However, cars or not, they proceeded to the station where the team was welcomed in a fashion that recalled the home-coming from the Nebraska surprise, two years ago.

Although the train bearing the battered warriors was an hour late, the huge crowd that was massed in and about the station was undiminished and undismayed. When the coaches did come into sight cheer after cheer rent the air, and were given for everyone of the Notre Dame party from Coach Rockne down. This spontaneous and vociferous welcome of the student-body proved to Coach Rockne, the team, South Bend, the United States and the entire world at large that in victory or not, Notre Dame supports her teams with a whole-heartedness that is beyond denial. Eight o'clock classes were notably slim that Monday morning, but what's a cut, more or less! One doesn't get the chance every morning of arising at five, and welcoming back real representatives of a great school.



The Blue Circle is also busily engaged in laying plans for Home-coming, none of which, however, is perfected enough for announcement. The various sub-committees—Reception, Entertainment, Campus and Downtown Decorations, Barbeque and Traffic—met during the past week, when their chairmen laid before them the outline of the functions they are expected to fulfil.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Blue Circle rendered much able assistance to the S.A.C., at the first Gridgraph showing of the season, last Saturday, October 17. They placed some thousand-odd folding chairs, ushered in an efficient manner, and capably took care of other details, both large and small.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sale of tags for the purpose of sending the Band on the student-trip to Minnesota, and which was under the general supervision of the Blue Circle, was reported to be large, although it is not known as yet whether or not it is sufficient to defray the Band's expenses.

#### RUINED BARN STILL PRESENT

The ruins of Notre Dame's late lamented barn present a bleak appearance indeed when contrasted with the glowing brilliance of the building while burning. The embers are still smouldering persistently and sending out a reek that is a combination of several odors, all of them bad and none of them identifiable. Merely a walk of curiosity satisfaction around the place will leave one's clothes saturated with it. The persistent rains and even snow of the past week have had little extinguishing effect on the piles of blackened, sodden straw and hay, which conceal some tragedies of animal suffering.

No organized efforts appear to have been made to clear away the debris. Sections of the tin roof, badly twisted and utterly useless, have been dragged from the interior, and ropes have been placed at some points to warn visitors against falling brick, but that is all. Inside the place, a few division walls are still standing, while remnants of

the various pieces of farm equipment and other sorts of machinery can be seen projecting from the mass of charred timbers and broken brick. While it is doubtful whether the barn will be rebuilt, it is certain that scarcely any part of the destroyed building will be used in its reconstruction. The walls which remain standing are in such a crumbling condition, due to the terrific heat to which they were subjected, that any attempt to use them for other than the roughest interior work in a new building, would be foolish.

The damage, as hastily estimated immediately after the event, has been lessened many thousand of dollars by a later check-up. The loss now probably will not exceed \$35,000, if it reaches that figure.

From later facts, also, it seems that much of the censure heaped on the South Bend Fire Department, in the excitement of the moment, deserves modification. Investigation after the fire disclosed the facts that telephone communication with the city from the university is virtually cut off after ten o'clock at night, while the alarm-box appeared to have been improperly worked.

The origin of the fire still remains a mystery. No one seems to know or care how it began, now that it is done. Probably it will go down in Notre Dame's annals as one of those unsolved calamities, with origin undetermined and responsibility unfixed, that one reads about everywhere, but which one seldom has brought so close to home.

#### BROWNSON TO HAVE SMOKER

The feature of the annual Brownson Hall smoker which will be held in the Brownson Recreation Room on Tuesday evening, October 27, is the double bill of entertainment.

At 7:30 a vaudeville card, and a one act play will be presented in Washington Hall. Following this, at 9 o'clock, the smoker proper will be held in the Rec. Room.

Music, boxing, speaking and "Charlestoning," will constitute the program. Eats and smokes will be served during the affair. Tickets are procurable in the Brownson Rec., or at the Brownson throne.

## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

Paul Whiteman and His Greater Concert Orchestra played Tuesday evening, October 20, at the Blackstone Theatre to a packed house. The program given was as follows:

1. 'Mississippi" (A tone journey) -----  
----- Ferdie Grofe  
a. Father of Waters; b. Huckleberry  
Finn; c. Old Creole Days; d. Mardi Gras.
2. Hymn To The Sun-----Korsakoff  
Caprice Vennois -----Kreisler  
Indian Dawn -----Zamenick
3. Charlestonette ----- Rose  
Ukelele Lady -----Whiting-Egan  
Manhattan -----Hart-Rodgers  
Pal of My Cradle Days..... Montgomery  
Meet the Boys.

## INTERMISSION

1. Excerpts from the Rhapsody in Blue  
-----Gershwin  
A Little Bit of Jazz -----Carpenter
2. Selections for two pianos.
3. Songs by various members of the company.
5. Pct Pourri and Finale.

The outstanding numbers were "Mississippi" by Ferdie Grofe, The "Caprice Vennois" of Kreisler, and Carpenter's "A Little Bit of Jazz." It is greatly to be regretted that Leo Sowerby's symphony called "Monotony" was omitted in favor of the rather cheap vodvil numbers which made up the closing items of the program. The program was interesting as a whole until the selections by the two pianos had been completed. From then on the party degenerated into a poor grade of Palace amusement. But the outstanding numbers more than made up for the lesser ones, and Paul has such a good humor that he can be easily forgiven for his slips.

—A. L. M.

Vincent Engels, '23, of Green Bay, Wisconsin, stopped off at South Bend during the past week-end, and passed the familiar hello to acquaintances upon the campus.

Mr. Engels continued on his way to Washington, D. C., from whence in company with Levi, Geneisse, '24, also of Green Bay, he departed for Europe. The duo will continue their studies at different schools in France.

## A. I. E. E. MEETS AGAIN

The Notre Dame Branch, American Institute of Electrical Engineers, held its second monthly meeting last Monday evening at 7:30 in Chemistry Hall. An entertaining program was successfully carried out. The chief speaker of the evening was Mr. S. M. Caldwell, Assistant Power Sales Engineer of the Indiana and Michigan Electric Company. Taking a concrete example, he eloquently described the entire procedure followed by the power sales engineer, in getting a new customer connected to the transmission lines.

Dr. J. A. Caparo, Head of the Department of Electrical Engineering, proved himself to be the inspiration of the Freshmen members of the club in a well received talk.

Norbert Arehart and Stanley Boyle each presented well prepared papers. Despite the contrary opinions of a well known Philosopher and an Engineer, it was decided that the last two named speakers merited a draw in the fight for oratorical honors.

## PLAN FOR M'CORMACK CONCERT

A "Singin' Irishman" will perform before the "Fightin' Irish" here on Friday, November 20, when John McCormack, the Gaelic tenor, characterized as "the favorite singer of three continents" visits Notre Dame to sing in the new gym annex, under the auspices of the Scholarship Club of South Bend.

The appearance of McCormack here, will mark an achievement on the part of the Scholarship Club which is now seeking to increase its scholarship fund. Much of the success of this organization, is due to the efforts of Mrs. D. J. Guilfoyle, President, who is largely responsible for persuading the Irish tenor to appear in concert here, under the direction of D. F. McSweeney.

Prices for admission to the concert, will be \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00. All seats, with the exception of those selling for \$1.00 will be reserved. Checks may be made payable to Mrs. Guilfoyle, and tickets obtained from any of the club officers.

## LIBRARY TO PUNISH DELINQUENTS

Students who neglect to return library books will find themselves excluded from classes, according to an announcement made this week by Reverend Leigh G. Hubbell, C.S.C., Director of Studies. Beginning November 1, a new method of handling the problem of the student who refuses to heed the warning of the Library in regard to returning books long over-due, will be inaugurated.

The Library will issue the customary first warning that a book is overdue. If, after a reasonable wait, the student does not return the volume requested the Library will give his name to the Director of Studies who, in turn, will inform the student's instructors that he is to be refused admission to classes until he brings a note from the Librarian to the effect that the missing volume has been returned. It has been found necessary to adopt this rigorous policy because of the presence among students of a few individuals who cannot be made to return books through any ordinary appeal.

Books are as necessary for the conduct of University work as microscopes or other laboratory equipment, and a student who keeps a book out of circulation is interfering with University work. Cases have been known of students keeping books needed for class reference out of circulation for a semester, or even longer. Such men, of course, are a nuisance to the generality of students and it is felt that nothing short of exclusion from class, with the infliction of "cuts" in the interim, will bring these delinquents to take the proper attitude.

## SCRIBBLERS DISCUSS NEW BOOK

In a haze of pale blue smoke the Scribblers met Monday night and inducted three new members into the mysteries of printer's ink. Al. Meyers read a short story which brought forth a great deal of favorable comment. To insure that someone would read their scribbling, members of the club ordered stationery similar to that of last year.

It was announced that the Scribbler pins

would be distributed at the next meeting. Discussion of publishing a new book, in keeping with the tradition established by the *Scribbler's Book of Notre Dame Verse* was the central point of the evening. It was decided that the budding Longfellows, Sandburgs, et al around the campus would be given a chance to "cash in," for the organization decided to open its annual Poetry Contest this week. The final date for entries to this will be December 1.

## THE ALUMNUS IS PUBLISHED

Notre Dame must average a victory a week. Most people are of the opinion that the week between October 11 and October 18 was without its victory for Notre Dame. A mere glance at the first issue of the *Notre Dame Alumnus* would quickly change the general opinion.

The first article in the *Alumnus* concerns "The New Year at Notre Dame." In it is much instructive matter even to the undergraduate who is supposed to be well up on the things about the campus. Turning the pages of the *Alumnus* is like uncovering information upon information. Accompanied by an interesting article you will find the rules which govern the athletes who represent Notre Dame in her intercollegiate struggles. In his reviews of "Rock's" books, Professor Charles Phillips gives to the alumni his assurance of their literary merit.

In its article on the addition to the Gym, the *Alumnus* unconsciously compliments the administration on its selection of a fitting memorial to be placed on a time-honored battle ground. In the days of yore an appointment "behind the gym" meant the settlement of an "affair of honor." Damaged feelings were soothed by black eyes, cauliflower ears, et cetera.

The athletic section gives encouragement to the skeptic and information to the ignorant. Notre Dame's opponents for the grid year of '25 are each given a paragraph in which something nice is said about them. One page is devoted to the "Varsity Candidates for 1925." Of each candidate it gives the home, weight, height, prep school and the year on the Notre Dame team.

### NOTRE DAME LAWYER TO APPEAR SOON

According to reports from the offices of the Notre Dame *Lawyer*, the official publication of the Law School of the University, much progress has been made on the initial issue which will make its appearance upon the campus during the former part of November.

Conspicuous among the articles in the first issue will be one by Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University. Dr. Butler is a widely known legal authority.

"Interesting and learned articles by Judge B. Lindsey, of Denver, Colorado; Professor Dudley Wooten, of South Bend, and Professor Clarence Manion, of the Law School of the University, will also be included," says Clarence Ruddy, Editor of the *Lawyer*.

### S. A. C. APPOINTS COMMITTEES

At a meeting of the Student Activities Council on October 14, President Dan Brady appointed two committees to take charge of the Gridgraph showing. These committees were: Operation: Urban Simon, chairman; Paul Fleming, Dan Cunningham, and Frank Bon. Finance: Ben Bourne, chairman; Tom Green and Paul Johnson.

The S. A. C. also met Tuesday night, October 20. The Concessions Committee submitted several requests for consideration. Those favorably passed upon were: that of Victor Lemmer to represent the Toledo Jewelry Company; that of J. M. Crowley to represent the Van Dyke Studio of South Bend, and that of J. McQuain to sell ribbons on the student-trip train going to Minneapolis. Action on the requests of J. Purcell and F. Cody to produce a Football Review, similar to the one of last year, was deferred by the Council till the next meeting.

The financial report of the chairman of that committee, respecting the showing made by the Gridgraph on the Army game, was very satisfactory to the Council.

Worden Kane, chairman of the Student Trip Committee, reported that over 300 tickets had been sold for the Minnesota game, and that he expected the remainder to be disposed of on the last day of the sale.

The question of the "No Smoking on the Quadrangle" tradition was taken up, and a committee consisting of Harold Robertson, chairman; John Cavanaugh and Edward Collins was appointed to see to the placing of signs where they would do the most good, so as to uphold this custom in the manner it deserves.

### SENIOR COMMITTEES APPOINTED

Francis J. Bon, President of the Senior Class, has announced the personnel of the two following Senior Committees: Concessions: Gerald J. McGinley, chairman; Daniel A. Shiffer, Gail V. Gurnett, Raymond D. Downs, Thomas A. Burke, Lawrence V. Keefe, Stephan R. Pietrowicz, James A. Ronan. Invitations: Paul J. Fleming, chairman; Paul J. Broderick, Maurice D. McNulty, James V. Maher.

In addition to Mr. Bon, the officers of the Senior Class are: Malcolm F. Knaus, Vice-President; Edward V. Crowe, Secretary; and Roger W. Nolan, Treasurer.

### FIRE DESTROYS NEW CAR

To the greater portion of the student body, the fire which destroyed the Notre Dame barn became a lark after it was found that the building was doomed. But a touching bit of pathos was discovered by a reporter recently.

The Sunday before an old couple, whose names are withheld by request, made their first appearance in a new car which they had saved for years and sacrificed much to purchase. They were very happy in the possession of the new toy, and planned for many little excursions. Tuesday night, for lack of a better place, the auto was left in the Notre Dame barn. It was destroyed in the fire. The old couple will miss their excursions.



## OCTOBER

Is October brown-eyed? Standing in the sun-flecked woods, the leaves drifting over her feet, she dreams, mid-afternoon, and her eyes seem brown. But, high on the dewy hill in the golden morning, those same eyes seem as blue as the blue of the compassing sky. And if, on a misty evening before the rain begins to patter, you find her sitting in the river valley, you would swear her eyes are grey. Well, October's eyes change as do our own, now alight with a new hope, now weary with an ancient care.

October is red of cheek, whatever her eyes. Her orchards glow rosy with apples, her forests flaunt their crimson banners, her children trudge to school with ruddy cheeks. Her sunset sky is painted redder than any lips—, but say it not!

October loves to roam the fields and woods. Into the town she steals, it is true, and where homes stand among grass and trees she may pause a moment to smile and brood. Even "down town" she has been known to venture and to peep through a bank window or the door of a factory, but she quickly hurries away. The little whirlwinds we see in the dust are made by her steps in their swift retreat, her retreat to hillside, wood or stream.

October is naturally a pagan.

## AN EARLY RISING

"The greatest exhibition of spirit ever shown here"—that is the way the demonstration accorded the team returning from the Army game was characterized by two of the players. And yet no one was surprised—or if anyone was, he doesn't know Notre Dame.

Notre Dame's spirit is more than traditional, if that be possible. The spirit of Notre Dame is inbred, inborn—it seems as though the men who come to Notre Dame are destined from the cradle to come here.

The spectacle of 1500 students rising at five o'clock in the morning, when the mercury was well down toward the zero mark, and walking three miles through the darkness to greet their defeated team was inspiring. Add to that the fact that the train was nearly an hour late, and you have the nucleus of a conception of Notre Dame's spirit. It might be added that the station cared for but the smallest portion of the crowd, and that the greater number were compelled to wait in the cold.

That is Notre Dame. The old grads will have no reason to complain about Notre Dame's spirit so long as Notre Dame exists. And this is simply the latest demonstration of the truth of that statement.

Notre Dame is still Notre Dame.—J. A. B.

## NOTRE DAME'S DEMOCRACY

Democracy has always been an outstanding characteristic of Notre Dame life. A man's ancestors and their achievements, his own accomplishments in high school and the old home town, are all forgotten when he enters this University. Here his purpose is to add to himself, to enlarge his sphere, to prove himself worthy of being a son of Our Lady. When he arrives, he has nothing to boast of; he is unknown, and his past, glorious as it may have been, is entirely discounted. It usually takes him the four years comprising his course to achieve his purpose, to make his position solid. And when he has done so, he has acquired too much sense to parade his attainments before his fellows; he is content to let the deeds do the talking. This is the foundation of Notre Dame's democracy, and, further, this is what makes that democracy so apparent. It has always been so in the past, and there is no reason why it should not so continue.

It would appear, however, that this democratic spirit is weakening, dwindling, dying a slow death from lack of practise. One may walk any distance, short or long, about the campus, passing hundreds of fellow-students on the way, and elicit so few responses to a friendly greeting that the effect is surprising. What has happened, what is happening to the old democracy? It used to be that every man would hail every other man, stranger or not, with a cheery "Hello!" or a robust "Howdy!" Lasting friendships often grew out of this simple introduction. But now, greet a stranger in this manner and he gazes at you in pained surprise, as if to indicate "Well! can you *imagine* that!"

A possible explanation seems to lie in the fact that the Freshmen are so stuffed with stories, true or false, of the hoaxes perpetrated on them by the upperclassmen that they are naturally suspicious of anyone whom they don't know. Or, it may be that the Freshmen are so self-centered, so self-sufficient, that, for them, no one else exists. Or it may be anything between these extremes. Whatever the reason, however, it should be rooted out, and thus allow the old democracy to grow and develop into a new democracy which will be adaptable to the

new conditions encountered as Notre Dame herself expands. Another "Hello Week", extending over the whole year, will help.

—F. A. K.

## THE BEAUTIFUL CAMPUS

Notre Dame has frequently been given the palm as possessing one of the most beautiful campus grounds in America. This University is situated with peculiar opportunities for scenic beauty—alone and at a seclusion-assuring distance from town.

At the present time, however, we believe that Notre Dame would rank low when considered for the beauty of its campus. The quadrangle is still an inspiring sight. But on other sections of the campus, as between Science Hall and Washington Hall, and between Walsh and Badin, the sight is anything but inspiring. A stranger must be startled at the litter of papers and trash that strews the campus in these sections.

In a large measure, of course, this litter is due to the carelessness of students who toss chewing gum and candy wrappers, not to mention cigarette packages and a thousand other things of the sort, on the ground at these points.

But by no means can all the blame be laid to the students. At the points mentioned, the papers are never removed. Therefore the student contemplating carelessly ridding himself of a useless bit of scrap is confronted, not with a well-cared-for lawn which silently rebukes him for his thought, but with a trash-strewn campus which invites him to add one bit more to the confusion.

So we ask that the campus at the points mentioned be cleaned and trash barrels placed at convenient points; and we ask of the students that they exercise more care, to the end that Notre Dame may have its campus beautiful again. It will be easy—if everyone does his bit. Keep yourself and your scraps off the grass.

—J. A. B.

Prof. Phillips in Thesis Class: "You must construct a skeleton. But just that is not enough. You must put meat on that skeleton. If you don't, it will be a dead giveaway." We wonder...!

## *So This Is Chicagonac!*

L. R. M'INTYRE, '28

A THIN, curling wisp of blue-grey smoke steadily flowed from the carmine-colored incense jar, filling the room with a haze which subdued the flamboyant color scheme. In odd corners and cubby-holes faint lights issued from the Chinese lanterns. The room was furnished in ebony. Quaint, black, shiny tables and chairs were placed in enticing ensemble; and last of all was the floor covering. I was not aware of it at first, but as my gaze shifted from the salient articles which loomed before my eyes to the floor, I knew why no noise was audible. The floor was covered with a thick plush carpet. The design and color effect were decidedly oriental, and with each step my feet seemed to sink down inches into the soft bed.

This was the dining-room of an ostentatious restaurant in Chinatown, Chicagonac.

The celestial calm of the room gave me a vague feeling of uneasiness. It was long after the dinner hour, and no one else was in the room at the time. I stood there tightly clinging to my watch with my left hand and my gold-topped cane with my right, unaware that anyone had entered the room, until someone from behind touched me lightly on the shoulder. My stomach started for my toes and collided midway with my knees, which were vainly trying to scratch the tip of my chin. Sweat oozed from all my sudoriferic glands. I turned around and found myself face to face with an honest-to-goodness Chinaman.

He was a fascinating person. His one good almond-shaped eye twinkled at me. The smoothness of his jaundice-colored face was broken by a flash of gleaming white teeth promiscuously placed; and his old rose and pale blue garment made his hair seem blacker and his skin more yellow.

"Evenin' Mistler," he said; and taking my coat and hat, he disappeared with them behind a screen, that had delineated across its exterior several grotesque figures in hand-to-hand combat. The Chinaman reappeared

in an instant, and silently guided me to a table above which hung a huge, ominous-looking lantern. He put a menu card before me and busied himself arranging the flowers in the vase on my table, turned the light in the lantern a little lower, professionally patted the tablecloth, and then stood waiting for my order.

"Get me an order of ham and eggs, hot buns, and tea, please," I said to the affable attendant.

The waiter left me, chuckling to himself.

In a few minutes the waiter and two assistants entered the room. Each of them carried a tray. On one tray the ham and eggs nestled; on another the hot buns reposed; and on the last one the pot of tea stiffly stood erect. They arranged the food before me and sat down at a table across the room from me, where they powwowed in low tones.

The food, like that of most Chinese restaurants, left nothing to be desired. I had about finished my meal. The waiter had gone to the kitchen for another order of hot buns and was just returning, when the door leading to the main street was opened. A gust of wind ran rampant through the room, extinguishing all but two of the lanterns. A screen caught the draught, swayed slightly, then heavily fell to the floor. And then a shot mingled with crashing china, and the waiter carrying the hot buns pitched headlong into my table.

When the door had opened, both waiters sitting across from me stood up to see who could be coming for a meal at this late hour. Now one went running up the room howling wildly in Chinese, while the other waddled like a frightened duck for the kitchen.

It is surprising how fast one can go if one has to. For a moment I was stunned,—but only for a moment. I had to get out of that dining-room. I knew it well, but I got only as far as the door and could get no farther. Outside everything was in an uproar. Natives of Chinatown were rapidly gathering



about the restaurant entrance; they were haranguing with feeling. It was useless to try to get away.

A policeman battered his way through the almost impenetrable wall of Chinamen. He worked his way up to the door, dragging with him a waiter who had apparently sought his aid. He came up to me, scrutinized me and asked me if I was in the room when the shooting occurred. I said that I had been. He politely placed my hands in a pair of hand-cuffs, and gently clamped them shut, telling me to wait for him. He went into the dining-room, and in a short time came out pulling a convulsive Chinese cook. He took me by the arm.

Oh! humiliating moment, when I walked down the street under guard of an officer of the law! I felt suddenly weak. My power of moving my legs left me, and I stood still. Perhaps it was not only the shame of the thing, but the injustice of it that halted my locomotion. I had done nothing outside of the law; yet here I was being unceremoniously dragged within its precincts.

"Come on," growled the officer. I went.

He led me to a small court house. It consisted of one room. Along the sides were benches on which sat policemen, waiting, no doubt, to be called on duty. As I entered, all eyes were fixed upon me excepting those of the judge, who sat at a desk in the middle of the room and was busily engaged in reading the "Police Gazette."

"Your Honor," said the policeman as soon as he had led me to the desk.

"Well?" bellowed the judge, as he inwardly struggled in his determination to pursue the proper course of action. Finally, after

weighty deliberation, he put the periodical aside.

"What's your name?" he barked.

"Hugo Goliango Grouthamel," I answered.

"Do you live in Chicagonac?" he next rasped out.

"N-nnc, your h-honor," I stammered in reply.

"How long have you been here?" he further queried.

"Seven hours," I rejoined.

"Well, how do you like it in Chicagonac?"

The judge threw back his head and let out a tremendously loud laugh. The policemen on the benches snickered.

Surely he was going to let me off scot-free, I thought. And why should he not? I ruminated further. I had done nothing to be arrested for, with the possible exception of eating in a Chinese restaurant, and certainly this was not a crime even in Chicagonac.

"L-l- like it?" I exclaimed. "Why—it's a—a fine pl-lace."

Again the judge laughed.

"I'm glad you like the place; you're going to be here for some time! Ninety days!" thundered the judge, "for temporary insanity brought about by the imbibing of dangerous drinks."

No, this is no dream. I am now serving my ninety days. A fellow, who is serving a like sentence for the third time, told me that if they have nothing against you, as a last hope they ask you how you like Chicagonac. If you make a complimentary answer they feel convinced that you are either drunk or insane or both. Yes, the legal authorities do anything in Chicagonac since Barrow pulled that "complex" claim.

Well! Well! so this is Chicagonac!



## Concerning Me

WALTER O'LEAGHAN, '26

A FEW years ago, while learning the rudiments of Greek grammar, I hung above my desk this proverb from that classical and "cultural" language: *Gnothi seauton* (Know thyself). I hung it there because it struck my fancy with its weighted meaning, its wide connotation, its charming brevity; and because I took not a little pride in my ability to read and understand those strange, odd characters of the Greek alphabet. That was at least six years ago, but I have since been very busy studying the sermon which those two short words contain; nor as yet have I read it all. There are ways and byways in its labyrinth of thought which are still closed to me. I hope that as the years pass I may stumble upon more openings, other passageways, which will lead still nearer the center; and, then, again on, —on, and on, ever advancing, ever following the vision, till I tire with the search and with the gazing, and lie down, and rest.

One can not know himself perfectly; even the saints, thorough as they were in their knowledge of self, fought to the very last against subtle faults and failings which broke the calm of their lives at the least suspected times and in the holiest places. Evidently, whoever gave us the proverb, *Gnothi seauton*, did not expect us to accept it in an absolute sense. Our knowledge of the "inner man," the *ego*, can certainly never be more than relatively perfect, though we live to be as old as Methuselah,—though we give as much time and energy to its study as did Benjamin Franklin.

Now, the limits of self-knowledge being granted, I can safely and confidently curtail the scope of this paper. And it is advisable, it is expedient that I do so; "Myself" is too broad a subject to treat fully in a short theme. (By the way, do you notice the possibilities, rather the indiscreet admission, in that last clause? It would surely draw a laugh. Did I mean it? No. But as I enjoy a joke as much as the next man, I shall leave it as it is.) Therefore, I shall devote two or

more paragraphs to a consideration of "Myself" as a student of English; then call it a job.

First of all, as a student of English I am, happily, a book-lover; not a *bibliomaniac* with a narrow passion for costly, showy bindings and rare editions; rather a *bibliophile*, loving the books themselves, their personality and individualism, their thought, pages, covers, rarity, in fact, everything about them—yes, even the odors which their leaves exhale, sweet, when new; musty, when old. Perhaps I have inherited this thrice blessed trait. My father left hundreds of books, and I spent much time with them even when very young. Too much time, indeed, I may have given to novels; but I shan't shed tears over an act which has most plainly benefited me and made life so much more worth while. The books which have the most influence upon me have been novels—two, three, six or more of them; and the last was *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen. What an antidote to *Main Street* is that story of two most noble, unselfishly devoted souls. A just estimate of these two books can best be formed from a comparison of the sentiments which they leave in the heart and mind of a reader; the story of Carol Kennicott disgusts you, and makes life a dull, drab existence; that of John Gray and Mrs. Falconer strengthens you, and makes it a pure joy to live.

Well, here I am writing about books and forgetting "Myself," the student of English. But stay a moment! Have I strayed so far from my subject? I am certainly treating of English when I discuss books, and of myself also when I extoll the merits of those books which have particularly interested me. There is a common proverb, half falsehood, half truth (mostly the former, I think), which says, "Tell me what books you read and I'll tell you what you are." If that is so, I am not ashamed to hear anyone's judgment of my character when I acknowledge

that I have read and loved *The Choir Invisible*.

Now for more about myself. When I finish reading such books as the one last mentioned, I feel within me a strong desire to write. Great books serve only to inflame this desire which has long been smouldering. But they not only nourish this ambition, they train the mind; they teach me to write, silently and surely. That is why I read them. Does every student of English cherish this desire? Not everyone; but perhaps there are many more than I believe there are. So you see it is not my peculiar possession. (Can

you keep a secret? Well, for a while, I had thought that it was.)

In conclusion I acknowledge this paper to be topheavy, to have more introduction than body; and I am afraid that like a kite with insufficient tail it will quickly come to ground and to destruction. But I tried hard to write it well: I wrote it and rewrote it, revised and counter-revised it. And so I think I have not failed, though the result of my efforts may not enrich literature. The attempt was there (perhaps I should say is here), and the will to succeed: and I—well, after all, what else counts?

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#### CONSOLATION

Don't worry Knute, your team fought well:  
They fought for you and Notre Dame  
They always fight and oft excel,  
The winning does not make the game.  
Nor does the score, the story tell  
To lose means not disgrace or shame  
The nightingale may miss one note  
And still may claim the sweetest throat.

—RAYMOND G. KEISER, '27

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#### THE CEMETERY AT NOTRE DAME

Above the wild world's screaming,  
Beyond the uttermost star,  
In the infinite spaces of Heaven,  
Homing with God they are.  
Men who toiled through the mid-day,  
By forest, and sea, and mere,  
Have found a waiting Lover  
Beyond the last frontier.  
Alone in this storied acre,  
Under its wind-washed sod,  
They wait secure the Judgment Day,  
Asleep in the arms of God.

—FRANK CONNOLLY, '29

## BOOK LEAVES

GANDLE FOLLOWS HIS NOSE: By Heywood Broun. Published by Boni and Liveright; \$2.00.

Heywood Broun, that blasé dramatic critic of the *New York World*, who relinquished his duties as theatrical reviewer in favor of Alexander Wollcott because, "he desired to witness only those productions which appealed to him," has taken time out to produce the second novel of his career. According to advance press notices, his best friends proclaim the work, "Heywood's big book!" This news must be gratifying to the author and certainly his reading public will give expression to their vocal powers with a long and lusty, "Deo Gratias," because his first work, "The Boy Grew Older" approached a minus quantity when speaking in terms of literary successes.

Bunny Gandle, born out of our time and living in unfamiliar lands, starts at eighteen upon a journey. He has spent his youth in a forest cottage with a silent man, and consequently knows nothing of set tradition. Chivalry, love, and God, Gandle seeks, and Broun has made a heroic attempt to provide the meeting place. There is mighty little philosophizing done by Mr. Gandle. He is kept too busy collecting data. The absence of philosophy is praise-worthy; for inane theories aided materially in the ruination of Broun's first novel. Albeit, the theme and the style of "Gandle Follows His Nose" are one hundred percent "Brounonian." Devotees of literature will now present Heywood in a dual role—that of column conductor and novelist. As far as we are concerned, Broun writes a creditable column.

\* \* \* \* \*

Contest manuscripts for the five cash prizes which will be paid by the "Saturday Review of Literature" have been submitted to that publication and it is probable awards will be announced within the next few weeks.

Upon the death of Joseph Conrad his last unfinished novel, "Suspense" was published serially by the "Saturday Review" and essays on the probable ending of the work will bring five awards totalling \$1,000. Professor William Lyon Phelps, Captain David W. Bone, and Joseph Hergesheimer are to judge the contest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Devin-Adair Company reports highly satisfactory sales of Coach Rockne's novel, "The Four Winners" and his invaluable contribution to the sport world, "Coaching." Both books have received favorable criticisms from many of the leading reviewers, and should be read by every Notre Dame student who will enjoy the local color which has been incorporated in the novel. Familiar campus figures and scenes lend atmosphere.

\* \* \* \* \*

The title remains a mystery. However, the novel is on its way and should appear on the campus shortly after the Christmas holidays. Author, Professor Charles Phillips. Publishers, Devin-Adair Company. More of this later: suffice to say the publishers are enthusiastic and this usually connotes success. A pre-review will reach this column within a few weeks to serve as an appetizer.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is evident that some of Mary Roberts Rinehart's talent has descended to her sons, for Mr. Alan Rinehart's monthly piece in the *Bookman* is among the best. Her novel, "The Red Lamp," continues to be listed as a "Best Seller." Mother and son are doing nicely.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dark Laughter" a novel from the pen of Sherwood Anderson will be reviewed next week. In the meantime, aspiring book reviewers and critics will have their offerings welcomed and considered for publication. A one-man column grows dull; volunteers furnish light and inspiration. —J. T. C.

## Local Color

GLENN L. SMITH, '27.

LEWIS gave a little grunt of disgust, shoved his portable to one side, and stared gloomily at the disorderly array of scribbled papers on his desk. These papers represented the entire day's work, which was exactly equivalent to—nothing. For Lewis was a short story writer, and he had spent that dreary November day inventing plots—and then discarding them. Inspiration would not come. He simply could not find material for a decent plot.

He wearily lit a cigarette and meditatively regarded the thin writhing spiral of smoke. Then he gazed out the window. The picture presented there was not a pretty one. A sea of drab housetops under a cloud of blue-black smoke, overcast by a bleak autumn sky. Crazily constructed radio aerials. Black, skeleton-like fire escapes. A hazy outline of tall buildings in the far distance. Twinkling lights. And the ever present elevated, rumbling past like the thunder of Doom. Lewis sighed. If he could only get away from this detested city, free himself from these drab surroundings, and go to the Orient or South America. There he would find abundant material for plots—real atmosphere—and he would write.... But here—Lewis solemnly regarded the walls of his room, decorated haphazardly with pennants and magazine pictures—it was impossible. No material for a story in this apartment. The people who shared it with him were ordinary, colourless, unimaginative. They were utterly uninteresting, and too practical for words.

Lewis glanced at his watch. It was a minute of six. Promptly at six Miss Austin in the apartment above would start practicing on her abominable fiddle. Miss Austin taught one of the lower grades at Public School number 112, and was forty, exact, and prim. She had taken the rooms directly above him over a year ago, and every evening at exactly six o'clock she would practice for precisely one hour, then make herself some tea and eat a prim little lunch. After

the few dishes were cleared away she would, he knew, read Emerson until nine, when she would retire, supremely happy and contented with the world. Fancy weaving a plot around such a character. Lewis laughed aloud.

He was interrupted by the entrance of a visitor, who came in without the formality of knocking. The newcomer stopped just inside the door, and seemed greatly embarrassed.

"Hullo, Lou" he finally managed to say.

Lewis mumbled an unintelligible reply, and offered him a cigarette.

"No thanks, Lou. I never smoke. But I'll like to borrow your *Adventure*, I mean, that is, of course, if you are through with it. I'd like to, to read a little tonight."

"Certainly!" Lewis replied, and briskly produced the periodical from the heterogeneous collection on his desk. "Some good shorts in this issue" he said, and regarded his visitor keenly.

Bill Miller was fat, forty-five, and quite bald. He occupied the adjoining apartment, was a salesman for a wholesale grocery, and wore spats. He walked with a scarcely noticeable limp, (acquired, no doubt, in an automobile accident, Lou had thought.) He was good natured, as fat men usually are, and possessed an excessive fondness for stories of adventure and travel. Lewis had classed him as a typical arm-chair adventurer, a person who, through circumstances, was forced to remain at home and satisfy his craving for adventure by reading stories that dealt with the subject nearest his heart.

Miller eagerly clutched the magazine, stood awkwardly about for a moment, and then took his departure, murmuring an unintelligible "Much obliged, old man."

Lewis stared thoughtfully after the closed door. He tried to imagine Miller the hero of an adventurous yarn. It was absurd! Easy, practical Bill Miller who, in all probability, had never been beyond West 117th Street in his life! Lou shrugged resignedly,

donned his well-worn topcoat, and, making his way down the gloomy stairs, took his usual table at Child's, around the corner. After giving his order he mechanically surveyed the room. Yes! The Colonel and his wife were at their usual table, just as they had been every evening for the past two years.

Colonel and Mrs. Ironton occupied the apartments across the hall from Lou. Mrs. Ironton was a woman who seemed somewhat out of place in the city—she should be on some upstate farm, Lou thought. She was that type—big, efficient. The Colonel was exactly the opposite. He reminded Lou of a character a well-known cartoonist used to represent as the "Public." He was small and bent. Lou wondered how he had acquired the military title. Surely there wasn't anything military about him. His scant hair was carefully brushed and his cuffs frayed. Both characters were drab and lifeless. They would never do. Why, characters had to be interesting—the public demanded that they be interesting. That's why people read—to get away from the commonplaces they come in daily contact with.

Lou hastily finished his dinner and left the restaurant, walking rapidly towards the river. There he wandered among the black warehouses and lifeless docks, seeking, ever seeking, inspiration.

\* \* \* \* \*

Back in his room Bill Miller was earnestly conversing with a foreign looking individual. The man was evidently a diplomat and seemed to have great respect for Bill. He was quietly dressed and there was an unmistakable air of wealth and culture about him. Finally, after a long whispered conversation, Bill said:

"I'll take it. Can you have supplies and retainers at Imataca within a week?"

"Assuredly, Senor."

"And can you make prompt arrangements for a passage to Caracas?"

"Si, Senor!" The stranger beamed. "And now, Senor, let me express my thanks, in the name of the government I represent, for your acceptance. I assure you that, when we were certain that brave Montag was lost

in those damnable jungles around Akarki, we immediately thought of you, and your remarkable work in the Amazonas two years ago, when you so bravely rescued LeBlanc, and received that wound in your leg from the poisoned arrow of a Juruan; and your heroic work at——"

But Bill impatiently interrupted him at this point. "Get busy," he commanded, "We'll have to get this thing going at once." He reached for the telephone. . . .

The solid blackness was gradually giving away before the grey dawn when Lou returned. As he approached his apartment he became aware that something was very much amiss. Despite the early hour there was a large crowd milling about the entrance to his apartment. Two officers stood guard, dividing their time between answering questions and keeping the curious back. An ambulance clanged down the street, coming to an abrupt stop in front of the crowd. They pressed around it as two white uniformed figures entered, and presently returned, carrying something very still, a sheeted something, on a stretcher.

Lou saw the bulky form of Bill Miller in front of him. He edged close.

"Who is it?" He whispered.

Miller turned. "It's Mrs. Ironton. She just downed a quart of prussic acid or something because the colonel ran off with Miss Austin, the school teacher," he explained, tersely.

Lou gulped. The Colonel running off with Miss Austin! It was impossible—unbelievable! Miller laughed and grabbed his hand.

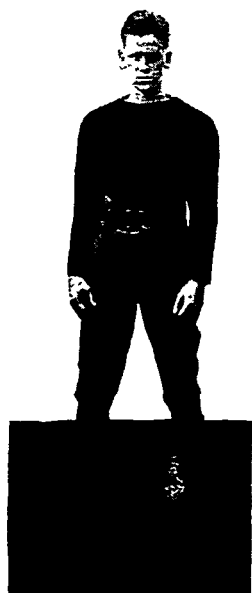
"So long, Lou. I'm off to South America this morning. I've accepted the offer made me by the Venezuelan Government to look around for Montag, the explorer, you know. He's lost somewhere in the woods down there—Have to catch the 5:16—G'bye."

Lou stared at the fast disappearing figure of Miller. Montag? Did he know Montag? Why, the whole world knew Montag, the fearless, the heroic; and the whole world was at that moment praying for his safe recovery.

Lou suddenly laughed. "Local Color," he said aloud, "begins at home—like charity," he thoughtfully added.

# SPORT NEWS

## *To A Better Team, 27--0!*



EDWARDS

these linesmen as much as to anything else that the Cadets forgot to salute their superiors with due form Sunday morning.

Eleven officers-of-the-day were looking after certain interests at Yankee stadium a week ago, and as far as we can figure it, if their interests were to be touchdowns, we suggest that about eleven medals be distributed. "Outclassed" is the word that describes it. Outplayed, the Fighting Irish lived up to their name and went down doing grim battle until the final gun. A team is as good as its line and Army's was just about twenty-seven points the better. That's the story.

This was the third victory for the West Pointers in twelve years of skirmishing with the Harps. Eight of the contests were won by Notre Dame while one resulted in a tie. Coach McEwan was playing center with the military academy back in 1916 when the land forces last achieved victory, but the Army's greatest winning came this year with a decisive triumph of a 27 to 0

Army rode roughshod last Saturday and made crushed stone of what had once been Rockmen. There was much more than one-half of one per cent in the Mule that kicked the Fighting Irish into a 27 to 0 whipping. There were seven Army mules, much like the ones of the National Champs of last year, but there were no horsemen in the Notre Dame line-up. It was due to the work of

count. It was the second worst defeat ever suffered by a Notre Dame team and it was crushing. Saturday's lesson can be turned to good advantage however and will undoubtedly strengthen the squad.

It was a wonderful eleven that stopped the Rox. Presenting a punishing, smashing, driving attack that swept everything in front of it like a barrage from artillery guns, the men from the Plains augmented this with a defense that was capable of stopping everything that Notre Dame had to offer. There were many paradoxical things in the contest. One of these was that the service men often looked more like Notre Dame than the Rockmen. Using a style of play that has become associated with the Westerners, defense modeled after those favored by the Wizard of Football, the Cadets mixed in a great deal of their own characteristic play and the result was marvelous. There was no stopping the powerful Army machine; but there was a lot to be learned from it.

The most effective lieutenants that the future generals had on duty in the back-field territory were Hewitt, the smashing full; Wilson, Harding, Scheffler and Yoemans. Along the forward wall Sprague and Schmidt tore things up in a finished manner. However the laurels of victory belong to a great extent to a certain Mr. Hewitt, who smashed away at the Irish line and sent them back to the bench bruised and beaten.



SCHARER



The game was not altogether the Army's. Streaks of the team that had gone before them showed up now and then as the Irish line braced and held the opposition for no gain, or broke through and threw the backs for a loss. This, by the way, happened more frequently than one would imagine from the score. There was nothing to be ashamed of in the showing made Saturday. The team was fighting up until the last whistle but the odds, in the form of one of the best contingents in the country were against them.

"Bud" Boeringer, at center, especially deserves a great deal of credit. "Bud" did everything that can be expected of a pivot man, and more. The quarterbacks are next in line for honors. Edwards, Scharer and Riley managed the teams well at all times. In the half-back positions, Red Hearnden, Harry O'Boyle and John Roach gave the most promise. Getting back to the line, John Smith and McMullen held an edge on other comers in their positions.

There are no alibies, no complaints, no protests. It was a great Army team that swamped Notre Dame. And it was a fighting team that bowed! So just put it down in your notebook: "To a better team, by a scrapping one, 27-0."

ARMY (27)		NOTRE DAME (0)	
Baxter (c)	-----	L.E.	Crowe (c), Voedish, Walsh.
Sprague	-----	L.T.	Boland, McMullen
Schmidt	-----	L.G.	Marelli, J. Smith
Daly	-----	C.	Maxwell, Boeringer
Seeman	-----	R.G.	Mayer, R. Smith
Saunders	-----	R.T.	McManmon, Poliski
Born	-----	R.E.	Wallace, Benda, White.
Yoemans, Harding	-----	Q.B.	Edwards, Scharer, Riley, McNally.
Trapnell, Buell	-----	L.H.	Hearnden, Dahman, Flannigan, Cody
Wilson, Schneiffler	-----	R.H.	O'Boyle, Roach, Prelli
Buell, Hewitt	-----	F.B.	Enright, Hanousek
Summary:			
Referee—E. J. O'Brien (Tufts); Umpire: T. J. Thorp (Columbia).			
Field Judge: A. C. Tyler (Princeton), Lineman: Walter Eckersall (Chicago). Time of periods—15 minutes.			

Army	-----	0	13	0	14—27
Notre Dame	-----	0	0	0	0—0

### INTERHALL BATTLE CONTINUES

Approximately three hundred gridiron fans saw four teams of pigskin wrestlers launch a mixed attack of short forward passes, darts around both ends and plunges through the line in the third week of inter-hall football tilts last Sunday. Brownson and Howard Halls fought desperately to a scoreless tie while the Freshmen bowed in defeat to the Day Dog aggregation. The attendance at the games last Sunday showed that inter-hall football is very much alive and that interest in the frays is running high. Thus far the teams have played splendid games defensively but each combination with the exception of Sophomore, has failed to display a well organized offensive team.

### DAY DOGS, 7—FRESHMAN, 0

Displaying a powerful line smashing game that eventually battered down the Freshman Hall defense, the Day Dog rugby hounds marched to a 7-0 victory in a strenuously fought battle with the Frosh. It was a co-ordination of attacks between backfield and line which the Freshmen couldn't stop. In the first period the Freshies marched with straight football tactics to the twenty yard line but were held for downs and gave up the ball. The men about-town showed their hand at the very outset of the tilt. Of the Freshman aggregation, Wanek at left half played a splendid defensive game, and placed a fine kick from the forty-five yard line that missed the uprights but a few feet. Elder and Rack got away to some good runs and the powerful Frosh center tackled in a finished manner, but to no avail. The Day Dogs staged a short rally in the last of the second period following one of the greatest punts ever witnessed on the campus, an eighty-five yard aerial from the toe of Smith, and through the assiduous efforts of Howat, Kinny, Harvey, and Rihu were able to take the pigskin over the last white line for the winning tally.

### BROWNSON, 0—HOWARD, 0

Behind a solid wall of outweighed linemen, the Howard backfield launched an ineffective forward pass attack,

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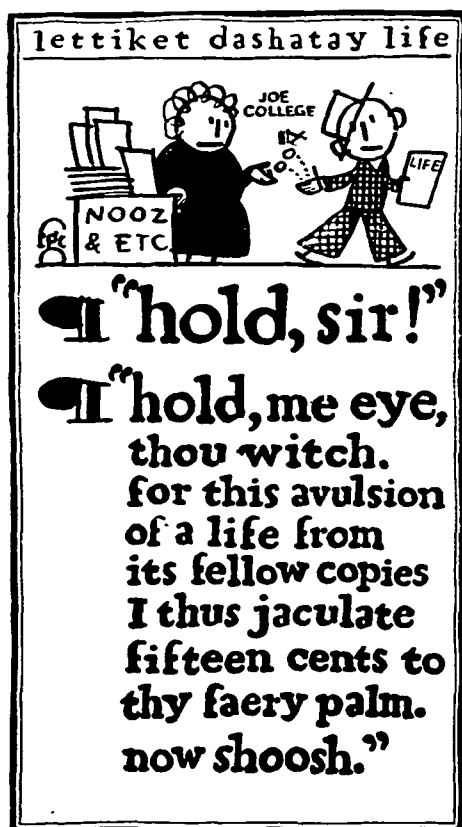
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**NEWS-TIMES**



varied by long end runs and line plunges in their tilt with Brownson that ended in a scoreless tie. The hard plunging and off tackle smashes of the men from the Main Building was largely responsible for the inability of the Howard combination to take the pigskin for a touchdown. Brownson played a stellar game and displayed the best football tactics that it has thus far uncovered. The playing of the Howard combination was outstanding from the first shrill blast of the starting whistle to the last minute of play. Their tackling was clean cut but their punting displayed a great need of betterment. Howard had three splendid opportunities to place the ball over the uprights but failed to make use of them. Mooney of Brownson again took the spotlight with his spectacular tackling and long end runs, and was the outstanding star of the team from the white tent region.

### RESERVES TAKE REVENGE—14-6

As a reaction to the Army game, the Reserves sojourned to Kokomo to trounce the American Legion team of that city—state champs in their class—by a 14 to 6 score. But that doesn't begin to tell the story. The contest belonged to the blue clad warriors soon after the kick-off and they continued to outclass the home team in each of the four brackets of the game. Scintillating team work was the characteristic feature of the Notre Dame playing. No individual stars could be picked, but it is enough to note that every man showed up especially well.

The Kokomo line averaged some two hundred and twenty-five pounds from tackle to tackle. When the reserves called eleven consecutive line plays for substantial gains on each attempt the victory was complete. The future varsity's line was the especially strong factor in the outcome of the game and gave great promise for the future. Shields at full, was the nearest thing to an individual satellite that the Fighting Irish showed, in that he had a slight edge on the other backs.

Next week the Varsity Reserves will go to Camp Benning, Georgia, where strong opposition is expected.

## ON THE ENEMY'S TRAIL

The question before the house is: Can the northerners Gopher against the beaten Irish? And how far? It seems to be the current opinion among those who follow the dope that the Army played a dirty trick on Minnesota by beating them to the Rox by a week. At any rate it is an assured fact that the team that will face Captain Clem Crowe's contingent to-morrow has every reason to be ranked as one of the feared gridiron rovers in the Middle West. For the giants of the Northwest are no respectors of reputations. Going back a year we can realize this when we note the sad results to Illinois when the two met and it was determined for the first time that Red Grange could be stopped. Minnesota has a dangerous habit of upsetting the big teams; and by the way, they are thinking considerably along the line that the Fighting Irish are just about their size.

Straight football was the order of the day at Minneapolis last Saturday as the home crew rolled up some 32 points to the 6 mustered by Wabash. The Gophers looked strong and will be in the pink of condition for to-morrow's fray. Murell and Joesting were the leaders of a smashing assault as the Minnies marched down the field by means of a series of off-tackle crashes and line plunges for pointage.

Spears, the Gopher mentor has had two teams running through new formations this week in an effort to perfect a system of play to cope with Rockne's system. Dr. Spears is well pleased with the improvement shown in the Wabash game, but he and his staff of coaches worked the team over-time every night this week to polish up squad to a point desired for the approaching conflict.

Herb Joesting, Minnesota fullback is of the smashing type. He hits the line when yards are needed and never fails to gain. Saturday Joesting literally tore up Pete Vaughn's line and put across two touchdowns. Murrell, left half, was a running partner of Marek of Ohio State back in their prep days at Cedar Rapids. His work against Waite and Scott Highs of Toledo will never be forgotten. Shorty Almquist was another star of Saturday's affair. This

halfback is due to see a lot of service in the remaining games this season. He may start to-morrow's game.

It appears that the big question confronting the Gopher mentor is not what to do to try to stop Notre Dame, but which of his great squad of players shall he select to do that task.

More than 500 students and the University band will accompany the team to Minnesota, but the atmosphere of cockiness is entirely lacking. If the squad again meets defeat at the hands of the giant Northmen, the student body can take the defeat with the right attitude, having the satisfaction of knowing that the team gave the best they had.

\* \* \* \*

With a three-year team working at its best Georgia Tech swept over Florida 23 to 7 last Saturday. The Golden Tornado seems to have the best team in years,—and their former squads were no jokes! Wycoff, at full, will be the big factor when Notre Dame travels on the Atlanta gridiron next week. This is the Southerners big year and they are pointing to do a better job than the Army.

\* \* \* \*

Frequent penalties and fumbles allowed Marietta to escape with but a 13 to 0 trimming by Penn State at State College Saturday. The winners were able to gain ground at will, but the backs couldn't keep a firm grasp on the pigskin and lost ground because of this repeatedly. With this nervousness rolled out Penn State will have a team hard to conquer.

\* \* \* \*

Just eighty miles away the trusty right pedal extremity of one Bob Curley booted Chicago to a 6 to 0 winning over Northwestern. Moon Baker, sensational Evanston halfback, was again injured in this game but will recover soon, it is thought.

\* \* \* \*

Washington, with one of the best teams on the coast, was satisfied to hold Wier and Company to a 6 to 6 tie. Washington showed a lot of stuff but was unable to puncture the Cornhusker line for substantial gains. Nebraska should be a hard team for the Rockmen to meet on Turkey day.

## SPLINTERS FROM THE PRESS BOX

The absence of the cadet corps subtracted to a great extent from the colorful scene but here and there in the stands was visible the grey uniform of some "kaydet" fortunate enough to obtain leave.

\* \* \* \* \*

*"Dutch" Bergman of halfback fame at Notre Dame a few years back was on the player's bench and was kept busy handing out clean shoes for muddy pairs.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Some misplaced Army rooter in the N. D. section kept yelling "Where's the Four Horsemen?" We wonder what he was yelling last year.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Garbisch, of All-American fame as Army center for the past three years, had to content himself with the job of assistant linesman Saturday while his old teammates won their long looked for victory.*

\* \* \* \* \*

A fine example of the Notre Dame "never die" spirit that brought forth praise even from the Army rooters took place in the last few minutes of play when the score was 20 to 0. Yeomans blocked Roach's kick and Born scooped it up and was all set to carry it across for a touchdown when our Johnny in a desperate effort reached him with one hand and hung on for dear life until he dragged the burly cadet down into the mud on the one yard line.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Oh no! Army didn't cross the goal every time they tried. In the third quarter a dogged Irish line stopped them dead on the 20 yard line and took the ball on downs amid the plaudits of the multitude.*

It was a dirty game of football—as far as the field went. The turf was soft and slippery and the bare earth was worse. Manager Huggins would have torn his hair in despair could he have seen his fine infield Saturday evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Every game has its heartbreaks and Saturday's was replete with them for Notre Dame rooters. Ike Voedisch caught a forward pass and advanced it 30 yards to the 20 yard line. It looked as though we were on our way to a score at last but the teams hadn't lined up for the next play before the gun ended the first half. Then a short time after play was resumed Dahman scooped in a forward pass and was just gathering steam with an open field ahead of him when he struck a mud hole and sank valiantly trying to recover his footing.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Jimmie Walker, Al Smith's candidate for mayor of New York paraded the field between the halves but his smiling Irish visage didn't seem to change the Irish luck.

\* \* \* \* \*

*"Tiny" Hewitt had a bad day in the kicking department. He would step back and give the pigskin a seemingly mighty boot, but the tricky oval would either rise a mile in the air and drop fifteen yards away or sail crazily off to the side.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Although the Irish found themselves on the low end of a 13 to 0 score at the end of the first half they received an ovation as they filed off the field that proved their plucky fight had been appreciated.

\* \* \* \* \*

*New York sure is a fast metropolis. The ducats announced the game for 3 o'clock. Mr. O'Boyle kicked off at 2:27 sharp.*

—GHOUL POST II.



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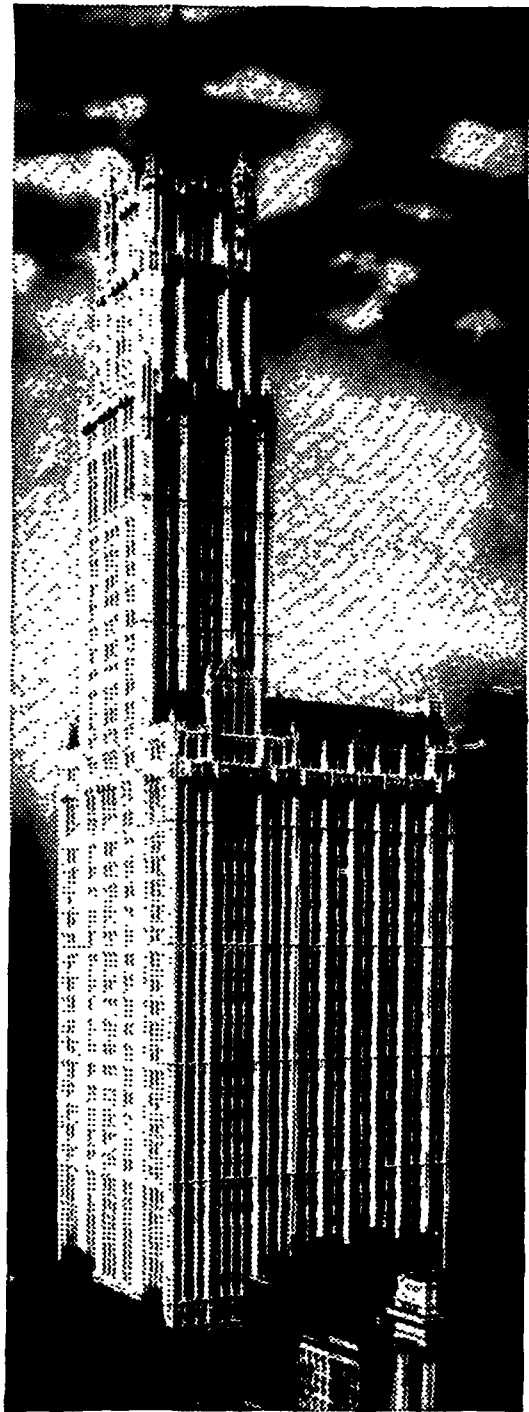
# He Believed a Lie and Scorned the Truth

A YOUNG PEASANT of Central Europe was eagerly questioning two Harvard men regarding the wonders of New York.

The first one told him that some of the New York buildings are so tall that they are snowcapped all the year. The peasant stared a moment at this, but decided it must be true.

Then the second Harvard man spoke of the great buildings equipped with dozens of elevators, some for local service, some for express to the twentieth and higher storeys. The peasant burst out laughing and said, "Now you are making fun of me!"

Strange but true, of the two marvels the real one was harder to believe. The identification of Otis Elevators with the buildings of New York and other great cities of the world is accepted quite casually by those who visit the important world centers.



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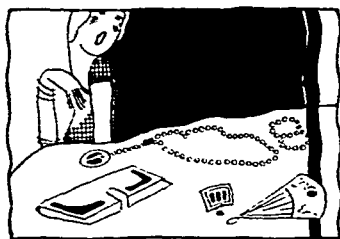


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## THE SAFETY VALVE

And perhaps you can turn a paradox out of the announcement that the Scholarship Club will open the new gymnasium with a concert.

\* \* \* \*

Somebody conjectures there will be fewer going to Minneapolis next Saturday owing to last Saturday. Nonsense! The N. D. man does not lose his soul because the Army has a year of plenty after seven years of famine. Agent, save a lower.

\* \* \* \*

## MORE LIGHT ON SHAKESPEARE

Montcalm rushed to England when Macbeth killed Duncan.—*Quizz in a Shakespeare class.*

\* \* \* \*

F. A. K. urges the street car company to build a shelter station for those who have to wait for the cars.

And we urge the street car company to build a helter-skelter station for those who have to run for the cars.

\* \* \* \*

## AT-TEN-SHUN!

"The Department of Student Welfare wishes to remind the students of the manner in which week-end permissions are secured."

\* \* \* \*

And in case you do not know it, Mr. Eckersall assures you that Mr. A. A. Stagg is the originator of the forward pass, the criss-cross, the kick-off and the goal posts.

\* \* \* \*

## MEET ETHEL.

For Ethel was a sweet girl graduate. An appealing face had Ethel. To know Ethel was to wish to be near her, and to be near Ethel was to wish to linger.—*Character Analysis by Short Story Student.*

\* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \*

## FAMINE IN PARNASUS

At present we are safe in asserting that there are no literary geniuses on the campus.—*Curtain Talk, W. H. L.*

\* \* \* \*

## PLENTY AT BLACKSTONE'S

The freshman class has been praised\* by all the members of the law faculty. "It's the best freshman class we have ever had," said one of the instructors.—*Law School Notes.*

\* \* \* \*

We yust must get the yump on Minnesota this afternoon.

\* Kiddled.

## CROSS COUNTRY MEN MEET INDIANA

Saturday noon, while the student body was gathering in the gym to watch the grid-graph, the Notre Dame harriers had an official trial run over the cross country course. About twenty men took their places at the starting line in Cartier field.

Captain Nulty did not run in the meet due to an infected foot, but he will be able to compete in the Indiana meet at Bloomington, tomorrow. Charles Judge, a monogram man last year and a promising candidate for the team, is no longer on the squad.

Moloney, Dolmage and Young finished abreast in the remarkable time of 18:39 minutes, which is a near record for the three and one-half mile course. (The record is 18:08 and is held by Captain Paul Kennedy of the 1923 team). Masterson, Collins, Phalin and Ryan finished next in the order named.

Griffin and Fisher also showed good early season form. Some promising Freshman material was disclosed in the trials.

Coach John Wendland is very optimistic as to the outlook for the Notre Dame squad. The team participates in six meets this year, none of them being held on the home course however.

The run was held primarily for the purpose of selecting the team which is to compete with Indiana in a dual meet tomorrow at Bloomington, and if the results of the first meet are to be taken as a criterion the Blue and Gold harriers are destined to have one of the best cross-country teams yet to represent Notre Dame.

Brennan was the first Freshman to cross the finish line. His time was 19:43. De Grotte, Murphy, Diebold and Cotton then finished in the order named for the Frosh.



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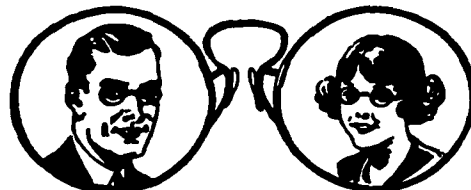
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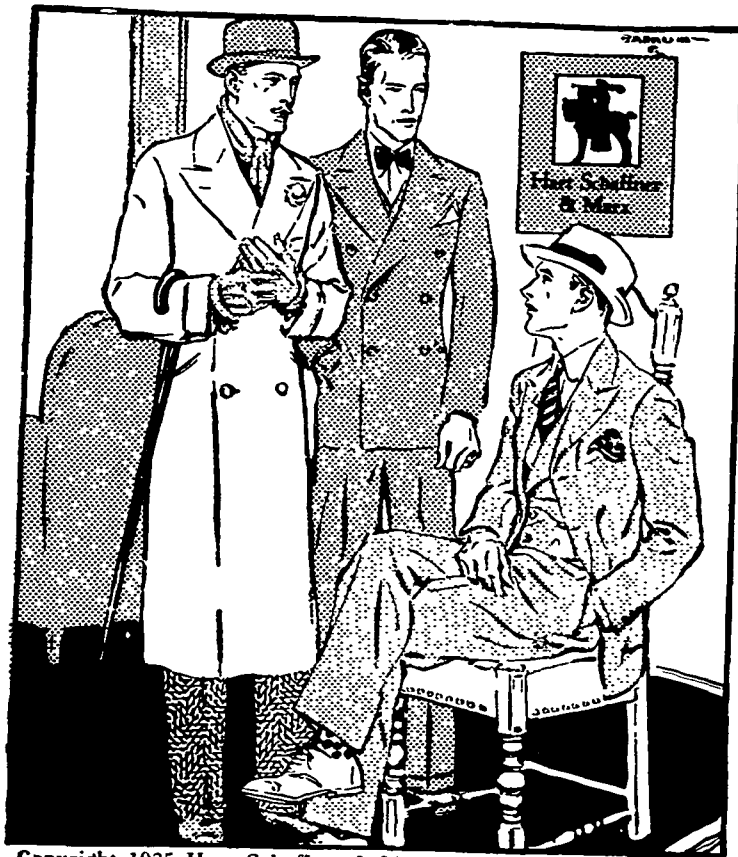
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