

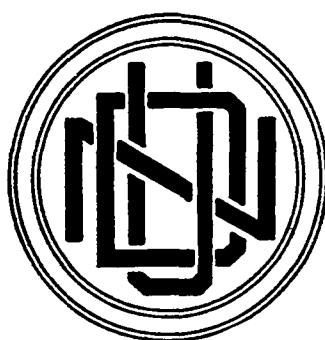
19-20

# Notre Dame Scholastic

VOL. LVII.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1928.

No. 2



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SEPTEMBER, 28, 1928

No. 2

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**The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men**

## THE WEEK

The middle of last week saw the beginning of that Wednesday flowering of fine young men that will continue throughout the school year. Although from various sessions, prefixed with bull or other homely adjectives, that we have sat in, we have gathered that there are one, two, or possibly three popular girls within a radius of a hundred miles, we remain skeptical. Our fine young gentleman, we contend, do not put on their other suit, or their friend's smellum and slickum, on Wednesdays, just for a change. The logical dress to wear when going to town is the worst possible, so that one will feel at home when one gets there. The Wednesday emigrants do not dress logically. They look and sound less like their usual selves than a collection of calliopes with their whistles turned off, properly bedecked with blossoms and streamers, and posing as respectable floats in a pageant. Aesthetically the change is for the better. If you haven't the normal Wednesday urge, drop down town for purposes of observation. Watch the scholar whose usual idea of good fun manifests itself in the dining room by slinging dejected butter squares. On Wednesday he floats gracefully down Michigan street with the air of Dante looking for Beatrice, or two or three Beatrices. And, to continue the figure, Beatrice is usually there, trying to window shop and watch for Dante at the same time.

There are a few traditions at Notre Dame that survive with vigor. For example, the social stigma that is attached to falling off a fire escape when trying to climb in a window; or, as another, the Sorinites' repugnance for rugs in their rooms. One of the quaintest of the traditions is peculiar to Sophomore Hall. It has to do with the two venerable lay professors, Alfred, and Bath-House Michael, who frequent the common playground of the sophomores and minims. We were pleased the other day to see that

there still exists, in accordance with tradition, the most cordial fellowship between the two lay professors and the inmates of the back rooms of dear old Sophomore. On this occasion it was Michael who was exchanging pleasantries with the boys, at a distance of about a half block. As usual the conversation consisted of "Hello Mike"—the impulsive boys call him Mike for short—, both in chorus and solo, and a hearty "Hello" in return, after which the conversation took a rather intimate turn, considering that the two parties were half a block apart. The only time that there has been any apparent friction was last year when a potential end on the fighting Sophomore football machine, in running for a pass, whamed into Michael. The potential end rebounded with an aggrieved expression, and Michael sat down abruptly, although not without a certain dignity. We are sure that only very old affection kept Michael from cleaning up on the fighting sophomores.

The Junior class in solemn meeting has decided to sponsor a hopping affair after the Loyola game. The Junior class is to be commended on their ability to adopt themselves to circumstances. "If we can't get any other dance to sponsor, we will organize a Hop and sponsor that," is said to be the Junior slogan. It's a good slogan when you reflect that the other dances have already been taken by other classes.

Two features will make the affair a success. The scholarship dance the night before will give first year men who are still searching, an opportunity to gaze upon and choose the cream of the village. Then, too, there will be the best orchestra in South Bend, nicely finished in burnt cork, "to make", as our class executive said "the Louisiana boys feel at home." This is interesting. We hadn't known that Louisiana blacks were just pretending. —C.J.M.



FRIDAY—September 28

## SATURDAY

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

SATURDAY

## OCTOBER DEVOTIONS TO START NEXT MONDAY

The devotion to the rosary has always been popular at Notre Dame and many favors have been gained through its practice.

Bob Mannix, varsity cheer-leader, was introduced by Krieg and taught the freshmen Notre Dame songs and cheers, and then led a spirited "pep" rally which lasted twenty minutes.

### NEW K. OF C. OFFICERS APPOINTED— INSTALLATION TUESDAY

Edward P. McKeown, Grand Knight of the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus Council, has announced the following appointments



EDWARD P. M'KEOWN

for the current year to take place immediately. The Rev. Eugene Burke, C. S. C., will serve as Chaplain. Vernon J. Knox will succeed Thomas Mahon as Financial Secretary. John Dorgan, former Recorder, was appointed to the important office of Lecturer. William F. Craig will take the

place of Leo R. McIntyre as Editor of the *Santa Maria*, the official publication of the Council, and John Rocap will have charge of the business end of the magazine in the capacity of Business Manager.

The *Santa Maria* will be issued sometime during the latter part of October, and all contributors are urged to submit their manuscripts to Editor Craig, K. of C. Office, Main Building, immediately.

The installation of officers will take place next Tuesday evening in Walsh Hall, and a very elaborate entertainment feature has been planned.

### DISTRIBUTION OF STUDENT TICKETS FOR NAVY GAME ANNOUNCED

The distribution of student tickets for the Navy game to be played at Chicago on October 13 will begin on Monday, October 1, when the seniors will receive their tickets. Juniors will get their pasteboards on October 2, sophomores on October 3, and freshmen on October 4. Student tickets may be procured only on these days, according to J. Arthur Haley, Business Manager.

The price of the tickets will be one dollar; and student athletic books must be presented on application for them. Only one ticket

will be allowed to each student. A small tax, the exact amount of which is as yet undetermined, will be added to the price to help defray the expenses of the band for the trip. According to Mr. Haley the seats will be the center of the field, giving an opportunity for a compact student cheering section.

Student tickets for the Drake and Carnegie Tech games are to be distributed about two weeks before each contest. The exact dates for the distribution will be announced in later issues of the *SCHOLASTIC*.

### JUNIORS HONOR LOYOLA TEAM WITH FOOTBALL HOP

The Junior Class will sponsor the first Football Hop of the present year when they honor the visiting Loyola University team in the K. of C. ballroom on the night of September 30.

Admission will be one dollar for stags and a dollar and a half per couple. The Junior Class committee also promises that there will be plenty of girls on hand for the stags attending the affair.

All the halls on the campus will be canvassed by ticket-sellers.

Art Haeran and his Cotton Pickers will furnish the musical accompaniment for the affair.

### MURAL PAINTINGS IN MAIN BUILD- ING REFINISHED

The mural paintings by Gregori representing the life of Columbus and the Discovery of America, on the first floor of the Administration Building, were retouched last summer for the first time since their original painting about forty years ago. Father Gregory Gerrer, O.S.B., who did the work, stated that the paintings were in a bad condition after undergoing the cleanings of many years. It was necessary to replace large portions of some of them.

Father Gerrer has also completed a portrait of Dr. Charles A. Wightman, LL.D., of Evanston, Ill., donor of the Wightman Memorial Art Gallery in the University Library. This painting was presented to Mr. Wightman upon his recent visit to Notre Dame.

## DR. LEWIS BROWNE APPOINTED CHICAGO MUSIC DIRECTOR

Dr. J. Lewis Browne, former director of the Notre Dame Glee Club, was recently appointed Director of Music in the public schools of Chicago. Dr. Browne is internationally known as a composer, educator, and conductor. He has won honors not only with his operas, one of which won second prize at Rome in the International Contest, but also for his songs, instrumental music and part-songs. Many of the latter have been used in schools throughout the Union. Dr. Browne's appointment is looked upon as the dawn of a new era for music in the public school system of Chicago.

## BAND ANNOUNCES NEW OFFICERS

At a meeting held early this week, Joe Keefe was elected president of the University Band. He will be assisted by Virgil Cline, vice-president; Pat McLaughlin, publicity manager; and Edward La Monte, librarian.

Mr. Keefe announces that the band will be the largest Notre Dame has ever known. Regular practice has perfected instrumentation and balance. The band numbers 64.

The band will be at the Loyola game Saturday, and if the practice marches are any criterion of its real mettle, it should give the Southerners a real musical treat. Henry Tholen, 6 ft. 3½ in. in height, assisted by Eddie Ryan, will direct the formations. These two men, in co-operation with the band officers, are already busy in planning the maneuvers necessary for the big N D for Notre Dame, the A for Army, the C T for Carnegie Tech, and the initials of all other teams appearing on the schedule.

The first real showing of the band will take place at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, Saturday, Oct. 13, at the Notre Dame-Navy game.

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#### FOUR MORE FACULTY MEMBERS IN 1928-29 "WHO'S WHO"

Notre Dame, long famous as a producer and inspirer of great men, has again gained distinction by the listing, for the first time, of four names of prominent members of her faculty in "Who's Who in America" for 1928-29, just published by the A. N. Marquis Co., Chicago.

The Rev. Thomas Crumley, C.S.C., professor of logic; the Rev. Charles C. Miltner, C. S. C., specialist in scholastic philosophy and author of "The Elements of Ethics"; Knute K. Rockne, director of athletics; and the Rev. M. A. Schumacher, C.S.C., head of the department of philosophy, are the four to be so honored for the first time.

Notre Dame has many more in the roll of the book, all of whom have been mentioned in previous years. Others listed include: The Rev. James A. Burns, C.S.C., the Rev. John W. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., and the Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C.S.C., all former presidents of the university; the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., recently elected president; the Rev. Joseph L. Carrico, C.S.C.; Dean Emeritus William Hoynes of the law school; the Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, C.S.C., editor of the *Ave Maria*; the Rev. J. A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., prominent scientist; Professor Charles Phillips, poet and educator; and Professor W. L. Benitz, of the engineering school.

#### JOHN PHILIP SOUSA HERE DECEMBER FOURTH

Lieutenant Commander John Philip Sousa, internationally noted composer and bandmaster, will bring his famous organization to Notre Dame for a concert next December 4. The affair will be given in the University gymnasium and will be under the auspices of the Notre Dame K. of C. Council.

The concert will be under the supervision of Grand Knight Edward McKeown of the Notre Dame Council, and will be, undoubtedly, one of the outstanding musical attractions that has come to South Bend and Notre Dame in many years. Arrangements are also being made to have Commander Sousa play the "Victory March" and "Hike Song."

#### TWO THOUSAND STUDENTS IN SPIRITED "PEP" MEETING

Approximately two thousand students of the University attended the annual "Pep" meeting held in front of the Main Building early last evening. The meeting was called by the Student Activities Council to stimulate enthusiasm in the student body for the football season.

The Rev. E. Vincent Mooney, C.S.C., Dean of the Department of Physical Education, made a stirring speech in which he recalled incidents of Notre Dame spirit in football games of other years. Professor Clarence Manion of the College of Law also addressed the students.

Enthusiasm prevailed throughout, every speaker on the program was generously applauded, and the team was assured that they would have the backing of the entire student body in the difficult schedule which will begin with the Loyola game Saturday.

The new cheer-leader, Bob Mannix, was introduced and led the various Notre Dame yells. The University Band under the direction of Joseph Casasanta, was also present and favored with the school songs.

#### UPPERCLASS MISSION CLOSES TOMORROW

The upperclass mission, which opened last Sunday evening, will be brought to an end tomorrow morning with services which include Mass and the Papal Benediction.

An overflow crowd was present for every service, morning and evening, throughout the week, and a very large proportion received the full fruit of the mission by daily communion. Father John O'Hara, C.S.C., delivered the sermons at the evening service and Father Eugene Burke, C.S.C., gave the instructions in the morning following Mass.

Both upperclass mission and the freshman mission which lasted throughout the previous week can be said to be successes if one judges such success by the fervor and regularity of the many in attendance. It was a fitting tribute to the zeal of the priests who have made such a mission possible for the students.

GLEE CLUB TO UPHOLD TRADITIONS  
OF FORMER YEARS

Under the leadership of Joseph J. Casasanta, nationally known director, the Glee Club plans another big year. Mr. Casasanta's success of previous years seems to leave him with no other thought than to have a better group than in the year preceding. This year he has about 200 aspirants from which to mold another of his famous Glee Clubs. An abundance of good, rich voices is on hand. Daily rehearsals are being held before the club's first public appearance which as yet has not been announced.

Fred J. Wagner has been elected president, with Thomas Ferriter, vice-president, and Jerome Parker, business manager. Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., continues in the capacity of faculty advisor.

The club plans two major trips, one at Christmas, the other at Easter. The itinera is uncertain as yet, although it is rumored that South and East are to be favored. Every effort is being made to arrange a trip the equal of that last year when the Glee Club traveled to California.

BOY GUIDANCE CLASS LARGEST IN  
HISTORY

The Boy Guidance Course opened its fifth year with sixteen new students in attendance. This is a slightly larger number than the entering classes of the last three years and includes men from widely extended territory. Fourteen of the new students are on Knights of Columbus scholarships while the other two are paying their own expenses. The personnel of the new class together with their home city and college follows:

James W. Buckley, B.S. in Ed., Bridgewater, Mass., Bridgewater State Normal.

K. W. Byrne, A.B., Collinsville, Conn., Niagara University.

John S. Clinton, A.B., Framington, Mass., Boston College.

Philip J. Coyle, B.S., Carthage, New York, Niagara University.

John M. Crowley, A.B., Cincinnati, Ohio, Notre Dame University.

T. H. Halloran, A.B., Bismarck, No. Dakota, Providence College.

Jerome Higgins, A.B., Dunmore, Pa., Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

John F. Kelleher, Ph.B., Cambridge, Mass. Boston College.

Bernard A. Lange, A.B., Lafayette, La., Southwestern La. Institute.

Clarence G. Liemandt, Ph.B., Minneapolis, Minn., La Salle Institute.

Arthur J. Lynch, Phys.Ed., Cortland, New York, Cortland State Normal.

Edmund McGlinchey, A.B., Philadelphia, Pa., St. Poph's College.

Eugene K. Moriarty, B.S. in Phys.Ed., Williamantie, Conn., Notre Dame University.

T. F. Mullen, A.M., Cambridge, Mass., Boston College Graduate School.

Leonard V. Ramer, A.B., Cedar Falls, Ia., Iowa State Teachers.

Charles Vanoncini, B.S., Richmond, Calif., Uni. of Santa Clara, Calif.

FATHERS WALSH AND O'DONNELL  
HONORED AT DINNER

A large number of Notre Dame alumni and their friends were in attendance at the testimonial dinner given Wednesday evening by the Notre Dame club of the St. Joe Valley to the Rev. Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., and the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., outgoing presidents of the university respectively.

The dinner was served in the university dining hall with the club president, Abe Divinston, in charge and Knute Rockne as toastmaster. Mr. Frank E. Hering and Dr. C. A. Lippincott introduced the presidents to the guests.

SOPHOMORE CLASS MEETING  
TUESDAY

An important meeting of the Sophomore class will be held Tuesday noon at 12:30 in the gymnasium. President Tom Conley urges all members to be present as plans for the Sophomore Cotillion will be discussed.

♦  
♦        MUSIC AND DRAMA        ♦  
♦ ♦

Upon glancing over the list of recent Broadway successes, we discover the four most popular of these to be what we may classify as novel or spectacular. The Theatre Guild inaugurated the season with two plays, both of which are striking departures from the accepted form of the drama. The first of these, "Strange Interlude," is a nine act psychological, and sometimes physiological, labyrinth; the second, "Porgy," depends for its effect upon revivalistic emotionalism, produced by an orgy of negro spirituals. "Burlesque" soon found need for S. R. O. signs by the simple process of utilizing all the essentials of a good vaudeville show. Last, and this time we may also say least, "The Trial of Mary Dugan" quite skillfully preserves the illusion of a court-room scene by dispensing with the usual curtain.

Now all this, you will say, is not new, it is merely reactionary. Granted: but our philosophical instincts should certainly impell us towards discovery of the underlying cause. Why is this so? Is it due entirely to the drastic changes in our social organization? Is it the actual reflection of modern tendencies? What are the contributing elements?—But more of this later.

There have been good, bad, and indifferent mystery plays. "The Cat and The Canary" surely deserves to be placed in the first group.

It was thrills, chills, and all the other ingredients of a class "A" hair-raiser. Lights suddenly go out, trap-doors—several of them—open, seemingly without provocation, and real live ghosts make "whoopee" all over the stage. If you don't believe this, pay a visit to the Blackstone next week and be convinced. First make sure that your heart is in good condition. For those who enjoy a really excellent mystery play, we recommend this show without reservation. This, by the way, is the Gifford-Jackson players' third week in South Bend, and, in case you missed our first column, they are good. —J.J.W.

## SEPTEMBER "ALUMNUS" APPEARS ON CAMPUS

The September issue of the Notre Dame *Alumnus* made its appearance on the campus a short time ago, under the editorship of James E. Armstrong.

The first page is devoted to the election of Father Charles L. O'Donnell as President of Notre Dame. His career is reviewed and a list of his poetical works is given.

Professor Charles Phillips contributes the "lead" article, "Impressions of Notre Dame" in which he describes most beautifully and artistically his feelings when first confronted by the University Church, the campus, and the time hallowed traditions of Notre Dame.

Developments of the summer are reviewed in detail, especial stress being laid upon the University's acquisition of the College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minnesota, and changes and additions in the ranks of the faculty.

"Rock's" chances are looked over carefully and a victorious season is predicted for the "Fighting Irish," by John Rickord.

The bulk of the issue concerns itself with the activities, many and varied, of the Alumni. A complete record is given of all available information on graduates from before 1880 to 1928.

Compact, readable, and authentic, the magazine is a valuable document for those wishing to keep in touch with all the happy associations clustering round their Alma Mater.

## THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By Daniel D. Halpin

### BOSTON CLUB FORMED

Twenty-nine men from the vicinity of Boston met on Sunday, September 23, for the purpose of forming the Boston Club. Matters vital to the interests of the Club were discussed, a charter was proposed and committees appointed. The following were elected officers in the Bostonian organization; Gerald Crowley, president, John Moran, vice-president; Wm. M. Brown, treasurer; sergeant at arms, Arthur McManmon and secretary, James Murray.

### CONN. VALLEY MEETING

Committees for the First Annual Christmas Dance to be held at the Hotel Bond, Hartford, Conn., Friday, December 28, were appointed at a recent meeting of the Conn. Valley Club. Richard Lacey is the general chairman of the affair. Other committees for the year were appointed to handle the affairs of the club. It was voted to extend the sympathy of the members, and also a spiritual bouquet to Frank Kelly, 1928, whose mother passed away during the summer. Father F. T. McKeon, C.S.C., Honorary President and Chaplain of the organization, in a heart to heart talk, stressed the importance of maintaining the excellent spirit shown in the past by the Valley boys and the advantages to be derived from bringing out the best possible efforts of the organization.

### CHICAGO CLUB

The first Fall meeting of the Chicago Club was held in the Faculty Dining Room Friday, Sept. 21. President Collins announced that committees would be appointed shortly to handle the affairs of the club. Club officers were introduced and a financial report on the Summer dance was rendered. Vincent Cavanaugh, 1932, was elected a second vice-president as representative of his class.

Plans for the Navy game dinner and dance will be discussed at the next meeting of the Club to be held the first Thursday in October.

### MOUNTAINEERS ELECT

On Monday evening, September 17, the following were elected officers in the West Virginia Club to serve for the coming year: President, Marcellus Airth, vice-president, Thomas Jordan; treasurer, Leo Kletchy; secretary, Robert Farrell, and publicity man, James Mallow. Meetings will be held the second Wednesday of every month.

### CLEVELAND CLUB HOLDS INAUGURAL SESSION

New members of the Cleveland Club met their fellow members at the first meeting of the year held on Sunday morning, September 16.

The 1928 officers of the Fifth City Club are: Otis Winchester, President; Cletas Schnieder, Vice-President; Al Shipcasse, Treasurer and Jerry Reidy, Secretary.

### TOLEDO CLUB

There will be a short meeting of Toledo men Sunday, September 30, in Badin Hall Rec. Room at 10 A. M.

### ENGINEER'S CLUB

Members of the Engineers' Club have been busily engaged during the past week arranging for the initiation and banquet. Plans for the banquet will be announced in next week's SCHOLASTIC. Another membership drive is also under way. There are now over two hundred members, and the goal is set at four hundred which will make the club the largest on the Campus.

### WRANGLERS

The Wranglers met in the Public Speaking Dept., Walsh Hall, Sunday, September 23. Mr. Thomas A. Koegan spoke on Farm Relief which provoked a very vigorous discussion. Several new members were introduced. Sunday morning, September 30, at 10 A. M. Mr. Keefe of Wisconsin will address the members.

### BUFFALO CLUB

Several delightful affairs were staged by the Buffalo Club during the past summer. Informal dances and get-togethers for the most part occupied the program of events of which were held in conjunction with the Notre Dame Club of Buffalo. The close co-operation of the alumni was more than appreciated by the Buffalo men who are now planning on staging a dinner dance and also their annual formal during the Christmas holidays. A banquet for the members will be held in the very near future. The officers elected to guide the destinies of the organization for the year are: President, Henry L. Burns; vice-president, George Doyle; secretary, Robert Cotter; treasurer, Rocco Perrone.

The next meeting will be held Sunday, September 30, at 10:30 in the Badin Hall Rec. Room.

### A. I. E. E.

The first regular meeting of the Notre Dame branch of the A. I. E. E. was held Monday evening, September 24. An audience of 65 members and three faculty members made up the rostrum. The introductory speech was given by Dr. Caparo and was supported by President Jack Donahue. The meeting was of a purely business nature. Plans for an initiation, dues, and admission to meetings by card were discussed. Bernard J. O'Leary was appointed general chairman of the initiation committee.



## THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:- By Bernard A. Walsh

Football dope from the West Point Pointer:

"Our old friend Knute Rockne has come out again with his annual gloomy forecast. Again he has only a few cripples and inexperienced prep school players to make a team out of, but we who have heard this before know that again the green team will be an outstanding opponent."

Maybe Rock intends to use that frosh outfit that looked so good last Saturday.

Registration statistics for the School of Speech at Northwestern show that the women outnumber the men 260 to 15.

No wonder they always get the last word.

From *The Purdue Exponent*:

"Last year's frosh are blossoming out as well. New class pipes hanging precariously and clumsily from the corners of mouths as yet untrained, Purdue seals, watch charms, fobs, coats open to show fraternity pins, and a general air of Muradic nonchalance mark our newly arrived sophomore class."

Yes, sophomoritis is a universal complaint.

Down at Franklin, Indiana, the Student Council has issued a proclamation to the class of 1932 which bears the foreword:

"In order to make their first year at Franklin College more profitable and pleasant, Freshmen should conduct themselves as indicated by the experience of those who were once Freshmen."

Then follows a list of "dos" and "don'ts" with the conclusion:

"The Sophomore class shall constitute the authorized representatives of the Student Council for the enforcement of these measures."

Freshmen lead an interesting life at Franklin.

*The Daily Northwestern* tells us that:

"Northwestern women have been granted an extra half hour to return to their houses

on two date nights a week this year." Time for one more kiss.

A columnist in *The Marquette Tribune* bewails the trials and tribulations of registration day as follows:

"The old battle scarred veterans of the G. A. R. (Grand Army of the Registration) wish to extend through the confines of this column a hearty welcome to the lambs of this slaughter and bid you to pass on to other prospects the legend of the simple registration which is scheduled to take place in the late fortieth or fiftieth century."

Evidently we aren't the only one who has shifted from one foot to the other for endless hours on registration days.

Sigma Nu and Phi Delta Theta fraternities at the University of Florida have signed a contract to play a football game every year for the next ninety-nine years.

On the strength of this contract they should be able to secure wholesale prices on mercurochrome and adhesive tape.

Last year the sophomore class at the University of Texas banned hazing. Life was dull for the sophs until one bright member found that the little green caps all first year men are obliged to wear make fine targets for apple cores during the dull moments of football games.

The track captain of one of our midwest universities spent several hours in jail the other day for driving his car on the wrong side of the street.

And now we'll tell one about the absent-minded professor who—

"The height of contemporary civilization was reached downtown the other day when a youngster stopped his bicycle in front of a confectionery, squawked his hand horn and was served with a 'coke'."

—*The University Daily Kansan.*



## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

### START THE YEAR RIGHT

There has been much favorable comment on the student attendance at the missions this year. Each night has seen the church packed; each morning has seen hundreds of young men at the Communion rail. The students are starting with the right foot forward. They have taken the lesson of the mission to heart.

But the mission is not all that Notre Dame has to offer her students. Notre Dame is essentially a religious university, and one of the chief objects in her educational system is to strengthen the faith of her students. The mission has served its purpose. The student body have responded nobly, and we feel, have learned their lesson well.

Those students who have been at Notre Dame for a number of years can appreciate what Notre Dame means spiritually. Every day should be a mission day at the university. The freshman does not really know Notre Dame until he realizes that it is not a school for football players, or for basketball stars only, but for the development of Catholic young men.

The Blessed Virgin, the patroness of the University, has always been an inspiration to the men of Notre Dame. As the Mother of God, pure and ideal, she is a perfect guide to help us shape our destinies. Our Lady! Her perfection of being has been our inspiration. The time flies too swiftly to rush through college, paying little attention to anything but securing credits. Notre Dame was never intended for that purpose. It was built to help propagate the faith, and to build up an ideal Catholic manhood.

Notre Dame offers the student every opportunity to make himself a real Catholic man. No education is complete without spiritual growth. Notre Dame freely offers both. Learn at Notre Dame the lesson that others must learn sooner or later. Start the year right.

—T.V.M.

### FOOTBALL SEASON STARTS

Tomorrow, on Cartier Field, Notre Dame will inaugurate another football season. The contest is the first of a schedule which comprises nine hard games. Eight more engagements are to follow in rapid order, and with very few exceptions, Notre Dame will enter each game with only an even chance of winning. However, it is possible, but not probable, that the Gold and Blue will go through the season undefeated—not probable because it is a task almost beyond human strength and endurance to play nine tremendously hard, gruelling games, and not be defeated at least once. Rare is the football team that can accomplish it, and Coach Rockne's eleven appear to be no exception.

Yet with average material, priceless traditions, and the greatest coach in the game today, the gridiron sons of Notre Dame will more than hold their own in every clash. Perhaps they will be defeated; perhaps they will make mistakes. But after all football players are just human beings like the rest of us, and like the rest of us are vulnerable to human frailties and weaknesses.

Let the sport writers nigh suffocate in the sea of ink they will spill this fall in praise and criticism of Notre Dame football. Let a victory-loving fandom prognosticate itself to exhaustion with dope about Notre Dame football. But even if Captain Miller and his mates lose every game, Notre Dame will still be proud of her blue-jerseyed sons for she will know that they have given absolutely everything they had on every occasion—and knowing, she asks no more.—J.V.H.

### AN APOLOGY

In the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC there appeared a news item to the effect that the student trip this year would be to Madison. The contents of this item were based on a misunderstanding, and the editor takes this opportunity to apologize to the school for the publication of same.

# LITERARY

## Horace

BASIL GERALD RAUCH

**A**N old negro walked down the Court House steps. He had a half-filled gunny-sack under one arm, and with the other hand he clutched a fistfull of loose hide at the scruff of a great, flop-eared, dog's neck. They stopped at the foot of the steps while the negro hoisted the sack to his left shoulder. The sack was heavy—it took all his strength and both his hands to shift its weight. The dog, being an irresponsible animal, bounded joyously into the street, and in the twinkling of an eye he was prone on the pavement, quivering and bloody: run down by a brutish motor car. One agonized yelp, and the dog was dead.

The motorist did not stop. A few pedestrians glanced at the dog, but turned quickly away from the repulsive sight. "Only a cur," one man remarked to his companion.

The old negro could not think quite clearly. He dropped the sack to the lowest step and slumped down upon it. "Ol' Hor'ce am dead. Deader 'n a doornail," he mumbled. Automobiles rushed by; a street-car clanged stridently for the crossing; still the old negro rocked to and fro, half stooped over, his eyelids drooping. "Ol' white man didn't do no good."

He had met the white man only a few days before. He, Tom, had been minding his business in park when he first saw him.

"Ack lak' a dawg, Hor'ce, white man is comin'."

The white man stopped whistling and began to smile. He was always doing one or the other.

"That's a funny dog you have there, uncle."

"No suh, you's mistaken. 'At's a 'xceeding sma't dawg. Cummere, Hor'ce, you's not 'preciated."

"What's his name? Horse?"

"Nossuh, Hor'ce is hissen name."

"That's Horse, isn't it?"

"Ah ask you' pa'don, suh, Hor'ce; Horris."

"Where'd you find that name?"

"Well, suh, feller tol' me he'd hearn tell of a man Hor'ce who's a pow'ful lelloKent speaker wiv' hissen mouf', suh. He didn't know 'im, suh, but he'd hearn tell."

"Oh-ho, you must mean Horace."

"Yassuh, 'at's it, Hor'ce. I named him such 'cause why he's a pow'ful lelloKent speaker too, suh."

"But Horace was a poet, uncle."

"Yassuh, 'at's 'im, suh."

"Let me see him, will you?"

"Yassuh, you kin see 'im, suh. Ack lak' a dawg, Hor'ce. He's a cross 'twixt a air-dale an' a houn' dawg, suh."

Horace, freed, bounded over to the stranger and overwhelmed him with wet caresses. He was a big dog and loose-jointed, with a habit, when happy, of bounding up and down, much like a galloping horse, except that Horace remained in one place.

Old Tom pushed the nail on the end of his broom-handle into the sod and leaned on the stick as on a cane.

"Yessuh, 'at's a pow'ful intellegum dawg. He allus tells me jus' how he feels. When he's got de misery he look at me jes' as mournful's ma ol' woman usen to. When de fleas gits too pernicky he leans agains' ma ol' laig to git hisself scratched."

"What he needs is a little English bulldog in him to make him quicker."

Tom sniffed.

"Don' need to be no quicker, suh."

"Well, anyway, he's sure a funny pooch. Good-bye, uncle." The stranger resumed his walk, whistling as he went.

"Cummere, Hor'ce. 'At man don' know you lak' Ah does. You's a nigger dawg, an' only niggers unnerstan' you. Now run away wiv' you' se'f an' don' bother me. Ah's got wuk to do."

So Horace obediently scampered away, to play among the bushes that rustle so mysteriously.

Tom pulled the gunny-sack that hung from his neck by a piece of second-hand clothes-line, around from under his arm so that its sagging mouth was about a foot under his chin. Then he took up his walk again.

Assistant Park Custodian was Tom's title. His duty it was to collect discarded fruit bags, stray newspapers, and other litter that the wind blew about the park, and deposit them each evening in the incinerator. He had reduced his work to an exact science. Nothing haphazard about him! A nail fastened to the end of a discarded broom-handle, a sack hanging from his neck by an adjustable rope—that was his equipment. He enjoyed his work. The stretches of close-clipped green soothed his eye, the candy-like flowers were among the few bright spots in "dis ol' wail ub tears." Vagrant paper in the park troubled him. He often worked past his quitting time "so's the flow's'll look all ship-shape tomorrer."

But this afternoon some of the usual zest was gone from him.

"Ol' Winter's a-comin'. She's a-comin' out ub the Norf' wiv' de debbil's claws all ice an' snow. De win'll blow down de chimney an' shiver ol' Tom an' Hor'ce right down dey spines."

He stooped to retrieve a bit of paper that had lodged beside the root of a late-blooming aster.

"Ah wouldn' misery you, li'l flowah. Bloom on, cheerful-lak'!"

"Ol' Tom ain't got much put away fo' de winter time. Day'll be no juicy po'k chops fo' Hor'ce lak' in de ol' days in de Souf'. But de Lawd pe'yides. He'll point Hissen finger to a job fo' ol' Tom. A good job ub janitor-man."

A disturbance over the hill, whose slope Tom was slowly ascending, broke into his reverie. A child's scream, a pause, then the

excited shouts of several voices, both grown-up and young, and through it all a dog's frenzied bark.

"Soun's pow'ful lak' ol' Hor'ce," Tom panted as he hurried up the slope.

In the depression beyond a man was carrying a limp girl of about six years to a bench, where he laid her as gently as he could. The white man who had spoken to Tom earlier in the afternoon was holding Horace by the scruff of his neck. Tom hobbled up to the dog, his sack bouncing against his knee.

"What's de trubble? Gimme Horace, boss-man!"

"Call an ambulance! Don't let that dog get loose! Jeanie, Jeanie, speak to me! Get a doctor, someone, quick!"

Tom hurried over to the frantic father.

"No suh, Hor'ce couldn' hurt no chillun, suh. Is she bad, suh?"

"Get a doctor! Jeanie, speak to me!"

A park policeman came running.

"What's the matter here?"

Then everyone clamored at once. The policeman, seeing the child bleeding at the head and the dog held at bay, drew his own conclusions.

"Hold the dog; I'll get an ambulance."

He ran down the road again. Tom rushed about, torn between pity for the child and faith in Horace's innocence.

An ambulance came rolling up as though by magic. The child was placed on a stretcher and whirled away.

"Now, then, who owns the dog?"

"'At's Hor'ce, suh."

"Yours Tom? I'm sorry, but you'll have to go to the station with me. I often told you you should have him licensed. Here's the wagon. Hop in."

Tom clambered up the steps and into the patrol-wagon, Horace and the officer following. All this ruction! Ol' Hor'ce hadn' done nothin', nothin' mean, leastways.

The desk sergeant was brusque.

"What is it, Casey?"

"This dog hurt a little girl on my beat. I thought I'd bring 'em in. The dog's not licensed."

"What's your name?"

"Nossuh, Captum, Hor'ce wouldn't hurt no chillun."

"Never mind that now. What's your name?"

"Tom, suh, but Hor'ce—"

"Tom what?"

"Jes' plain Tom, Captum."

"File charges, Casey, and you, Furey, lock him up."

"What'll we do with the dog?"

Tom stopped. The sergeant pulled at his nose.

"Put him in a cell, too, I guess."

Horace did not like the grim iron cages. So he sat back on his haunches, his eyes distraught, registering polite disapproval. But the law was not thus to be frustrated. Officer Furey caught hold at the scruff of the dog's neck and skated him through the corridor and into a cell. Tom was incarcerated in a cell opposite Horace's. He was grateful for that—they could at least see each other, and Tom could console mournful-eyed Horace through their separating bars.

For two days they were kept in their cells, awaiting the outcome of the girl's injuries. On the morning of the third day an officer told Tom they would appear in court at ten-thirty.

Tom had planned his defense. He would starkly deny that Horace had had any malicious intent. But he was afraid.

So he prayed.

"Lawd make 'at chil' git well. You knows Hor'ce didn't mean nothin'. But efen in You' almighty all-seein'ness Ye seen 'at chil' mus' be taken outen 'is ol' wail ub tears, ol' Tom ain't complainin'. Nossuh, it's all You' fixin's anyways. But leastways, Lawd, don' 'low 'em to 'xecute ol' Hor'ce. He's a good dawg, an' don' mean no ha'm. Efen You's 'xasparated at us, take me. Ah's a wuthless nigger, Lawd, as You so well knows." The old negro's voice broke. "Ah's stole, Lawd, an' Ah's run away fum ma ol' woman 'cause why she whopped me, O Lawd, an' Ah's sinned sevun time' sevun!"

At ten-thirty they ushered him into the court-room. It was empty, save for a few dreamy-eyed officials and a sleeping, gray-haired reporter. And yes, over there talk-

ing to the Judge's helper, wasn't that someone he, Tom, knew? The man was still smiling.

It seemed like church, only different.

The judge rapped with a wooden hammer.

"Officer Casey, tell what you know about this case."

"Well, Your Honor, this dog that belongs to the prisoner," he pointed to Tom, who would not sit down, in the prisoner's box, "put his paws on the shoulders of a little girl in the park, and knocked her down, as you might say. But it turned out to be only a scalp wound, so the girl's father won't prosecute."

"The dog's unlicensed?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Fine the prisoner thirty dollars and costs and make him buy a license. If he can't pay the fine put him to work for thirty days."

"Thutty dollahs!" It it wasn't one thing it was another. "Ah ain't got thirty dollahs, Captum, please, suh."

"You'll have to go to work, then."

"Yassuh, but Ah'll lose ma job."

"Your Honor," it was the man who was always smiling, "I'll pay the prisoner's fine if the Court will allow me."

The Judge smiled indulgently.

"The Court has no objections."

Tom closed his eyes rhapsodically. "A good Samaritum. O Lawd, b'ess ma black hide, You's a good Lawd, O Lawd."

In a few moments it was all arranged. Then, before Tom could turn around, the white man had disappeared. Tom blinked his eyes. A good Samaritan, indeed!

He was free. They brought him Horace, his sack, and his old, stained, hat, and accompanied him to the door of the ante-room. "Don't forget to buy a license!" they warned him. "Yessuh, Captum, Ah ce'tainly will," he answered happily. He had eight dollars at home. It would be more than enough. Now to see the manager of the park.

They walked down a dark corridor and past the great rotunda. Horace was frisky, and wanted to peer over the rail.

"Ack lak' a dawg, Hor'ce. You's gonna be licensed tomorrer."

But Horace was never licensed. A motor car saw to that.

Late that evening Tom sat in the door of an empty box-car. The sudden cold weather had decided him. He would go back to his old home in the South. Perhaps he would go back to his wife.

The whistle shrieked, the cars jounced back and forth, and the long train rolled through the night, into the South.

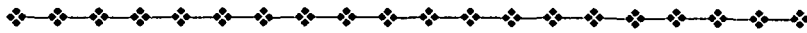
Presently it began to snow, great soft

flakes thaat clung to his fuzzy trousers.

"Ol' Norf' win' sure tryin' to git me."

He peered, beyond the cottony flakes drifting by his face, into the blue-black night.

"Ol' Hor'ce oughter be in dawg's heavun now. Tom ain't complainin', Lawd. But please, Lawd, don' let ma woman whop me. 'At's all Ah asks. You's been a good Lawd. You made de good Samaritum, Lawd, but you didn't make de attymobuls."



## *A Family Of Snarks*

MURRAY YOUNG

THERE is a line in Lewis Carrol's poem "The Hunting Of The Snark" which always recalls to me the most delightful experience of my life. It is that one relating to the "Snark's" domestic habits in which he tells of their astonishing custom of

"Breakfasting at five o'clock tea  
And dining the next day."

It seems an absurd, Carrolian bit of description to most people but for me it is an exact picturing of the Chilton family, and the Chilton family was the most exciting and delightful experience of my life. They were exactly like the "Snarks": erratic, wild, intense, devoid of a sense of the proprieties, and completely charming. They were our neighbors for several years in Broken Arrow, (one of those Western small towns which, because of its name, sounds thrilling, and is, in truth, duller than a New England farm village.) Neighbor is hardly the word to use in their relation to me but it quite sufficiently says enough for the rest of my family, whose attitude towards the Chilton's was little short of hostile. My time was so divided between their house and my own that had I been Persephone, and the Chilton's the lower regions (and so it was in the speech of the disapproving towns-people), the variability of the seasons would have been more hectic

than spring weather.

Their house, the interior of which always resembled the aftermath of a cyclone, was a relief from the regularity and primness of our's which had bred in me, by the rule of reversion, a fierce delight in dust, scattered papers, and topsy-turvy chairs. I still take a crazy joy in unevenly hung pictures; and broken china can at times give me a real feeling of pleasure.

The Chilton household was all that the proper household should not be. They ate at any hour; they went to bed at any hour; and they got up at any hour. It was always interesting to speculate, as one walked up the long rambling path to the front door, just what they would be doing when one entered. If one was initiated one knew that it would be quite different from anything supposed, and that whatever it might be one would not be surprised.

There were six of them:

Mrs. Chilton, a tiny, bird-like little woman with immense resources of energy that never seem to find a proper focus; it was spent in a thousand small and wasteful ways. She had had training in an expensive young ladies' seminary in her girlhood, and as a consequence, played the piano rather frantically, knew Latin, French, a smattering of German, while life-sized paintings of tigers and

coyotes hanging in the living room attested to her skill but slightly incongruous taste in the way of oil-painting.

Mr. Chilton had an office down-town where vague things were transacted in the way of law. He was tall, prematurely grey, and somewhat abstracted in manner. He had a diploma from a large eastern university and occasionally got important looking letters on expensive stationery from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia—cities which seemed then so distant and fabulous. He was wonderfully charming as a host and as a conversationalist, but that sort of thing counts for so little in a raw western town where "getting-a-head" is deified. He was barely tolerated by the farm boys who had managed to escape the farm and to become the proud possessors of shops, bungalows, and Buick cars. The fact that he received help from his relatives provoked them to scorn, and his air of superiority infuriated them, but they secretly envied his ability to make speeches, and his poise before an audience.

To me he was a sort of beneficent, humanized god. When he presided at table he gave to the meal, simple as it might be, an air of specialness, of banquet-like importance. And when he talked to us, as he so often did, of history, the theatre, or art, I sat before him as before an oracle. I remember the day he read to us from the Greek Bible, giving what he believed to be a more exact translation of a certain passage, first reading it aloud. I had never heard a foreign tongue before except the animal guttural of the Choctaw Indians and this seemed to me like a kind, grave and beautiful music. When I had seen the odd looking characters that composed the words I was more than ever amazed. They must, I thought, possess some strange and magic potency. Afterwards when I heard people speak sneeringly of Mr. Chilton, I always brought to my mind the sound of his voice reading those beautiful words, and I felt that he had some secret which they would never know, some secret that made their little ambitions seem futile, pathetic.

Marian was the oldest of the children. She possessed somewhere within her a capacity

for practicability and logical procedure, but the environmental vicissitudes were too much for her. What little order the house had came from Marian, and upon her fell the heaviest burden of the work. She was wonderfully sympathetic to childish hurts, substituting usually for Mrs. Chilton, whose energy being so focusless was liable to throw her miles off from the proper object of her vainly sought attention.

Robert was next to Marian. He had much of the superiority of his father, and was rather difficult to get along with. He had an exceptional talent for the violin and was accordingly looked up to by his family who ordinarily did not go in for looking up to people. Mrs. Chilton used to play with him for hours in the evening. I could hear them long after I had been called home and sent to bed. I used to lie with my head as near as possible to the window so that I might go to sleep listening to the gay notes of the "Valse Poupee" or the slower ones of the "Berceuse" from Joycelyn. I remember Robert least of them all, for he ran away when he was seventeen and never came back until the Chilton's were far away from Broken Arrow.

Mark was the strangest of the lot. He was a little older than I, and always held me at a distance. He never, I believe, allowed anyone to come very close to him. He spent most of his time reading. The Chilton's had a large collection of books, and Mark read them all: fiction, history, philosophy, religion. His information was startlingly wide and diversified. He was the terror of his teachers because of his information, and the special enemy of all the townchildren because of his brilliance, his way of talking, and a certain air of distrust and amusement. Mrs. Chilton, I believe, secretly hated him.

The two younger children, Victor and Anne, were of my age and, consequently were my companions. They both had wildly inventive minds, and we were always in some sort of fantastic adventure. Because of the indifference towards each other that was so characteristic of the Chilton's our escapades sometimes reached unbelievable extremes. They possessed with the others a

certain arrogance of manner, and a complete disregard for the proper and conventional attitudes.

Every room in the long, rangy house contained a chaos. The living room, hung with Mrs. Chilton's reproductions of the fiercer type of wild animal, was a veritable sea in which the battered grand piano floated like an island. Books and papers were everywhere, and the tables contained improbable flotsam. "As disorderly as the Chilton's," was a by-word among the proper, who could never understand the charm such a wilful household held over certain people.

There were always two sure meals at the Chilton's: tea in the afternoon, this might be at two o'clock or at six; and dinner, which might be at five or at nine or any hour between. They all managed somehow to attend these meals. Mrs. Chilton held forth at tea, Mr. Chilton at dinner. What happened in the house before, between, and after these meals was always uncertain,—to the uninitiate, hopelessly obscure,—to the initiate, vague at best.

Before the coming of the Chilton's,—they arrived all of a sudden with their grand piano and their books, the reason prompting them remained always dim,—I had felt a growing dissatisfaction with the life which Broken Arrow offered. Reading had shown me a way of life richer, fuller, more beautiful in every aspect than that which surrounded me, and I was uncertainly reaching for it. With their appearance and my adoption into their family—they had a way of attaching themselves to certain people, and remaining hostile to others,—it seemed that at last I had found the kind of life which had been suggested to me through books. And always they retained for me, even after long years of acquaintance, the quality of fictional characters. They seemed never in my mind to attain a true reality, real objective existence, but always to have about them an aura of light which other people did not possess.

To go to their house was to enter an enchanted land, where time was an exile and duty and order unsounded horns. Often when I would be seated at table with them;—

Mr. Chilton carving the roast in an Olympian silence; Mrs. Chilton giving nervous orders to the harassed maid; Robert talking to Marian in a conscious, "grown-up" manner; Mark completely self-absorbed, smiling to himself; and the three of us, Victor, Anne, and myself giggling at the end of the table,—it would come over me that this was all from some book, that it was too magical, too wonderful to be actually taking place in Broken Arrow.

From the time I was ten until I was well on toward sixteen they lived in Broken Arrow, and their house during those years was always chaotic, tumbled, cyclone-swept, and yet the only place among the thousand small inimities and uglinesses of a western small town where I could feel really peaceful, happy. Outside there was always row upon row of geometrically perfect streets set with raw little bungalows; ugly red store buildings; stupid, humorless people; and a life which went by dully, monotonously, like a picture without colour or perspective. But inside with the Chilton's life was a rich, multifarious passage to the sound of music, singing, and dancing. Here books, art, the imagination were reality—not vacant dreams, or luxurious decorations. Their house was a kind of erratic and storm-tossed fortress of beauty and culture in a waste land. And in it I grew and expanded in a thousand ways which without their presence would have been forever closed for me.

As suddenly as they had come they packed their books and their grand piano and were off to destination as vague as had been the place of their previous habitation. Their going left an irreparable break in my life. I was lost for months afterwards, and only with hard and conscious effort did I fill somewhat the emptiness. Even now with an ever increasing number of years intervening there is still a feeling of dissatisfaction, of thinness about most of the people I come into contact with because they never measure up to the Chilton's, they are all too real, too 'unaured'. Perhaps I shall never find again the same enchantment of that Snark-like establishment, never again touch life of such richness of texture.



## Cortege

*The cortage with its air of antique woe  
Moves slowly down the winter avenue,  
And muted music gives the proper show  
To grief that lies too deep for public view.*

*Within the strict, sad hangings of the hearse  
Lies quietly the fragments of a shell  
That housed the spirit of a man, no worse  
Than other men: he grew and flourished well.*

*With tears and dull accoutrements of grief  
The mourners wail the victory of death  
Yet miss the elder death unmarked by leaf  
Of tribute or impairment of the breath.*

*This was a stiller death beneath a sky  
Gone white above a young and springtime land—  
Accomplished by the echo of a sigh,  
The uncompleted gesture of a hand.*

—MURRAY YOUNG.



## SPORT NEWS

*Loyola Wolfpack Treks North to Battle*

Up from the South they have come, this sturdy band of maroon clad warriors: Loyola of New Orleans—the “Wolfpack” in recent years this has become a name to conjure with down below the Mason-Dixon line. Several times in the past small colleges have turned out a single great team that made its mark and then vanished forever; but in recent years and over an extended period of time, Loyola has proved its greatness. Today with athletics reaching undreamed heights, the true mark of greatness is not a single outstanding performance but rather a consistent series of great performances. That is why we call Clark Shaughnessy’s “Wolfpack” a great team. Only twice in three years have they met defeat and both times by close scores.

Under the tutelage of the veteran Shaughnessy, who turned out the old “wonder teams” at Tulane, these young Southern gentlemen have been moulded into a team worthy of the best traditions of the South. Since August 15 they have been in training in their camp on the Gulf coast, with one idea in mind—to beat Notre Dame! Last Saturday, working under wraps, they whitewashed Howard, a good small team, 18-0.

The Maroon is led by Peter Edward Miller who is playing his third year as a wingman

for the Wolves. While he is above the average on the defense it is on the offense that he is most outstanding. His blocking has established him as such. It is highly probable that he will play tackle on the offense. He is big and fast, tipping the beam in the neighborhood of 190 lbs. With he and “Pee Wee” Allen, who is built along similar lines, on the receiving end, the Maroon and Gold has developed a dangerous passing game. Bill Moore, the Wolves’ star, is an excellent passer as is Junior Lopez who heaves them from the port side, Jaubert at center and Ritchie at tackle are veterans playing their third year for Loyola and from reports should prove tough men to handle.

This is no easy pre-season game and the Irish have been working hard all week against freshman and reserve teams who were using Loyola plays. Rockne was not satisfied with



COACH KNUTE K. ROCKNE

the showing that the varsity made against the frosh last Saturday and has been driving his men hard. Thus far however, Jim Bray’s injured shoulder has been the only disabling casualty incurred. The Gold and Blue will go into action with the following men probably composing the first team: Moynihan, center; Law and Leppig, guards; Captain Fred Miller and Doarn at the tackle positions and Colerick and Vezie on the wings.

Brady will probably play quarter; Chevigny and Niemic will hold down the halves, and "Freddie" Collins will do his stuff at the full-back position.

Loyola will put a team on the field that will average well over 180 pounds. Captain Miller and Allen will start at the end positions; Cooper and Drouillet, each of whom weigh over 200 pounds will fill the tackle berths; Charlie Cotton, one of the outstanding guards of the South, will have Kreider as his running mate while the veteran Jaubert will be the pivot man. Lopez, Moore, Maitland and either Weddle or Pourciau will form the backfield. A hard, fast bunch of men they are, with a passing game second to none and a fast breaking shift from a huddle that for the last few years has wrecked havoc with the Maroons opponents.

It will be a good, clean, tough game, for Loyola has built up a reputation as a fighting team. We reiterate that this will be no game with which to warm up for the season. The team that beats Loyola must play real football all the way through. Notre Dame men may rest assured that their team will do just that, for no one realizes better than do the players themselves, the task that they have before them. With a great tradition to uphold the Irish will be in there playing hard, clean, fast football. —H.A.S., JR.

#### VARSIITY-FRESHMEN STAGE ANNUAL FROLIC

The preliminary episode of the adventure of Rockne's 1928 football machine was enacted last Saturday on Cartier Field in the form of the annual Varsity-Freshman game. History repeated itself and the frosh were set back by a score which the accountants in the press-box figured at 87-0 or thereabouts. This traditional dress rehearsal was witnessed by 5000 curious fans, including several hundred representatives of the down-town Coaching Association, looking for something to criticise.

Fireworks were set off during the first quarter; and there were times during this period when the frosh looked more like the Fighting Irish than the Fighting Irish did

themselves. It was not until the closing minutes of this opening stanza that the varsity attack began to function properly: several beautiful passes by Niemic and Brady brought the ball to withing striking distance of the yearling goal line, and from that position. Fred Collins plunged through the freshman line for the first varsity score. Then the Big Parade began and touchdowns followed one another in rapid succession.

At the beginning of the second quarter, both teams were replaced by entirely new combinations. It was at this stage that the freshmen weakened and gradually crumbled entirely. Within the space of a few minutes, Shay smashed their line twice for touchdowns, and Elder circled right end for another tally. Later Mullins penetrated the yearling defense, galloped down the field, and set the pigskin down on the green turf of the end-zone. At various times the varsity aerial attack got under way for substantial gains. At no time during the contest did the freshmen seriously menace the varsity goal line, nor did they ever advance far out of their own territory.

However, much credit must be given the green team for the fine stand it made. Playing against a heavier, more experienced, and better organized team, Polisky & Company displayed considerable grit and a willingness to take the punishment that was surely meted out to them. Several times Brill, the freshman half-back, weaved his way through the arms of obliging tacklers and threatened to break out into the open field. At center, the work of Abe Zoss, former South Bend high school player, was outstanding. Zoss was kept quite busy throughout most of the afternoon at the manly art of tackling. The weakest spot in the freshman offense was the lack of a sustained forward pass attack. Had the yearlings possessed this most valuable of modern football weapons, they might have registered a score against the veterans. The defense of the Poliskyites against the forward pass was also decidedly weak.

The high spots in the varsity's playing were the plunging of Collins and Shay, the line-play of John Law and Captain Miller,

the passing of Niemic and Brady, and the ball-carrying of Mullins and Elder. Chevigny, Colrick, Eddie Collins, and Vezie caught passes all over the field; the line play of Bondi, Leppig, and Vlk merited much comment; and at quarterback, Carrideo handled his team like an experienced general. Frank Leahy, sophomore center, played a steady, consistent game, passing well and blocking one of the frosh punts. In all, Rockne used three full teams with a number of individual substitutions.

Walter Eckersall, noted player, official and sports authority, handled the contest ably in his capacity of referee. Few penalties were inflicted upon either side, and most of the fouls committed were minor offenses. There was a noticeable absence of slugging, kneeing, or other rough tactics. If, throughout the season, the team remains on-side and observes the rules against holding and other offenses as well as its members did Saturday, the players will be spared many weary, hard-earned, yards. —J.G.P.

### INTERHALL SEASON TO START SUNDAY—SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

The interhall grid season will officially get under way Sunday, October 7, with all teams playing. The schedule this year is divided into halves, the plan being that the winner of Division I will meet the winner of Division II on November 18 at Cartier Field for the championship. To give the coaches a chance to see their men in action and to iron out the faults that the first game always discloses, each team will play a practice game Sunday, September 30. The complete schedule including the practice games, follows. All games are called at two o'clock.

#### SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

Freshman—Lyons	Howard—Corby
Carroll—Badin	Off-Campus I—
	Off-Campus II
Brownson—Morrissey	Walsh—Sophomore

#### OCTOBER 7

Section I	Section II
Brownson—Howard	Sophomore—Off-Campus II
Freshman—Walsh	Sophomore—Badin
Carroll—Off-Campus I	Corby—Morrissey

#### OCTOBER 28

Brownson—Walsh	Corby—Off-Campus II
Howard—Off-Campus I	Sophomore—Morrissey
Freshman—Carroll	Lyons—Badin

#### NOVEMBER 4

Brownson—Carroll	Badin—Off-Campus II
Howard—Walsh	Sophomore—Corby
Freshman—Off-Campus I	Lyons—Morrissey

#### NOVEMBER 11

Morrissey—Off-Campus II	Brownson—Off-Campus I
Sophomore—Lyons	Howard—Freshman
Corby—Badin	Walsh—Carroll

#### NOVEMBER 18

Championship Game—Winner Division I vs. Winner Division II, Cartier Field—2 P. M. (Fields will be assigned in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.)

Coaches have been assigned for the various halls and several squads have already started practice. The teams should be well trained and aggressive, and will probably display a brand of football far above that expected from interhall squads, for the coaching staffs list among their personnel many men of greater ability than is usually found in intramural sports. Among those represented are several all-interhall men, two high school coaches of several years' experience, and an all Southwestern end. Every coach has had at least two years of varsity experience, either at Notre Dame or elsewhere, and several are two and three sport men. The coaches and the hall to which they are assigned follow:

Freshman—James Curry, Tom Brown, Bill Reaume.
Carroll—Frank Crowe, Gene Moriarity, Jerry Higgins.
Brownson—Marshall Keiser, Charley Vanoncini, Frank Mueller.
Howard—Art Lynch, C. G. Limandt, L. V. Ramer.
Off-Campus I—Leo Schrall, Bus Griffin.
Walsh—Bob Walsh, K. W. Byrne, J. W. Buckley.
Lyons—Joe Jachym, G. Fitzgerald.
Badin—B. A. Lange, Bill McCleary, Phil Coyle.
Morrissey—John Kelleher, Ed. McGlinchey.
Corby—John Clinton, Jerry Halloran.
Off-Campus II—W. T. Byrne, L. Brennell.
Sophomore—Joe Gavin, Jim Delly, Pete Narconi.

—J.H.Z.

### FALL TRACK IN FULL SWING

Sixty-five candidates for the varsity track team answered the first call of Coach John P. Nicholson last week. Nine of last year's monogram men have been lost to the team



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M-G-M News and Comedy

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FRI. and SAT.  
Oct. 5 and 6

Conway Tearle and Baraba Bedford in  
"SMOKE BELLEW"

through graduation. They are Joe Griffin, captain of last year's varsity; Reppeti, Lavelle, McSweeney, McGauley, Lahey, Stace, Cullen, and Bov. These men will undoubtedly be missed and Coach Nicholson has a task before him to fill their places.

The letter men that are back from last year include captain-elect Jack Elder, Joe Abbott, Quigley, Kelley, Stephan, W. Brown, J. Brown, Johnson, Welchons, and Conlin. Several other men from last year's team who with a little more experience can be depended upon to come through this year are Boagni, Ladner, Dayton, McConville, Sylvester, O'Brien, Nichols, England, and Duncan.

The Fall Handicaps which were an aid in stimulating interest in track last fall will again be staged on Thursday, October 18. Varsity men compete with freshmen in all events, with the first three places receiving medals as awards.

Coach Nicholson stresses the importance of working out during the fall months because in the case of the younger men valuable experience is gained. —T.A.C.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* SPLINTERS FROM THE PRESS BOX \*  
 \* H. A. S., JR. \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

Tradition is a mighty thing. In a quiet but forceful way it has made men rise above themselves and do great, sometimes impossible things. It was tradition that made a Notre Dame team come back against a great Northwestern team three years ago and snatch victory from apparent defeat. It was this same tradition of invincibility on Cartier Field that made a fighting Notre Dame team hold for downs on its four-yard line last year when the most powerful team Minnesota has ever known, sent the great Joestings and the flashy Barnhardt at a battered Irish line in the frozen mud of Cartier.

This inspiration derived from tradition will be sorely needed November 17, when Carnegie Tech comes west to attempt to again spoil what promises to be another great record. Tech has potentially the

greatest team in its history. Three of last year's regulars have been displaced by sophomores this year and the line averages 200 pounds from tackle to tackle.

\* \* \*

*Watch Villanova this year. They are big, fast and powerful, and use the Notre Dame style of attack. Harry Stuhldreher is about to reap the fruits of several years' hard labor.*

\* \* \*

There promises to be a superabundance of great tackles this year. Hibbs of Southern California and Smith of Pennsylvania, both All-America choices from last year, are back. The giant Lassman of N. Y. U., has

recovered from his broken leg and will lead the Violet into action this year. He was a third All-America selection two years ago and much is expected of him this year.

Sprague of Army, Novak of Illinois, Raszkowski of Ohio State, Eddy of Yale, Barford of Princeton and our own Captain Miller are all tackles who were outstanding last year and who have returned this fall. Pickers of All-America teams will be going around in circles when it comes time to choose tackles for the mythical eleven.

\* \* \*

*Predicted score of the game to-morrow:*  
*Notre Dame.....19*  
*Loyola ..... 6*



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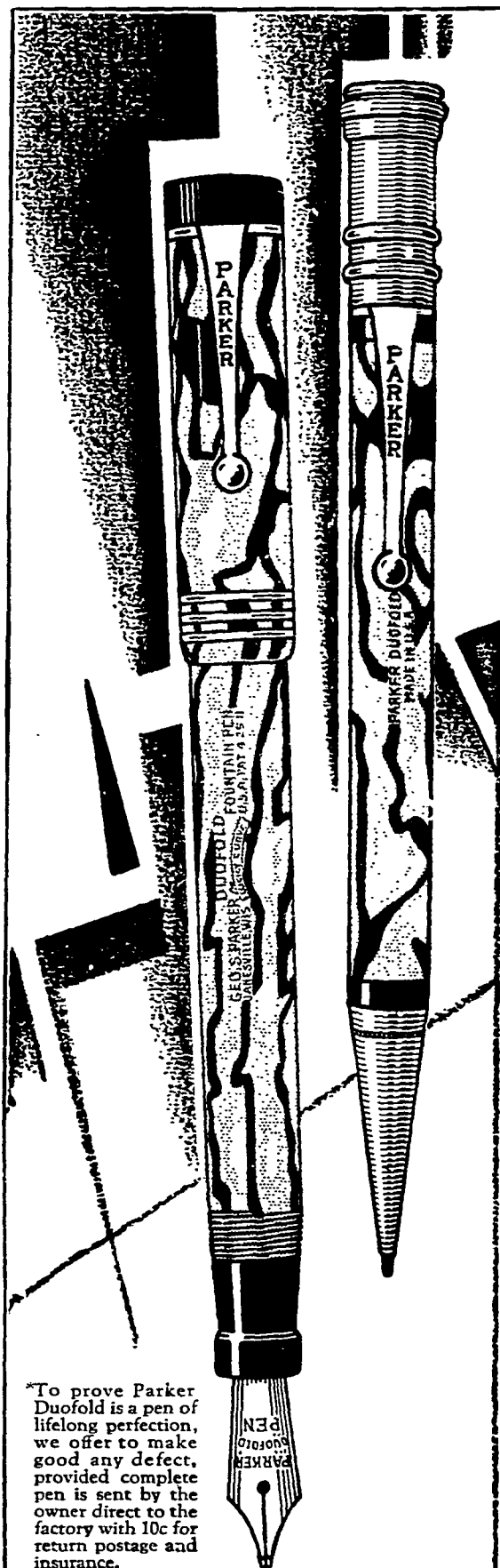
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## ON THE ENEMY'S TRAIL

J. G. P.

As was to be expected at this early stage of the season, few important games were played last Saturday. For the most part, the major teams of the country confined their energies to scrimmages among themselves, freshmen-varsity tangles, and other frolics of like nature.

Loyola University of New Orleans was the only one of the nine formidable elevens which grace the Irish schedule, to swing into action Saturday. Not to be outdone by the recent Florida hurricane, the "Maroon Cyclone" broke out in all its fury and swept the strong Howard College team away by an 18-0 score. Last year, it will be remembered, Howard held the Wolves to a scoreless tie.

Clark Shaughnessy's charges gave an exhibition of good football in this opening melee. The Louisiana Jesuits have a heavy, well-balanced eleven, with plenty of power and speed. Moore, Lopez, Drouilet, and Maitland are players who will bear careful watching to-morrow.

Army, Navy, Penn State, Carnegie Tech, and Southern California will begin their climb toward football supremacy to-morrow. The Mountaineers of Davis-Elkins College, who last week trimmed the powerful West Virginia outfit, will attempt to get the Navy's goat at Annapolis. The flying Dutchmen of Lebanon Valley will provide cannon fodder for the Penn State squad; Boston University will be the guests of Biff Jones' Army aggregation; Westminster will entertain Carnegie Tech; and the Utah Aggies will furnish amusement for the Trojans of Southern California.

Penn State will be met this year on the turf of historic Franklin Field in Philadelphia, the home stadium of the University of Pennsylvania.

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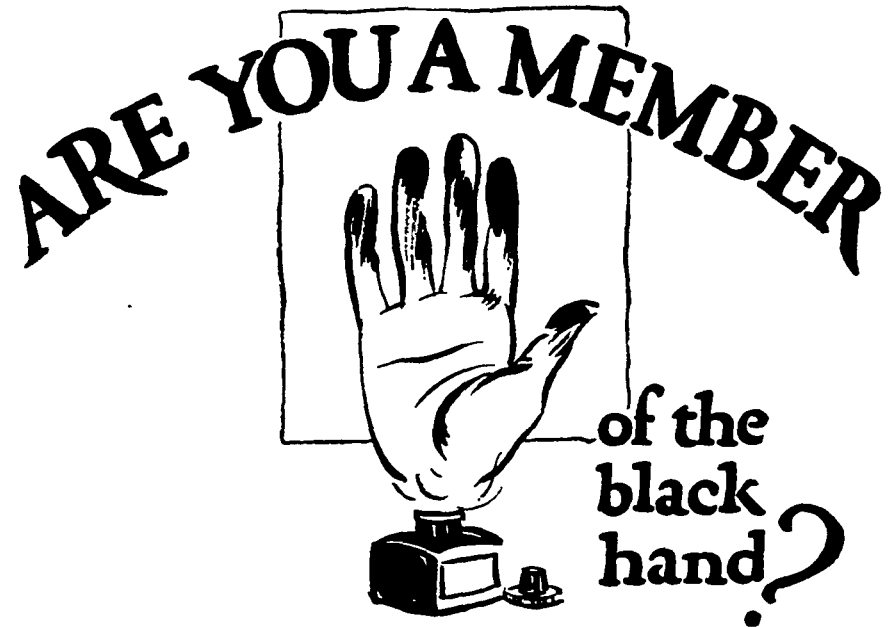


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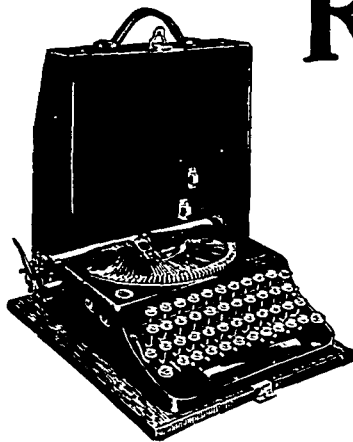


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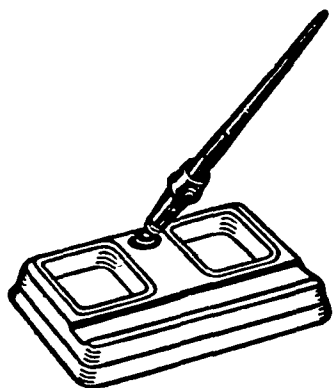
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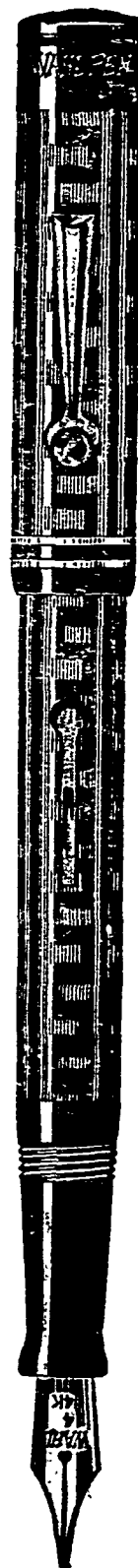
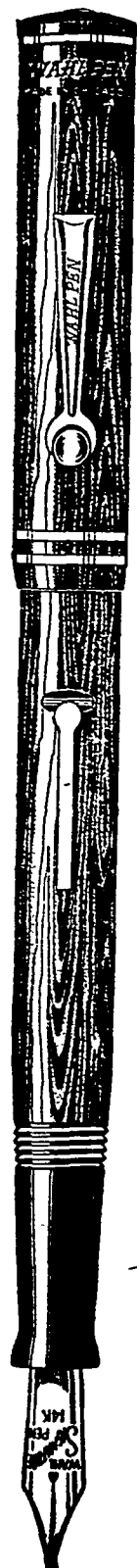
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—WALLY,  
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