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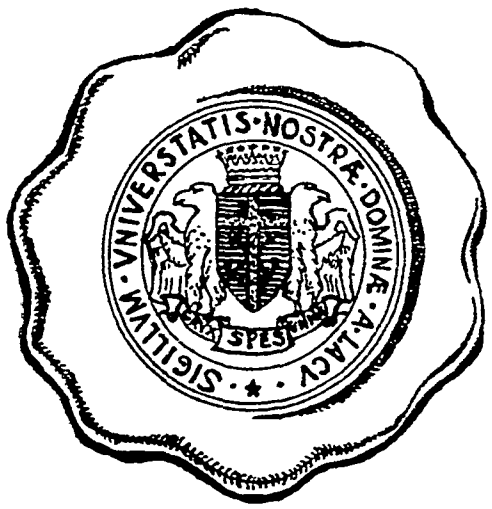
Notre Dame Scholastic

VOL. LVIII. SEPTEMBER, 20, 1929. No. 1.



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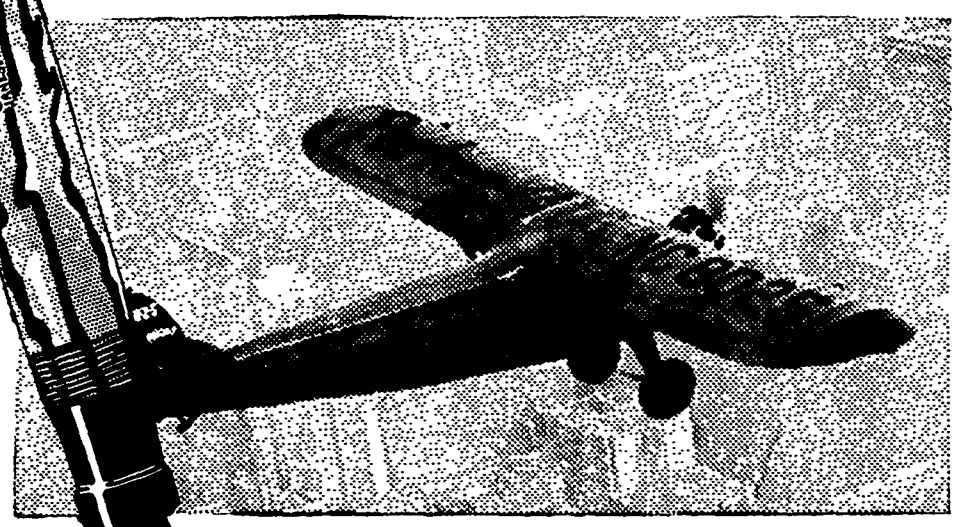

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Home of Hart Schaffner and Marx Clothes

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Forty-five years ago, ADLER BROTHERS was established with one definite objective in view—to give to their customers at all times, the finest clothes obtainable at the lowest possible prices. This policy has never been changed.

Therefore it affords us a great deal of pleasure to announce to you that: OUR PRICE LEVELS HAVE BEEN CONSIDERABLY REDUCED.

We now offer you correctly styled, perfectly tailored, new fall suits, as low as $29.50; this same quality formerly sold at $35.00.

Society Brand, the best of all clothes, have been sold in the past at prices ranging from $45.00 to $75.00. We now offer them at $37.50 to $60.00.

There has been no surrender of style, quality or value in making possible these downward price revisions. For more than a year, the closest co-operation between the manufacturers and ourselves has been maintained to bring about these results. You may not be interested in the details that have made these price revisions possible, but you will be interested in the clothes at their new price levels.

Will you accept our invitation to personally inspect these clothes with the assurance that we will consider it a privilege to serve you?

ADLER BROTHERS

COMMENT

With this issue the *Scholastic* begins its fifty-eighth year of life. The first issue of any college publication, with its rounding up of staff members, rushing to press, and various other minor pin pricks in a happy life, is anything but a rose surrounded job. We will not indulge ourselves in the bromide that "we therefore, trust, that you . . . . etc. . . . ."; but we do hope that you like your magazine.

You may notice that triple columns are used in the typographical arrangement of the news, book reviews, and sports. Such a change was deemed expedient in view of the policy of a "bigger and better" SCHOLASTIC, which was adopted with a vengeance last February when the enlarged magazine made its appearance.

This issue also sees a long book review appearing for the first time. We hope to make each review a little essay, in itself, on that phase of human experience denoted by the author and connoted by his book.

There is, no doubt, a plethora of advice, today, concerning anything and everything managing to exist under the summer sun. Though it would be our last intention to further swell the arteries of that worthy gentleman, Mr. Instruction, we do commit ourselves to a certain stand on education, and, if you wish to call it so, The Good Life, in this week's Editorial, "A Welcome—and a Word."

The oft repeated complaint that the SCHOLASTIC, a literary magazine, dwarfs the size of that section in favour of other departments, will, this year, lose a great deal of its point; as present plans call for a literary department of rather considerable proportions. There are some good writers on the campus and we hope to give space to their creative endeavors.

In regard to this matter of creative work, we would like to say that blanket criticism of student literary work is as ill-merited as it is destructive. There is nothing quite so easy as to dismiss any product, in any given field, with a sweeping, smiling gesture of amused tolerance. Too often these self appointed critics have never troubled themselves to go through the travail of literary creation. Perhaps, were they to "produce" something on their own initiative, the objects of their frequent cavilling would have real reason for a real laugh!

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus-Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus

Founded in 1872

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

THE WEEK

Over in the Alumni Office is an oddly shaped leather object that you might think was anything from a French horn case to one of those bags suspended from horses' necks at meal time. Jim Armstrong has convinced Eleanore that the leather monstrosity is none other than the original feed bag used by the Four Horsemen.

A card on the box reads:
1842
Hat Box
Belonging to William Good
A Student At
Notre Dame
in the first year of
The University's Existence

Knowing nothing at all about William I cannot comment on either his goodness or the utility of his hat box, but one thing is certain—he was a freshman. And as his one horse shay, loaded with any number of fantastic hat boxes, and other cow-hide incongruities, drove out on the dirt road from a South Bend that was not yet cosmopolitan, William was wondering. Wondering the thing that all freshmen have wondered before and since. He was wondering when the first letter from home would arrive.

The classic tradition of freshmen still lives. It is as much a part of first year men as warts are of toads. Anyone walking on the campus at mail time with a bunch of letters these days is certain of several queries, a prominent among them being, "Has the mail come for Brownson yet?" A good idea is to have a few form letters prepared, complete except for the check, and hand them out liberally when freshmen approach with that mail hungry look.

Rockne's smile is broad this year. Broader than it has been for some time now, and that despite a schedule which is as difficult as any ever attempted by the team. Indiana, our first opponent, has made its tilt with us its homecoming game, and the Army, whom we play last, also ask us to entertain their alumni. Our cheering section, as we have no home games, will consist largely of Dan Barton and the football managers. But something very convincing lies back of this attitude on the part of Rockne. Without being at all worried I'm willing to bet a radio which hasn't worked yet, that we are entering a successful season. Successful enough to satisfy Rockne himself.

Our opponents down at Southern California have been taking part in a new all-varsity football picture. And Actor's Equity, being full of temperament and petty jealousy, have set up a howl about professional in college football. The truth being, not that Equity knows or cares anything about college athletics, but that California players didn't see any necessity for paying the association fees of Equity. Proving, beyond all doubt, that a self-styled Hamlet can play Shylock too.

Now that there is no more furniture to steal, and everyone has a room, with a roommate thrown in, or thrown out, as you will, we can begin to look about and notice a few changes. Father Carey and Father Mooney have left, St. Edward's hopes soon to be a residence hall, and considerable dirt has been thrown for the new stadium. New faces are crowding the upper classmen to the wall during the refectory rush, and Nanovic has finally stopped looking for the Confreys. The *Juggler*, which John edits this year, will be out sometime—I don't know when, and I doubt if he does. Murray Ley, SCHOLASTIC editor, has more to worry about than Nanovic has, because Nanny doesn't even expect my copy on time.

Mountains out of mole hills, or knolls out of bunkers? Art West, golf supervisor of the university, plans to rear a knoll in the midst of our course, an addition which will make our fairways worthy of Jones himself. Golf lessons can be secured from Art, when he thinks you have even a small chance, but don't expect too much from him. After five years in Shanghai, and many more in Chicago and New York as a journalist his capabilities are extensive—any journalist's have to be, but he draws the line at miracles. Though when you see the golf course at this time next year, your appreciation will deem Art's efforts as not far from miraculous.

Every man on the campus, and most of the hypotheticals, have an impulse to do something more ambitious than to gaze at the springs on the upper of the double decker now that the Victory March is pouring from Washington Hall. Freshmen think of home, Sophomores don't think at all, Juniors think of last year's Navy game, and Seniors think of meals—or of how to get them. All this, should you begin to wonder just what the theme song is, has been brought forth by Joe Cassasanta's baton. It's a good baton, and well wafted as Busher can testify. Busher, who manages the band and the drums, is a good sort, though his rhythm is a little fast just now. He finds it difficult to beat the steady throb of campus drums after a summer spent in the double time of vacation's tympany.

"The essential unity of all knowledge," is Professor Phillip's way of referring to what I consider lacking on this and every other campus. Some day Bob Eggeman and I shall get together and endow a chair at the university. This chair shall cost but very little, in fact, we can do without a chair, and establish our dean under a tree by the lake. Equipment may set us back a trifle, for incidentals such as jew's harps, chewing tobacco, playing cards, second-hand volumes of everybody's, and anything else the class may desire must be provided. "The Professor of Nothing in Particular" shall head the department, and his salary shall be nothing but his needs. Students will eat whenever they are hungry, sleep when sleepy, and study whatever they please. Anyone shall be eligible for the class except those wanting degrees, or those who think that man must work to be happy. Only one man I know is capable of acting as dean of such a department, and as he is in a psychopathic institution, we shall not endow the chair until his release.

A. H.

Coming Events

FRIDAY, September 20 — Juggler Meeting for all those who wish to draw or write for *The Juggler:* Prizes of five dollars will be given for best written and art material turned in for the Freshman Number before "deadline," to be announced tonight at the Publications' office, 6:30.

SATURDAY — Movies, Washington Hall, 6:30 and 8:30 p. m.

SUNDAY — Masses, Sacred Heart Church, 6:00, 7:00 and 9:00 a. m.; Upperclassmen Mission, Sacred Heart Church, 7:30 p. m.

MONDAY — Freshmen convocation meeting, East Dining Hall, 12:30 p. m.; Grand Rapids Club meeting, Badin "Rec" room, 7:00 p. m.; Scribblers meeting, in Scribblers' room, 8:00 p. m.

TUESDAY — Press Club meeting, Journalism room, University Library, 12:30 p. m.

THURSDAY—Meeting of the Spectators, at 8:00 p. m., in the Spectators' room.

FATHER BURKE NEW EDITOR OF "AVE MARIA"

Father Eugene Burke, prominent figure for many years in the Congregation of Holy Cross, has been appointed editor of *The Ave Maria.* Father Burke has been assistant-editor of the well known Catholic weekly for the past year. His excellent work in this position makes him well worthy of his appointment as successor of Father Daniel E. Hudson, who has conducted *The Ave Maria* for the past fifty-five years.

Father Burke is not unknown to Notre Dame students and alumni. Along with his work as assistant-editor of *The Ave Maria,* he also taught philosophy classes at the University. He graduated from the A. B. school here in 1906 and then went to Catholic University at Washington. Here he received the degrees of S.T.B., S.T.L., and Ph.D.

After the completion of his studies, Father Burke taught theology at Holy Cross College at Washington until 1913. He then returned to Notre Dame to teach in the English department for six years. Columbia College at Portland, Oregon, was the next field of his endeavors. He was appointed president of the college and served in this capacity until 1928 when he came back to his original Alma Mater.

The extensive studies and broad learning of Father Burke make him the ideal man to succeed Father Hudson. Besides being a brilliant scholar he is also a gifted speaker. His experiences have been many and varied, and it is certain that he will capably fulfill the duties of his new office.

CONGREGATION MOURNS FATHER FRANCAIS

The Congregation of the Holy Cross suffered the loss of one of its most distinguished members in the death, last Sunday night, of the Very Reverend Gilbert Francais, C. S. C., Superior General of the order for thirty-three years.

Reverend Gilbert Francais, C.S.C.

Father Francais was born in Brittany in 1849. Early educated in the School of St. Brieux, he entered the Holy Cross Congregation in 1865, and was ordained a priest on May 25, 1872.

In 1893, he succeeded the Very Reverend Edward F. Sorin, C.S.C., as superior general of the Holy Cross, which position he held until 1926 when he retired because of advancing age; complications arising from senescence being the cause of his death.

His major achievement in this country was his carrying on the work consequent upon the building of the Houses of Foundation, which organization is in the same relation to the community that West Point is to our government.

In France his educational leadership was of marked significance, while his skill as a speaker led Bishop Richards to remark, "One of the greatest orators in France."

His circular letters to the community were little masterpieces of what we might term "father to children" writing.

In his loss, all have suffered loss; there will be a vacant place in the community that will be hard to fill.

SOLEMN HIGH MASS OPENS SCHOOL YEAR

The annual Freshman Convocation for the class of 1933 was held last Sunday morning at nine o'clock in Sacred Heart Church. As is customary on such occasions at Notre Dame it was in conjunction with a solemn high Mass, the Reverend Michael Mulcaire, C.S.C., Vice-President of the University, being its celebrant.

The Reverend Charles O'Donnell, C.S.C., President of Notre Dame, was the speaker on the occasion of the official opening of the school year. In his sermon he spoke at length concerning the need of personal initiative in the pursuit of a college education. In elucidating more clearly his opinions he pointed out the obvious fact that the University can only offer gifts and opportunities to its students, and it is up to them to accept or decline the offer. Just before concluding his address he spoke on the very heart of Notre Dame life, religious training, and showed how this, shaping and molding characters, is the greatest gift that Notre Dame has to offer.

PRESS CLUB TO HOLD MEETING

All students not in the School of Journalism who are interested in journalistic activities and desire to join the Press Club, kindly send in their names and addresses to 217 Sorin Hall and report at a meeting of the club on Tuesday, Sept. 24th, at 12:30 in the journalism room of the library.

NOTICE!

Freshmen and all others interested in trying out as reporters for the editorial staff of the SCHOLASTIC, will report tonight at 7:00 p. m. in the Publications Room, third floor, Administration building.

Men You Know

It is no small task to arrange studies and class schedules for three thousand students, and it is even a more trying task to take care of stu-

Reverend Emiel DeWulf, C.S.C.

dents clamoring for advice and aid. Yet all that is done, and done very efficiently, by Father Emiel De Wulf, Director of Studies. Always quiet of voice and courteous of manner, no matter how exacting the demands upon his time, he inspires confidence from the moment one steps into his office.

Father De Wulf has been more or less associated with Notre Dame all his life. Born in South Bend on March 26, 1883, he attended St. Patrick's Parochial School and from there entered the University's preparatory department, graduating in 1899. He received his A. B. degree from the University in 1903. From 1903 to 1908 he was at Holy Cross College in Washington. On June 28 of the latter year he was ordained to the priesthood.

Being of a mathematical turn of mind, his graduate work at Catholic University from 1904 to 1908 consisted of Mathematics, Mathematical Physics, and Astronomy. The University of Chicago had him as a student in the same subjects from 1920 to 1921.

After his graduation from Catholic University, Father De Wulf was assigned to St. Edwards University, Texas, as Prefect of Discipline and Director of Studies. In addition to his duties in those offices he also taught Mathematics and Physics. His ability and efficiency at St. Edwards did not pass unnoticed, for he was appointed to the presidency of the Texas institution in 1914.

In 1919 he was recalled to Notre Dame, where he was a member of the faculties of the Colleges of Engineering and Science until 1927, when he was appointed to his present office as Director of Studies.

Under his regime a new and improved system of registration was installed peculiarly adapted to the needs of Notre Dame students. This system does away with the confusion that is so marked in most colleges during the registration period, and in addition allows for the opening of classes immediately after registration.

Father De Wulf devotes much of his time to astronomical and mathematical pursuits. He is a member of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific and has given occasional lectures on astronomy before various clubs and societies.

Though his duties as Director of Studies are arduous and time-consuming, he still finds time for a hobby—a very peculiar hobby it would seem to some, but to a mathematician a very appropriate one. The hobby is the keeping of statistics.

ST. EDWARD'S MADE INTO RESIDENCE HALL

Old St. Edward's, home of the Minims for many years and the pet undertaking of Father Sorin, has begun a new life. No more will it be the haven of the youngsters who have been in such close touch with the University since the beginning of its existence. No more will the Sophomore Hallers be treated to the sight of aspiring embryonic All-Americans staging their gridiron battles on the Minim's field. The school has been done away with; the Sisters have taken up their work in other parts of the country, and old Brother Cajetan who had charge of St. Edward's, is dead.

His death last year precipitated the end of the Minims. This move had been contemplated for some time by the University authorities, but they were reluctant about concluding Brother Cajetan's service there. He had held his position for more than forty years, during which time he endeared himself to the Minims by his unceasing devotion to their wants.

The exterior of the remodeled building remains practically the same. Inside, however, it presents a startlingly different appearance. All that is left of the old familiar sights are the chapel, the famous painting of Sorin meeting the Indians, by Gregori, the famous roll of honor, and Gregori's stained glass window painting of Sorin in his later years. Rooms have been constructed sufficient to house 207 students. They are all high ceilinged, well lighted, newly plastered, and newly equipped. Returning students who are to live there were agreeably surprised at the renovations.

The accommodations supplied by St. Edward's remove a difficulty which has bothered the University for many years. This is the number of students who have been living off campus. It is the purpose of the authorities to have the entire student body living within the boundaries of Notre Dame, and the new hall helps to make this possible. The limiting of the enrollment and the addition of St. Edward's as a residence hall leave but a few students compelled to reside in South Bend.

Father Clancy has been appointed rector of the new hall. It is as yet uncompleted but the work is progressing rapidly and he hopes to have all the rooms ready for occupancy by the end of this week. The residents of the hall will be mostly sophomores along with a few juniors.

As the new occupants move into the remodeled building, so will the many traditions connected with old St. Edward's move out. But they will linger long in the memories of those who spent years of their childhood there. The absence of the Minims will leave a vacancy in the hearts of those priests on the campus who enjoyed contact with the youngsters. The Minims were the friends of priests and students alike. They were a real credit to the University, justifying the energy which Father Sorin expended in founding St. Edward's.

BOY GUIDANCE OPENS SIXTH YEAR

The Department of Boy Guidance began its sixth year with fourteen new students enrolled. These men were selected by the Knights of Columbus, Boy Life Bureau, at New Haven, Connecticut, from a list of almost fifty applicants who sought scholarships. Professor Raymond Hoyer is the director of the Boy Guidance course at Notre Dame.

S. A. C. Schedules "Hello Week" Campaign

The Student Activities Council of the University will launch its annual "Hello Week" drive on the campus beginning next Monday, Sept. 23. Robert Hellrung, chairman of the S. A. C., is in charge of the program, which, he claims, will be more intensive than any ever attempted by the organization. Beginning Monday with the annual Freshman Convocation and ending Friday, September 27, with the "Howdy Hop," the innovation of this year's campaign, the week will serve to arouse among the freshman class, that feeling of democracy prevalent on the campus. Everybody will speak to everybody else, regardless of introduction. The S. A. C. has voiced the request that all the upperclassmen enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of the week in order that the aim of the campaign may be fully accomplished.

Placards bearing the greetings of "Hello," "Hello, Men," "Hello, Fellows," and "Hello Week" will be posted at numerous spots on the campus Sunday night. The campaign will officially commence Monday morning. Appropriate badges inscribed with a big "Hello" will be found under each plate in the refectory Monday morning. All students are requested to attach these badges in a prominent position and to wear them during the week.

Monday noon at 12:30 in the East Dining hall the freshmen will be greeted by the Reverend J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., Prefect of Discipline, and prominent campus men. Among the latter will be Johnny Law, captain of the 1929 varsity football squad; Bob Hellrung, chairman of the S. A. C., and Ray Reardon, president of the Senior class. At this meeting the lower class members will be told of the divers Notre Dame traditions and the various rules and regulations in the *Undergraduate Manual* will be explained. It is expected that each member of the freshman class will be present Monday.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Gross, manager of the Palace Theatre, all students have been invited to attend a free performance at this theatre Thursday afternoon up to six o'clock, South Bend time. Admission may be had upon presentation of athletic books or dining hall cards. Mr. Gross, who has been at the Palace in the managerial capacity for the past three weeks, is seeking to co-operate with the S. A. C. and the student body in order to bring about a better program policy. The motion picture will be an all-talking production, "The Woman From Havana," featuring Lola Lane and Paul Page. Five acts of vaudeville have also been booked for the occasion, which is the first attempted by the S. A. C. in its "Hello Week" drive.

The activities of the week will be climaxed by the "Howdy Hop," the second new feature in this year's campaign. The dance was made possible by the Faculty Dance committee, consisting of James E. McCarthy, Dean of Commerce, chairman; the Reverend J. Hugh O'Donnell, Prefect of Discipline; Paul Fenlon, Professor of English, and Paul Bryne, University librarian.

The S. A. C. Dance committee includes Frank Kerjes, chairman; James Collins, president of the Sophomore class; Vernon Knox, president of the Junior class; and Raymond Reardon, president of the Senior class.

S. A. C. Notes

"No student council can function effectively unless it truly represents the student body. Nor can it properly perform its work unless it enjoys at all times the confidence of the students. No student council can justify existence by a single act; nor is a single failure an indication of incompetence. In order that student government may succeed two things are essential: first, a realization on the part of the students that there is a field in which such a council can for the good of the University act effectively; secondly, a willingness on the part of theUniversity authorities to grant as much freedom of action to the council as is consistent with order and discipline. Confidence on the part of the faculty and cooperation from the students will make of a student council what it is intended to be and what it should be . . . . a powerful good in all departments of student life."

The above paragraph is the preamble of the constitution of the Student Activities Council. It sets forth the qualifications of a competent and successful student governing body. It also specifies the essential requirements demanded of the students and the faculty in their relationships with the Council.

The aims and purposes of this organization are threefold. First, to provide an effective channel of communication between the undergraduate body and the University authorities. Second, to exercise a general supervision over the student activities, organizations, traditions and customs. Third, to crystalize and make effective the sanest of undergraduate opinions. Upon the written request of any student or any group of students, the Student Activities Council will undertake a complete investigation of any phase of student welfare and submit for the consideration of the University authorities such recommendations as it shall deem warranted.

It is the duty of the Council to advise and guide the officials of the various classes and campus societies and organizations in their undertakings. City and state clubs come under this head, and it is the purpose of the Council to develop them and to hold them in close harmony with one another.

Notre Dame traditions and customs are dear and sacred in the mind of every alumnus and student, and the Student Activities Council is their recognized guardian.

The Council of 1929 and 1930 invites the hearty co-operation and firm confidenceof every student and faculty member, in its attempt to make this a banner year for achievement and betterment in all departments of student life at Notre Dame.

"HOWDY HOP" TO CLIMAX "HELLO WEEK" ACTIVITIES

The "Howdy Hop," an innovation in this year's "Hello Week" campaign, will be held Friday night, September 27th. The dance, which is the first one of the school year, is sponsored by the Students' Activities Council and will be held at the Palais Royale ballroom. Music for the dance, which will be from 9 to 12:30 p. m., South Bend time, will be furnished by the Indianians, popular radio artists.

The tickets for the dance will be one dollar for both stags and couples. Girls for the dance will be furnished by the ladies of the Scholarship Club of South Bend.

The dance is not to be confused with the Scholarship Club dances, which are held four times during the year. The S. A. C. has arranged the dance in order tc round out "Hello Week" and to give the Freshmen a taste of the normal social life at Notre Dame.

|| *Campus Personalities* ||

In its first issue the SCHOLASTIC deemed it fitting and proper to give a bow to one of its brother publications. Hence *Campus Personalities* introduces John L. Nanovic, the Editor-inChief of that sprightly magazine, the *Juggler*. "Nanny," as he is affectionately called by all who know him well, will be the Funny Fellow (note to freshmen: the "Funny Fellow" is what all editors of the *Juggler* dub themselves) for the year.

John L. Nanovic

"Nanny" (yes, we know him well enough to call him that) is well deserving of his honor, as he has been on the staff of the *Juggler* for three years. The SCHOLASTIC has had him on its Literary staff and as a frequent contributor. To make it perfect, he was also a member of the *Dome* staff.

The Scribblers have numbered him among their members for three years. Last year, not satisfied with being on the staffs of three publications and on the membership list of one exclusive club, he tried his hand at organizing another club. Together with a few others, John organized the Spectators —the newest club on the campus. When last heard from the infant organization was alive and lusty.

"Nanny" has had his work printed in the *Ave Maria, Life,* and various newspapers, another tribute to the skill of his pen.

There are two other very important distinctions "Nanny" holds. In the first place, he was "contact man" between Notre Dame and the institution across the road. In the second place he was the author of the justly famous "Essay on Girls," printed in the SCHOLASTIC last year. Strangely enough, he was very reticent about the last named distinction, and when questioned about it a haunted and hunted look crept into his eyes.

There is still a third distinction. Believe it or not, this is "Nanny's" fourth year with the same room-mate, Jim Callahan. If that isn't a record it ought to be.

Palmerton, Pennsylvania, is Nanovic's home town. He is a senior in the College of Arts and Letters and is majoring in English. And—he lives in Sorin Hall, which is not at all surprising to us, nor is it surprising to the faithful readers of last year's *Campus Personalities.* Sorin seems peculiarly adapted to the growth and nurture of personalities.

"If," said Mr. Nanovic, as we prepared to leave, "you see any humorous writers or artists, send them around to 130 Sorin." E. L. T.

NEW FACULTY MEMBERS NAMED

The Notre Dame faculty has been enlarged and strengthened by the addition of 26 new members. Seventeen members of the 1928 faculty have resigned, some to enter business and others to enter other colleges. Most notable among the changes this year is the loss of Professors Burton and August Confrey, the former a member of the English department and the latter, head of the department of Secondary Education. Professor Ernest Thompson for the past eight years head of the Art department has resigned to accept a position at the College of New Rochelle and to continue his study of Art in New York.

The list of new members of the faculty follows:

La Punce H. Baldinger, graduate Western Reserve university, becomes a member of the department of pharmacy. Orlo Deahl, judge of the St. Joseph Superior court No. 2, becomes a member of the College of Law faculty, as does Homer Earl. The College of Science also adds Theodore Just, Ph. D., a graduate of the University of Virginia; and two graduate assistants, Stephen C. Bocskei, '29, and Peter Burkhart, '29.

The College of Commerce is augmented by Cletus Chizek, a graduate of Iowa university, and Thomas L. Flatley, of Illinois and Northwestern universities. J. H. Clouse will teach mechanical engineering. The department of music adds Willard Groom. William J. Holton, Creighton university for the past five years, joins the department of philosophy. Prof. Thompson's place as head of the department of art is ably filled by Prof. Emil Jacques, one of the leading Flemish painters of the day. Bernard J. Kohlbrenner and Leo F. Kuntz join the department of education. Thomas P. Madden, A. B. '27, who has just completed two years graduate work at the University of North Carolina, joins the department of English, Joseph Martinez will become a member of the faculty of modern languages, teaching Spanish. John A. Scannell joins the department of physical education. Three other graduate assistants have been announced. Louis Buckley '28, will teach economics; Paul Bartholomew, '29, will become an instructor in English, and Thomas Keogan joins the public speaking department.

Additions to the faculty from the clergy have been announced. Reverend Thomas Leahy, C.S.C., returned after an absence as vice-president of Columbia University, Portland. Reverend Henry J. Bolger, C.S.C., will become a teacher of physics. Reverend Anthony Rosewicz, C.S.C., is inaugurating a course in Polish. Reverend Raymond Murch, C.S.C., is joining the department of chemistry. Reverend Raymond Clancy, C.S.C., and Reverend James Ryan, C.S.C., the faculty of religion.

Reverend Francis Wenninger, C.S.C., Ph.D., will resume his duties as dean of the College of Science. He has just returned from a two-year trip to Europe, where he studied at the University of Vienna.

WIGHTMAN ART GALLERY HAS MANY TREASURES

The best works of each of the outstanding painters of history form the illustrations in "Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," now in the Library. The original text, which covers a biographical account of each of the men is, in this edition, embellished with thousands of plates of outstanding paintings.

Some of the illustrations are of such value that the twenty volumes are worth about $6,000 . They form the second part of the gift of Dr. Charles Wightman to the University during the summer. Thirteen paintings constituted the first part, and have now been arranged and hung in the Art Gallery on the second floor. The work was done during the summer months, and visitors to the Wightman Art Gallery may view the new canvasses.

Other books in the collection which is ready for use by students of art include an index to the Vatican Art Library, the histories of many painters and plate-books containing their drawings.

Fr. Albertson, Science Dean; Dies Suddenly

The Reverend George W. Albertson, C.S.C., Ph.D., dean of the College of Science at the University, died suddenly Friday evening, June 7, in the infirmary. His death was caused by an acute heart attack superinduced by indigestion. An eminent educator and lecturer, an inspiring and sympathetic professor, a cheerful and popular prefect, possessing a genial disposition which endeared him to both faculty and students, his sudden death came as a complete shock and surprise to all his associates.

Father Albertson had been ill since Commencement Sunday, June 3, and entered the infirmary for a few days' rest and medical examination. He felt very tired after a year of exceptionally exhaustive work and study, and he believed the rest would better enable him to continue in his field of research. He was organically sound and on the way to recovery when he suddenly relapsed Friday and died after being annointed by his conferes. He had complained Friday of having a little difficulty in breathing and someone had warned him to be careful, lest he die suddenly. His laconic and philosophic reply was an epitome of his beautiful life: "I don't care; I'm ready to go any time." There is a pathos about death which allows but charity to speak on such an occasion. That feeling did not have to be involved in Father Albertson's death for he was an exceptional man. His zeal for the confessional made him a great friend of sinners and brought him close to the Sacred Heart of his Divine Master.

The deceased was born near Kalamazoo, Mich., Oct. 1, 1886. He attended the parochial school there, and after completing his high school work, went to Kalamazoo Normal and the University of Michigan, before coming to the University of Notre Dame in 1912. He graduated from the University in 1914 with a Litt. B. degree and, after spending a year in the Novitiate, went to the Holy Cross Seminary in Washington to complete his studies in theology. Father Albertson was ordained to the priesthood June 22, 1919, the feast day of Innocent V, pope and confessor. After ordination, he returned to the Catholic University at Washington to complete his studies in bacteriology. In 1920 he received the degree of master of arts and the following year the degree of doctor of philosophy. The following September he was assigned to the College of Science at Notre Dame. He was also a graduate student at the University of Chicago during the summers of 1920 and 1921.

Father Albertson acted as professor of botany and bacteriology up to the time of his death. For the past two years he also served as dean

Reverend G. W. Albertson, C.S.C.

of the College of Science, taking the place of the Reverend Francis Wenninger, C.S.C., Ph.D., who was completing his studies at Vienna. Father Albertson was largely responsible for the development of the committee on graduate studies, of which he was secretary for four years.

During his administration as dean of the College of Science, the excellent scholastic standard of the college was maintained. Academically he was well known in the field of science and he took special interest in graduate studies in this field. He contributed to this research by his own individual work, and at the time of his death was completing an important experiment in bacteriology.

Father Albertson was greatly interested in the young men of the College of Science, as well as in those of Badin Hall, where he acted in the capacity of prefect. His death is felt as a distinct loss to the field of science, as well as to the University and the Congregation of Holy Cross. He was 42 years old at the time of his death.—*R. I. P.*

BARTON CHOSEN CHEER-LEADER

Daniel Barton of Frankfort, Indiana, a senior in the College of Arts and Letters has been chosen cheerleader for 1929-1930 succeeding Robert Mannix a graduate of last June.

PROF. MAURUS WINS LAY FACULTY AWARD

The Notre Dame Alumni prize for a member of the Lay Faculty was awarded at the Commencement Exercises in June to Professor Edward Joseph Maurus, a member of the faculty of the College of Engineering.

The award which consists of $5.00 in gold is given each year to that member of the Lay Faculty whose services to the university have been most outstanding during the year. The award was started in 1928 through a motion of Byron V. Kanaley, '04, of Chicago, who suggested the establishment of a lay faculty foundation.

Professor Henry B. Froning of the College of Science was the first recipient of the award, having received the honor at the 1928 commencement exercises.

Professor Maurus has served at the University for 33 years having received his bachelor of science degree in 1893 and his master's degree in 1895. He is a professor of mathematics.

In addition to teaching, Mr. Maurus has written a book, "Differential Equations," which has been accepted as an authoritative work.

CLUB SECRETARIES, ATTENTION!

THE SCHOLASTIC staff for this year desires to give special notice to the various clubs and other campus organizations. The co-operation of the secretary of each club is necessary if the group is to receive the publicity due to its activity. Notices of meeting, banquets, smokers and dances should be given to the Club Editor, Joseph Reedy, Corby Hall, or be left at the SCHOLASTIC office, second floor, Main building.

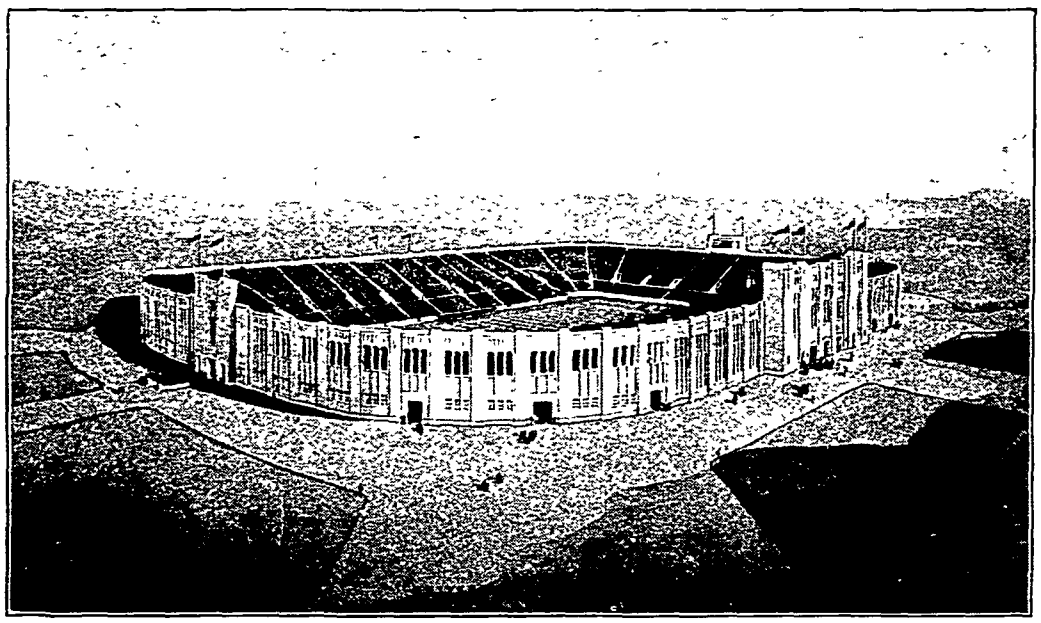
In addition, if you want the members of your club to know when a meeting is to be held, notify the SCHOLASTIC and it will be announced in the "Coming Events" column of the SCHOLASTIC.

STUDENT DIRECTORY TO APPEAR SOON

The Student directory for the current year, 1929-1930 has been compiled. It is now in the printer's hands, and will appear on the campus in about two weeks. The Student Directory is an annual work listing the names of the students, their classification, home and school residence.

New Stadium Under Construction

The work of excavation and grading, begun during the summer, for Notre Dame's new stadium, was completed a few weeks ago by Ralph Sollitt & Sons, local contractors. This same firm was also awarded the contract for the new stadium a few days ago. Actual construction of the stadium is to cost $700,000, and work is expected to start within the next few weeks.



The New Stadium

Located immediately south of old Cartier field on the east side of Eddy street, the length of the amphitheatre will be 670 feet, and its width 480 feet. The distance around the outside will be about half a mile.

The structure, with its main portal on the west side, will be set back about 200 feet from the road. The playing field will be 10 feet below the level of the final exterior grade.

The stadium, which is designed strictly for football, will be rectangular with curved sections in the four corners. In this way, all the seats will be near the arena of play. The front rows of seats at both the sides and the ends of the field will be about 30 feet from the side lines and back lines respectively of the football gridiron. Fifty-three rows of benches will be placed at such angles of slope as to provide equally clear vision of all parts of the field from every seat. Two hundred ninety-four boxes, each seating six people, will be placed in front of the side line sections.

The $800,000 football field will have a seating capacity of over 55,000. This number is exclusive of the players' and the press reporters' seats. Access to the field may be had through 36 portals, equally distributed about the stand, and about one-third the distance from the front to rear. An aisle is provided at each portal, thus giving the most direct access to all seats.

A private stairway will be used to reach the depressed processional entrances from the team rooms. Other facilities provided under the stand will include necessary offices, storage rooms, concession stands, and a first aid hospital room. Provisions have also been made for the installation of at least twelve standard size handball courts and twelve standard squash courts. All of these rooms under the stands will be provided with electric light and gas heating equipment.

Direct access to the field for the purpose of possible processionals or pageants and also to provide such access for trucks and other equipment as are necessary for the maintenance of the field itself will be provided by a depressed ramp descending from the exterior grade at the north end into and under the stand and the concourse and thus out upon the field. This entrance will at all ordinary times be closed by ornamental iron gates.

Facilities for the press will be provided by a stand elevated above the seat banks on the westerly side and approached from the ground through a private press entrance and a separate stairway. This stand will accommodate 250 reporters and convenient desks fitted with individual electric heaters and telegraph jack connections, so arranged through a switchboard as to make possible direct wire connections to any part of the United States.

The press stand will further be provided with all necessary telephone connections and with three separate radio broadcasting booths, each of which will be so wired as to provide microphone connections to both the home and visiting band sections in the stand as well as the reporting micraphone in the booth itself. The sides of the press stand and fronts of the radio broadcasting booths will be enclosed in glass.

Above the seat banks at both the north and south ends of the stand, score boards will be built into the structure, so that they may be operated from enclosed spaces behind the board from telephone instructions from the side lines on the field. These boards will give duplicate data as to score, downs, penalties, yards to go, minutes to play, etc., as is customary on such boards.

The design of the structure, together with arrangement of seating and facilities, has been prepared by the Osborn Engineering Company of Cleveland, Ohio, which has during the past 20 years designed and supervised the construction of over 40 such structures.

REGISTRATION REACHES NEW PEAK

Registration in the University has surpassed any previous record. On the closing day of registration over one hundred and fifty applicants had been turned away, with many applications still coming, according to the Reverend William Moloney, C.S.C, Registrar of the University.

The College of Arts and Letters still leads with the number of students being closely followed by the College of Commerce, College of Engineering, College of Law, College of Science and College of Agriculture in the order named. The number of students this year registered passes the 3,000 mark.

FIVE ALUMNI ORDAINED PRIESTS

Five young men members of the Congregation of Holy Cross and graduates of the University with the class of 1925 were ordained to the priesthood on June 26 at Sacred Heart Church. The Right Reverend John F. Noll, D. D., Bishop of the diocese of Fort Wayne conferred the sacrament of Holy Orders.

The newly ordained priests are: the Reverend Edward M. Wetzel, C.S.C., the Reverend Thomas Mc Avoy, C.S.C., the Reverend Raymond Norris, C.S.C., the Reverend George Fisher, C.S.C, and the Reverend John H. Fiedler, C.S.C.

CHANGES MADE IN EXECUTIVE STAFF THIS SUMMER

Many changes were made in the executive offices of the University during the past summer, the changes being announced recently by the Reverend Burns, C.S.C., provincial of the Order of the Holy Cross.

The Reverend Carey, C.S.C., Registrar of the University last year, has assumed the duties of vice-president and Director of Studies of Columbia College, succeeding the Reverend Thomas Lahey, C.S.C., who has returned to the faculty of the University. Father Carey was succeeded by the Reverend William Moloney, C.S.C., who was formerly associated with the engineering department of the University.

Other appointments sent the Reverend Vincent Mooney, C.S.C., to St. Thomas College in St. Paul, Minn.; the Reverend Anthony Rosewicz, C.S.C., was appointed prefect and teacher at the University; the Reverend Raymond Murch, C.S.C., was appointed rector of Howard Hall; the Reverend William Connerton, C.S.C., was appointed rector of Badin Hall; the Reverend William Clancy, C.S.C., was appointed rector of St. Edward's Hall; the Reverend H. Bolger, C.S.C, returned to the faculty of the University as did the Reverend F. Butler, C.S.C., the Reverend T. Kelly, C.S.C., and the Reverend James Ryan, C.S.C.

The Reverend Raymond Norris, C.S.C., was appointed to the Mission Band at Notre Dame while the Reverend Thomas McAvoy, C.S.C, was named Archivist of the University.

TRIPLE CUTS TO PREVAIL

A triple cut policy has been adopted by the University officials to replace the former double cut plan in an effort to reduce the number of absences which occur preceding and following the vacations of the school year.

Triple cuts are to be given for every absence from the last class in a subject preceding a vacation and for every absence from the first class in a subject following a vacation. The same penalty is also applicable to absences which occur at the beginning of the second semester.

The word vacation here refers to those recesses which take place during the Christmas, Easter, and Thanksgiving holidays.

FRESHMAN MISSION ENDS TOMORROW

The first Mission will come to its termination tomorrow morning when the Rev. Richard Collentine, Superior of the Mission Band, will bestow the papal blessing upon the students. The services during this week have been attended by all of the freshmen, off-campus sophomores, and the residents of Sophomore Hall. The Mission was opened last Sunday at the nine o'clock solemn High Mass, which was celebrated by the Rev. Michael Mulcaire, with the Rev. Emiel De Wulf and Reverend William Maloney, a deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The instructions in the morning were given by Fathers Eugene Burke, Charles O'Donnell, James Stack, Thomas Lahey, and Patrick Carroll.

The second Mission will begin next Sunday evening at 7:30 for all of those not attending this week. The Rev. Richard Collentine will conduct the services.

GLEE CLUB HOLDS FIRST MEETING

The Varsity Glee Club held its initial meeting Monday when three hundred new and old men registered. Reports from the management indicate that Professor Casasanta was very well pleased with the large response and remarked upon the apparent interest that was being displayed relative to the Glee Club and predicted a most promising year for the songsters of Notre Dame.

N. D. ALUMNUS MAKES APPEARANCE ON CAMPUS

The September issue of the Notre Dame *Alumnus* appeared on the campus in a new and larger form. Pages have been increased in size and the new cover plate is the work of Wilbur C. McElroy, '26. Announcement is also made of the appointment of Harley McDevitt, '29, graduate manager of campus publications, as advertising manager of the *Alumnus*.

Important faculty changes during the summer are made known in the first article appearing in the *Alumnus*. Mention of the twenty-six new members of the faculty is made, also of the loss of seventeen others.

Another article tells of the appointment of Prof. Clarence Manion as assistant prosecutor of Cuyahoga County during the past summer. A review of changes made in St. Edward's Hall is carried in another account.

The retirement of Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, C.S.C., as editor of the *Ave Maria*, to be succeeded by Rev. Eugene Burke, C.S.C., is announced in the *Alumnus*.

A new feature known as "Reading Lists for N. D. Alumni" is inaugurated in the new edition of the *Alumnus*. These lists will cover the various fields of interest to Notre Dame alumni, such as literature, history, law, commerce, etc., and will be published each month.

"1929 Summer Session Outstanding Success" is the heading of another article. Members of the C. S. C. who have gone to France this summer are mentioned.

An editorial describes the growth of the Alumni Association in recent years. In another editorial entitled "Co-operation" the editor asks for more copy of the news of clubs and classes for this enlarged edition of the *Alumnus*. In the editorial, "The Young Man," he tells how the more recent classes of graduates do more to support the association than the older alumni. The eternal football ticket problem is also dealt with editorially.

The section devoted to regular alumni club news is followed by an interview with Coach Knute Rockne on football prospects. The difficulty of ticket distribution in the alumni sections is told by J. Arthur Haley, business manager of athletics.

The progress made in the new stadium and the satisfactory sale of boxes is discussed in another article. An announcement of a golf expert to supervise the new Notre Dame course is also made.

"JUGGLER" WILL APPEAR SOON

The *Juggler*, humorous publication of the university will make its initial appearance of the year during the second week of October. The Funny Fellow's first performance will be known as the Freshman Number. The issue will not only satirize the first year men, it will contain contributions from artists and writers of the class of thirty-three.

The two prizes of five dollars each will be awarded to the two undergraduates who submit the best written copy and the most suitable art work.

An open meeting for all interested writers or artists and staff members will be held this evening at 6:30 in the Publication's office.

THE WINK

In the event that you see someone pick up the SCHOLASTIC to read it it would be reasonable to assume that he is either a freshman or an instructor in English.

—o—

It has been the custom (since *Hobnails* went *Wink*, and before that too) to accept suitable contributions for publication. Heretofore the Baltimore Lassie, No. 55 and Wazmus have been a great help. But this year we are somewhat tired of dear Lassie's philosophy of life and what's more she hasn't been heard from since Prospero Image left school. All the eccentric characters in Hutchinson were drowned this summer so that No. 55 has nothing to write about. And Wazmus is too busy with our rival, the *Juggler*, to write about Lila. Consequently we are forced to call upon the brilliant minds of the campus for pertinent comments on local happenings and people. But don't be catty fellows, and lay off St. Mary's.

—o—

In the second preceding paragraph we mentioned Prospero Image. It might be of interest to those who could see nothing in his writing to know that Harriet Monroe, who is quite unknown in the world of letters, has accepted more of his verse for publication. And we have more news about Prospie that should make some people realize that you don't have to play football to be famous.

—o—

NEWS ITEM

Notre Dame, Ind., Sept. 12.—Diogenes MacAthens, famous Irish philosopher, blew out his lamp here tonight when Wazmus said he had had a rotten summer. When Roger Hearn said he had left his pin in Davenport, Diogenes borrowed a match and went to St. Mary's of the Pond for first aid treatment.

South Bend, Ind., Sept. 18.—Among those seen in town here tonight were 1,000 freshmen, 816 sophomores, 739 juniors, 432 seniors and 3 Scribblers. Among those leaving town before ten because of lack of something to do were 1,000 freshmen, 816 sophomores, 739 juniors, 432 seniors and 3 Scribblers.

We are thankful that Sans Gene remembered us so soon in the year, but we think he might add to his name three words more . . . . "et sans souci."

—o—

For Sale—(in any senior room) Choice SCHOLASTICS, radiators in perfect condition, caps and sweaters worn by Gipp and the Four Horsemen, tickets to the winter's series of tea dances at St. Mary's, concessions for painting the Dome, and various other oddities which cannot fail to endear the Freshman to his college career.

—SANS GENE.

—o—

We have just received inside information that the English professors of various colleges have stocked themselves with a new supply of original theme subjects. Among those to be found are "Why I CAME To SIWASH," "What a Typical SIWASH Man Should Be" and "How I Spent My Vacation." Some instructors are just to avid for a bull session.

Notre Dame, Ind., Sept. 19—The gymnasium which formerly occupied the fourth floor of Walsh Hall has transferred itself to the third floor of Sorin Hall. The arena as usual is in the subway of Sorin.

—o—

We were walking back from dinner the other day and met that hail fellow all wet, G. D. S., who plays fullback occasionally for Mr. K. Kenneth Rockne of Notre Dame. Hearing that he had been a life-guard, we obtained his permission to use him profusely in our column. Here is a little verse we culled from the *Juggler*:

TO G. D. S.

Little drops of water
Little bits of sand
Little bits of bathing suits
Make beach life just grand.

We werent' supposed to tell it but we'll give you three guesses what girls' school it came from.

—o—

And another ditty we decided to call "English 24 (not offered 1929-30)":

Get a load of Mike McToad,
A grad of old N. D.
Who made a name and won great fame
By pouring at a tea.

—o—

LO!

And another thing:

The American Indian has to live down the fact that Indiana was named for him.

—o—

SO THERE!

I drifted down a little stream,
I slept, and then I had a dream.

I dreamed I turned into a star
Like other stars, but prettier far,

And people marvelled to behold
A star so beautiful and cold.

I looked down from a vastly space
Upon the busy human race.

I saw a girl who had spurned my love
And as I sat there, up above,

I thought to myself, "You're a dainty miss,
But I'll not shine on you after this."

—VAGABOND LOVER.

—o—

Well, the editor knows I tried to fill out this column and I done my best, so break the news to mother and send in pertinent comments so that we won't have to slave Sunday after Sunday. If the comments are not too impertinent we may be able to use them. Let your lines be as smooth as the New York Central and as "Ann Pennington" has often said, "Not *too* antique!" And it's the *Wink*, care Publications Office.

—T. TALBOT TABLOID.

BOOK REVIEW

A Humanist Speaks

(Editor's note: This is the first in a series of reviews of books, which, to us, seem to have something to say to the mind of a thinking man, a man aware of the beauties as well as of the faults of the world; as anxious to see a fine recording of the beauties as he is to witness a wise removal of the faults. Each review will go behind the book to the man and from the man to his age; attempting, in this manner, to render some service to the cause of creative criticism. Books of all kinds will be reviewed; it is only required of them that they meet the test; "Has it something to say to the mind?")

THE DEMON OF THE ABSOLUTE: New Shelbourne Essays. Vol. I. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton. 1928.

Demons, perhaps because of the airs of mystery and danger that cling to them, are always fascinating and interesting creatures. And so it was with an air of expectancy that I started the reading of this little volume by Mr. Paul Elmer More. Would he find his demon? And again, were his search successful, would he manage to destroy him?

After a very few pages I realized that this particular imp, for from being unknown or inaccessible to Mr. More, was on the contrary, his dearest enemy, forever making faces in front of the window of his mind; and when I had completed the devil hunt I was ready to concede Mr. More credit for a neat dispatching of an especially troublesome fellow; but in the slaughter (I was forced to admit) Mr. H. L. Mencken, Dreiser. various naturalistic religionists, the transition group, and others of the opposition had suffered from some particularly lusty thwacks on various portions of the cerebrum.

Yet, the blows are all so gently and suavely dealt that one is never conscious of Mr. More's homicidal intent; rather one is sorry for the misguided "other side"; left sadly wondering that they, reposing their faith in weapons of straw and wind should even endeavor to venture into the arena with such an Ajax of criticism.

Mr. More, together with Mr. Irving Babbitt of Harvard (and until a few years ago, W. C. Brownell) has for several decades been insisting on the existence of, and need for, standards, both in literature and in life.

This doctrine of "standards" is a vital part of their "platform" for an intelligent acceptance of life—Humanism— and this sounds the book's keynote.

But this creed, if such we may term it, is no fragment from a restudied Renaissance; nor again is it a doctrine, stemming from vaguely human considerations, of tolerance for fellow men.

Rather is it a way of life which postulates the existence, in the universe, of good and evil, and the recognition of man as a being possessed of a lower (animal) and a higher (?) nature. (As Babbitt and More posit no God I must substitute a question mark for the usual "Divine." What word would they use?) It insists on discipline of the individual and cries over and over again an almost ascetic admonition to refer all phenomena of experience to the strict tribunal of an "inner check"—reason. Man is a responsible creature—to himself. But, in fairness to the Humanists, this self-responsibility is not intended as a cloak for evil; the "inner check" is scrupulously observant of the law, of right, as embodied in human tradition; and to them the individual is solely responsible.

But, if all tradition were suddenly swept away from the face of the earth, and men were left to start over again would their "inner checks" suffice to render them civilized? Would men not, instinctively, turn towards a Deity, towards a religion?

Mr. More and Mr. Babbitt will not admit a personal God and neither is committed to any definite religion; and yet is not their ceaselessly invoked tradition a compound, in great degree, of the feelings, modes of expression, and conduct of those who have accepted religion, those who have embraced the idea of a God? And from what matrix would our hypothetical primitives, shorn of tradition, form, slowly and painfully, a new tower of tradition, to be invoked by later Babbitts and Mores, if not given the life modelling clay of religion?

Would a collective intelligence, a community genius, produce an Acropolis, a Divine Comedy, a Cathedral of Chartres, a Ninth Symphony, by relying solely on the mandates of an "inner check" divorced altogether from the idea of Providence? Would it, even, produce a civilization? (Not to speak of a culture!)

Such are but a few of the questions called forth by the postulates of Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More. But so much for the "Humanism overture" in the prefatory notes.

In the course of his sprightly essay, Mr. More deals the coup-de-grace to those who have been proclaiming the dominance of temperament, of willy-nilly subjectivism, in the arts.

He quotes an adversary who has asked him if there "is a cosmic foot-rule with which to measure works of art." While admitting the validity of a negative answer, he goes on to say, (aptly and succintly felling the Demon, which, in his own words, is "reason run amuck") "Is there any more sanity in setting up an absolute law of irresponsibility?"

And in a passage that in its rapier thrust through Pantheistic absolutism seems more Catholic than anything else, he says we must "submit ourselves humbly to the stubborn and irreducible fact that a stone and the human soul cannot be brought under the same defination . . . . To scientific absolutism masquerading as religion, one may say justly and truly what was said so unjustly and cruelly to Keats: Back to your gallipots!"

He makes an admirable and finely balanced plea for the adoption of reasonable standards of taste; but, despite his proclamation that there "are no absolutes in our nature" (?) I wonder if his excessive zeal for the dethroning of the absolutely en-

(*Continued on Page Thirty-two*)

EDITOR'S PAGE

A WELCOME--AND A WORD

The SCHOLASTIC, on the occasion of its initial bow for the school year 1929-30, takes this editorial opportunity to extend a most hearty welcome to the incoming freshmen and the again coming upperclassmen. For the first group, the opening of college means the swinging wide of doors that lead into new and beautiful lands, and the offering, to the door opener, of every means wherewith to find one's way about in the strange territory; to the second, third, and fourth year men it means a renewed journey in lands ever old but always new.

It is a truism that all writings having as their excuse for being the sounding of welcome or the enunciation of farewell are inevitably sermonizing in tone. While wishing to remove ourselves from any imputations of preachment intentions, we feel, nevertheless, that a word on the purpose of a Notre Dame education, the purposes of a university training, may serve a purpose here.

The world today is inclined to view with pronounced mistrust, anything that tends to emphasize the spiritual in a man at the cost of that which will enable him to become comfortable and secure in a physical, almost, we may say, animal, sense. "Going to college" is looked upon as the launching of a four year preparation for the more successful practise of some particular, single trade or profession. The development of the *whole spiritual* man, if thought of at all, is considered either as a bagatelle, incident upon this "preparation" for the narrowly particular, or as something that would be quietly shoved from the practical man's horizon were it not for its insistent Sunday presence. Now we do not say that college *may not* prepare for some given way of life, but we do insist on the primacy, in education, of, first, the spiritual education of the mind, and, second, the training, the culture, of the intellect.

You are *not* here, primarily, nor even secondarily, to learn how to make money after graduation: but you are here (if you have given thought to the "why") to situate yourself rightly in the spiritual scheme of things and to cultivate your intellect. To help you to recognize God and to live worthily, *that* is Notre Dame's primary function. *Then* comes the discipline of the intellect.

Cardinal Newman has pronounced the culture of the intellect to be the business of the university, and, replying to those who would disparage such a pursuit, commits himself to an especially happy turn of phrasing when he says, ". . . . The culture of the intellect is a good in itself, and its own end. I only deny that we must be able to point out, before we have any right to call it useful, some art, or business, or profession, or trade, or work as resulting from it, and as its real and complete end. The parallel is exact: As the body may be sacrificed to some manual or other toil, whether moderate or oppressive, so may the intellect be devoted to some specific profession; and I do not call this the culture of the intellect." What, then, is this culture?

Whitehead says that "culture is activity of thought, and receptiveness to beauty, and humane feeling. Scraps of information have nothing to do with it."

Here we have a most concise and direct statement of what may be *our goals*. Our thoughts may range wide over Emerson's "starlit deserts of truth"; our minds mold themselves, by means of the beauty of the world and men's works therein, into matrices from which may rise the slender towers of beauty that can be our future lives; and our whole existence may be conditioned by a Christ-like and man-like consideration and love for our fellow beings.

To our teachers, we would say that it is not enough for them to show us the way to the objectives set forth above; they must also assist us along the often-times difficult path; and their greatest virtue, as guides, will be, understanding. They must be, simultaneously, themselves guiding, and ourselves guided. Only in this way can our journey be anything in the nature of a success. College will see only the beginning and solid launching of this quest; all one's life is a constant education; the success referred to above may be financial, and it may not. The only thing that matters is that it was undertaken and persevered in. The final accounting reckons not what was got but what was done; being, and not seeming, will be the final word on the lips of the final Judge. —M. H. L.

LITERARY

A Glimpse of Robert Frost

LOUIS L. HASLEY

IF we were to classify Robert Frost simply as a poet of nature and then go no further, to some persons such a label might be the equivalent of saying, "Banal, trite, dull, soporific." And it is rare, indeed, when a poet of nature transcends the commonplace utterances about a subject which is, literally as well as figuratively, "as old as the hills." Frost is a poet who does this consistently; and when a conservative appraisal places him among America's five foremost contemporary poets, certainly he is worthy of our consideration.

Let it be said here and now that, while Frost is essentially a poet of nature, he is almost as great when seen as a poet of people. The American edition of his "North of Boston" is sub-titled "a book of people"; and while this work inevitably calls to mind Masters' "Spoon River Anthology," there is very little in common between the two poets. Frost seldom thrusts himself between the reader and his picture by editorializing, as does Masters. When he does so, it is only to add a word of quiet sympathy; but more often he remains backstage: we know that he is responsible for the scenes, but he does not label them as beautiful, sad, joyful, reminiscent or tender. The reader must do that. And therein, I believe, is one of the major difficulties in appreciating Frost. With one who is used to drawing an opinion of his literary diet from a brilliantly colored menu replete with luscious adjectives, he finds it hard to decide what of Frost's fare is delectable, for it is merely spread out in dignified black and white. Such a person is likely to be bewildered—wonderingly glancing about to see if others are enjoying the same food. If he finds they are, he may decide that he, too, enjoys it, without knowing why. But if his neighbors are as bewildered as he, the next time he will probably choose his literary fare in another, and more popularly-appreciated, quarter. There is, however, another chance to appreciate Robert Frost. If the reader has already formed a few critical norms of his own, and if he does not give up after the first half-dozen attempts, he may grow to like, or even to be an ardent admirer of Frost. To put it more simply, his work, while not mystic, has a powerful symbolism that requires an active and self-reliable mind to follow it to the best advantage.

It has been aptly said that, although Edwin Arlington Robinson *interprets* New England, Frost *is* New England. In the originality of his expressions of nature characterization, he is nothing short of felicitous. His idiom is always homely, and makes one feel, for the time at least, that the poets who deal in delicate sophistries and flamboyant rhetoric are masquerading under a false bravado, indeed. In "The Wood-Pile":

> "A small bird flew before me. He was careful
> To put a tree between us when he lighted."

He speaks of "Birches":

> ". . . . . trailing their leaves on the ground
> Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
> Before them over their heads to dry in the sun."

and:

> "I should prefer to have some boy bend them
> As he went out and in to fetch the cows—"

And where can you find a better picture of sympathetic feeling than when he speaks of a colt in "The Runaway":

> "I think the little fellow's afraid of the snow.
> He isn't winter-broken. It isn't play
> With the little fellow at all. He's running away.
> I doubt if even his mother could tell him, 'Sakes,
> It's only weather!' He'd think she didn't know!"

All of Frost's poetry manifests the kinship with nature that Thoreau shows so admirably in his "Walden." One feels that Frost is a son of the outdoors, a brother of the trees, brooks and birds, and that in his poems he is as a child innocently repeating close family secrets.

In the other aspect of his poetry, that of portraying people, perhaps Robinson is the only contemporary American poet that surpasses Frost. And not all critics will admit that such is the truth of the matter. For Frost knows people almost as well as he knows nature, and with the same unshackled freedom patent in his nature pictures, he places them before the reader in the midst of their timeless problems and experiences. In poems such as "Home Burial," "The Fear," and "The Death of the Hired Man," he aims more at the intensity of feeling than at significant strokes of detail. How well he achieves his purpose, one can only know by reading those poems several times. The use of conversation adds immeasurably to his achievement, for it is at once natural, homely, significant and poetic. Here are a few illustrative lines from "The Fear":

> " 'Yes, do—Joel, go back!'
> She stood her ground against the noisy steps
> That came on, but her body rocked a little.
> 'You see,' the voice said.
> 'Oh.' She looked and looked.
> 'You don't see—I've a child here by the hand.' "

In "Home Burial" he recounts a quarrel between a husband and his grief-stricken wife over their dead child, whose mound can be seen from the window at the top of the stairs:

> " 'There you go sneering now!'
> 'I'm not, I'm not!
> You make me angry. I'll come down to you.

God, what a woman! And it's come to this,
A man can't speak of his own child that's dead.' "

And in "The Death of the Hired Man," a definition that is already a classic:

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in."

The technique of Robert Frost shows a firm mastery of his chosen verse forms which reaches its highest artistry in his use of the unrhymed iambic pentameter. That form evidently lends itself most readily to the gentle dignity and quiet intensity of Frost's idiom, for such is the medium of what is, in my opinion, his best work. In "The Fear" he achieves in a single line conversation seldom equalled in the best prose or drama:

"Are you sure—"
"Yes, I'm sure!"
"—it was a face?"

Frost is an excellent example of the saner modernists who are attempting to exile the cloying adjective from poetry, displacing it by a spare, sinewy structure, and who deals principally with fundamental experiences and emotions. His material is not time dated. He has no axe to grind. He thinks life is worth while. He has undoubtedly earned the respected place he now holds among contemporary American poets.

With The Satirist

WALTER M. LANGFORD

"BUT no," cried the maid, "he is so busy! You must not disturb."

She was a pretty little thing. I kissed her and went into the study. "Dean" Adelsperger was indulging in another of his furiously satiric moods. I delight in coming upon him thus.

He sat there at his desk, with volumes huge and small strewn everywhere around. His hair was mussed wholeheartedly, an ominous gleam shone from his beady black eyes, and his features were contorted into an evil sneer.

With vicious accuracy he sent a small volume hurtling through the door to his left. In a moment the little maid came tripping in and deposited a trayful of lemons beside Aledsperger, who began sucking the sour things quite vigorously. Sucked lemons in profusion littered the desk and the floor.

On a small table beside him sat a squat jug labeled "Stimulus." He clutched the jug in both hands and took a long drink of stimulus. Really though, it wasn't stimulus but vinegar. I sampled it once. A wild, malicious look overspread his countenance. Gradually he approached that mood which made him known as the dean of satirists.

He espied my cowering form.

"You!" he screamed.

"Me!" I admitted, for so it was.

"Yes, you," he muttered.

"Even me," I agreed.

"Well?" he snarled.

"Yes, quite," I murmured.

He glared savagely, yet I moved closer.

"Addy, old squirt, how's your liver?"

"Enough!" he cried. "The time for flippancy is past. Mournful days are upon us."

"Yes? I haven't noticed it."

"What? Where are your eyes, man?"

"I rather think they are in just their usual location," I replied with some dignity.

He thrust a handful of tartaric acid into his mouth and chewed violently.

"Be sensible," he snapped. "Don't you do any reading?"

"I do."

"What?"

"I do."

Dean Adelperger gnashed his teeth and swallowed a tablespoonful of salt.

"Do you read current literature?" he shouted.

"Certainly," I shot back in like manner.

"And you haven't been grieved by its utter sterility?"

"Not in the least," I confessed.

"Hopeless," he growled.

"On the contrary, I'm full of hopes," I protested.

"Tell me," he yelled, as he finished sucking another lemon and hurled it at me, "do you enjoy this Pritchard Hollowbutton?"

"Hugely," I lied, knowing this would enrage him still further.

Adelsperger found it necessary to gulp down more stimulus before he could continue.

"Terrible!" he finally howled. "Flamboyant, conceited, commercial—and he recently referred to me as 'Dean Addleheaded!' "

I chuckled quietly. He was now off on one of his sprees of satiric fury. He would require little or no encouragement to go fuming on for an indefinite period.

"And Suprewood Andrewson! Vile! Low!" He paused to consume more tartaric acid. "Why, he defies the power of us critics! Outright mutiny, no?"

"Even," I agreed, "so."

The Dean, now in full stride, absorbed salt, stimulus, and lemon juice in immediate succession.

"Ah!" he gloated sourly. "This Feodor Drawser is unprincipled and bull-headed beyond toleration. He refuses to retire from the literary world even after I have decreed he would do so for the good of the reading public."

I said nothing, knowing that was the best thing to say.

"All this I am telling you," he burst out, "is included in my latest book of criticism entitled 'Various and Sundry Shortcomings of our Important Men and Women of American and British Letters.' "

"Nice, curt title," I put in.

"Yes. It was originally too long and I was forced to make certain changes."

"What was the original?" I begged.

" 'Important Shortcomings of Our Various and Sundry British and American Men and Women of Letters.' "

"Quite too long," I agreed.

"It appears soon and will expose the failings of these inane, insane, insipid, intolerable writers."

"All of them?"

"All but one."

"The one?"

"Ping Gardner."

"Why Gardner?"

"It was he who termed me the greatest critic and satirist

and handed me the title of 'Dean.'"

"Are you sure you omitted no one else in your book?"

"Not a chance," he cried vengefully. "My book will ruin them all—Fannie Kurst, Irving Kalb, O'Rourke Bradley, Wilmer Daniel Teel, Gertrude Kline, James Ranch Gabble, Willow Kaffir, Cathryn Bullaton Jerrold, Thornt N. Welder, and all the others."

"How about S. S. Valentine?" I suggested.

Dean Adelsperger exploded like a toy balloon. "What? That ape! Worse than the others—if possible.. Unbearable! Utterly impossible! The audacious fool told the papers his next detective story was to be about me, by way of solving the recent mysterious death of my brain." He grabbed a copy of "The Dishup Murder Case" and shook it mercilessly. "Look at this trash!" He hurled a perfect strike across the room to smash a costly vase.

I fled quietly from the room like a stampeding elephant. Experience has taught me to depart when Addy begins breaking things in this fashion.

The maid stood at the door with my coat and hat. She was still a pretty thing. I kissed her and huried out into the street.

Golf Snickers

TED J. RYAN

"ONCE upon a time in the village town of Bunker, near the river Hazard, there lived an old professor who was hated by all who knew him. And this professor founded an university called Putting Green, which was of most unique design. In the university constitution penned by the hateful old professor, there was the clause: 'and the trousers shall betray the mind so that the wise may be glorified and the fools be in disgrace.' That is to say, the length of the trousers varied directly with the depth of the student's intelligence, which was determined by a series of mental tests, and measured through a system of points. For instance the wise old scholars of some eighty points were allowed to wear trousers long and narrow and lagging to the ground. Whereas the shallow minded, of scarcely seven points, wore only knee length pants which were very full and broad and which were later known as knickers.

"Now there were among the shallow minded, two who later made old Putting Green world famous. Their names were Par and Bogey. Bogey tested seven points and Par two less than Bogey. Now it happened that these two men, though very lacking mentally, played, each one, an excellent game of golf. And at the final tournament between them, Par beat Bogey in match play 'three up and two.' Both made such marvelous scores, however, that even to this day their scores are marked on all golf courses.

"Now the hateful old professor secretly envied Par for the latter's mastery of the green and fairway, and in order to avenge himself of this superficial person, he set about to practice with his ball and clubs, day and night for weeks and months. And then a tournament was arranged between Par and the hateful one. On the seventeenth hole the score was tied between them; but on the eighteenth, Par sunk a birdie and won the cup. Whereupon the old professor who was hated by all who knew him, lost his wits and was duly pronounced insane. His mentality dropped to 4.9 points, and by the clause he had penned himself to enact shame on the unintelligent, he was required to don the knee length trousers.

"Now the incident became so popular with all the universities of the day, and of many days and years to follow, that on every college campus *knickers* came to be the only fitting wear for the feeble minded. And that custom has never wavered, even to this day."

After a very prolonged research the above verified legend was found among a series of ancient chronicles, the rarest of their kind, and whose names, had the author not pledged himself to secrecy, would certainly be mentioned herein. The owner of the chronicles, however, for reasons which only he can tell, is very desirous of keeping his rare collection obscure from the plundering historians, and has therefore required secrecy on my part as a condition to my use of them.

There is also a little story running along with the above legend; a story which cannot be accurately verified, but which is almost vindicated by its very plausibility. At any rate, the name *Plus Fours*—according to the story—was originally written *Plus Force,* and implying, of course, that those who wrote them were wanting in that manly characteristic. As I said before, there is nothing in the way of certain evidence sufficient to verify the story, but after all, doesn't it strike you as being very plausible?

Golf Knickers are in every respect fitting and comfortable ON the golf course, but for every day wear about the campus . . . . well, why do things in such half-way fashion? If you must wear them why not heed convention enough to hide them behind a pretty little smock of the same girlish trend? If you were going to work on the section you would wear overalls; and if you were going to a ball you would wear a dress suit, so why wear knickers to school? Is it any better than strutting down the street, shovel over shoulder, in a pair of overalls, a dress shirt and a derby?

My most painful moment happened in a classroom when an old grad prof told the fellows that the crowd here is soften than that of the "old days." Not one dared to raise an objectional finger. The whole group bent silent, submissive heads. And why not? Several of the (excuse me) men had, that very morning, come to class blossoming forth in golf knickers, to evidence the truth of the accusal.

From now on the featured speaker at pep meetings can no longer begin with the proverbial "Men of Notre Dame" unless he be willing to slight . . . . perhaps hurt the feelings of . . . . a certain few benickered listeners.

If you have suffered from a weakness for the delicate, the graceful, the effeminate, the tooty-fwooty; if you must have company of the gentler type I would say your salvation lies in co-education. Your very tastes show that you have talent for Home Economics; a course which, unfortunately, is not taught here at Notre Dame. Get wise to yourself! You have a nice big monogram, a capital V, waiting for you. And . . . . I don't know what your book says, but mine says that Notre Dame is a school for young men.

Californian Coast—Point Lobos

HERE, one knows the earth, tossed atom in the star vaulted hall infinity,
Is strung with driving electrons, each an orchestra breathing stronger and lovelier tunes
Than man, blinded with the finite, can ever hear or know.
Yet here, one comes close to knowledge.
The rocks, great fissure stringed granite lutes,
(Crept together in hate of all that is mortal)
Take ceaseless strumming from the white foam fingered Pacific;
And the pounding fall of the flung hand of the ocean
Splashes gull crested thunder over the iron roll of the gray organ of the wind.
While behind the rocks earth temples space
With weird symphonies carved and painted in cypress.
I standing mute gaze out over all, feeling beneath me the unstilled slow moving rhythm of the music;
Hear the sky blown notes arrange themselves
In cypress orchestrations of gnarlish beauty.

. . . . . .

Across the silver cataracts of sound
People fling the broken china of their words;
But the music that sang to Time in its cradle—the music of God's thoughts—flows ceaselessly on,
Rivering with streams of terrible dancing force the hurtling atom of the world.
And I sadly musing remember that humans sun themselves in the blaze of glory
For but a fire sphered moment and then,
Like arrows shot into a void, quiver into darkness.
But the beautiful fury of the fountains of the steaming energy
Will well and swell as in the beginning,
(Unmindful of the stones that once flecked its bubbling)
When humanity has ceased to pluck at the unstrung harp of pleasure
And is at rest in the home of the Father of the Fountains.

—MURRAY HICKEY LEY.

SPORTS

Rockne "Optimistic" Over Team's Chances

Views Heavy Schedule Gloomily as Season Looms

Coach Knute Rockne

"Yeah, fair, just fair."

Thus, characteristically with a deep sigh, Knute Rockne, said of his latest edition of the "Fighting Irish."

Looking forward to a nine game schedule, every one of them away *from home, and not a single one a* letdown, Mr. Rockne was very optimistic, and incidentally, worried, over the team's success.

True, they may not constitute a national championship team but we are reminded of what Mr. Rockne remarked back in 1924 just before that particular season began. When queried about the prospects, he said, "Not so good, but possibly fair."

The Four Horsemen went out that year and made themselves famous with the help of the Seven Mules. The combination of Layden, Miller, Stuhldreher, and Crowley took the national championship and astonished the populace with a very remarkable brand of football.

Last year, when asked about the team, he shrugged his shoulders, replying softly, "Terrible, not a thing to work with." And that team won five of their nine scheduled games. Of the four losses two should have been victories and would have been had the squad not been racked with injuries at the time.

Now this year, it's the same brief comment, "Fair, just fair."

Just what one is to expect will be up to the team itself. If the band of players that have returned for the 1929 season can be moulded into a smooth running combination great things may be expected. There must be perfect coordination in every department but without a whit of doubt Rockne will be successful in obtaining this much needed factor.

But?

Well when we say that, we are thinking of the early seasonal injuries that beset a team. To have a successful machine, Rockne will have to develop a powerful reserve from which to feed the regular lineup within a moment's notice. Nine heavy contests with powerful and destructive teams is far too great an effort for eleven players to go through, one game after another with little or no *substitution.*

There is available an abundance of players but these must be carefully seeded and molded into the machine. Rockne has altogether nineteen lettermen back from last season. Of this number fourteen are linesmen. The backfield comprises but five.

He will miss and miss sorely, Freddy Miller, captain and powerful tackle of last year, George Leppig, at guard, and the whole first string backfield of Jim Brady, Johnny Niemic, Jack Chevigny, and Freddy Collins who have left the ranks as graduates.

To replace these men Rockne must depend on, for linesmen, Joe Nash, Tim Moynihan, centers; Captain John

Captain John Law

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE
1929

Oct. 5—Indiana at Bloomington
Oct. 12—Navy at Baltimore
Oct. 19—Wisconsin at Soldiers Field, Chicago.
Oct. 26—Carnegie Tech. at Pittsburgh
Nov. 2—Georgia Tech. at Atlanta
Nov. 9—Drake at Soldiers Field, Chicago
Nov. 16—*Southern California* at Soldiers Field, Chicago
Nov. 23—Northwestern at Evanston
Nov. 30—Army at New York

Law, Jack Cannon, Gus Bondi, guards; Ted Twomey, Dick Donahue, Frank Leahy, tackles; Johnny Colrick, Ed Collins, Johnny O'Brien, Tim Murphy, Manny Vezie, and Tom Conley, ends; they comprise last year's lettermen along with Frank Carideo, quarterback, Jack Elder, halfback, George Shay, and Larry Mullins, fullbacks.

From the reserves, Rockne has a choice of Tom Yarr, center; Tom Kassis, Bert Metzger, Norm Herwit, Bill Cassidy, guards; Art McManmon, Charley Schwartz, tackles; George Vlk, and Jack Carberry, ends to bolster his line.

To support his meager supply in the backfield, Maestro Rockne must choose between Al Gerbert, Tom Kenneally, quarterbacks; Bernard Leahy, Ed O'Brien, Carl Cronin, halfbacks Paul O'Connor and Joe Savoldi, fullbacks.

Mr. Rockne's one salvation for strong reserve material is from the frosh squad of last year. There we find those two halfback sensations who drew so much attention in the annual Varsity-Freshman battle last fall—Brill and Schwartz. Also Murphy, quarterback; Koken, Kaplan, fullbacks; and Williams, fullback; are attending workouts.

To fill in the line, Cavanaugh, center; Zoss, Van Rooy, Whelan, guards; MacNamara, Connors, tackles; Host, Igoe, Mahoney, ends, have also reported to Mr. Rockne and his aids.

One bright outlook is the fact that Tom Lieb, who returned to Notre Dame from Wisconsin last spring after a very successful season there as line coach, will take over that duty again for Mr. Rockne this year. Jack Chevigny is to have charge of the backfield men, a situation with which he is well acquainted. These two men along with the ever-present Tommy Mills will be a great and profitable aid to Knute Rockne.

FALL TRACK TO BEGIN THIS WEEK

The first call for fall track candidates was issued this week Although the team as a whole is expected to be stronger than in the past few years, there are several positions to be filled. Principally these are in the sprints and the distances, according to Coach John P. Nicholson.

Johnny Nichols, sophomore sprint star of last year and of whom much was expected this year, has failed to return to school. This loss, together with the vacancy left by retiring Captain Jack Elder, who has taken part in his three years of varsity competition, leaves two places in the sprints to be filled.

Bill Brown and Pete Morgan, milers, and John Brown and John Vaichulis, two-milers, were graduated in June, and new men must be developed to take their places.

Middle Distance Prospects

The middle distances, on the other hand, are exceptionally well taken care of. Not only are there a number of veterans from last year's squad, but the cream of the freshman team

(Continued on Page 26)

COLFAX THEATRE

Home of
Paramount Talking Pictures

Two Young Stars!
What Ideal Lovers
They Make!!

CHARLES
"Buddy"

Saturday
thru
Tuesday

ROGERS

in

"ILLUSION"

A Paramount
ALL-TALKING ROMANCE
with

NANCY
CARROLL

It's Daring

The Star of "Rain"

Wednesday
thru
Friday

JEANNE EAGELS

in

"JEALOUSY"

A Paramount
ALL-TALKING DRAMA
with
FREDERIC MARCH
The Male Star
of "The Wild Party"

COMING
AL JOLSON
in
"SAY IT WITH SONGS"
with DAVEY LEE

PALACE

TALKING PICTURES & RADIO-KEITH-ORPHEUM VAUDEVILLE

RADIO KEITH Orpheum
COAST to COAST

LAST TIMES SATURDAY

Helen Johns Glorious Girls; Joe Fanton & Co., ring act; Devito & Denny Co., comedians; Harry Barry & Co., vaudeville novelty; LePaul, magician. ON THE SCREEN, "The Squall," a gypsy romance, with Myrna Loy.

STARTING SUNDAY—FOR THREE DAYS

NAT C. HAINES & CO.

—in—

"HELLO MAMA"

Vaudeville's Funniest Sketch

POLLY & OZ

"Scene Songs"

ROMAS TROUPE

Versatile Athletes

THE DELORETOS

Premier Spanish Dancers
One Other Act
ON THE SCREEN—The One and Only

WILL ROGERS

in "They HAD to See Paris"

GRANADA

STARTING SATURDAY

The new ALL-TALKING Dramatic Smash presenting the Three Famous

MOORE BROS.

TOM, MATT and OWEN

—in—

"SIDE STREET"

with EMMA DUNN

A Great Drama of Brother Love—A Story of Big City Life.

is available for these events. Captain Joe Abbott heads the list of quarter-milers and half-milers and will be ably assisted by Joe Quigley, who will be remembered for his wonderful races in the Michigan State, State Championship, and I. A. C. meets last spring, and by McConville, Wilson, Little, and others.

Great things are expected of the various relay teams. The two-mile team, in particular, should give the boys something new to shoot at before next June rolls around. Captain Abbott, Quigley, Wilson, and Little have each done better than 1:58 in the half-mile, and McConville has done 2:00 at the same distance.

O'Brien and Conlin will again be on hand for the hurdles. Bob Walsh, Nordy Hoffman, Herwit, and Donoghoe are back, and will again put the shot. The broad jump, high jump, and pole vault will all be strengthened by additions from last year's freshman team.

JOE LORDI TO CAPTAIN 1930 BASEBALL NINE

Announcement of the election of Joe Lordi, blocky catcher, to be captain of the 1930 baseball nine was made immediately following the defeat of Navy by Notre Dame in the final game of the season, on June 1.

Notre Dame defeated the Midshipmen, 6 to 4, in a last minute batting rally, scoring the winning runs in the ninth inning. Joe Jachym started on the mound for Notre Dame and allowed no runs until the eighth, when Navy touched him for two runs. Lisicki then took up the hurling burden and successfully staved off defeat.

Captain Johnny Colrick, returning to the lineup for the first time in two weeks after the death of his father, crashed a home run in the fourth frame with two on the bases.

In the ninth inning with Gubbins of Navy on base, Captain Miller nicked Lefty Lisicki for a home run, scoring

(Continued on Page 29)

N. D. Golf Course in Charge of Art West

The W. J. Burke University golf course was officially opened to the students upon their return to classes last week. The course, now a year old, is in fair condition. The fairways are in good shape, although a bit thin, and the greens are still in the process of careful development. The past summer was an exceedingly dry one and the grass on the baked fairways had no opportunity to thicken.

The total length of the course is 6,666 yards with a par of 73. The yardage out amounts to 3,398 yards with par 37. Par 36 is set for coming in over a distance of 3,268 yards. The course has been recently placed under the charge of Arthur West, formerly of Ottumwa, Iowa.

During the summer months, the entire golf course was fenced in, and the faculty and summer school students were privileged to use it. The shortest hole of the layout is the number 15, a par 3 hole, which measures only 166 yards. It is well surrounded, however, with sand traps and a short mashie must be well teed to make the green. The longest is a par 5, the sixteenth. It is 582 yards long and an exceptionally difficult five.

Has Excellent Supervision

Mr. West, who is now in charge of the golf course, has held various positions in that field, having been a feature writer for several golf magazines and metropolitan newspapers. He was in the employ of the Vulcan Golf Company, of Portsmouth, Ohio, of which company, the donor of the course, Mr. Burke, was president.

West was with the New York *World* prior to his coming to the University and at that time was working on a golf book which Mr. Burke had commissioned him to write. This was temporarily discontinued at Mr. Burke's death but now with several revisions, the book is expected to be released shortly.

To Conduct Classes

During the winter months when the cold and snow prohibits play on the golf course, Mr. West plans to conduct a teaching school at the University. This will be open to students and faculty members and they will be taught the fundamentals of the sport. Mr. West's vast experience as a player, a teacher, and writer of golf, well qualifies him for this position. It is expected that a large number of the students will avail themselves of this chance to perfect their game.

In addition to his duties on the golf course, Mr. West is co-director of the Department of Public Relations with Archer Hurley. Mr. West will do special work this fall in the Department of Journalism also. He is very familiar with this particular field having had a total of twenty years' experience on some of the largest newspapers of the country.

On Down the Line

This column will attempt to please you . . . with sport gleanings from here and there . . . but we hope interesting . . . The coach at Carnegie Tech is to appoint its football captain . . . and replace him at will . . . Oscar Rust, huge Notre Dame twirler last year, pitched .900 ball in minor league debut . . . that with Springfield in the Three-Eye loop . . . Mike Rooney batted .500 for St. Bonaventure . . . He turned down offer of Yanks to continue studies for priesthood . . . 16-year-old San Francisco miss broke world's record for baseball throw . . . she heaved it 256 feet . . . University of Wyoming is to drop football as major sport . . . wonder if they are substituting *knitting* . . . Ed Hamm, Olympic broad jump champion, takes off sideways and from the wrong foot . . . Quite an unorthodox chap . . . Knute Hansen, the big Danish heavyweight, is said to be a painter . . . an accomplished landscape artist . . . He should get plenty of practice in the ring . . . Amos Alonzo Stagg, at Chicago, expected to have Hugh Mendenhall return as the only experienced backfield man . . . He did . . . and was declared ineligible . . . "Rock" was right . . . When he said, "So, they both jumped into the river" . . . Johnny Law, chunky captain of our Ramblers this year, spent the past summer hauling around a wheelbarrow . . . filled with bricks and mortar . . . Leo Diegel, famous golfer of various parts, caddied at age of nine . . . He broke 80 before he was 13 . . . Yankee Stadium will be scene of Notre Dame-Army game for fifth successive season . . . "Bunno" Burns, although one-handed, earned Freshman numerals at Boston University for baseball, football, and basketball . . . He was Boston's leading hurler last year too . . . Dick Smith of Four Horsemen fame is still catching for the Boston Braves . . . New York U. boasts of a back weighing 240 pounds . . . their lightest is 116 . . . University of Michigan copped the first game on its Japanese baseball invasion . . . downed Meiji U., 7 to 2 . . . new hangar being built for super-zeppelin would hold 50,000 people . . . 14 football fields could be laid out in it . . . Great Britain hasn't had a winner in the singles tennis championship at Wimbledon since 1909 . . . Major league diamond stars will receive a total of about $3,000,000 in salaries this year . . . .

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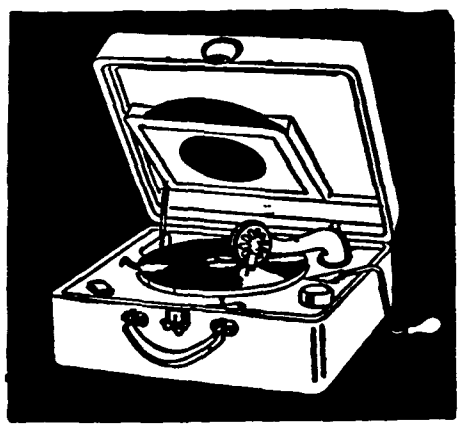

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JOE LORDI TO CAPTAIN 1930 BASEBALL NINE

(Continued from Page 26)

Gubbins ahead of him. This ended the scoring for Navy however in the final inning, and Notre Dame concluded its season with a victory.

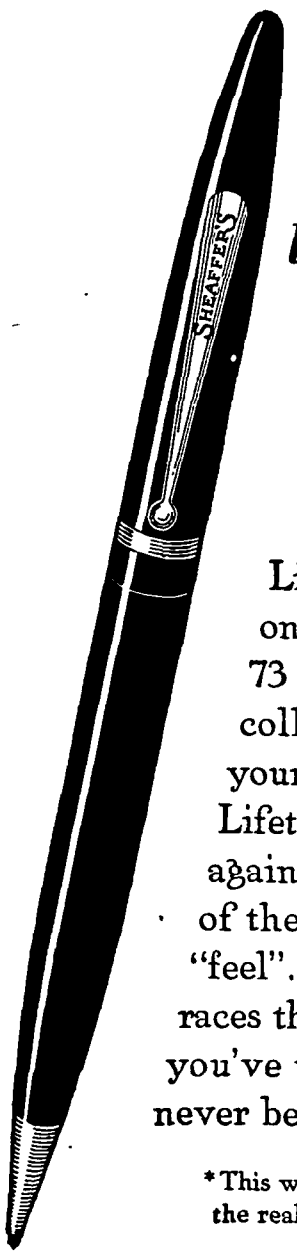
After this win, which was the sixteenth of the twenty-game schedule, the election for the coming captaincy was held and Joe Lordi was unanimously chosen for the position. Lordi has been regular catcher on the Blue and Gold nine for the past two seasons and has been a heavy power in the team batting. Although slow of foot, Lordi has been a very dependable man and much may be expected of him next season.

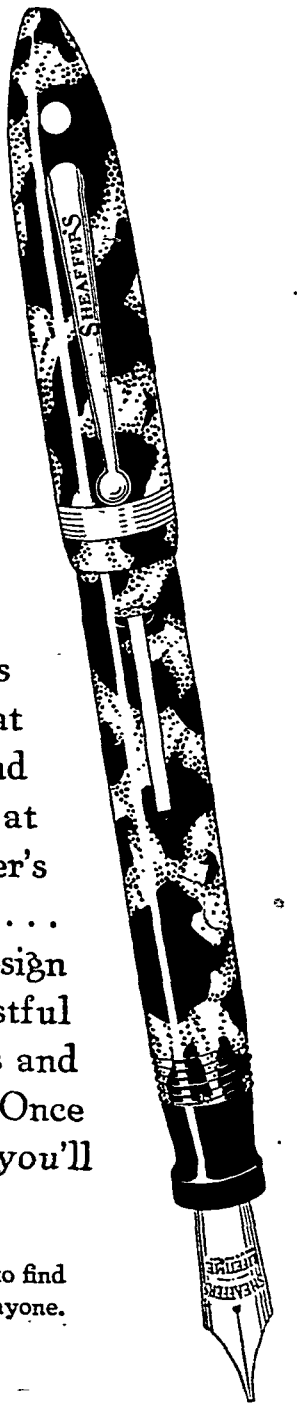
TWO VETERANS LEFT FOR CROSS-COUNTRY

With but two members of last year's squad back, and an exceptionally small number of candidates reporting for daily practice, prospects for the 1929 cross-country season are very thin. The response to Coach John P. Nicholson's call for candidates was the worst since he assumed charge of the team three years ago, and more men are needed badly if the team is to be expected to measure up to those of the past few years.

In order to forestay the possibility of a repetition of this condition in the future, Coach Nicholson says that unusual stress will be placed on both freshmen and inter-hall cross-country competition this year.

Captain Bill Brown, John Brown, Bob Brennan, Pete Morgan, and John





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BY H. A. S. JR.

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¶ ¶ ¶

The past season has seen many great athletes in competition, but to my mind the outstanding figure is the aged Cornelius McGillicuddy, affectionately known as Connie Mack, who now in the sixty-seventh year of his age once more leads his Athletics into a World Series. Since that day, fourteen years ago, when the aged master-mind broke up his great pennant winning combination for the good of the game, Mack has been seeking to regain his lost laurels. And now with his goal in sight and his indomitable spirit urging his men on, the Cubs will have something more than just a really good ball team to beat.

¶ ¶ ¶

On paper, Georgia Tech seems to have the best prospects of any team in the country, with most of its great team of last year back. But if one will hark back a few years and recall how Brown's Iron Man team failed so signally in its second year, it will be seen that a great team one year does not necessarily mean a great team the next. Internal dissension and overconfidence proved too much for even Tuss McLaughry to combat, fine coach though he is.

¶ ¶ ¶

One cannot help admiring Harrison R. "Jimmy" Johnson, newly crowned amateur golf champion. Golf may not be the most strenuous game in the world, but it requires fine control of one's nerves, especially in a tournament, and when one considers that for several years after the war, Johnson could not control his nerves well enough to even address the ball, his recent performance at Pebble Beach looms as the comeback of a fighter just as much as would Dempsey's comeback, should the Manassa Mauler ever fight his way back to the championship.

¶ ¶ ¶

Form has been defined as doing a thing in the right way with the least amount of effort, and it would be hard to improve on this definition. Not all great athletes have been graceful or had good form, but one will find that most of them seem to do things in a seemingly easy fashion. Possibly the most graceful athlete we have ever seen was Blondy Romig of Penn State, former N. C. A. A. two-mile champion and a member of the last two Olympic teams. The smooth perfection in his stride seemed to be poetry become physical. But at that, our own John Colrick is not the most ungraceful athlete in the world.

¶ ¶ ¶

What with Root, the old Yale lineman, coaching a football team in Mexico, it does not take any prophet to foresee the day when a game shall be played for the championship of the Americas.

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CROSS COUNTRY PROSPECTS SLIM

(Continued from Page 29)

Viachulis of the 1928 squad were lost by graduation in June, leaving only Joe Quigley and Jim Biggins, each with but one year's experience, as a nucleus around which Coach Nicholson must build his 1929 team.

Howery and Wilson, of last year's freshman squad, are the most promising of the newcomers and bid fair to make their presence felt in most every meet this fall.

A HUMANIST SPEAKS

(Continued from Page 17)

throned goddess of "reason run amuck" has not led him into the enthronement of his own critical standards on a dais every bit as absolute as the one just toppled. In other words, has his dislodgement of uncritical absolutism resulted in the substitution of an even more tyrannical absolute criticism?

The next essay, "Modern Currents in American Literature," continues the carnage. Cabell, Dreiser, Anderson, and other attendants of the Demon, are attacked in a manner that would be subtly vicious were it not for its profound gentility.

"My debt to Trollope" eulogises a Victorian to whom, I must admit, I would rather be anything than a debtor. The Gothic nobility of the essay on Henry Vaughan, who saw in God, "a deep, but dazzling darkness," and in nature "the reality of the divine immanence," is a shiningly quiet interlude in his never Don Quixotish jousting with the quite real modern windmills of the Demon.

More, though far from the Catholic Church, is nevertheless near to it. He admits the great work it has done, respects it, and, in company with Babbitt, acknowledges the scope of the work it has yet to do. And as T. S. Eliot has, in the words of G. K. Chesterton, led Irving Babbitt to the very steps of the Roman Catholic Church by a subtle questioning of his Humanism, there is yet much to be looked for from these two men in the way of further intellectual questings.

This book, intelligent, urbane, calm with the quiet of a storm hidden behind blue clouds, is the product of an intensely serious, profoundly learned modern who sees man made in the image and likeness of—what?

We say God. Paul Elmer More does not. But some day he must substitute a word for "what"? And on that day . . . .

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