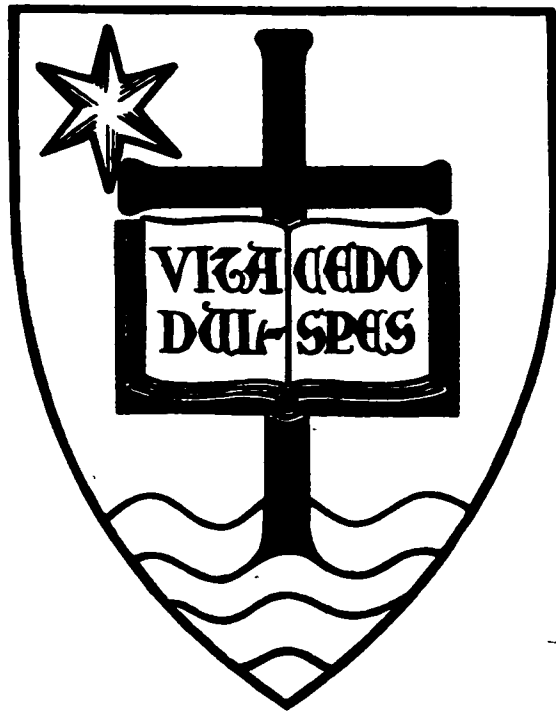


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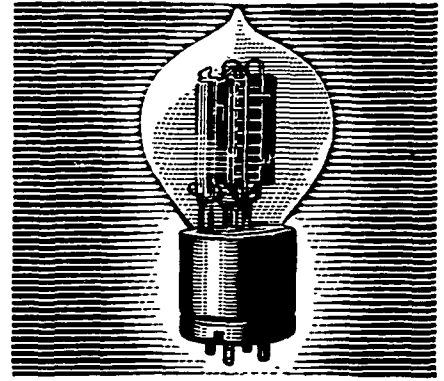
RIGHT OR WRONG?

A 2-minute test for telephone users



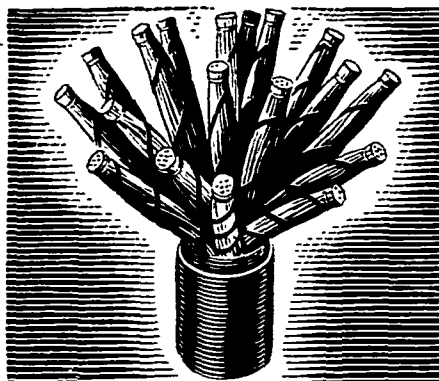
1. The Bell System handles about 48,000 telephone calls per minute, on the average.

RIGHT WRONG



2. One of the first uses of vacuum tubes was in telephony—years before commercial radio telephony.

RIGHT WRONG



3. The largest telephone cable used by the Bell System contains 2424 wires.

RIGHT WRONG



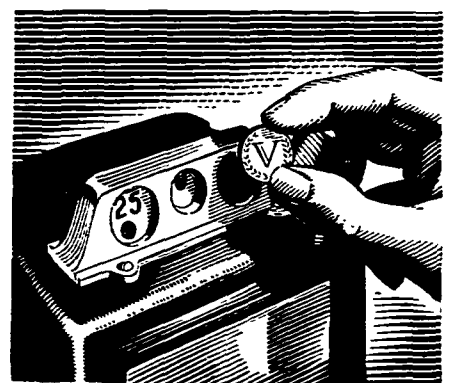
4. The Bell System employs about as many people as live in the city of Dayton, Ohio.

RIGHT WRONG



5. This is part of a page taken from a telephone directory published in the United States.

RIGHT WRONG



6. Lowest rates to most out-of-town points are available every night after 7 P. M. and all day Sunday.

RIGHT WRONG

ANSWERS

1. *Right.* In 1938 the average number of calls per day was about 70 million.

2. *Right.* The repeater tube, which makes possible long distance telephony, was first used in 1913.

3. *Wrong.* 3636 wires are packed into a cable about the size of a man's wrist.

4. *Wrong.* The population of Dayton is about 200,000 — while there are nearly 300,000 telephone employees.

5. *Right.* It is from San Francisco's Chinatown telephone directory.

6. *Right.* Why not telephone family and distant friends oftener?



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage. Section 1103, Oct. 3, 1917. Authorized June 25, 1918.

Z 188

Vol. 72

February 3, 1939

No. 14

WILL OSBORNE SIGNS FOR JUNIOR PROM

Will Osborne brings his band back to the Palais Royale ballroom for the Junior Prom, Feb. 17. Osborne — who sounds so much like Rudy Vallee that he insists the imitating is vice versa — also played the Senior Ball in '37.

General chairman Jerry Flynn announced this week that Prom tickets will cost seven dollars. The ticket includes the Prom, Friday night; tea dance and buffet dinner at the Progress Club, Saturday afternoon; and two reserved seats for the Marquette basketball game, Saturday night.

Osborne will be making a swing through the midwest. He comes here from Georgetown, and then will go on to Ann Arbor to play the University of Michigan Promenade.

Right now Mr. Flynn is more concerned with spreading around the "spoils" of the last Junior political campaign. The battle is not won with the election of a candidate—for the campaign manager there is always the more difficult job of appeasing the boys who "swung" Morrissey, Badin, Carroll, etc., as well as other and unsuccessful campaign managers who "came into line" after the preliminary elections.

Snow Stalls Cupid—Milk Truck Saves the Day

Sam Hyde, '33, married Miss Mary Louise Felber, St. Mary's, '33, in Chicago last Monday morning, and Dave Hyde, '40, was best man — but that's not the whole story. There were also snowstorms, stalled taxis and milk-trucks.

Sam and Dave left the Palmer House at 8:30 and bumped three blocks south before snowdrifts halted the taxi. There was just one thing to do — striped pants, carnations and all, Sam and Dave applied themselves to the heavy end of the taxi.

Fifty-five minutes and eight blocks later the taxi, Sam and Dave, in the order named, arrived at the Church. More trouble! No bride!

They waited . . . and waited . . . ten o'clock . . . and the snow fell . . . and the wind blew . . . 10:30 . . . and they waited . . . Eleven o'clock came and with it a valiant milk-truck breasting the snowdrifts. Out of it (the milk-truck) with many a rattle

MAISIE WARD RETURNS TO WASHINGTON HALL G. K.'S BIOGRAPHER LECTURES THURSDAY

By Jim Donohoe

Thursday brings a welcome event, the return of Maisie Ward, wife of Francis J. Sheed, noted Catholic publisher and lecturer, to Washington Hall. Mrs. Sheed will discuss "The World We Are Living In." She will be enthusiastically received by those who heard her when she spoke here two years ago.



MAISIE WARD
Discusses Catholic viewpoints.

The lecture will begin at 8 o'clock

Mrs. Sheed comes from a family that has played a large part in the revival of Catholic literature in England. She is the daughter of Wilfrid Ward, biographer and close friend of Cardinal Newman, and her grandfather, William George Ward, was the first of the Oxford Movement converts in England. She is connected by marriage with the greatest of the Nineteenth century English novelists, Sir Walter Scott, and her mother was raised at Abbotsford. Her mother furthered the literary tradition of the family, writing the novels *Tudor Sunset*, *Horace Blake*, and *Out of Due Time*. The life of English Catholic thought in the last century owes much to the Ward family.

Mrs. Sheed knew G. K. Chesterton well and is his official biographer. She is also a personal friend of Christopher Dawson. As a publisher she has come to know all the leading Catholic literary lights of England and America. In fact, in her position of vice president of Sheed and Ward publishing company she has widened her contacts to include every province of Catholic Christendom. Her influence on the Catholic literature of this country has been steadily growing as the New York branch of Sheed and Ward grows.

Maisie Ward married Francis J. Sheed in 1926 and, in spite of the many demands on her time, Mrs. Sheed is the perfect mother to her daughter and son.

Mrs. Sheed is an active leader in one of the most militant phases of English Catholic life — the Catholic Evidence Guild. She is chairman of the Practical Training committee of the Guild and it is her duty to train speakers for their duties in teaching the Catholic faith on street corners. She herself has spent 20 years on the outdoor platforms of the Guild, often bearding radical in their own den — Hyde Park. Her *Catholic Evidence Training Outlines* serves as source book for similar movements through-

(Continued on Page 21)

NOTICE!

All seniors will be measured for their caps and gowns on Tuesday, February 7, in the basement of Walsh Hall. Measurements will be taken all day and each senior must cooperate.

SUBPOENA LAWYERS FOR ANNUAL BALL

Hundreds of subpoenas *duces tecum*, ordering command appearances at the annual law ball of the College of Law on February 10th, were issued this week by Theodore "Ted" Prekowitz, general chairman of the affair.

Those subpoenaed, Prekowitz asserted, will be rewarded by dancing to the pleasant tunes of Bill Fryar



"TED" PREKOWITZ
"The summons are out."

and his popular band, whose organization is well-known to middle west dance lovers.

The Law Ball is the traditional social event of the College of Law. Sophomores will be accorded upper-class privileges. Bids are \$2.50, Prekowitz announced.

Committee chairmen are Samuel Borzilleri, tickets; John A. Cain, patrons; Harvey G. Foster, publicity; Carl W. Doozan, program; Sandford S. Friedman, decorations; David A. Gelber, music; and John R. Vicars, reception committee.

The dance will be held between the hours of nine and twelve at the Palais Royale, South Bend, with permissions until 12:30.

The subpoena reads as follows:

To Gentlemen of Alumni, etc., Invitor, greetings:

You are hereby commanded to notify, summon, inform, and subpoena, as witness and invitee in the above entitled action, Misses St. Mary's et al to the effect that it is the will of this Court that the aforesaid person shall from this day forward have and hold open, free, and unencumbered except as hereinbefore and hereinafter mentioned, the date of February the tenth of the year 1939.

Wherefore the said witness and invitee is further ordered upon receipt of this summon to break any date before contracted, and hold herself subject, only as this instrument herein sets forth, stipulates, and provides.

Therefore, and without wit, guile, or delicious mischief, we hereby de-

(Continued on Page 21)

THE WEEK

By Bill Donnelly

Room of Fear

Ed Simonich, the fullback, was leaving for town the other day to begin his trial teaching in Riley High school and he was asking advice of some one who had had a little experience in that line. "Just don't let them know you're afraid of them, Ed," his adviser told him, "Just don't let them know you're afraid of them." This brought up delightful pictures to our imagination of that giant of a fellow, "Big Ed," cowering back against the black board in fear while all the time his poor little pupils are trembling in their seats at his 220 pounds looming so big right in front of them.

Exam Stories—Phooey!

We have heard the usual quota of exam stories. There is the one Dr. McMahon tells of the fellow who knew so little about the exam that he wrote out the story of "Ferdinand the Bull" and then left, but we imagine various versions of that have been used before. Then there is the student who wrote something bright like "You caught me with my pants down on this question," but some nervy guy always succumbs to the temptation to say something along those lines. And then, of course, there is the fellow who let a coin drop on the floor and made every one laugh during a true and false exam. But we didn't hear of a single person who thought of a really new way to give some one a laugh out of examinations. We must conclude that either all the tricks have been used up or else the students aren't as ingenious as they used to be. Or maybe we just don't get around enough to hear things.

Sad Tale

We have got a good story about a term paper though. It concerns a fellow who was so sure that his prof never read the things that he inserted little bits—words of songs and old jokes and things—every page or so to fill out the paper and make the prof think he really had something. His prize squid was one little line on every fourth page which read: "Are you reading this, you fool?" Unfortunately the professor happened to read the paper that time, but since this column deals only with the humorous aspects of a story we will leave the tragedy of it to be summed up succinctly in a few statistics in the University Bulletin.

The "Mad Economics Majors" Dept.

Then the Economics majors provide a good pre-exam story. They were asked by one of their professors (who

should have known better) for suggested questions for the exam, and since they were not brought even a bit below their usual rare form by the pressure of coming exams, they handed in one dummy paper which contained such questions as: "Did you sleep well during class all year?" "How many cuts have you taken over your quota?" "What is the name of our text book?" and "Who took the turtle out of Myrtle's turtle soup?" The answer to that last question, one of them told us, is "Ertel."

Artists vs. Authors

Scrip succumbed this year to the modern trend of having pictures with the stories, and already we can see that problems are arising. For instance, one of the most vividly emphasized features of an important character in the lead story is the fact that he is a heavily bearded fellow. Yet in the picture that accompanies the story he appears boldly and blatantly beardless. We can just picture the author pleading with his temperamental artist to please put a beard on the man for him. "No!" the artist would say folding his arms to indicate that he was remaining adamant. "No, you must take the beard out of your story." And with both too stubborn to give in we have a bearded story and a beardless picture.

Despondent Rodent

A few of the boys on the second floor of Walsh have been amusing themselves with a nifty little game of mouse-trapping. The fellow who told us the story says he has caught four mice since the game started last November, while his nearest competitor has caught only two. After the hall hockey and the inverted lamp shade basketball we have ceased to be amazed at anything the boys from Walsh would do for amusement, but the amazing part of this story concerns the antics of one of the mice. The little fellow, it seems, allowed himself to be trapped in a trap that had no bait in it. We have concluded that this act certainly could be nothing else but a suicide (mouse-fashion), and we have been curious to know just what his motives could have been. Perhaps his girl friend had just given him the air (mouse-fashion). Or perhaps he had heard that some of his poor mouse relations (brother rats) from Sorin Hall were coming to visit him. Our pet theory is that he asked himself the question—"What are you, man or mouse?" And when he discovered the answer he just resigned himself and gave himself up to self-extermination.

CRITIC FINDS LATEST 'SCRIP' INTERESTING

By William C. McGowan

The January issue of *Scrip* is on the stands, containing as its first story "Letter from Grisalda," by Peter Jefferson. The story is reasonable until the middle when an innocent young Spaniard, who has been framed as a spy, gets this bit off his chest: "Ever since I can remember I have always wanted to live until I was the oldest man in Spain, older



FRED DIGBY
"On the stands."

than the oldest one ever, so that I could see all of it and feel all of it. And then when I got old, I wanted to live still longer so I could just sit and think about it all, about what I had seen and what I had done and what I had been."

As a whole the story is well-paced, and even if its dialogue is written as though the characters had known they were to be quoted, it is not altogether improbable.

"Visitation," by Richard Everroad, the second piece in the issue, is a story of nightmare. At best it is an overwrought phantasy.

"Goals and Mr. Huxley" is a critique of Aldous Huxley's recent "Ends and Means," which deals with "economics, politics, war, education, religion and ethics." The author of this article, Mr. Philip Record North, says of Huxley: "His picture is as complicated as his subject is complex, and he seems a bit bewildered by his own reasoning." Mr. North's stern review is on page 9.

When Francois Mauriac's "Life of Jesus" was published it roused no little interest among laymen, and no little apprehension among churchmen lest it be misconstrued by those laymen. Mr. Frank Cunningham offers an interesting explanation of Mauriac's viewpoint in the book, and has this to say among other things: "Catholicity seemed to the young man (Mauriac) a... barren system of morality... He found no heart-value

(Continued on Page 23)

Exams — Rectors Organize Transom Patrols — Profs Stand Guard on Mimeograph Room

By Louis J. Essey

Three thousand one hundred and eighty-seven students used 144,943 sheets of paper to take 19,422 exams last week. But mere figures do not tell the story.

Some aspects of the week: great loss of sleep by imprudent students who walked between snowdrifts in a daze . . . long hours spent in study . . . sign-out cards empty except for lawyers who endorsed the sheets to get at the tomes in the law library . . . Walgreen's bankrupt corner . . . rooms filled with worriers, four months late, spending half their time studying brand-new material, the rest of the time fretting over what they've forgotten . . . the mimeograph room guarded day and night by shifts of professors to make sure that no one gets an advance copy of their tests (as if someone wanted one) . . . the hundred-watt bulbs in the shower rooms . . . the rectors who checked transomes nightly to detect all night lights via extension cords . . . the students who got up at 2 a.m.

Oddities and eccentricities of professors: those who have grading systems more intricate than the courses themselves . . . those who have a flunking complex . . . in one science course (Physics) 85 was the highest mark, and 20 luckless ones flunked. Those profs who trust everybody: those who trust nobody . . . the English prof who corrected papers with his two regular eyes and did a cyclops with the other. . . .

Lucky were the ones who faked illness to get into the erstwhile dreaded

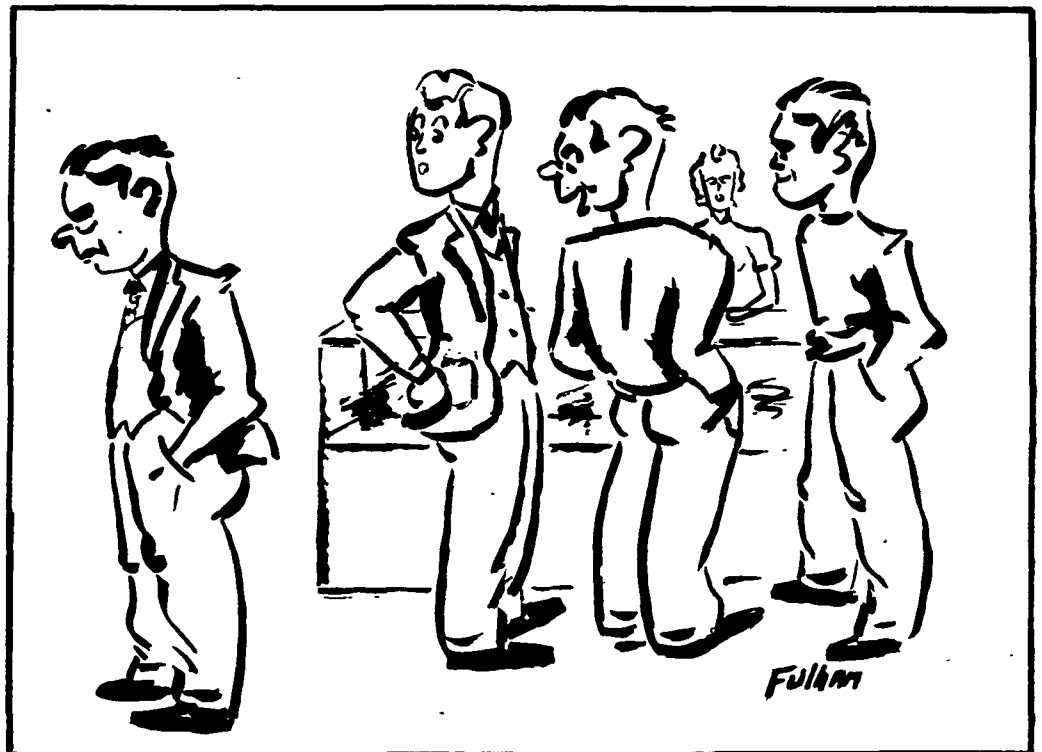
infirmary. But they were as rare as the night-nurse's smile . . . the majority of the inmates seniors who knew how! . . . the inexperienced freshman stayed at home . . . coffee and caffen tablets were consumed like water to insure safety in all-night study and vigil.

After Saturday noon—

The suit-case brigade was off for Chicago . . . and the pot-pie hats collected downtown again . . . Adolph "passed" with flying apples, peanuts and ice cream bars at the basketball game . . . the broken-down pre-med in the last row who accompanied the band on his ocarina . . . long queues in front of the theatres all day Sunday . . . and Monday—with a few minutes off for registration . . . the freshman who came to breakfast Monday morning and ate with the waiters . . . and the youngsters who had the long slide glassy on the slope to the laundry. . . .

John and the prefects began the annual "frisk" for dining hall cards promptly at noon, Monday . . . no arrests in East Hall . . . all the "tables" trying to make a nice impression on the new waiters and vice-versa—but the same old food . . . and those table-cloths, centerpieces, finger-bowls and other rumored innovations failed to appear. . . .

The handiest excuse of a generation—the snow pile-up on the South Shore Line . . . late-registrants got off with a stern warning instead of the customary five-dollars-and-costs and last, but not least, that first eight o'clock on Tuesday morning. . . .



"His best friends wouldn't tell him. . . . so he flunked."

OUR DAILY BREAD

Liturgy

The Liturgy is a Way of Life, not merely a spectacle to be enjoyed on occasions. This Sunday, called Septuagesima, sets our feet once more on the way of penance. The period now known as pre-Lenten, in its origin in the sixth century, was more directly related to petitions against the inroads of the barbarians. Suffering, whether personal or corporate, is never far removed from the Church. The Masses and the office composed in view of this, even in our own time, have a social as well as a personal application. The chant, vestments and readings are all attuned to the penitential mood. The *Gloria, Alleluia, Ite Missa Est* cease. Instead of the Gradual with its Alleluia there is the Tract so called because it is sung to a long drawn out note. Of oldtime on the previous Saturday there took place in some European countries an elaborate, sometimes grotesque ceremony called "Burying the Alleluia." Correspondingly there was a "Resurrection" of it on Easter Eve. These customs never took root in Rome.

Mass Calendar: February 5 to 12

Sunday 5—Septuagesima. Semi-double. Mass Proper. No Gloria. 2d prayer St. Agatha. 3d Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. *Benedicamus Domino*.

Monday 6—St. Titus. Bishop. Confessor. Double. Mass: *Statuit* (Common). Prayer proper. 2d St. Dorothea. 3d the Pope (Anniversary of election). 4th Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. Tract.

Tuesday 7—St. Romuald. Abbot. Double. Mass: *Os justi* (Common). 2d prayer Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. Tract.

Wednesday 8—St. John of Matha. Confessor. Double. Mass: *Os justi* (Common). Prayer proper. 2d Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. Tract.

Thursday 9—St. Cyril of Alexandria. Bishop. Confessor. Doctor. Double. Mass: *In medio* (Common). Prayer proper. 2d St. Apollonia. 3d Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. Tract. Credo.

Friday 10—St. Scholastica. Virgin. Double. Mass: *Dilexisti* (Common). Prayer proper. 2d Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. Tract.

Saturday 11—Apparition of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Lourdes. Greater Double. Mass Proper. 2d Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. Tract. Credo.

Students Pay Tribute to Father Farley; Father Burke Delivers Funeral Sermon

There are diversities of operations but the same God Who worketh all in all.—i Cor. xii. 6.

It has been more than two weeks since Father John Farley died—two weeks during which THE SCHOLASTIC did not appear. We print below the sermon delivered by the Rev. Eugene P. Burke, C.S.C., at the 9 o'clock funeral mass attended by the entire student body, Tuesday morning, Jan. 17.

By the death of Father John Farley there has passed from the campus of Notre Dame, a character as familiar to the students of this and the pre-



REV. JOHN FARLEY, C.S.C.
R. I. P.

ceding generation, as the humble and patient Brother Leopold who dispensed them confection; the whimsical Father Timothy Maher who was their postmaster for over a quarter century; and the delightful and erudite Colonel Hoynes whose pontifical manner and genuine humanity were a proverb among faculty and students.

For over thirty years wherever the students were gathered together, Father Farley was in the midst of them—in Washington Hall, the gymnasium, the athletic field, the campus playgrounds, the evening assembly at the grotto of Our Lady—as a cheerful leader or companion. In the work of a university such as this which the Church uses for its own supernatural purposes, there are many offices; and not the least is that of the prefect and rector.

For all those years this kindly prefect whose work was with and for the students, loved that work as dearly as scholar ever loved his books, or teacher his class-room, and through it he won the respect and admiration of thousands of students who many

years ago affectionately named him "the king."

All the years of his priestly life were spent among students as a disciplinarian! He was never assigned to a class-room; he never preached a sermon to them from this pulpit; he never made a public speech to the student body; and yet he had a kindly influence over thousands of them who never think of Notre Dame without recalling Father Farley.

In his student days he was one of the outstanding athletes of Notre Dame, the hero of many victories on the gridiron and diamond; and when he returned to the campus as a young priest and was assigned to work as a prefect, he brought to that work an agile body, the alert skill of the athlete, and the enthusiasm of the youngest freshman. He knew what every student realizes a year or two after he has gone into the world,—that the real spirit of Notre Dame, the friendships that endure, the memories that will not dim, are born of the life on the campus, of the friendly rivalries, and intimate associations with one another here, and not in the social opportunities beyond the campus which seem so important now, but which will be all too monotonous in the world outside, when these scenes that surround you have become but a memory.

He felt this, and he tried in the way he knew best, to make that life of the campus interesting to men. He promoted inter-hall rivalries that became almost as absorbing as inter-collegiate contests; and the soft ball games that even today bring the simplicity and the hominess of the sand lot to our afternoon recreation were begun and fostered largely by Father John Farley.

As the rector of several halls, Father Farley was always the mellow kindly spirit, whose friendly banter with his boys, and the intimate association he promoted between them and himself, and with one another, kept alive that traditional family spirit which has always been characteristic of Notre Dame.

But there came a day when those associations were to end, and this brought the real trial of his life. There is something overwhelming and almost tragic in the tears of a strong, brave man. Physical pain, sacrifice or endurance cannot provoke them; but the snapping of the ties of affection will force them to the eyes.

(Continued on Page 23)

'CATALYZER' PROBES SOILLESS GROWTH

The Natural Resources Committee in 1937 selected "Soilless Growth" as one of the ten most important technical trends of the decade. An article on the subject by John A. Loritsch—condensed from a monograph written by Ellis and Swaney and published by the Reinhold Publishing Company of New York—appears in the current issue of "Catalyzzer." We reprint portions of the article:

"...The elements necessary for plant life," writes Loritsch, "may be divided into two classes; namely, the fertilizing elements and the trace elements. Of the former, nitrogen, phosphorous and potassium are the most important, with calcium, magnesium and sulfur being only slightly less vital... Of the trace elements, iron, borax, boron, manganese and zinc and perhaps copper are the most important..."

"...Let us place the tomato vine in a mixture of sand and water and add the fertilizing elements which would normally be supplied by the soil. We find that the plant continues to grow, possibly even larger than it would in soil, and that it bears abundant fruit as well. Of course, this does not take place within a few hours, or even a few days, but it does take place, and without soil..."

"Naturally, we are not restricted to the simple method just described. The sand-culture system of growing plants using the continuous flow method of supplying nutrients which has developed at the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, may be adapted not only to household growing of plants, but also to large scale production..."

"The method preferred by some consists in having the nutrient solution stored in a reservoir from which it drips over the surface of the sand and flows out of the bottom of the sand pot by gravity. It is collected in a container below and returned to the reservoir. In this way the solution can absorb atmospheric oxygen and deliver it to the plant roots. Thus a given solution can be used over and over again until its most of its food has been used by the plant..."

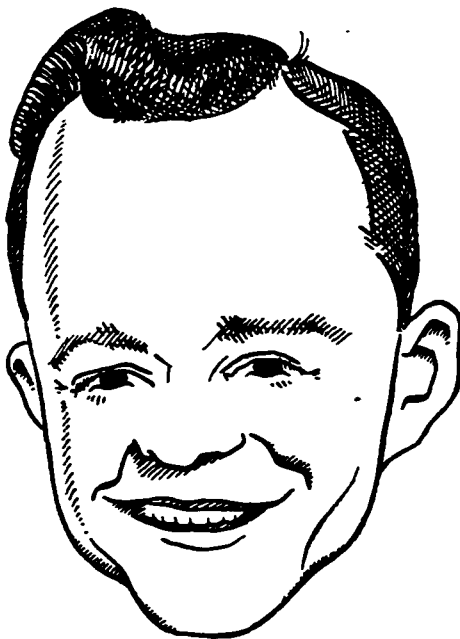
"The particular advantages of the sand-culture system for growing plants are, namely, low initial costs of installation; ease of producing seedlings; substantial freedom from soil diseases; porosity of the sand, which allows roots to expand easily and affords good root aeration; ease of removal of the plants from the sand at any time during their growth, which enables them to be transplanted to other containers without destroying their roots; and, finally, the fact that sand serves as a sturdy support for the plant.

MAN ABOUT CAMPUS

By Graham Starr

Scraps from the scrapbook of a Man About the Campus (if he had a scrapbook):

Headline: "Campus Leaders Preview Buick's 1939 Cars," picture, then cut lines: "University of Michigan coed and beauty queen of the Big Ten and the University of Illinois Prom Queen take time out for make-



up, using a Buick hub cap for a mirror. Assisting them is Richard J. O'Melia, president of the senior class of the University of Notre Dame, holding the mirror." . . . The Buick Magazine for November, 1938: "This Beauty's No Sissy," a full page article by our boy Dick.

More scraps: "Red O'Melia for Senior Class President" on a cross word puzzle . . . a group of girls' pictures with annotations such as "both are O.K." . . . "O'Melia, the first Notre Dame student to join the Registered Collegiate Thumbers declared that it 'puts hitch-hiking on a more dignified basis, will save wear and tear on the thumb, and will result in fewer thumbs down votes by motorists in response to the hiker's thumbs up" . . . another newspaper picture with cut lines: "It's few if any, dates, plenty of hard work, and even your own sock-mending for the college youths enrolled in the Platoon Leaders' Class at the Marine Corps Base this summer. Above, Dick O'Melia, president of next year's senior class at Notre Dame, gets 'stuck' on a mending job." . . . headline: "Dick and Don Find Twins Adds Adventure, Spice to Life." . . . Known as "touch-down twins" in high school . . . Dick started campus Wisconsin club . . . active in S.A.C. work . . . the twins fooled the department of discipline once last year (not in the scrapbook) . . . senior class is to be polled to find choice of ball orchestra.

COLLINS TO PRESENT CONCERT MONDAY

Jack Collins presents—a Music Fest.

Notre Dame and South Bend concert goers will enjoy the first musical program presented under the sponsorship of a Notre Dame student, at the Progress Club, South Bend, Monday evening, Feb. 6, at 8:15 o'clock.

The program presents some of the best musical talent on the campus. Professor Daniel H. Pedtke, head of the Music department has volunteered his experience and musical talent. The cast includes: Jack Collins, tenor; Marjorie Lippman, (St. Mary's) soprano; Donald Tiedeman, baritone; Anthony Donadio, tenor; and William Mooney piano soloist.

All have had experience in the musical world. Professor Pedtke has appeared as piano soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. He is also an accomplished organist.

Jack Collins has been with the Notre Dame Glee Club for the past three years. Marjorie Lippman, is an exceptional soprano.

William Mooney won honors as a national high school piano soloist a few years ago. He has appeared on several campus radio programs during the past two and a half years.

A freshman at the University, Anthony Donadio, has one of the best tenor voices to be found on the campus in recent years.

For the past three summers Donald Tiedeman has sung with the Chautauqua Opera Company in western New York; he has been baritone soloist with the University Glee Club for the past two years and vocal soloist with the band.

One feature of the Musical Fest is to be a baritone and and tenor duet with Don Tiedeman and Jack Collins.

Tickets for this program may be purchased from any of the cast or at the ticket office of the Progress Club in South Bend. Patron tickets are one dollar; general admission tickets fifty cents.

Langford Articles

Walter M. Langford, associate professor of Spanish, is the author of two articles in recent issues of *The Catholic Digest*. In the February issue is his "New Hope for Slum Dwellers," a description of a significant housing program in Fort Wayne, Ind., which appeared in the January number of *The Sign*. The December *Catholic Digest* condensed Professor Langford's article on Father Pro, Mexican martyr, after it was run in the November issue of *The Missionary*.

CALENDAR

Friday, February 3

First Friday, Benediction, Sacred Heart Church, 7, 7:30 p.m.; Basketball game, Illinois vs. Notre Dame field house, 8 p.m.

Saturday, February 4

Movie, Washington Hall, 6:40, 8:25 p.m.

Sunday, February 5

Student Masses, Sacred Heart Church, 6, 7, 8:30, 10 a.m.

Monday, February 6

Last day for registration.

Wednesday, February 8

Meeting, Scholastic, editorial staff 6:30 p.m.; general staff, 7 p.m.

Thursday, February 9

Lecture by Mrs. Masie Ward Sheed, "The World We Are Living In," Washington Hall, 8 p.m.

Fr. O'Connell Changes Social Work Program

Rev. John P. O'Connell, C.S.C., Chairman of Curriculum in Social Work, has announced changes in the Graduate program in social work. In the past, the field work of the graduate students has been diverted through several welfare agencies in South Bend. Next semester field work will be centered in one agency. The students will be under the guidance of a full time supervisor, recently appointed to the faculty, Mr. John J. Cronin.

His social work training was divided between the Simmons College School of Social Work in Boston and the School of Social Service Administration of the University of Chicago. Prior to his appointment to the faculty of the University, Mr. Cronin was employed as research assistant at the School of Social Service Administration of the University of Chicago.

Another addition to the teaching staff for the second semester is Dr. Caton, a member of the medical staff at the University, also of the South Bend Public Health Clinic. Dr. Caton will offer a course entitled, "Medical Information for the Social Worker."

Stephenson Lectures

Gilbert T. Stephenson, eminent author and authority on wills and trusts, is to deliver a lecture Monday afternoon, Feb. 6, on the subject "The Work Provision of Wills and Trust Agreements" in the auditorium of the Law building at 3:00 p.m.

This lecture, given under the sponsorship of the Law club is open to pre-law students and members of the Bar.

RAUCH ARTICLE ON JONSON IN 'THOUGHT'

By Francis J. O'Laughlin

Prof. Rufus W. Rauch of Notre Dame's English department has contributed a biographical and critical article on Ben Jonson to the December issue of the prominent Jesuit quarterly, *Thought*. Mr. Rauch's work has appeared often in contemporary critical reviews, *America*, *American Review*, *Catholic World*, *Thought*, and others.

Though by the time of his death in 1637, "Jonson had known failure, poverty, severe and continuous illness, the tragedy in a sense of having lived



PROF. RUFUS W. RAUCH
A new light on Ben Jonson

beyond his time," his middle years were filled with a high success. Bolstered by a superb classical education attained in the face of his early poverty, he had by the time he was 25 achieved a reputation as a dramatist and had, indeed, made a "distinctly new" contribution to English comedy. Mr. Rauch affirms that "in a type of comedy in which realistically keen observation and exposition of typical character were combined, a comedy of social satire which pierced into the essential tensions and conflicts of the age, at least in their economic, political, and social aspects, Jonson was the master of his time."

In his most powerful and fruitful period, from 1598 to about 1618, Jonson, by the strength of his personality, by his methods and critical canons, and by his "relation with his time," stands the most impressive literary figure in this vigorous phase of the English Renaissance. He was the center of a group of the best playwrights and their most forming influence. But, most importantly here, Jonson first perfected in the English-speaking world a type of comedy founded on an intellectual culture and on a well-organized society. "To display the foibles and the inconsistencies, the pretensions and the hypocrisies of men in the permutations of society, to show the hollowness and vacuity of such faults and so to laugh them out of existence, is the social function of that hard, brittle comedy of wit which Jonson first realized in

(Continued on Page 23)

VINCENTIANS

By Richard Leo Fallon, Jr.

It isn't as beautiful as it first appears. Eleven thousand people make up the population of some thriving communities, and that's the situation at Madison, home of the University of Wisconsin — eleven thousand students plus to pour their money into the stores and movies of the Capital. But the rah-rah element, characteristic of state schools, is overshadowed by those who are at the University for an education and are finding it difficult to meet ordinary expenses.

Three or four hundred students in need every year is nothing to be forgotten in fraternity parties. Who is to help? Centering all of its attention on the campus, St. Paul's Chapel Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society has faced the situation and done a fine piece of work.

Sleep in Tunnels

One odd case that the Conference ran into concerned four students who were found sleeping in a heating tunnel! Driven from chilly park benches, they had set up their winter quarters. Through its direct contacts and agreements with the NYA and various University and Madison employment officers, the Conference gives jobs to such students. Meal tickets are available for a price forty per cent off at a local restaurant.

Since Wisconsin is a state university, the Conference there is, of course, restricted in its religious activities. But tied up as it is with the Catholic St. Paul's Chapel and its congregation of 1600 Catholic students, the work is recognized as Catholic. The Conference makes the annual five dollar pew offering when the Catholic student cannot afford it. The poor boxes, the sale of the *Denver Register* and, at times, the Chapel collection, are the sources of revenue.

Live in Trailers

Another story out of St. Paul's Chapel Conference makes us realize what a vital and up-to-date organization this Society is. A student at Wisconsin could not afford to pay for lodgings. He asked for ten dollars; this would be enough for his lodging expenses—the cost of license plates for his car and trailer. Plates, car and trailer meant he could move on to Wisconsin; they meant home for him. He got the ten dollars and graduated with honors.

* * *

Think of it, over sixty burlap bags of magazines and clothes were collected on the campus at Christmas! Besides this, there were eight suits and six overcoats not in bags.

RADIO

By Norbert A. Aleksis

"Bull Sessions" Aired

Network publicity departments secure column space by two methods. The usual routine consists of assigning a hash writer to attend studio rehearsals. This chap is trained to notice "color" incidents. Since rehearsals are quite colorless the writer returns to his aged typewriter and manufactures items which irk the performers and delight avid radio fans.

The other method for newspaper coverage is much more annoying to the production officials of large stations and networks. The news department heckles the production department for a special events program or some unusual stunt which causes much worry for the entire technical and production staffs. Thus, in order to help out the helpless news men, radio men have to try for a "fast one."

Tea and Crumpets

Such a successful publicity stunt was tried by the WBBM staff recently for the CBS wires. Equipped with tea, crumpets, and a select list of controversial questions, CBS men visited controversial University of Chicago, interviewed with aid of crumpets all radio conscious students, finally chose five enthusiastic upper-classmen for a student "Bull session" to be aired over the chain for a half-hour. Arriving early in the afternoon, the chosen five were comfortably seated in a WBBM studio with no clock visible.

Again tea and crumpets were supplied as discussion stimulants. Instructed to continue their discussion for the entire afternoon, the five U. of C. men argued with zest and much vive about the practical everyday philosophy of the other people that inhabit this earth. As the session reached the shout stage, WBBM faded in several of the studio mikes and fed the network for thirty minutes.

New Entertainment Angle

The program might be rated as good radio entertainment, and certainly it was a new angle. The discussions in ex tempore were alive and intelligent. We might suggest to the production officials to assemble students with clear, resonant, virile voices for such sessions. There seems to be some inconsistency over a loud-speaker when the subject matter consists of arts and sciences and the barely audible, immature voice squeaking in the high frequencies.

Studio jargon: "Adenoid" . . . tight

FLYNN URGES STUDY OF PAROLE SYSTEM

Professor Frank T. Flynn of the Department of Sociology was speaking from practical experience on the Indiana State Parole Board as well as the theoretical concepts of an author when he declared in a radio talk over WSBT last Monday night: "There is no logic in the typical hue and cry about parole."

"Parolees are the end product of an entire system—not merely products of parole," he declared. "They are the products of communities which tolerate vicious, depraved conditions inimical to normal, healthy development. Criminals often are the end result of society's failure to assume its responsibilities."



PROF. FRANK FLYNN
"No backward steps."

"This concept does not deny personal responsibility for crime, but focuses your attention on a simple fact—that we are going to go on, every year, paying a crime bill running to billions of dollars, unless we pay attention to the problems underlying the whole question of crime. This will not come to pass until we destroy the smoke-screen of parole attacks and face the real issues involved."

"Parole has defects—better methods of selection and supervision must be developed. Indiana has made a good beginning with selection by placing classification clinics at the Reformatory and Prison, where individualized studies are made of all prisoners. Indiana has recently improved supervision by placing supervision in the County Department of Public Welfare, operating under the merit system. Let us focus our attention on positive attitudes: abolishing parole would be a backward step—improving it would be a forward step."

voiced tenor; "Belcher" . . . performer with frog in throat; "Cliffhanger" . . . adventure serial script; "Holding Hands" . . . cheering up sponsor who isn't getting what he wants.

COLLEGE PARADE

By Fred E. Sisk

Too Practical

At Princeton University they're telling the story which concerned the Dean of the Engineering School and one of his practical students. For one of those "popular" pre-Christmas assignments the Dean ordered all of his students to prepare a business letter attempting to sell a billiard table. "Practical Student," anxious to have his duty finished, wrote his letter and mailed it to the Dean. The letter had such an effect that when the Engineer's headman read the final words of the letter—"I shall come to your home and make a demonstration next Friday"—he replied to the false address, "Ajax Billiard Co.," and denied any use for a billiard table.

The "Gallup Fad"

Any minute, hour, or day of the year college students are apt to be rated by college professors. The number of polls and ratings currently running in almost every college and university would seem to indicate that there is a definite need for some other fad to keep professors busy during the year except for the week before finals when they're thinking of questions.

The latest poll is entitled, "Parade of Opinion," and it covered such subjects as "Men-Rating," "Fellow-Stealing," and "Rating of Students in Other Colleges." In the "Men-Rating" department the Massachusetts State College women preferred the following tags on their prospective bridegrooms: personality, thoughtfulness, dancing ability, lots of brains, good looks, and money. In the opposite aisle of "Women-Rating" the Rhode Island State College men rate their preferences in girls in this order: personality, face, and brains. So far as "Fellow Stealing" was concerned, 60 per cent of the coeds at Ohio Wesleyan declared there was no law against angling another girl's "steady," and at the University of Toledo 49 per cent voted in favor of the idea. Main attributes in men in various colleges were the outdoor man at Dartmouth, the "blase, snobbish, conceited, intellectual, and socialite" at Harvard, and the "style setting" man at Princeton.

Ask Any Professor

The midday whistle had blown when Murphy shouted:

"Has anyone seen me vest?"

"Sure, Murphy," said Cassidy, "ye've got it on."

"Right an' I have," said Murphy, "an it's a good thing you noticed it or I'd have gone home without it."

—California Pelican....

'DOME' BEGINS DRIVE ON CLUB PICTURES

Paul Helmuth, editor of the *Dome*, has declared "open season" on any group or individual pictures not yet taken. The straggling senior section will be completed this week in the basement of Walsh Hall.

Campus clubs will be photographed in Washington Hall beginning Mon-



PAUL HELMUTH
Gives seniors last chance.

day, Feb. 6. The pictures will be taken immediately following the noon meal. Presidents of campus or city clubs whose pictures have not appeared in former years can make arrangement for inclusion this year by calling at 257 Dillon Hall.

Those seniors who have had their pictures taken are urged to present the selected proof in the basement of Walsh Hall any afternoon this week.

Members of the Knights of Columbus, Wranglers and staffs of publications will be photographed within the next two weeks.

Notices will be mailed to faculty members whose pictures have not appeared previously in the *Dome*.

There has been a trickle of candid camera pictures into 257 Dillon, but Editor Helmuth declare that many more are needed. Any good shots of the recent heavy snowfall will be appreciated.

Cracows Hear Piech

"Import and export relations between America and Poland," was the subject of an address delivered by Mr. Joseph Piech, president of the Polish-American Chamber of Commerce before members of the Charles Phillips Cracow Club at their January 12th meeting. Mr. Piech pointed out that by means of a mutual exchange of commodities a favorable balance of trade was being maintained between the two countries.

President Ben Binkowski gave a report on the reception which was held in honor of the Polish ambassador to the United States at the Stevens Hotel, Chicago, on Jan. 7.

There is Nothing New in the Air We Breathe; F. D. R. May be Using the Molecules of Cicero

By Arthur Baum

The air one breathes, whether it be filtered through a London fog or baked by a Sahara sun, is pretty much the same sort of thing. The four winds faithfully fulfill their task of stirring up our atmospheric broth. Indeed it is quite probable that some of the same molecules that enabled Cicero to speak are now being used by modern orators—perhaps by President Roosevelt himself. So we find that, except for local factors such as the concentration of water vapor and carbonic acid gas, the composition of our atmosphere is remarkably identical in all parts of the world.

The active ingredient of air is oxygen, which is present to the extent of about 21%. The other principal constituent is nitrogen which can not be utilized directly by the human organism. It comprises about 78% of the total. The other one per cent is made up of the rare gases.

While neither oxygen nor nitrogen has any reluctance to go about as compounds, that is in combination with other atoms, the rare gases will have little or nothing to do with their atomic neighbors. They are the lone wolves of the elements; they live alone and like it. Whereas oxygen occurs in practically every substance in common use, water, paper, food and drink, cloth, paint and glass, and while nitrogen occurs in combination just about as frequently, the rare gases occur only as gases and in small quantities at that.

Most of this one per cent of rare gases in the air is argon. Argon, the lazy one, has finally been put to work by man, and it is now used in large quantities to fill electric light bulbs. Prior to the large scale production of argon, nitrogen was used for this purpose. It has been estimated that the total electric light bill of the United States is \$620,000,000 a year. If nitrogen were still being used instead of argon this bill would be about \$845,000,000 or \$125,000,000 a year higher.

Neon, another member of this family, occurs in only small percentages in air, about one pound in 44 tons of air. In spite of its rarity fairly large amounts are extracted from the atmosphere annually. Its chief use is in electric signs of the well-known neon tube type. Neon in such a tube, under the influence of an electric discharge, emits a brilliant orange-red light. A mixture of neon, argon, and mercury gives a blue light in clear tubing, a white light in milk-white glass, and a green light in yellow tubing. Pure argon gives a blue to lilac tint.

Helium, probably the most widely

used of the rare gases, occurs in air only to the extent of about a pound in 725 tons of air. Fortunately for the United States it occurs to a much greater extent, about two per cent, in certain natural gases in Kansas, Texas, Colorado, and other states.

Helium has other uses in widely diversified fields. An artificial atmosphere of helium and oxygen has been found to give relief to persons suffering from asthma. A similar mixture when used by divers has been found to decrease considerably the danger of "bends" or caisson disease.

The last two members of the rare, or inert, gas family present in the atmosphere are krypton and xenon. They occur in extremely small amounts; one pound of krypton in 173 tons of air and one pound of xenon in 1208 tons of air. At present they have no practical application, but it is estimated that the use of a mixture of these two gases in



ARTHUR BAUM
Knows what air is made of.

electric lights instead of argon would reduce the annual light bill by another \$200,000,000.

To separate air into its component parts is quite a task. The air is first condensed to a liquid by a system of compression and cooling. This liquid air is then distilled to give different "fractions" which are rich in nitrogen, oxygen, argon, helium, neon, krypton, and xenon. This distillation process is similar to that which is used to separate crude oil into naphtha, gasoline, kerosene, mineral oil, and tar. These crude "fractions" are then purified by chemical means until finally nitrogen, oxygen and the rare gases can be put on the market from 99 to 100 per cent pure.

This isolation of the rare gases from the atmosphere is one of the triumphs of modern science. Only fifty years ago these gases were wholly unknown.

MUSIC NOTES

By William Mooney

It has been suggested to me by several persons that I devote this column to a comprehensive summary of the weekly operas. The extent to which the Saturday afternoon opera broadcast is heard here on the campus is surprising. And of those who listen, few are acquainted with the story of the opera.

It is impossible for me to enjoy an opera without at least a small knowledge of the libretto. Opera, as we all know, is a combination of drama and music, and unless these two elements are known in relation to each other, these naturally incoherent broadcasts are simply meaningless.

I will begin this series next week with the hope that they will add to your enjoyment of the opera.

My statement in the last issue that America has absolutely no "folk music" is perhaps exaggerated and not entirely true. For fear of laboring the point I will be brief in this last discussion.

Prof. Elton Crepeau, head of the voice department here at Notre Dame, in an interesting article on this subject, explains the reasons why many of the modern recitals, both American and European, will never achieve immortality.

Americans "Shelved"

"Many compositions written by Americans are still in the form of manuscripts placed on shelves awaiting some sort of revolution which will drive them into public esteem.—The songs of the Masters retain their greatness in our minds either because they reveal the moods of the composers, or they suggest certain moods independent of the composer's music which to be great must have some emotional aspects."

Stravinsky, on the other hand, believes that music can be great without any trace of emotion. Consequently, he asks for a purely intellectual appreciation—using in his music new and unorthodox forms.

During the week I heard a concert made up of compositions written by living American composers. All of these compositions were commissioned by the League of American Composers. We are warned of being too hasty in judging new music, but this music defies caution. It is no wonder that much of our modern music remains hidden in mouldy manuscripts. If compositions are ever to become established in standard repertoires, there must be a demand for them, and certainly no one will want to hear these horrors a second time.

True, these composers are not try-

ing to thrill our emotions, or appeal to our intellects, but rather to write on a certain phase of American life and successfully fulfill their program. But what is permanent or musical in "Saturday Night," or "Barn Dance," or "Portraits of the Marx Brothers?"

ART

By Dick Metzger

On the top floor of the Administration Building near the Department of Fine Arts, are a number of reproductions of the works of famous masters. These include such painters of the French Impressionist school as Monet, Cezanne, Renoir, and Guagin. More specifically, the collection includes "Christ with Mary and Martha," by the Venetian Tintoretto, a genre study by the "little Dutch Master," Ter Borch, two works of the German Albert Durer, and a very significant piece, "The Jester," by Franz Hals.

"Intoxicating" Style

Hals was the Dutch master who preceded the great Rembrandt van Rijn. In his prime he was well patronized by the citizens of Antwerp and Haarlem for portrait works. His style is best described as dashing. It has been said that he did some of his finest work when he was intoxicated. This may explain some of its merry appeal.

His technique with the brush was truly masterful — he often painted one side of a person's face with a single stroke. Yet, his technical virtuosity, his direct method, his flashy, bravura style was not without an essential truthfulness of statement. Hals had the portraitist's camera-eye. He could catch a fleeting expression, and paint it with unerring accuracy. Sadly enough, but nonetheless truly, he spent the last decade of his life in the poor house, still painting.

Magnificent at Eighty-four

Hendrik Willem van Loon, in his recent work "The Arts," includes a sympathetic treatment of Hals. In his opinion, Hals' work during the destitute years has an intense appeal. At the age of eighty-four, with failing eyesight, his results compare magnificently with his earlier efforts.

The strangest fact of all is that the effects were achieved with an extremely restricted palette. Although his paints varied little between black and white, his works seem to burst forth in a suggestiveness of rich color. The reproduction of "The Jester," hanging in the Main Building, is an excellent example of Hals' best work. It is worth walking up four flights to see.

THEATRE

By Gerald Hogan

After a lengthy discussion last week in Mr. Sullivan's playwrighting class it was agreed that, for the most part, the radio drama has been sloppy. The ordinary play tries either to, "pluck your heart strings," or give you some "thrills." Radio dramatists seem agreed that these are the safest appeals. The "masses," they claim, are common morons; it is the task of the radio playwright to feed their childish appetites.

When they have been amused, they must feel kindly toward the product, because this is the sole desire of the sponsor; without the sponsor, there would be no play. Good acting and expert direction are not appreciated. Good playwrights are not attracted to radio because script-writing does not pay well, and because they refuse to submit to the demands of mass-production. These things hold true, as a rule; but there are a few exceptions. When a list of the better type has been made, Orson's name leads all the rest.

Coppinger vs. Sadlier

In the last issue, John Coppinger was our guest columnist, but Ray Sadlier's name appeared at the head of the column. Both these gentlemen came to us and asked that we rectify the error. Each cautioned us to be tactful so as not to hurt the other, to proceed in secrecy. John claimed that it was unfair and deceitful to have such excellence misplaced. Ray did not care to have his name and reputation maligned by a typographer's error. We couldn't decide who was in the right, so we thought it best to tell the whole story. We suggest that those of you who feel strongly about the affair, might look up that number and make the correction—in black ink. No one will know the difference.

There is an actor on the fourth floor of Howard Hall who should really be given a chance. He has worked up a brilliant monologue which he calls, "Stir Crazy." On dull evenings, he locks himself in the showers and beats his fists against the door, screaming to be let out. A large crowd soon gathers, and it is not uncommon for him to get several encores. We would be glad to divulge his name to the dramatic coach or the professor of Abnormal Psychiatry.

Father Coyle has chosen "The Queen's Husband" for the second play of the year. It will go to rehearsal immediately. The story takes place in a fictitious European kingdom. With a revolution on the one hand and a shrewish wife on the other, his majesty has an interesting time.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

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Progress in Georgia

THE OTHER day two men shook hands in Georgia, and that handshake made history for both Georgia and the Roman Catholic Church. For those two men were the Most Rev. Gerald Patrick Aloysius O'Hara, bishop of Savannah-Atlanta diocese, and Mr. Hiram Wesley Evans, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. The occasion was the dedication of the new Roman Catholic Co-Cathedral of Christ the King, erected on the site of the Klan's old Imperial Palace.

The moment these two men clasped hands there came to an end one of the most bitter and distasteful periods of intolerance in history. The Ku Klux Klan today is a long cry from the days when its only rule of action was "Down with Romanism, Rum and Negroes." No longer do Klan members toss restlessly in their beds at night, fearing the arrival of the Pope and his "army." Yes, that handshake signified real progress in the fight against religious intolerance.

This important event has more than ordinary significance for those who are proud to call themselves a part of Notre Dame. In 1936 the University awarded the Laetare Medal to Richard Reid, a Georgia layman who has devoted several years to the suppression of bigotry and to the understanding of the Roman Catholic Faith in his native state. Mr. Reid and his fellow-workers have done wonderful work in Georgia, and one cannot but feel that the resumption of friendly feelings between the Church and the Klan can be attributed in no little part to the work of these men. They are writing an unforgettable chapter in the history of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.—DONALD A. FOSKETT.

This Business of a College Education

RECENTLY a reputable national magazine conducted a survey of public opinion on college education, using as its index the question, "Which do you think has a better chance of earning a living today—a high school graduate who has had four years of experience or a man just out of college?"

The survey was supposedly conducted on a scientific basis with particular emphasis on getting a cross-section

of national opinion on the subject. And the results are interesting enough in themselves: 34.4% of the total favored the high school student; 33.4% thought the college graduate had the better chance; the remainder was made up of small percentages of qualified answers.

The obvious conclusions indicate that although a very slight plurality realizes the importance of experience in the great economic scramble of making a living, nevertheless a third of the people of the United States regard a college education as a passport to economic success.

This, together with the primary absurdity of the question on which the survey was based, constitutes a most interesting and significant reflection on the American people and American higher education.

Evidently a good many people—one-third at least according to the survey—fail to realize the proper function of education. Far from being a mere preparation for earning a living, it is a preparation for life, through the cultivation of the whole man.

John R. Tunis may be able to produce figures and facts to prove that college was and is not worthwhile—according to his standards. But what does that mean for us—exactly nothing. For college is decidedly worthwhile, from the point of view from which it is or should be designed. But until a great part of the American people are brought to the realization of the relative values involved, we fear that higher education will still be considered simply as the major criterion of the economic destiny of the nation's youth.—MARK J. MITCHELL.

Two on the Aisle

NOT THAT we mind *too* much—oh, not at all! Last year, the year before, three years ago, we would not have kicked one bit. But with the attainment of our mature senior years we feel that some respect is due our aging bones. In the race for seats at a basketball game our bunions just will not let us keep up with the "young 'uns" any more. And we feel ourselves taken advantage of.

In the tender notices that the basketball manager places on the bulletin boards there is always found the phrase "Center section will be reserved for seniors." At the Minnesota game, of happy memory, we did see a senior there—he was dodging peanut shells thrown by over-enthusiastic freshmen and apples thrown by an over-worked Adolph. At the half he gave up and joined the rest of his class behind the backboards.

Now deep in the organizational mazes of the managers, or the S. A. C., or the Knights of Columbus, or even the Met club there should be a constitutional provision to the effect that so many members and so many inches of skin should be devoted to the cause of keeping those center seats free for us decrepit seniors. We ask that somebody, manager, S.A.C. man, Knight, or even Met clubber, do something about it. After all gentlemen, we have waited three years for a seat—don't you think we deserve one?

Tonight will be the first time that the underclassmen will have the chance to demonstrate that they can and do honor their elders. After the Illinois fracas there are only two games at home and with the finale goes the seniors' last chance to enjoy a Notre Dame quintet's play. So how about a seat in a section supposedly reserved?

We make this plea on the behalf of present seniors, of departed seniors who have suffered at our hands in the past, and at you gentlemen who, as seniors, will probably grumble at upstart freshmen in the future. Thank you.

—VINCENT DECOURSEY.

"Superstition Mountain"

By JOSEPH PALMER

The last rays of Arizona sunshine were settling over the desert sands. Jack-rabbits and cottontails scurried across the oily pavement of United States Highway 89, and rattlesnakes curled up beneath the desert plants. Quail flew near the road, but suddenly dispersed as a large black limousine came into view. Curtains drawn, it had left Phoenix, and, more recently, Mesa, and the chauffeur was now taking advantage of the level roads and decreased traffic as he encouraged the car to greater speed.

Seated in the tonneau was an elderly woman. As the car sped past the service station at Desert Wells, she spoke to the chauffeur, "Well, after all of these years of planning, it has finally come true. I've seen the West: Grand Canyon, Yellowstone, and all. My husband and I planned this trip for many days. Then he suddenly disappeared and never returned. But I felt that I should make the trip anyway, and it has been so wonderful. After this last ride through Arizona, I think that I'll be ready to get on the train at Tucson and return."

As she finished, she closed her eyes and rested on the cushioned seat. She seemed very tired. From the front seat came the voice of the chauffeur, "Beg pardon, ma'am, (I don't think that I ever did learn your name since you rented this car), I know that the sun has been pretty bright all day, but I would like to have you raise those blinds for just a minute and over to your right. I don't think you'll be sorry."

His passenger assented, and the silence that ensued told her chauffeur that she had seen it. The "it" in question was a rugged mountain, about 150 yards from the road, rising over the desert. Even from the first glance, the mountain, which extended far to the East, seemed to form one of the most completely weird scenes that the woman had ever beheld. Its height was not comparable to that of other mountains that she had seen, but it was extremely steep and as the dying rays of the sun played on the rugged walls and thick foliage, the impression emitted was that of something unearthly.

The spell of silence was broken as the chauffeur stopped the car at the side of the road and spoke, "Yes, ma'am, it just doesn't fail. I've never

seen anyone yet who wasn't just about knocked cold by the sight of sunset falling over *Superstition Mountain*. There's quite a story connected with that mountain if you'd like to hear it." Turning and seeing his passenger still gazing at the mountain, he continued.

"In about 1880, a crime was committed in a little town in Mexico, and the guilty man, Pedro Cardenas, made a successful escape from the authorities. A posse caught up with him in the wilds of the mountain that you're looking at now. Well, he had suffered greatly from hunger and exposure, and soon after he was caught, he died. Before he died, he led the posse to one of the richest gold mines that man has ever laid eyes on. The posse gave him as decent a funeral as they could and then they took some samples of

the gold with them and headed for Mexico.

"Once they were home, they organized a large band of natives to help collect some of the gold. It had to be done in a hurry, since the United States government was soon to claim Arizona and all of its minerals. The party of about four hundred Mexicans reached the bonanza after several days, collected all of the gold that they could carry, and once more started for home. Then disaster struck. Hardly had the mule train moved more than a few steps when a band of Apache Indians swooped down on them and all but wiped them out.

"Two young Mexican boys managed to hide behind a large rock, and, when the Redskins had departed these two boys came out, waded through what was left of their companions and went out of the mountain. Even then, with their horses gone, they had to walk, and one of them died enroute from exhaustion. The last of the original four hundred finally staggered into Mexico with the news of the tragedy. The Mexicans never made another attempt to claim the gold.

"In Phoenix, just a small village then, word of the massacre spread. An old Dutch prospector, Jacob Waltz, started making trips to *Superstition Mountain* to find that mine. They say he was a gruff old fellow, with a long white beard, and that he never would have much to do with the rest of the people living in Phoenix. Anyway, old Lady Luck must have been with him because he found the gold mine. Then the fun began." The chauffeur paused and looked around at his passenger. She turned from the window long enough to nod at him to continue.

"Well, after old Waltz found the mine, he made frequent trips to it, and he always came back loaded with yellow dust. Then he would go on one of his rip-roarin' drunks and some of the more curious people would try to get him to talk about his mine. But that old Dutchman was too wary. They couldn't get a word out of him. So they tried to follow him to the mine. They knew only one trail into old *Superstition* and they always had to go by that one. Waltz, who knew the place like a book, would let them get well into the canyons. Then he would take one of the other trails,

HIGH WIND

By Steve Smith

*There's death in the high-wind,
Pregnant with sobbing of half-
headed dreams,
Swollen with sorrow of sudden
burst schemes,
There's death in the high wind.*

*For my heart is burning, burning,
Lord, with passion's scorching
Flame,
For my heart is yearning, yearning,
Lord, to win the tender
game.*

*But death's in the high wind,
Ruin of visions, of much-cherished
hope,
Thickened in anguish where ambi-
tions grope,
For death's in the high wind.*

*But my soul is learning, learning,
Lord, to smother passion's
flame,
For my senses are returning, Lord,
to fathom passion's game.*

*For hope's in the high wind.
Portent of Graces, of finer spun
gold,
Than ever was stoked in galleon's
of old,
There's hope in the high wind.*

fall behind the snoopers and shoot them. He did this ten or twenty times. (Since then, searchers have found one of the crevices where he threw the bodies. It was a regular graveyard.) One man did manage to stumble onto the gold, but, when he went to his own mine to get picks and shovels, a cave-in killed him. No one ever found out if Waltz had anything to do with that cave-in.

"Finally, fate took its own stand, and it came Jacob Waltz's turn to die. Just before he died, he called to his bed-side Marvin Downey, the only Phoenician who'd ever treated him decently. He told Downey the complete story of the mine and gave him a rough map to it. Waltz explained that the "key" to the map was an old cotton-wood tree, shaped like the head of a dog. Then — Jacob Waltz died. His remains still lie in a run-down cemetery just outside of Phoenix.

"Downey, for some reason, never did search for the mine. His son, Harry, organized a searching party some thirty years later, about 1920. That cotton-wood tree must have changed though, or else have died, because it could never be found. So the searching party disbanded." Once

more the chauffeur paused, turned and looked at his passenger, and then spoke again.

"It seems as if interest would have died after that, doesn't it? But it didn't. The fame of old *Superstition* spread Eastward. In Washington, D. C., a government employee, Paul Kober—" He turned quickly, "Did you say something, ma'am? I thought I heard you gasp."

She reassured him, "No, it's nothing. Please go on with the story."

"Well, — where was I? Oh yes, this fellow Kober heard about the mine, and, merely leaving his wife notice that he was going 'somewhere' for a short time, he set out for Arizona. The people he met in Phoenix warned him against the trip into *Superstition* alone, but mere words won't stop a fellow *that* crazy for gold. So two guides went with him to the foot of the mountain, and there Kober instructed them to meet him in six days. He led a pack-mule (carrying provisions and tools) with him. One of the two guides told me later that they watched Kober, wearing his faded blue shirt and khaki pants, until he was far into the mountain. Then they returned to Phoenix.

"On the sixth day, the two men went to the meeting place, but there was no sign of Kober. After twenty-four hours had passed, with no sign of him, they were really alarmed. They hurried back to Phoenix, and enlisted about 500 men in a searching party. That party entered the mountain at 6:30 A. M. on Monday morning. At noon on Wednesday, six of them found Kober's mule, and provisions in a wild part of the mountain. There had evidently been a scuffle and they followed the tracks that led from there. One hundred yards away they found his canteen, a faded blue shirt, a pair of khaki pants, and — the beaten skull of a white man with two bullet holes through it. No clue was ever found, and now no one will go into the mountain. Is it any wonder after what happened to poor old Paul Kober? Say, if we're going to catch that train we'd better hurry."

The car began to roll once more. In the gathering darkness, the lady in the tonneau took one last look at *Superstition Mountain*, now almost entirely shrouded in darkness and looming even larger than before. Then Mrs. Paul Kober settled back in the seat and looked straight ahead.

A Plea for a Livelier Dictionary

By WILLIAM C. MCGOWAN

It is a common thing among school teachers that dictionaries last an extraordinarily long time because they are so little used by students. And while that may be true, students are generally at a loss to explain why dictionaries are printed at all; they much prefer asking another student the meaning of a strange word to looking it up themselves. Dictionaries are dull things, they say, because they are written by hair-splitters. My contention is that if modern dictionaries have a large measure of dullness about them, it is because they lack the life-giving quality of the personal touch, and seem to have been compiled by bloodless automatons.

As a remedy for the complaints of both the school teachers and the students, I recommend a reprinting of *Johnson's Dictionary*, as first published in 1755. To be sure, it is technically inferior to the modern Oxford or Webster tome-stones, but the average student will consider it small loss if the etymologies of words are incomplete — especially the etymologies of those words derived from the Greek, Persian, Hindu, or Chinese languages.

And who will weep for lack of such modern pearls as "hot-dog," "boloney," "lousey," "smooch," and "jitterbug"? Very few, I think.

Dr. Johnson's Dictionary is never dull, though, for he personally edited each word of it. A stupendous task then; an impossible task today. Nor is it bloodless, for he (and amanuensis!) gave seven years of his life to its compilation. And the personal touch is evident on every page. For example, Johnson professed to despise the Scotch (though, paradoxically enough, he later fell in love with the Scottish roué, Boswell!) and he showed his contempt for the race whenever he could in his definitions:—

"*giggle*: retained in Scotland.

"*loon*: now used only in Scotland."

"*oats*: a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people."

"*succumb*: not in use except among the Scotch."

And here Johnson showed his love for words as long as your arm:—

"*blister*: a pustule formed by raising the cuticle from the cutis, and filled with serous blood."

"*network*: anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."

"*cough*: a convulsion of the lungs, vellicated by some sharp serosity."

"*dross*: the recrement or despumation on metals."

One gets the idea here that the Doctor didn't know too much about animals, but what student wouldn't enjoy a walk through the zoo with him:—

"*camelopard*: an Abyssian animal taller than an elephant but not so thick. He is so named because he has a neck and head like a camel; he is spotted like a pard" (or leopard) "but his spots are white upon a red ground. The Italians call him a giaraffa."

There were types of people the great man disliked, and certain types of enthusiasms too:—

"*favourite*: a mean wretch whose whole business is by any means to please."

"*poetess*: a she poet."

"*patriotism*: the last refuge of a scoundrel."

However, we should not judge
(Continued on Page 21)

THE WEEK IN SPORTS

RICE IN MILLROSE MEET TOMORROW

By Robert B. Voelker

At the Millrose games in Madison Square Garden Saturday night, Notre Dame will be represented by Greg Rice, sensational two miler, who will make his initial bid for big time honors in a star-studded event.

Rice indicated in the opening dual meet of the season that he is not quite in peak form. The diminutive Missoula, Montana, senior has always been slow rounding into shape. Despite his tardiness this year, he is further along than he was at this stage in the past two seasons. Mel Trutt of Indiana defeated him by a step in a 4:19.2 mile, three seconds over Rice's best indoor performance. Rice returned to win the two-mile in 9:32.8 without serious opposition.

Director Fred Schmertz should put on a good show, since he has invited a crack field which will attempt to put an end to the iron rule of Glenn Cunningham as king of the boards. Such men as Josef Mostert of Belgium, holder of the world three-quarter mile record, Chuck Fenske of Wisconsin, John Munski of Missouri, and Blaine Rideout of North Texas State have already accepted invitations. Neither Galloping Glenn, Gene Venzke, nor Arch Sam Romani have filed signed entry blanks, but it is almost certain that the three will be toeing the line when Johnny McHugh's gun signals the start.

Although Greg is the national 5,000-meter champion, he will find plenty of competition among the honor men this meet brings together. Stars that he must put in the rear include Don Lash and Tom Deckard, Indiana's post-graduate aces; Ralph Schwartzkopf, Michigan's rising star; Forrest Efaw of Oklahoma, and Gilbert Dodds of Ashland College, a newcomer of promise. Joe McCluskey has also been invited.

Besides the two-mile event, spectators will see the famous Wanamaker Mile. Cunningham ranks as the favorite in this event, because he is the tested and approved master of floor-board running, his indoor 4:04.4 mile being the fastest man has ever unfurled.

Another feature will be the Millrose 600, in which Jim Herbert of New York University will seek his third victory in the event.

TRAINING STARTS FOR 1939 BENGAL BOUTS; FINALS SCHEDULED FOR MARCH 24

Monday afternoon will see a familiar scene take place down in the apparatus room of the gym when the first wise hopefuls, the advance guard of the Bengal Bouts of 1939, will trek down to the Bengal training headquarters to start the six weeks' conditioning grind that will culminate in the campus

championships on the night of March 24. Yes, the SCHOLASTIC-sponsored Bengal Bouts are under way once more. The good word was released today by Louis Da Pra, promoter of this year's tournament, and a man well qualified for the job by previous experience.

Once more the tournament aspirants will be tutored by Mr. Dominic Napolitano, of the Department of Physical Education, assisted by other capable men from the department. No one will be permitted to take part in the bouts who has not been a faithful attendant at the sessions conducted by Napolitano.

If one is to judge by the calibre of the boxing material on the campus this year's tournament should be the equal of any ever held. And that is saying a lot when one considers the 1938 Bouts, which produced the hottest battles in the history of the tournament, now eight years old.

Proceeds to Missions

The history behind the Bouts is familiar to most men on the campus. Eight years ago the tournament was conceived as a means of defraying part of the expenses of the Holy Cross Missions, at Bengal, India, and ever since then it has been one of the foremost means of support of these missionaries. Notre Dame men can not have failed to realize the importance of these bouts to the missionaries when Bishop Crowley, C.S.C., of Dacca, India, spoke to the student body in Sacred Heart Church a few weeks ago and expressed his gratitude for this fine work. In his talk he mentioned how particularly thankful he was to the men who make the tournament possible, the men who give and take all during the six weeks' period. True, there will be only eight champions after the last gong sounds; but no one knows who they'll be until after the fights. Who knows? You may be the champion in your class. At any rate we'll be looking for you and you and you when the gang piles down around the punching bag Monday afternoon.



PROMOTER DAPRA
Good news for boxers.

Five Teams Unbeaten In Hall League Race

Five teams—one heavyweight and four lightweight—will go into the fourth round of the interhall basketball schedule next Sunday with unblemished records. Now that the pre-exam panic is over, Mr. Dominic J. Napolitano, director of the interhall league, expects all the teams to be at their full strength and as a result there should be keener competition and a better brand of basketball from this point on.

In the heavyweight division Carroll alone remains undefeated, while St. Edwards, Brownson, Badin, and Morrissey have not yet tasted defeat in the lighter league.

In Group I of the heavies last Sunday, Freshman defeated Cavanaugh, 18-11; Carroll trounced Zahm, 25-3; while Brownson won over Off-campus, 12-7.

In the second group Sorin beat their Walsh rivals, 23-20; Morrissey won from Howard, 24-19; Alumni and Lyons won by forfeit from Dillon and Badin, respectively.

Three games were played in the first group of the Lights. Zahm romped over Carroll, 33-15; St. Ed's trimmed the Old Infirmary, 28-12; and Off-campus forfeited to Brownson.

ILLINI QUINTET, LED BY DEHNER AND HAPAC, SEEKS SECOND STRAIGHT OVER IRISH HERE

By Frank Aubrey

Illinois, another of the Big Ten's more powerful teams, will enter the Irish fieldhouse tonight. Winner over Michigan, Chicago, Ohio State, and Wisconsin, the Illini figure to be the toughest outfit remaining on the local schedule. Two men, Pick Dehner and Bill Hapac, are running second and third, in the Big Ten scoring race with 74 and 71 points, respectively. Dehner, who tosses 'em from any angle, is the pivot man of Illinois' fast-passing attack. Every man on the team is a clever ball-handler, enabling them to work some lightning set plays with ease. Defensively, the Illini haven't been particularly hard to score on, as a majority of their opponents have rolled up 40 points or more.

George Keogan's strategy will, no doubt, be based on stopping the renowned Dehner. Pick recently established a new mark of 25 points for Ned Irish's hoop emporium in New York, and last season he set an Illinois record by piling up 226 markers in 17 games. Still, Mr. Hapac, a powerfully built lad at forward must not be allowed too much freedom around the hoop, as he is especially effective with one-handers from the foul-circle.

Notre Dame and Illinois have been playing since 1922, and the edge in the series is held by the blue and orange, seven games to four. Last year, they spoiled the Keoganites' great record by eking out a 33 to 32 win at Champaign. Cross your fingers, boys, — Illinois has never won at Notre Dame. If the Irish can maintain the peak they have held for the past seven games, it will be a wide-open, high-scoring battle; and if any one man can be singled out as the spark of this recent spurt by the Irish — the man is Duke DuCharme. The Duke has been playing a heady defensive game — breaking up passes and guarding closely and cleanly. He has been the starter of a majority of the Irish scoring plays, and has hit the hoop consistently himself. But essentially this year's team, in sharp contrast to recent Irish fives, is a five-man unit — every man scoring, every man co-operating, and every man fighting.

Bill Knickerbocker, of the Yankees, is named after William S. Hart, noble cowboy of the movies' quiet era.

Speaking of superstitions — Bruce Campbell, major league star, has faith in certain foods as conveyors of base-hits.

Tex Oliver, who left the University of Arizona after the 1938 season, recently tried to return to the desert school as head foot-ball coach, but there was no spot open for him.



"DUKE" DUCHARME
Spurs the Irish.

Students Register For Winter Tournaments

Simultaneous with the heavy snows comes word from the headquarters of Elmer Layden that his Winter Sport Carnival is about ready to begin. That means a grand slam of thrilling fun for all who are interested in really strong competition. Moreover, it entails a lot of hard work for the keepers of the courts and the recs. Finally, it includes the efficient management of the executive board of three.

This year's details will be handled by Senior manager Joe Dray, capably assisted by associate managers Luke Lacroix and Andy Wilson, who will handle, respectively, billiards and ping-pong, bowling and handball.

This is the second season for the table tennis fans to enjoy the fun, as that sport was auspicious in its last year debut, when Heckler conquered Gillespie in the final. Other crowns remain to be redeemed, among them those left by Trescer in Walsh Rec, and McCabe in Brownson Rec.

Prizes will be awarded to winner and runnerup in each contest, and registration will end on Monday, Feb. 6.

FENCERS IN MATCH AT U. OF DETROIT

Señor de Landero, genial coach of Notre Dame's fencers, relaxed comfortably in a large easy chair and explained why he expects his men to defeat Detroit U's swordsmen tomorrow. The match will be held at Detroit.

"Although Detroit will present a vastly improved team over that of last year, we should have little difficulty defeating them," commented Coach de Landero. "Last year we defeated them in the first fencing match in the history of the two schools, by a one-sided score of 12 to 5. They will have practically the same team back, but even so, we have a better balanced squad and should chalk up a victory."

The Irish season to date shows a 10½ to 6½ victory over the Purdue boilermakers; a tie meet with Lawrence Tech at Detroit, and a 13 to 4 "drubbing" at the hands of the Chicago fencers last Saturday in the Windy City. Concerning the Chicago meet Coach de Landero states that for the first time in the history of fencing at Notre Dame, the Irish lost all four bouts in the sabre matches. And strange as it may seem the Irish for several years have monopolized on the sabre bouts for many of their points, seldom losing a bout.

The Detroit opposition in tomorrow's match will be built around four weapon men — Jankowski, Horrocks, Paulin and Roney. All of these men are veterans from last year's squad.

Since the opening of the present season the locals have lacked that last minute "punch" to score winning points. At Chicago eight of their bouts were lost by one point. Coach de Landero has drilled his men on this phase all week long and expects them to be in perfect shape for tomorrow's meet.

A squad of ten men will make the trip for the match. They are: McAnerney, Leising, Soya, Gaither and Schlaflay for the foils; Captain Scarlata, Gavan and Donovan for the sabre bouts; and Smalley and O'Donnell for the epee matches.

Four big leaguers who were forced to overcome parental opposition before they could enter baseball seriously are Ben Chapman, Billy Sullivan, Jr., Al Simmons, and Luke Appling.

Glenn S. (Pop) Warner, head coach of Temple University's football team, recently announced that he would be willing to consider returning to Stanford University.

NICKMEN TOPPLED BY HOOSIERS, 44-42

The Notre Dame track team opened its 1939 season last Monday night suffering a two point loss to the Indiana team of "Billy" Hayes. Led by Captain Mel Trutt the boys from down-state gained 44 points to the 42 garnered by the Irish. Notre Dame showed a distinct advantage in the field events, but the middle distance runs provided the boys from Bloomington with the winning points.

In the highlight of the evening, Greg Rice's race against Trutt, Trutt withstood Greg's homestretch challenge and took the mile by a yard in the speedy early season time of 4:19. Both boys performing in their own distances will take a crack at the big time in the Millrose Games tomorrow night. The pole vault ended with Dean winning at the height of 12' 6". The shot put provided Notre Dame with another first, Bill Faymonville celebrating his return by inching out "Big Boy" Harris with a heave of 46' 5". The 60 yard dash gave little rest to Nick's worries over the sprints, Bob Saggau getting the only place for the Blue and Gold.

Irish Sweep Hurdles

Notre Dame took advantage of Indiana's weakness in the hurdles, taking a flight of points as Reidy and Lawrence finished in front, tying the meet record. The Hoosiers came right back with a first and second in the 440, setting up a new meet record of 50:4. The two mile run was Greg Rice's preview to his New York debut and he showed them how, finishing far in front with his last lap spurt, halting the watch at 9:32. The score, fairly even up till the half mile took a heavy swerve as Trutt and company finished one, two, and three. The high jump ended in a tie for first with Ted Leonas' jump of 6' 2", ending activities. The final event, although having no bearing on the winner of the meet, provided a keen race with Reidy, Lawrence, Collins, and Halpin carrying the baton to give Nick the pleasant surprise of a promising winning relay team.

After the meet Coach Nicholson, having realized the uncertainty of the outcome, offered no excuses but told the team: "Keep working from now on; we may not have a world-beater, but we can win our share, and we'll get another crack at that Indiana team in the state meet."

Potsy Clark's Brooklyn Dodgers team this year will be his ninth in the National Professional Football League. He took up pro coaching after leaving Butler University, Indiana.

INTRODUCING

By Eddie Huff

When Greg Rice competes against the nation's tops two-milers in the annual Millrose games in Madison Square Garden, New York, tomorrow night he will be under the care of Jack Lavelle, Notre Dame, '30, and a weight man of that period for Coach Nicholson.

"The story of Joseph Gregory Rice is one of the future. It is true that the diminutive distance runner has



reached noteworthy stature on the cinder track, in the classroom, and in the hearts of his Notre Dame campus mates, but he will attain international acclaim by July, 1940, when the Olympiad will be run at Helsingfors, Finland. Because he is handicapped by a pair of short limbs, Greg never will be a great miler but only a near-great. In the two-mile event, however, and in the distances approaching 5,000 meters he should be unbeatable." That is the opinion of Greg's coach, "Nick."

That Greg reaches top condition slowly and burns the cinder track as he develops the "heat" in his legs, is the opinion of Coach Nicholson. This was amply demonstrated as the tireless Rice came back to win last year while a member of a traveling American track and field outfit, at Budapest, Berlin, Dresden, and Athens in races ranging from 1500 to 5,000 meters. Among Greg's victims was Zabo, Hungary's world record holder for the two-mile at 8:56.

FENCERS WIN, THEN LOSE AND DRAW

Winning six of its bouts by a 5 to 4 margin, the University of Chicago fencing team opened its 1939 season by handing Notre Dame's squad its initial defeat in three matches during the present schedule.

Notre Dame opened the year under Coach Pedro de Landero by downing Purdue, 10½ to 6½. A week later, in a match with Lawrence Tech at Detroit, the two squads battled to an 8 to 8 tie.

Superiority in the sabre provided Chicago's spurt to victory over the Irish when Captain Ed Gustafson and Don McDonald swept the sabre, 4 to 0. In the foils, Alexander George won three bouts to set the pace to a 6 to 3 margin. Joe Leising won two points for the Irish in the foils.

PUCKMEN BEATEN BY ILLINOIS SEXTET

By Jack White

The Irish hockey squad, fourteen strong, fell to the sextet of the University of Illinois at Champaign, a week ago Friday, by the score of 6-0.

Before a crowded gallery of one thousand enthusiastic students, the charges of Chet Grant, led on the ice by Senior goalie, Joe Sullivan of Littleton, Mass., played deliberate defensive hockey for two periods. The Illini scored brilliantly after a scramble before the Notre Dame goal midway in the initial period. Shifting the style of play in the last frame in an attempt to tie the count, the Irish rushed the enemy goal, but the offensive play was too unorganized to match the fine work of Siglison and his mates. The Illini pushed five goals across in the last ten minutes, three of them on solo drives. Siglison led the scoring with three goals.

Starting for the Irish at goal was Captain Sullivan; at right defense, McIntyre; at left defense, Frost; at left wing, Mullins; at right wing, McKenna; and at center, Brown. Others making the trip were Stapleton, Clemens, Carroll, Kelly, Byrnes, Fitzsimmons, Jim Sullivan, and Tanner.

The Irish are confident that they will show more organization in their next engagement. By virtue of this victory the men of Illinois evened the series at one each, the Irish having defeated them last winter.

Luke Appling, White Sox short-stop, so favored a leg which was healing from a break, that he stole only one base last season, against 18 for the 1937 season.

SPLINTERS FROM THE PRESS BOX

By Andy Wilson

One of the most difficult things in the world for us to understand—at least after exhibitions like last Saturday's—is how our basketball team could ever lose a game. In fact, we have felt that way about every Notre Dame quintet for the last four years. The best basketball we have ever seen was played by Notre Dame teams; the most aggressive—the swiftest—the smoothest—the smartest—the most spectacular.

Possibly the most "perfect" game an Irish quintet ever played was that 51-19 rout of Pittsburgh last year at home. Offense and defense were perfectly balanced, ideally cooperating. The Irish forwards hawked the ball and the Pitt guards closely all the way down the court, never retreating to the center line to wait for the Panther attack to begin criss-crossing up-court. The visitors never had a decent shot all night, while the Irish were continually stealing the ball, breaking clear under the basket.

That was the peak game of the year. This year the Minnesota game has been the peak of the season so far. Last year's Pitt game illustrated the extraordinary efficiency of Coach Keogan's shifting man-to-man defense, when properly executed. This year's Minnesota game illustrated the unstoppable of a g g r e s s i v e and amazingly swift all-around play. In Big Ten competition, the Gophers were holding their opponents to 28 points a game; the Irish just about doubled that average. Minnesota was touted as a very fast team—though with a fondness for deliberate, set plays; the Irish looked twice as fast. The Gophers looked good; the Irish looked twice as good. Minnesota was reputed to be the best defensive team in the Middle West; the Irish ripped the Gophers up with an overwhelming offense. And in spite of the fact that they allowed the Gophers 33 points, the Irish put on their best defensive show of the year. The Gophers got but ten goals from the field throughout the game, scoring three in the last few minutes, and getting only one in the first 15 minutes of the game.

Speaking of speed, this 1939 squad seems to have more of it than any team we have ever seen. Speed is this team's outstanding quality. We saw Stanford with Luisetti, and Purdue with Kessler and Jewell Young, and neither looked as fast as Notre Dame with Riska and Sadowski, Ertel, Brown and DuCharme. To end our string of superlatives, we must say that DuCharme is the cleverest individual ball-handler we have ever

seen; we would rather watch "Duke" dribble through three men than see Coach Keogan's all-time all-Notre Dame squad—Nowak, Moir, Krause, Nyikos and the rest—in action together.

In football and basketball and other "team" sports, the emphasis is on the group. Every man figures in every play. The work of the group, can to a certain extent, counteract the weakness of one of its members. But in track, technically a "team" sport also, the emphasis is on the individual. Each man takes his turn, runs his race alone. The teamwork of a track squad is the result of a synthesis of consecutive efforts, rather than of the group acting continuously *en masse*.

The problem of the track coach is to get the most out of his individuals, as individuals, for the good of the team. Men like Coach John P. Nicholson must be masters of personal psychology, must understand the peculiar temperaments and mentalities of each of his men. This year, for example, "Nick"—who probably is closer to his boys than any other member of the University's athletic staff—had to handle a half-miler with an inferiority complex, and a miler and a quarter-miler with "front-runner" complexes, to mention only three.

After a great deal of experimenting with gentle and caustic treatment, "Nick" finally adjusted his mental cases so well that they held a supposedly much stronger Indiana to a two-point victory. He coaxed his miler out of an unconscious tendency to slow down when running back in the pack, and picked up a precious point. The physical illness of his half-miler spoiled his psychology and a possible meet-winning place, Indiana sweeping the half-mile, one-two-three.

The quarter-miler, however, if not exactly stirred out of his "front-runner" complex, revealed at least the accuracy of Nick's judgment as to his chief trouble. He trailed Cochran and Elliot of Indiana for the full distance of the quarter itself. Starting behind them, he stayed behind them. But in the mile relay, supposedly Notre Dame's weakest event, our quarter-miler started his anchor leg with a step or two on Cochran, and holding his lead all the way, beat by a step the man who had beaten him by 15 yards earlier in the evening.

Notre Dame will play host to the annual Indiana state track and field championships May 27.

N. D. TAKES GOPHERS' MEASURE, 55 - 33

A smooth-passing, sharp-shooting, Notre Dame five romped to a 55-33 win over Minnesota last Saturday night. The highly touted team from the North didn't seem to stand a chance against the onslaught of a Notre Dame team that was determined to avenge last year's defeat, and at the same time extend their string of victories to seven.

An overflow crowd of 5,000 watched Notre Dame rush into a 7-0 lead in the first few minutes of the game. At this time Minnesota, current Big Ten leaders, found the hoop, but halfway through the period the lead had been stretched to 14-6. Minnesota, already weakened from the hot pace set by the Irish, took time out in an effort to stem the tide. This piece of strategy did not have its expected effect, though, and after the time-out the lead was raised to 20-12.

In the latter part of the first half the Gophers dropped their set plays, and set about to pepper the basket with long shots. Most of the shots failed to connect, however, and the half ended with the score 31-19 in favor of the Irish.

At the beginning of the second half the Notre Dame defense suffered a temporary lapse, but the Gopher rally fell far short. The Irish again became basket-conscious and began to walk away with the game. Both teams put in the reserves for the last part of the game when it was apparent that Notre Dame could not be stopped.

Eddie Riska again led the team in scoring, this time with 13 points, but it was obviously a team victory. Against Minnesota, supposedly one of the greatest teams in the country, the Irish played their finest game. The passing was smooth and effortless, while the shooting was almost phenomenal. Notre Dame's victory may be attributed mostly, though, to her relentlessly fast game. Typical of most Indiana basketball teams, the Irish rush up and down the floor from start to finish. Minnesota tired early in the game, thus losing most of its effectiveness.

The playing field of the Waterloo baseball club in the Western League has been turned into an ice rink for the winter.

It required a telephone conversation of only five minutes for Horace Stoneham, owner of the New York Giants, to sign Mel Ott to a 1939 contract.

CANISIUS, CARROLL FALL TO IRISH

As the Notre Dame basketball squad departed on its recent invasion of Eastern courts few rated the Irish more than an "average" club. But in two games the opponents of Notre Dame scored a total of 73 points. This probably wouldn't have been so significant had it not been for the fact that in those same two games the Irish rolled up a total of 146 points.

The first game was played on the night of January 21 against Canisius College of Buffalo, a team that has always given plenty of trouble to the larger schools of the East. The Irish stepped into an early lead, had a 36-11 advantage at the half, and finished the game with the landslide score of 72-36. It was apparent to the spectators that the Notre Dame team could have run up a much higher score if it had wished to, but Coach George Keogan preferred to give his substitutes experience that will be valuable later on. Of the 11 men sent into the fray, Rex Ellis scored the highest point total, counting 18 times. DuCharme, with 10 points, was closest to him. The Canisius scoring was led by Grunditsch, who hit the hoop for a total of 9 points.

The scoring spree in the Canisius fray established a new scoring record for the school. Two nights later, however, the Irish demonstrated that the East "hadn't seen anything yet" as they journeyed to Cleveland and defeated the lads from John Carroll University. The score, by the way, was 74-37, just one more way of setting new scoring records for Notre Dame. Mark Ertel, Paul DuCharme, and Sam Yzerski led the Irish, each scoring 9 points. The performance of Yzerski was quite outstanding as he played less than half of the game. John Carroll was led by Jack Spallino, leading scorer for his team in the Ohio conference race. He counted for two field goals and four free throws, a total of eight points. The Carroll team had been depending on Spallino, and, when he was so closely checked, the Clevelanders never had a chance.

Menger on Logic

Professor Karl Menger, of the University, spoke in the Engineering Building auditorium on Wednesday night, Jan. 18th; his topic was "The Modern Method of Logic." The lecture by Mr. Menger was an introduction to a course (two hours per week) begun this semester by Professor Goebels. It treated of the symbolic method of logic, the method in which symbols are used to demonstrate a proposition, and is a supplement to the Scholastic method.

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Coffee or Tea

HOTEL OLIVER

IRISH TRIM WESTERN RESERVE, KENTUCKY

By John E. Lewis

Notre Dame, "hot" in the middle of their winning streak, went down South and beat Kentucky, one of the strongest basketball quintets in the Southeastern Conference, on Saturday, January 14, then came back home the following Monday night and annihilated Western Reserve of Cleveland. Kentucky was defeated 42 to 37, while Western Reserve lost, 59 to 36.

Although the site of the Kentucky game was in Lexington, the Irish won the game in their own gym—through the daily foul shot practice which Coach George Keogan puts them through. In establishing a new school record, Notre Dame "sank" 22 out of 23 foul shots, and this provided the margin of victory. In fact the Irish were so adept at converting the free throws that when they missed the one foul shot, a murmur went up among the capacity crowd of 6,000. One other foul shot was missed during the night by Notre Dame, but this was immediately followed up by Center Rex Ellis for two points.

The boys of "Old Kaintuck" made 14 field goals to Notre Dame's 10, but they tallied only 9 out of 14 foul shots.

Ed Riska led Notre Dame with nine points, followed by Eddie Sadowski and "Red" Oberbruner, a lad who is "coming up fast," both with eight points. "Cab" Curtis, although he left the game on fouls, still led Kentucky with 11 points.

Notre Dame was honored by being the first team to play on the new floor of the Armory in Lexington.

After returning home, Notre Dame on the following Monday night com-

pletely outclassed Western Reserve of Cleveland. The Irish defense "bottled up" Reserve, the invading five only scoring 12 field goals. Notre Dame, in the meanwhile, continued their heavy scoring pace, hitting the basket for 25 field goals, and the Cleveland five tallied 12 out of 19 charity throws.

Plan Interhall Meet

Notre Dame men, lean and tall, fat and short, are invited to enter the annual Interhall Track Meet to be held Friday, Feb. 24, in the local field-house, William J. Mahoney, assistant track coach, announced today.

Potential participants will be able

to try their special talents on the evenings of the 22nd and 23rd of February. Mr. Mahoney also said that men would be appointed in each hall to organize teams for the competition.

As in the past, this meet may be used to uncover new material for Coach John P. Nicholson's Varsity track team, so all men who think they can run or who have jumped something besides the seats in the dining hall, are urged to attend and be Greg Rices—at least for a night.

Joe Gordon, rookie sensation of the New York Yankees, has spent the winter months in attendance at the University of Oregon.

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PLEA FOR DICTIONARY

(Continued from Page 14)

Johnson too hastily, for he did have a sense of humor and could poke fun at himself, as he did by describing his own residence and work thus:—

"Grubstreet: originally the name of a street in Moorfields in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems."

"lexicographer: a writer of dictionaries; a harmless drudge that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the significance of words."

There may be some who will call Johnson's Dictionary incomplete, but let them take care lest it be their own mistake! A lady accused Johnson 175 years ago of omitting the word "ocean," and he replied: "Madam, you will look for it in vain if you spell it o-s-h-u-n." Neither do I imply that a minute search will reveal any hidden filth, for Dr. Johnson was as patrician at his writing tablet as he was ignobilus at his dining table. There have been people—contemporaries of Johnson, mind you!—who prepared for authorship by reading the Dictionary through from cover to cover. But I do not recommend this practice. The great lexicographer himself admitted that his work has the fault, in common with most dictionaries, of changing the subject too often for steady reading.

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WARD LECTURE

(Continued from Page 3)

out the world. There is no one better qualified to talk on the Catholic viewpoint of the world we are living in than this brilliant active Catholic woman who has spent the greater part of her life in attempting to bring sheep into Christ's fold.

LAWYERS SUBPOENA

(Continued from Page 4)

clare and publish that upon the aforementioned date, the said plaintiff will institute his cause of action, to-wit, the Law Ball, a mean formal, all demurrers, motions for change of venue being waved nunc pro tunc, said venue being herewith established and ordained as the ballroom doing business under style and firm name of the Palais Royale, in the city of South Bend, in the county and state aforesaid.

"The plaintiff, for itself, its heirs,

executors, inmates, w a r d e n s and keepers, does hereby covenant, grant, bargain, and warrant that it the said witness be ready eight hours post meridian, she will be present in the said court in due time."

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ELLSWORTH'S

FATHER FARLEY

(Continued from Page 6)

When Christ was scourged and crowned with thorns and mocked and crucified, the evangelists do not record that a groan escaped His lips, or tears bedimmed His eyes. But when He stood beside the grave of Lazarus, His friend, and when coming around a turn of the Judean hills He saw spread out before Him the Holy City which He had loved and lost, they tell us that Jesus wept.

When Father Farley was told that he must lose his leg, he did not flinch at the thought of the pain he must endure, of the long hours and days he must linger in a hospital, but the thought that this would mean perhaps the end of that life-work he loved, the breaking of those associations with Notre Dame that he cherished above all else, his eyes were suddenly wet; but brave fellow that he was, he shook the tears away, and

said resignedly, "All right; let's go!"

Father Farley loved Notre Dame; and you were Notre Dame. He gave you practically all the years of his priestly life. And now it is your opportunity to give him the grateful and willing tribute of your prayers, your Communion, your sacrifices, that he may quickly come into the company of *Notre Dame, Our Lady, Mater misericordia, Mater Dei, et Mater glorie* — Mother of mercy, Mother of God, and now for everlasting, Mother of glory, her glory and his. Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

"Indiana wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for the weather," is a complaint justified by the experience of those who splash through her icy rain puddles.

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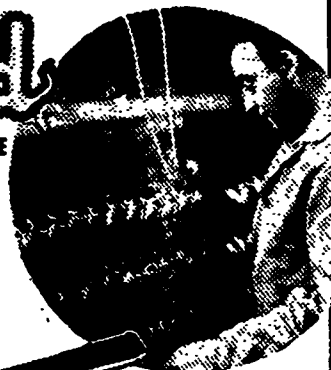
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'SCRIP' REVIEW

(Continued from Page 5)

in (this) religion.... Aware of this, Mauriac tries to find reasons for a heart-belief.... (and).... fortunately he did find them all in One. For Mauriac discovered Christ...." The article will repay a reading, especially by those who found *Life of Jesus* a little obscure in some passages.

A story by Gerard B. Ellett called "The Tourists" is the tale of a modern wayside inn and describes an incident in the life of Mrs. Semple, the proprietress. It is easily the best piece of fiction in the magazine. The story of an idiot boy who seems capable only of morbid cruelty, has a quiet power that is genuinely moving; if the description was pruned, and the passages that create the setting were more subdued and perhaps smoothed in chunky spots, "The Tourists" would be completely excellent.

Roy Charles Davis' pleasant piece of sentiment, "Near the Field and the Church," has a simple, light touch that is not hard to take. It is the story of two boys who visited an old man and came to love him for his simple philosophy and homely advice, and it is not much more than that. But the story has a quiet dignity that should please those who read to relax.

Katherine Mansfield once wrote, "I am always waiting to put a blessing on everything I see." And this is the theme of "The Artist's Blessing," by John William Meaney in which Mr. Meaney aided by F. O. Mattheiessen and Jacques Maritain seeks to explain the pages full of meaning behind Miss Mansfield's sentence. It is an imposing piece.

Space (among other things) lacks for a criticism of the quartet of poems presented by *Scrip*; but since the editors are so favorably disposed toward verse; I wonder if readers wouldn't appreciate a good narrative poem with a lilting rhythm—minus the usual element of pseudo-mysticism that is so often nonsense.

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RAUCH ARTICLE

(Continued from Page 8)

English. Shakespeare's comedy is of another sort, Mr. Rauch observes, warmer and more profoundly emotional, not growing out of an overt judgment of life, but just existing "for no other purpose than to help us enjoy life more heartily and love its people more dearly."

The article declares Jonson's comedy a penetrating critique of the fluid society of his day, a social order transforming swiftly with the new commercialism and assuredly with the new humanism. Jonson belongs with those who judge by the classical and medieval doctrine of natural morality, Mr. Rauch insists, citing the themes of *Everyman in his Humor* and *Valpone* as especially in point.

But Mr. Rauch will not leave Jonson as an "exponent of denunciation" just: "all of Jonson's poems, great or small, are self-contained, clearly ordered totalities of experience in a perfectly modulated form." Jonson does really achieve a major art out of his perceptions of the "folies of the natural man."

Mr. Rauch would caution that now, just past the tercentenary of Jonson, that there should be no danger that the legend of his glamorous life overcome the real and permanent significance of his work.

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