

The Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC

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Volume 73

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Number 2

Seniors Plan Mass of Peace This Sunday morning Sacred Heart Church will be the scene of a vibrant and exemplary Catholic plea for peace when hundreds of Seniors crowd the church and communion rail to offer their prayers and Holy Communions for a lasting world peace. (See Page 5)

Stage Purdue Rally Tonight SWEPT along by the martial airs of Joseph Casasanta's boys and fired by the hope of a decisive victory tomorrow, the spirit of Notre Dame will ride high in the hearts of the student body this evening at the first pep rally of the year. (See Page 6)

Swift Hitler Move Forecast "HITLER, however, may start a lightning war in the west by marching swiftly through a neutral country and attacking France from the north. If he would do this, either Germany or France would fall within a short time. Thus a short war." (See Page 9)

Blake Scales Mount Vulcan "I COULD look out toward the west, and there 200 miles across the tops of the clouds glowed Popocatepetl, a perfect white cone in the sky. With a full moon on its head it looked like the lacquered painting on a Japanese tray." (See Page 11)



Head Football Coach Elmer Layden and Captain John Kelly: They expect plenty of trouble from Purdue Tomorrow. (See Page 12)

This week a NEW novel begins in the Post

"DON'T ASK QUESTIONS"

by J.P. MARQUAND

AUTHOR OF "WICKFORD POINT"



A young American couple board a cruise boat for South America . . . and suddenly find themselves swept into a grim international intrigue. Why should someone try to murder these two innocent Americans? Why should secret agents for Germany and Japan attempt to prevent them from reaching the tropical country of Chica? Here's an exciting adventure in seven swift installments, another top-notch Post serial, by a Pulitzer Prize author whose last two novels have headed best-seller lists.

Also in this issue . . .

WHEN STALIN COUNTERFEITED DOLLARS

Uncovering a \$10,000,000 Soviet swindle
By **W. G. KRIVITSKY**, former General in the Red Army

A WIFE FOR MR. MEECHAM

And only a few hours to find one!
A short story by **DAVID LAMSON**

NOW IN OCTOBER

A short story of big-league baseball
By **HOLMES ALEXANDER**

BETWEEN TWO FLAGS

America's second-generation Japanese face a dilemma
By **MAGNER WHITE**

THE CROSLEY TOUCH—AND GO!

Meet the man behind the midget car
By **FORREST DAVIS**

COUNTRY STOREKEEPER

But he does a business of \$240,000 a year
A success story by **JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE**

CRAZY WITH THE HEAT

A new story of Babe and Uncle Pete and Little Joe
By **R. ROSS ANNETT**

THE ROSE

About a picture they *didn't* want a Hollywood star for
A short story by **LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE**

AND . . . The concluding installment in Rex Stout's mystery thriller, *Double for Death* . . . editorials, cartoons . . . 92 pages of entertainment for your nickel.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

College Parade *by Jack Willman*

From our position on the reviewing platform, we watched the first units of the 1939-40 collegiate periodical brigade as they swung into sight on Printed Pulp Avenue. The ranks were thin for this first formation, because some of the more important representatives have not yet burst through their editorial shell. So much for local-color; here's what we saw:

All along the line fatuous welcomes were hurled to unwary frosh who fell into the academic web. The same frosh were congratulated upon their prudent choice of an alma mater, and in the next breath were admonished to take up the spirit, tradition, and glory of "Old Siwash." "Freshman Week" was the order at many colleges, where the fraternities take aside the matriculating neophytes into the hectic whirl of a rushing season.

Auburn

While a trip by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is no longer national news, the Auburn *Plainsman* reports that the first lady visited their campus to make a brief speech to the R.O.T.C. corps.... The rug-cutters were solid in their praise of the signing of Russ Morgan for the Opening Dances. Name bands are a rarity for the Plainsmen.... A strong plea for more tennis courts was sent out in the editorial columns....

Boystown

New to the journalistic field is a paper, *The Boys Town Times* issued by Father Flanagan and his flock of youngsters who prove his contention that "there's no such thing as a bad boy".... The fall school term is now in session under the Christian Brothers.... A promising football team with a seven game schedule sends out a plea for some used equipment.... Human interest stories about the boys attest to the reality of the picture which won such widespread acclaim last season.

Princeton

From the lair of the Tiger of Old Nassau the *Daily Princetonian* has an interesting story on the seizure of one of her men by the German Gestapo. It seems that vacationing undergraduate was blandly conversing with a group of

German sailors prior to his sailing for home. The Nazi tars were ignorant of English, except for a few bars of "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie! Here Come Cookie!" To further discourage conversation, the Princetonian could not "sprechen sie deutsch." After several futile conversational parries, the Gestapo apprehended the student to prevent him from "obtaining further vital naval information".... A movie review column also took pains to decry the treatment that Old Nassau received in the flicker, "These Glamour Girls."

Colorado

The *Ore Digger* shines forth with optimism for its student engineers. In a survey conducted by the *New York Post*, 65 per cent of the 1939 college graduates were granted good chances of obtaining employment. However, the Oredigging grads had a 100 percent prospect rating. Better advertising no college can boast.... The outbreak of hostilities in Europe has restricted the foreign enrollment... Tiny Hill, who rose to fame at Chicago's Melody Mill, is now promoting jive in Denver for the winter season.

The joke which appeared concurrently in the most publications:

"Are you a college man?"

"No, a horse just stepped on my hat."

California

A new department, the *Daily Californian* reports, has been added to the field of academic effort. Bedlam U. has registered a record number of undergrads for practical social work. For admission, the student must write a 150 word thesis on how to have a date from 4 p.m. on Saturday until 2 a.m. Sunday morning on three dollars. The report must include a budget which accounts for each penny. Featured activities are jitter-bug and hoop-rolling contests.... Practical application was demonstrated by the criminology major who nabbed a prowling burglar in a dormitory.... Vic Bottari and Dave Anderson have returned to do graduate work and assist "Stub" Allison on the gridiron.... The student labor board evaluates and studies all business establishments which solicit campus patronage. It approves with a "Fair Bear" label....

OPINION

Probably no campus generation has come of draftable age with a less romantic attitude towards war than ours (See editorial page 10). Interesting for their varied content—although not extensive enough to be considered as representing officially the attitude of the student body—are following opinions expressed in answer to the question: "Would you enlist to fight a foreign war on foreign soil? Would you have to be drafted?"

One student from each residence hall was interviewed. THE SCHOLASTIC wishes to print additional opinions on the subject. Address your opinion to Tom Powers, Inquiring Reporter, Freshman Hall.

Badin—R.K.: "Under no condition will I volunteer to fight any European wars. I'll go up into the North woods, break my leg, get married, or something like that. There'll be two men who won't fight in the European war; myself, and the recruiting officer who's chasing me!"

Cavanaugh—B.R.: "In answering such a question, I would make a distinction as to what is and what is not foreign soil. South America and Canada, nations of the North American continent, should not be classed as foreign soil, but rather as American soil. Any jeopardization as to their security, as the Monroe Doctrine admonishes, would be a justification for war. However, any war fought upon European soil carries no justification for America's entering her forces nor for any man's volunteering."

Zahm—A. B.: "I shall volunteer immediately after the United States declares war. The patriotism and adventure of war is a component part of man's nature. Why delay the war? It will come eventually."

St. Edward's—A. K.: "I absolutely refuse to fight in a war upon foreign soil. Even the draft will fail to change my conviction. They'll have to shoot me, first, before I'll fight for any European nation."

Sorin—N. G.: "Rather than be a slacker, I would follow the draft if the United States declared war. Under no condition, however, would I volunteer."

Morrissey—A. M.: "According to the present European situation, I shall wait to be drafted. At present, there is no reason at all for the United States joining the conflict. However, if a situation developed whereby it appeared as if the Allies might be defeated by Germany. I

The Week *by F. G. Barreda*

Minima Cum Laude

Sign on the main bulletin board, "Books for sale, cheep." We happen to know the haggling fellow who wrote it. He's an English major.



Nipping a Putsch

Petty jealousies such as "When will you pay your \$800?" will be forgotten between the University and the students now that the Students' Activities Council has been remodeled to assist the Board of discipline in prosecuting minor torts. Our imagination becomes passe. For the sake of example let us suppose that a model student were caught coming in through a window slightly after 1 o'clock. This, of course, is merely a supposition. In the trial by jury that would ensue, the "brain" of the S.A.C. would engage in the following cross-examination with the unruffled defendant:

B: Your name, sir?

C: William Cullen Chips.

B: How did you get into your room last night?

C: Very well, thank you.

B: We have reference to your mode of entrance, not your condition.

C: I came through the wall. There must have been a window in my way. Expediency forced me to open it.

B: Why didn't you come in through the door?

C: It was locked.

B: Well, why didn't you summon the nightwatchman?

C: I don't know the gentleman very well.

B: And why didn't you call the rector.

C: He was still taking his afternoon nap.

B: Mr. Chips, do you know the minimum penalty for your breach of discipline?

C: Two weeks, sir.

B: Goodbye, Mr. Chips.



Success Story

Early this week a young lady and two gentlemen escorts were chewing the rag on the green pastures of the main quadrangle. Quite intent on absorbing all the Gothic beauty of the campus the young lady's gaze drifted over the green

forest of pines toward the Golden Dome. Something caught her attention. Fleeting moments went by. She was still staring. One of the gentlemen, quick to notice after a lull of ten minutes in their conversation that something was wrong, inquired politely about the difficulty. The young lady turned, and asked, ever so naively, "Who is that man on top of the dome?"



Victory March

Tony Potenziani's sharp staccato voice broke the crispness of the cold air. "Hep!" From the quarterback position he shifted the shock troops into a box formation—mechanical unison. One dared not breathe. Opposing linemen dug nervous cleats into the soft turf, braced themselves for the cataclysm which was to come. Once again the rich baritone voice of Potenziani drove fear into the hearts of the enemy, "1-2-3-4!" Back shot the ball with the deadly bead of a rifle. Lightning guards pulled out from the line to lead an onslaught of interference, leaving gaping holes in the line to be cross-checked by gargantuan tackles. Pontenziani whirled in a quarter-spin, faked the ball into the bosom of the thundering fullback who smashed into the line, whirled again into the half-spin, faking this time to the express train, the left half who whipped by in a crouch. Pontenziani drifted to his right, faded. The ends had been knifed out. Pontenziani faded deeper, behind the shadow of his own goal posts. Far away "Streaky" Joe Mangano had out-manuevered the enemy secondary and now in the open was making a mad dash for the goal. Potenziani, cool as an epileptic, cocked his arm for the tremendous heave. It was now or never, victory or death. But by this time wasp-waisted Don Gilliland had smashed through the forward wall on sheer nerve and precision to touch Potenziani and end the game. A picture of dejection as Potenziani left Walsh field to take a shower, rush over for supper, and a Salerno butter cookie.



Bottom of the Week

Herman Blert, the No 1 man on our espionage network, reports that Audrey Trueheart over at the library failed to recognize Captain Johnny Kelly in his monogrammed sweater when he asked to take a book out. "Are you a Notre Dame student?" she asked. "No," Johnny replied, "I go to Vassar."

think that would be a provocation to fight and a reason for me to volunteer."

Alumni—W. F.: "The tyranny of the dictatorships might encircle Europe, Germany may defeat England and France, but neither of these conditions would justify the entry of the U. S. into the war. We are not to assume the failures or mistakes of Europe. For these reasons, I shall never volunteer. And my enlistment would be brought about by force alone."

Carroll—P. D.: "If conditions indicated a prolonged war, I would enlist, rather than be drafted into the infantry. In this way, I would have a more advantageous position in the army—if there be such."

Lyons—W. M.: "I would have to be drafted, if the United States were to undertake a war upon foreign shores. All of this talk about the betterment of democracy is a lot of baloney. I do not consider even the crushing of the tyrannical dictators of Europe a just reason for the giving of my life."

Brownson—J. P.: "When America enters the European conflict, I shall enlist to join the millions who will shoot and bayonet their fellow-men. The responsibility for the wrongness of my deeds will not rest with my soul. It will lie with the consciences of the guiders of the destiny of the United States, the President and Congress, who make the declarations of war. With them will lie the guilt of my actions."

Freshmen—W. Y.: "I am not willing to throw away my life, future, career, merely to become a casualty of war so that the deep-rooted hatreds of England and France may take their vengeance on Germany. I will not enlist. I will fight only if forced to."

Walsh—P. M.: "I can't see a valid reason for the United States entering into any foreign war and therefore I can't see any reason for my fighting for any such cause. Nor do I believe that American citizens, through the draft, should be forced to enter the fighting forces of the nation. However, if I am drafted, I will fight—only because of the fear of being shot as a slacker."

Breen-Phillips—K. G.: "If the United States were to join a war on foreign soil, I would volunteer, rather than wait to be drafted. I would have a choice of the best positions in the army, which choice I would not have if drafted. And I am quite sure that if the United States ever becomes involved in a war, her fighting force will be composed of a greater number of drafted men than the army of 1918."

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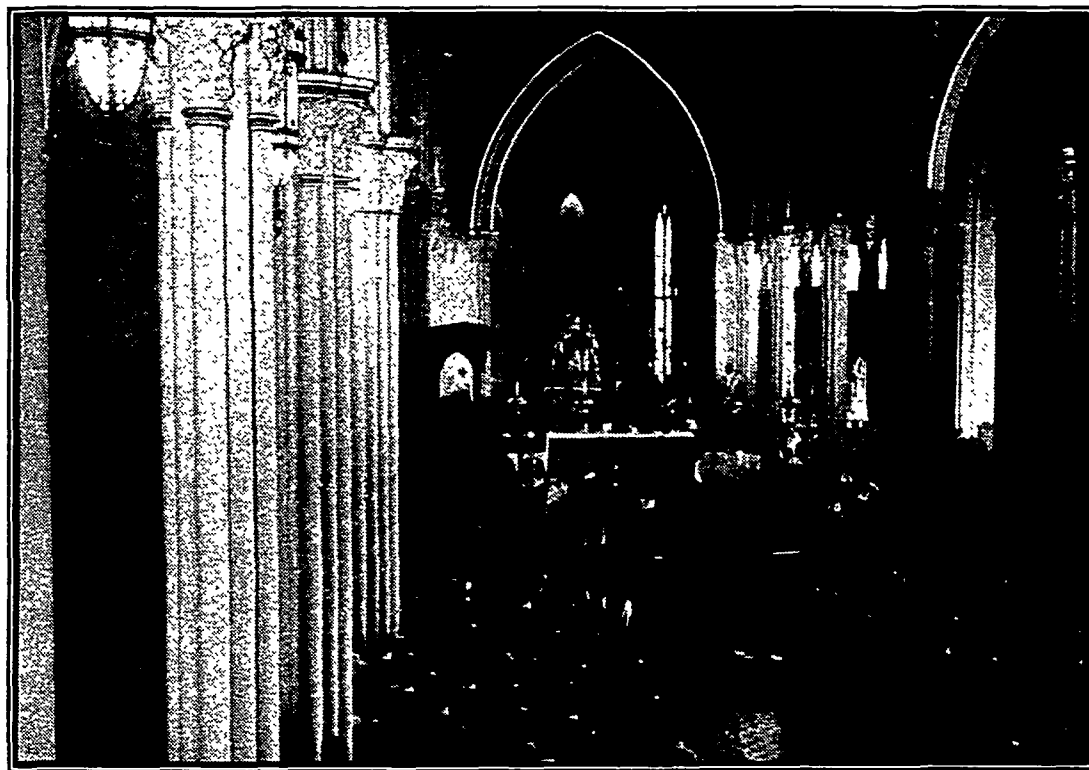
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NUMBER 2

SACRED HEART CHURCH, SCENE OF MASS FOR PEACE



Seniors to Unite in Plea For World Peace Sunday

Communion Breakfast Follows Student Mass

This Sunday morning Sacred Heart church will be the scene of a vibrant and exemplary Catholic plea for peace when hundreds of Seniors crowd the church and communion rail to offer their prayers and Holy Communion for a lasting world peace.

Feeling that the Senior class should set an example and express their opinions regarding peace, the new Student Council has arranged for a Communion Breakfast this Sunday in the West Dining Hall. The breakfast will take place immediately following 7 o'clock Mass.

The Rev. Norbert C. Hoff, who was actively concerned with the last World War, will deliver an address at the breakfast. Besides Father Hoff, several prominent members of the department of politics—including Dr. Waldemar Gurian and Mr. F. A. Hermens—have been invited to attend the affair. The Univer-

sity will be officially represented by one of the officers of administration.

The entire West Hall will be reserved for the Communion Breakfast. Instead of the regular Sunday morning fare, Tommy Owens has promised the Student Council to serve a special breakfast. The breakfast is a sponsored activity. Therefore it is purely voluntary on the part of the Seniors and is free of charge. James Moore, a member of the Student Council is general chairman for the breakfast.—Harry Penrose.

Goodrich Foundation

The Hon. James P. Goodrich, LL.D., '17, has memorialized at Notre Dame his affectionate esteem of the late Father John Cavanaugh by setting up at the University a prize foundation. Governor Goodrich was the War-time Governor of Indiana, and Father Cavanaugh was a member of the extraordinary commission which was organized in the State at that time to deal with emergency meas-

ures. A fast friendship developed between these two great men, and Governor Goodrich held in particular admiration Father Cavanaugh's sound principles of Americanism and his extraordinary gift of oratory.

These two qualities of Father Cavanaugh are memorialized in the foundation. It is the wish of the Governor, for the present at least, that there be held annually at the University an oratorical contest on the subject of the fundamentals of American government, particularly the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

The Goodrich-Cavanaugh Foundation, capitalized now at \$5,040, will furnish prizes of \$100, \$35 and \$15, for first, second and third places respectively.

It is the wish of the Governor that all earnings of the Foundation beyond the \$150 per year be added to the principal, at least until the principal of the fund be doubled. It will then rest with the president of the University to determine whether the nature of these prizes should be changed to some other form of incentive, to the studies of problems of government, for instance, to a scholarship or scholarships for graduate study in Politics at the University of Notre Dame or elsewhere.

The University is under deep obligation to Governor Goodrich for this splendid benefaction, and its gratitude is particularly intense because the benefaction shows such keen appreciation of Father Cavanaugh's contribution to the State of Indiana in the great emergency of two decades ago.

Donovan Is President Of Reorganized Council

Jerry Donovan, Senior in the College of Arts and Letters, was elected president of the newly organized Student Council at their first meeting under the new charter, Tuesday night. Donovan, an English major who collects pipes and can't sit still when Hal Kemp swings, was elected unanimously.

In elections for the other offices, Clarence Marquardt of Oak Park, Ill., won the vice-presidency; Robert Sanford of Milwaukee assumed the position of secretary; and Paul Chaput of Detroit, was elected treasurer.

Although instituted last Spring, the

Council has been in operation less than a week. Its activities are planned to create a greater spirit of cooperation between the students and University officials, in regard to subjects of athletic and social activities, discipline, and other questions of student welfare.

Among the new members chosen by student elections the past week were:

Alumni Hall—Ed Hannan, Perry, Ia.; Walsh Hall—Joe Whitford, Bradley Beach, N. J.; Sorin Hall—Henry Collins, Fairmont, W. Va.; St. Edward's Hall—Bob DeMoss, Chicago, Ill.; Dillon Hall—Charles Dillon, Butler, Pa.; Howard Hall—Harold Barris, Elyria, Ohio; Badin Hall—Ray Roy, Oak Park, Ill.; Lyons Hall—Melville Rummel, Jersey City, N. J.; Carroll Hall—Albert Del Zoppo, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Purdue Rally Tonight

Swept along by the martial airs of Joe Casasanta's boys and fired by the hope of a decisive victory tomorrow, the spirit of Notre Dame will ride high in the hearts of the student body this eve-



The March Is On. . . .

ning at the first pep rally of the year. Students will march from the Dining Hall to the Fieldhouse immediately following dinner.

Three well known Notre Dame men will be the principal speakers at the meeting. They are Mal Elward, Purdue coach; Noble Kizer, director of athletics at Purdue, and James S. Kearns, editor of THE SCHOLASTIC in 1934. Mr. Kearns, now a sports columnist for the Chicago Daily News, will be here to cover the Purdue game.

The Student Activities Council, which is sponsoring the meeting has also extended an invitation to Ted Husing, the Columbia Broadcasting System's well known sports announcer, to address the meeting. Husing, who is no stranger to Irish teams, will be in the press box to-

morrow broadcasting the game over a coast-to-coast network.

Notre Dame's well known supporter of the wailing wall—Elmer Layden—will introduce the members of this year's Varsity to the student body during the pep meeting. He may even tell a story.

Father Burke To Revive Old Vaudeville Night

Years ago, when Notre Dame was just beginning to grow, students and faculty used to throng into Washington Hall on the night of the student vaudeville show. Father John Talbert Smith, president of the Actor's Guild during the early years of this century, suggested student vaudeville during one of his lectures here. The Knights of Columbus fostered the idea and awarded cash prizes for the cleverest acts.

These vaudevilles were a combination of an opera, a three-ringed circus, and a good musical comedy. Students danced, sang, imitated, and on one occasion a campus club produced a minstrel show. Walter O'Keefe and Charley Butterworth, topnotchers in today's entertainment world, were among the winners in the past.

Then just as suddenly as it began, interest in student vaudeville fell off, finally died altogether. For some time, the Rev. Eugene Burke, C.S.C., has tried to revive vaudeville at Notre Dame. This year, the Knights of Columbus have agreed to sponsor vaudeville again, and, as in the past, they will offer awards of \$25, \$15, and \$10, to the winners.

All kinds of entertainers are wanted for this show. Whether you're a concert pianist or a juggler, a swing drummer or a champion hog-caller, the Knights invite you to participate. It might mean an extra \$25 for Christmas. Everyone can try his luck except regularly organized campus entertainers, such as the Glee Club. Individual members of such groups are not barred, however.

Application blanks for acts in the Vaudeville may be had from Grand Knight Tim King or Mr. Eli Abraham any afternoon in the K. of C. clubrooms, basement of Walsh Hall. Mr. Vincent Doyle of 331 Walsh Hall will be in charge of stage arrangements and will be glad to help in the staging of skits.

No definite date has been set for the show, as yet, but Father Burke hopes to have a preliminary show shortly before Thanksgiving to select the ten best acts for a final contest about the middle of December.—Sam Boyle.

Purdue Victory Dance

As a grand finale to the Notre Dame-Purdue football game, the campus branch of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers will sponsor a Victory Dance at the Progress Club, South Bend, tomorrow night.

Karl Hunn and his orchestra (former-



. . . In the Gym Tonight

ly the Modernaires) will provide three hours of dance music from 8:30 to 11:30, President John Linnehan announced. Assisting Linnehan will be Hicinbothim, Vice-President Walter Dray, Norbert Schickel and David Sprafke.

Students from St. Mary's College have been granted permission to attend. Admission will be one dollar per couple. The Progress Club is located on the northwest corner of Colfax and Taylor Avenues in South Bend.

Student Trip

One of the most popular events of the school year, the Student Football Trip, will be staged Oct. 20 and 21, when the students follow the team to Cleveland for the annual clash with the Navy. Jerry Donovan of the Student Council announced Thursday. Plans for the event are in the hands of Bob Derengoski, general chairman. Prices for the event will be determined as soon as possible.

Cotillion Date Set

With a fire sale advertisement of tuxedos and tails down town comes a concomitant announcement by sophomore prexy George Sobek that the Sophomore Cotillion will be held on Friday, Nov. 17, the weekend of the Northwestern game.

The affair probably will be held at the Palais Royale. Probably? Where else has everything from the AB Formal to the Chemists' Tea been held during the past three centuries?

Official tags have been pinned on Jim

Magarahan, general chairman; John Birmingham, decorations; Frank Quinn, tickets; Ed Monahan, music; Bill Regan, program; Pat Fitzgerald, patrons; Martin McGowan, publicity; Jim Carnes, arrangements; and Dick Tracy, protection. R.S.V.P. (adv.)

Retreat Closes

Last Saturday morning freshmen crowded Sacred Heart Church to receive the Papal Blessing and hear the annual mission sermon preached by the Rev. Frederick Schulte, C.S.C.

[See the SCHOLASTIC, Sept. 22, for a resume of Father Schulte's opening sermons.]

Wednesday. "In each of us there is a certain fear of death which threatens to destroy our plans for life, sever relations with friends, and cause our parents untold grief. But death does more than that. It calls us before the High Tribunal to answer for every moment in our lives. Confession takes on a new importance under the realization of the stark actuality of death and judgment. Confession offers us entrance to those sacred portals, while, on the other hand, lack of absolution or contrition forbids those same portals to us in no uncertain manner. Think seriously, then, before submitting to willful neglect of Confession."

Thursday. "On the long, tortuous road to Hell stands a great wooden cross. Christ, the gentle, the merciful, the kind, hangs upon its cruel pinions. His voice is raised in supplication, "Go back, go back!" But, no! You kick and trample Him down, spit in His face, and stride determinedly forward into the gaping mouth of Hell, to be sorry forevermore," said Father Schulte.

The theme, however, of his discourse was the example of Mary Magdalene, who, after a life of sin and adultery, finally came to Him and was received with infinite compassion. "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you."

Friday. Making his final plea, Father Schulte asked: "Will you continue to persevere in the right as a result of this Mission? Not next week, nor next month, but even in the years to come you will have to uphold the resolution you formed tonight." He explained that frequent reception of the Sacraments is an unfailing guide along the path of righteousness, that Notre Dame offers every opportunity to partake of the Divine Lord through Mass and Communion. In conclusion Father Schulte recommended a lasting reverence for the Holy Name, and urged a strong devotion to Our Lady.—Roger Behm.

MAN ABOUT THE CAMPUS

Visualize the heavier portion of Laurel and Hardy, the cavernous roar of Joe E. Brown, the suavity of Charles Boyer—mix together—result Donald "Chubby" Gilliland, weight 245, genial clown of the campus, and Lochinvar of South Bend's white-washed way.

He was employed as a magazine salesman before entering Notre Dame and drummed extensively throughout eastern



states. He spent one summer as a life-guard in his home-town, Jefferson City, Mo. When off duty he entertained the customers with a comic diving and swimming act. Remember his fine performance at the Bengal Bouts last year?

Don is quite a sportsman too—promoter and charter member of the St. Ed's A.C., good golfer, sand lot baseballer, and Joe Boland's heavy handy man for the past two years. He's the only man on the squad who ever called Elmer Layden "Thin Man" or "Bones" to his face.

The girls in the library enjoyed Don's Shakespearean ability one evening during summer school. It seems a friend, Joe Staub, was in the balcony and Don was Romeo—on one knee, outstretched arms and pleading the famous line which says, in effect; "Juliet, my Juliet, do ya, or don't ya?"

Don gave a very good vocal performance one evening with Jan Garber's orchestra at the Black Hawk. Jan and the patrons wanted him to stay for the entire evening, but the—Turn to page 23

Violin Players Needed In Symphony Orchestra

Since the Notre Dame symphony orchestra organized for this season, the enrollment so far is greater than that of last year at a corresponding date, but there is still a lack of stringed instruments, the backbone of such an organization. There is room for about 20 violin, viola, cello and double bass players. Any students interested in joining the organization, especially freshmen, are cordially invited to attend one of the rehearsals which are held every Monday and Wednesday at 4:15 in Washington Hall.

Orchestra members have front row seats at most of the important University functions such as graduation, Washington Day exercises and plays, plus the opportunity which is offered artistically inclined students to express themselves. The group will work exclusively on classical music, including several overtures and "light" classics. One of their more immediate objectives is Tsaichowsky's "March Slav."

According to present plans the orchestra, which is under the direction of Mr. D. H. Pedke, head of the department of music, will give its first performance near the end of November.

It may interest some Juniors and Seniors to know that they may take an elective, counting toward their graduation, in the school of music.

Glee Club Organizes

Every time there is a rush on this campus to borrow someone's white tie and tails it doesn't necessarily mean a St. Mary's affair or a cotillion, for in about two months the Notre Dame Glee Club will again swing into action.

This year 68 of the 90 men who tried out for the group were successful. The result is a well balanced club as regards the number of voices in each section. A number of new selections have been added to last year's repertoire. The club will not confine itself to strictly classical work, but will include some ballads and school songs.

Their first full appearance will be at Thanksgiving although the club will take part in the inaugural program of the University's radio activities for the year.

Officers for this year were elected last spring and are as follows: Burley Johnston, president; Frank Ciolino, vice-president; William Mooney, business manager; Bud Pagliano, assistant business manager; Tom Murphy, librarian.

Soloists selected so far are: Don Tiedemann, baritone; Anthony Donadio,

tenor; Robert Bischoff, baritone; William Mooney, pianist and accompanist. Other soloists will be named as the year progresses—Jack Dinges.

Frosh Convocation

The celebrities of the campus sport world were introduced to Freshmen for the first time at the annual convocation held in Washington Hall on Monday night. Elmer F. Layden, Director of Athletics, urged all students to engage in some sport during their four years on the campus, not only for the physical benefits, but also for the qualities of leadership and fair play which participation in athletics develop.

The captains of football, basketball, track, and baseball also gave short talks in which they stressed the need of student support of the teams. The remainder of the convocation was spent in the rehearsing of the cheers and songs which will be used for the games.

CLUBS

Bookmen

Students now have a splendid chance to join the Notre Dame equivalent of the "Book of the Month Club" without being forced to read "Grapes of Wrath." The Bookmen, campus literary organization, will hold their first meeting of the schoolyear, Wednesday night at 8 o'clock in the Law Building.

President Albert P. Funk announced yesterday that five or six vacancies in the club will be filled by the middle of October. The date when applications will be received will be announced shortly after the first meeting.

History: Organized 1932. Purpose is to further the reading of literature which maintains Catholic ideals and principles, to create interest in books of moral and cultural value, and to encourage criticism. Membership is limited to fifteen. Bi-weekly meetings are held throughout the schoolyear.

Schoolmen

The Schoolmen, campus philosophical society, will open their fall program with a round table discussion Tuesday evening. A dinner at 7:30 in the Rose Marie Tea Room, with faculty adviser Rev. Thomas J. Brennan, C.S.C., as guest of honor, will precede the discussion.

Fred Wolff will examine "The Scholastic View of Modern War" in a short talk, and new junior members will elect a vice-president.

Candidates for admission to the Schoolmen should notify President James Daner, 433 Walsh Hall before Wednesday, Oct. 4. Candidates must possess high scholastic standing and answer satisfactorily philosophical questions put to them by a board of examiners. The board is made up of Alfred Callan, Richard Fallon, John Pindar, and James Daner.



Albert P. Funk

Wranglers

The Wranglers, campus forensic society, will discuss plans for their annual fall interhall debating league when they hold their first meeting of the school-year, in the Law Building, Monday evening at 7:45. The question to be debated will be announced by Professor William J. Coyne, varsity debate coach.

History: Founded 1925. Received campus charter under present name in 1934. Roll of presidents is distinguished. First president William J. Coyne is now a member of the University speech department; second president Joseph P. McNamara is now Deputy State Attorney of Indiana. Weekly discussions are devoted to close examination of contemporary affairs.

Academy of Politics

The Academy of Political Science, one of the oldest campus organizations, has made definite plans to reopen Sunday evening.

The purpose of the academy, which is open only to Junior and Senior political science majors, is to establish a closer union and a stronger bond for students exhibiting a serious and active interest in the philosophy and science of politics.

Throughout the scholastic year, noted speakers are brought by the academy to discuss the latest political questions in the country. Members also are given an opportunity during the year to express their personal views on important subjects.

Harold Bowler, president of the Academy, announced that a few vacancies are now open, and that students seeking membership should submit their names to either Dave Holman of Sorin Hall, or Edward Kelly of Walsh Hall, for further information—John Ferneding.

FACULTY

N. D. Priest Narrowly Escapes Athenia Fate

Twelve days in submarine infested waters, shrouded in fog by day, running without lights at night, even the crew itself not knowing the ship's destination! That was the nerve-wracking experience of the Rev. George Welsh, C.S.C., who recently returned from Liverpool, England.

Father Welsh left England on Sept. 2 and the next day England declared war on Germany. He sailed on the S. S. Vandyck, an old pleasure cruiser built in 1922 for service in the Mediterranean and pressed into Atlantic service along with the ill-starred Athenia. The Vandyck, after being delayed in port, sailed a few hours ahead of the Athenia. But the Athenia, a ship capable of 30 m. p. h., passed the Vandyck near the northern tip of Ireland and soon after received the fatal torpedo. Had the sluggish Vandyck sailed on time it is conceivable that it would have been attacked instead of the Athenia. Both ships carried large amounts of English gold destined for American vaults.

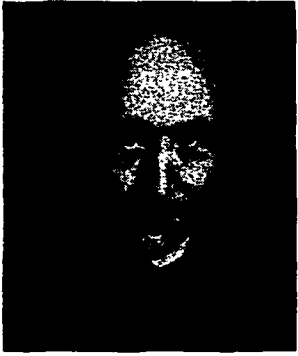
News of the declaration of war and the Athenia disaster broadcasted over the radio shattered the already tortured nerves of the home-bound Americans. Being more of a yacht than a liner, the Vandyck cruised at a speed of only 13 m.p.h., and at this plodding pace began the long hazardous journey.

On board ship all the openings through which a stray gleam might show were boarded up, leaving the staterooms and lounges stuffy and deadened. Passengers slept on the decks the first few nights at sea rather than run the risk of being caught midships should the ship be torpedoed. The nervous tension was exaggerated by the slow, helpless movement of the ship through the fog and black.

The Vandyck ran approximately 700 miles off its regular course to avoid possible enemy raiders, and at times even the crew was ignorant as to the position of the ship. But the Vandyck arrived in New York harbor safely after a 12 day trip without having had any actual scares—only sleepless nights and strained composes.—Frank Wemhoff.

Father Hoever Fears Arms Embargo Repeal

The United States will be placed in grave danger of war if the repeal of the neutrality bill is accepted by the special



Father Hoever

Congress now in session, according to the Rev. Hugo H. Hoever, O.Cist., professor of philosophy at Notre Dame.

Father Hoever, a native of Germany, but for the past three years a citizen of the United States, gave his views on the present European crisis to a SCHOLASTIC representative Wednesday and, according to his statements, "anything can happen."

"There is only one alternative. If we do not support any of the conflicting nations by sending them war materials, the United States will be safe. But, if the repeal of the entire neutrality act is accepted, it is, I think, quite obvious that we will sell only to France and England, even if the report is published that all nations will be free to purchase American goods. In the first place, Germany cannot purchase our goods, because she has no funds. Her money is far below par on the American exchange market, and therefore would be worth relatively nothing. Secondly, the English fleet is far more stronger than the German navy. Consequently Germany would detest such an act, that of selling only to France and England, and would probably take steps to destroy the agreement."

"How long do you think the war will last?" we asked.

"I believe the war will be a short one," he replied, "but right now the situation is so complicated I hesitate to name the number of weeks or months."

"The Western Front at the present time is much stronger than it has ever been in the history of Europe. During the World War, the front was weak. There were slums, ditches, trenches. Now the Maginot and Siegfried lines are gas-proof and bomb-proof. On the Western Front now there is all the power in the world, and unless France can find some unexpected weak spot on the line, it is practically impregnable. I do not believe that France nor Great Britain is strong enough to break this line."

"Hitler, however, may start a light-

ning war in the west by marching swiftly through a neutral country and attacking France from the north. If he would do this, either Germany or France would fall within a short time. Thus a short war would follow."

"Do you think that something might happen within Germany to break down the existing government, thus rendering war with France and England unnecessary?"

"There may be," he said, "sooner than many believe, a change on the part of the German people. Since last April, when Hitler closed all Catholic schools and other religious institutions of learning for children, in Catholic provinces, the German parents began to realize then that the Communistic principles were wrong. To destroy the Nazi form there must be found a leader within the populace. Thousands of Germans who were forced to leave the country are waiting for the right moment to take revenge on the Nazis."

"When Poland is captured," he continued, "unless France and Great Britain do not recognize a German victory, these powers will have no reason for fighting Hitler, other than to break down the Nazi form of government. According to latest English commitments they will try to destroy Nazism. However, unless England or France make positive concessions, it would be defeat to separate the German people from Hitler, because they were informed that France and Great Britain are again united to finish what they could not do in 1917, dismember Germany; and that they would get a treaty worse than Versailles. Consequently, they have to support the government in fighting, whether they like it or not."

Relative to Hitler's influence in foreign countries, Father Hoever stated that "this power is obtained primarily by sending representatives of the Nazi government into a country, Poland, for instance to strike up national socialist ideas among the population. It grows and grows, until the people of that country are tricked into believing that the Hitler policies are omnipotent. Dissension arises among the populace. Some believe Hitler is their only safety; finally a majority believe it. Then, as has happened many times, Der Fuehrer gains great strength in those nations. He did this in the Sudeten land, Czechoslovakia and Poland. He cannot be trusted."

Answering our question as to a possible successor to Hitler if something were to happen to him, Father Hoever commented that the people of Germany were of the opinion that Himmler, chief

of the secret police, would take control of the Nazi government.

"The United States has no reason at all to fight Hitler or to engage in the present crisis. And I believe, if the correct steps are taken at the right time, we will be free from all European entanglements."—James G. Newland.

Classes Shortened

The Rev. J. Leonard Carrico, C.S.C., director of studies, has announced that the following short-class schedule will prevail on Saturdays when Notre Dame plays football at home:

First period 8:00 to 8:35
Second period 8:45 to 9:20
Third period 9:30 to 10:05
Fourth period10:15 to 10:50

World Fraternalism is Cure for War—McMahon

With the whole world subjected to a barrage of propaganda designed to fix the 'war guilt,' the time has come to



Dr. Francis McMahon

examine the basic cause of war. In the opinion of Dr. Francis E. McMahon, professor of philosophy at Notre Dame, it is not opposing ideological doctrines but "unbridled Nationalism or the idolatry of one's own state at the expense of others that is the fundamental cause of the present European conflict." No state today is wholly free of this cancerous growth on society.

[Dr. McMahon last year published a monograph entitled, "A Thomistic Analysis of Peace," which sought to evaluate our present concept of peace in accordance with the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas. He also served as vice-president of the Catholic Association for International Peace.]"

In the words of Dr. McMahon, "war and the threat of war are inevitable, unless nations divest themselves of national pride and agree on some concrete proposals for the settlement of quarrels by peaceful methods."

For a solution of this problem so vital to all of us, Dr. McMahon suggests that "only a world society of some kind, embracing all nations, can do away with

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The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

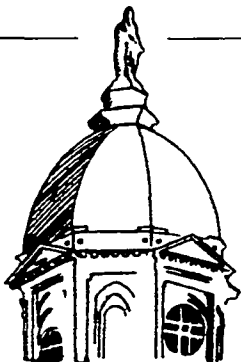
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Across the Editor's Desk

A Penny Saved . . .

PROBABLY no campus generation has come of draftable age with a less romantic attitude towards war than ours. If there was one common sentiment voiced by college students the country over whom we met this summer, it was this: "Let Congress and the President tangle us in that European mess again and they can do their own fighting. Count us out—we like everybody."

If there was one general rejoinder from older listeners who fought in the last war, it was: "Wait till you hear the bugles blow and watch the troops parade. You'll enlist to make the world safe for democracy just like we did."

Perhaps they were correct. Precedent is on their side. Enlistments were heavy from every college campus when the United States entered the World War. But we believe the experience of that war has taught this college generation one thing: every nationalistic state in Europe—which is to say every European state—has but one interest in these United States—in the vernacular, "How much can we do her for?"

It has been that way ever since we became free of England. The British, who now denounce the Nazis as "treaty breakers" were in no hurry to redeem their pledge to leave our rich northwest fur-trapping regions after the Revolutionary War. They were driven out in 1814. The British, who now bewail the Nazis slogan, "Might Makes Right," swept our merchant marine from the seas before our navy became strong. Was it the British who outfitted the *Alabama*

and other Confederate ironclads to prey on Union ships during the Civil War?

The French, who currently are horrified by Hitler's strongarm tactics, were running all over Europe themselves, under Napoleon, just a few years back. The French, who now bemoan Hitler's conquest of smaller nations, attempted to set up the puppet emperor, Maximilian, on the Mexican throne at a time when the United States was weakened internally by the Civil War.

It is plainly written across the face of history that the English and the French—who would now pose as our bosom friends—were guided in all their diplomatic relations solely by political expediency.

Nor do we favor the Germans or the Russians. Their ideologies are repugnant to all we thought we were fighting for in the last war. No American—certainly no Catholic—can condone the policies of Hitler or Stalin.

Looking over the European lineup, even casually, we see no reason why the United States should choose sides; we see no reason why the United States should be forced to choose sides.

That "If England falls, we fall, too" argument fails by three thousand miles of ocean. Suppose England and France should fall. Could Hitler keep them prostrate? We read he is troubled already by rebelling Czechs. He would find it even more difficult to police subjugated English and French. There would be few available troops to send abroad—nor could he turn his attention too far west without feeling the attack

of Stalin from the east . . . the nations of Europe will always find enough trouble close at home without venturing abroad to seek more.

Only the gullibility typical of American diplomats in the past can draw us into a war in which we have no logical part. That is why every American college student is vitally interested in the actions of Congress, and the President, who now are considering a possible revision of our Arms Embargo Act.

We can do nothing to shape their opinions. We must trust to their sense of conscience. They have both the ability and the means to settle the question adequately. The retention, or the repeal, of the Embargo is important to us only in so far as it is the means to keep us from war.

There has been much talk of ten billion dollars in gold credits which can be ours if we sell munitions to France and England. We hope that consideration will not be a motivating one in the decision of Congress.

Congress should consider one point. Each one of us represents—at a conservative, cold-cash estimate—a \$5,000 investment to our parents off our four college years alone. By that standard our campus might be valued in excess of \$150,000. What price the college students of the nation?

A penny saved is a penny earned. If gold should be the motivating force in Congress' decision one question must be asked. Which is worth the more?

Ten billion dollars in gold? Ten billion dollars in life?—WILLIAM C. FAY.

Let's Go, Frosh!

TONIGHT over in the gym another great pep rally will send another Notre Dame team on the way. To most students the rally will be a familiar harbinger of Irish victories to come. To the Class of 1943 it will be a new and thrilling experience, because it's an experience you can't get anywhere else. You've heard a lot, Frosh, about an undefinable something called the Spirit of Notre Dame. But it's been a legend to you, something associated with stories of Rock and the Gipper, something you've loved without ever really knowing it. Tonight it's all going to change, Frosh, because when you pile in with the gang behind the band the Victory March is going to become YOUR song, and Johnny Kelly's team is going to become YOUR team! We've all got a date at the gym tonight! Come over and make yourself at home!—DONALD A. FOSKETT.

Ascending the Vulcan

By Robert W. Blake

Orizaba was nothing more than an exotic name to us when we decided that we ought to climb the tallest mountain in Mexico. I met Dietrich, a Yale oarsman, at the Alamo in Texas and together we went to Mexico and climbed Popocatepetl by mistake.

It was only then that we heard of Orizaba standing a full thousand feet taller some 250 miles over toward Vera Cruz. But Dietrich had gotten deathly sick on Popo and would have none of Orizaba. He was six feet, three inches tall, and, he claimed, too mountainous himself to climb mountains. After a week in Mexico City, he caught the train north to Laredo, and at the same time I took another train east to the town of Orizaba.

Once I got there, no one seemed to know anything about the mountain I had come to climb, so all day long I sat in the top of a tall tree on a hill overlooking the town trying to catch a glimpse of the mountain, and contemplating the depressive effect that rain clouds have on adventurers far from home. At length I gave the Vulcan de Orizaba up as either lost or nonexistent, and climbed down from my comfortable tree to wander in the market-place.

There was a little side-show tent standing in the cathedral square which advertised a singing serpent with a lady's head. I was curious and paid ten centavos to discover that the serpent was a very beautiful senorita who was standing behind triangular mirrors so that only her head showed. I laughed and she laughed—until the serpent could scarcely sing. She came out of the tent after her act and greeted me in English. I fell in love with her immediately. But it was a futile affection for every five minutes she had to crawl back in the tent and become a serpent again.

I did find out from her, however, that there was an English speaking clerk in the Hotel de France who could give me some information about the location of the Vulcan. It was from the clerk that I later discovered that the town of Orizaba was no where near the mountain of Orizaba, and that I would have to take the train two hours back toward Mexico City, to the mountain village of Esperanza. I caught the train that night and arrived in Esperanza at the silent hour of one the next morning. I was still in

the wrong place to climb, and after hiring a '28 Dodge truck, I was driven to the little village of San Antonio upon the very shank of the mountain.

By two o'clock that afternoon I was organized with one horse and guide, and started up the mountain. We spent the night at the timberline, huddled without blankets around a roaring fire in a cave high on a canyon wall.

At three o'clock in the morning with the full moon still steep in the sky, we arose, and crawled out of the canyon

Flatbush Chiniserie

*Madame is like rare porcelain,
Frail porcelain of the many-summered
Mings;
Hair thick and lacquered,
filled with slanting, little fires;
Eyes with the measured coolness of jade,
Or twin stones polished with many
waters flowing,
Green with the touch of young reeds in
spring;
Hands like pale wings of lotus unfolding,
or the white beating of doves against
the blue enamel of the plums.*

*Ah oui,
Madame is like porcelain,
translucent... hollow,
Ringing brightly like a cymbal
To the slightest touch.*

—MARCEL SMITH.

upon the bare back of the mountain. It was a frigid climb that night over the moon-lit snow. The air was still with a vacant cold. Empty silence held the mountain. On that great mass only we two, and our stark shadows beneath us, moved. Below, clouds, blue with the reflection of the night, filled the world to the brim. They flowed with the wind like an ice-filled stream. They poured between mountain ranges and spilled like milk into remote valleys.

We climbed for hours watching the moon settle... climbed above the minor peak of Tordesillas and finally cleared the last ridge of the Sierra. I could look out toward the west, and there two hundred miles across the tops of the clouds

glowed Popocatepetl, a perfect white cone in the sky. With a full moon on its head it looked like the laquered painting on a Japanese tray. Only once again during the climb did I see "Popo." I stood and watched the first red rays of the sunrise strike its crown and set it burning like a furnace in the heavens. It was good to be able to say then that that mountain so far across the clouds was mine.

The ascent of Orizaba went on. The sun came up, and the guide pointed to the top of the mountain and said, "You go on; me stay here." So I went on alone, but paradoxically the guide followed. At length I heard him shout, and saw him perched on a tall rock pointing toward the east and laughing. Over the shoulder of the mountain great grey clouds were washing in. The guide called to me to come down, lest I get lost in the dark and the fog. He thought his job was done. But instead of going down I called him up and sat back in the snow and thought it my turn to laugh. He muttered a lot of something in Spanish. I did not understand what he was saying, but I yelled, "Si, si," and motioned him to come on. I was to find out later with a little ire to what I had agreed by my "Si, si-ing." I did not know then and climbed on chuckling like a wiseacre.

The remainder of the ascent is but a dim memory of appalling labor and of a guide making excuses to go down. As we mounted, the pitch of the slope steepened, the snow grew deeper and the air thinner and thinner. Nearly suffocating for want of oxygen and half blind, each step became heart-bursting travail. Clouds smothered us and rain swept the slopes. But neither the clouds nor the rain could mitigate the vicious heat of the sun. Its fierce, darting rays pierced the clouds and gleamed with dazzling brightness on the snow and in our faces and our eyes. We wore black glasses and I had to wrap my face in a woolen scarf. It was like breathing in a mask.

The crust of the snow softened; and every few steps we sank in it to our knees. For hours we waded in snow, floundering back and forth from drift to drift. Every step we gasped to the bottom of our lungs, and our steps became fewer and fewer until we would have to fall forward on our faces and

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Fast Purdue Backs to Lead Assault On Irish Tomorrow

Layden Expects Team Blocking To Improve

Tomorrow afternoon watch for the Beehive from Purdue. Not insects, but three galloping halfbacks from the Boilermaker squad are the Three Bees—Mike Byelene, Jack Brown, and Lou Brock. One should stand out for his team, win or lose; all three are spark-plugs of a Boilermaker team that will trot 26 lettermen into the Notre Dame Stadium.

Coach Elmer Layden, leisurely sprawled in his office chair in Breen-Phillips Hall Wednesday afternoon could hear a slight buzzing from down Lafayette way. But Brown, Brock, and Byelene are not his only worries. Other lettermen give Purdue an added edge over the Irish. However, the general direction of Layden's conversation was turned toward the weakness and strength shown by the varsity against the Freshmen last Saturday. Strangely lacking the proverbial downcast look of a head coach, the Thin Man commented:

"Against the Freshmen last week the squad showed a fine running attack. McGannon found himself. His case of fumbleitis failed to show up in that game. Sure recovery from that plague, and Billy should prove one of our best bets against Purdue. Sheridan's injury has apparently disappeared. The other backs performed more than satisfactorily.

"However, there was an obvious weakness offensively last Saturday. That weakness was in the blocking department. A few times Freshmen linemen broke through to spill our halfbacks behind the line. A few times is too many. With improvement along the lines of blocking and tackling, we should give Purdue plenty of trouble.

"This game with Purdue is especially important in this sense. To beat such an outstanding team at the season's outset will be a great incentive for the following games on the schedule. Besides, the game will definitely be a test of our club's ability to think in tight spots, possibly a chance to come from behind to win. Coming through tests such as these will prove the team's all-around strength.

"We've met tough competition before, and came through. This year there is

no reason for thinking it can't be done again."

With this statement, Coach Layden grabbed his hat and headed for the practice field. Out there on Cartier the words, "Block and Tackle" became almost a theme song. A group of aspiring Freshmen running backs danced toward lines of varsity tacklers. Dummies were set up for blocking work; human targets were worked on and over.

And tomorrow, Notre Dame will be out on the field prepared to use that tackling ability on Brown, Byelene, and Brock. Notre Dame will be there to decisively block such sturdy guards as Bykowsky and Carl Perplank, such tackles as Dick Johnson and Al Rossi. The Irish will send three hard hitting teams against the 26 lettermen and Sophomore prospects from Lafayette. To match those three "B's," Notre Dame will have five "S's;" Bob Saggau, Steve Sitko, Harry Stevenson, Ben Sheridan, and the ex officio member, "Slug" McGannon.—John Patterson.

Statistics: Tomorrow's meeting will be the 17th between the two universities. Notre Dame possesses a big edge in the series with ten victories, four defeats, and two tie games. The point-score gives N.D. a margin of 261 points to 170. The most decisive games in the list gave Purdue a 36-0 triumph in 1904, and a 32-0 victory the following season. The most recent contest between the schools found Elmer Layden winning 18-7 in 1934, his first year as Notre Dame head coach.

Iowa Champion Wins Campus Golf Title

John Jacobs of the corn country found out last week-end that there's nothing radically different about Notre Dame's golf course and those back home, so he annexed the title of University Golf champion, adding this to the Iowa State Amateur championship which he won this summer.

Disregarding the custom that Freshmen are to leave the glory to the upper classmen, Jacobs, resident of Brownson Hall, decided he was to be seen and heard. But it was difficult to focus the optics on him because of the whirlwind manner in which he was playing. He shot his last eighteen holes in 68, carding five birdies, and leaving the field in the medal play tournament, four strokes behind.

Another Freshman whom Rev. George Holderith, C.S.C., coach of the golf team, is probably already gloating over, is John Hedges, of Syracuse. He finished in the second notch, four strokes ahead of card-playing William Schaller, of Alumni. Another Freshman, Joseph Matel, of Zahm, finished in a tie for fourth position with George Schreiber, a junior.

Golf Captain Walter Hagen, tied the leader at the end of 36 holes, Phil Donahue, of Alumni, for sixth place.

This was the last tournament of the year at Notre Dame. Father Holderith said the meet this year compared very favorably with those of the past, and said he was especially pleased with the showing of the frosh.

The last eighteen and the total scores of each participant follow: Jacobs, 68, 298; Hedges, 75, 302; Schaller, 72, 306; Matel, 78, 307; Schreiber, 73, 307; Hagen, 74, 309; Donahue, 77, 309; Bob Smith, 81, 316; George Costello, 79, 317;



Saggau Outflanked Army — Can He Circle Purdue?

Bob Bertsch, 73, 317; Charles Green, 84, 318; Sammy Neild, 75, 317; Bob Centlivre, 79, 321; Bob Birchhoff, 86, 326; William McCarthy, 79, 327; Jim Benedict, 88, 341; Ed Aubrey, 89, 341; John Joyce, 95, 371; and William Fisher, 76, 317.—John E. Lewis

Tennis Tournament

Stocky Norman Bernard Heckler, junior tennis player, is attracting the attention and consideration of the other fall tennis tourney entries as a result of his recent victory over Jerry Pavaglio.

Heckler was judged a promising prospect in his freshman year, but dropped out of the tennis picture due to ineligibility. This year, eligible to compete again, he started brilliantly. Playing an easy defensive game he had little trouble in his first two matches.

The early rounds have proceeded as expected, but all contenders are running up against stiff play and before the tournament is completed some upsets may be recorded.

Fifth-round play brings together Bob Sweeney and Red Bowler. These players easily survived opening tests.

A doubles tournament, embracing both freshmen and upper-class divisions, has been proposed by Coach Walter Langford. The date for this tournament will be announced in the near future. Among favorites already signed for the upper-class battle is Heckler teaming with Jack Walsh. Dan Canale defending singles champion, will team with Whit Gregory, and Jack Joyce, junior star, will team with Red Bowler.

Trackmen Prepare for Season without Rice

Before any predictions are made concerning this year's track prospects, it is only fitting that a short tribute be rendered to one of Notre Dame's greatest runners, and that man is Joseph Gregory Rice.

From the day he entered Notre Dame, Greg gave promise of being a great track man. In the National Meet in Los Angeles in his sophomore year, he won the N.C.A.A. two mile event. The next year he began his rapid rise to track fame, climaxing the year by winning the five thousand meter run in Buffalo. Then in his senior year, the chunky, black haired ace really came into his own, when he went to Madison Square Garden and defeated Don Lash in a special invitational two mile race. Last June Greg carried the blue and gold of Notre Dame for the last time in the National Meet in Berkeley, Calif., and as a fitting cli-

Splinters From The Pressbox

by Frank Aubrey

If Elmer Layden isn't holding a pat hand this season, it won't be the dealer's fault, the dealer in this case being a certain New York scribe, who, after conning the Irish mentor's run of luck, decided that Elmer needed a little co-operation. So, to insure a successful time of it for Elmer, he peeped into the cards and discovered that not only was Elmer a fool for luck, but that he had an indisputable, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide paradox on his side. Now all Mr. Layden has to do is sit tight and let the figures take care of his boys, for the figures say—according to the scribe—that in every decade starting with 1909 Notre Dame has had an undefeated football season. Isn't that wonderful! And here we are worrying about that Southern Cal outfit. If 1939's going to be as easy as this, we might as well start planning for 1940 along with the rest of the Democrats.

To go back a little and consider this omniscient paradox — 1909 found the Irish varsity sweeping through their first unbeaten season. They humbled such titans as Olivet and Rose Poly. They shaded the great Yost. They beat Pitt, but shades of Getchell! — they had referee trouble in that age, too. In the words of a hack of the time, "referee so and so showed the most refreshing and naive partiality towards Pitt we have ever heard of." And his crime? No, he didn't mis-count the downs. He walked off 120 yards of Irish penalties. As a result, the Irish were so burned up they played the rest of the game with their rights cocked. One Dwyer, the fleet Dwyer I think it was, pulled the trigger on his. The ref didn't go out, but Dwyer did.

That was the year the 'Catholics' (our pre-war appellation) attracted the attention of the great Walter Camp by trimming Yost's Michigan machine. Sir Walter came way out west for that game. He was impressed, but not convinced — for his 'All-America' of that year remained ivy-clad. Perhaps a slap at Mr. Camp, Notre Dame challenged Yale, also unbeaten, to a post season game. Old Eli shuddered at the very idea.

1919 found the Rock at the helm. On his squad he had some of the greatest of names in Notre Dame history. There was the 'Gipper' leading the attack through nine unbeaten games. At center was 'Slip' Madigan, a lightweight, but a genius at scientific football. 'Slip's' huge lines at St. Mary's are a far-cry from the wiry youngsters who centered

for Rock. Then there was Hunk Anderson, Little-Dutch Bergman, Eddie Anderson—who is shortly to face the Irish at Iowa City, and Buck Shaw, now of Santa Clara. Subs at the time, but later to become renowned were Harry Mehre, Jimmy Phelan, and Chet Wynne. Probably no other football team on record ever had such a galaxy of future coaches. With so many football wizards on one team it is a wonder the team was able to co-operate. But play they did, for they were even then building the second link in the ten-year phenomenon which may take N.D. through this present season.

To continue, in 1929 Rockne's second national champions were on these premises. How could we lose with Carideo, Schwartz, Brill, Savoldi, Elder, O'Connor, and Mullins? And that was only the backfield! All that year Rock was troubled with a leg injury which became critical at times. While he was confined to his bed, he worried about his boys. "What a schedule they had! How would Tom Lieb make out with that line? Savoldi needed coaching. He wasn't getting half his power into his drives. — Oh, there were a thousand things to be seen to! Yet here he was — lying on his back, nursing this leg!" Was Rock worried about the outcome of the season though? Hardly. Why just take a look at the records. How could they lose when they already had had all-winning teams on two decades? One more winning season and they could keep the cup. — Nope. Rock wasn't worried about the record, but about his boys. He didn't want them to get bad legs like his, and except for Tim Moynihan who broke his against the Army, nobody broke a bone. The record? The team won nine straight.

So now we can easily see that all Elmer has to worry about from now on is Thesing's nose, Kelly's leg, Peipul's elbows, and Benny's foot — especially Benny's foot.

Picking Splinters:

Notre Dame over Purdue
Southern Cal over Oregon
Colgate over N.Y.U.
Rice over Vanderbilt
Mississippi over L.S.U.
Oklahoma over Southern Methodist
Nebraska over Indiana
Texas Christian over U.C.L.A.
Stanford over Oregon State
The Yanks in Five Games

Introducing *by Pete Sheehan*

When Benjamin Mason Sheridan's football activities were confined to the corner lots and back yards of Havana, Ill., he used to tell his pals about a star left halfback at Alton Military Academy. That gridder was William Sheridan, Benny's father. It is now the elder Sheridan's turn to talk and, if we may make a prediction, he will not be at a loss for words because Benny's gridiron exploits this year should make interesting conversation.

Benny won 12 letters at Havana Community High where he starred in football, basketball, and track. In '35, his senior year, he was awarded the left halfback post on the all-State eleven.

Illinois residents became aware of his sensational ball carrying ability when he returned a punt for 60 yards and a touchdown in a high school contest. The play was called back and Havana was penalized five yards for an offside. The opponents punted again and Benny duplicated his previous feat by wriggling his way through the entire team and crossing the goal line unmolested. This time both squads were offside. Then the fans went wild as Benny grabbed the third kick, scampered down the sidelines and—at last—scored a touchdown.

Benny sustained a leg injury in his sophomore year and was forced to spend the season on the sidelines. Last year he got off to a fast start against Kansas and led his team until he injured an arch against Illinois after he had caused the Illini plenty of anxiety. He saw little action until the Army game, in which he gave the Cadets a lesson in ball toting. Against Minnesota, Sheridan was injured immediately after he entered the contest and saw little service thereafter.

Track activities didn't do Benny much good. In his sophomore year he dislocated his elbow while pole vaulting. Last spring he gave track another try but he couldn't shake the jinx for his leg injuries were aggravated.

Last year Benny spent his spare time playing checkers with his prefect, Rev.

Thomas J. Brennan, C.S.C. The latter holds all the victories, but our halfback's ambition is to trim Father Brennan before June rolls around.

Last Saturday afternoon a good-sized crowd sat down in the stadium to watch the Frosh test Elmer Layden's varsity eleven. But a good many were there for more than that—specifically, to see if Sheridan was the Sheridan of old. And when Benny twisted and dodged and ran



28 yards through the eleven bewildered Freshies to a touchdown, the legions of Irish followers went home well satisfied that the blond whirlwind is as dangerous as ever.

Tomorrow afternoon will see the long-awaited and much-publicized battle between the B-men of Purdue and the S-men of Notre Dame. Right in the thick of that battle will be number 12, Sheridan of the Irish, because he likes it where the going's toughest!

Statistics: Born in Chicago on Feb. 4, 1917. His family moved to Havana two weeks afterwards and, of course, Benny went along. Weight, 165 pounds, height, 5' 8½". A Senior in Physical Education, Little Ben will be graduated with honors in June.

max to a great college career, won the two mile run in 9:02.

This year Nick and his boys must go on without the services of their captain of 1939, but sparked by Ted Leonas, leader of this year's track team, the outlook is fairly bright. Especially is this true in the dashes. Back from last year in this event, there is Steve Coughlin, of whom in this, his senior year, great things are expected, and it would not be too much of a surprise if Steve tied the field house record this winter in the 60-yard dash. Also in this event there is Bob Saggau of football fame, who has proved himself a track man of no mean ability, and Rube Marquardt, Bill Buenger, Fritz Sheets, and Bill Tucker, who showed much promise until he was injured in the spring.

The weight events were completely decimated by graduation but the pole vault looks strong with the retiring John Dean averaging better than 13 feet, ably supported by the rapidly improving Bob Schlayer, who will have this year the experience he lacked last season.

Leonas and O'Reilly will provide two of the best high jumpers in the business, and Hank Halpin, Kenny Collins, Ace Rogers and Ray Roy, a sophomore, will handle the duties in the quarter mile quite handily.

The distance men, as mentioned last week, are engaged in getting into shape for the cross country season.

Fencers Report Soon

Notre Dame fencers, under the leadership of their new coach, Professor Walter M. Langford, who succeeded Pedro de Landero, will begin preparatory drills early in October. Activities for the first few weeks will be limited to conditioning drills, followed by actual contact work in preparation for the opening match in January.

With five swordsmen missing from last year's squad, Coach Langford is none too optimistic. Several promising men are returning, however, and according to the new mentor the team should give a good account of itself after the season gets under way.

Although the season is too distant for any legitimate prognosticating, indications are the team will be up to the standard set by last year's squad, which enjoyed a highly successful season.

As yet no schedule has been announced for the coming campaign.

Donahue Sets Record

Gather 'round, all you would-be golfers and listen to the story of what Mr. Phil Donohue of Alumni Hall did to par on the University course last Saturday afternoon. He banged his way around the

first nine holes in just 31 strokes, five under par!

"Just managed to stay out of trouble, and my putter was pretty hot," was all the modest Phil would say about the feat that would send the ordinary golfer into weeks of discourse.

Fact remains though, that it was Phil Donohue who held the course record of 67 on the old course when par was 72. In regard to his Saturday score, he said he might have had a 29 but for two putts that bounced off the back rim of the cup. His score included five birdies and four pars.

Johnny Jacobs and Bill Schaller "also played," so they are the men to see if anyone doubts Phil's score.

"B" Team Works Hard

Without the cheering of the crowds urging them on, the 60 man Notre Dame "B" squad has been working hard since

Sept. 14, in preparation for their opener at Notre Dame with Northwestern on Oct. 7. Other teams waiting to test the Irish "B" squad are: University of Illinois "B" squad at Notre Dame on Friday Oct. 13; St. Francis College of Loretto, Penn., on Oct. 29 and Purdue University "B" team at Lafayette, on Nov. 11.

Coach Bill Cerney said there is still time to come out and work with the boys for a berth on the "B" team.

Interhall Athletics

The Student Activities Council voted not to stage an Interhall sports program during the fall months, President Harry Boisvert announced this week. Lack of equipment was given as the reason for this decision. However, later in the semester, the regular winter program of ping-pong, basketball, swimming, diving, handball, squash and later softball, will be started. No touch-football leagues will be formed this season.

MUSIC NOTES

The band—a musical organization of which all students, faculty members and friends of Notre Dame will be justly

proud, and one of which the most capable critics will speak with praise. Such will be the quality of the 1939 Notre Dame Band.

This will be the largest band ever to parade for Notre Dame. One



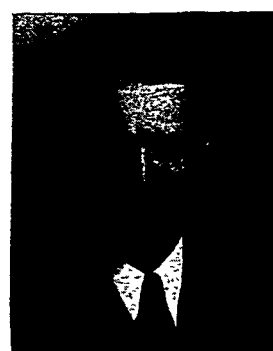
Prof. Casasanta hundred twenty members are centering their attention on those elements which make a band outstanding. This year's band will be a concert band capable of marching with military perfection. The band will march with precision, and it will play with fullness and depth and harmonic balance.

The increased instrumentation will include the addition of a second bell-lyre, four new French horns, six more trombones, more bases, drums and trumpets.

The repertoire has been greatly augmented. A new arrangement of "Tiger Rag," "The Beer Barrel Polka, and a brilliant new fanfare are the most noteworthy.

All of this can be traced to the very capable and energetic Professor Joseph Casasanta. Joe has been a part of the Notre Dame music department for exactly 20 years. During this period his efforts have constantly been directed to-

ward the advancement of the department. He adds each group of new men to his tremendous accumulation of friendships. In whatever he does he is a true model of Notre Dame manliness.



Al Kessing is this year's band president. The other officers are John O'Brien, vice president; Dick Karr, secretary; and Willis Walker, business manager. These men are planning various social activities such as smokers, Communion breakfasts, and perhaps a formal dance.

Those who read this column will know what to expect Saturday, but all others who attend the Purdue game will be pleasantly surprised. They will see the finest mass of marching musicians ever to represent Notre Dame.

THE STARTING LINEUPS

FIRST TEAMS

Notre Dame		Purdue	
42	Kerr Left End	22	Rankin Left End
84	Gallagher Left Tackle	60	Potter Left Tackle
55	DeFranco Left Guard	86	Bykowski Left Guard
68	McIntyre Center	45	Morningstar Center
66	Gubanich Right Guard	66	Melton Right Guard
70	Harvey Right Tackle	53	L. Johnson Right Tackle
18	J. Kelly (Capt.) Right End	27	Mackiewicz Right End
8	Sitko Quarterback	87	Hennis Quarterback
34	Saggau Left Half	90	Brown Left Half
23	Zontini Right Half	99	Byelene Right Half
33	Thesing Fullback	32	DeWitte Fullback

SECOND TEAMS

Notre Dame		Purdue	
24	Biagi Left End	47	Britt Left End
73	Brutz Left Tackle	77	A. Rossi Left Tackle
57	P. Kelly Left Guard	20	Aronson Left Guard
81	Mooney Center	43	Petry Center
50	Riffle Right Guard	92	Verplank Right Guard
75	Lillis Right Tackle	80	R. Johnson Right Tackle
47	O'Brien Right End	33	Krause Right End
4	Kelleher Quarterback	38	Montague Quarterback
63	McGannon Left Half	89	Galvin Left Half
44	Crimmins Right Half	78	Welsch Right Half
71	Piepul Fullback	32	Petty Fullback

Officials: Referee, James Masker, Northwestern; Umpire, Ernie Vick, Michigan; Head Linesman, W. D. Knight, Dartmouth; Field Judge, R. W. Finsterwald, Syracuse.

The game will be broadcast by the Columbia Broadcasting System, the Mutual Broadcasting System, the National Broadcasting Company, and Station WBAA, at Lafayette, Indiana.

Time of game, 2:00 p.m., C.S.T.; Expected attendance, 45,000.

OUR DAILY BREAD

LITURGY

The Altar is Christ! The full-length picture of Christ in the gospels shows him ever ministering to the multitude. He is both center and circumference, teaching, healing, forgiving sins. "I will not leave you orphans," (John: 14, 18) he holds his disciples in his last discourse to them.

Then in the Cenacle and on Calvary he made good that promise. In both sacrament and sacrifice he established a perpetual memorial of himself with the commission to renew it to the ends of the earth and to the end of time. Through various evolutions from a simple table to the tombs of the martyrs to the resplendent forms in stately cathedrals the altar has come down to us. The church building as such is to house the altar.

We cannot think of religion without a sacrifice and we cannot think of a sacrifice without an altar. It is the center, the focal point of the Christian life. Around it presses the multitude to receive healing, nourishment, forgiveness, to hear from it through the lips of his consecrated ministers the very words of Christ himself. It is the first point of attack of reformers and world conquerors. "Have confidence," said Christ, "I have overcome the world." (John: 16, 33). Every upturned, desecrated, blood-drenched altar speaks to us today in the same convincing accents.

Mass Calendar: October 1-7

Sunday, 1—18th after Pentecost. Sd. 2d prayer, St. Remigius, Bishop Confessor. 3rd the Saints (*A cunctis*) 4th Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

Monday, 2—The Holy Guardian Angels. Gd. Mass proper. 2d prayer, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. Credo.

Tuesday, 3—St. Teresa of the Infant Jesus. Virgin. db. Mass proper. 2d prayer, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

Wednesday, 4—St. Francis of Assisi. Confessor. Gd. Mass proper. 2d prayer, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

Thursday, 5—Sts. Placidus and Companions. Martyrs. Sm. Mass: *Salus* (Common). 2d prayer, the Saints (*A cunctis*). 3d Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. V.R.

Friday, 6—St. Bruno. Confessor. Db. Mass: *Os justi* (Common). Prayer proper. 2d prayer, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

Saturday, 7—The Most Holy Rosary. Db. 2cl. 2d prayer, St. Mark, Bishop, Confessor. 3d St. Sergius and Companions, Martyrs. Credo. Preface of the Blessed Virgin.

VINCENTIANS

During the past week this observer has been stealing off at intervals into another age—the world and its accomplishments and failures of the late sixteenth and of the seventeenth centuries as described vividly and most interestingly in *The Mantle of Mercy* by Leo Weismantel (The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, 1939). There was a world to challenge the man inspired to direct his own life and the lives of his fellows to their final end! This was a time when materialism in its most terrible phases flourished and was conquered.

France found herself rent with the bickerings of petty nobles, uprising following uprising. The reason for the troubles? It is not easy to say. Nevertheless, there was one factor that certainly contributed to the unrest. Unscrupulous individuals were feeding upon the fat of the land; many priests sought appointments only for the benefices to be received. Here again a repetition of the old story: the marvel of it is that the Church stood up under these conditions. Anything less than a divine institution would have crumbled. Neglect for the welfare of the congregation and brethren followed the insatiable thirst for material gain until the people lost confidence in their pastors.

Imagine then the expectancy of these neglected ones awaiting the new pastor. This one was to be Monsier Vincent. His works were known. The sermon and first Mass brought tears into the eyes of the most hardened. Following superiors' orders to leave a certain parish, Monsieur Vincent was accompanied for hours on his journey by throngs who jogged by the carriage. One parishioner, a beggar, refused to part with the hat of the priest who had given away all his possessions. Dire want was preferable to any amount of money for the hat.

Picture a pier at Marseilles when a certain galley ship was to return—a galley ship of the King of France and rowed by men condemned for the more serious crimes. Another ship is to go out—a ship already infested with vermin and reeking with foul odors. Monsieur Vincent is on the pier, and he sees an old lady weeping. Words of consolation drew the story from her: her son is on that ship—her son innocent of the crime that sentences him to the galleys. A wife and little children had been left at home, and the mother was separated from the son upon whom she had depended for her support.

Chaplain of the galleys for the King

because of his outstanding interest in the welfare of the men condemned, Vincent went to the young prisoner, exchanged clothes with him, and took the oar. Forty years of suffering from the wounds received on that journey ended only with death. This was the man whose work inspires the Society of St. Vincent de Paul!—Richard Leo Fallon, Jr.

THEATRE

The Playwrights' Producing Company until last month was composed of Elmer Rice, Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, Robert E. Sherwood and Sidney Howard. Sidney Howard this summer was crushed by a tractor on his farm in Massachusetts. His genius gave Broadway, and consequently the tributary theater, many dramas to do and redo. From his span of 20 active playwriting years emerged such success as "Swords," "Ned McCobb's Daughter," "The Silver Cord," "The Late Christopher Bean," "Lucky Sam McCarver," and the Pulitzer Prize winner of 1924, "They Knew What They Wanted."

Not only as an original dramatist did Mr. Howard secure fame, but also as an adaptor, which is evidenced from the acclaim that met "Dodsworth" and "Yellow Jack." A talent like this is sometimes even more valuable than the ability to create original drama, for such a man brings to the stage the sheer dramatic derivation of a literary piece by devoiding it of glittering description and infinite setting. The playwright thus goes to the core of a novel, as in the instance of "Dodsworth," strips away the fruit and presents this core to the actor. The actor in reverse procedure, with the core common to himself and the novelist, as a starting point, blossoms a new fruit according to his much more limited means. Hence the adaptor acts as mediator between the novelist and the actor by finding the common denominator of artistic expression, i.e. dramatic content in both fields. This service of the playwright demands an expert; and truly Sidney Howard was an expert.

Here is what Mr. Howard has to say of the playwright's position in a world of letters. Perhaps this contention springs from a show of humility, perhaps from an undying love for the theater, or perhaps both. Whatever matters little. It is logical, it is an opinion, and it is worthy of contemplation. Says Sidney Howard:

"Put a playwright among real literary men and he cuts a sorry figure. . . . Let me explain that. A man sets out to write a story. If he is a novelist, he puts it all

down on paper. If he is a dramatist, he puts a very little of it down and calls upon actors to do his work for him. The novelist prefers writing to anything; the dramatist prefers acting to anything. The drama does not spring from a literary impulse but from a love of the brave, ephemeral, beautiful art of acting. When such a love becomes the obsession of genius, then great plays are written and great dramatists appear, as Ibsen, Shakespeare and Chekhov appeared."

In the memory of Mr. Sidney Howard, erstwhile most active playwright of our day, the Playwrights' Company has offered an award of \$1500 annually for the best first play by an American author produced on Broadway. In that prize the most cherished dream of Mr. Howard will remain living... to foster the cause of our struggling young American playwright.—Vernon Witkowski.

DISC - CUSSION

The top dance recording of the week seems to be Dick Jurgens' "I Knew Then." Featuring an excellent vocal by Composer Eddy Howard, the record is selling as fast as the same pair's "Last Goodby." Howard, who has a rare combination of voice and style, also sings the other side: "Lilacs in The Rain." The latter, based on the third movement of Peter De Roses' "Deep Purple," isn't being plugged yet but should get popular. (Vocalion)

Hal Kemp's recording of "What's New" outclasses the other attempts on the vocal arrangement of Bob Crosby—Bob Haggart's "I'm Free." Nan Wynn interprets Johnny Burke's lyrics more than satisfactorily. "What Goes on Be-

hind Your Eyes" is good—if you like Kemp. (Victor)

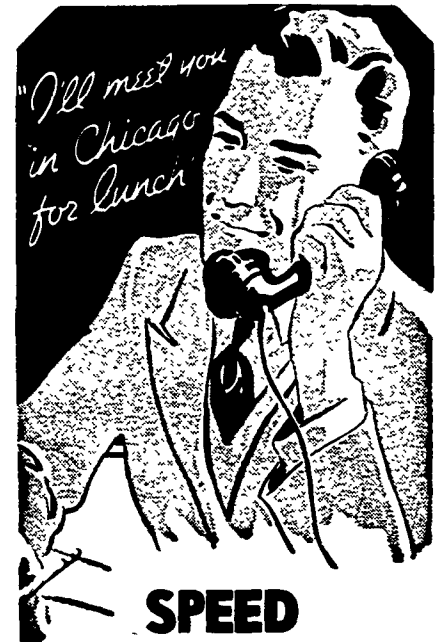
Disappointment of the week is Glenn Miller's "Blue Orchids." The record begins well, but after a poor vocal by Ray Eberle, Miller, as usual, forgets that he is playing a slow number and jams through. "Baby Me" is as good as could be expected. (Blue Bird)

Eddie Duchin revives Cole Porter's "What is This Thing Called Love" (required listening for Sophomores) in an arrangement much like that of Leo Rise-man. If you can stand the monotony of Duchin's piano and "I Must Have One More Kiss, Kiss, Kiss," and if the Book Store left you with half a dollar, you might try it. (Columbia)

You might, too, add another half to it and get some pre-Goodman music: "Clare de Lune" (De Bussey) and "Valse Triste" (Sibelius) by the Victor Concert orchestra. Two beautiful and familiar classics are recorded tastefully. Another classic recorded not so tastefully but enjoyably is Tchaikowski's "None But the Lonely Heart" as interpreted by Emery Deutch. Paired with "Troika" the disc is something a little bit away from tavern swing.—Bill Geddes.

RADIO

Although the first program of the year is still two weeks away, the members of the Radio Club are already busy, auditioning new men and completing the reorganization, outlined by Studio Manager Raymond Kelly, at the first meeting. The old offices of president, vice-president, and secretary have been abandoned in favor of a set-up more closely approximating that of a full time station. Under the studio manager are va-



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the Toys — Shilkret — Victor
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"Babes in Toyland" medley —
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tor Salon Group.

"Sweethearts" medley — While
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rious departments, each devoted to one certain phase of radio work. The departmental heads that have been announced thus far include Jack White and Vern Schneider, script-writing; Vern Witkowski, dramatics; and Jack McDevitt, sound effects.

Besides putting in features, familiar to every campus listener, such as the "Faculty Talk," Music of the Masters" and the "Periscope," the members of the club intend reviving the "Little Jamboree," the Saturday night program that Phil McHugh made so popular two years ago, as well as inaugurating a new feature, the "Radio Stage," a half hour, weekly dramatic production.

Membership in the Radio club is still open to all, Freshman as well as Senior. The only requirements are a lively interest in radio work and a willingness to sacrifice time and energy that the best interests of the Radio club may be served.

Cuckoo Cuckoo . . .

Cock an attentive ear, boys, while I tell you a story about Louis (Six Alarm) Meconi, a rabid collector of clocks. Throughout his travels, Lou has been adding to his collection until now some

forty-odd timepieces—all with alarms—call 304 Sorin "home."

In the good old days (well . . . about a week ago) they were strewn around the room in happy confusion, but now, now they are all carefully and compactly packed in a cardboard box, safely hidden far under his bed. The reason? Here it is:

One evening the boys were enjoying a bull session in Six Alarm's room. In the midst of a violent discussion, Lou was called away for several minutes. The moment he left, the others galvanized into action.

Each one grabbed several clocks, wound frantically, and then placed them strategically around the room. When finally there were metal demons in every corner, under the bed, on top of the locker, and lining the window sill, the unsuspecting tenant returned. All went on as before, and all retired to their rooms at eleven.

At exactly 3:30 the next morning, the ringing of an alarm caused Lou to jump from his bed to silence the offender. As soon as that was done, another began, then another and another, until bedlam reigned. Meconi swished from one side of the room to the other, from end to end, and up and down until he spun like a whirling dervish. As soon as one stopped, two more took up the cry. This continued until all forty of the pests had had their fling.

By then it was 4:30 and all thought of further sleep had fled.



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Asked if he had any idea who his tormenters were, Six Alarm Lou (his sobriquet now earned) smiled and ran a wet thumb along the blade of a dirk. "I have an excellent idea who they are," he said.

"Do you have any plans for revenge?"

A homicidal gleam entered his dark eyes. "I am perfecting the practical joke of the year!" he gloated, tightening his grip on the weapon. "I'll show them. But, wait. You said 'revenge.'" With the innocence of an adder he chuckled.

"Revenge! Why! How silly! Of course not."

Then he motioned to me to examine the dirk. "Frankly, what do you think of it?" he asked.

"Frankly," I didn't like it. But my friend the clock-salesman will have to read this to find out. Because I didn't wait to tell him, myself.

Questionnaire

Following are questions submitted to American college students by students of a French Catholic University. What is your answer?

1. What interests you most for the moment, sports, movies, studies, girls, etc.? What worries you most at the present time?

2. What does a girl mean to you: amusement, friend, or human being worthy of a particular respect? Has purity before marriage any human value? Do you accept easily the risk of being definitely tied to one girl when you get married and do you want to have many children?

3. Is the United States still a place for pioneers? Are you one, today, and if so how? Do you care especially whether you live in the locality where you have grown up? Would you prefer going elsewhere? Where and why?

4. Do you consider the difficulty of finding a job natural? What is responsible for that difficulty? What is to be done about it?

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5. What do you expect to get out of your job? Just money?

6. If you are not forced to get a job, would you like to study further? If so, what? What do you get out of your leisure time? And what could you? Are poetry and music simply amusements to you? Do they have any cultural value?

Movie Saturday Night Stars Rogers, Astaire

Acclaimed as one of the finest movies of 1939, "Vernon and Irene Castle," starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, will be the feature picture in Washington Hall tomorrow night. "The March of Time" will also be shown. Performances will be at 7:00 and 9:00 p.m.

About Red Cross

How does the Red Cross affect the colleges and universities of America? That question is pertinent in view of the forthcoming Annual Roll Call which, as in the past, will be held from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving. Stated succinctly, in colleges and universities throughout the country the Red Cross is making it possible for students to enjoy life more thoroughly and is also



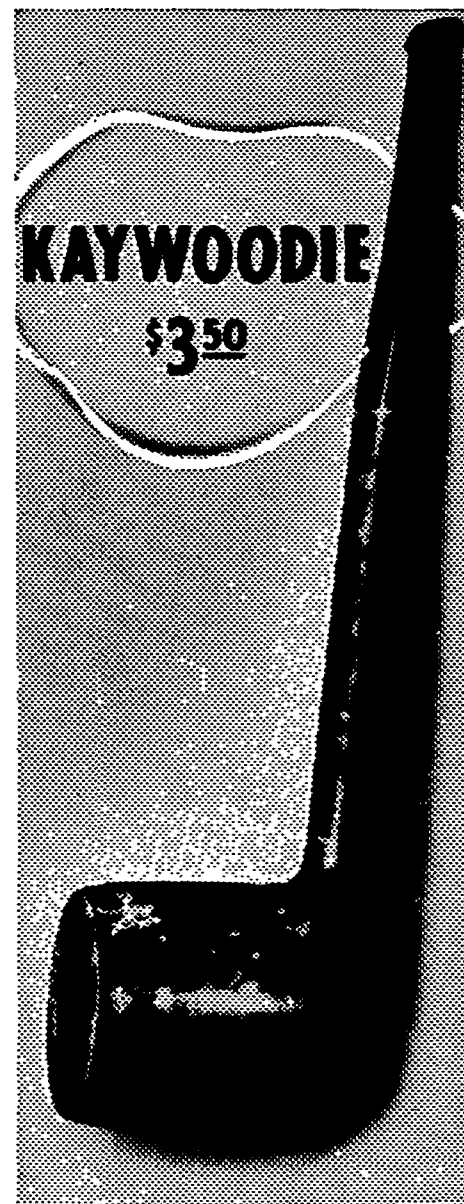
THE HUDDLE

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Followers of all sports, and especially those which take their devotees away from centers of population such as skiing, mountaineering, hiking and camping have found first aid invaluable in making their pleasure safer.

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Ascending the Vulcan

(Continued from Page 11)

burn holes in the snow with fevered breath. In the rare air an unbearable sleepiness plagued me and the guide kept calling. The climb went on for endless hours—in the deep snow, under the fierce sun, behind the suffocating scarf. We seemed to get nowhere. All the snow looked the same. The summit was not even in sight.

I did not think it possible to reach the top. Every step I felt as if I would succumb to the elements. I was so numb with the monotonous agony of the climb—step after step—that the alpen-stock kept slipping from my fingers. Seventeen steps—I counted them over and over—was all I could take and then I would feel the mountain sickness in my throat and would have to drop down to rest.

The guide kept asking, did I want to go back, did I want to go back? Until I shouted at him that I'd not go back as long as I could move. He plagued me with the question. I think it was his question and the lies he told me about the distance to the top that drove me on. I kept climbing, waiting till mountain sickness should finally give me an excuse to go down. I was still waiting when suddenly I emerged from a cloud at the brink of a precipice and knew I was at the crater. Far along the rim and above I could see the iron cross that marked the summit.

I wanted to drop my alpen-stock and run to it. But for all of me, seventeen steps was still all I could take before I had to drop on my knees to rest. It was like running in a dream. It took me a half hour to go the last 100 yards. By the time I reached the top I was staggering so badly that more than once the guide thought I was going to fall into the crater. But at length I gained the cross, sat down on it, hung my head be-

tween my knees, and blew clouds of tired breath.

There I sat taller than Rainier, taller than Whitney, taller even than the Matterhorn by four thousand feet; taller than Mount Blanc, and taller than Elbrus, taller than anything in Europe or Mexico, or the United States and all I could do was curse the superior energy of the person that packed up the pipe to make the cross upon which I sat. I felt I had done well to pack myself up.

18,696 feet high. . . . I thought I ought to be able to see from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, from the Empire State Building to Anconagua. But when I raised my head all I could see was clouds. The floor of the world was flooded with them. They poured like a white precipitate from the Vulcan's slopes, ran into every valley and filled it deeper than the mountain tops. Here and there out of the level sea a thunder-head rose up and bloomed like a mushroom in the sky.

For a half hour on that clear mountain afternoon I sat with my feet over the rim of the crater enjoying the most splendid of mountaineering pleasures, that of bouncing boulders down. The great stones fell in silence for a thousand feet to explode like dynamite on the crater floor. Far across on the other side the echo of the crash would start an avalanche which was followed by another and another.

At length a whistle, twenty miles away in San Andres, blew two o'clock. The guide said, "Down," and for the first time that day I agreed with him. But before I left I did something that changed the whole map of the hemisphere and antedated every geography in print. I took three stones and upon the very top of Orizaba set one upon the other so that now the Vulcan stands to 18,697 feet—a whole foot taller than before.

Going down was easy. I took a little run and slammed on the seat of my pants in the snow and went roaring like a rock down the mountain. I fairly grazed the surface, kicking a fine spray, dragging the ice-axe in a flurry of snow. With my hands and my heels I steered

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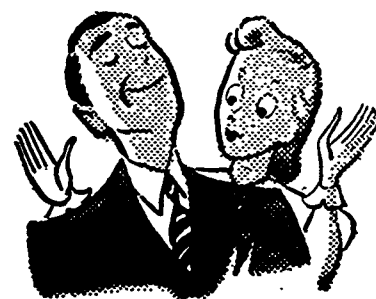
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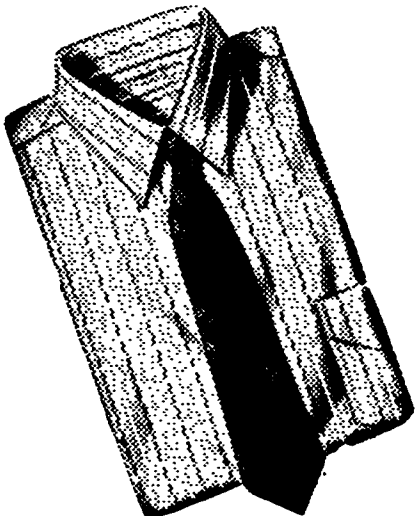
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clear of the rock, turned when the glacier turned, swooped past the ridge I had climbed by, flew over the drifts I had sunk in, and sailed in minutes down the thousands of feet it had taken hours to climb. I shot down the slope through layers of clouds, lost the guide and my ice-axe and finally tumbled out on the rocks at the end of the snow. I got up, felt to see that my pants were still there, and ran like a mountain goat over the rocks the rest of the way down the mountain. The guide came, we found the horse, and made San Antonio by six o'clock.

I was in front of my hotel in San Antonio, taking my knapsack from the pummel, when the guide said, "Five pesos" and held out his hand. I said, "Five pesos? I've already paid you." But he pointed to the mountain. It was then I knew what he had been saying on the mountain early that morning. He had demanded five extra pesos to finish the climb and was now collecting. I thundered at him in English that had I known he would have finished his job or gotten no pesos at all. But he did not understand, and there was no way for me to argue justice to a Spanish speaking Mexican.

I paid him the five pesos. After all,

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McMahon

(Continued from Page 9)

world conflicts." It is obvious that the United States is the least infected of all nations with the malignant virus of Nationalism, because of its unique position as the crucible of all the European races and cultures. The responsibility is ours, so it is only logical that we should take the lead in the formation of such a world society in the very near future.

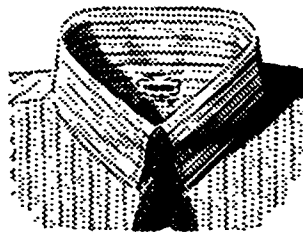
In regard to immediate action on the part of the United States, Dr. McMahon

believes that we should remain "neutral but not indifferent in the present conflict." "We should," he said, "form a neutral bloc with other non-warring states to mitigate as much as possible the horrors of the present war and to work actively for an honorable, just, and charitable peace."

Aware of the fact that war has been waged in some part of the world every minute of the 25 years of "peace" between the First and the Second World Wars, Dr. McMahon ended the interview with a realistic survey of the future. That only two alternatives face the world "Everybody," he said, "should realize—including ourselves—a world society or perpetual warfare."

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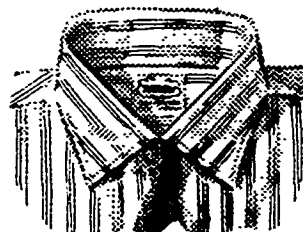
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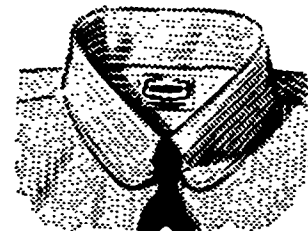
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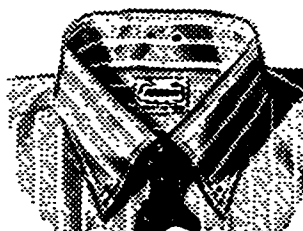
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Gilliland

(Continued from Page 7)

South Shore was pulling out. That's as far as his professional singing career has progressed.

Among his many accomplishments Don has maintained a high average as an Economics major and intends to enter Law school next year. His friends say he's the only one they know who can study philosophy during a "session" in his St. Ed's "reception room."

Don has a fine collection of pipes, reads extensively and receives a great deal of mail. From whom? No one knows. He's very secretive about those things!

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