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Northwestern Rally Tonight

SOMETHING new in the way of pep rally entertainment — fireworks a la Fourth of July—will be on the program this evening when the campus, augmented by game visitors and Cotillion guests, ignites Northwestern game enthusiasm. The Rev. Vice-President J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., will speak. (See page 6)

Reddy Urges "Family Wage"

ONE OF THE great props of family life is an adequate income. Without this income the family falls ready prey to the perverted logic of birth controllers, to the evils of child labor, to the hardships endured by working mothers. (See page 8)

Waldo Emerson, a Pen Portrait

SUDDENLY, with a sharp sweep of his Malacca cane, Emerson slashed across the web. It floated down in quivering, disorganized strands. The spell of the web was broken. And Emerson entered America a man! (See page 12)

Wildcats Hope For Big Upset

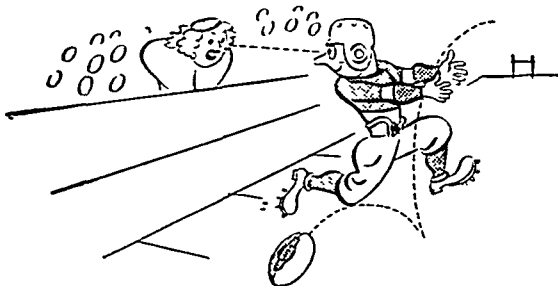
POSSIBILITIES can very well come into realities for Northwestern. Red Hahnenstein, Bill DeCorrevont, and Paul Soper are all potentially great backs. Perhaps tomorrow one or even all of them will be stars. Notre Dame must guard against this threat. (See page 14)



Huddle—From many like it came plans for tonight's Cotillion. Sophomore Class President George Sobek (seated left), General Chairman James Magarahan (seated right), and aides make final arrangements. (See page 5)

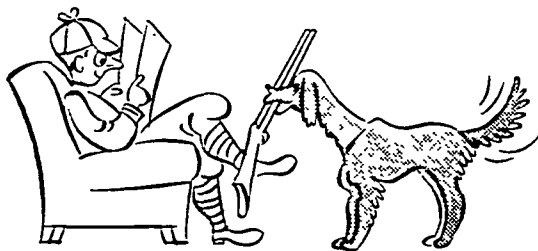
10 WAYS TO HAVE A GOOD TIME FOR 5¢

Any one good time for a nickel would be a bargain. But in this week's Post, you get at least ten kinds of entertainment, and a lot of timely information, all for 5 cents!



1. FOUR-WAY DRAMA. The leading story in this week's Post is recommended for (1) football fans, (2) engaged couples, (3) girls smitten with gridiron stars, and (4) fathers who have sons in love with the wrong girl. Read *Yesterday's Heroes*, by a new Post writer, William Brent.

2. INFORMATION PIECE. Are you annoyed by people who know "all about the war"? You can silence them by revealing the important secret clause in the Rome-Berlin axis agreement. You'll find it in Demaree Bess' article, *Mussolini Prepares for War*. A radio dispatch from Geneva.



3. FUN WITH OUR FOUR-FOOTED PALS. Note to Wives: When you see papa polishing his shotgun, quick—get him Vereen Bell's yarn, *Brag Dog*, to read! He'll end by wanting to own a bird-dog, of course. But you can talk him out of that.

4. HIGH JINKS BETWEEN THE LINES. After the game is over, read Tom Meany's football article, *Dixie Plays for Blood*. Not that the South fights the Civil War all over again, you understand, but what's a kick in the face if the referee isn't looking? Sizzling football stories retold by a sports writer who's watched the stretchers go by!

5. THE WOMAN IN THE CASE. "His wife doesn't know it, but I hear Professor Lorber has been running around with that good-looking school-teacher!" Is there a girl in your neighborhood the men all like and the women all hate? You'll recall her, definitely, when you read the story on page 18 of this week's Post, *But Love the Sinner*, by Eve Bennett.



6. PLAY GOLF WITHOUT AGONY. Ever play with somebody who keeps quoting rules—in his favor? Read Frank Bunce's story, *Fore!*, of the sweet young thing in red shirt and shorts who got even with the club's most formidable player—by being up on rules we bet most golfers haven't even heard of!



7. SHARE YOUR PLEASURE in the Post with others. Tell them how Father Divine produces thousand-dollar bills with the dexterity of a magician, to feed regiments of negro—and white—"angels." You'll learn how when you read Jack Alexander's rollicking article, *All Father's Chillun Got Heavens*—about the half-pint messiah who admits he is Gcd.

8. GAME OF LOVE: (Played by 4). Is an ambitious wife a spur or a knife in the back to a husband starting in business? Here's the bittersweet story of two husbands whose wives raced for "success." Richard Sherman's *Won't You Walk a Little Faster?*



9. BE A MAN-ABOUT-TOWN WITHOUT MOVING AN INCH. You can enjoy a personally conducted tour backstage with the First Lady of the Theatre. Read about the time Helen Hayes first met George M. Cohan; the time she played to cowboys; what happened in her first "grown up" part. (It's in the unique story of her life, by her mother, continued in this week's Post. Third part of eight.)

10. FUN IN TAHITI WITH NORDHOFF & HALL.



It may be raining or snowing when you take this week's Post home. What do you care? You'll be IN Tahiti having a gay time reading *Out of Gas*, the comic adventures of the Tuttle family. You're in time to catch the second part of this five-part novel, by the authors of those best-sellers, *The Hurricane*, *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *The Dark River*.

ENCORE! Don't miss the editorial on page 22, *A Chance to Go to Work*. And fourteen swell cartoons. And poems (we direct your special attention to one on page 24 entitled *For The Agony Column*).

College Parade *by Jack Willmann*

Columnal Interlude

A week's vacation from print found us besieged with a roomful of periodicals that bothered our roomie who would reach for a shoe on a bleary morning and then attempt to fit his petite no. 12 into a copy of *The Daily Princetonian*. This trend might lead up to a puny quip about a maligned paper getting into our hair, but we demur.

And thanks to the Breen-Phillips lad who sent us some "Famous Last Words." This first reader's letter was cherished but Arch Ward handles that department. Incidentally, on other campuses Life Savers by the box are given to readers submitting winning wisecracks. If you have one that laughs well, wash it carefully, disinfect it thoroughly, take its temperature and send it in—but we promise no Life Savers.



Chipped In

Headline — IRISH DOPED TO WIN OVER NAVY.

So that's the way they did it, eh?
—*Navy Log*.



Colloquially Collegiate

At MacMurray College a greeting reporter sought and received the low-down on campus slang from Dr. Raymond Jameson, congressional librarian. He ascribed slang to laziness and "to keep other people from finding out what college students are trying to keep a secret." He traced it to the Druids of ancient Britain who had a special language by which they could understand each other without being understood by others. And before the reporter could ask another question, the interviewed turned on the interviewer to add to his personal notes on slang. Jameson knew the usual idioms for "making love" such as "pitching," "wooing," and he added the new "coozing." He has made a study of foreign slang which is the downfall of language students under the section known as Idioms.



Etiquette by Chesterfield

At a college that prohibits smoking in the halls a professor saw a smouldering cigarette on the corridor floor. He button-holed a frosh and said accusingly, "Is that yours?"

The frosh replied, "Aw, that's all right. Go ahead. You saw it first."

—*Notre Dame News* (Ohio)

Villanova Answers

With all the journalistic patter about the Second World War raging in its editorial ears the *Villanovan* refers to Saint Thomas and Saint Augustine in barring all possibility of calling the present one a just war.

"Can any man contend that the present conflict is a just war? Can any man place a gross formal guilt on one side alone? Can any man definitely say that war was declared when all means to prevent it failed? Can any man be morally certain that the side of justice will win? Can justice exist in unjust warfare? There is but one answer for the youth of America to give, and that is that they will not engage in an unreasonable, an unjust war."



Pun with a Pedigree

Woman (visiting a kennel): "Is that a real bloodhound over there?"

Kennel Master: "Yes, lady, Rover come over here and bleed for the lady."
—*The Old Maid*.



A Much Mooted Question

Their views on whether "coeducation is detrimental to the best interests of

higher education" netted two Swarthmore students monetary rewards in the annual frosh-soph debate. A "detrimental" was defined as "a person who, without serious intention or regarded as ineligible, devotes himself to marriageable ladies, thus discouraging other suitors." In condemning coeducation the affirmative stressed the expense of dates, distraction to male "cogitative mechanism," and stress on social life. The negative retorted that mixed education is more economical, breeds understanding and broadens the outlook on life. The winning co-ed with "sentimental empiricism" as a base pointed to study routine ruined by a detrimental, and the triumphant male used Harvard as an example of the wreckage among men's colleges.



Reported Verbatim

The spinster, shocked by the language used by the two men repairing telephone wires near her home, wrote to the company to complain. The foreman was ordered to report the happening to his superior.

"Me and Bill Winterbottom were on this job," he explained. "I was up on the telephone pole and accidentally let some hot led fall on Bill and it went down his back. Then he called up to me, 'You really must be more careful, Louie'."—*Voo Doo*



"By Sunday, he won't have enough left for hamburgers."

The Week *by Frank Wemhoff*

Top of the Week

Who is Lou Breese?



Professors Say

.... A little town in Canada just outside of Boston... today, a majority of the women smoke cigarettes, and there is a great deal of majority, too... the hill-folk people... a verbal contract is not worth the paper it's printed on... anybody who wants to ask a question is perfectly willing to do so... it's an unwritten law that there will be no cribbing in here, and make a note of that.



Famous last words

Something is the matter with Big Bill. I've taken his dessert for a whole week now.



Score for the frosh

Last week the members of the inter-hall debate teams continued their haranguing ways. One little freshman pulled the squelch of the week on one of his sophomore opponents. It was near the end of the debate and the teams were driving home their parting blows.

One of the sophomore speakers arose: "The gentlemen of the negative have used public opinion as authority for their case. Well, to me, public opinion is just a lot of bull."

Having called the boys from Gallup U. a bunch of public fibbers, our sophomore friend sat down amid the "ahs," "ohs," of other sophomores.

Then the freshman speaker for the negative and our hero arose:

"The gentleman of the affirmative has said that public opinion must be considered as 'just a lot of bull.' May I remind the gentleman of the affirmative that he too is a part of public opinion."



Things we'll never live to see

Mr. O'Malley in a T-shirt.



We wuz robbed

This little sharpie happened during the Army game broadcast which makes it a little stale, but *Scrip* took its bow last week. A professor from the department of English was listening to the game with a professor from the department of broken English. Bagarus had just scored on a pass from Stevenson for Notre Dame's third touchdown. The an-

nouncer's voice roared through the speaker, "Wait just a minute, fans, that play is being called back, but I can't understand why it should be." Whereupon our friend with the European Brooklynese asked his professor pal, "Vot's der matter? Don't the referee agree with the announcer?"



Middle of the Week

Wednesday.



Legend (Reading time—45 seconds)

Tom Tearney, the campus jack of all trades, has been asked a great many times why he spells Tearney with "T-E-a-r" instead of the more familiar "T-i-e-r." Tom has a great little tale about the whole affair. Believe it, the Tearney closet has a skeleton. Tom's great great grandfather had three sons who were all strung up for horse stealing. This ditto ditto grandfather felt so bad about the family curse for collecting Dobbins that he changed the spelling from "T-i-e-r" to "T-e-a-r." The "Tear" also stands for the tears that were shed by that same old grand-dad as he waited for the boys to return for their additions to what was then Tierney Stables. And to this day the Tearneys have a dislike of neckties, that choking feeling you know.



Our idea of a real blackout—

Night football in Scotland.



Cotillion

Tonight we go social again. Welcome to the guests, and especially to those who have undergone the rigors of travel to be present when Lou Breese gives the signal to commence whirling. But it isn't just the idea of another dance, is it? It's more the dance as a means to something else—memories, and conversations, and opportunities for moments, and things like that.

For awhile those Sophomores weren't any too sure of having a place to put Lou Breese once he arrived. But it's all cleared up now, we understand, and the chances are that you'll be expected and welcome at the Palais Royale tonight. That is, of course, if you're a Sophomore, Junior or Senior, not too deficient in your studies, and paid up on the ticket.



Bottom of the Week

"There is no joy in Mudville.

The mighty Casey has struck out."
(From the picture of the same name.)

OPINION

Question: "What do you want to be doing ten years after you are out of school?" Asked only of seniors.

Sorin—Ted Kmiecik: "My schooling won't be over when my four years here at Notre Dame are up. For what I have in mind, three or four extra years are required. My pet ambition is to continue my education at a law school, successfully pass a bar examination, and then finally enter the field of civil law. This process will probably take quite a while, but the results will be worth it."

James Donaghue: "The field I plan to enter may be somewhat crowded, but there is always room for a good corporate lawyer. After graduating from Notre Dame, I plan to attend an eastern school, my education will be completed in a minimum period of time, and then I should be entering the field of corporate law. I hope, in a comparatively short period of time, to be on the way to the top."

Walsh—Robert Schmidt: "Even in my senior year, I'm not quite sure of what I want to take up for my life's work. I do, however, have a rather vague idea that I want to enter the field banking. More specifically, the credit analysis field of banking has me interested. After graduating from Notre Dame, I'll probably start in as a private secretary and gradually work up to a position in the credit analysis field of banking."

William Bochoz: "It is possible that, on my graduation next year, that I'll have a job teaching the classical languages. This is a rather unusual profession; that is, comparatively few men decide to teach the classical subjects, such as Latin, philosophy and the other classics. Somebody has to teach them, though, and since I am interested in them, I am taking it on myself."

Alumni—Charles Barrack: "Unlike many other fellows, I know exactly what I'm going to do after graduating from Notre Dame. I'm going to go into the automobile business for myself. My brother graduated in '38, and at the present time he is really a success in the same field. So if he can make a go of it, I figure I can too. Five or ten years after I'm out of school, I should have a dandy business going."

William Small: "Maybe I am entering a crowded field, but my ambition ten years after I get out of school is to be a junior partner in a law firm. My education isn't nearly over yet, but by that time I hope to be well established with some well known law firm and practicing corporate law."

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THE GARDENIAS ARE COMING, TONIGHT, TONIGHT!



Sophs Open Social Season With Breesey Music Tonight

Palais Royale Is Scene Of First Formal Dance

The Sophomores make their formal debut tonight! That orchestra which showed proper reserve in Boston's Back Bay and Beacon Hill, formal gaiety in Newport, indolent indulgence among New Orleans' gentry, correctness during a London season, and smartness at Chicago's Chez Paree, directed by Handsome Lou Breese—catches the spirit of the Centennial class at the gala Cotillion at Palais Royale this evening.

Miss Frances Boyd of Greenville, South Carolina, and New York City, reigns as Queen of the Cotillion, as the guest of General Chairman James Magarahan, also of Greenville. Leading the Grand March, Miss Boyd and Mr. Magarahan collaborate in the festivities with Miss Mary Rita Miller, Hammond, Indiana, and George Sobek, Sophomore class president.

In addition, the Queen's Court of Honor numbers: Miss Marie Anne Mc-

Garry, Elizabeth, New Jersey and John Bermingham; Miss Frances Jule Bergan, Indianapolis, Ind., and Martin McGowan; Miss Dorothy Jean O'Reilly, Indianapolis, Indiana, and Francis Quinn; and Miss Dorothy Marie Shulte, Grand Rapids, Michigan, and William Fitzgerald.

Nearly every important Eastern collegiate group knows the music of Lou Breese. His smart rhythms have set the pace for proms at Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, M.I.T., and William. He has been the featured musical attraction at Cloister and Old Colony dances, and at Groton and Andover.

For two years Mr. Breese was featured trumpet and banjo soloist at New York's Capitol Theater, and one year at Paramount. He conducted the orchestra of the Minnesota Theater in Minneapolis for another year. He then fulfilled engagements at the Chicago and Oriental Theaters in Chicago and Shea's Buffalo Theater.

Dancing to Breese's rhythms begins at 9:00 p.m., continuing until 1:00 a.m.

Doors will close at 10 p.m. for the latecomers. According to an announcement from the disciplinary department of the University, all students attending the Cotillion must be in their respective halls by 2:00 a.m.

Early in the evening the Pep rally in the Fieldhouse will boast many of the Cotillion guests. At 8:30 a special bus will call at St. Mary's for guests and escorts. This convenient bus service will also be offered immediately after the Cotillion.

In a special broadcast from Radio Station WSBT of South Bend, the Cotillion performance will be described to stay-at-home students by Ray Kelly, son of the newly-elected national commander of the American Legion, and manager of the Campus radio club. The broadcast is scheduled for the half hour from 10:30 to 11 p.m.

Promptly at 11 p.m., Miss Boyd, the Cotillion Queen, and her court will assemble for the Grand March. While the dance is open to all upperclassmen, only Sophomores will be invited to participate in the Grand March.

After the March a novelty surprise duet, featuring a St. Mary's girl and a Notre Dame man, will sing the Cotillion song, "When I Remember," a sweet blues number written by Sophomore Johnny Kelley. Percussion artist Kelley is swinging forth this year with his own

band and will repeat the introduction of his new number on his "Little Jamboree" program Saturday night. The identity of this duet is being kept a dark secret until the spotlight hits the Cotillion stage.

Guests at the Cotillion, which is limited to 400 couples, will be given combination program-favors. The affair consists of a heavy silver-finished metallic cover which includes a gold and blue Notre Dame monogram. Inside the metallic cover is the program which consists of the dance schedule, names of the chairman, patrons, and guests of the various committees. After the dance, the program-favor cover easily can be converted into a slave-bracelet for the lady guests.—*Bill Scanlan*

Fireworks New Feature of Pep Rally Tonight

Something new in the way of entertainment for a Pep Rally—fireworks a la Fourth of July—will be on the program this evening when the campus, augmented by visitors to the sellout game Saturday and Cotillion guests, ignites the enthusiasm for the Northwestern game, eighth on the 1939 Notre Dame schedule.

The pyrotechnic display will be made on Brownson practice field, alongside the fieldhouse, Student Council representatives indicated.

The Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., vice president of the University and chairman of the Board of Athletics, will represent the school officially at the rally, along with Coach Elmer Layden and Captain Johnny Kelly. Pat Flanagan and Hal Totten, Chicago radio sportscasters, may be on hand to give pre-game comments. In addition, efforts will be made to have Lynn Waldorf, coach of the Wildcats, appear. Henry Collins and Joseph Whitford handled Student Council arrangements for the Rally. President Jerry Donovan will preside.

Stage Initial Tryouts of Varsity Debate Team

Tryouts for the Varsity debating team will be held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, in the auditorium of the Law Building. Contestants will be required to deliver a seven minute constructive speech and a three minute rebuttal. No team work is expected. Following is the schedule as announced by Professor William J. Coyne, director of debate:

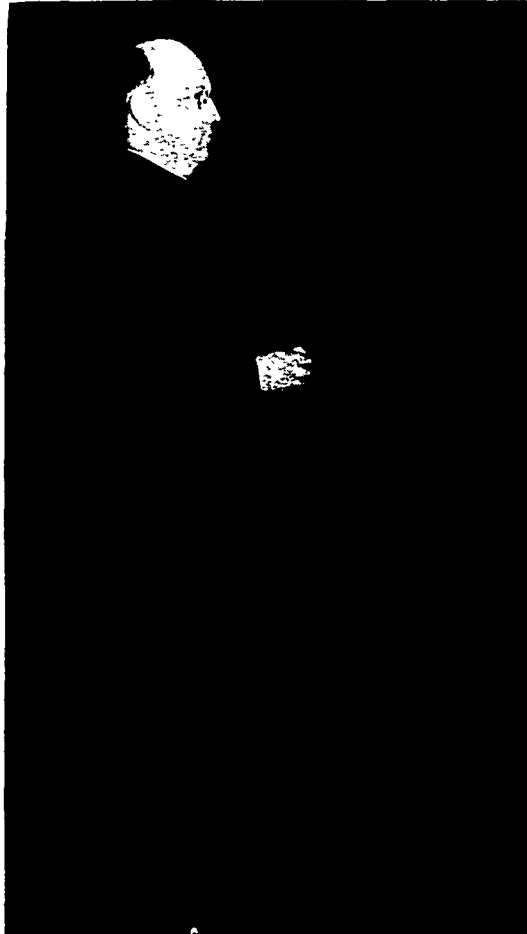
Monday, 4:10 p.m.: Affirmative—Cor-

rey, Steltman, Tiedeman. Negative — Hennessey, W. Meier, O'Laughlin. 7:45 p.m.: Affirmative—Bagley, Bower, Williams. Negative — LeMense, Scanlon, Tracy.

Tuesday, 4:10 p.m.: Affirmative — Liengard, Miltner, J. Ryan. Negative—Funk, Hines, Young.

Wednesday, 4:10 p.m.: Affirmative—Grace, Grady, Kiely, Poinsetta. Negative — Behm, C. Murphy, D. J. Sullivan.

Wednesday, 7:45 p.m.: Affirmative—Payne, Schickel, Specht. Negative—John Burke.



Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C.

K. of C. Victory Dance Slated For Tomorrow

The Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus will sponsor a victory dance on tomorrow night. Paul Glass is the general chairman of the dance, and he announces bids to this dance will be one dollar per couple.

The dance will be at the Progress Club in South Bend, and the size of the floor necessitates limiting the number of couples to 150. Karl Hunn and his orchestra will provide the music. The dance will be from 8:30 until 11:30. Proceeds from this dance are to go to the Gibault Home in Terre Haute, Ind.

At the last meeting of the council, Grand Knight Timothy R. King announced that Joseph W. Gerwe, senior

in the College of Commerce, will be the general chairman for the "Francis P. Matthews" initiation banquet. Since then Mr. Gerwe has announced the sub-committee heads which follow: C. Edward Jacobs, membership; Robert J. Beaudine, publicity; Philip M. Wade, program; John R. Gordon, decorations; Thomas J. Hammons, ushers; George S. Wallace, rituals.

Invitations have been extended to all of the councils in the State of Indiana, together with the neighboring councils of Michigan, Illinois, and Ohio. Up to this date, two state deputies have accepted their invitations and will be on hand to greet the new members, from their jurisdiction.

Another first degree will be conferred on a class of 18 candidates Tuesday. The ritual will be the first conferred by this year's officers of the Notre Dame council, the previous first degree having been under the supervision of the Mishawaka Council's degree team.

Hutchins Rakes Critics of Popular Education

Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, discussed the present educational problems in the United States on November 6, in the Central Senior High School auditorium of South Bend. Dr. Hutchins stated that during the last depression, the public school system had been needlessly curtailed by economy measures. Municipal politicians, attempting to balance the budget, were too quick to drop teachers, eliminate courses, and in some cases, close the schools.

Dr. Hutchins expressed dissatisfaction with the present high schools because of their emphasis on vocational training. The great choice of courses and the trend to manual-training classes has deprived a great part of our yearly graduates from a solid, basic education, he said. The parents are placing an increasing amount of responsibility on the teachers for the care of their children, causing many schools to assume the part of foster homes.

"Education is our defense against irrationality," Dr. Hutchins said, "and schools should not be deprived of their much-needed revenue. Education makes the rational animal more rational and enables him to employ himself in worthwhile activities," he said. "Especially is this true during the present day when the average citizen has so much leisure time."

Dr. Hutchins' talk was the feature of the observance of National Education Week in South Bend.

John Hennessy To Head Dance For Vincentians

"Li'l Abner" found it easier to be a houn' dog and chase the rabbit on Sadie Hawkins day, in Dogpatch; but the order might be reversed next Saturday night at the "Sadie Hawkins Ball," when the Vincentians hold their annual dance. Chairman Don Hennessy would release none of the plans for the dance but promised that it would be different from anything held this year.



John Hennessy

Karl Hunn and his orchestra will soothe the emotions of all attending, after the proceedings get under way at 8:30, Saturday, Nov. 25, at the Indiana Club.

Ticket sales are in the charge of Don Murtaugh, while publicity and refreshments will be handled by Ed Corey and Hawley Van Swall, respectively. Jim White has charge of invitations; Bob Marbach, announcements; and T. Tracey, entertainment.

Tickets, which cost the usual \$1.00, may be obtained from any member of the St. Vincent De Paul Society, or from Don Murtaugh, 315 Dillon.

—Don Heltzel

Colloquium On Micrurgy Closes Two-day Session

This afternoon will bring to a close the first colloquium on micrurgy and germ-free methods, held at the University Laboratories of Bacteriology in a two-day session, yesterday and today.

The meeting today witnessed a demonstration by Prof. James A. Reyniers, of Notre Dame, of the germ-free technique, its instrumentation, and its application to raising animals free from contamination. Further treatments of germ-free technique in invertebrates, embryos and plants were presented by Drs. Rudolph Glaser and Philip R. White of the Rockefeller Foundation, and Dr. Olam Woolpert of Ohio State University.

This afternoon the colloquium will be occupied with discussions and demonstrations of the control of cross infection among limited populations. In this

field, too, Notre Dame has made contributions which will be explained by Prof. Reyniers on the use of mechanical barriers in preventing cross infection among hospitalized infant populations. Dr. W. F. Wells, of the University of Pennsylvania, will discuss the control of air-borne infections and the use of ultra violet barriers. Dr. Iwan Rosenstern of The Cradle, children's home in Evanston, Ill., will discuss the use of aseptic techniques for preventing cross infection.

The topic for yesterday's discussion was the general application of micrurgy to biology, demonstrations of the methods and apparatus for such work.

—Jack Dinges

Hall Decorations Add Color to N. U. Weekend

With charming girls and roaring wildcats invading the campus for this weekend, Notre Dame is dressing up. The face-lifting of the various residence halls is expected to add a show of color for the visitors. Student Council representatives in the various halls are in charge of the decorations that yearly bring spontaneous—if not always complimentary—comments from guests.

Last year the cup was won by Cavanaugh Hall for the graphical gridiron on their front lawn, showing the Minnesota Gophers vainly attempting to stem the Irish attack. The Old Infirmary, now deceased, came in for its share of glory by the unique representation of "BEAT MINNESOTA" in Chinese characters.

Clashmore Mike has long been a fav-

orite of student exterior decorators who regard him an excellent subject. Hardly a year has passed that he has not graced one or more tabloids, depicted in fierce and menacing manner. Although all plans for the event have thus far been veiled with secrecy, it is fairly certain to assume that Mike will not be missing when the decorations are unveiled this week.

Announce Reid Awards For Newspaper Contest

The rules for the annual Richard Reid cash prize contest have been announced by Dr. John Cooney, head of the department of journalism. The prizes of \$50 for first place, \$30 for second place, and \$20 for third place, will be awarded for "the best letters of commendation, correction, or amplification sent to editors of secular publications."

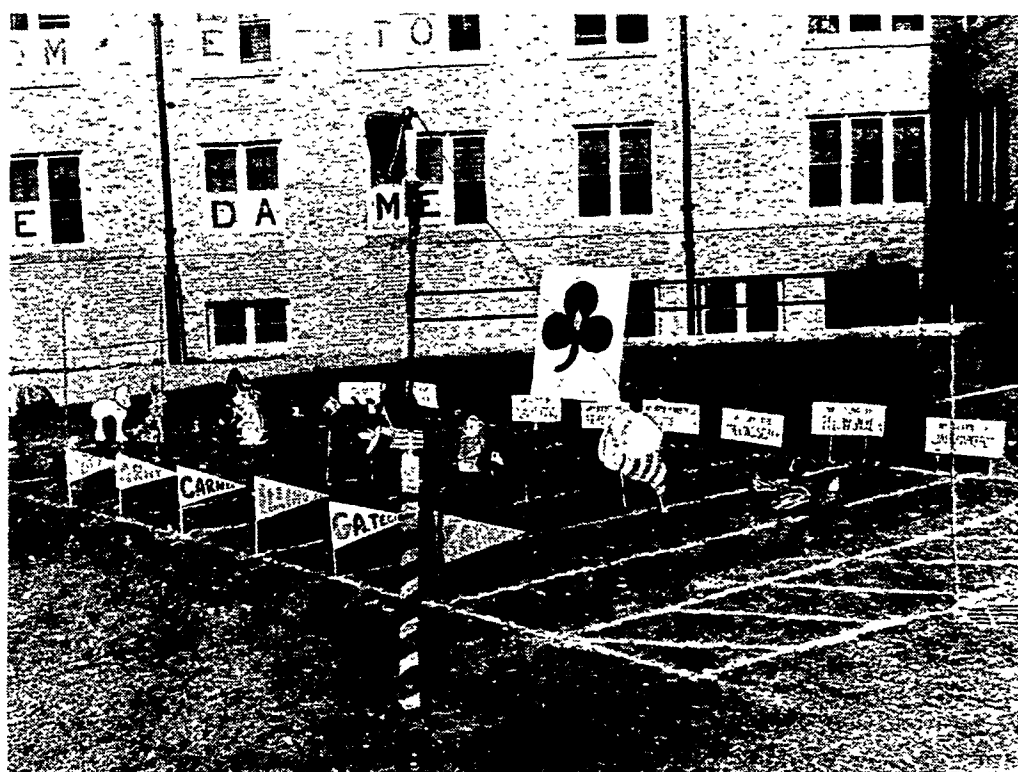
All students of the University are eligible to compete for the prizes.

The letters may deal with particular newspaper practices or any one practice, but are not required to be of any prescribed length.

The letters for competition are to be submitted to Dr. Cooney not later than March 15, 1940, preferably typewritten, without envelope, and not folded.

The letters submitted will be judged by Mr. Richard Reid, and the names of the winners will be announced April 15, 1940.

Last year's first-prize winner was William C. Fay; second-prize, William Piedmont; and third-prize, F. G. Barreda.—R. Fitzpatrick



Cavanaugh's 1938 First Prize Winner

The Student Forum

The Family Wage Plan

By John J. Reddy

The family is the unit out of which the state is made. Thus, such an institution as the family should be fostered to preserve the integrity of the state. One of the great props of family life is an adequate income. Without this income the family falls ready prey to the perverted logic of the birth controllers, to the evils of child labor, to the hardships endured by working mothers.



John Reddy

(This is the first in a series of articles to be written for the "Student Forum," whose purpose is to give voice to serious student opinion on subjects of current interest. Writers for this column will be majors in the subject indicated by their messages.—ED.)

But low income has an even greater danger for family life. It bores into the roots of such a union by discouraging the very thought of marriage. People have no desire to get married and accept the responsibilities which children bring, when they know that all their life together will be shadowed by fear of poverty.

The Family Wage may be called the plan to offset such conditions. Simply defined, it is a plan to give the average family-man enough money as wages to provide food, clothing, shelter, and reasonable luxuries. Reduced to figures, such a wage would provide a family of five with a minimum of \$2,000 a year. That our people exist below such a standard may be learned from the Brookings Institute report of the peak year, 1929: 42% of the families of the U. S. then received \$1,500 or less as yearly wages.

The philosophy of individualism has been carried to great lengths in our country. The result has been the payment of a wage based on an individual's needs, not on the needs of a man as determined by his state in life. There is a principle of application in the Family Wage plan that provides for the discrepancy between the states in life. There should be a difference between

the wage of the single and the wage of the married man, granting that both are equal in ability. When the wages of these classes are equal, we find too much difference between the respective states in life. Marriage is made uncertain, fraught with terrible difficulties, and in comparison, bachelorhood becomes highly attractive.

The question will be asked: "Can such a plan be put into practice?" It must be if the disintegration of family life is to be averted. Furthermore, the payment of a decent Family Wage is required of us by the principles of social justice.

The "family - allowance system" has been Europe's answer to the principle of the Family Wage. France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, the Netherlands, Bulgaria, Denmark, Sweden, Estonia, Greece, Latvia, Lithuania, Spain, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Australia, New Zealand and Russia have paid additional wages to parents with several children. These countries believe that child-raising is a public service which should be compensated. The main weakness of these systems has been an allowance too small to make parenthood attractive financially. However, the results have shown the advisability of a further and more adequate trial.

Those who have advocated the family-allowance system have used three factors to guide them:

1. Workers already receiving wages sufficient to support a family adequately should not come under the plan.
2. A base rate considered sufficient to maintain an average family is used. Extra compensation is provided for additional children.
3. These allowances are paid for by the employers contributing to a common fund in proportion to the number of their employees. This prevents discrimination against workers with large families.

Europe has shown us a probable solution. We should utilize this experience to formulate a plan best suited to the needs of our people. The execution of a well conceived family wage plan will be a major step towards the reconstruction of the social order.

Revised Scrip Contains Work of Genuine Merit

Last week a new *Scrip* made its debut. This *Scrip* is a dwarfed magazine as far as actual size is concerned, having been cut down nearly to "digest" proportion. The editors have acted very wisely in doing this, for the smaller, easy-to-handle size with its larger printing, invites and facilitates careful reading. It has the psychological effect of whetting the reader's appetite before he actually dips into the magazine itself.

In this first issue there is a wide breadth of material—sketches, stories, poems, essays, and book reviews—sufficient to satisfy the individual tastes of a variety of readers. Among the sketches, "Twelve Seasons," by John Broderick, is an excellent portrayal of a boys' camp director who is tired of his rut but still is unable to break the chains of habit exemplified in the annual camp "show." Broderick handles his material in a more mature and restrained style than do some of the other writers who, at times, in their efforts to find fresh, forceful expressions, produce protruding bas-reliefs of mere artistic skill which take away much from the beauty of the work as a whole.

Scrip inaugurates a new section and scurries around these United States to bring back reports—some not very flattering either, of "Home Towns." Especially excellent for smoothness and ease are the sketches by four of this year's sophomores.

Charles W. Harris's discussion of the Humanism of Irving Babbitt is a fair and level-headed evaluation of the merits and defects of this secular movement. The other essay of the issue, "The Iconoclast of Modern Music," by Charles John Kirby, in its study of Igor Stravinsky and his music, gives us an interesting piece of writing from both a musical and a literary point of view. It appeals to all who are familiar with Stravinsky's works, and to all who are fond of good writing.

Don Connors, Jr., is one of the outstanding contributors in this issue, with his fine poem and his equally fine book review. In our opinion he has produced the best work in each of these groups. His "Pindaric Prayer," conceived in classical Greek form, is vigorous, and his review of Delmore Schwartz's book, *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities*, performs well the function of evaluation. The other two reviews tend too much toward summarization.

FACULTY

McMahon Guest Lectures
In New Catholic Series

Prof. Francis E. McMahon, a member of the department of philosophy at Notre Dame, is one of the five men nationally prominent in



Prof. McMahon

education, who will lecture during the coming months at Fort Wayne, Ind., under the auspices of the United Catholic Societies. The series of lectures is entitled the Catholic Evidence Series and is under the patronage of the Most Rev. John Francis Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne. Prof. McMahon will lecture Jan. 21, 1940, on "Peace, the Tranquility of Order," and is the only lay speaker in the group. The other lecturers are, in order of their appearance in the series: Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, world famous writer and speaker; James M. Gillis, C.S.P., editor of *The Catholic World* for the last 17 years; Most Rev. Francis C. Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, noted author and editor; Rt. Rev. Msgr. E. J. Flanagan, familiar to the world as "Father Flanagan of Boys Town."

The following paragraph on Prof. McMahon is in the pamphlet describing the series: "One of the most brilliant of America's younger educators and philosophers. Widely known speaker and writer on philosophical subjects. Member of the department of philosophy, University of Notre Dame. Ph.D., Catholic University of America. Studied extensively in Europe at the University of Louvain, Belgium, and at the University of Munich, Germany. Author of *The Humanism of Irving Babbitt*, and contributor to many scholarly journals. Prof. McMahon is a profound student of St. Thomas Aquinas and of St. Augustine, and his writings and letters expound their most important texts."

—William Welsh.

Prof. Dubois Honored
By French Government

Professor Benjamin Dubois, of the department of modern languages of the College of Arts and Letters, was honored with the Academic Palms of the *Officier d'Academie* by French Consul-

General René Weiller at Chicago on Nov. 8. The ceremony followed a dinner tendered the consul by the department of modern language.

Consul Weiller conferred the Palms on Prof. Dubois with the following words: "Standing on this hallowed soil which has borne the footsteps of devoted French missionaries and famous explorers and acting as the representative of the French government, it is my pleasant duty to confer on Professor Benjamin Dubois the Academic Palms of the *Officier d'Academie*, which he has so eminently deserved through his lifelong devotion to the teaching of the French language and literature, and to the diffusion of an understanding of French civilization and culture. To the distinguished *decoré* as well as to the University of Notre Dame, I tender my personal congratulations and heartiest good wishes."

Church Authorities To
Receive Legal Advice

Catholic Church authorities are to be informed of their rights and duties under the laws of this country as the result of a systematic program instituted at Notre Dame by Professor James Kearney. Called the Bureau for Research in Educational and Civil Church Law, the program will provide the various bishops, priests, brothers, and nuns with long-needed expert legal advice on problems which they encounter daily in their work as pastors, property holders, school proprietors, and the like. It is the first program of its kind.

The Bureau has five phases, or departments, some of which are already under way. They include a "briefing" or memorandum service on any problem which a clergyman desires to have cleared up on the subject of civil church law. Numerous requests for this service have already been submitted, one in demand being a statement of the law as to the taxability of a pastor's income.

A published summary of the civil status of churches and educational institutions in each state is another service. Four of such summaries will be ready by the end of this school year. Also, monographs will be prepared on single subjects in this field, one of which, on the status of cemeteries, will appear this year under the name of Mr. Kearney. Other services include a digest of all cases appearing from year to year on the general subject matter, which is to appear annually in the March edition of the Notre Dame *Lawyer*, and a seminar in which law students will be specially

prepared to advise churchmen when they return to practice law in their respective communities.

The plan was proposed last June when letters to all the Bishops outlining it brought numerous endorsements and promises of cooperation. Noting that expert legal advice on the peculiar problems confronting the clergy was sorely lacking, Mr. Kearney had been considering the idea for several years.

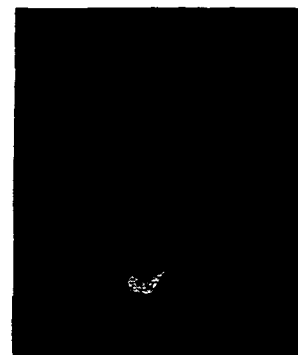
Professor Kearney received his preparatory training at Notre Dame, and his legal education at Loyola University of Chicago, where he received a J.D., and at Catholic University where he was awarded an L.L.M. He has practiced in Chicago.

As associate editor with the Callaghan Publishing Co., a law book firm, he was considered an authority on the drafting of laws and was assigned several important tasks in that field. Professor Kearney is spending his second year on the Notre Dame law faculty. Besides his numerous activities as a writer, he teaches Criminal Law, Bills and Notes, Legal Research, and Professional Ethics.

—William Mahoney

Wranglers Play Santa
On Fr. Hoff's Birthday

Christmas is more than a month away, but the Wranglers decided not to let things slip by. They started right off playing Santa Claus at their weekly meeting, Nov. 8, in the Hotel La Salle. The lucky recipient of the Yuletide honors was the Rev. Norbert Hoff, Ph.D., and moderator to the Wranglers. The occasion was



Rev. N. Hoff

the celebration of their moderator's 50th birthday, and his sixth consecutive year as spiritual leader to the debaters. The gift, an elaborately designed cigarette case was given as a token of appreciation by the members of the club, with William Mahoney, last year's president, playing the part of Santa Claus.

Acting President Albert Funk officiated at the meeting which featured an address by Wrangler Ralph Gerra, "A Federation of Nations as a Means of Permanent Peace." Later, as the business of the meeting was brought forward, plans were made for the broadcast of future Wrangler meetings over the campus studios of WFAM, South Bend.—Tom Powers.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

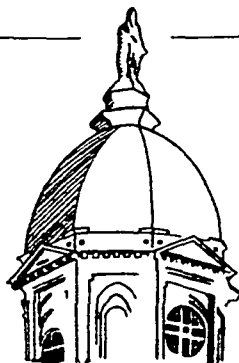
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Across the Editor's Desk

Sharpie Purge

TONIGHT'S the big night on the Sophomore social calendar, for tonight the second-year men will be hosts to the girls from back home at the annual Cotillion. But it's going to be a big night for the campus sharpies too. Ever since this morning when the first few Cotillion guests strolled onto the campus and gushed in girlish admiration at the Dome and the Rockne Memorial, the sharpies have been counting the hours until the band leads the crowd over to the gym for the Northwestern game pep meeting at 6:30. For a goodly number of those Cotillion guests will be in the gym to get their first glimpse of something they've heard of far and wide as "The Spirit of Notre Dame," something which has been noticeably absent from the campus this year, and which seems to have hit a new low this week. The girls are going to be pretty surprised when they run the gauntlet of whistles and shrieks which the sharpies have decreed shall be the price of a seat on the platform; maybe they'll be a little embarrassed, too.

We hate to spoil the sharpies' fun, because they never really mean to annoy anybody. They're a good-deal like the little boy who forces himself on mother's visitors in the front parlor; their sparkling personalities can't stand the humiliation of yielding the spotlight for a few minutes. But aside from the matter of good manners, which some grumbling killjoy once postulated as an indispen-

able asset of every college gentleman, there's another reason why the sharpies become just a trifle exasperating at times. They never seem to see up in the bleachers the sole reason why pep meetings are held in the first place—some 30 or so Notre Dame football players, who, we understand, come to the meeting to get an indication of how much student support they can count on when they take the field the next day. They never seem to realize that perhaps the rest of the boys are there to give a little hand to Bud Kerr for getting out of an infirmary bed to play one of the best games of his career at Iowa City, to Milt Piepul for carrying the ball on every other play last Saturday, sometimes carrying half the Iowa team on his back, and to Lou Zontini for playing a major portion of the last two games with an injured shoulder. And they never could understand that Elmer Layden and Pat Manion are talking seriously about something that interests at least a part of us in the audience when they speak from the platform; they don't stand up there to be heckled or badgered with the homespun humor of the campus wags.

To squelch the sharpies and to banish them and their ill-chosen humor from future pep meetings, we propose a two-fold program of action. In the first place we think the Student Council representatives should discourage guests from walking the length of the platform after the meeting has started. This will no doubt dispose of a large number of the sharpies immediately, for, having noth-

ing left to do but listen to speeches and join apathetically in a few cheers, they will leave, disgusted, for the nearest exit. For those sharpies who choose to remain, if only for the thrill supreme of fighting their way to the door after the program is over the task of behaving will be considerably lightened, for the temptation to whistle will be removed. In the second place we think the student body can do its part in this program of extermination. When a sharpie begins to shriek near you, just step over to him and tell him that dire force on the part of a couple of the boys will accomplish what a little friendly counsel will not. Let him know that his lung power, if not his bad manners, will be appreciated a lot more in the stadium tomorrow afternoon. He'll probably cooperate. Sharpies can be convinced if you try hard enough.—DONALD A. FOSKETT.

Very Interesting

(SCHOLASTIC Special Service)

TODAY Iowa stands first in corn, oats, hay, wheat and Indiana football. Each year Iowa produces more than 400,000,000 bushels of corn. Iowans manufacture pearl buttons from mussel shells.

Iowa is second only to Texas in value of all crops. Its black soil is worth more than its gold and silver mines. There are no irrigation recessions, no wooded areas, no stone formations to harass the farmer—everywhere machinery can be used.

Coal is its most important mineral. Coal beds underlie more than one-third of the state. Slaughtering and meat packing are the principle industries. The average rainfall last year was 32.22 inches, and 70 per cent of this fell between April and October.

Iowa has nine congressional districts; had prohibition way back in 1884; had 2,470,939 persons in 1930. The state cannot contract a public debt of more than \$250,000, unless in time of war, or when approved by public referendum.

Sixty percent of Iowans live in rural areas. Des Moines is the capital city. Only 12 cities have a population of more than 20,000.

Iowa ranks first in education. It was named after the Iowa river which was named after an Indian tribe which was named after an Indian, whose grandchildren still live on the state Indian reservation.

The average elevation is a little over 1,000 feet. Five great glaciers leveled the country. Two thirds of the state is drained by tributaries of the Mississippi river.

All this and Kinnick, too?

White Bread

By Joseph Smalley

Y'know, it's funny how things like that happen. Here I'd been down in Munich for three months and the place had been as quiet as a church. The only stories I could get were about kids leaving for the front and that wasn't news. Every place in Europe the same thing was going on. Then came that explosion.

Y'see, I'd been sent down to cover the conference they had down there, y'know that four guys and a round table thing that *he* thought up. After it was all over, the Berlin office wired me to stick around and see what I could get. So I stuck, but like I toldja, there wasn't a thing to do.

After a few weeks of just loafing around and waiting for something to happen, I suddenly got the idea that maybe I'd better get on my horse and dig up some stories or else I might be looking for a job soon. An American reporter out of work in Germany isn't a very healthy or welcome personality. You see reporting isn't much different from spying and when a guy's hungry he isn't very particular just where his stories are going. I know a couple of guys that used to be in that racket and I don't like any part of it. Y'see, I'm the kind of guy that likes to have his head just where his neck ends. So I got to work, and fast.

It might sound funny but the best place to get a story around Munich is in a brau haus. That's just German for saloon. I found out it's just about the same all over Germany. People seem to forget that waiters got ears too. I didn't get much the first week or so. They were afraid I might have been one of *his* agents. Everybody's scared of talking to strangers over there. They don't even talk to their wives. But the waiters came through soon enough. Waiters don't get paid much and twenty marks means a week's work. I got my stories, not big stories, but at least Berlin knew I was still alive.

There was one place in particular I liked to go, The Burgerbrau cellar. The officials all go there too 'cause it's sort of a national shrine now. That's where *he* and some of the other boys planned the 1923 beer cellar putsch. Y'know, the one that didn't turn out so good. Well, I used to drift in there about

three every afternoon and have a few beers with Franz. There usually weren't many people around at that time and we could sit at a table and have a few beers. I always paid for them because Franz would never take any money from me for his tips. He was a queer cuss. That money would have meant a lot to him but he never took any.

It was a funny thing about Franz. He used to own the Burgerbrau. That was

that was the reason why all the officials went there but it was good politics anyway.

Well anyhow, Franz and I used to sit around on quiet afternoons chewing the fat. He told me a lot about himself. About his wife who had died a few years ago and his son who had been studying to be a doctor but had run off to join the army instead. We got real chummy. He didn't seem to mind much, living along like that. He didn't need very much and was a lot better off than most people around there.

I remember one day I went down there and Franz was so excited he could hardly wait to sit down. I knew it must have been something big so I just let him get it off his chest. It was big too: *he* was coming right here to the Burgerbrau to give a speech. It was going to be sort of a reunion with all the boys he had known way back when. Franz was so excited I could hardly make out half he said but I got enough to know I had a scoop. I sent it up to Berlin and they wired back to take care of the story myself and see if I could get in to the actual meeting. I knew that would be about as easy as crashing a coronation but I smelled a nice fat bonus so I started looking up people.

I'll bet I saw half the officials in Germany that next week but all I got was a long succession of no's. Some of them were even trying to get in on the affair themselves and couldn't. You'd think they were giving away gold that night the way people were fighting to get into that little beer cellar. I just gave up all idea of covering it from the inside, but I got busy on the other angles.

I was so busy I didn't get around to seeing Franz for a week then but when I heard that the place was all fixed up for the meeting I went down to look it over. They certainly had fixed it up. Down at one end and next to Franz's sandwich counter was a big platform where *he* would sit and they had crammed in a lot of extra tables. I had to wait a while before Franz could come over but finally he sat down and we ordered a couple of beers. He asked me why I hadn't been around and I told him I had been busy trying to get a pass for the speech. He stopped talking for

Scourge

*The north wind came last night
In a singing scourge of wings—
Wings flying tip to tip—
No spaces left for the intricate net
Of wings twisting and overlapping
Above the huddled trees.*

*This morning—
The wind's fugitive singing still in the
hills—
So many leaves lie wounded
With new wounds of beauty laid;
So many are dead.
Death can scarce keep an accurate
record.*

T. J. B.

when *he* used to do all his talking in small beer cellars or other quiet places. The Burgerbrau was sort of a headquarters for the party. Later on, when *he* got into power, he made it a national shrine like I said. The government took it over and one of *his* pals was made owner. I don't think Franz got much for it, at least he never seemed to have much money. They let Franz stay around as sort of a manager, waiter, and short-order cook.

The government saw to it that they always had good food there too, seeing as how it was so famous. Franz's job was to make up the sandwiches. He had a counter down at one end of the place. He used to pile these big loaves of white bread at one end and have the meats all along the rest of it. That was the only place in Munich you could get real white bread. I often thought

a while and asked if it meant a lot to me to get in. I don't remember what I said but I sure tried to make it sound good. Anyway, he finally said he might be able to arrange it so I could stand in the kitchen. I felt like shouting when he told me that. I even mentioned I might be able to get in and mix with the crowd and hear the speech from one of the tables. He seemed to get sore then and told me that if I came I would have to stay in the kitchen or nothing at all. I finally calmed him down and promised I wouldn't budge, so he told me to come around late the next afternoon and he'd sneak me in. The meeting was going to be that night.

I got around the next day early enough and there was Franz waiting for me at the back door. I didn't have any trouble at all. There was a bunch of new men coming in to help with the crowd, so I wasn't noticed. I had a swell chance to look over the set-up too the next few hours. It was perfect. The platform was at the other end of the cellar right next to Franz's counter and I had a swell view of the whole works through one of the service windows.

Franz came back then and went out to get his bread. He took care of that himself. Said he wanted to have it of special quality for this meeting. *He* was going to be here; *he* deserved only the very best. Franz came back in an

hour or so with the bread and piled it high up next to the platform. Franz was sure proud of that bread, he piled it so very carefully.

Once they started coming in the place really crowded up fast. I was busy for a while then tapping some beer but I was back at the window when *he* came in. The big fat one and the other fellow that limps were there too. Boy, those fellows really tore the roof off the place with their yelling. I just got a glimpse of Franz one time. He was standing there just smiling to himself. He must have been tickled pink.

Well the speech wasn't much, just the same old stuff. That didn't matter to me though, this was exclusive. I looked around, I was the only guy who could send anything out of that place. Ten minutes after *he* had finished I had the story all written and was looking for a way to quietly fade out of the scene. That was a lot easier than I had expected, *he* left a lot sooner than anyone had figured on, so I just slipped out during the excitement. I just got out before the explosion.

I remember I had just walked about a block or two when I heard the roar. The ground shook and for a second I had visions of *him* being scattered over several yards of territory. That would be

a real story so I turned around and started running.

It didn't take long to see that whoever tried the stunt had failed. The Burgerbrau was in shambles but *he* was gone. I managed to get in the back way again and have a look around. No one even noticed my absence, that was lucky. I'll never forget the way that place looked. One end of the joint was a mess. The big platform was blown to bits and Franz's counter was all over the place. I found a piece of his white bread all the way down by the kitchen door. The doctors were already fixing up the fellows who had been sitting near the platform and I didn't see anyone of importance so I just made myself scarce. The police would be around soon enough.

I sent off my story and then went back to my room, feeling swell. It was only there that I remember Franz. There had been a big hole in the wall right where he usually stood. I knew they must have got him with that blast. That sort of took the edge off the story. It's strange, but it took a lot of liquor to get that lump in my throat.

So you see whenever I sit down to order some beer I order a sandwich with white bread. I do it sort of in memory of Franz and all those afternoons we had together back in Munich. That bombing came closest to being the biggest story I ever got in all my life.

The Odyssey of a Man

By Marcel Smith

At thirty years, Emerson saw in himself the bow of a career hump its back to activity, and then suddenly and flatly relax to a dead still, having shot one unsatisfactory arrow. He had inherited the pulpit much as other men inherit the tight, ill-cut castoffs of dead men's wardrobes. Because the pulpit was an incommensurable, cramped cradle to a giant, Emerson revolted against the ministry and all pretense at "official goodness." Calvinistic dogmas were crippling, binding, "unclean cob-webs that have reached their long gangling threads over whole ages." And like other independent spirits of his time, Emerson tried to escape this universal web which suspended man between heaven and earth, making him kin with neither. Escape, but where?

On Christmas Day, 1832, Emerson sailed from Boston Harbor on a trading brig which fixed its ice-crusting prow like

a crystal needle toward the Mediterranean. Ironically enough, it was at sea that Emerson first achieved the comfortable feeling of being rooted to the elemental things of the earth. Hard-tack, salt-pork, the inevitable, eternal beans! Men, their faces grimy etched by the knife-like spray of the sea, directed ships by a sextant hidden in their hearts. Sailors bled their mates burning with fever, carried their slops, cooled their brows with life-giving salt water. And all this not according to a science precisely schooled, but dictated extravagantly from within by that innate, fundamental sympathy that exists between man and man. It was this same basic relation that made Emerson and the crew exult together those days when the sea and the sky were like the clean insides of a blue china bowl, and fear together when the sea rose in huge fans of luminous death. It was this relation that made the joy and the fear seem

right, to ring true. Indeed, there were many men, and then there was only one man!

Observing from day to day the illimitable expanses of the sea, Emerson came to an intenser, more sensitive definition of liberty. Each wave rose to engrave its text of freedom upon his mind. "What freedom of grace has the sea with all this might . . . the freedom makes the observer feel as a slave. Our expression is so thin and cramped. Can we not learn here a generous eloquence? . . . The seeing so excellent a spectacle is a certificate to the mind that all imaginable good shall yet be realized."

Emerson found that the sea was a mountainous liberty asserting itself. Its moods varied whimsically, without warning. Sometimes, it lay like a polished disk of glass which suddenly would crack up into huge, heaving splinters rimed with liquid lightning. At other times,

it settled itself into a grey, bitter mood, its surface an infinite mask without a seam of expression, defying scrutiny. Yet all the while Emerson felt that the sea was always, consistently itself, never once losing or exceeding its definition. Man was meant to be like that, true only to himself, expressing only himself, making articulate instinct and the divine unconscious. Slowly, inevitably, man and the sea merged in Emerson's mind. The sea was a mirror reflecting the transcendent liberty of divine being. To discover his own capacities for noble independence, man must look into the mirror and through it to realize that he is capable of the unhampered strides of divinity.

Like the ancient Greek of maxim-lore, Emerson wandered across Europe in search of an honest man, honest to his own convictions, open-faced in expressing them. He wanted to discover a man who recognized divine omnipresence in others, who knew that the same divine effort operated in man as even in the extremest frontiers of the universe. At Malta, he saw the bronze backs of coolies curved sharply like scimitars beneath foreign cargo. Sweat and the thick, sweet reek of squashed fruit lay close to their bodies, almost as close as skin. And Emerson loved them. Huge Moorish stevedores stood in a dynamic chain, their thick arms swinging in muscular arcs, passing sugar-cane up the hill to the warehouse. The rhythm of arms, the rhythm of muscles. Whence came it if not from some universal harmony deep laden in all men? A harmony, perhaps, that controlled the broad sweep of the sun, the rise and fall of the sea. Indeed, apart from man what meaning had the sea? "The ocean is everywhere the same, but it has no character until seen with the shore or a ship . . . let it wash the shore where wise men dwell and it is filled with expression."

In Italy, the romance of antiquity rose up before him. Petrarch, Aretino, Tasso, Dante enjoyed successive reincarnations in the remembering hearts of the people. History was not so much a process of evolution as a past forever vividly present. The primitive world could be groped for "with researching fingers in catacombs, libraries, and the broken reliefs and torsos of ruined villas." But it was in the gardens one best touched and felt of the past—the Boboli in

Florence, the Villa Borghese in Rome, and the villa d'Este in Tivoli where fountains rose in proud plumes of singing crystal. Standing before some poor god's sculptured body, one could rest his hand against the ageless shoulder and find it still wanly warm. Emerson remembered these medieval gardens when he advised Americans to imitate them so as to render "the land dear to the citizen, and inflame patriotism."

At San Domenica di Fiesole, Landor received Emerson amid clouds of pictures. Emerson found him to possess a "wonderful brain, despotic, violent and inexhaustible, meant for a soldier, by (what) chance converted to letters." All during the short visit, Landor talked long and paradoxically about the Greek spirit in life and in literature. "The thing done avails, and not what is said about it. An original sentence, a step forward, is worth more than all the censures." Emerson could never forget this man's magnificent Achillean wrath, nor that he understood that the sublime was in a grain of dust.

France. Gothic towers blossomed into interminable cusps and finials. Here and there, over sleepy villages a proud fleche stood erect like a fretted spruce of stone against the sky. Emerson could not help but wonder at the windows of Notre Dame, slender lancets of mirrors reflecting Autumn's foliage, gold, purple, amber, sometimes a maddening patch of citron. Here was beauty for the soul's hunger, and cool space in which the soul could expand. Steep columns offered solitude in their capitals for the birds of thought. Stone, glass, lead, and man were welded together in a ritual of beauty. "Nothing is quite beautiful alone; nothing but is beautiful in the whole." Suddenly, Emerson remembered the white, cramped, cheese-box churches of New England, and the memory drew a line, half-whimsical, half-bitter, across his mouth.

In England, Emerson saw Coleridge, a bent, shambling old man who "took snuff freely, which presently soiled his cravat and neat black suit." He found Coleridge a tedious man, speaking long, automatic commonplaces largely selected from "printed paragraphs in his book." Wordsworth was at Rydal Mount. Emerson found him masked in hideous green goggles and growing philosophical over a tooth broken in a fall. At

times, Wordsworth approached excitement. "Schools do no good. Tuition is not education." He thought more of the school of hard knocks than that of tuition. But like all conservatives, Wordsworth expiated for this brief, intense off-tangent by an intenser conformity in all other directions. Emerson left these men and discovered himself to be stronger for the experience. Two of the greatest cannon in England bombarded the towers of his thought, which still remained intact.

Two days before he visited the tamely limited Wordsworth, Emerson sought out Carlyle in the brooding, heathery hillsides of Dunscore. He drove out in a nervous, quarrelsome gig. On either side of the road, lay the desolate peat-bogs. Here and there, cows inquired why he passed, cows as starved as the trees about them. On a little farm in Nithsdale, he found Carlyle holding no part with the world save once a week when he was stormily grateful to the parcel man who brought the letters from Dumfries. Carlyle was a man after Emerson's own heart . . . "a man from his youth, . . . tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed . . . with streaming humor which floated everything he looked upon." On a dark, hunch-backed hill overlooking Criffel, epigrammatically Carlyle confided to Emerson the philosophy of transcendence. "Christ died on the tree; that built Dunscore kirk yonder; that brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence." In Carlyle's great hands the past became plastic to be remolded in terms of timelessness. Beneath the burning scrutiny of his mad Scotch eyes men lost the vesture of their times and stood naked and eternal. Carlyle felt the pulse of each man and recognized a common rhythm, a common blood. And when Emerson left the black hills of Dunscore, he too felt the blood of all men pounding in his veins.

Emerson returned to America in 1832. Across one corner of a door at the Customs, a spider suspended a frail cob-web. Instinctively, Emerson shrank from its unclean pattern, and the implication of ensnaring. Suddenly, with a sharp sweep of his Malacca cane, Emerson slashed across the web. It floated down in quivering, disorganized strands. The spell of the web was broken. And Emerson entered America a man!



Irish Seek New Win Streak Despite Heavy Wildcat Line

DeCorrevont, Clawson
Lead Fast N. U. Backs

Home-coming with Northwestern. Notre Dame, with only one scar to disfigure a record of six victories, will attempt to start a new winning streak against the Wildcats in the Notre Dame Stadium tomorrow.

Northwestern's record of three and three, a fifty-fifty average so far this season, is not too impressive. However, the men of Waldorf have shown flashes of brilliance in their victories over Minnesota, Illinois, and Wisconsin.

Possibilities can very well come into realities for Northwestern. Red Hahnenstein, Bill DeCorrevont, and Paul Soper are all potentially great backs. They have not done as much as has been expected of them so far this season. Perhaps tomorrow, one or even all of them will be stars. Notre Dame must guard against this threat.

There is strength galore in the Northwestern front line. The Irish have faced great centers in Gillis of Army, Morningstar of Purdue, and Schmidt of Carnegie Tech. But tomorrow they will meet Johnny Haman, captain and line-backer par excellence of the Northwestern club.

At the guards the Wildcats have four steady performers: Guritz, Goldak, Method, and Lokane. Alf Bauman, a teammate of DeCorrevont's at Austin High two years ago, will be in the line-up at one of the tackle slots. His running mate will be spectacular Nick Cutlich. Ends will be patrolled by Bob Daley and Dick Grafe.

To bounce back from defeat is the aim of the Irish. During the past two weeks, men from the substitute ranks have come into prominence due to injuries sustained by the members of the first eleven. Steve Bagarus made his mark against Army by a thrilling touchdown run following his interception of an Army pass. Jim Brutz, Paul Lillis, "Truck" Brosey, and "Boo" Albert have seen a lot of action at the tackle positions. Pete Arboit and Phil Sheridan got their chances at left end; Johnny Kovatch won his spurs on the right flank. Bob Maddock, "Herky" Bereolus,

Jim Laiber, and Ed Sullivan showed good at guard. Injuries have hurt the Irish for the past two weeks, but, in the sense that they gave experience to new players, they have helped for future battles this year and next.

An explosion is due. Such backs as Bob Saggau, Ben Sheridan, Lou Zontini, and the rest are bound to come through with a regular track meet one of these next two Saturdays. Northwestern's rooters can say the same of their prides: Soper, DeCorrevont, Ryan, Clawson, Conteas, and Hahnenstein. It will be a case of two great offensive teams trying to outdo each other, and prove that they are great.

Notre Dame has been defeated. But this fact does not make things easier for Northwestern. On the contrary, the Wildcats are going to face a savage ball club, a team eager to swamp the enemy, to atone for a loss.

There are those who say the Irish have been lucky all along. There are those who are ready to quit now that the Irish have lost. There are those who say, now that defeat is marked in the book, that the Irish are mediocre and have been all season. But the Irish are "Fighting Irish" who are out to prove their real worth to the "moanin' low" boys who can't take a licking.

—John Patterson

JOTS BETWEEN DOTS

Iowa Wake: Enthusiastic followers of the Hawkeyes are boosting Coach Eddie Anderson to the title of "Rockne II." . . . His adroit handling of the Iowa boys against Notre Dame and other teams this season has marked him the wonder coach of the year. . . . Nile Kinnick, spearhead of the Hawks, averaged only one yard per try in his 19 tries at rushing. . . . Iowa Sunday papers forgot about the war . . . The Hawks were smart in not making either a punt or a kick-off return . . . They continually called for a fair catch . . . If they had run the hospital might have been the next stop . . . The Irish usually had five men on top of the safety man . . . Remember Ed Beinor and Tippy Dye of Ohio State? . . . Now the Hawkeyes, with a 15-man playing squad, hope they have enough starters with which to finish the season.

Stars Are Born A



All-American Chuck Sweeney (No. 47) and Shellogg (No. 83) to trim the

Starting

Notre Dame

Kerr	Left E
Gallagher	Left T
DeFranco	Left G
McIntyre	Center
Rifle	Right G
Harvey	Right T
J. Kelly (C)	Right H
Sitko	Quarter
Stevenson	Left Hal
Zontini	Right H
Thesing	Fullba

Referee—Frank Birch (Earlham). U
Linesman—Ernie Vick (Michigan
wald (Syracuse).

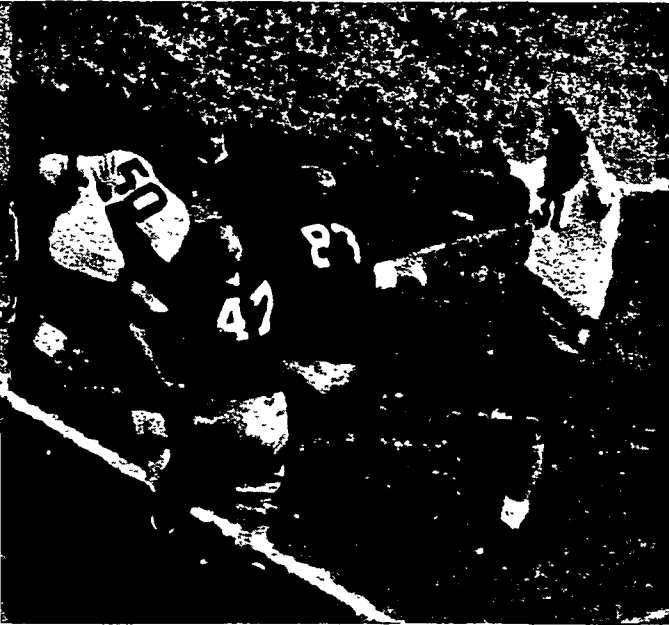
Coaches—Elmer F. Layden, Notre Dam
Time—1:30 p.m. (C.S.T.). Place—Not
56,000.

Radio Broadcasts—WGN, Chicago; WLS
Chicago; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS



1935 saw All-American William Shakespeare, Northwestern, face each other as the Wild

Against Wildcats



(above) recovered a punt blocked by Alec the Wildcats, 7 to 0, in 1937.

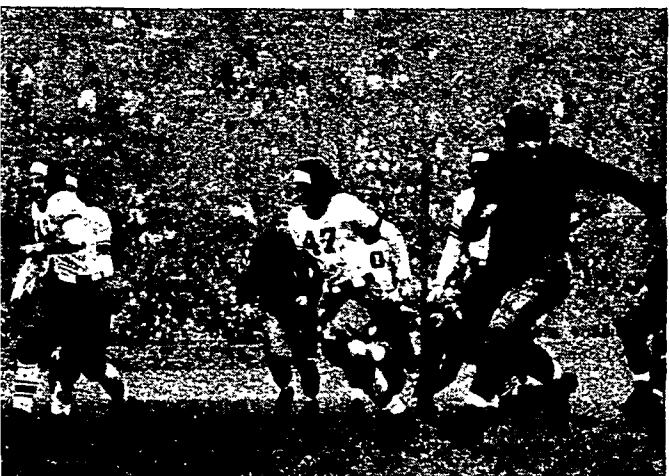
Lineups

	Northwestern
End.....	Grefe
Tackle.....	Cutlich
Guard.....	Lokanc
Center.....	Haman
Guard.....	Method (A. C.)
Tackle.....	Aarts
End.....	Daly
Quarterback.....	Richards
Halfback.....	Hahnenstein
Fullback.....	Chambers
Fullback.....	Clawson

Umpire—E. C. Krieger (Ohio U.).
Field Judge—R. W. Finster-

Dame. Lynn O. Waldorf, Northwestern.
Notre Dame stadium. Probable crowd,

(MBS); WBBM, Chicago; WCFL,
WBT-WFAM, South Bend.



e, of Notre Dame, and Henry Longfellow, of
Wildcats upset the unbeaten Irish, 14 to 7.

Splinters From The Pressbox

by Frank Aubrey

Within the past few weeks the Detroit Lions have been going about proving that fast, light, fighting lines have out-moded the big, rough, and beefy lines. Using a smart, cagy set of forwards manufactured by Hunk Anderson, Detroit has been able to knock over the Chicago Bears and the New York Giants, two advocates of the big, strapping type of lineman. Of course, when we say "light" line, we mean relatively light, for Detroit's front seven average a mere 211 pounds. If this group of stringy anemics can demonstrate that brute strength is a thing of the past, Mr. Hunk Anderson will have a successful thesis under his belt.

Meanwhile, out in Iowa City another gentleman named Anderson has a theorem which he is assaying to prove, namely that you can get more out of a small squad of good players than from a big group whose training naturally cannot be so intensive. Iowa's Anderson is not proving his theorem by choice, but out of necessity—which endowed him with a small number of men as football squads go.

Last spring Eddie's football inheritance consisted of 19 squadmen who had managed to beat Chicago in 1938, but had dropped six other games. Picking a first team of 11 good men was admittedly tough for Eddie who compromised by picking the eleven best men and training them to play 60 minutes or a fraction less. With his keen knowledge of the game, his knowledge of his men, and his ability to get them to play their heads off for him, Eddie was successful from the opening gun.

He had been blessed with a left-half who could do everything, Nile Kinnick, so Eddie proceeded to build his offense around him. Whereas, in the normal Notre Dame style of offense the left-half occupies a set position in the 'T', and runs generally to his right, Anderson developed a radical set of backfield formations which had the left-half filling the ball-carrier's role whenever necessary. Thus, Kinnick carries the ball around both ends and through the middle at random. If an opposing team fails to notice this shuttling around of Kinnick, they are apt to be surprised greatly. (editor's note: Iowa scored against Notre Dame when, after a time-out, Kinnick lined up at right-half and knifed through the right side of the Irish line.)

Finding he had a great end and pass-receiver in Erwin Prasse, Coach Anderson devised ways and means of using

him. In some of the more intricate variations of the Iowa offense you will find Prasse shifting from his left end position back to the ball-carrying spot or into a wing-back position, from which reverses, laterals, and man-in-motion plays develop.

Now for the Anderson sagacity. All season long Iowa scouts had reported the success of opponents' passes against the Irish. Short ones, long ones, and slip-shod ones (see Carnegie game) had been completed quite regularly. On the other hand, these same scouts had not failed to note the corresponding inefficiency of the Irish aerial attack, for against Purdue, Navy, and Carnegie Tech, Notre Dame had failed to complete a single pass out of 20. In five games previous to the Army, Notre Dame had thrown only 34 passes and completed eight. Around these two pieces of evidence Anderson built his attack and defense.

Inasmuch as the Irish bottled up the Hawkeyes deep in their own territory throughout most of the game, the Kinnick to anybody-open passing combination could not be used without great risk. As a result, Iowa threw only one pass—the play on which the ball was presented to them on our three yard line in an attractive, new Christmas gift box. There's the possibility that Anderson may have decided to cross us up and not use his fine passing game, but we doubt it.... On the defense, it was a different story. Relying on Irish passing to live up to reputation, the Iowa backs moved up close behind their line. The effect was not unlike an eight man line. It stopped Notre Dame cold during the entire first half. But as the grind began to tell on the original 11 Iowa starters, our backs had a little more luck in picking up yardage. Coach Anderson had no premeditated design for stopping Big Milt Peipul. So when number 71 got the ball, the general order seemed to be—'Hang on and hope for the best!'.... For a great job in coaching, for turning out a smart and fighting team, and for his fine success in his first year at Iowa—we congratulate Eddie Anderson!

♦

Picking Splinters:

Notre Dame over Northwestern
Pittsburgh over Nebraska
Cornell over Dartmouth
Minnesota over Iowa

Introducing *by Pete Sheehan*

Cincinnati residents—rabid baseball fans—do not lose their interest in sports when the final out of the October Classic is recorded. They still have an interest in the sports pages. Their radio dials are not twisted hurriedly when a favorite commentator speaks of punts and passes instead of balls and strikes.

In fact—since '37—the inhabitants of this southern Ohio metropolis anxiously await the approach of autumn. This desire is not inspired by a love of cold weather, nor is it promoted by the coal dealers. It is prompted by their civic pride and any sports fan in Cincy will boast of the fact that Joe Thesing won a starting berth at Notre Dame as a sophomore and was still in there when the Irish ran out on the field last Saturday at Iowa.

Joe won nine letters at Elder High and was elected captain of football, baseball and basketball in his senior year. He won all-city recognition in '34 and '35 and was placed on the all-state team in his latter year. They are still talking about his last game when he threw six touchdown passes and kicked four extra points to account for Elder's 40-0 victory over Western Hills—their public school rivals.

Although he was a great forward in high school basketball—his team went to the finals at Columbus in '36—the big blonde fullback has not had time to try out for Coach Keogan's team. His out-fielding activities have also suffered for the same reason.

Due to sickness, Joe reported two weeks after practice had begun. Mario Tonelli, Ed Simonich, Hal Gottsacker and Chuck Riffle had the fullback position well in hand. Tonelli and Simonich had won monograms as sophomores and, with two more years of competition, were expected to rank with Layden, Mullins, Savoldi and other famous Notre Dame fullbacks.

Most players would—in like circumstances—be contented to play with the "B" team but not Joe Thesing. Joe just dug in and worked harder and before mid-season he not only made the varsity but he had won a starting assignment.

Last year Joe suffered a broken nose

in the Kansas opener and found himself on the fourth team when he returned to practice. Just as the fans were beginning to forget about him he was sent in against the Army and led the team in a last half rally which netted 19 points and an Irish victory.

Last summer Joe was a camp director at Fort Scott, Catholic boys' camp located near Cincinnati. If reports are true, Joe and Emmett Crowe, one of



his aides, spent most of their time telling the kids about their trip to California. Movie stars were the important topic. They didn't have much to say about the game.

Campus life must appeal to Joe because he can always be found at Washington Hall on Saturday night. He likes music played in the Lombardo style but has no use for swing or jitterbugs. His good nature makes him easy prey for practical jokers but Joe promises to even the score with his annoyers before graduation.

Statistics: Full name—Joseph Roger Thesing. Born in Cincinnati on March 10, 1918. Weight, 190 pounds; height, 5 ft. 11 in. Joe will be graduated from the College of Commerce in June but he thinks it will be very difficult to watch football games from the stands. Therefore a coaching position would please him more than being a big business man.

Brownson Is Victor Over Carroll In Soccer Finals

With less than 40 seconds to go in the final game of the year—and a championship at stake, Mac McBride calmly booted a tremendous goal kick that won the interhall soccer championship for Brownson Hall.

That 1 to 0 victory over Carroll Hall definitely gave the soccer crown to Brownson. Zahm was second, followed by Freshman and Breen-Phillips. Carroll and Cavanaugh were in the bottom brackets, although their defeats were of such a nature that a break meant the loss of a game.

Individual scoring honors went to McBride of Brownson who had ten goals for the season. Although McBride was outstanding for Brownson, it was the work of a well organized unit that garnered the championship for them. In many cases it was expert passing that set up the goals for the flashy forward.

Members of the team are: Bill Herzog, John Whelan, Nick Villarosa, Gil Gilhooly, Tom O'Malley, Gerald Shea, Bill Mahon, Harmon Sjina, Bill Carrico, Bill Fisher.

Frank Gaglione, of the department of physical education and supervisor of soccer, stated that he was well pleased with the enthusiastic attitude and sportsmanlike conduct shown in the contests. He also commended Norv Hunthausen who assisted him in organizing, and who refereed the games.

Final Standings:

Brownson	9 points
Zahm	7 points
Freshman	6 points
Breen-Phillips	6 points
Carroll	2 points
Cavanaugh	0 points

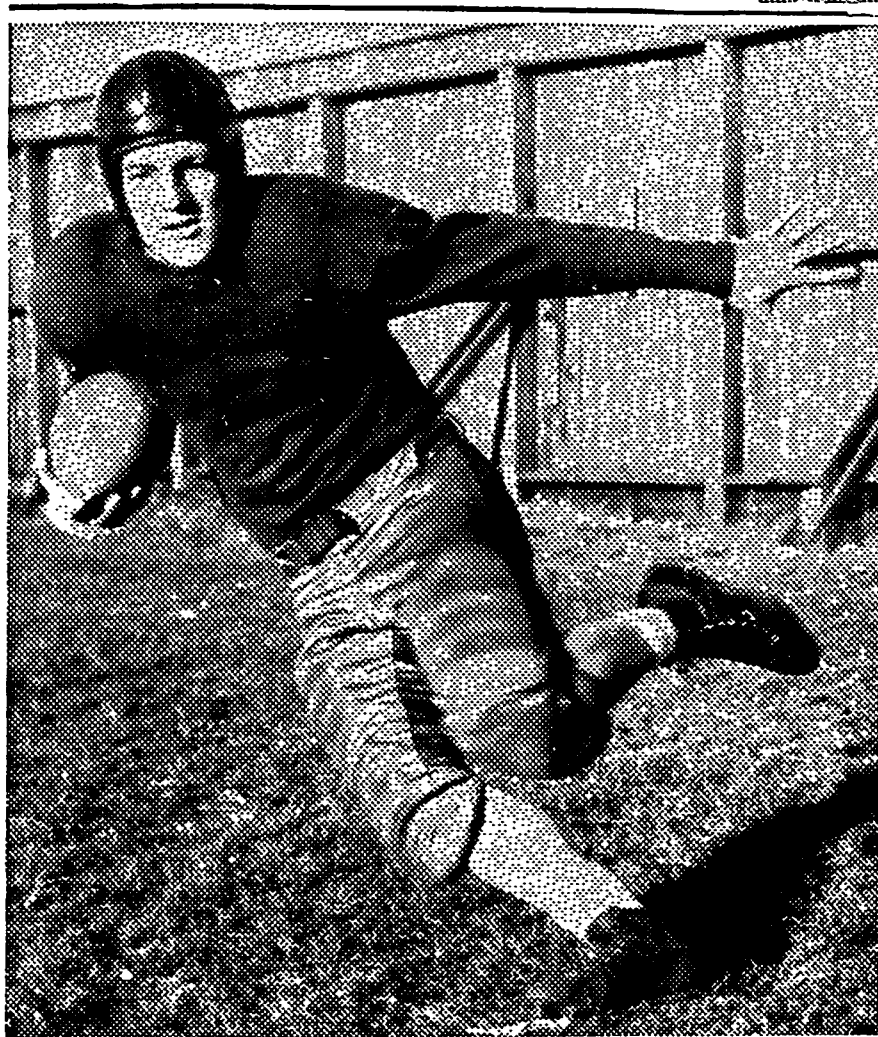
Scoring: 2 points for win; one point for tie.

"B" Team Lays Claim to National Scrub Title

The "B" team schedule has reached a termination. That very decisive termination came several weeks ago when the locals opened and closed their schedule by beating St. Francis College of Loretto, Pa. The answer? That's easy. The Notre Dame "B" team is one of the few teams in this nation to end their season undefeated. Not bad!

Oh yes, there was to be a game with the Purdue reserves on November 11, but something came up (as that same something has been popping up all season), and so that game was thrown into the discard pile. With Coach Cerney on the Pacific Coast, no definite remedy for

IRISH DEFENSE will be hard put to shackle Northwestern's star left halfbacks, Ollie "Red" Hahnenstein (left) and Bill DeCorrevont.



future years could be learned. It seems certain, however, that the local reserves will either have to give up the idea of playing any games, or else fill out their schedule with the varsities of smaller colleges.

In the meantime, the "B" team worked with Iowa plays, and next week will try to give a good imitation of Southern Cal plays for the varsity.

Rockne Memorial News

Practice games in the interhall basketball league will begin in a week or two, Thomas E. Mills, director of the Rockne Memorial, announced this week.

Two divisions, one of the "lights," members weighing 150 pounds or less, and the other of "heavies" with no weight limit, will again make up the basketball program. There will be two teams representing each hall, with two also of off-campus students.

Teams will be placed in leagues of four, each with a playoff to determine

the winners of both divisions. The league winners have a playoff for the championship of the division. Likewise the teams that finish second, third, and fourth in their respective leagues will be placed in a second, third, and fourth division championship.

This arrangement provides more games, but it does not prolong the season for the several division championships are going on simultaneously.

Schedules for the season will be sent to managers of each team far in advance of their first game, thereby giving each hall ample time to organize its team. Medals will be awarded to members of the championship team in each division.

Dates of the University's first all-campus swimming meet were announced this week, preliminaries to be held Monday, Dec. 4, and the finals, Tuesday, Dec. 5. The meet is open to regularly-enrolled undergraduate students, and gold, silver, and bronze medals will be awarded to the various winners.

The different events include 100-yard

free style, 50-yard breast stroke, 50-yard back stroke, 50-yard free style, diving (4 required, 4 optional), and 75-yard medley (25 back, 25 breast, 25 free style).

Robert Rensberger of Brownson with a dead-eye .940 average captured the freshman foul-shooting tournament last week at the Memorial. Rensberger sank 46 out of a possible 50 goals in a tournament ruled by Brownson men. In fact the second, third, and fourth place winners were of this hall. They are Charles O'Leary, 41 out of 50; John F. Treacy, 38; and C. H. Singer, 35.

Scores ranged from a low of 17 to the winning 46. The majority were above .500. Directors of the Memorial hope to hold an off-campus foul shooting event later in the year. The frosh meet attracted a great deal of interest.

Entries close Monday in the Rockne Memorial open handball tournament. The defending champion, William Keller, has indicated he will defend his University undergraduate crown.

MUSIC NOTES

Here is the story of a man who climbed very high in the field of classical music, then changed his form of expression and reached a position of equal importance in the field of Swing. At an incredibly early age he was made concert master of the Philadelphia Symphony following a brilliant, although short, career as a concert violinist. Now at the age of 27 he is the leader of a swing band. His name is Jan Savitt.

Savitt was born in Russia, and given an early musical education in the best of Europe's conservatories. Then he came here at a tender age, and won all the available scholarships offered by the Curtis Institute of Philadelphia. It was here that he came to the attention of Leopold Stokowski, and after a brief period in the violin section, he was given the place of honor next to the conductor. His next jump landed him in front of his Top-Hatters.

Many of us who were in New York last week heard Savitt and his band, and we agreed with the more competent critics of swing that these boys are hard to beat. The band is a jitterbug's dream, with all the force and impact that can be caused by 14 solid jive artists. The brass section is composed of six members, three trumpets and three trombones. The rest of the band includes four saxophones, guitar, piano, bass fiddle, and drums. A negro known as Bon Bon is the vocalist.

As a front man Savitt is absolutely the tops. He is full of nervous energy, constantly popping up and down in front of the band. Only at infrequent intervals does he relax and bring out his violin.

Future plans call for complete concentration on the Top-Hatters with a return to the classics extremely improbable at least for a few years. However, at the age of 45 he intends to have a string ensemble and devote his later years to the nobler and richer side of music.

This is an example of a man who has commercialized his art. Whether anyone in the field of swing can be considered an artist is a debatable question. If one in this field can be called an artist, certainly he falls beneath the dignity of a true concert artist.

To fully enjoy Savitt's music now you must be young, in excellent physical condition, and a trifle barbaric. As a member of the Philadelphia Symphony he offered his talent to an organization operating for the inspiration and consolation of all ages and classes. He now plays to a limited but very lucrative audience.—*William Mooney*

New Music Library

For those students who like good music, a record library will be opened in Washington Hall in the near future, according to Professor Daniel F. Pedtke, head of the department of music.

Although it is being established especially for those students taking courses in music appreciation and the history of music, this new library will also be

open to the entire student body in an effort to develop wider interest in good music. Among the records which will be available are a complete grand opera, and numerous records of historical music dating back as far as the tenth century. However, if students have records of their own which they wish to play, the phonograph in Washington Hall will be available to them also.



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Thanksgiving Dance

On next Wednesday night, Nov. 22, the Notre Dame Villagers club is holding its annual Thanksgiving dance at the Palais Royale in South Bend. Bids for this dance are selling at one dollar and ten cents, the hours are from 9:00 till 12:00. Ted Gallagher and the orchestra will furnish the musical inspiration for the dancers.

No Southern Cal Seats; Lawyers' Ball Postponed

The Law Ball, scheduled for Friday, Nov. 24, has been postponed because student lawyers were unable to obtain satisfactory tickets for the Southern California game, President John Deane announced. He also stated that the dance will be held late next spring.

OUR DAILY BREAD

LITURGY

The Church is a visible society. "Church" in Hebrew and Greek, primarily means "community," "assembly." God chose the Hebrew nation as the instrument of his designs for the regeneration of mankind. Christ made the Apostolic community the nucleus of his Church. The Holy Ghost descended upon this same community. St. Paul's insistence upon the Church as the Body of Christ further accents this communal element.

God's special regard also goes out to the individuals in the community. He calls some to be leaders, as Abraham and Peter. To all He gives graces according to their capacity and measure. "There are diversities of grace, but the same Spirit." (1 Corinthians 12, 4). On the milk of their example the Church feeds her children "like new born babes" (1 Peter 2, 2) throughout the cycles of her feasts.

The calendar of the coming week is impressive both in richness and variety. Tuesday links us with the East where the official observance of the Presentation of Our Lady began in the sixth century; Wednesday, St. Cecilia, (d. 230) patroness of musicians; Friday, St. John of the Cross (d. 1591), Carmelite, Doctor of the mysteries of the spiritual life; Saturday, St. Catherine (d. 310), patroness of philosophers.

Mass Calendar: Nov. 19-25

Sunday, 19—Twenty-fifth after Pentecost. Mass: Sixth Sunday after Epiphany. 2d prayer, St. Elizabeth, Queen, Widow. 3d, St. Pontianus, Pope, Martyr. 4th, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

Monday, 20—St. Felix of Valois, Confessor. Mass: *Justus* (in Common) Prayer proper. 2d prayer, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

Tuesday, 21—The Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple. Mass: *Salve* (in Common, Pentecost to Advent). Credo. Preface of the Blessed Virgin.

Wednesday, 22—St. Cecilia, Virgin, Martyr. 2d prayer, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

Thursday, 23—St. Clement 1, Pope, Martyr. 2d prayer, St. Felicitas. 3d, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

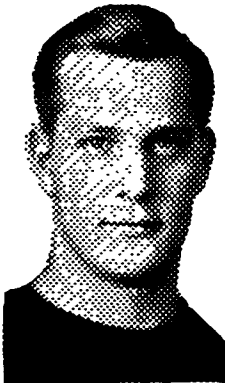
Friday, 24—St. John of the Cross, Confessor, Doctor. Mass: *In medio* (Common of Doctors) Prayer proper. 2d, St. Chrysogonus, Martyr. 3d, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. Credo.

Saturday, 25—St. Catherine, Virgin, Martyr. Mass: *Loquebar* (in Common) Prayer proper. 2nd, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

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Two Legs

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Our "SPECIAL" Representative
2 Lyons Hall

RADIO

This week's column is dedicated to the maddest show ever to come from the studios in the Engineering Building. In the words of the announcer, "It's that program of fun, frolic, and foolishness, the Little Jamboree."

Two years ago Phil McHugh originated the show and, at that time, the Modernaires played while Phil emceed the production, bringing dramatic scripts or comic shows to the audience at different times. This year, the production was revived on a somewhat different basis. The idea in the minds of those putting on the first shows this year was to gather a small company of fellows interested in strictly comedy programs, work the group together for a while, and achieve a light, informal type of show. There was to be no one predominant character. Instead, the company as a whole ran the production. Each person coming on for a time, doing his part, and leaving the scene.

This worked successfully for two shows and now the group has decided to completely revise its original plan and try a Master of Ceremonies for a while. Too many shows, especially when produced by amateurs tend to adopt one style and keep to it consistently. After all, the campus studios are merely laboratories, where those students interested in radio work can have an opportunity to try themselves out and to develop their talents. A regular series of shows in the same style week after week, would tend to defeat this purpose of experimenting with one's own capabilities and those of the others. Programs put on by any organization like the Radio Club should be the first to attempt new ideas, new features. Unfortunately, instead of being the leaders in the field of program experimentation they are the most conservative group in radio, rarely attempting any type of program not all ready proven to be successful. Too often these shows are definitely outmoded.

Thus, the "Little Jam" which features Johnny Kelly's "Jam Band" has, and will in all its programs attempt to bring something different each week to its audience. Whether it's John Holland's old Irishman telling a rather involved story or Don Gilliland singing "Minnie the Moocher," it will be something new, something good, something worth listening to. Any criticisms of the program, or suggestions as to its improvement will be heartily welcomed by the cast.

Radio Log

Tuesday, 7:15—Music of the Masters.
Wednesday, 7:45—Faculty Talk.
Thursday, 4:00—Academy of Politics.
Thursday, 7:30—Sportscast.
Friday, 4:00—Periscope.
Friday, 9:00—Radio Stage.
Saturday, 7:30—Little Jamboree.

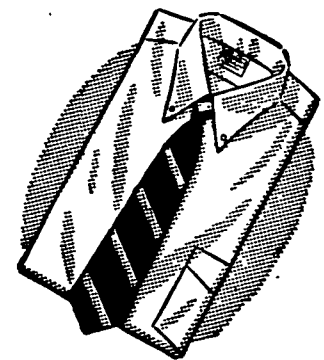
Sons of Alumni

Will Freshmen whose fathers or grandfathers were Notre Dame students please leave their names and campus addresses in the Alumni Office before November 23?

Last year a start was made toward organizing men on the campus who are second or third generation Notre Dame men. Fifty of these "veterans" are back this year. Indications are that the Freshmen will increase this number by some 50%. A get-together will be planned for early December following completion of the list of eligibles.



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ARROW

DISC - CUSSION

Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart have written an excellent score—with emphasis on the lyrics—for “Too Many Girls.” With star Mary Jane Walsh as spokesman, they offer concrete reasons why we should “Give It (New York) Back to the Indians.” This Gilbert and Sullivanish number is paired with the more melodious “I Didn’t Know What Time It Was.” Miss Walsh also handles capably the clever — if unorthodox — rhymes in “Love Never Went to College” and “I Like to Recognize the Tune.” The latter has also been done,

together with “All Dressed Up Spic and Spanish” by Gene Krupa. Irene Daye’s vocals are always a selling point and she outdoes herself here.

I’m sorry, Mr. Pedtke, but I’m afraid I like Cab Calloway’s “Twee Twee Tweet.” You can’t get away from swing so you might as well take it mixed with novelty by an old standby. The best feature of “For the Last Time I Cried Over You” is Cab’s jive conversation with pianist Bennie Paine.

Tommy Dorsey goes sweet on “So Many Times” and “Baby, What Else Can I Do?”—two good numbers even if they are reminiscent of past melodies. Jack Leonard croons to your girl and Anita Boyer asks you personally: “What Else Can I Do?” She can sing to me

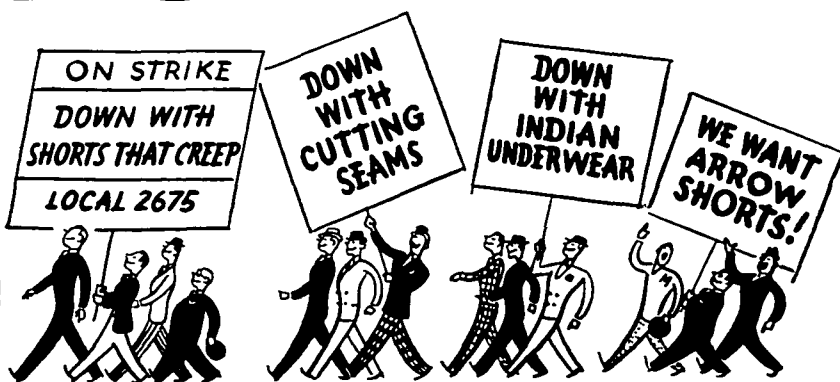
any time, and Leonard isn’t so popular for no reason. The Sentimental Gentleman also has Dorseyized “Night Glow,” another of the “Sophisticated Swing”—“Moonlight Serenade” type that appeals to those of us who aren’t addicted to Dixieland jive. For the rest of you, he paired it with “Stomp It Off” — a lovely number.

If you want “Monstro, The Whale” or “Honest John,” from Disney’s new feature, Del Courtney has done them as well as anybody, and cheaper than most. Personally, I’m waiting for Dick Jurgens to record Eddie Howard’s latest: “Careless.”—*Bill Geddes.*

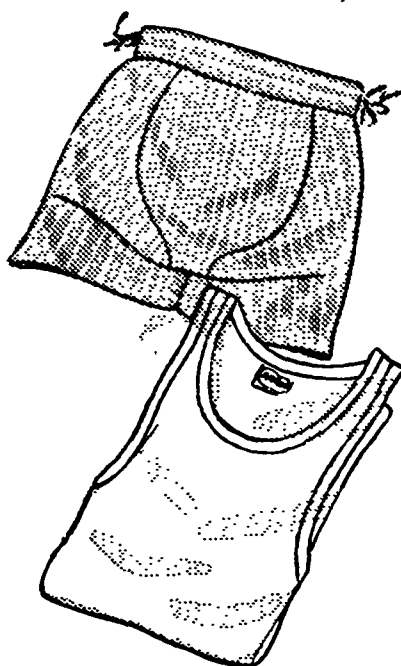
CLUBS

Indianapolis

Next Sunday morning the Indianapolis Club will gather in Howard Hall chapel at 8:30 for Mass and Communion. The Rev. Richard Sullivan, C.S.C., will be the celebrant. After Mass the members will see what they can do to a real Communion breakfast. Chairman of the event is Jack Fisher. Reservations must be placed before 10:00 a.m. Saturday



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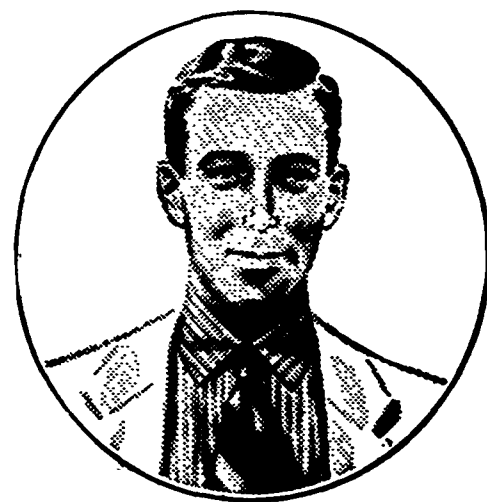
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Propeller Club

The Propeller Club, local student branch of a nationwide organization of business men and others interested in foreign trade and in the growth of the American Merchant Marine, met on November 8, in the Commerce Building.

Professor José Corona, guest speaker, gave an interesting talk on the human relationship factor in our trade with Latin America. Especially responsible for the coolness between continents is the superior attitude of our business men in dealing with their southern neighbors. Professor Corona urged a more sympathetic attitude toward those people and their problem. Steps are now being taken, he said, to strengthen the friendship between the two peoples. Great hopes are held for our future trade in South America.

At an earlier meeting in October, Professor Walter Langford discussed our trade relations with Mexico. He blamed expropriation of United States oil and railroad properties by the Mexican government for the trade decrease between the two countries. But Pro-

fessor Langford believes that the present war will shift a great amount of the Mexican trade from Europe to the United States.

Any person interested in Foreign Trade or the American Merchant Marine, is urged to join.

At the meetings, student papers were prepared—by Robert McLaughlin, concerning safety at sea, and by John Mlynsky, on the history, progress, and aims of the American Merchant Marine. Officers for the current year are: John Curran, president; Robert McLaughlin, vice-president; Arthur Lancaster, secretary. The Propeller Club is looking forward to a club dinner to be held downtown in December.—John McDevitt.

Dillon Beats St. Ed's In Debate Tournament

Now that the United States has repealed the Embargo Act, the Notre Dame debaters are starting to get more spirit into their battles over the question of whether or not the United States should give aid to foreign belligerents.

In the Interhall debating, Dillon Hall fought its way into the quarter finals by defeating St. Edward's. Sorin and How-

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Michigan at Washington

ard will meet this week to determine the other senior team which will fight it out for the honor of opposing the winner in the junior division.

This week will find a bit of torrid action along the junior front with Brownson-Carroll, the conqueror of Cavanaugh, opposing Zahm. Lyons and Badin are scheduled to match forensic swords in what should be an interesting encounter. Morrissey drew a bye and automatically entered the quarter-finals.

Smith Addresses Forum On Clothing Industry

An exceptionally fine talk by Mr. Richard A. Smith, general manager of the Wilson Brothers Manufacturing Company of South Bend, headlined

the Commerce Forum meeting of November 8. The origination and importance of style in the clothing industry was the theme of his lecture.

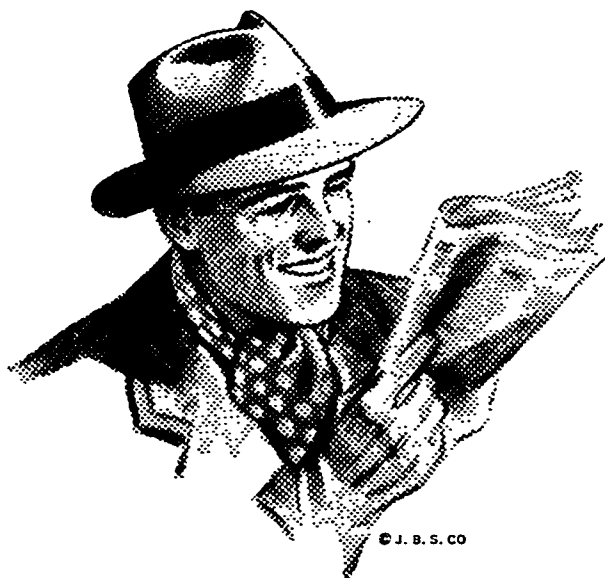
Mr. Smith opened by telling of the strict regulations enforced by early stores. For one thing, he said, clerks had to follow all purchased articles to the shipping room—fearing hijacking or other foul play. The U.S. Mail was under suspicion, too, companies warning that all articles were mailed "at the customer's own risk." Lastly, employees were cautioned to improve their mind and morals after working hours, "and such luxuries as the theatre were beyond their income."

Wilson Brothers was founded in 1870 as a retail store. As it increased in size, it entered the wholesale field, and later

began manufacturing. The present factory in South Bend produces more under one roof than any other firm in the country, — clothing, sports equipment and textiles, etc. Last year they made more than 185,000,000 pounds of rayon.

The origin and style of different garments was traced, showing that their popularity was due first to use by persons in the public eye. Louis XIV began common usage of the tie; while pajamas superseded the nightshirt because of their display on stage and screen by John Barrymore and Rudolph Valentino. One noticeable exception was the stiff collar of pre-war days, started by an insignificant Orland Montague in Troy, New York. It gained the favor of men everywhere. however, and before long, Troy was supplying the entire nation with neckwear.

Mr. Smith concluded by saying that today, while there are no recognized authorities on the subject, Hollywood is becoming increasingly important as a style instigator. As an example he offered: "We have in our possession now a sportshirt worn by Clark Gable in "Gone with the Wind," that is supposed to become the rage next year. It has a collar upon a collar, narrow, pleated cuffs, and bulging sleeves. "Whether or not this is a success depends upon you," he laughed.



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YOUR RELIGION

Speaking of his sinful youth, the great St. Augustine said: "I was miserable, and so is every man who is bound by the love of things that pass away." It is one of the ways in which religion affects our lives that it keeps us ever reminded of this fact. The heart of man must love; it seeks the good as the mind seeks the true. There are two great rivals for his love, God and the things that pass away. The former, because He is the good without alloy, can exhaust, fully satisfy, man's hunger for affection, and so fill his heart with the contentment of peace; the latter, because in comparison with Him they are like crumbs fallen from the table or a few drops of water on the desert, can merely supply a passing need, so that after they have been enjoyed we are left hungry and thirsty still.

The eye is not filled with seeing, nor the ear with hearing, nor can any earthly thing, whatever be its character or however it be multiplied or however frequently it be enjoyed, bring, in the last analysis, any other verdict from the lips of man than Solomon's "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity." Though the things that pass away are good, they are so far beneath our human capacities for full enjoyment that, once apprehended, once tasted, seen, felt, heard, they immediately reveal their limitations and defects, they immediately begin to cease to be and so also to cease to satisfy. They leave us with a feeling of emptiness, of effort spent in vain, of a return of the original want or misery that moved us to put our hopes in them.

God and His creatures, the King and the pauper, rivals for our love! Which is less astonishing, that the omnipotent

God should woo our affection, or that we could ever prefer to bestow our affection upon the things that pass away and leave us finally in disillusionment? That God does crave and seek our love, and for our sake, is clearly the sole reason for His creating us, His redeeming us, His sanctifying us, His unending patience with and mercy on us.

All things, ourselves included, as He has revealed, He made for his own honor and glory, that is, that all might know Him and serve Him, know Him and love Him. All things, man included, are aware of it. "Ask the beasts, and they shall teach thee: and the birds of the air, and they shall tell thee. Speak to the earth and it shall answer thee:

and the fishes of the sea shall tell. Who is ignorant that the hand of the Lord hath made all these things?" (Job 12, 1-10) Of His love for us, its priority, He hath first love us its purity, its infinite intensity, its steadfastness, its unfailing generosity and its infallible capacity to satisfy to the utmost the craving of our souls for happiness, there can be no doubt. Love me, He says, and "I will be thy reward exceeding great."

But, alas, even so perfect a lover has a rival, beggarly and ludicrous though



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he be. He is the manifold of things that pass away. He is the threefold concupiscence of the world, the flesh, and the devil. He is ambition, greed, lust. He is that whole world of material objects that crave the disorderly favor of our senses, and the even more attractive and deceptive world of nonsense—the utopia of human self-sufficiency, of the right to a full and unrestrained self-expression, of human freedom without the restraint of the moral law, of a Godless universe, a heaven on earth and a deity created by man. What is there in man so precious as to draw to him the love of the all-good God, and yet so gross as to make him prefer the things that pass away? The soul, no doubt, made in the image and likeness of God, and sin which blots out that image and leaves man abandoned to his own powers.

"Rather a high level you're taking," says a critic. "After all, don't forget that we happen to need these things that pass away, that in spite of their ephemeral and transitory character, we do get a lot of satisfaction out of them—food, drink, the things we see and hear, the good opinion of our friends, science and art, and even the machinery we have invented. In common honesty we cannot admit that the enjoyment of these things make us miserable."

Nor did St. Augustine with whose thought these lines began. He did not say that men were miserable because they used these things and enjoyed them. He said that they are miserable who are *bounded by the love of transient things*. He that is bound by the object of his love is no longer free in his relations with it, but is a slave to it. He may not love another more than it. Love then the things that pass away. They are God's gifts. But love them as servants that are meant to minister to your needs and legitimate wants, not as your masters. Do not suffer the pauper, Creature to even pretend to think that he may become a successful rival for your affection of God, your King. It is an intolerable effrontery. If this be a high level to take, it may be said that from high levels one may get wide views and a clear perspective.

—Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C.

Vaudeville Tryouts Loom

The preliminary tryouts for student vaudeville will be held on Nov. 26 in Washington Hall. Quite a few novel acts include magic by Thomas Schmidt and a big surprise which Jack Hennessey and Bill Cotter are planning. The student body is invited to attend the preliminaries as well as the finals, which will be held early in December.

College Daily

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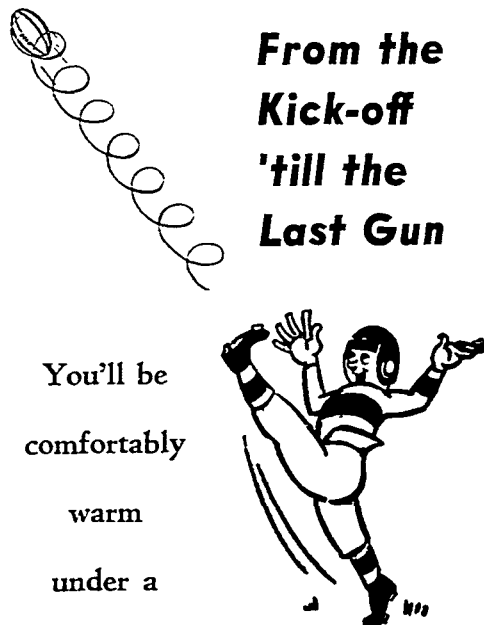
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Bill Hagengast was smoking in his room when the reporter dropped in. Wouldn't the reporter have a cigarette? In fact, wouldn't he have a lot of them? Generosity is a virtue, and Notre Dame is Notre Dame, so the reporter thought such an offer merited a bit of investigation. But he's still a poor man. Don't get any ideas.

Twice this year Bill has fallen heir to 1,000 cigarettes. Three other times he has collected on a measly hundred, but he hopes to make the average appear a little more respectable during the rest of the season. Yes, Philip Morris gave him the smokes, but where did he get the scores to win the Philip Morris football pool? That, says Bill, is a mystery—pardon, a secret. Five times out of six this year Bill has guessed football scores right on the dot for at least one game during the afternoon. Last year it was seven of nine. They are going to pay him not to go to the Kentucky Derby.

Of course, Bill only began giving the pool his attention two years ago, and expects to do much better with a little practice. After all, how many weeks of practice did those teams put in, getting

ready to make the scores Bill called for them after a few moments' thought? Only thing is, he has reached the point where he doesn't want to look another cigarette in the face, or whatever it is one looks cigarette in. Just to keep him in practice during the week, would someone like to place a little wager on anything at all? He'll be awfully pleased to win something besides cigarettes. And if he can figure scores during a season when Illinois beats Michigan, and Iowa

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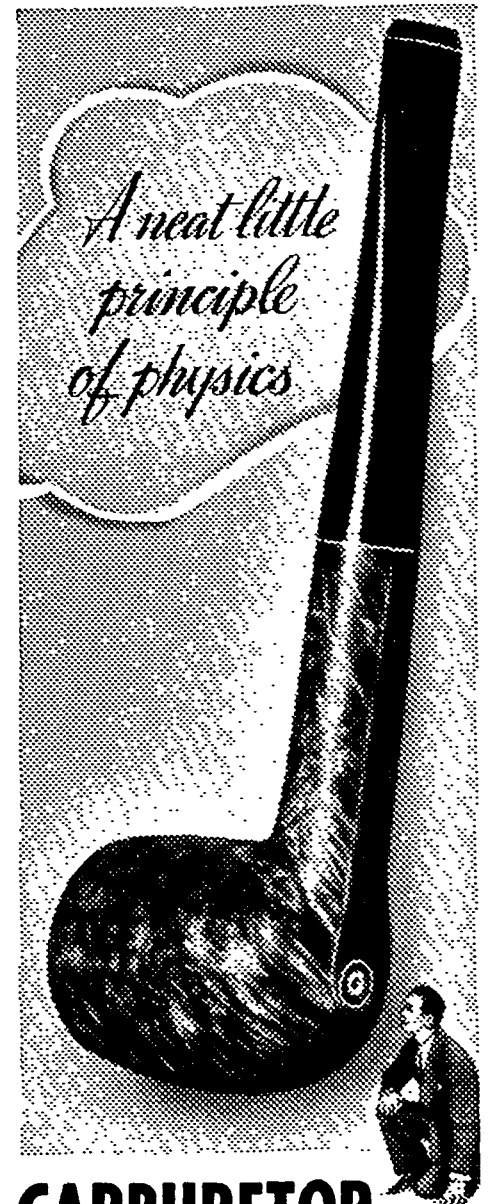
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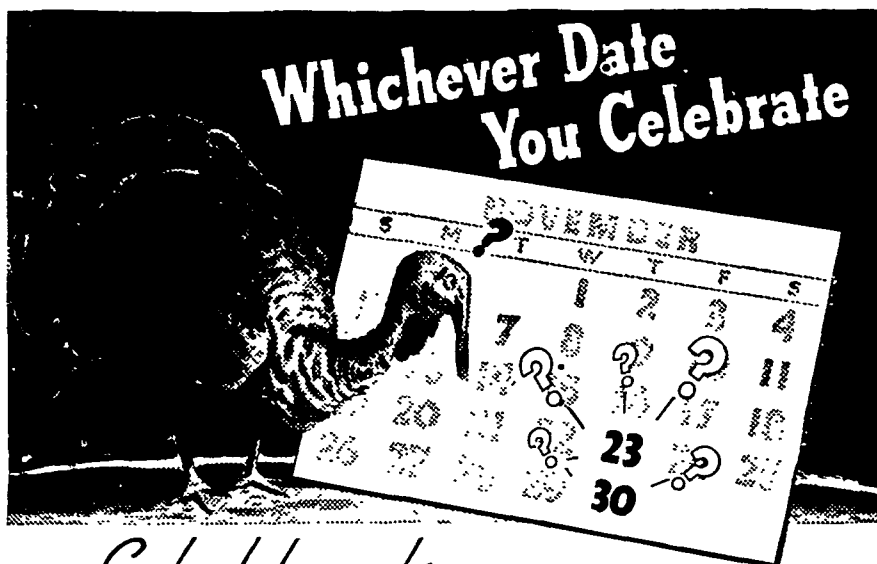
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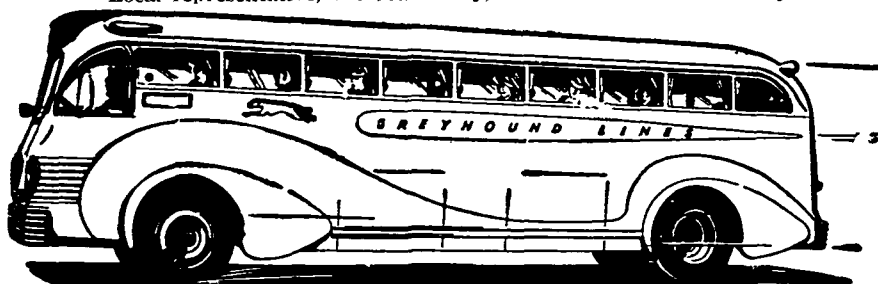
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