

The Notre Dame

SCHOLASTIC

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Plan Fall of Troy Tonight THE TROJAN horse may not have been hobbled yet this fall, but if the Irish spirit due to be unleashed at tonight's pep rally in the gym has any of its old time vim and vigor, the horse from Southern California will be the unwilling steed of a phantom ride. . . . (See page 6)

Set Dates for K. of C. Vodvil MORE FUN than a barrel of monkeys is the prediction for the K. of C. vaudeville show when it is unrolled for the approval of students, Dec. 5. If the entry is large, a preliminary show will be held Sunday night. . . . (See page 8)

Juggler Vein Column Begun JUNIOR WAS not the usual type of book-worm. His mother had known that when he was an infant. He loved stories. He'd want the pudding to burn rather than have mother leave in the middle of Little Red Riding Hood. . . . (See page 13)

Trojans Rate to Top Irish THE TROJANS are overladen with backs and linemen. Men like Ambrose Schindler, Grenny Lansdell, Mickey Anderson, and Bill Sangster would warm the heart of any coach. But Howard Jones has these men and more to cavort for him each week. Tomorrow the Irish will definitely be the underdogs. . . . (See page 14)



Investigation — Professor Robert F. Ervin examines cell life, using a Micro-manipulator, part of \$30,000 instrument display at Colloquium on Micrurgy held in the University laboratories last week-end. (See page 5)

Enjoy this week's Post



YOU, TOO, CAN BE A QUARTERBACK!

• You only weigh 150? Doesn't matter. You can't punt or pass? Okay. But can you call the next play—right—in 30 seconds with the mob howling in your ears? Notre Dame's Coach Elmer Layden reveals how quarterbacks pull miracles out of the bag with tactical skulduggery... tells dozens of yarns about America's greatest quarterbacks... shows you the tricks that make plays work—and fail. Grandstand dopesters mustn't miss this week's Post.

by **ELMER LAYDEN**
with D. C. Grant



"MIND IF I GO TO WORK ON YOUR HUSBAND?"

"You don't care do you, Lily, my pet? Mike doesn't mean anything to you any more, does he?" For eight long years Lily had fought to put this man out of her heart and mind, never mentioning his name because the sound of it hurt. Mike, Mike, why did you have to turn up now? .. A modern romance of a girl cheated out of love.

"I Never Mention Your Name"
by **RUTH LYONS**

AND...in the same issue MacKinlay Kantor brings you an emotional short story of the War through the eyes of a boy being evacuated from London, *How Happy We Could Be*... A prohibition article, *The Drys Return to the Wars*, by Stanley High.... A timely radio dispatch from Shanghai from Hallett Abend, *Japan Picks on Uncle Sam*... PLUS serials by Nordhoff and Hall, and William Brent, editorials, poems, Post Scripts and 16 swell cartoons... all in this week's Post.

A New Story by **MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS**

Author of "THE YEARLING"

Some women never do learn the best way to hold a man is to let go—at the right moment. Will Dover's steatopygic wife sagged the scales at 220—but it was her heavy hand that got her in trouble! (Plenty of chuckles in this one!) A short story.

Cocks Must Crow

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

5¢

College Parade *by Jack Willmann*

Explanation to Follow

The Marquess of Lothian, British Ambassador to the United States, declared recently that it is not the intention of his country to conduct a propaganda campaign here, but rather to "explain to you and all other democracies what we are doing and why we are doing it." This all too magnanimous gesture on the part of a nation at war should leave us no little wary as to the explanations to follow . . . maybe eventually, to war.

In an address at Swarthmore where he was given an honorary degree, the Marquess explained the weakness of democracy in that it does not afford sufficient incentives for self-sacrifice and service. The people use democracies for themselves instead of for public welfare, he concludes. His fallacy lies in his conception of the end of government — it should exist for the people; not the people for the government. Let the Marquess preach his nationalism elsewhere.

Gopher Go-getter

The ace of the *Minnesota Daily* is gush-sister Delabelle H. Pudge, whose favorite Saturday assignment is an interview with the visiting football team. She thinks her name should be "Frances Buck" because she spent an afternoon with 36 Wildcats of the species Northwestern. Talking her way past Keeper Lynn Waldorf, who was bribed with chewing gum, she found herself in the lobby lair. A hefty tackle answered her query as to the desirability of girls playing football with an emphatic "No, girls should be able to cook." Scared only when she talked to the four men reputed to be good passers, sister Pudge closed her story with "Gee, I only wish I could have brought one back alive."

Down, But Not Out

They all laughed when Falstaff stood up in the tavern—how was he to know he was under the table.—*The Log*.

How to Win Students and Increase Attention

"What do you think the professor could do to make life easier for the students?" A multitude of answers were received by the *Western Reserve Tribune*, but a consensus favored better jokes and voice training to keep boredom at a minimum. One brash lad advocated no classes before ten o'clock and none after two. Another suggested that the prof

should show more interest in both the subject matter and the students. Professorial dogmatism was regaled; punch in lectures solicited; abolition of finals proposed; and one individual would have all teachers free to take unlimited cuts.

The Point—after Touchdown

mary had a football man
who had a tricky toe
and everywhere that mary went
that man was sure to go

he followed her to school one day
tho not against the rule
it surely made them laugh and play
to see a football man in school

—*Silver & Gold*.

Co-etiquette at Marquette

Campus attire has always been connotated as sloppy, unorthodox, individualistic, and unpredictable. *Marquette's Tribune* pleads for a new deal in male dress in an editorial that reeks of a co-ed pen. Rolled trousers are scorned—maybe it's a fear of ankle competition. A prayer goes out for shirts—and not those of the T variety. If a man has a weak chin, he should not camouflage it with bristly hirsute growth—stand closer to

the razor. Our only objective is a suspicion that should these suggestions be heeded, there would be no line of demarcation between Joe College and Joe Guy — and people should be given some warning.

Roll out the Students

At Texas U. is a senior who has bent an elbow at the Buergerbrau beer cellar where Adolf Hitler missed a bombing death by only a few paragraphs of a speech. The young Longhorn attended the University of Munich during a European interlude. He recalls that Buergerbrau is not really a cellar, but a large hall with adjoining rooms. It was at the same hall that Hitler began his putsch for control of Germany. The Texan has seen Berchtesgarden, Hitler's mountain retreat, and he feels that despite much dissatisfaction among the older Germans the youth of the country are solidly behind their Fuehrer. It is also his opinion that the German people do not get all the news and all the truth, but neither do Americans, especially in time of war.

Rationalizing the Result

"Anyhow, there's one advantage in having a wooden leg," declared the veteran.

"What's that?" asked his friend.

"You can hold up your socks with thumb tacks."—*The Tatler*.



"That's where Krueger fooled the Irish backs last year."

The Week *By Frank Wemhoff*

Top of the Week

The approaching fall of Troy.



Home from the Cotillion

Dear Willie:

I had a perfectly wonderful time at the dance. The orchestra was wonderful and you looked so nice with a shave. . . . And I didn't mind at all rooming with the girl who used such an awful shade of mascara. Mother says that I must do something to repay you for the grand weekend that you showed me, so as soon as I get back from State's Prom I am going to bake you a devil's-food cake. Then you can share it with that boy you introduced me to. I still don't understand why you call your friends wolves. I guess I'm just dumb like Gracie Allen.

My orchid was still fresh when I got home. It was nice enough to wear on a date Monday night and I pretended that I was at the Cotillion again even though you weren't with me. Well, I must buzz along now. I can't keep you from your studies just to read letters from silly old me; besides, I have a few more letters to write before I go out this evening. Be sure and write me when you are coming home for Christmas. Oh yes, and I haven't forgotten how nice it was of that professor to let you out of class Friday afternoon just to be with me.

Love, Mary Lou.

P.S. Can sophomores go to the Junior Prom?



Citation

To the man who didn't make a pun about Northwestern's Soper.



It's a small world

. . . One little soph went calling for his dream girl. When he knocked at the door the beautiful voice of his beloved queried gently:

"Who's there?"

"It's Byron, dear."

"Byron who?"



Bits from the weekend

. . . The sophomores looked very cute Friday, but give pappy and roomie the credit for those tails . . . the terrific battle between Sorin and Alumni for hall decoration honors . . . as plentiful as corsage salesmen . . . De Correvont seemed to have his legs in parentheses after he was hit a few times . . . the NU band playing "America" while form-

ing a shape of the U.S. at half time and the wag who piped up, "For once they can't deny it's raining in California" . . . something prophetic when the ND band played "Deep Purple" to the NU stands at the half . . . the juniors were glad to lend their tails for the Cotillion but one poor lad made the mistake of lending his to the same fellow who had lent them to him last year . . . the couple who crashed the Victory Dance on a Max Adler "Store Around the Corner" card . . . Benny Sheridan, the little man who was there Saturday afternoon . . . Ed Corey, the "Periscope," in a little store on Colfax that advertised: "Corsages only 25 cents apiece" . . . the subtle bit of propaganda in the newsreels Sunday that showed an English soldier being buried at sea in an American flag. . . .



Frosh should know by now

. . . That student tickets are not on the fifty yard line . . . that St. Mary's, ah yes, St. Mary's, . . . that midnights are illusions created by South Bend merchants . . . that the student manual is invoked . . . the the ND street car is the inspiration for Toonerville Trolley and that Milt Piepul is Katrinka . . . that prefect is not spelled p-e-r. . . .



That fellow across the hall

. . . The one who throws cigarette butts over his transom and lands them in front of your door . . . the one with the super ringing alarm clock . . . the one who forgets your name when he has feminine guests down over the weekend . . . the one with the same collar size as you . . . the one who laughs when you don't get any mail . . . the one who borrows your weeklies before you have finished them . . . the one who has always just given away his last smoke . . . the one who needs a buck because his check didn't come again today . . . well, cheer up, chum, he'll probably live across from you next year too. . . .



Statistics

. . . It is estimated that 93.9 percent of the sophomores spent 2.6 dances Friday night explaining to their dates why they hadn't been appointed on the dance committee.



Bottom of the Week

"Greetings Stinky!
Did you get a pinky?"

OPINION

Editor, THE SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Sir:

It's with us in Washington Hall and in a few weeks we'll have it over in the field house at the basketball games—this business of saving seats, I mean.

Why is this custom, which no one except a few incorrigibles approve, allowed to continue?

It works very simply. One fellow arrives much too early and promptly sits down and lays claim to from one to six seats around him. He becomes highly indignant, insulted and insulting, if one so much as questions his right to the seats. Whether anyone finally arrives to claim the seats is irrelevant; those seats are his until he condescends to release them to the general public.

How can this practice be stopped? The students themselves can stop it by simply ignoring the claims of these early birds. If that is not sufficient, perhaps a notice from the disciplinary department will add a little weight.

Sincerely,

JOSEPH SMALLEY.

Dear Editor:

Have you ever walked along the parade grounds at the United States Military Academy at West Point? Did you notice the rows of trees bordering the grounds? The trees are planted each year by the graduating class. This custom seems to me one of the nicest things a graduating class can leave behind as a remembrance.

Each class tree at the Point has a small bronze plaque at its base. The plaque bears this simple message—"Class of ____." It gave me a real thrill to walk along the rows of trees and pick out classes from way back in the 1800's.

Why can't we here at Notre Dame start something like that? Other great universities besides the Military Academy have this custom. We of the class of 1940 should start a movement for this. Why not have the senior class officers appoint a committee who will see the proper authorities and make plans for a tree to be planted on some prominent part of the campus—this would be the nucleus for a row of trees along some new walk. This would be known, as, say, "Senior Walk," or some such name. Each fall when school starts the new graduating class would make plans for the planting of their class tree.

Yours sincerely,

—JOSEPH A. MANGANO, '40.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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MICRURGISTS VIEW \$30,000 IN EQUIPMENT



Scientists See Blackout of Disease Bearing Bacteria

Reyniers Demonstrates Anti-Infection Device

Man's newest field of exploration—the minute invisible highly populated world of one-cell "creatures," sometimes so small that their size is no greater than one fifty-thousandth of an inch in diameter—occupied the minds of forty scientists gathered at the University biological laboratories, last Thursday and Friday.

While astronomers have been perfecting huge telescopes to pierce the heavens in an effort to explore the universe, bacteriologists have developed delicate tools with which to wage their war against an invisible and formidable enemy of man—disease-producing bacteria. Appropriately, before discussing advances achieved and objectives yet to be attained, the bacteriologists opened their

session with a consideration of the arsenal of implements now at their command.

An array of such "armament" was described and demonstrated. Fifty-two of the latest improved instruments, whose value totals \$30,000, were on display. They ranged all the way from glass needles with points so minute they can be seen only beneath a microscope, to a model of a cubicle designed to protect babies from nursery epidemics.

Formal papers on these micrurgical instruments were presented at sessions by Dr. M. J. Kopac and Dr. Robert Chambers, of New York University, Dr. Earl M. Hildebrand, of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., and Prof. James A. Reyniers and Philip Trexler of the University of Notre Dame.

On Friday, hope for banishment of one type of unwanted alien without Congressional intervention was extended

by Dr. Rudolph Glaser of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research. Dr. Glaser who has been conducting a research war against "Popillia japonica," the destructive Japanese beetle, for 10 years, told fellow scientists how he discovered a species of roundworm which does an effective job of "liquidating" the beetle, destroyer annually of millions of dollars worth of American farm products.

Friday speakers were Dr. Oram Woolpert and N. Paul Rudson of Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio, Dr. Philip R. White, also of the Rockefeller Institute, Dr. William F. Wells, of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Iwan Rosenstern of Evanston, Ill., and Prof. James A. Reyniers, head of the bacteriological laboratories, University of Notre Dame.

Discovering that the roundworm was a beetle killer, Dr. Glaser studied ways and means of reproducing it in sufficient quantities to make it an effective mass exterminator. The savant can now propagate the roundworm from sterile cultures in wholesale quantities of from 10 to 20 million at a time.

By means of a spray these tiny worms are applied to fields wherein the Japanese beetle plies its parasitical profession. The State of New Jersey, where beetles abound, and the Federal Government are aiding in the work, and soon, it is expected, the Japanese beetle population in this country will disappear.

From beetles the scientists jumped to babies. Prof. James A. Reyniers, of the University of Notre Dame, in discussing the use of mechanical barriers in preventing cross infection among hospitalized infant populations, described the system of isolation cubicles he has designed to protect babies from all airborne bacteria and contact infection.

In designing these cubicles, now in use at the famed Evanston (Ill.) Cradle, Prof. Reyniers said he has combined an air-conditioning system which employs a triple graduated air pressure, with the mechanical construction of the cubicles which results in a flow of air always away from the baby. Such air-borne bacteria as those causing colds, influenza and pneumonia are effectively shot out from the baby's crib, greatly reducing

the danger of destructive epidemics, dreaded menace of nursery wards.

Dr. William F. Wells, of the Phipps Institute, University of Pennsylvania, talked on air borne infection and the use of ultraviolet barriers. He, too, has designed a system to protect babies and other hospitalized populations against infection and contagion. Instead of a cubicle Dr. Wells throws barriers of ultraviolet rays across openings, preventing passage of germs from patient to patient. His system is also in use at the Evanston Cradle.

Concluding the conference, Dr. Iwan Rosenstern, clinical director of The Cradle, reported on the results of the two systems he has had under his observation.

Friday night Dr. J. J. McDonald of the Northwestern Medical School, Chicago, presented a colored motion picture, illustrating the Cradle technique for preventing cross infection.

The Rev. Francis J. Wenninger, C.S.C., dean of the College of Science at Notre Dame, was general chairman of the colloquium. Dr. A. J. Riker of the University of Wisconsin presided over the Thursday sessions and Dr. Thomas McGrath presided on Friday. The Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., president of Notre Dame, welcomed the scientists in a short talk in which he stressed the importance of specialization in science and the necessity of fellow scientists meeting together from time to time to discuss science's advance towards the idea of developing the "whole man."

Rally Tonight Prepares Second Fall of Troy

The Trojan horse may not have been hobbled yet this fall, but if the Irish spirit due to be unleashed at tonight's pep rally in the gym has any of its old vim and vigor, the horse from Southern California will be the unwilling steed of a phantom ride. Although this last meeting of the year may lack a "gargantuan pyrotechnic display" (a lot of fireworks to the monosyllabic devotees) it is scheduled to have the year's outstanding array of speakers.

From an authoritative source it was learned that the Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., vice-president, will be the official representative of the University. Elmer Layden, of Notre Dame, will speak for "his boys." He may even tell a story.

Many of the top-flight figures in the world of sports, here to cover the game, have been invited to speak. From the microphones will come Ted Husing and

Bill Stern; representing the news front brigade will be a well-known son of Notre Dame—Arch Ward, Chicago *Tribune*. Warren Brown, of the Chicago *Herald-American*, and two newcomers—Bill Cunningham of the Boston *Post* and Henry McLemore, ace sports feature man for United Press also have invitations, Jesse Harper will be present.

The Student Council has reported that many more invitations have been extended to prospective speakers who have not yet been heard from. Advance information indicates that many of Notre Dame's former stars and a great portion of the Alumni will be in the stands to witness tomorrow's battle.

—Harry Penrose



Layden—Final Chapter Tonight.

"Sadie Hawkins Ball" Slated For Tomorrow

Li'l Abner may not make a personal appearance tomorrow night at the Indiana Club, but the Vincentians promise some real Dogpatch local color at their Victory Dance. Chairman John Hennessey is being secretive about the whole affair, so much so that the Dogpatch Don Juan himself knows very little of what is expected of him Saturday night.

Committee members for the dance are as follows: Don Murtaugh, tickets; Ed Corey, publicity; Hawley Van Swall, refreshments; Jim White, invitations; Bob

Marbach, announcements; and T. Tracey, entertainment.

Karl Hunn and his orchestra will furnish the music; dancing will begin at 8:30 and end at 11:30. Scene of the "Sadie Hawkins Ball" is the Indiana Club, formerly the Columbia Athletic Club. Tickets are one dollar per couple and may be obtained from Don Murtaugh or any other member of the Vincentians.—John Casey

Dillon Noses Out Walsh For Decoration Honors

Enter the campus enigma. For days prior to the Northwestern weekend our spirited students spent hours erecting posters and bunting that prophesied massacre of the Wildcat football forces. They hung out of windows, dangled over walls, eked out funds, that the dear old hall might advance its campus prestige. And, incidentally, and we emphasize incidentally, the Student Council offered a prize of an unknown nature to the hall exhibiting the best bit of gridiron propaganda.

Well, Northwestern has come and gone and what happened to them is football history. Just what happened to the mysterious prizes that the mysterious Student Council awards in some mysterious manner each year was itself something of a mystery for a while this week, until our crafty reporter finally backed S. C. President Jerry Donovan into a corner just before press time to exact a confession. Dillon Hall, it seems, with its conglomeration of Fourth of July banners, an N.D. shield with Princeton's colors (that Ivy League touch, old thing) and some camouflaged hurdles purloined from John Nicholson's supply room, walked off with the bag of jelly beans or whatever the prize is. Walsh Hall, with its somewhat bumpy and bow-legged Irish washerwoman, ran the Dilonites a close second.

The judges were Professors Frank O'Malley and Thomas Madden, of the English Department, who returned Dillon the winner, after closely considering the "Irish Washwoman" of Walsh.

Gogarty, Irish Writer, Lectures Here Monday

One of the foremost Irish writers of our day, Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, will speak in Washington Hall Monday night. Author of *I Follow Saint Patrick*, *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*, and many other books, Dr. Gogarty has achieved international fame

in arts and letters. He is the one contemporary poet chosen by William Butler Yeats for multiple inclusion in the Oxford Book of Verse.

"Ireland's Role in the Present Crisis" is the subject of Dr. Gogarty's lecture in which he tells what war has done to Anglo-Irish relations, and predicts the possible trend of Irish affairs. Dr. Gogarty was a member of the Irish Free Senate throughout its duration and is well informed upon recent events. Described as "The wildest wit in Ireland," Dr. Gogarty gives his lectures a witty and penetrating commentary on the Irish scene and makes some interesting predictions of the ultimate Irish position in the current war.

Ten Art Students Win In Catholic Exhibit

Ten prizes were awarded to Notre Dame art students at the annual Exhibit of Catholic College and Parochial Schools held this year at Huntington, Ind., from Nov. 10th to 25th.

In the four divisions of watercolor, figure drawing, commercial art, and portrait painting, three first-prizes were won by the following students: figure drawing, Joseph A. Redd of Atlanta, Ga.; portrait painting, Edward Kort, of West Palm Beach, Fla.; and watercolor, Robert Schultz, of Oak Park, Ill.

A significant trend in the exhibition this year was the winning of three prizes in watercolor by Robert Schultz, Bernard Eileers, and Donald Driscoll. Particular emphasis has been placed upon this medium for both architects

and artists in the studio and field work taught by Professors Stanley S. Sessler and Francis J. Hanley.

Since the exhibition is retrospective for the scholastic year, the work shown was executed this fall and last spring and winter. Visitors to the Wightman Library Exhibition gallery had an opportunity to view some of the work and current prize winners during Commencement Week in 1939.

Thirty-six entries were submitted by the Notre Dame artists in the media of watercolor, pastel, charcoal, tempers, oils, Conté crayon, pen and ink, and wash drawing.

The ten awards won by Notre Dame artists, out of a total of 14 offered, constitutes a bumper crop of prizes for this annual competition. This year 206 entries from colleges participated in the contest for the college group for Catholic Colleges in Indiana.

This exhibition is now in its fifth year and is endorsed by Bishop John Ritter and the Rev. Henry Dugan of Indianapolis, by the Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., of Notre Dame University, and is sponsored and supported by Mr. Peter C. Reilly of Indianapolis.

The complete list of Notre Dame winners is:

Watercolor: (1) Robert Schultz, Oak Park, Ill., Still Life and Landscape; (2) Bernard Eileers, Rochester, N. Y., Still Life Study; (3) Donald Driscoll, Washington, D. C., Chapel in the Snow.

Portrait: (1) Edward Kort, West Palm Beach, Fla.; (2) Richard Metzger, Rockville Center, N. Y.; (3) Robert Schultz, Oak Park, Ill.

Figure Drawing: (1) Joseph A. Redd, Atlanta, Ga., Head of the Crucified Christ; (2) Robert Metzger, Rockville Center, N. Y., Figure in Action; (3) William Schickel, Ithaca, N. Y., Head of Homer; (4) Joseph Rastatter, Buffalo, N. Y.

Edward Kort, one of the prize winners, is now a member of Fleisher's Animated Cartoon staff. He is at present doing some important work on the forthcoming Fleischer production, Gullivers Travels, which will be released by Paramount at Christmas time.

Freshmen Will Attend Annual Monogram Ball

All Notre Dame has an opportunity to pay tribute to 1940 athletic monogram men—even the Freshmen, for the first time in the history of the school—at the Monogram Ball, scheduled the evening of Friday, Dec. 1, at the University Club.

Proceeds of the affairs will go toward the inauguration of a Blanket Fund which will provide each graduating monogram man of all sports a large monogram blanket as a remembrance of his undergraduate years here at Notre Dame. Chet Sullivan, baseball captain, is general chairman of the affair.

Assisting Sullivan are: Thad Harvey, football tackle, as chairman of decorations; Hubert Crane, second baseman in baseball, chairman of tickets; and the officers—President Steve Coughlin, track speedster; Vice-president Steve Sitko, football quarterback; and Norv Hunt-hausen, baseball pitcher, who doubles



Monogram Men — Dance Is Always More Formal Than Absurdities

The Student Forum

Cost of Catholic Education

By John Lynch

The Catholic Church, appreciating the generally un-Christian tradition of education in the public schools, maintains its own educational system. The savings in educational costs accruing to the public through the Church's maintenance of its schools are enormous. For the Catholic taxpayer pays not only for the maintenance of the public school system, but he assumes the added



John Lynch

burden of footing the bills of Catholic education in primary, secondary and even collegiate schools. It cannot be said that this added burden is a foolhardy obligation. The Church's mission in the field of education becomes more important as the shortcomings of the public school system become more obvious. Church education must be not only maintained but it must be greatly extended and the question arises whether the State should grant public funds for Catholic education.

If the State should aid Catholic education what is a possible solution to the present system, whereby Catholics pay for public schools which they generally do not use and in which they could not possibly be accommodated? Would the solution be to exempt Catholics from taxes for public education. Would public funds for the maintenance of Catholic schools be a possible solution? This brief presentation will only highlight the principal points involved.

Let us first consider the possibility of exempting from taxes for the support of public schools—Catholics who support their own schools. Taxes must be uniform and they must apply to all according to the standards of income, etc. Doubtless an attempt to exempt Catholics from taxes for the support of public schools would be declared unconstitutional. As to the possibility of applying public funds for the maintenance of Catholic schools there are some real but apparently not insurmountable problems. The federal constitution declares that a tax must be "to pay the debts

and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States." Would a diversion of part of the general tax income for Catholic education be construed as cost of "general welfare?" The present NYA fund is a liberal leaning towards the construction that private and sectarian schools may properly receive benefits from the federal government. Most states have constitutional provisions prohibiting use of public funds for the support of private or parochial schools. Quite recently, however, a constitutional amendment was passed in New York State which allows public funds to finance bus transportation for parochial school children. The revision of the New York State constitution may indicate the future tendencies of more states.

Assuming that public funds may be made constitutionally available for the maintenance of private and parochial schools, is there any objection to the acceptance of these funds on the part of Catholics? Many Catholics take the position that the time-honored separation of Church and State cannot be assured if the Church accepts financial aid from the State. The threat of State domination of Catholic schools is held to be too great a risk for the Church to take. Is this threat great enough to warrant a refusal of State aid for the Church's educational system? Under the administration of the various boards of education Catholic schools are today to a limited extent politically regulated by the State. Every Catholic school must be certified by the State boards and all teachers must be licensed. Does the present State regulation over Catholic schools constitute a threat of complete domination? If it does there has been no notice taken of the coming domination. It does not seem unreasonable to expect that some financial help would not subject Catholic schools to State domination any more than the present political control tends to that end.

Church schools should be reimbursed for their great savings to the State. The matter is and should be considered a cold business proposition. The means of the Church to operate its schools are decidedly limited and they should be increased by contributions or grants from the State. There need be no strings whatever on funds given by the State

—see page 22—

as secretary-treasurer of the Monogram club.

For the first time, Freshmen will be eligible to attend a formal dance, officials have announced. The time of the affair is 9 to 12. Bids for the dance are \$2.00. They may be obtained from the hall representatives.—*Bill Scanlan*

Set Tentative Dates

For Vaudeville Tryouts

More fun than a barrel of monkeys is the prediction for the K. of C. vaudeville show when it is unrolled for the approval of students on December 5. If there are enough contestants, a preliminary show will be held next Sunday night. According to Director Vincent Doyle, plans for the event are moving along in fine shape with campus talent attempting to grab the thirty dollars awarded the top performer. The show will be held in Washington Hall.

Place and show positions will be as hotly contested, since twenty and ten dollars will go to the respective winners. Houdini has already filed his intention of competing, which bodes no good for any rabbits lurking in the neighborhood. Competition will be furnished by a baritone, a song and piano act, three skits, and an electric guitarist, which should make an enjoyable evening for all.

Any entertainers who can use the thirty-dollar prize may still enter at the K. of C. headquarters in Walsh Hall, or by seeing the Rev. Eugene Burke, C.S.C., guiding light of this night of fun, frolic, and foolishness.

McGuire and Morris

Appointed Trustees

Addition of two important figures in the worlds of finance and economics to membership on the University of Notre Dame board of lay trustees furnished the high-light of the semi-annual meeting held here last week.

The new members, announced by Byron V. Kanaley of Chicago, president of the University's board of financial advisers, are Constantine E. McGuire of Washington and Nicaragua, and Ernest M. Morris of South Bend, Indiana.

In his report to the trustees, Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., president of the University, pointed out that enrollment in the graduate school at Notre Dame has doubled since 1932; and that the present total enrollment, 3279, is the largest in University history.

Mr. McGuire, a graduate of Harvard University, has for many years been recognized as an authority on current eco-

conomic problems and has written extensively concerning inter-American business relations.

Mr. Morris graduated in Law at Notre Dame in 1906, subsequently taught school, and then practiced law.

Two Notre Dame Profs To Speak in Washington

Dr. Waldemar Gurian and the Rev. Albert Schlitzer, C.S.C., both of the Notre Dame University faculty, will be



speakers at the fifteenth annual meeting of the American Catholic Philosophical Association, to be held Dec. 28 and 29, at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C. Dr. Gurian will speak on "The Philosophy of the Totalitarian State," and Father Schlitzer will have as his subject, "The Metaphysical Basis of Political Action."

Dr. Francis E. McMahon, also of the University faculty, who is the vice-president of the association, will preside at the annual dinner which will be held the 28th.

Adler of Chicago To Lecture at St. Mary's

Dr. Mortimer J. Adler, faculty member of the University of Chicago, is slated to deliver a series of lectures on philosophy at St. Mary's College immediately after Christmas. The lectures will be weekly meetings held in corroboration with the Philosophy and Politics departments of the University of Notre Dame.

Professor Waldemar Gurian of the Politics department, and Mr. Yves Simon of the Philosophy department, are tentatively scheduled to deliver some of the lectures.

Lavanoux To Speak On Stained Glass Craft

Maurice Lavanoux, one of the founders of the Liturgical Arts Society and one of the foremost authorities on liturgical appurtenances, will speak in Washington Hall next Thursday and Friday evenings. Mr. Lavanoux has had 15 years experience with Catholic architects and has observed the building of many churches in this country. By studying the various crafts that enter

into the building of churches, Mr. Lavanoux has acquired a deep knowledge of the present difficulties besetting both craftsman and client.

The first lecture on Thursday will deal with "Stained Glass—The Craft and its Mysteries." This treats of the historical development of the craft and explains each phase in the making of a stained or painted glass window. Mr. Lavanoux was editor of the *Stained Glass Bulletin* from 1931 to 1933.

The second lecture is "The Practical Aspect of the Liturgical Revival," to be held Friday evening, telling of the practical considerations affecting the crafts in their relation to the making of the appurtenances used in churches. Both addresses will be illustrated by lantern slides. Mr. Lavanoux has attracted favorable comment on his speaking tours from coast to coast, and for the last two years has included St. Mary's College in his itinerary.

Lazy Bugs To Sleep In Building For 200 Years

Do you recall the razing of the old infirmary last spring? About 200 years hence a similar operation will take place on this campus but it will be one of far more importance, especially from a scientific viewpoint. This anticipated project will be the tearing down of the now new, biology building and the revelation of valuable scientific findings hidden in the cornerstone of one of the prides of our campus. Experts, taking into consideration the structure of the building and climatic conditions, expect it to last about 200 years.

When the cornerstone was laid in October, 1937 six sealed bacterial cultures were placed in it, one of them being the germs causing lockjaw. Enclosed with the test tubes are written instructions "to the one who opens this" typed on durable linen paper. They direct as follows: "These cultures are being sealed June 6, 1936. They have been taken from the cultural library of the bacteriological laboratories of the University of Notre Dame. They have been examined microscopically and have been shown to be in the spore state. They were viable when sealed.

"To the one that opens them it is suggested that they be cultured on the medium in which they have been grown. The medium is veal infusion agar."

(Signed) "James A. Reyniers, head of the laboratories of bacteriology."

The longest actual record for keeping bacteria alive in a laboratory is 20 years. Scientists have found bacteria in rock formations but it cannot be ascer-

tained whether they entered the rock at the time of its formation eons ago or took up their abode in the relatively recent past. This will be the supreme test for bacteria. Some have been known to endure bitter cold and others high heats but time is a question that only the years can answer. If the Notre Dame bacteria do not survive their long dark exile it is hoped that their liberators may at least determine when the minute prisoners passed to the great beyond where all good little bacteria go, especially those that give up their lives to science.

Two hundred years is a mighty long time. The oldest building on the campus is barely 100 years old. What will be the reactions of students attending classes in a biology building that is over 150 years old? Will Freshman Hall still cling to existence or will the rumors come true? A lot can happen in that space of time. Some persons have suggested that if scientific advancement continues the pace that it has recently shown that men might be afraid to open the deadly vials lest they, like Pandora, free once more deadly evils upon the world. Others

APPOINTED TRUSTEE



Ernest M. Morris

have acclaimed it as a really intelligent step toward the placing of relics in cornerstones. We often hear of this honorable custom being exercised but seldom of the results when the stones are opened. This occasion will be one well worth noting in the far future. It is an example of the selflessness of science... of the life of men whose work and names will live on long after they themselves are dead.—*Jack Dinges*

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

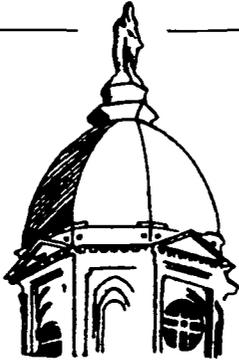
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Across the Editor's Desk

Art Gets The Air

UNTIL recently most of us have hung suspended in existence from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning. Our workaday spirits had become so absorbed in making a living that when we were suddenly freed for a day and a half we didn't know quite what to do with ourselves. At least most of us didn't. Only Sunday Mass provided a welcome interlude in that period of boredom.

It was probably the national attempt to find something to do on Saturday afternoon that gave birth to intercollegiate football. Millions of people began paying millions of dollars to see energetic young men play football. But—what is more important—they were really paying big money to watch other people spend their Saturday afternoons. The paradox of football is that the loudest cheering is done by women, who know least about the game but crave something to do. The newspapers realize this and give greatest space not to games which are technically attractive, but to games which are sell-outs.

Some people, indifferent to football, or disliking the bustle and chill of a crowded stadium, started to visit movie theaters to watch love bloom casually in the latest double-features. In a theater, however, there is little excuse for jostling, cheering, or drinking and that is

probably why most people, considering themselves "red-blooded Americans," prefer the atmosphere of the stadium with its attendant inconveniences.

Several years have passed since the ennui of Saturday night first overcame man's animal dislike for water, and now the "Saturday night bath" is a nationally accepted diversion. Dancing was added to Saturday night's activities, and drinking and eating in overdoses became popular pastimes, too. The "night club" was the brain-child of some genius who wanted to combine all three to his best advantage. And men no longer went out alone; their wives with their newfound freedom also appreciated this escape from the lethargy of Saturday night at home.

In the midst of all this escapist activity, the radio industry decided to do two things: (1) to keep people at home week-ends listening to their radios, and (2) to prove that the radio listener has a higher intellectual age than 13, where popular science had set it. The broadcasters had to persuade Arturo Toscanini, Sophocles, and John Barbirolli to help them. Signor Toscanini is conducting the NBC orchestra in a six weeks performance of Beethoven's music; he begins his performance at 10 o'clock on Saturday night and continues until he has completed it, no matter the time. Usually it takes less than two hours. A senior sitting alone in his unlighted

Alumni Hall room last Saturday night; listening to the maestro conduct Beethoven's "Overture to Egmont," is an example of the local miracles being worked by NBC.

The great dramas of the past are thundered out of New York on Sunday afternoon from 1 o'clock till 2. Sophocles' "Antigone" led the list. Later came "Everyman," a 16th century morality play, portraying the desertion of man at death by all save "Good Deeds." Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" was dramatized last Sunday, and Marlowe and Shakespeare, Sheridan and Chekhov, Gilbert & Sullivan, and Synge are scheduled to rouse the contemporary "everyman" until May of 1940.

As if to assure us that they too are thinking of our welfare, CBS has hired John Barbirolli to conduct the New York Philharmonic orchestra immediately after the conclusion of the NBC drama hour. Last Sunday Mr. Barbirolli gave us Paganini's Concerto in D Major, Brahms's Symphony Number 2, and a few other pieces of equal merit. This is more attention than the public has had in years, and it shouldn't surprise us if a production of Eugene O'Neill's lengthy "Mourning Becomes Electra" encourages a revolt against the present short week-end. And if these radio performances do keep people in their homes more, television might bring to actuality Mr. Hoover's dream about grass growing in the streets.—William C. McGowan

On Contributions

FOR THE past two issues THE SCHOLASTIC has run to twenty-eight pages instead of the customary twenty-four. The increase in size is due partly to heavier advertising, partly to greater editorial content.

For example, the "Juggler Vein" column returns in this issue. We hope it will revive a literary field too long dormant on campus—the satirical and humorous. Like every other department of THE SCHOLASTIC the "Juggler Vein" is wide open to student contributions—in fact, staff contributions will not be used on the humor page, or pages should student interest warrant expansion.

THE SCHOLASTIC grows in direct proportion to student participation. It now offers a convenient medium for any student who wants to work to express himself in news, sports or feature writing, fiction, essay, poetry, or satire.

THE SCHOLASTIC is not a clique.

—William C. Fay

Death Is so Casual

By Thomas Marker

The man from the bureau was fishing in his coat pocket. He pulled out a cigarette.

"How old is she?" Doctor Doane asked. "Sixty-five? Seventy?"

"Maybe," the man from the bureau answered. "Some of them said she was closer to ninety. Pretty hard to tell. She's a tough old girl."

"Yes," the doctor said quietly. "Yes, she must be." He pulled back the blanket that covered the cot and began inspecting the little, wrinkled body. He tried the heart beat and the pulse, and he probed around her abdomen with his first two fingers. Her face cringed in pain. The doctor straightened up.

"First report was probably right," he said. "Appendix in bad shape. Not ruptured yet, but bad. Weak, too. Hasn't had anything to eat for a week probably."

The man from the bureau was looking for something in his pockets again. "You got a match, Doc?" he asked.

"Try my coat pocket—the right." The doctor didn't look up. "Nurse," he said finally.

I hadn't noticed the nurse before, although she was probably there all the time. She came forward quietly. I had seen her before, but I don't believe I had ever spoken to her. And I had been making the county wards twice a week for the past couple of years, getting a story or two from Doane. If I had had to guess her age, I'd have said thirty-five, but I couldn't have been sure. There was something almost ageless about her face.

"Get a chart, please," the doctor said. "Mrs. Susanne Whart, age — about seventy, no relatives known."

Then the eyes on the bed opened. They looked straight up. It bothered me. The man from the bureau peered forward curiously, and the doctor just sat there on the edge of the cot, looking down. The eyes closed once more, then opened again looking at the doctor.

"Susanne," the doctor said, "we're go-

ing to have to operate on you. It may hurt a little."

Then Susanne's face smiled stiffly. It was a smile, yes, and it was almost a laugh too. Sardonic, I believe they call that kind of a smile.

"Ether?" the nurse asked quietly.

Notre Dame

*I gazed up at the twinkling sky,
And lo, the large pale moon rose slow,
And cast its beams upon
The silent, silver snow below.*

*A thousand sparkling diamonds
It seemed, appeared within my sight,
Upon the gleaming cloak of snow,
Beneath the mantle of the night.*

*Indeed, 'twas nature's masterpiece,
A living picture without name,
My soul though whispered to my pen,
And so I named it—"Notre Dame."*

—J. C. METCALFE

"Too weak. Wouldn't last five minutes," the doctor answered, getting up from the cot. "We can try a local, but not much of one."

The man from the bureau stepped forward a little farther, holding his cigarette in his hand. He looked down at the woman the same way that people look down into aquariums at curious fish.

"Susanne can take it, Doctor," he said. "She's pretty tough. How about it, Susanne?"

I hadn't expected that first smile from the stiff face, and this next one was even more unusual. She smiled, but there wasn't so much derision in the smile as

there was pity. She was looking at the man from the bureau.

The nurse pulled the blanket up and straightened it, and they pushed Susanne's cot through the door.

I was there that next afternoon, too. So was the man from the bureau, leaning against the door jamb, smoking one of the doctor's cigarettes.

The doctor was in the same place he had been the afternoon before, sitting on the edge of the cot, intent over his stethoscope.

"Going fast," he said finally. "I knew she didn't have a chance when I cut her open. I don't know how she lasted this long. What time is it, nurse?"

"About four-twenty, Doctor." The nurse stayed where she was at the foot of the cot. She looked cool in the white things she was wearing.

"After four? Hang it, I was supposed to have been at the clinic at four!" The doctor looked toward the man from the bureau, and the man from the bureau looked at his feet.

Susanne's eyes were open all the time, and while she didn't seem to see anything, I wondered how much of this she understood. We were, it occurred to me, sitting there waiting for her to die.

The man from the bureau walked past the cot on his way to the window.

"How's the tummy today, Susanne?" he said jokingly as he passed. I think Susanne tried to smile the way she had the first afternoon, but she couldn't.

Then the nurse stepped forward and sat on the other side of the cot. She had brought a comb from somewhere, and she brushed the tangled hair back off Susanne's face. She smoothed the pillow case at her head.

"Is that better, Mrs. Whart?" she asked quietly. She asked it; she didn't just say it, and she smiled a very soft smile.

Susanne looked toward her and smiled. It was a real smile. Then Susanne died.

Thanksgiving

By Jack Reilly

A day there was when the sky wept
But could not bear to be seen,
And so it froze its tears
And let them gently fall on heedless earth.
A hush fell upon my little world
And dwelt within and encompassed me.
Even the log was still—vanquished by its age-old foe
And content merely to spread its warming glow
In an ever-narrowing circle of dull-red light.
A drowsy murmuring from all the lips of man
Slowed and slowed its endless pace
And lulled and lulled to sleep . . . to sleep.

There was only sound at first from a wall of mist,
Sound that crushed and tore and pierced my head,
A monster with a thousand voices roaring in the night.
Then a change in tempo and pitch
And from the roar there came
Shrieks and screams of agony
And horrible, bestial moans
Grating and scraping my heart.
Curses of men gone mad with hate,
Whimpering of things no longer men,
Racking coughs and sobs
Throbbled and beat on my brain
With never the hope of an end.

Then there arose a nauseating stench
Of foul earth and stagnant water,
The decay of everything since the beginning of time.
Suddenly the shroud of mist lifted
And revealed to eyes I could not close

Infinite horror and disgust.
Bodies of men still quivering
From the shock of far-flung death;
Shattered forms of children,
The harvest of sky-sown devastation;
The pocked and pitted land with its stubble
Of jagged trees and crumbling walls;
Rivers running red to the sea,
Huge arteries of betrayed youth;
Windswept flame lighting the sky,
The funeral pyre of humanity;
All these were seared on my brain
By the relentless brand of my eyes.
Sound and stench and sight
Quickened their awful crescendo of horror.
I could stand no more, so sought relief
In that eternal cry,
"Have mercy, O Lord, have mercy!"

The log still glowed, the sky still wept,
And my little world was still at peace.
I shuddered once, then softly breathed,
"Thank You, Lord, for all these.
For days of sun and wind and clouds,
For nights of stars and frost and space,
For all that is good in the heart of man,
For all these and life, too, thank You, Lord."
And now the murmuring starts anew,
And peace wraps me in its warm shroud—
But I'll resist as long as I can,
For I'm afraid to sleep again.





IN THE JUGGLER VEIN



About Managers

We've just got through reading about all the new freshman managers that reported the other day. We were mighty glad to see that. It's a great thing to be a manager—wonderful thing. We know because we used to be one. It makes a little lump come to our throat when we think of that first day *we* reported.

The senior manager—his name as we recall it was Scalpem. Or something like that—he was a dandy fellow. Fixed things up so that everybody could have his picture in his athletic book and everything. Even sent us managers cards at Christmas. But that's getting ahead.

At that first meeting he told us of all the experience and business acumen that a manager got. Contacts, too. O, contacts no end! And football games. No ordinary seats for the managers. O, maybe the press box, maybe the bench—didn't make much difference. Then he told us that because we were managers the coach was going to let us in to watch practice. Secret practice! And therefore it would be nice if we'd all be out to the field the next day at three o'clock. And don't be late.

The first game was with Southern Methodist. That was a wonderful day for us. They let us sell tickets! Let us handle real money. Us, a freshman!

Eighteen dollars. Six tickets, we sold. Three dollars apiece. Of course we didn't see the game. But who wanted to? What experience we were getting.

The next game was with Navy. What a day that was! Stadium dedication day! Flags. Bands. Girls. Navy even brought its goat along.

Just before the game, Scalpem got all us freshman managers together and looked us over. Finally he pointed to us. "You," he said, "you look like you got brains."

We just blushed a little and looked at



our feet. So then he said, "I'm going to let you look after Navy's goat during the game. . . . Think you can do it?"

We squared our shoulders and told him we'd do our best. "Well," he said, "I haven't decided who I'm going to let take care of the Army mule when we play them. Your chances may depend on this game." The other managers were pretty sore, but after all, we *had* worked pretty hard.

We're not sure now what we got the most of that day, whether it would come under experience, business acumen, or contacts. Only it was pretty bad. Of course we didn't see the game, but not everybody could hold the Navy's goat, and we're afraid we acted pretty uppish about that for the next week or so.

And that's the way it went along. During basketball games we used to throw back balls that bounced off the court. With everybody watching, too. We used to get a big hand. They let us pick up hurdles, chase foul balls—even climb through a transom for a coach one day. (That *was* a day!)

We don't know why we quit; we just did. Just didn't go out there one day and haven't been out since.

A lot of our pals who stuck it out are right up there now. Real big shots. And when we see them doing a lot of important things like making cross-country charts and running tennis tournaments, why it makes us feel pretty down in the heels.—*Juggler*

And Bookworms

Junior was not the usual type of bookworm. His mother had known that when he was still an infant. Oh, he had most of the type's characteristics. He loved stories. He'd want the pudding to burn rather than have mother leave in the middle of Little Red Riding Hood. Even when sheltered by the sides of his crib, little Junior nevertheless lived the experiences of the fairy-tale characters. But not only did he live them: he lived them exclusively. All he knew came from the printed page. As the boys in the neighborhood said when they'd learned how to talk, Junior wandered through life in a fog.

When he began growing up, and was old enough to go to the public library,

his fees kept that institution on its feet. It was surprising how Junior could actually do so little in real life, and yet know his way around.

But as I said, Junior was an unusual bookworm. He didn't think only high-brow books were fit to be read. You see, Junior believed in a balanced life. Bill, who lived next door, took this to mean a little studying, a little work, a little play, and a little girl friend. Junior read his textbooks, thumbed the *Britannica*, skimmed through a tabloid, and followed *College Humor*. When he came to Notre Dame he complained of the insufficiency of the library. Plenty of serious things were there, he said, and for extra-curricular activity he could read *Physical Culture*. But the variety was not so good: *Collier's* wasn't on the periodical list.

Most of the boys are married now. Junior is happy, too—vicariously, of course. He didn't fall in love himself. No, it is infinitely greater than that, his system of seeing the world only through literature. Success has at last come. The hero in *Liberty's* current serial has finally won the girl.—*Juggler*

A tangerine is an orange that has been disappointed in love.



"Hey, Fellows, Look at Me!"

JUGGLERS — TAKE NOTE

This week THE SCHOLASTIC revives "In the Juggler Vein," a column in the tradition of the late and lamented *Juggler*. The column will include sketches, jokes, poems, and incidents, of a satirical and humorous nature. The material used is to be contributed by the students—and the section will be enlarged in proportion to campus interest. Address all contributions to Frank Wemhoff, 349 Dillon Hall.

Irish Eleven in Underdog Role Against Mighty U.S.C.

Layden Cites Need Of Student Body Support

Eleven Irish will face eleven Trojans when the starting whistle blows in the Notre Dame Stadium tomorrow afternoon. Ten of those Irish will be seniors, playing their last game for Notre Dame. In the starting lineup, Tom Gallagher at left tackle will be the only man returning next season.

Kerr and Captain Kelly, Harvey, De-Franco and Riffle, McIntyre, Sitko, Stevenson, Zontini and Thesing, all will block, tackle, and run for Notre Dame only once more, tomorrow. And this last game brings these men up against the strongest bunch of concerted manpower faced by the Irish this year, in fact for many years. U.S.C. is one of the few teams that has lived up to the colossal press notices in its praise. Carnegie Tech, Northwestern, and Fordham have fallen far below Dame Prediction's fortune-telling.

The Trojans are overladen with backs and linemen. Men like Ambrose Schindler, Grenny Lansdell, Mickey Anderson, and Bill Sangster would warm the heart of any coach. But Howard Jones has these men and more to cavort for him each week.

Al Krueger, who caught a memorable pass against the Irish last year, is back, and he still has two long arms, the grabby kind. His partner at end will be Bob Winslow, a boy who spent an afternoon cracking down Notre Dame ball carriers on the coast last season. Johnny Stonebreaker and Bill Fisk can play end, also.

"Blackjack" Harry Smith needs no comment. His play at guard was recognized last year by almost every self-appointed All-American picker in the country. Ben Sohn, an inconspicuous 235 pound youngster, is paired with Smith. Ed Dempsey fills Don McNiel's shoes at center. Phil Gaspar is the bone-crushing type of tackle, and Harry Stoecker acts like his twin on the other side.

What does Coach Elmer Layden say of tomorrow's game? Just this:

"Southern California has the best record in the country. They have been able to score from anywhere on the field all season long. For sixty minutes the Tro-

jans will be applying pressure on us due to the fact that they have men three-deep in each position. No better passing, or kicking can be shown by any other team.

"Team and students must be 'up' for the game. Our greatest need is for the utmost effort on the part of the team and students. This effort must be roused to a high degree, and maintained for sixty minutes. If this is accomplished, if everyone is intense with a desire for victory, then we can win. But, against such a powerful opponent, cooperation can not be stressed too much."

U.S.C. has plenty of reason to win this game. The Rose Bowl is rented to them for New Year's Day already. But the Rose Bowl game is turning into a farce. Southern California, if victorious over Notre Dame, will have every right in the world to claim the national championship. Otherwise, the Rose Bowl game will again be worthless.

The Irish have a chance to grab themselves loads of prestige tomorrow. No matter how you look at it, victory for Notre Dame will be an upset. Victory for Notre Dame will turn the eyes of the nation back to this campus. Notre Dame, victorious, will be the team of the week, even of the year. But a lackadaisical attempt by players and students cannot and will not bring victory.

All season the Irish have been favorites to win. Tomorrow they will definitely be the underdogs. Ten seniors will be in that ball game playing inspired football because they are getting their last chance to star. More seniors will be in action before the contest closes. There is no doubt that the Sophs and Juniors on our team will be out to win. But from the picture painted during the past weeks, the student body will be as artificial as a wax cor-sage.

Last week, some of the boys yelled fairly loud to show their "dates" what rugged voices they had; when the rain came, their spirit, meek all along, got in a bog. This week there are no cuties around to show off for. U.S.C. ought to get a look at some real N. D. spirit. The last time we really saw it, there was a lot of snow in 1937, against Navy.

Three thousand against eleven may not be fair tactics. But they are the kind of tactics that win football games, when the odds are stiff.—John Patterson

Two Talented



Harry Smith

Smith, All-American left guard, has always been "first string" quarterback has been mento

Starting

Notre Dame

- Kerr Left
- Gallagher Left
- DeFranco Left
- McIntyre Cen
- Riffle Right
- Harvey Right
- J. Kelly (C) Right
- Sitko Quart
- Stevenson Left H
- Zontini Right
- Thesing Full

Time of Game: 1:30 p.m., C.S.T. PI

Officials: Referee, Frank Burch, Ea
Missouri; Umpire, Dick Miller
Steger, Michigan.

Broadcasts: C.B.S.; N.B.C. (Red);

Attendance: 56,000.

Men of Troy



Grenny Lansdell

been hard on Irish backs. Lansdell, one of three mentioned often for 1939 All-American honors.

ing Lineups

	U.S.C.
Left End.....	Fisk
Left Tackle.....	Stoecker
Left Guard.....	Smith
Center.....	Dempsey
Right Guard.....	Sohn
Right Tackle.....	Gaspar
Right End.....	Winslow
Quarterback.....	Lansdell
Left Halfback.....	Hoffman
Right Halfback.....	Robertson
Fullback.....	Peoples

Place, Notre Dame Stadium.

Earlham; Head Linesman, Jay Wyatt, filler, Indianapolis; Field Judge, Herb

d); WLW; M.B.S.; WGN; WBBM.

Splinters From The Pressbox

by Frank Aubrey

Ages ago, way back during the London landslide, before a funny mustache restored order in Austria, and even before a pair of heavy, black eye-brows rescued American labor, we seniors saw our first home game. All that previous week we had been awaiting that great event—the unveiling of the wonderful Notre Dame football team before our very eyes. Notre Dame! the team that was headlined from coast to coast in big dailies, in small town weeklies, and in country monthlies. A full hour before that great moment when we “Irish,” for we were part of it—yes sir, were to come on the field, we walked over to the stadium, filed in and took our seats on the 10 yard line.

Soon afterwards a scarlet-shirted team from Carnegie Tech trotted on the field and the 1936 season was on. As the weeks with the pep-rallies, snake-dances, and button-hole ‘BEAT TECH’ cards, went by, we saw Captain Johnny Lautar’s team triumph over Carnegie, Washington U., Wisconsin, Ohio State, and Northwestern on this home field of ours. After every game we streamed back to the halls with the din of the Victory March ringing in our ears. Amid it all, Roosevelt was re-elected with accompanying fanfare. But we were concerned with more important things—Notre Dame was winning. Anyway not many of us were voters then.

Late in that year, after Larry Danbom had chased a U.S.C. back and accompanying referee, doubling as a blocker, 99 yards, — we closed the ‘36 reign with a record of six wins, two losses, and a tie.

Came 1937 and with it red-headed Joe Zwiers who led the team from the right end spot. Sophomores all, we were a bit more blasé about showing ‘kid’ enthusiasm. It took a red-hot pep talk to get us to give with the old rah-rahs. ‘37 found the student body exhorted and saluted as ‘Men-of-Notre-Dame,’ a phrase which was to become somewhat the worse for wear as time went on. In early October of that year we again found our way to the stadium to watch Pug Manders and the Drake Bulldogs. We filed in and took our seats on the 10 yard line.

Drake was easy. Navy, however, had us by seven points with only a quarter to go. Fighting back through a thick curtain of snow which almost completely obscured the field, Notre Dame tied

the score. We then left it to Sweeney. Chuck came through by knocking Midshipman McFarland down in the snowy muck in his own end-zone for a safety which beat the Navy, 9 to 7. Dr. McMeel’s infirmary had a busy week after that travesty on common sense when 50,000 ‘sports’ sat or stood two hours in inches of icy slush.

Against the Trojans in the last game we used Navy tactics to once more come from behind and win, 13 to 7. That was our first look at U.S.C.’s Lansdell and our last look at the elegant Mr. Sweeney. And the tabulations, please, Miss Schmaltz! Total for 1937: six wins, two losses, and one tie.

With successor Captain Jim McGoldrick, touching off the sparks, the ‘38 Irish swept through eight games and left for the Pacific coast sitting on top of a big globe known as the world. We, as juniors, sat in at four of these killings. For the first time we saw the Notre Dame bench cleared as 80-odd men swarmed over Kansas, 52 to 0. As the season went on first Illinois, then Carnegie, and even mighty Minnesota fell under the wheels of the Irish special as it rolled along the glory road toward California. When Minnesota was ground under, our cup was overflowing. Had we not seen 12 victories at home in three years with only one defeat! As the ‘38 special rolls along Kansas City, Tucson, and points west, we shall take our leave, for the rest of the ‘38 season was uninteresting and not worth mentioning. Oh, if you must, Miss Schmaltz! In 1938: eight victories and one loss.

1939—and everybody here’s seen Kelly. The team is pretty good too. This was our big year—for we were seniors, weren’t we? So we went over to the Purdue game, filed in, and took our seats on the 15 yard line. The 15 yard line? The 15 yard line. It was a new line this year, but the same old Layden serenade. Under its spell teams from east, west, south, and southwest came here and drifted away again as soft as an English plum-pudding—without the brandy. All America listened to the Layden music, and remained to pay the fiddler—except Iowa. Somehow Anderson’s baritone drowned out Elmer’s tenor. But coming up to tomorrow’s game our four-year home-stand totals up sixteen wins and one loss. So, it being our last game as undergrads, altogether boys—let’s try out our swan song. We’ll take the baritone!

Introducing *By Pete Sheehan*

He's just a kid named Joe, but followers of Fighting Irish football can readily tell you that his last name is DeFranco. This stocky little guard—the shortest since Bert Metzger—is week after week, the expert's choice for "best lineman of the game."

Joe lives in Weirton Heights, suburb of Weirton, West Virginia, and had to travel into town every day in search of knowledge. He found hitch-hiking to be the most economical means of transportation. Like Lou Zontini, he was a Roads Scholar.

If watches were presented to high school luminaries who are picked on all-star teams Joe's room would resemble a pawn shop. Freshmen are eligible at Weir High, and Joe won a starting berth about the second week of practice. The little man made the all-district eleven four consecutive years and was chosen All-Ohio Valley guard during his last three seasons. From '32 to '35 he won all-state honors—honorable mention as a Freshman, then third team, second team, and, as a senior, first team.

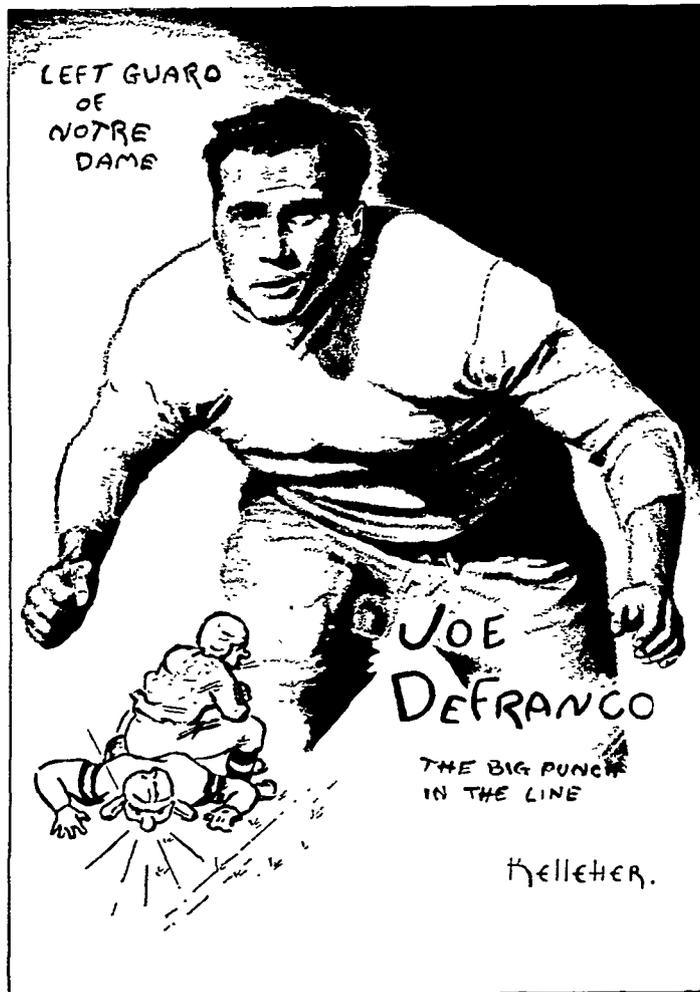
Every year the stars of Northern and Southern West Virginia meet in a post season charity contest. Joe, and Clyde Archer, reserve back, played with the Northerners in '35 and met some stiff competition in the Southern backfield which highlighted Lou Zontini and Merlyn Condit. The game ended in one of those unsatisfactory scoreless ties but Joe and Lou are still telling each other who should have won.

Little Joe's play on the Freshman team was outstanding enough to earn Francis Wallace's prediction that this West Virginia mite, who labored in the steel mills during vacations, would be the outstanding sophomore lineman of the '37 season.

The old injury jinx intervened, however, and Stumpy saw little service. Last year he was a member of that second team line which stood up so well against Carnegie Tech and Minnesota when

called upon to relieve the worn out varsity. Against Carnegie, Joe was very much there—not like the little man in the song—and viciously blocked Carnelly, making the path clear for Bud Kerr's end-around score.

He and his roommate, Joe Guccione, have been the campus Mutt and Jeff since they met as Freshmen. Big Joe went home with his little pal last Easter and Mrs. DeFranco couldn't keep up



with their demands for fourth and fifth helpings of chicken and spaghetti. Next Easter she has promised them a helping for every Irish victory.

A younger DeFranco is now a member of the Weir High eleven, and Joe is already dreaming of the day when he can sit in the Irish stands and say, "That's my kid brother!"

Statistics: Full name—Joseph Francis DeFranco. Born in Canton, Ohio, January 6, 1916. Moved to Weirton three years later. Weight, 178 pounds; height, 5 ft. 7 in. An honor student in the College of Commerce Joe hopes to go back to the steel mills after his graduation. However, he wants to be a member of the sales force and plan his trips to harmonize with the Irish grid schedule.

Cage Team Opens Here Next Thursday Night

A sophomore, two juniors and two seniors loom as the probable starters when Coach George Keogan sends his 1939-40 basketball squad into action for the first time next Thursday against Kalamazoo, Michigan, College on the local court.

Captain Mark Ertel, lanky center, Eddie Riska, high-scoring forward, and Gene Klier, veteran guard, form the nucleus of the older men returning for action. George Sobek, sophomore, has already displaced Ken Oberbrunner, senior, who won a monogram last season at forward. Larry Ryan, out a good part of last season, has grabbed a backcourt position beside Klier.

Elmer F. Layden, director of athletics, has announced a 21-game schedule. Cincinnati, Wisconsin and Southern California will play here on the pre-holiday card while Illinois, Michigan and Northwestern provide the major competition away from home before the holidays.

Highlighting the program are home and home games with Illinois, Northwestern, Butler, and Marquette. The annual New York appearance is scheduled for Madison Square Garden on Feb. 10 against New York University. Coach Keogan lost three outstanding men from last season's team—Captain Earl Brown, Paul DuCharme, and Eddie Sadowski.

The schedule includes:

Nov. 30.....	Kalamazoo College at Notre Dame
Dec. 4.....	Valparaiso at Valparaiso
Dec. 6.....	Cincinnati at Notre Dame
Dec. 12.....	Wisconsin at Notre Dame
Dec. 16.....	Michigan at Ann Arbor
Dec. 22.....	Southern California at Notre Dame
Dec. 27.....	Illinois at Champaign
Dec. 30.....	Northwestern at Evanston
Jan. 6.....	Syracuse at Notre Dame
Jan. 13.....	Kentucky at Notre Dame
Jan. 16.....	Butler at Notre Dame
Jan. 20.....	Pennsylvania at Philadelphia
Jan. 27.....	Northwestern at Notre Dame
Feb. 3.....	Illinois at Notre Dame
Feb. 10.....	New York U. at Madison Sq. Garden
Feb. 12.....	Toledo U. at Toledo
Feb. 17.....	John Carroll U. at Notre Dame
Feb. 20.....	Marquette at Notre Dame
Feb. 26.....	Butler at Indianapolis
March 2.....	Marquette at Milwaukee
March 9.....	Detroit at Detroit

Trojan Attack Features Three Triple Threaters

Coach Howard Jones has a football squad rather than an outstanding eleven at Southern California this season and he calls 24 men by the title of "first stringers." He likes to use alternately two elevens, with an extra quarterback and fullback tossed in to bring it to an

even two dozen. He has developed this system during the past few years because he believes few boys can go at top speed efficiently for 60 minutes in the California sunshine.

The starting eleven rarely plays more than 30 minutes of any game. Harry Smith, Troy's All-American guard, played 45 minutes of the opening contest only because his understudy, Floyd Phillips, was injured. In the other games Smith has played only 30 minutes of each contest.

The writer of this article is Al Weson, sports publicity director at the University of Southern California.

At the quarterback spot, Grenny Lansdell, Amby Schindler and Doyle Nave are all called "first stringers." Lansdell usually starts each game but when he is relieved by one of the other two there is little change in the Trojan attack. All can run, pass and kick with the best of triple threaters. Because of injuries to Fullbacks Jack Banta and Bill Sangster, Schindler will probably play full against the Fighting Irish.

The starting eleven is primarily a veteran squad. Bill Fisk, left end; Howard Stoecker, left tackle; Harry Smith, left guard; Phil Gaspar, right tackle; Bob Winslow, right end; the quarterbacks; and Bob Hoffman, left half, are all seniors. Ed Dempsey, center; Ben Sohn, right guard; and Bob Peoples, fullback, are juniors. Bob Robertson, right half, is the only sophomore.

The second "first team" is composed of five juniors, four seniors and two sophomores. Juniors are Al Krueger, left end, of Rose Bowl fame; Floyd Phillips, left guard; Chuck Morrill, center; John Stonebraker, right end; and Jack Banta, fullback. John Thomassin, left tackle; Joe Shell, left half; Jim Slatter, right half; and the quarterbacks are seniors. Bob de Lauer, right tackle, and Carl Benson, right guard, are sophomores.

Alternating with Banta at fullback is Bill Sangster, 170-pound scrapping senior. Similar to the quarterback situation, there is little to choose among Peoples, Banta and Sangster at the fullback position.

Lansdell, who started his first Trojan varsity game against Notre Dame two years ago in South Bend, has shown an edge over other triple threaters on the S. C. squad so far this season. He leads Pacific Coast Conference scoring with 42 points and has figured either in personal tallying or in directing the drives for 12 of the 21 Trojan touchdowns made to date.



Former Captain Greg Rice

Maloney Sets New Frosh Cross Country Record

Anthony Maloney of Brownson Hall set a new record of 11:52.7 last Friday afternoon in capturing first place in the annual Freshman cross-country meet. Closely trailing Maloney were two other Brownsonites and one South Bend runner. They were Oliver Hunter, second, who finished in 11:54, Frank J. Conforti, third, 11:75, both of Brownson, and John P. Crimmins, fourth, 12:05.

Thirteen men finished the race. Others include: Richard T. Tupta, Brownson, 12:30; Henry C. Priester, Breen-Phillips, 12:42; George S. Marks, Zahm, 13; John B. Brehmer, South Bend, 13; Earl C. Donnegan, Cavanaugh, 13:14; John C. Hynes, Brownson, 13:14; Robert L. Callan, Breen-Phillips, 13:20; Jerome J. Groebner, Breen-Phillips, 13:35; and Donald Miller, Brownson, 14:00.

Rice Trails Don Lash In Record Distance Run

Pushing Don Lash to a new National Senior Cross Country record this week, Greg Rice, last year's Irish track captain, showed he's to be reckoned with in distance competition around the country this winter.

Rice last year won the intercollegiate cross-country crown in a four-mile race, so this performance in the 10,000 meter distance, his first try at this race was the more remarkable. From the start of the race the fight for first place was between six-time title holder Lash, and Rice. Sticking to the Indiana policeman, stride for stride, failing only in the last hundred yards, Greg pushed the winner to a record-breaking performance of 32:26, an 11 second slice off the old record; Greg himself was four seconds under the previous time.

Rice, employed in South Bend, has been keeping in shape working out over the University course. Running under the colors of the newly found South Bend A. C., Greg and his teammates have been pacing the varsity and freshman thinlies around the lakes in their weekly time trials.

Fencing Coach Sheds A Tear For Grid Mentor

Mr. Walter Langford, professor of Spanish and coach of tennis and fencing, describes in an article in *Sign* for November, the trials and tribulations of a modern day coach. His "Pity the Poor Coaches," contains a delightful description of the miseries of a football mentor. Some, Mr. Langford says, cast their ballot in favor of the referee as the man with the heaviest burden; others nominate the quarterback; but "I'm all for the poor coach." Mr. Langford hits the old belief that coaches make "easy money." The coach earns what he gets, he says, and perhaps a little more. Moreover, the job is unstable, and just as likely to be insecure when the coach has built up a "wonder" team.

But the job being unstable, and the coach eating up his finger-nails, and stars going blooey doesn't end the story. Mr. Langford tells of penalties. These, he surmises, put many a grey hair in a coach's head. When a back breaks through a couple of times for a tally only to be beckoned back because of a tackle's eagerness, a coach goes balmy in no time at all. Then, too, when a man breaks loose the poor pilot has to worry about stumbling. Only when the carrier puts the ball over the goal line, and no one honks a penalty, can the coach stand up and cheer with the crowd—not until.

The Professor recalls one Elmer Layden told about a conscientious quarterback who had instructions to go in there and run the end, then try the center, then boot the ball for all he was worth.

Luck was with the team and the end run netted 20 yards; the center smash took the ball to the two-yard line. The quarterback, nettled in the heat of battle, lined up the ball club and kicked the pigskin right out of the stadium. What could the poor coach do?

Off the field too, remarks Professor Langford, the coach has to contend with the "down-town coaches," with the alumni, etc. So, he says, when things go wrong and the check book comes out in the red, pause, reflect—

You could have been a football coach!
—Bob Dinn

Cleary Wins Freshman Handball Championship

Edmund Cleary, of Breen-Phillips hall, took Freshman handball honors last Thursday when he defeated Stan Murray also of Breen-Phillips, 2-1 in the finals. Previously Cleary topped Robert Millett of Zahm in the first round, and followed with a win over John Roeser of Breen-Phillips 2-1. Then he clinched his entry in the finals by taking over Robert Martin of the same hall, 2-1. He was awarded the official Rockne Memorial Medal for Freshman handball.

The open handball tournament will begin soon after the football season. Already there have been fifty entries received for this tourney, in which all undergraduates are eligible.

Dec. 4th and 5th are dates set for the open swimming meet at the Memorial pool. The order of events includes: 100-yard free style; 50-yard breast stroke; 50-yard free style, and a 75-yard medley relay; 25-yard back stroke, 25-yard breast stroke, and 25-yard free style; diving, (4 required, 4 optional). Undergraduates may enter any two events.

Mr. Slezak reminds all students that regardless of the physical education classes going on at the Memorial, the building is always open for recreational purposes.

THE BANDSTAND

The austere walls of Chicago's famous Empire Room, bathed in somber violet, are echoing and reechoing to the smart strains of Tommy Dorsey. Anita Boyer, sweet singer of songs, has established herself as the vocalist to watch.

Gene Krupa's rejuvenated band is paying a return visit to his stomping grounds, the Panther Room of the Sherman Hotel. Irene Daye's interpretation of the current ballads registered solidly

with the collegiate crowd that stormed the Panther Room.

Harlem's own Stuff Smith is sending more than his share of "jive" at the recently opened Off Beat Club. Among the swing illuminaries seen at the famous "after hour" spot were Johnny "Scat" Davis, Gene Krupa, Cliff Lee-mans, drummer in T.D.'s band, and Buddy Clark, radio's popular singer.

The world famous Aragon Ballroom plays host each evening to a gala crowd with Dick Jurgen's orchestra. Again, we say, Eddie Howard makes this outfit.

—George F. Grogan

Benedict Illustrates The Magic of Science

That there is a real relationship existing between science and the art of deception was demonstrated by Dr. Francis Benedict last Wednesday night in Washington Hall at a lecture punctuated with amusing effects.

It took 200 years to separate science from magic since these two were once very strongly linked together in the days of the alchemist and sorcerer of the middle ages. Even today a strong bond exists between them, and mystery is more challenging than ever.

Scientists and magicians have extreme objectives, said Dr. Benedict. The magician presents his wares as the truth, admits they are false, but will not expose his illusions. The scientist on the other hand, seeks the truth but is often blinded in his search by looking too hard for what he would like to find and not what really exists.

The most important tools of the magician are the elements of uncertainty, mechanical and psychological principles and misdirection, which is achieved by great enough distance from operator to audience, a rapidly moving show and "patter." He seeks to cast doubt on the obvious with seeming contradictions. A trick is merely mechanical skill; an illusion is a glorified trick plus elaborate equipment; while real magic is mystification, plus artistry. The real magician may often spend hours in preparing an effect that takes only a few minutes to perform.

Dr. Benedict's lecture was not merely a display of magical skill but an attempt to show the relationship of science and magic. However, he was torn between his duty as a lecturer and the flare for showmanship. He illustrated his talk with a few trick effects; he tied a handkerchief knot with one hand; made a coin disappear; mended cuts in twine with "magic shears"; performed card tricks; and tore a newspaper into shreds

only to restore it to its former integrity.

The climax of the evening, however, was a trick that brought cries of dismay from an audience whose pocketbooks were soon to undergo the ravages of a Cotillion. A nice, crisp new dollar bill was duly identified by examination and serial number and then cut diagonally and both pieces burned before the despairing eyes of the collegians. Dr. Benedict, nothing daunted, took the ashes into his capable hands and, after much rubbing, the welcome crinkle of a bill was heard and the dollar once more returned to its state of usefulness, much to the relief of any worried spectators.

Dr. Benedict frankly stated that the success of the operator depended much on his ability to misdirect the attention of his audience—it's fun to be fooled but he closed with the admonition, "Believe nothing of what you hear and one-half of what you see."—Jack Dinges



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If you think you don't like an electric guitar, as I thought, you haven't heard Charlie Christian, the latest recruit to the Benny Goodman outfit. Along with Goodman, Henderson, Hampton, Fatool, and Bernstein, comprising the Sextet, give Art Hickman's "Rose Room" a new treatment.



The other side is "Flying Home," from the swing version of "Midsummer Night's Dream." Personally, I'm allergic to the orthodox small bands but this is far from orthodox. Christian's guitar gives a new meaning to the word.

Take a dash of Kemp's Smoothies, a bit of Whiteman's Modernaires, mix not too well, and you have Buck Ram's Quintones. Their debut number is Buck's own "Fool That I Am" and on it they establish quite a precedent. A very ordinary song is here given a very extraordinary arrangement. "When My Sugar Walks Down the Street," the mate, is done less well but is still worth hearing.

The English Ray Noble seems intent on giving the American Indian some folk music of his own. First, it was the superb "Cherokee" which he has equalled with "Iroquois" and "Comanche War Dance." "Cherokee" set an almost impossible par which Noble has equaled on "Iroquois." His sax section shines on the least Indian part of the number. "Comanche War Dance" isn't as good, I think, but the Comanches apparently like it as they made Noble an honorary chief for his efforts. His English band was my ideal and his new group rapidly approaches it.

Guy Lombardo has recorded "Scatter-brain." Of Canada's contributions to modern civilization, I'll take the Dionnes,

but the song is good and Lombardo popular. Brother Carmen, who can write songs, can't sing. The Lombardos are, I understand, swell people but the Bengal Missions need your money more.

A man named Tschakowski, who could also write music didn't attempt to sing it. I'm partial to his music but even so, few will deny the beauty of his "Waltze de Fleur"—from his "Nutcracker Suite." Leopold Stokowski has done the best job on the Suite which is a treat from start to finish. The March section is recorded outstandingly. If you missed the Cotillion, you can make this.—*Bill Geddes*

MUSIC NOTES

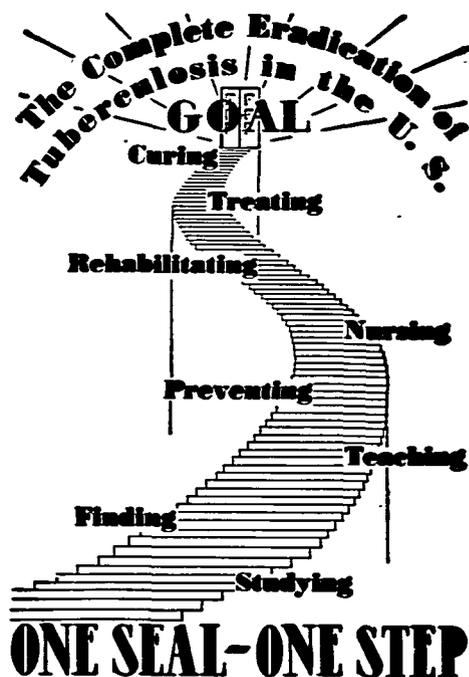
The European War has projected its influence even to the world of music. Early last month several artists who were scheduled to appear with the Metropolitan, the San Francisco, and the Chicago Opera Companies, had difficulty in obtaining visas from the Italian government.

Only by obtaining last minute replacements was it possible for the San Francisco Opera Company to open on schedule. All of the artists (with the exception of Miss Bidu Sayou, a Brazilian soprano) engaged for these emergency appearances are native-born Americans.

The explanation of the failure to obtain visas is the apparent fear that should war continue, the artists might not be able to obtain passage back to Italy in time for their scheduled performances in the Italian opera houses. It is reported that the Italian authorities are doing everything in their power to assist artists to fulfill their American engagements, not only because of the propaganda benefit to Italian art, but also because they do not want to deprive the treasury of the much needed money that the artists will take back to Italy.

The outbreak of the war brought a sudden and complete blackout of the entire musical life of England. The famous Glyndebourne Opera House in Sussex was turned over to refugee children from the danger areas. The main reason was, of course, the ban on all public gatherings which were considered especially dangerous in the event of an air raid.

Now, however, there are signs that concerts will be resumed. Naturally the people of England look to the British Broadcasting Corporation for a lead in maintaining the musical life of the country. It is interesting to note that dur-



ing the war crisis only light music was broadcast.

During the last war there was a loud cry against playing Wagner and Strauss, as well as certain other German composers. No such feeling exists today, though Julius Harrison, conductor of the Eastbourne orchestra stated that certain works of Wagner's had better not be played because of their association with the Siegfried Line.

—*William Mooney*

Dr. McMeel Checks All Halls In Health Drive

Groups of students in bright pajamas and bathrobes give the atmosphere of Chinese costume parties to the routine physical examinations being conducted in upperclass halls. Dr. McMeel and his assistants are checking for contagious diseases, heart and lung conditions, and the development of hernia. Students having defects are advised in regard to treatment and participation in athletics. This examination plus the customary physical checkup for Freshmen is part of the new Notre Dame health program. Last year students were given the tuberculin skin test, and positive reactors were X-rayed for tuberculosis. Plans for the future include annual physical examinations and biennial tuberculin skin tests.

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Men walk the world without seeing the wonder there is in a blade of grass—the alchemy of soil and sun and rain. To such men the Church is only another organization among many for the betterment of mankind. This only material outlook also halts the progress of Catholics whom Baptism incorporates into the supernatural life. Both classes of men need enlightenment and a deepening of faith. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for battle?" (1 Corinth. 14, 8).

The clear call of successive Popes summons men to draw wisdom and spiritual sustenance from the sacred liturgy. This week brings to a close the Church Year, the Year of Grace. Sunday's Epistle exhorts us to join in "giving thanks to God the Father, who has made us worthy to be partakers of the lot of the saints in light"; the message of the Gospel is to prepare for the coming of God in majesty.

Mass Calendar: Nov. 26-Dec. 2

Sunday, 26—Twenty-sixth and last after Pentecost. Mass: *24th Sunday*. 2d prayer, St. Sylvester, Abbot. 3d, St. Peter, Martyr. 4th Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

Monday, 27—Ferial Day. Mass of preceding Sunday. 2d prayer, of the Saints (*A cunctis*) 3d, Faithful Departed. 4th, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. *Votive or Requiem*.

Tuesday, 28—Ferial Day. Mass as yesterday. 2d prayer, of the Saints (*A cunctis*) 3d, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. *Votive or Requiem*.

Wednesday, 29—Vigil of St. Andrew, Apostle. Mass proper. 2d prayer, St. Saturninus, Martyr. 3d, Blessed Virgin (Concede). 4th, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

Thursday, 30—St. Andrew, Apostle. Mass proper. Credo. Preface of the Apostles.

Friday, Dec. 1—Ferial Day. Everything as on Monday.

Saturday, 2—St. Bibian, Virgin, Martyr. Mass: *Me expectaverunt* (in Common) Prayer proper. 2d, of the Saints (*A cunctis*). 3d, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. *Votive or Requiem*.

from the dining hall every week. Their laboratory in the Biology Building is also used to examine food handlers for disease by various tests. They offer similar analyses to infirm patients requiring the service and to students who develop stomach ailments and wish to determine the source.—*Jim Brugger*.

THE MAGAZINES

Commonweal, of Nov. 17, features an article by Donald Attwater, "Bolshevist Persecution Marches West," which brings to notice one of the tragic conclusions that must follow inevitably from such premises as the Communists posit, namely, the subjugation of millions of peoples to the iron heel of paganism.

At the present writing the USSR now has at its mercy a territory which comprises over three and one-half million Byzantine Catholics, more than a million Latin Catholics, and from three to five million Orthodox Catholics; this because of its recent military conquests.

Whether the Baltic States will share the fate of Eastern Poland, Mr. Attwater hesitates to say. As to that, he is not concerned. What is of concern, however, is the fact that Eastern Poland is now in the hands of militant atheism—a two-edged sword pointed at the heart of the Roman Catholic Church. At any rate, one or more of the Baltic states may become atheistic either by conquest, pressure, or mere propinquity.

People who hoped for good results from this war are naturally asking if this state of affairs must be regarded as permanent. And that is a question nobody can answer. Great Britain and France are not yet able, or willing, to be explicit on the subject of war aims; and they certainly will not announce that one of them is to make Russia give up her "new" territories so long as the USSR remains even nominally neutral.

America, Nov. 18, publishes the results of its National Catholic College Poll. Forty-four states answered its queries as to whether the United States should enter the war and whether America would be drawn into the war.

Briefly, the conclusions were these: more than 94 out of 100 voters are opposed to American entry into the war. Yet, it is half and half that the country will be forced into the war. Four out of 100 think our entry would help for a stable peace. It is 83 to 12 for a war referendum. This is news and encouraging argument against war-mongers; 58 of 100 men say they would conscientiously object against serving; and 66

women and older men would fight with them against fighting.

Apparently, the error is prevalent even among college students that America is a true democracy instead of a representative one. Their vote on putting the decision of our entrance into war dependent on a referendum would seem so to indicate. Heaven guard us against the time when so pregnant an issue is thrown open for the people to decide.

"Now Death Begins to March," by Paul L. Blakely quotes President Roosevelt's words of August 14, 1936 much to that gentleman's discomfiture. The President at that time laid the blame of our present ills upon the shoulders of those whose avarice and greed for the immediate riches of a war-market broke our policy of neutrality in 1917.

Mr. Roosevelt warned us, "If we face the choice of profits or peace, the nation will answer—must answer—'We choose peace.' It is the duty of all of us to en-

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courage such a body of public opinion in this country that the answer will be clear, and for all practical purposes, unanimous." In the light of the foregoing words, President Roosevelt's action in pushing through a revision of our once virile neutrality act is nothing if not paradoxical. To deny that we are not neutral, is to change the meaning of the word, especially when ships are sailing even now loaded with bombs, machine guns, and airplanes. If that is the act of a neutral nation, then words have lost their meaning.

Our present neutrality, to Leslie Burgin, British Minister of Supply, means only that, "the Allied Governments are now faced with an arsenal of unlimited resources." As Ray Moley wrote months ago in his "After Seven Years," our foreign policy has done nothing but "to wangle the United States into a position where Prime Minister Chamberlain can and does act as though the British might be willing to cooperate with us in our war with Germany." Congress and the President have just shown that Moley was right. Death now begins to march.
—John Deane

Conboy Answers Critics Of Prison Parole System

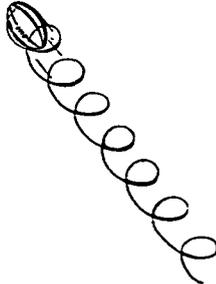
During the past decade the "crime problem" has attracted considerable attention. When nearly a million and a half major crimes against person and property are committed annually in the United States, the public justly becomes alarmed and exhibits a desire to remedy the situation. As a phase of this problem of crime, the subject of parole is of headline importance. Parole, in itself, is a broad subject with many interesting ramifications, but we cannot consider it an isolated factor in today's problem of crime. Parole is interwoven with the whole system of administration of justice, and occurs after detection, arrest, detention, prosecution, and imprisonment. Parole may not be evaluated fairly without reference to these other processes.

Parole today is the target of many criticisms and attacks. The critical public opinion of parole is valid if public information regarding the system is valid. Any person whose opinion on parole is formed from comments in newspapers is entirely justified in assuming that parole is a preposterous imposition of a ridiculous theory on an unsuspecting public. But if the information given to the public is incorrect, the whole basis for judgment is lost, and it becomes necessary to examine parole in the light of actual facts. The public has not been informed as to the facts concerning parole. Newspapers and other sources of information have grossly distorted truth. The result is that the present antagonism toward parole is highly emotional in content, and in some instances results in unwillingness to face the facts. The Illinois State Legislature in 1937 passed a bill to abolish the parole system in Illinois. This bill was vetoed by Governor Horner because it was destructive and proposed no replacement for parole. I cite this instance to show that the whole question of public opinion is most important. If a legislature may be induced to abolish parole on the strength of newspaper recommendations backed up by misinformed public opinion, it is necessary to examine parole realistically.

Parole may be defined as the conditional release of a prisoner from a penal institution into the community under the authority and supervision of an official agency. Essentially administrative parole has two functions: (1) selection of the prisoners to be paroled; (2) supervision during the parole period. Parole is distinguished from probation, which is a judicial responsibility, and from pardon, which, unlike parole, affords a restoration of citizenship and complete freedom without supervision. Parole takes place after the period of imprisonment has expired and consequently is not a substitute for imprisonment. The state generally sets up conditions, the violation of which will result in reimprisonment without further court action. Either death or release ends

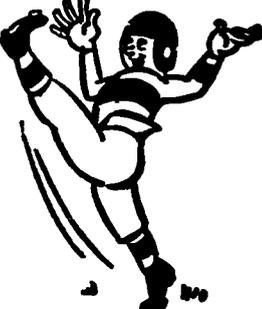
every imprisonment. Release may be outright, or under supervision; parole is the latter. The basic question in discussions of the merits of parole is this: *Is outright release to be preferred to supervised release?*

Where does the present opposition to parole come from? It is evident to any person who studies the subject that most of the opposition to parole comes from newspapers. This statement must not be construed as an indictment of all newspapers. Nor does it imply that parole should not be criticized by newspapers. It is simply a fact that newspapers have "played up" the failures of parole and "played down" its successes. This does not apply to all newspapers, but certain ones such as the *Chicago Tribune* and the Hearst papers have consistently given disproportionate space to criticism of parole and in many instances have deliberately misrepresented the facts. For some reason or other it has become socially fashionable to attack parole or, to use the newspaper phrase, to "flay" it. The *Chicago Tribune* gives as its number one point in the platform for Illinois: "End the parole system," and editorially tries hard to justify its position. The attitude in newspapers has resulted in many misinformed and unin-



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formed persons in the limelight criticizing parole, knowing that their criticisms will be publicized. For example, even so eminent a personage as J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, has talked about parole in such a way as to allow newspapers to use vivid, quotable statements out of context. Many have read in the newspapers of Mr. Hoover's attacks on parole, yet Mr. Hoover has never attacked parole as such. He has used catch words and phrases which are newsworthy against laxness in parole systems, yet he always states in his public addresses that he has no quarrel with parole properly administered. The newspapers emphasize his criticisms and fail to mention his advocacy of a sound parole system.

There is no logic in the typical hue and cry about parole. Parolees are the end product of an entire system — not merely products of parole. They are the products of communities which tolerate conditions inimical to normal, healthy development. Criminals often are the end result of society's failure to assume its responsibilities. This concept does not deny personal responsibility for crime, but focuses attention on a simple fact—that we are going to go on, every year paying a crime bill running to billions of dollars, unless we pay attention to the problems underlying the whole question of crime. This will not come to pass until we destroy the smokescreen of parole attacks and face the real issues involved.—*J. Edwin Conboy*

Glamour Boys—woo woo!

It's a rarity that a writer returns to the scene of his story—there's always somebody who sees himself in the story and is disappointed with the character. "These Glamour Girls," a recent and popular movie, was paradoxically most concerned with the "glamour boys" at Kingston which is the Hollywood spelling of Princeton. Jane Hall, authoress of the piece, returned to Princeton where she had been a weekend guest many times before deciding to do a story on that theme. She admitted several outstanding inaccuracies in local color for the sake of plot development. Showing Tiger lads waiting table at their clubs is as incorrect as the flicker which gave Notre Dame men all-night lights.

Deal Us In

His cross unseen
His coffin bare
Here lies the man
Who wasn't there,

—*The Log.*

Momentous Moment

David sat there thoughtfully trying

his best to solve the critical situation of his life. Should he toss the ill-fated diamond from him or—would it be best to reconsider? What would Sally say to him? How would she look? His head was throbbing with worry and pain; little colored spots danced before his eyes. What ought he to do? He had to decide! He shuddered and his whole body shook as Sally's eyes looked into his. He had made up his mind and there was no going back now. Shutting his eyes, he threw the diamond on the table. And then with a sigh of relief, Sally said, "Gee, I'm glad you didn't throw away your spade."—*The Old Maid.*

Picking Splinters:

Notre Dame over Southern California
Harvard over Yale
Fordham over N.Y.U.
Princeton over Navy
Cornell over Penn
Michigan over Ohio State
Indiana over Purdue
Oklahoma over Nebraska
Iowa over Northwestern
U.C.L.A. over Oregon State

Student Forum

(Continued from Page 8)

to the Catholic school system. A sort of Community Chest for the support of all public and private schools might well be created out of the general tax funds of the various states. If need be, new constitutional guarantees might be incorporated into state constitutions whereby the independence of all schools would be protected.

Catholics should not be required to support two systems of education when their own system answers all the requirements of the various boards of education. The service of Catholic schools must be better understood than it apparently is. There has been no effort to quote statistics in this article, but ample statistics are available. The State could not duplicate even the physical requirements of the Church service unless it were ready to spend a vast amount of money. The beauty of the Catholic school system is that it serves both the Church and State. The system has its own rewards as far as the Church is concerned in that Catholics are educated in the Christian tradition. The State in turn is also served by this Christian tradition as such tradition is most consonant with the idea of democracy. Yet there is no reward under the present setup for the Church's service to the State.

YOUR RELIGION

God is life, and His Incarnate Son wished to renew the life of man, of society and of the world. It is remarkable how many times and with what emphasis this truth is mentioned in the New Testament, but it is even more remarkable how few there are that seem to understand it. We read these texts, but fail to comprehend their real significance. Is it because, like Nicodemus, we are too literal or, as we say today, too one-track minded? The Saviour's solemn assertion is that "unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God."

(John, 3:5) If birth is the beginning of life, then rebirth is the beginning of a new life.

"Oh, someone says, "that's just Baptism."

Quite so. Just Baptism. But Baptism is called a regeneration, which means that a new life has begun in us, a new life whose beginning is the work of the Holy Ghost. Yes, but what kind of life?

St. Thomas Aquinas, who had the rare power of being simple because he saw things clearly and of being profound because of his great respect for things as they are, tells us that there is only one way in which we can understand the nature of anything, and that is by watching how it acts. Nature yields up its

secrets in actions. Using this rule, we can say that where there is no action there is no life. Life without action would be a contradiction in terms. Life is revealed by growth, by nourishment, by reproduction. It is thus that plants live. If to these you add movement from place to place, sensation and sense appetite, you describe animal life. Once again, add to all these reason and will, and you have human life. You are now midway on the scale of living things. From here upward, for Angelic life, you subtract the bodily organism with all of its earthbound limitations, but you add to the human perfection of reason the far loftier perfection of intuition, the power of immediate and incomparably more perfect understanding. Finally, to get some idea of divine life, you subtract all imperfections from created life, and then enlarge its perfections to an infinite degree, and attribute them to Him Who is life itself.

But, oddly enough, we have not yet answered our question, What kind of life is it that leaps into being at the rebirth of Baptism? But of one thing we can be certain: it is not merely a new attitude toward life and the problems of living, not merely a different spirit in individuals and in their social relations. It is these things, to be sure, but they are only the external signs or effects, fruits

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or outcroppings of a new vital principle within the soul. They reveal its nature as any effect reveals the nature of its cause. The final argument of the Redeemer to prove to an incredulous generation that He possessed divine power, divine life, that He was, in fact, a divine person, was "If you do not believe my words, then at least be convinced by my works. If I cure the sick and raise the dead, multiply the loaves and calm the storm, if I do things that require supernatural power, then I am supernatural, I am divine." Similarly, St. Paul insists repeatedly that a Christian shall be known by a "newness of life." "Be not conformed to this world, but be reformed in the *newness* of your mind, that you prove what is the good, and the acceptable and the perfect will of God." (Rom. 12:2) To become a Christian then means to enter a new order of life, an order in which the mind of man is renewed, so that it sees and judges of all things in their relations to God, the author and supernatural end of this order, an order in which the will is renewed with the power to accept habitually the will of God, in which the heart is filled with a love of God,—an order, in short, in which the whole life of man is transformed by being transferred

from a natural to a supernatural plane.

We can understand the principle of this new life then in the same way that we do other life-principles, that is, by the actions, the conduct, that it generates. "Whoever is born of God," writes St. John (Epist 1:3) "committeth not sin. . . Let us love one another, for charity is of God. And every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." What characterizes this new life, therefore, which begins by being "born of God," is the absence of sin and the presence of charity. Both of these can be reduced to one, the habitual submission of the will to God's will, so that with St. Paul, we can truly say: "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. 2:20) To do God's will implies that we believe what He has revealed to us, that we choose what He commands us to choose, that we live, insofar as humanly possible, according to the example set by His Incarnate Son, that we deny ourselves and take up our cross daily and follow Him.

But is this possible? His answer is: "I am the vine, you the branches; He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit; for without Me you can do nothing." (John 15:6) The very possibility therefore of leading a Christian life depends on being united with Christ, without Whom we can do nothing. As the same life flows through the vine and the branches, so the same life, His life, must be in Him and in ourselves. In Him it is eternal, inexhaustible; but in us it needs daily nourishment, the bread, that is, which is His body and blood, soul and divinity. Lord, give us this day our daily bread, that thy life may be vigorous and strong and endlessly fruitful.

—Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C.

VINCENTIANS

A release during the week has us all wondering who is this Sadie Hawkins we hear about? Will she be flown from the Coast? Will she be one of the charming St. Mary's girls? At any rate, she is to be honored at the dance given for the benefit of the Conference the night of the Southern California game. "The Sadie Hawkins Ball." Sounds mighty good.

Sadie must be somebody important because the Indiana club, formerly the Columbia Athletic club, will be crowded by dancers and by those who want to see what this is all about. Sadie Hawkins—who is she? Chairman Jack Hennessey, John Michael himself, and an enthusiastic committee have done a thorough piece of work and promise a great dance. Two vital notes enhance the

dance: St. Mary's girls may attend, and the bids are one dollar.

A recent column might give the false impression that Pat O'Neill, with his question of whether or not more men were needed to visit St. Joseph's hospital, had no Vincentian work to do and was looking for a case. The men in the Conference always have something to do in the work of the Society. The recent drive of the Red Cross for Safety in the Hom encouraged the members



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to interest the principals of Catholic schools in South Bend to have their students take questionnaire blanks home, have them answered and returned to the schools. The Community Chest Drive in South Bend will see N.D. Vincentians again working in cooperation with downtown agencies.

The Conference will send other men to the boys' clubs who have headquarters in the Y.M.C.A. building. These men will direct the play of the boys in football, basketball, swimming, boxing, pool and ping pong. With the emphasis of the Vincentian Service Bureau activity on child welfare, this work will assume a very important part of local Vincentian activity. Very soon now, summary reviews of the N. D. Conference work will be given in the religion classes at the University. To these a good number of the men in the Conference will direct their attention.

In addition to these activities, the Conference members are always on hand to answer emergency calls from the office at No. 23 Lyons when cases that need immediate attention are referred there. If the Vincentian has any free time, he volunteers for the case. It may seem surprising, but the very fact that the members attend the meetings and drop into the office once in a while is a great work in itself. It serves as an immeas-

urable source of encouragement for the other members and of most interesting, thought-provoking situations for the active member.—*Richard Leo Fallon, Jr.*

THEATRE

Those rabid clowns of cinemoddy, the Marx madmen, in their annual picnic, swooped deliriously this past week upon the heads of the locals. This year their excuse was another cameraman's nightmare, an affair called, "At The Circus."

We're happy to find that this picture was molded for the Marxes, or rather the Marxes were given a skeleton at

which they could pick and poke in their own quaint way. Last year's tragic offering, the Marxified "Room Service," impressed us only too forcibly with the fact that Broadway, especially Abbott Broadway, and the mad triplets of Hollywood just don't mix. Even Groucho himself considers "Room Service" their worst film, "because it was too sane, and we had always to be thinking of the plot." There it is in substance—too much plot is poisoned hemlock for Groucho and his brothers. The groundwork used in these annual fantasies can truly be unfolded in less than 30 seconds; yet it is frilled and flounced and blown up into an hour and a quarter spectacle.

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"Room Service" we are inclined to think that the situations of the story were too possible, too close to reality. Whereas in offering up themselves on the altar of the cinema, our feathered friends leave this world of actuality far, far behind to revel in the substratum of the human mind. They love wallowing around in their conception of a dream world where dissociated images of the subconscious fuse into grossly distorted things (for want of a better term); thus it is that these "things" seem so idiotic in the eyes of our sensible population. Into almost every art form today this movement has been introduced; we find it on canvas, in stone, in symphonic composition, and even on the screen—with the monstrous Marxes.

Whether such an infusion is justified or of any value to the realm of Fine Art, is still being hotly contested among artists and critics everywhere. Whatever the outcome, is unimportant here. We merely believe that the Marx brothers through their supreme improvement upon common slapstick and their strategic use of vaudeville technique are the Hollywood exponents of modern surrealism, their peculiar knack being an ability to twist it into practical gain via the box office.—*Vern Witkowski*

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RADIO

Thursday, 7:30. It's that old Sports-caster, Jerry Flynn, with his news and reviews of things in the sport world. Since he undertook to fill Walt Hagen's shoes, Jerry has won wide acclaim both on the campus and in town with his breezy manner and clear, colorful continuity. In the past, it was felt that campus programs were not very attractive to the South Bend audience. More and more this feeling is being dispelled. With shows like Radio Stage, Periscope, Little Jam, and Sportscast, the campus studios are attracting a steady following among the townsfolk.

We were told by a good friend from town that in at least one office, Friday morning is given over to a discussion of Jerry's show of the previous evening. Much interest has been aroused by his predictions because his average to date is better than that of many of our leading sports writers. Yesterday, Bill Stern was interviewed on the Sportscast program and gave the announcer's side of the grand old game of football. Interviews like that add just a bit more to an already good show.

While giving Jerry a blow we can't overlook Bill Foley who has announced

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The prize will be awarded for an unpublished monograph or essay of high merit in the field of Southern history, preferably in or near the period of the Confederacy or bearing on the causes that led to the Civil War. Any phase of life or policy may be treated. If no essay of high merit shall be submitted in any competition, the prize will not be awarded for that year.

Essays must be in scholarly form and must be based, partly at least, upon the use of source materials. Important statements should be accompanied with citations of the source from which the data have been drawn and a bibliography should be appended. It is expected that essays will comprise not less than ten thousand words. In making the award the committee will consider the effectiveness of research, originality of thought, accuracy of statement and excellence of style.

The prize will be paid in two installments of \$500 each, the first at the time of the award, the second when the manuscript shall have been suitably printed. This arrangement is intended to promote the printing of the essay in substantial permanent form at the author's initiative. If such printing shall not have been done within two years from the time of the award, the second installment will be forfeited. At least nine copies of the printed essays shall be the property of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The next competition will close May 1, 1940, and before that time all essays must be in the hands of the chairman—Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, 520 West 114 Street, New York, N. Y. The award will be announced at the convention the following November.

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