

The Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC

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Number 10

THOSE Notre Dame Monogram Men men, known principally to the world as athletes — All-Americans in football, basketball, track, tennis, baseball and golf — assume a new role promptly at 9 o'clock tonight for the second formal social event of the school year, the Monogram Ball. (See page 6)



PHIL McFARLAND, K.C. Vaudeville Tuesday Night star of several Absurdities, will be on hand to emulate Fred Astaire. The Linnets, Glee Club, and Karl Hunn's band will be entered, but not under those banners. Everyone will be on his own and competition should be keen.

(See page 6)



THE TWENTIETH Banquet Will Fete Gridders annual civic testimonial banquet to the Notre Dame football team, sponsored by the Notre Dame Club of St. Joseph's Valley, will be held in the University Dining Hall on Monday evening, Dec. 11. Tickets are on sale at the athletic offices. (See page 7)



COACH KEOGAN Keogan Faces Rough Season definitely is not expecting a national championship from his present crop of cagers. "We will undoubtedly lose some of the early games. We have plenty of work to do," he said, "but maybe some of the boys will develop into iron men." (See page 14)



Brother Orchid — Jerry Flynn, alias Little John Sarto, alias Brother Orchid, a Florentine monk, takes the leading role in the first University Theatre Production, "Brother Orchid," scheduled for Dec. 14 and 15. [See page 5]

ENJOY THE POST THIS WEEK...

Isn't "Rush Week" Exciting?

• Yes, being "rushed" by the big sororities was to be Judith's most thrilling experience. She was young. She was beautiful. And definitely eligible. But who was to know she was bucking

a business, highly organized and heartless? A poignant short story that may be resented by the few who are chosen... Turn to page 12 of this week's Post and read *Many Are Called*.

by **MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON**



"Music is a brutal business!" says

ARTIE SHAW

Why did Artie Shaw quit last week? "Politics, corruption and a system of patronage aren't the only things a musician has to fight," says the King of the Clarinet. "What's worse are one-night stands and long, brutal jumps that wreck a man's health." Here's his fantastic rags-to-riches climb... from 47 cents cash a year ago to \$6,000 an afternoon, and what it did to him!

CAN THEY BOMB US?

Why is it that with the least effective anti-aircraft system in the world today we are still immune to attack? A military expert in the Post this week reports on our present air defenses, brings you news of the greatest single military secret in the world today, which allows U. S. pilots (and they alone) "to drop a bomb accurately into a pickle barrel from 18,000 feet up"! An important article, by Fletcher Pratt, in your copy of the Post.

AND... in the same issue—George Halas, coach of the Chicago Bears, tells you what makes pro football faster than college football in *Hold What Line?*... Booth Tarkington brings you a hilarious new short story, *The*

Jabjam Motor Trip... Demaree Bess shoots a timely radiogram, *Why Hitler Wanted Peace*... ALSO short stories, articles, poems, editorials, cartoons—all in this week's issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST 5¢

College Parade *by Jack Willmann*

Provincially Pertinent

Much of the material that is potential Parade is read by those lads who wander in to borrow a match when they really want to glare at the newest of the exchange humor magazines. One of the more serious visitors pointed out a letter-to-the-editor in the Mt. Holyoke *News*. It was pertinent because it hit a point that has been of considerable import to those students who attend the campus cinema to see rather than to under-act the characters on the screen.

Following her indictment that 50 percent of the audience tittered when Frenchmen saluted one another in the osculatory fashion peculiar to that country, the letter-writing Miss R. H. continues, "This is but an example of the reaction of many to various incidents in a really fine film. And I am not alone in my irritation against these 'simple souls.' Simplicity is a fine quality to seek after, but it doesn't mean making fun of anything new and strange. It was encouraging, though unpleasant, that the other half of the audience, those who were looking at the picture, shushed the titterers. At least we, as a college, are not hopelessly provincial."



Hear Ye, Frosh!

Say it with flowers,
Say it with sweets,
Say it with kisses,
Say it with eats.

Say it with jewelry,
Say it with drink,
But never, no never
SAY IT WITH INK.

—Siren.



Ballyhoo Kicks Back. . . .

Against Northwestern to put the Purple deep in its own campus corner. Much unfavorable publicity resulted from *Look* magazine's expose of Northwestern sorority and fraternity life. Assured by the University administration that the pictures would be favorable, Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority found a "misinterpretation" of their house life. An unwary public is now induced to believe that Northwestern is a glorified country club of the snobbish offspring of the rich. Falling over backward to repudiate the alleged libel, both editorial and Greek opinion add up to a charge against the administration for duping them in an attempt to obtain free publicity. Are the charges true? Is Kappa

Kappa Gamma covering up? Are they crucifying the administration? For the answer to these and other questions which suggest themselves—take a weekend in Chicago at your own expense.



We Sniped This One

"What kind of a cigaret is that?"

"Baseball special."

"There ain't no such brand."

"Sure there is. It was a grounder and I picked it up."—*Rammer Jammer*



Blow Line to . . .

New Rochelle's *Tatler*. This organ, withal being the publication of a Catholic girls' college, brandishes a zippy approach that appeals to an eye seeking something with its head above the crowd. Two features were especially good this week.

The first was a Gal-hep survey that interviewed football players from several colleges as to their yard-stick for the ideal college girl. Despite startling and revealing letters from Holy Cross, West Point, Fordham, Annapolis, and Columbia, the outstanding reply was from our own Paul Lillis who was not selected entirely by chance. His criterion follows these lines: "The girl doesn't necessarily have to be beautiful if she has other pleasing points. By this I mean person-

ality and disposition. I would rather have the girl 'fair' looking and with an accompanying personality than one who is beautiful and tells you all about her other boy friends when you take her out."

A poll among the students as to their favorite men's college occasioned some pert answers of the "Why ask?" and "Not for publication" variety. One pseudo-serious girl likes Notre Dame "because of Father White's bulletins." "Proximity" brought Fordham some votes, and Holy Cross was popular because "Its men are the best dancers, the best dressed, and the best spenders."



Tonsorial Titillation

Man (getting a shave): "Barber, will you please give me a glass of water?"

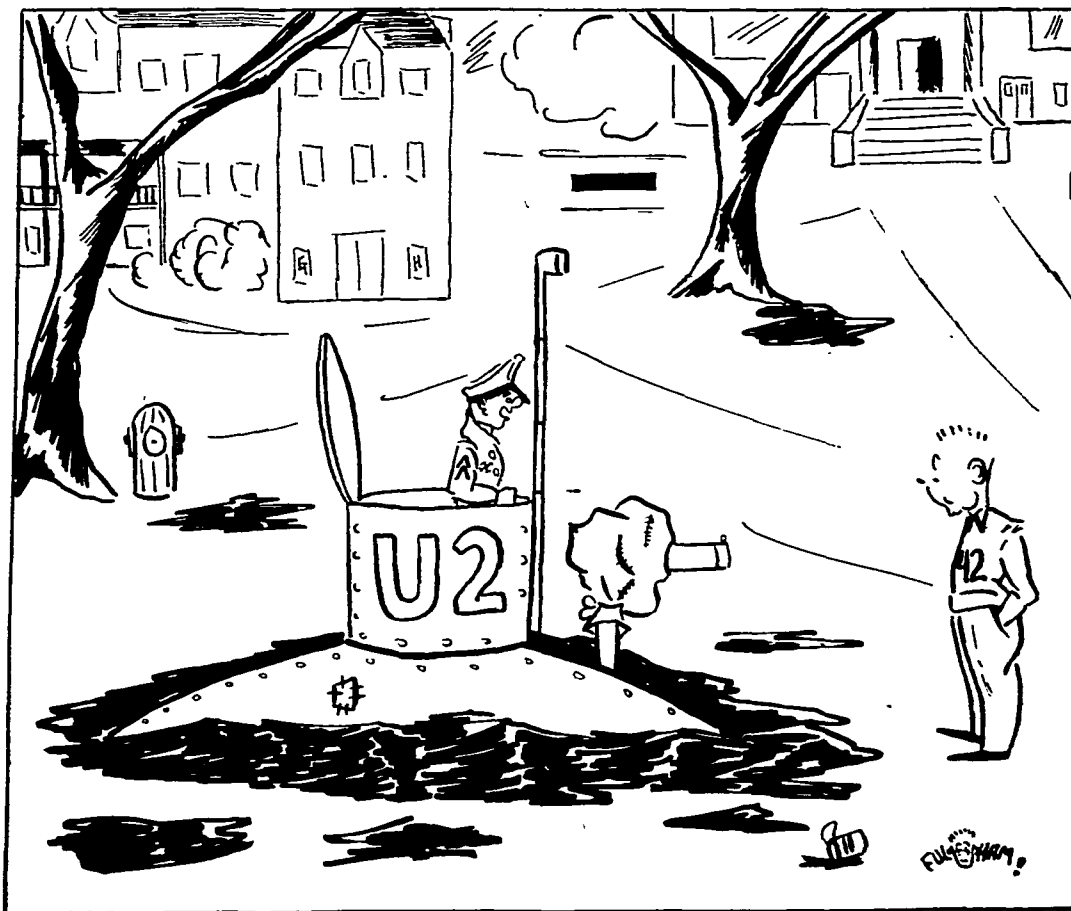
Barber: "What's the matter? Something in your throat?"

Man: "No, I want to see if my neck leaks."—*Duke 'n' Duchess*



Bits from the Bandstands

It will be Henry Busse with that Busse trumpet at Lehigh's Sophcopation It was T. Dorsey and his sentimental senders down at old Mizzou recently. . . . Bill Carlson put out for dancing at Minnesota's Homecoming Ball. . . . Lafayette's Interfraternity stomp had Jimmy Lunceford blasting it out. . . Marquette, editorially, wants less jive and more dancing. . . and for the holiday-minded men from out east Glenn Miller is at the Meadowbrook.



"Scapa Flow? Naw, This is Badin Bog."

The Week *By Frank Wemhoff*

Top of the Week

You too can be a quarterback. Mr. Layden evidently takes his articles seriously. C. Mike was all set to go in Saturday also, but unfortunately he came out wearing his green jersey.



Overheard at the stadium

Who ya' shovin'? I dunno, what's your name?... Yeah, he's a triple-threat back—can whistle, sneeze and cough, at the same time.... What they need around South Bend is a first-class detour.... What happened on that play? I could get better interference on my radio.... So I sez to the waiter, "Is this my steak or is the plate dirty?..." Our little Otto is so smart, he can spell his name backwards now.



Here and there

A blow for the Student Council and the "trample the Trojan" signs—they learned to spell this year.... So they turned our pep meeting into a newspaper plugging contest.... Frank McGroder hiding behind a davenport at St. Mary's when the Irish were shooed out on the night of the alleged open house.



Simile

As disappointed as an engineer reading *Scrip*.



Flash! ! !

Gene Krupa to travel in upper New York State. Ah, drums along the Mohawk.



Wonderful remarks

Bob Leonard to Bill Hoyne's blind date: "Patsy? Oh yes, I've heard Bill speak about you so often..." Our prof: "Agriculture is so popular in the Middle West, particularly in some parts of it.".... On the quad: "Where you from?"... "Home."



Upon the field
Lies right end Paul
He blocked a kick
That kicked no ball.



Hint Hint

One little gent nicknamed "the whizzer" sent the dining hall a little bit from the newspaper. On it was a story that Harvard, sacred seat of learning, was enjoying Thanksgiving on both the 23rd and 30th. Ironically, both dates were

fixed by Harvard men. The Dining Hall may get the idea but I wouldn't hold my breath if I were you.



Score one for a frosh

It was a new and big laundry bag. It was doing all right too. But last week it came back without the drawstring which made it about as valuable as a door without a latch. Now this freshman didn't mind the usual brown stitches on green socks or an occasional handkerchief shy but this last mistake was really gilding the lily. So this week before he chuted his doity duds he sealed his bag with numerous wrappings of aerial wire and attached a little note with the following message: Dear Katarzyna: All right, so I ain't neat.



Notice to Juniors

The option has been taken up on the sophomores and it's now your turn at the "rock."



So the season is over

No more standing out in front of the halls and watching the visiting beauties pass.... no more cheers in the dining hall.... no more standing in line for seats.... no more forgetting the words to "On down the Line".... no more cheers and groans.... no more worrying about getting tickets for friends back home.... no more Victory dances.... no more pep meetings.... and no more "haaaaaaaaaay Ellllllmer"



Question of the Week

Did you observe Franksgiving or Thanksgiving?



S. R. O.

Have you hear the one about the two little freshmen who took a week-end in Chicago? Anyhoo, in pursuing the pleasures of the big city they decided to take in a show at the Chicago theatre. The story goes that the ushers put them so far up in the balcony that one of them began to yodel and the other got a nose-bleed.



Bottom of the Week

See your F— dealer, the price is low,
And baby can those used cars go
The word is getting all around
That F— used cars are the best in
town,
In town, in TOWN.

OPINION

Question: "What quality—for instance, security, personal gain—will you look for most in your future employment?" Only Juniors and Seniors were questioned.

Dillon—Harry Gottron: "An ideal job should promise security. Also, it should give me a chance to make use of the knowledge I shall have gained through studies and various acquaintances. If a job offers me these things, I can work toward advancement, feeling that I am qualified to get ahead."

Jack Hennessy: "I'll be looking for income which will give me a comfortable home and steady support. Secondly, I hope to be in a position which will give me the opportunity to meet people. By new contacts I will be able to establish myself in new business, social, and civic circles. I am of the opinion that every successful business man in the past has acquired prestige in one or more fields so that his name stands for something. Such an aim seems to me best. I also hope that my job will be one in which I may voice my opinions."

Alumni—Dan Laughlin: "When I finally have to decide upon a job, I'll be looking for more than just security in it. I'll be seeking financial success. Security, in my estimation, means only a living wage, just enough to get along on. In my position, I want the chance to go a step further, and obtain financial success."

Jesse Doll: "The chief thing I want from a job, outside security, is a chance for promotion. This, in my mind, is just about as important as security. If there is no chance for promotion, there is no incentive to work hard."

Howard—Joseph Buckler: "My idea is to think of security first and promotion after that. Most everyone, when first beginning work, has some idea of working up to a higher position. However, too many think that they should be promoted immediately. Security first, then a strong effort to get ahead, that's my aim."

William Glenn: "The outstanding feature of my job-hunting program will be the finding of a position in a field that interests me. If a fellow doesn't like his work, he naturally can't do his best. I will also be looking for a substantial financial return and a chance for advancement."—*Ray Donovan*

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FIRST PLAY JUST A FEW CREAKS AWAY



'Brother Orchid' Opens Local Theatre Season, Dec. 14-15

Jerry Flynn, Gilliland,
Cast in Leading Roles

From the brash rowdiness of "Fat Dutchy's" Chicago saloon, teeming with underworld toughs, to the quiet, respectful retreat of the Florentine monks in two hours! That is the scope of "Brother Orchid," a University stage production to be given on Dec. 14 and 15 in Washington Hall. With the scene set during Chicago's prohibition era, the story depicts the life of Little John Sarto as he vacillates from the blustering action-filled role of gangster deluxe to the quiet, uneventful life of the religious.

Little John, played by Jerry Flynn, is quite a boisterous mobster who frequents the disreputable sections of the big city and gathers with his bosom buddies at "Fat Dutchy's" place. Here

the crooks steal from the thieves and then in turn rob each other; anything goes, using the broad sense of the phrase, with "gat," "bull," "take him for a ride," and similar expressions figuring prominently in their active vocabulary. In Benny the Bum's words, "They ain't scared of nothin'." Putting people "on the spot" is their business and they don't like to be out of work; all of which should convey some idea of their general character.

The Florentine monastery, on the other hand, houses a legendary order which supports itself by cultivating and selling flowers. They live by their profits, besides caring for the poor and needy in the neighborhood. The members of this extraordinary group all take the names of flowers; but how Little John Sarto suddenly acquired his aesthetic taste for flowers and his love for monastic life is a question that must remain unan-

swered until the curtain rises on the fourteenth.

"Brother Orchid" first appeared as a short story in *Collier's* magazine, written by Mr. Richard Connell, and then was adapted for the stage by Leo Brady of the Blackfriar's Guild in Washington, D.C. The Notre Dame presentation will be its second performance, the original being by the Blackfriar's at Catholic University in Washington, D.C.

This tragi-comedy will include the cooperative efforts of three campus organizations: the University theater, the University orchestra, and the Linnet choir. In an effort to discover latent student talent, the Rev. Matthew A. Coyle, C.S.C., has cast many newcomers in the play, John Coppinger and Tom Tearney being the only ones who have appeared in a previous Notre Dame production. To add color to the play, new background scenery has been made.

Father Coyle, who designed the religious habit of the Florentines, also directs the play. Besides "Brother Orchid," he has directed "On the Highway" and "The Queen's Husband" at Notre Dame, and "The Tailor-made Man," "The Scarecrow," and "What Every Woman Knows," at the University of Portland.

The cast will present many new faces to Washington Hall audiences. Cheerleader Jerry Flynn, a familiar figure on the fieldhouse catwalk, will be making his first start as an actor—as will 'Chub' Gilliland, quite a figure anywhere. You will look in vain for such old standbys as Ray Sadlier and Vern Witkowski.

The tentative cast for "Brother Orchid" is:

Fat Dutchy.....	Donald R. Gilliland
Freckles.....	John M. Murtagh
Dum-Dum.....	John M. Coppinger
The Gimp.....	Thomas W. Tearney
Solomon.....	Edward L. Holland
Dominic Battista.....	Salvatore Andriacchi
Little John Sarto}	Jerry Flynn
Brother Orchid}	
Brother Nasturtium.....	William F. Mulvey
Brother Hollyhock.....	Edward G. Hayden
Brother Geranium.....	Howard Essick
Abbot Jonquil.....	John A. McGrath

Both campus performances will get under way promptly at 8 p.m.

—John McDevitt

All-Americans Dance at Monogram Ball Tonight

Those Notre Dame men, known principally to the world as athletes—All-Americans in football, basketball, track, tennis, baseball, golf—assume a new role promptly at nine tonight for the second formal social event of the school year, the Monogram Ball.

Karl Hunn's orchestra, well known to the students of the University, will play for the affair, scheduled from 9 until 12 at the University Club.

For the first time in history Freshmen will be admitted to the Ball. Proceeds from the event will establish an award fund for each graduating monogram man. The committee in charge desires to give each graduating member a large monogram blanket as a remembrance of his athletic prowess while at Notre Dame.

Because the gala Sophomore Cotillion was held on a Friday night—eve of the game with Northwestern—the football men were unable to attend. Tonight however the husky greats of the gridiron will display their poise and charm across the ballroom floor without the tenseness caused by All-American pickers in the stands, press box, or on the sidelines.

Bids for the affair may be obtained from the representative announced on the bulletin board of each hall. Bids are \$2.00 the couple.

Direction of activities centering about the Ball has been in the hands of Chet Sullivan, baseball captain, Club President Steve Coughlin, and Footballer Thad Harvey. Others prominent in the plans are: Hubert Crane, tickets; Steve Sitko, vice-president; and Norv Hunt-hausen, secretary-treasurer.

—Bill Scanlan

Law Club Hears Chief Anti-Trust Prosecutor

Holmes Baldrige, head trial lawyer of the Department of Justice's anti-trust division, spoke to the Law Club at a smoker on November 22nd. Fresh from the recent court battle between the government and General Motors, in which he successfully presented the government's case, Mr. Baldrige related some of the unusual features of the trial to an interested audience.

The speaker centered his talk about the work of the anti-trust division. Beginning with an explanation of the Sherman act, Mr. Baldrige said that the vigorous period of anti-trust prosecutions subsequent to the act's passage

had slackened, and was only recently renewed. The division is now pushing a large scale investigation into the building trades and labor union activities and will begin suits wherever a situation is found in which the parties investigated are restraining trade and maintaining artificial price levels. According to Mr. Baldrige, the Federal Bureau of Investigation is working in conjunction with the anti-trust division, the job of the former being to uncover evidence and get it ready for the trial which the division carries on.

For a half hour after he finished Mr. Baldrige answered questions. They ranged from queries on the qualifications for the Federal Bureau of Investigation to the nature of the consent decree agreements entered into between the government and the Ford and Chrysler Companies.

Charles Reddy, South Bend senior, presided over the meeting.

President John Deane announced that the next smoker, featuring a prominent jurist, will be held shortly before Christmas.—William Mahoney

Glee Club to Appear At St. Mary's, Sunday

Successful in their premier performance of the year at Holy Cross Parish in South Bend, the Notre Dame Glee Club will appear before the students of St. Mary's, Sunday afternoon.

The Glee Club will make its home debut sometime next week.

The coming programs, according to Professor Daniel Pedtke, head of the Department of Music, are entirely new with the exception of last year's three most successful numbers. Among the songs which were outstanding in their

first appearance were "The Song of the Flea" and Fred Waring's arrangement of "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms."—Roy Donovan

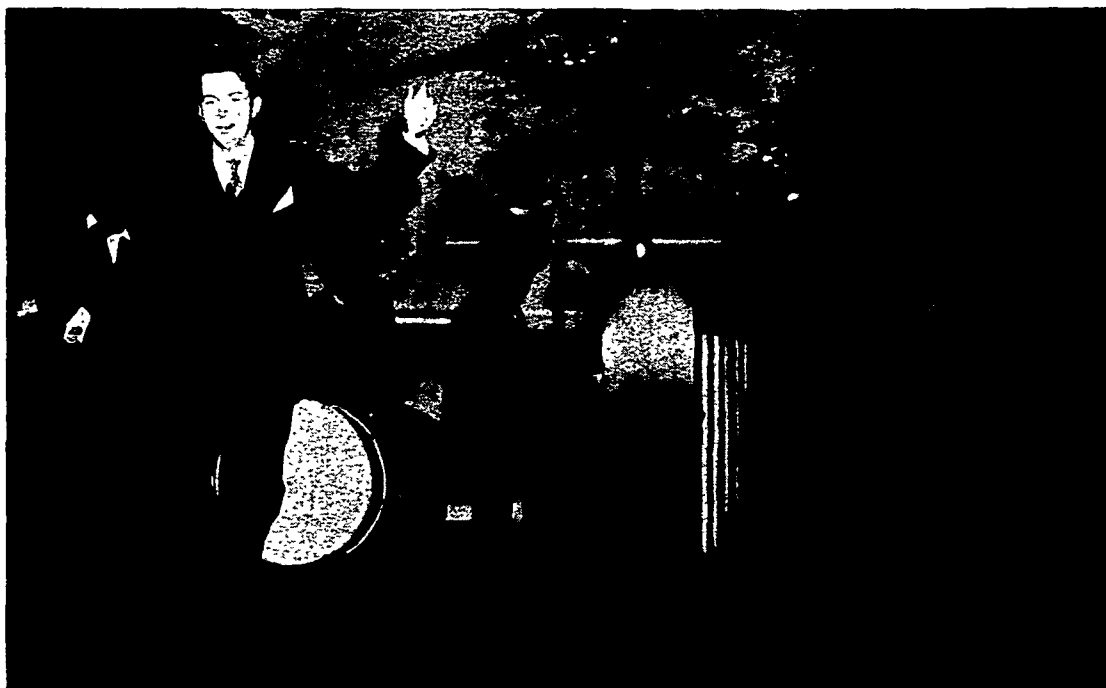
Vaudeville Men to Show Stuff on Tuesday Night

If your neighbor keeps you awake with his husky baritone, or the fellow down the hall wants you to watch his eccentric dancing, don't send for a singing teacher or a psychiatrist. Just lock yourself in your room because the poor fellows are only rehearsing for the Knights of Columbus vaudeville show which will be held in Washington Hall next Tuesday night.

Rev. Eugene Burke, C.S.C., director of campus vaudeville back in the old days, has been trying to revive his favorite entertainment for several years. Due to the splendid cooperation of the K. of C. and Director Vincent Doyle, his plans have materialized, and this show should create a demand for several vaudeville productions each year.

Phil McFarland, star of several Absurdities, will be on hand to emulate Fred Astaire. The Linnets, Glee Club, and Karl Hunn's band will be entered but not under those banners. Everyone will be on his own and the competition should be keen.

The winner will receive thirty dollars for his efforts. His nearest competitors must be content with twenty, and ten dollars, respectively. Thus far, magicians and baritones, comedians and guitarists, and a song and piano man have submitted their entry blanks. There is still time for anyone who could use ten, twenty, or thirty dollars to enter the fun.



Phil McFarland — Another One-night Stand

Ireland Will Try To Stay Neutral—Gogarty

Ireland will strive to maintain her neutrality in the present European conflict under all circumstances, is the opinion voiced by Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, Irish writer, in Washington Hall last Monday evening. The greatest aid Ireland can give to England at present is to allow the English use of the Free State's western coast harbors, if such an arrangement can be made without violation of Ireland's neutrality. Ireland's beef cattle exports form an important part of the English food supply.

A good sized assembly was present to hear the witty Irish author deliver his lecture. Rev. William A. Carey, C.S.C., professor of classics, presented Dr. Gogarty.

A short history of the Irish people from the time of the ancient Celtic tribes down to the present composed the initial portion of the lecture. Then Dr. Gogarty traced the characteristics of the Celtic mind—the easy-going outlook on life, the love for literary works, the pride in their race, the fighting abilities and the concern with the Infinite—all these he showed to be still in evidence in the Irish mind of today.

Dr. Gogarty had been a close friend of the late William Butler Yeats, famed Irish poet. "The Fiddler of Dooney" and other Yeats' poems were read, and a few short incidents from the great poet's life were described by the Doctor. Doctor Gogarty concluded his lecture by answering questions from the audience.—*John Casey*

Once Sammy and Jenny Were Sweethearts—Alas!

Why did Sam leave Jenny? That is the question many persons are asking, most of all Jenny herself who now sits, alone and forlorn, in her dreary cage in the Biology Building. Jenny and Sad Sam were two Rhesus monkeys under observation in the bacteriology laboratories. However, Sam is still around, but not in his former state of defiance, for he was one of those individuals who held liberty dearer than life itself; and here is the story of the demise of liberty-loving Sam.

Attendants were preparing Mrs. Sam for an injection and opened the door of her home. Sam, seeing this chance, took a mighty leap for freedom and crashed through a convenient window to liberty. He seemed a bit perplexed in his new surroundings, for he stood outside the window a moment as if in surprise; then he beat it up a tall tree to

CONZELMAN JESTED AT 1937 FOOTBALL BANQUET



its topmost branches. The astonished workers knew they had to rescue Sam quickly; for monkeys are particularly susceptible to exposure, especially pneumonia, and besides Sam would be a bad customer to roam about the campus since he had a rather nasty nature augmented by sufficient brawn to enforce his demands. But the mighty monk refused to heed efforts to come home to Jenny and was put out of his misery when it was certain that his exposure had fatally affected him. And Jenny mourns alone.

Sam's duty to science is not yet finished; for while his spirit has fled to his native India, his body remains. His pelt, organs, and skeleton will be saved for study. Nor will the affectionate Jenny remain a widow, for plans are already under way to secure another mate for her, lest she waste away for sight of Sam.

Annual Football Banquet Planned For December 11

The 20th annual civic testimonial banquet to the Notre Dame football team, sponsored by the Notre Dame Club of the St. Joseph Valley, will be held in the University Dining Hall on Monday evening, Dec. 11, it was announced today by Frank Miles, president of the club. Tickets for the dinner are now on sale at the Notre Dame athletic offices.

The program of speakers is being formed at this time by a committee headed by Louis V. Bruggner. Aaron H. Huguenard is general chairman for the affair. Other committee heads include Herbert E. Jones, tickets; Clarence Harding, publicity; Floyd Searer, finance; A. Harold Weber and J. W.

Quinlan, arrangements; and M. Edward Doran and Joseph Donahue, guests.

The dinner has gained the reputation of being one of the finest of its kind in the country, and the crowd annually jams the East dining hall of the University to its capacity of 1200 persons.

Past speakers have included the late Will Rogers, Postmaster General James A. Farley, Joe E. Brown, Pat O'Brien, Eddie Dowling, Warren Brown, Arch Ward, Terry McGovern, John B. Kennedy, Bill Cunningham, Jimmy Crowley, Jimmy Conzelman, and many other names famous in athletics, writing, entertainment, and public life.

Indiana School of Law To Hear Prof. Kearney

Professor James J. Kearney, of the Law department and Faculty Editor of the Notre Dame *Lawyer*, will attend the second annual conference of law reviews at the Indiana School of Law, Bloomington, Ind., on Saturday, Dec. 2nd, to deliver a paper on case comments, before a round table group.

The first meeting of this conference of student and faculty editors of mid-western and southern law reviews, was held a year ago at the University of Iowa School of Law, in Iowa City. Representatives from approximately twenty different schools attended last year's meeting.

Representing the undergraduate Law school of Notre Dame, a few students of the Editorial Board will also attend the conference. They will be led by Francis Bright, senior student in the College of Law and the present Editor-in-Chief of the *N. D. Lawyer*.

—*Thomas C. Ferneding*

The Student Forum

An Analysis of Propaganda

By Albert P. Funk

We present these thoughts on the assumption that American student opinion, if consolidated, can in some small measure be influential in shaping national policy. It is important, therefore, that in these days, thoughts and emotions be neutral in the real sense of the word. And to be truly neutral we must know both sides of the story; the essence of neutrality is impartiality.



Albert Funk

At any hour from the press or radio we may expect news of a German offensive; we may expect atrocity stories, incidents, the full power of Allied propaganda unleashed at last. As yet the threat of the powerful British and French propaganda machines is largely potential, but it is nevertheless, quite a real prospective danger. Probably, up to the present, the Allies have not felt it necessary to unleash their greatest energies to propagandize America. As a matter of fact, it has not been necessary. The American attitude, our respect for the so-called ties of democracy, or respect for something—call it what you will—has been overwhelming in its sympathy for the Allied Cause; America, conversely, is repulsed by anything smacking of Hitler or Naziism. Allied propaganda would have been superfluous. Now, we do not say that a neutral loses the right to opinion, but we do say that when opinion ceases to be passive, hatred is easily engendered.

We wonder if we are properly prepared to accept the future "incidents" which may occur. Often, if viewed objectively, these "incidents" are insignificant, but if a nation is already strongly opinionated these same "incidents" can cause a powerful reaction in irrational hatred and emotional disturbance. These questions bother us: Is the American psychic structure really neutral? Are we prepared to meet these coming events with the calm objectivity which our neutrality demands? Or, perhaps, are we already left emotionally unbalanced, unfortified against "hysteria?"

Unfortunately, we fear that we might

have to answer "yes" to the last question and "no" to the first two. Let us tear off the mask. There are three factors which account for one-sided American sympathy. First: the government, itself, though it is *de jure* neutral, has given definite indication of being *de facto* partial to France and England. We cannot forget the Bremen incident in New York harbor after war was declared. Moreover, we could not lift the arms embargo to help Loyalist Spain because that would have been unneutral. But it is not unneutral to lift the embargo to aid the Allies.

The second factor is the attitude of the common American mind thinking as a mass. Recent surveys, taking cross-sections of American opinion, have indicated a popular aversion to the German position, a sympathy for the Allied cause.

The third factor is an outgrowth of the other two: it is the potential danger of an Allied propaganda barrage which would tend to destroy the last vestige of neutral thought in the United States. It must be remembered that the influence of Allied propaganda will be much stronger than that of the Germans because the United States is already won over to its pleadings.

Mix these three combustible elements together, engender the necessary hatred, let the popular outcry arise, and neutrality will vanish; war will be the consequent.

Now, we do not think that things are quite as bad as these factors would seem to indicate. But we do think that American neutrality is threatened. We believe that stringent measures must be undertaken to fortify ourselves against war "hysteria." Hatred must not be permitted to be accumulated. It is the duty of the press, the radio, and the platform to prevent prejudice and unbalanced emotional reaction and to prepare the American mind for what is coming.

No one wants to fight for an unjustifiable cause. It would be well for the United States to seriously ask itself: Would America be justified in entering this war on the Allied side?

On moral grounds, there is serious doubt as to whether we should be so justified. There is a considerable bloc of theologians who contend that no modern war is justifiable. There is an even

—see page 27—

Wranglers Hear Mahoney Review Manion's Book

Taking the subject of his speech from Professor Clarence Manion's recent book, *Lessons in Liberty*, William P. Mahoney of Phoenix, Arizona, addressed the Wranglers Wednesday night. The speaker stressed the point that the American government is essentially Christian: that its main principles have for their foundation God's relationship with man and the consequent unalienable rights and duties flowing from that relationship.

Mr. Mahoney said that this substantive notion, almost universally overlooked, is the feature which will buoy up the faith of the American people in their government if and when there comes a showdown between it and the various godless governments operating in Europe.

Plans were also discussed to stage a full Wrangler meeting over the campus radio station shortly before Christmas. The event will commemorate the fifth anniversary of the securing of the Wrangler charter.

President Albert Funk announced that several memberships will shortly be open in the organization. Candidates should apply to Wrangler members.

Campus Knights To Fete Supreme Chief Matthews

"The greatest day in the history of the Knights of Columbus in this state"—such are the words used to describe December 10, when Supreme Knight Matthews, the State officers from four states, district and council officers, and members of the K. of C., will witness the exemplification of major degrees to a class of 100 candidates from Notre Dame Council. After the degree work a banquet will be held in the East Dining Hall where 800 guests are expected to hear Supreme Knight welcome the new men into the order. This is the first invitation that has been accepted by the New Supreme Knight, who is also a Knight of St. Gregory, and it is expected that he will make some important announcement concerning his administration. Tickets for this banquet may be obtained at the K. of C. office in Walsh Hall. Joe Gedwe is General Chairman of the banquet.—Thomas F. Carthy

Erie Club

Secretary John Wilson announced that a skating party is being planned for December 7. Tickets are on sale from any member of the club. He also said that plans for the Christmas Dance are in progress.

Fr. Hoever Tells K. of C. Story of Konnersreuth

Theresa Neumann—the Stigmatist of Konnersreuth—was the subject of the talk given by Rev. Hugo Hoever, O.Cist., before the Knights of Columbus, Tuesday evening. In 1929 Fr. Hoever visited Theresa Neumann, who is marked with the wounds of Our Lord—the stigmata. He was an eye-witness of her famous bloody



Rev. H. Hoever, O.Cist.

ecstasy and rendered a vivid account of what he saw: "Ordinarily the five wounds are covered with a tender membrane but during the ecstasy all the wounds open. Blood flows from them, even from her eyes where it starts drop by drop, increases, until finally two streams run down both sides of her face and join beneath her chin—she is covered with blood."

During the bloody ecstasy Theresa Neumann is wholly occupied with the passion of Our Lord. Each step—from the Agony in the Garden to the Crucifixion—is unfolded to her in separate visions; and in each she has a part as if she lived at the time of Christ, 1900 years ago. At one time, for instance, Father Hoever stated, she leaned forward from her bed and cried: "No, no, don't touch Him!" as if pleading to the soldiers. This is but one instance of her participation.

Continuing, Father Hoever explained other instances of the ecstasy: "There are intervals between the scenes of the passion during which she is in a condition called the state of exalted rest. God seems to communicate to her an extraordinary knowledge at this time. When Bishop Schrembs attended she told him various things about his Cleveland diocese. In this state she is able to distinguish between true and false relics and to read the secrets of other people's hearts as far as God grants her knowledge."

When questioned about a report to the effect that Theresa Neumann is dead the speaker replied: "I have read the various reports about the death of Theresa, which went so far as to give the exact date, supposedly Sept. 8 of this year. This rumor is not correct because it was denied at the chancellory of Ratisbon (Ratisbon is the diocese to which Theresa belongs), and last Sunday it

was reported in the *Denver Register* that a priest in Los Angeles received a cablegram from Theresa's pastor to the effect that she was still alive. The fact that this rumor of her death made the rounds shows that her life or death means something to the world."

Father Hoever knows Theresa's family well and spoke with her at the time of his visit. "She is simple and natural in religious practices, and in ordinary life is no different from any other person, except that she cannot walk as an ordinary person does, nor can she use her hands in the usual way, because of the stigmata. In opening a door she will use her elbow, and the wounds on her feet make it necessary that she walk on her heels."

Father Hoever gave the history of the stigmata: "When a young girl she had an accident which partially paralyzed her. It was necessary for her to remain in bed. For seven years she lay on her back and was afflicted with blindness for four of these. The amazing work began in April, 1923: she was instantly cured of blindness. In 1925 she was cured of paralysis. At the end of Lent in 1926 the amazing news spread over Konnersreuth that the five wounds of Our Lord had been bestowed upon her. Telling of this she said, 'They were simply there.'"

"The phenomenon which is ordinarily mentioned in reports from Konnersreuth is the fact that since 1927 she has not partaken of any food or drink. Her only nourishment is daily Holy Communion. This fact was tested by a special committee appointed by ecclesiastical au-

thority of Ratisbon. This test and other examinations all lead to the same conclusions—that she completely abstains from food and drink."

Father Hoever concluded his talk by pointing out that these facts do not yet prove Theresa Neumann a saint, that judgment being up to the Church; but the effects resulting from Theresa Neumann's sufferings and her influence on the people are all for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. "This fact leads us to the conclusion that God is with her," said Father Hoever.

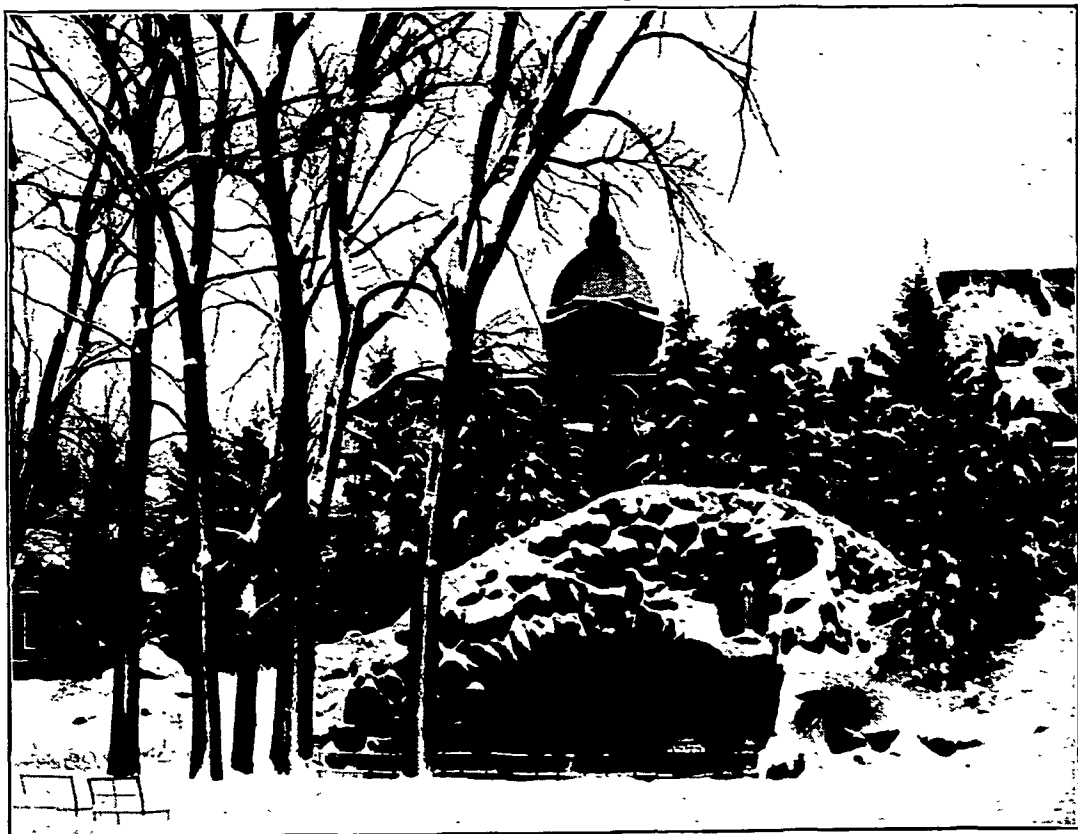
—Don Heltzel

White December Finds Grotto In Usual Mood

And now it is December. The trees that shade her in summer, yawn their nakedness into the cold blue sky. Mossy beds of flowers that usually stretch over the rocks to her niche are tangled dry weeds. The cracking coldness of the season numbs the iron kneelers at her feet and causes the lighted candles beyond to sputter and jump. But she is not alone. Even when the heavy snow will bury the weeds and clutch the tree trunks she will not be without visitors.

These Grotto visits are more than tradition at Notre Dame. They are an essential part of her life. Students cannot fail to come to this shrine of Our Lady that was erected so that her men can stop by at any time to offer her their problems or just to say "hello."

The idea for our Grotto was conceived
—See Page 26—



Notre Dame du neige

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

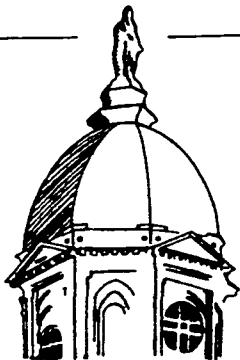
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Across the Editor's Desk

One Moment, Please

EVERYONE in Washington Hall Monday night seemed to be having an enjoyable time except Truth. A shy maiden, she shuns scenes of merriment.

Doctor Gogarty, the lecturer, came heralded in the best Hollywood super-colossal manner. He was said to personify all the wit and wisdom of the Irish race. He has a pleasing personality and a good platform presence. He has had a good "Press" so the audience though not large was in a pleasantly expectant mood. He told old stories well and gave a whimsical turn to many of his points.

The announced subject was "The Place of Ireland in the Present Crisis." Like the elusive Irish leprechaun we chased in our youth, both the 'place' and the 'crisis' escaped us. True, Doctor Gogarty seemed to imply that Ireland's 'place' was on the fence or a hilltop, viewing the passing parade and profiting therefrom. That was not very convincing, especially in view of how well Mr. DeValera, the Irish chief, or say, Pope Pius XI, has outlined the role of Ireland in the modern world.

At the outset Doctor Gogarty gave a brief resume of Irish history, that is, chiefly of pagan times. He said there was no understanding of either their 'place' or the 'crisis' without an understanding of the Irish people. Inasmuch as it is unlikely there ever was an Irish man who understood even himself we seemed now to be in for another crisis. Nonetheless, the doctor did give an excellent analysis of the Irish character, indomitableness in face of difficulties,

because the Irish viewed everything from the standpoint of the Infinite. He disavowed any expert knowledge in the realm of the spiritual so the only "infinite" left was something vague and nebulous. This, of course, is the "infinite" of all the "intellectuals."

We now got ready for the "crisis." There was one. Doctor Gogarty nimbly—the laughs were well timed—and disdainfully, ditched the Irish Patriots. The implication was that they were all importations from the outside intended to sell out the Irish. However, Ireland can always be counted upon to produce, so what? "George Bernard Shaw and William Butler Yeats put Ireland on the map." Neat, just like that. Lady Gregory stood to one side, probably with a rag in her hand to wipe off any dust that fell upon it from the wings of the Angels. We mustn't spoil the Irish picture with the spiritual. We do not deny to Shaw, Yeats or any others their place in the literary sun. But we do protest the claim that they represent the whole genius of the Irish people.

Now we were out under the radiance of the Indiana moon. Saying "Hellos" did not prevent things from slipping into perspective. Unless we have read history wrong, or failed to see it on the spot, we have always thought that it was England that tried some 700 years to obliterate Ireland from the map. Somehow, too, that it was the "patriots" who gave their lives to keep it there. And that it was the masters of the hedge schools, when education was proscribed, who made new "patriots" in every generation. And the poor people stuck to both sustained by their love of

the Blessed Mother and the Mass which the priests said in hovels and caves at the peril of their lives while the faithful Irish stood guard at a distance.

Yes indeed, Doctor Gogarty, Truth is a shy Maiden. She shuns scenes of merriment. Though half a loaf may be better than no bread, half a page of history is famishing no matter how wittily dressed up.—L. Broughal, C.S.C.

Vale, Football

THIS newspaper business picked up over the week-end. For instance, we met Mr. Stanley Woodward, the erudite sports editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and the same Mr. Woodward with whom we have re-played the '38 Army game several times in editorials and letters the past few weeks.

Friday afternoon, while the Irish were taking their last workout, we played another scoreless tie along the Cartier sidelines. It was a battle of stubborn lines with no real offensive threats. At the gun crack Woodward was still hammering away at the officials, while we were running interference for the 155 pounds of quicksilver wrapped in football pants, better known as Ben Sheridan, and still, to our mind, the real reason for the Cadets' downfall... but the final scrimmage, a candid encore to Woodward's fine review of the last Army fracas, convinced us that Stanley Rufus does not belong in the ranks of the "Lucky Irish" literati, after all.

Consequently, we are forwarding to Mr. Woodward his membership card in the Notre Dame Marching Club for Football Writers. Additional pamphlets, containing full details and diagrams of the secret grips, along with booster buttons for the lapel, will follow shortly. The password, Mr. Woodward, is: beat College of the Pacific.

We were also privileged to exchange how-do-you-do's at three paces with Henry McLemore and Ted Husing and, leaving the field, we were that close to Don Ameche. Our Mr. McGowan did even better. As a member of Connelly's Best he served the Ameche table at dinner Friday night, and reports the following conversation:

"More water?"

"No, thank you."

Of course, there was more to the week-end than just meeting people. Leaving the stadium, Saturday, we realized, of a sudden, that was the last charge of Kelly's Irish. All the Saturdays were gone, and no more would we watch Joe Casasanta sidestep the cheerleaders in his wild half-time dash for the far stands. *Vale, football.*

—William C. Fay

Freedom of the Press

By Don Heltzel

Duncan, formerly of the *Star*, shivered in the chill air and sucked at the cigarette. It tasted good, even though it was a butt. He had picked it out of a gutter and could taste the lip-stick that a woman's mouth had left on it. He inhaled deeply until he felt the burning tip singe his fingers. He threw the stump away in disgust. Great life for a star reporter he reflected bitterly, haunting the gutters of the city on the chance of grabbing a weed that some dirty snob had flung away. But O'Grady of the *Star* had told him this was all he deserved.

"You're a damn no-good, Duncan," O'Grady had shouted at him. "And here's your last walking papers. You've reached the bottom, see what rag your cock-and-bull stories will get into now. But don't ever come back here with a scoop!" Duncan was out of reporting for good—the *Star* was the last stop on the way down. Sure, he'd stolen the lead on the Snider Jury Case and the *Star* had published his story: that Snider was due for a long stay at Sing Sing. But a crooked judge had somehow gotten to the jury and they had reversed their decision. Result?—Duncan shrugged his shoulders when he thought of newsboys peddling the *Star* and yelling that Snider was due for a long visit behind the walls; while rival newsies told the world that Snider was free.

Duncan slid into the protection of a doorway and watched the wind hurry fall leaves down the street. He didn't notice the bent figure that walked up to the curb in front of him; until a big car, glittering black, pulled up and the door was opened, releasing a shaft of yellow light. He saw with a shock that Snider was the man at the curb, the light from the car showed too plainly the tight-stretched features for it to be anyone else. Duncan shrunk into the dark and listened.

"Hello, Judge. Nice evening for the pay-off, isn't it?" Snider jerked words out of a squeaky voice.

"Cut out the niceties, Snider, and give me the money. I didn't fix that charge against you for nothing and I can't afford to be seen talking with you."

"What's the matter, Judge, isn't my company good enough?" Snider spoke sarcastically.

"Listen, Snider, we had enough trouble with that reporter on the *Star* when he printed that you had been found guilty, without being seen talking together. Give me the money and I hope I never see you again."

Snider bared his teeth and gave a short laugh. "Okay, Judge. Here's the dough. I hope it rots with you."

The Judge took the money and started

An Omen

*I saw a star fall down the sky,
A pale green shaft of light;
I watched until it disappeared,
A silent message in the night.
The moon came up behind a clump
Of trees beyond a shadowy maze
Of field; the sound of night hung on—
The air, intangible as haze...
A life has flickered out 'twixt last
The setting of the sun and this
Moonup. I wonder if it shot
As true as did this star, or missed
The mark, to fall astray—
To fall astray along the way.*

—J. O. E.

counting it. Snider pulled a silver case from his pocket and drew out a cigarette. A match flared as he lit it, briefly portraying his ferret-like face in the sudden glow. The judge finished counting.

"You seem to like my money, Judge. I guess it is one thing good enough for you." The other didn't answer. The door was slammed in Snider's face and the car pulled away.

Snider took a short drag from the cigarette, flipped the butt away, and walked up the street.

Duncan stood rooted to the spot. He looked at the glowing cigarette, whipped by the breeze that swept the street. This was the big chance! Duncan's mind reeled dizzily with the effect of what he had heard. This was the break. The *Star* would have to take the story. It was a scoop that would sweep the nation

and he, Duncan of the *Star*, would again be the ace reporter.

Duncan ran to the *Star* office. The city room was empty. A single light glowed from behind the frosted glass of the editor. "O'Grady" it said. Curt and final, just like O'Grady.

Duncan shoved through the door and O'Grady growled, "You again! Beat it, Duncan. You ought to know I don't give hand-outs. Scram, I'm busy."

"Listen, chief, I'm not here for a hand-out. I've got a scoop. The big scoop, chief. It'll make you. I just saw Snider hand over money to the Judge. Money for fixing Snider's rap, chief. Now, do I get to work?"

O'Grady's voice rasped from too much cigarette smoke. "Another scoop, eh, Duncan? That last story was a scoop, too, wasn't it? Where'd it happen?"

"Down on Third Street. It was the Judge all right. I saw the license plates on his car. It was his. I saw Snider hand him the money, and Snider said it was the pay-off. Let me follow it up, chief. I'll make it the scoop of the year."

"Duncan, 'Scoop' Duncan," snorted O'Grady. "Get out of here, Duncan, before I throw you out. I've had enough of your scoops. You just about ruined the *Star* with your last one. Get out!"

Duncan found his way out of the building. Once in the streets, and hidden in the veil of night, he went slowly back to Third Street. On the sidewalk ahead of him he saw a cigarette glowing. He picked it up. It was the one Snider had thrown away. Any cigarette tasted good.

Eventually he made his way to the park and found a bench. The cop wouldn't bother him. He was an old friend from the days of the police beat. Deeply he dragged from the cigarette and threw it away. Almost at once his tired body fell asleep.

The sun woke him, striking his face with the suddenness of the lash of a whip. He swung to his feet and picked up a paper. It was the morning edition of the *Star*.

"Snider and Judge Bennett Indicted for Pay-Off!"

The article was written by O'Grady of the *Star*.

The City Kid

By Ray Williams

Sure, New York is a swell place to live in. After you move away from there, you sort of miss it. I do. Once in a while I still go down to see a good show or watch the Yankees play. But at night on the way home I start thinking and, as the dirty buildings give way to greener scenery, I always start to smile. Maybe I'm not sorry that we don't live there any more.

I can remember when I first went to the Christian Brothers in fifth grade. The school was right in the heart of Harlem. It was an old building with a wrinkled brownstone face and jaundiced plaster walls.

One cold December morning, Earl Meyers and I were standing out front waiting for the bell to ring, and kicking our shoes against the curb to keep our

And Now Goodbye

*I'm young yet, too young to die.
There are things I must see before I
go,
A lonely star in a windswept sky—
But I forget, you do not know.*

*You see, tomorrow I am to die.
It seems it's all settled—neatly, too,
With no loose end for me to tie,
And nothing left for me to do
But wait. Hard? Yes, it's hard
And pointless, too. A few hours
More or less will not retard my fate,
But only make each hour a thing
Of passing beauty, or perhaps
A timeless horror. I wonder
Where I'll go? There are no maps
To show me what's out yonder.
I think I'll like it best, though,
If they only let me sleep.
I'm tired of watching the passing show,
I'm sick of men who can only creep.
Don't pity me, I beg of you.
It's soon over, they say,
And I have an expert crew
To cut short my last day.*

*And now, goodbye. It was good
Of you to listen so long.
I'd go too, if I only could,
And walk with you to the end of dawn.*

—JACK REILLY

feet warm. Earl was a thin wiry boy whose father was a conductor on the New York Central. We all knew that he didn't have much money because he used to always bring a jelly sandwich for lunch instead of eating in the dining room with us. Well, this day an old bedraggled woman came stumbling along and halted suspiciously at the garbage pails. When she thought we weren't looking, she plunged her claw-like hand into one of the cans and started chewing lustily. I was still staring open-mouthed when Earl reached her side. He muttered something about not being hungry anyway, and we went to class in silence.

Another afternoon, three of us walked out of the building after playing punch-ball in the yard. As we turned the corner, we ran into a gang of niggers who surrounded us and demanded our money. I started to run but didn't get away. We all had to gyp into the subway, and that night I told my mother I got hit in the face with a baseball. I sure looked and felt the part.

Shortly after that, the school was moved up to the Bronx and our education was much more peaceful.

We never played much ball where we lived. The only place to play was in the street, and when the cops weren't chasing us fat women were yelling at us from their camp chairs in the sun. One day Donald Crowther kicked a football right into a baby carriage and the lady wouldn't give it back. About a week later we saw her own kid playing with it. At least we thought it was our ball. Don walked up and got it back, but that night his father gave him an awful beating for splitting the guy's head open on the pavement. We laughed about that a lot.

One Sunday afternoon a crowd of us was playing marbles in the gutter with our good clothes on when we saw a group of people standing around in the next block. Thinking it was a drunk, or a dead horse, we ran down, yelling and laughing. There on the sidewalk, was the tangled shape of a woman who had fallen out of the third story window. She had a blue dress on, and one of her legs was bent backwards. Behind her head was a pool of blood in which lay a little, gray, slimy mass. Her hair seemed to stick to it. Joey Burns got sick, and the rest of us sat on the stoop

of an apartment house arguing what she would have looked like if she had fallen off the roof of the Woolworth Building.

Yes, New York is a good place to grow up in. You learn a lot there and kids have a swell time. But now, after spending a few hours walking along the streets and breathing the dust which seems to rise heaviest in front of the Kosher butcher shops, I feel happy that I don't have to live there any more.

Morning In Manhattan

Morning...

*From a middle sea of fog
As grey and beautiful as nacre,
Rise the aerial princes—
Empire,*

Chrysler,

Chanin—

*Encased in formulated steel,
Torsos dark where night left a lingering
hand.*

*Eastward they turn copper bellies
To catch the earliest flattery of the sun.
Windows like chains ascending
Become sudden scales of fire,
Fire that mounts and overleaps
Into the indiscriminate splendor
Of breastplate as bright as gold,
And hurting to the eye.*

*Below the steep gold
Morning is dark and comforting with
pity*

*To the unlit eyes of young men,
Thin as plucked hawks,
Feeding the dry rot in their hearts
Obscenely*

*On the husks of yesterday's bread.
Shadows spread in the quiet brooding
Of many waiting wings
Over the women on the kerbs
Feeding children thinly
From breasts dripping
The grey burning of gall.*

*Morning is passing, passing...
And the bright monopoly of the sun
Tilts
Like a fire-ringed gyroscope
On the slim finger
Of the Empire.*

—LEONARD THECLE



IN THE JUGGLER VEIN



Beep-Beep

There we were careening madly backward and forward. Our hearts beat faster than Christmas vacation for fear that each moment would be our last. Cold sweat stood on our brows and we thought of all the religious bulletins that we hadn't read. Our breath came shortly and unevenly as we hung on to whatever would sustain our weight. Millions of thoughts whirled through our tortured brains as we hurtled to apparent death and destruction. Never again would we see that golden dome, never again would we walk across the wind-swept quad to the dining hall, never again would we race for seats in Washington Hall. No, all that would be gone in a moment. We were going to die. Our fine young bodies were going to be crushed soon now. Wait, we seem to be stopping. Once again we were going to be spared. Another modern miracle had happened. And to think we pay seven cents to ride on those things.—*Wimpy*

Word To The Wise

If you don't feel just right;
If you don't sleep at night;
If your throat is dry;
If you moan and sigh;
If you can't smoke or chew;
If your grub tastes like glue;
If your heart doesn't beat;
If there's lead in your feet....
Try eatin' in the caf for a while.

The road to sell is paved with good inventions.

Pigskin Hamlet

Receive the ball, I pray you, as I re-

This week THE SCHOLASTIC continues "In The Juggler Vein," a column in the tradition of the late and lamented *Juggler*. The future of the column depends entirely on campus contributions. Address contributions to Frank Wemhoff, 349 Dillon Hall.

ceived it, grippingly in the hands; but if you fumble it, as many of your players do, I had as lief a student manager carried the ball. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands, thus, for in the very plays, tackling, and as I may say, whirlwind dashing, you must acquire a speed that may give you fleetness. O, it offends me to the quick to see a peri-wigged pated fellow set me down too soon, to throw me for a loss. I would have such a fellow penalized for o'erdoing McIntyre; it out - Harveys Harvey. Pray you, avoid him.—*Juggler*

Little Ole Bear

Once upon a time there was a lil ole bear and he was a mean lil ole bear he was runned away from home when he was a pup there was two lil ole ants and they were keen lil ole ants and never meant nobody no harm anytime and their mother who was also an ant sent them down to the delicatessen one day for a sack of sugar for a dime it so happened that upon this very identical day the lil ole aforementioned bear without any bringing up was roaming the countryside feeling as mean as dogwood and twice as nasty and so children he took out after the lil ole ants because if there was anything he liked better than ants it was ants with sugar on the lil ole ants started afuming and afaunching and astraining every nerve over the prairies in order to elude that bear but my my my it sure looked sour for them when suddenly they saw some woods ahead of them where upon dashing into the woods they hid under a leaf to catch up with their breath the foul lil ole bear tramped right into the forest after them but couldn't see them for heck or for the underbrush or something so he clumb a tree the better to look around for them at this point the ants came out of hiding and yelled hey you lil ole bear up there and the bear responded thusly say you lil ole ants down there im coming down there and eat heck out of youse thats what im going to do just that and the ants tittered and said aw lil ole bear you think youre up in a tree dont you but the jokes on

you that aint no tree nor neither is this forest a forest you fool you this is a mirage to say the least that lil ole bear was nonplussed for when he looked closely he saw that sure enough it was a mirage and that there wasnt any wood there at all so of course he didnt have anything to comb out of his hair those lil ole ants just whooped and hollered because now that meanie of a bear was way up in the air with no visible means of support and so he starved to death now freshmen my dear lil ol cabbages just you all go to your swayback beds and uncle punchy will tell you another narrative when you lil ole minds recuperate somehow.—*Juggler*

No one can wear a derby like a slide trombone.

An idealist is a man of small experience.

Girls are usually consistent in their inconsistencies.



"Oh, Johnny—Oh, Johnny."

Keogan Works to Develop Reserves for Cage Squad

Irish Trim Kalamazoo In Opening Contest

Notre Dame's 1939-40 basketball season opened last night at the same old stand in much the same old way, as the Irish trimmed Kalamazoo, 62-34. And with one win tucked away in his vest pocket, Head Coach George Keogan tilted back in his chair today to give us a little information about the Notre Dame basketball situation.

Coach Keogan is definitely not expecting a national championship from his present crop of cagers. Commenting on the coming year he said baldly, "We will undoubtedly lose some early games, and while we have lots of work to do, the spirit is fine and the boys are doing all right, so we may have a team yet. You cannot play today's fast game without reserves, but maybe we'll develop some iron men, and possibly some of the boys will develop later in the season."

The Irish will dedicate the Valparaiso gymnasium December 4, in a game honoring Head Coach Keogan, former mentor at Valparaiso College. Two days later they will return to the local courts to play the University of Cincinnati, on December 6.

These games are expected to give Coach Keogan some idea of a starting five—men to replace such stalwarts as Earl Brown, Eddie Sadowski and "Duke" DuCharme. These teams are new on the Irish schedule and are both known for their ability on the court.

Early this week the Irish cage squad was increased by the addition of several members of the football team, including Bernie Crimmins, Steve Bagarus, Johnny Kelly, Bob Osterman, Neil Ducey, Phil and Benny Sheridan, and Bob Hargrave.

Underclassmen are expected to play an important role in Notre Dame's drive for cage honors this year. At the same time, Captain Mark Ertel, Gene Klier, and Rex Ellis, all seniors, have valuable experience and serve as a good nucleus for a winning team. Eddie Riska, high scoring forward last year, has shown good form in early practice as well as George Sobek, a sophomore.

Three important games loom before Christmas holidays for the Irish. Deep, dark memories of last year's battle with Wisconsin will be in the Irish minds when the alert, crafty Badgers play here, December 12. Notre Dame lost last year and will be keyed to a point for revenge.



Coach George Keogan

Michigan's mighty Big Ten cage team will play host to the Keoganites on December 16, at Ann Arbor. The Wolverines have always played an all-important role in Big Ten court proceedings and should prove a real test for the Irish.

This year, as he opens another intensive Irish basketball schedule, George Keogan finds himself in slightly better circumstances than at the same time last year. For when the Notre Dame varsity took the floor against Kalamazoo last December, the only seasoned member of the quintet was Eddie Sadowski. Mark Ertel, Gene Klier and Eddie Riska were starters for the first time, due to the graduation of Paul Nowak, Tommy Wukovitz, and Johnny Moir. Earl Brown was with the football team in California, and his place was taken by sophomore Larry Ryan. As the current season gets under way, Ertel, Klier, and Riska are proved performers, and Ryan has had a great deal of experience. Thus Keogan is able to put four seasoned men on the floor.

INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL

PLAY FINALS NE

At last the 150 pound gridders may step onto the turf heretofore reserved for the cleats of the greats and near-greats of Notre Dame football lore. This Sunday, Cartier Field will be the site of the opening battles of the light-weights in two inter-class struggles when the freshmen meet the sophomores, and the juniors test the might of the seniors. The winners of these games will compete for the championship on Friday, Dec. 8.

Due to unavoidable delay, the Student Council plans for inter-hall 150 pound teams could not be put into effect this year. When all arrangements were completed, there was not sufficient time remaining to work out a complete inter-hall schedule. However, the next best thing, the brief inter-class tournament, will be played to give the boys a sample of what to expect next year.

It is a matter of conjecture as to the class of team that can be whipped into shape in less than a week's time. The coaches, all ex-varsity men, will do their best with the material and time at their disposal. At this writing the services of ex-captain James McGoldrick and Augie Bossu have been secured with other offers pending.

Inter-hall football is not new to Notre Dame. It was dropped some years ago when the toll of injuries cast some doubt

IRISH START ANOTHER SEAS



George Keogan won't have to worry about but 21 hard games will ke

ALL SEMI-FINAL SUNDAY

NEXT FRIDAY

on the benefits derived. However, 150 pound football is something new to the gridirons of the whole country and a system that will do much to relieve the hazards of inter-hall sport since boys of equal brawn will be pitted against each other. Improved equipment will also tend to greater safety. Two hundred and ten new uniforms and 140 new helmets will assure 150 pound Hank Dahm of Carroll Hall that he won't be swathed in 217 pound "Moose" Piepul's old pants and jersey.

A good 150 pound team can turn in a very interesting performance. Players are light and fast. They tend more to an open game spiced liberally with passes rather than the bone crushing power plays of their bigger brothers. This type of football has made considerable headway in the east and is deserving of encouragement such as is being inaugurated at Notre Dame this year. This is especially true of schools such as ours where some of the lighter boys are a bit shy, and perhaps rightfully so, about joining in the rigors of varsity scrimmage.

The games on Cartier Field this Sunday will be interesting to watch. The teams have had only a few days' practice but the new uniforms will spur them on as will the medals to be awarded to the winning players plus the knowledge that they, too, may now engage in football at Notre Dame.—*Jack Dinges.*

SEASON UNDER KEOGAN



about Jewel Young and Purdue this year will keep the Irish busy.

Splinters From The Pressbox

by Frank Aubrey

Heaven help the working press in selecting their multitudinous All-Teams after a season like 1939! All season long chattering typewriters have ground out paeans of superlatives concerning the operator's favorite athletes—or more precisely, the athletes he happened to see in action. Joe Doak from Siwash Center has been watching the big boys from the state university all fall, and he can tell you two State boys who absolutely cannot be left off any sane person's All-American. Another scribe from one of the infallible metropolitan papers has been loping about the country eyeing the big attractions. In this manner he figures to have seen a fair cross-section of the nation's teams, and naturally feels better qualified to join in the fun. But even big-city Dan runs into a blind alley sometimes. Maybe on the day he sees the ranking team play, their sure-fire star had an off day or is benched with an injury. Naturally, Dan can't be impressed by what he doesn't see, so he passes by a good number.

Judging by printing measures, that is—so many reams of copy, so many columns, and so many heads, this year was no different than any other, for the backs—especially the halves got the publicity. We in the midwest consider Nile Kinnick, Paul Christman, and Tom Harmon as household names by this time. You go through a paper and what do you see? Chamberlin, Hitler, Smilin' Jack, Orphan Annie, and Kinnick or Harmon. Hitler sinks four more ships—Smilin' Jack saves both the gals—and Kinnick throws two more touchdown passes.

Since all anybody knows about players the nation over is what he reads in the papers, why not select a team on this basis—an all publicity team? With a scheme like this nobody gets mentioned who hasn't any clippings to show. No matter how good you are, if the daily paper doesn't say so in black and white many times, you're anathema. To avoid being forced into a team of eleven left halfbacks we'll have to stipulate that a center get the center position even if he's never accomplished more than a few inches on the lower half of page 17. Each man gets a clipping rating and the one with mostest is the bestest, O. K. . . .

After a careful sifting of the barrage of evidence we come up with the following first team:

Clipping Rating

L. E.—Kavanaugh, L. S. U.: Great. Even the almighty Rice agrees.

L.T.—Drahes, Cornell: Fair. (undefeated team; a *must.*)

L.G.—Turner, Holy Cross: Fair. Boston papers get the credit.

C.—Haman, Northwestern: Hope the *Tribune* is right about this.

R.G.—Smith, U.S.C.: September papers said sure-fire, so we won't disagree.

R.T.—Kuzman, Fordham: Good. 3 B's—big, brawny, and brutal, say Mr. Kieran and company.

R.E.—Wenzel, Tulane: Fair to middlin', undoubtedly better than Hutson or Tinsley sez south.

Q.B.—Christman, Missouri: Great, or rather "The Great," a threat to Diz and F. D. R.

L. H.—Kinnick, Iowa: Great. Boomed the paper manufacturing industry.

R.H.—Harmon, Michigan: Great. Made 3,157 headlines after personally defeating Yale.

F.B.—Washington, U.C.L.A.: Good, a compromise candidate from the Coast.

Be it known that this lineup is not unchangeably fixed. When the various Bowl games get their publicity drums throbbing there will undoubtedly be some new faces in our lineup. It will seem silly then to nominate Jones when everybody spends their New Year's day listening to the soul-tingling exploits of Murphy in the great Wash Bowl game. This in our opinion is a great improvement over those inconsequential November All-America teams which maliciously overlook the reams of good honest blows to be presented December's gridiron stars. The grid season is not over until the last adjective has gone to print, and any December touchdown tribute should count just as much as an October pass for a touchdown with only a minute to play.

Picking Splinters:

Alabama over Vanderbilt

Army over Navy

Holy Cross over Boston College

Dartmouth over Stanford

Georgia Tech over Georgia

Tulane over Louisiana

Southern California over Washington

South. Methodist over Texas Christian

Introducing *By Pete Sheehan*

During the summer Chuck Riffle toiled in Mahoning Valley's famed iron and steel mills. This autumn he was Notre Dame's "iron man" and spent his Saturday afternoons stealing into the opposing backfields.

The 56,000 fans who saw Rif out-blackjack Harry Smith would never believe that this two-hundred pound stalwart was refused a suit when he reported for the Warren Harding High team as a sophomore. Poor little Charlie weighed less than 135 pounds, and the coach didn't want any hospital cases.

Chuck's frailty worried his mother. She decided that it was time to do something about it. He never had an appetite! Mrs. Riffle's first discovery was that her son was called, "Creamy." A love for cream puffs inspired this nickname and spoiled the appetite of the bearer. Cod liver oil immediately displaced pastries on the Riffle diet, and the next season found big Charlie playing right guard.

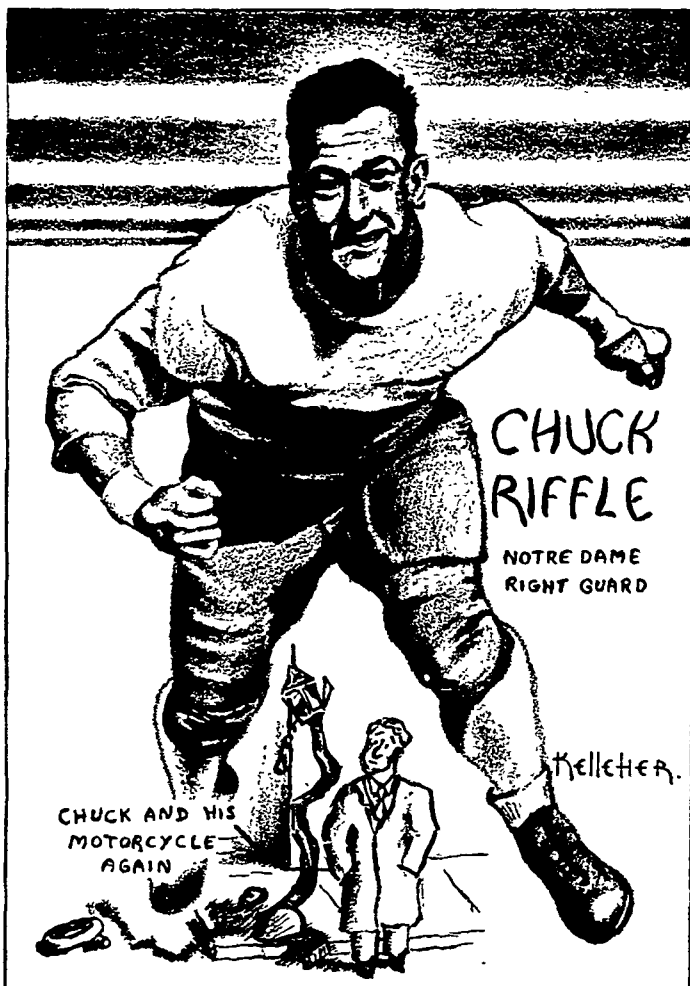
Chuck played second string his junior year but was shifted to fullback as a senior to fill the gap left by the graduation of Johnny Chickerno, field general of Pitt's dream backfield. There he won recognition as the outstanding fullback of the Mahoning Valley. Don Scott and Vic Marino, all Big-Ten selections, played against him and, no doubt, can still tell you how difficult it was to bring this plunging fullback to earth.

Rif spent two years as a regular guard on the basketball team and captained the squad in his last year. His great floor work in the traditional Warren-Sharon game will never be forgotten.

His baseball efforts won him three letters. Like Babe Ruth and Red Ruffing, Chuck was a slugger, and played the outfield while resting his left arm for mound duty. In the summer of '36 Warren was eliminated from the National Amateur Baseball Tournament in Cleveland when they lost 1-0. Chuck was the losing pitcher but allowed only one hit and had twelve strikeouts to his credit. He averaged fifteen strikeouts per game for the season.

Chuck started out as a fullback at

Notre Dame and made most of the trips during his sophomore year but went back to his old position—right guard—last season. A broken ankle shelved him during the early part of the season, but this year he went back for more and beat out Johnny Gubanich who was slated for the regular berth. So much has been written about his fine play that anything said here would be mere repetition.



When spring rolls around Chuck is going out for baseball, but at present his biggest problem is signing a good band for the Youngtown Club Christmas Dance. Chuck is social chairman, and he says it's easier to play sixty minutes of football than take charge of a dance.

A motorcycle addict, Chuck was involved in two serious accidents this summer—serious so far as his vehicle was concerned, but Chuck recovered as suddenly as he did against the Trojans last Saturday.

Statistics: Full name—Charles Francis Riffle. Born in Dillonvale, Ohio, January 6, 1918. Moved to Warren, Ohio, in 1926. Weight, 206 pounds; height, 6 feet. Chuck will receive his degree in Physical Education this June, and has his eyes open for a coaching position in the vicinity of Masury, Ohio, where he would like to settle down.

"Irish Greatest Team We Have Played"—Trojans

After squeezing through ten or twenty inebriates who claimed relationship, friendship, or partnership with Howard Jones, and showing our badly worn pass to forty guys named Joe, we finally stumbled into the dressing room of Southern California's Trojans last Saturday afternoon.

The game had been played, and a number of tired giants were taking showers. An overcoat was definitely not the thing to be wearing in such a steamy atmosphere.

We first attacked the nervous, not-so-happy-looking gentleman who is U.S.C.'s coach. Mr. Jones should have been jubilant in victory but his hand had been shaken probably a hundred times at this stage. He looked as though he were in a great hurry to get somewhere else, anywhere but where he was.

Before he ran wildly out the door followed by a pack of backslappers, we pushed through twenty of his rooters and asked what Mr. Jones thought of the game. Here's what he told us:

"Notre Dame is the strongest team we have faced this year. When that club gets the ball, anything can happen. We were always worrying about the time when some one of your backs would break away. Sheridan did. I'm certainly glad it didn't happen again. It must have been a great game to watch."

After hearing this last remark, we wondered where Mr. Jones was during the game.

Grenny Lansdell, rubbing himself briskly with a soft, white towel, said, "Sheridan, Kerr, and Sitko played great ball for Notre Dame. Your team was dangerous all the way through. But I do think we deserved to win."

Our next interview was with Doyle Nave, a boy who threw a lot of passes. We noticed that he had been the victim of an unmerciful attack at the hands of some barber. A crew hair-cut would be a mild description of what that barber accomplished.

Nave told us, "Those Notre Dame boys were playing for keeps. That time I fumbled, I was really hit. Some people may think that the ball was punched out of my arms. No, it just naturally flew out."

After promising to remember us to Lana Turner, Bob Robertson, the Trojans' starting right half, remarked, "I didn't know what to expect from your team. On defense I just tried to guess what was coming. Then, I prayed I was right. We played a real team."

About this time we were overwhelmed by the increasing thickness of the steam in the room. So we placed our handker-

chief over our mouth, and ran for the nearest exit. Outside once more, we took a deep breath, and thought the Trojans were a nice bunch of fellows.

—John Patterson

MUSIC NOTES

In the words of Daniel Pedtke, head of the department of music at Notre Dame, this year's array of talent is the finest he has seen in his four years at this school. The first concert of the season was given last Sunday at Holy Cross parish in South Bend. In spite of its lack of seasoning, the group presented a very respectable choral program.



Wm. Mooney In order that a chorus may sing in an artistic manner, there must be full-bodied balance and harmony. And in order for any choral program to be interesting, there must be variety in repertoire, and, an even more important point, talented soloists. In these fundamental respects, this year's club is well equipped. Sixty voices are now being used. For road trips this number will be reduced to 40. Thus, it should be possible to select and maintain a group of qualified singers.

Heading the list of soloists is Don Tiedemann, baritone. Don began his studies with Horatio Connell of New York's famous Julliard School of Music. Helen Jepson and many other Metropolitan stars have been pupils of Mr. Connell. Later Mr. Tiedemann studied with Clarence Reinert of the Curtiss Institute of Music in Philadelphia. Then for four years Don sang with the Chautauqua Opera association. Last year he sang the role of the "Major Domo" in "Don Pasquelli" with Josephine Antoine of the Met.

Tony Donadeo is potentially the finest tenor ever to sing with a Notre Dame glee club. Tony possesses a voice of superb quality with all the style and range of a mature singer. He studied at the Peabody Conservatory with Reinalt Werrenwrath, former Metropolitan star. Tony has had radio experience over station WBAL, Baltimore. Recently he was invited to appear as soloist at a Columbus Day celebration held in his home town of Baltimore.

Bob Bischoff is also one of the talented soloists. Two years ago his voice commanded the attention of Franz Trefsgger, leading vocal teacher of Cincinnati's College of Music. Under the

guidance of Trefsgger, Bob has developed into a fine singer.

The piano soloist and accompanist for the Glee Club is William Mooney. For 12 years Mr. Mooney has studied piano. In 1935 he was state champion of Iowa, and also given top ranking in the National High School Music contest. Mr. Mooney is the campus organist. He has given several piano and organ recitals.


Sunday night the Glee Club will sing at St. Mary's.

Rockne Memorial News

Coaches of inter-hall basketball teams met this week and laid plans for organization of play. Practice games will be held next week, and league contests will commence shortly thereafter. The practice games will give the coaches an opportunity to size up material on their squads.

There is a possibility that play in the lightweight division (150 pounds and

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less) will be shifted from the Rockne Memorial to the gymnasium. Each team will play every other team in the league twice during the regular schedule.

A conflict with the Knights of Columbus vaudeville has postponed the all-campus swimming meet to a later date. Contestants will be notified by mail as to when the event is to be held. The open handball tournament got under way this week at the Memorial, and participants will likewise be notified by mail as to the date of their matches.

—John E. Lewis

VINCENTIANS

One day last week a stoop-shouldered man stopped in at the office in No. 23 Lyons. He introduced himself as a Vincentian from an Eastern city and he was anxious to see what a college conference is like. Executive Secretary Jack Reddy welcomed this brother Easterner and assured him that he would

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Louis V. Bruggner, N. D. '23

BRUGGNER'S
NEWS & CORNER

Main and Jefferson
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

find the Notre Dame Conference different from parish conferences as they are organized usually.

"Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the work here," said Jack, "is that it's handled by young men. Energetic young fellows are good workers, certainly. But it's the college conferences that have shown the efficiency of young men in administrative work.

"Suppose we take a sample case and follow it through. The one that comes to mind concerns a request this office received through the Vincentian Service in South Bend for a coat and warm pants for a youngster. The mother, a widow, works in one of the small stores. Sickness had depleted her savings, and bills pressed for payment. So her story goes. Well, the Notre Dame Conference sends a volunteer investigator to the home to talk with the woman and child. After the investigation, it is usually at the next meeting that the report is made. The members then vote on any appropriation that is needed and discuss the case. If the need is urgent, the matter is settled before the Sunday meeting. The office consults Father Kelley, the spiritual adviser of the Conference, and any members it can contact immediately.

"You see the young men are anxious to have the advice of the more experienced. The men haven't tried to do things without advice. In this respect, the Vincentian Service Bureau has been an invaluable aid. Then, too, the cases we have on file in the office here can be very helpful. Past experiences teach many lessons and sound many warnings. They point out the right procedure for giving the necessary aid on any particular case.

"At present, we have a form that's very useful in reports. The member sees the form only after he has made his investigation. Then he's able to answer the questions or fill in the blanks presented on the form. If he saw the form before he went out on the case, he'd be thinking about getting the answers and would miss some things."

—Richard Leo Fallon, Jr.

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RADIO

Now that the football season is over and the campus has entered into the calm that precedes the Christmas storm, it would be well to go over the Radio Club log and give a short resume of the programs.

First on the list is the Periscope, Eddy Corey's fifteen minutes of news and gossip about personages on our campus and the one across the road. Two weeks ago Ed added a little variety to the program by interviewing John Carmichael of "The Barber Shop" fame.

On Tuesday those interested in classical music will like Music of the Masters, featuring students of the Music Department.

Wednesday brings a Faculty Talk by one of the professors of the University on a topic pertaining to his particular field, yet of interest to the general public. Later in the evening, a half-hour program is put on by either the Commerce Forum, the Wranglers, or the Military Club. These three clubs have asked for the opportunity to display themselves and their work and will alternate, each taking one show a week.

The Academy of Politics presents a fifteen-minute discussion on current problems Thursday afternoons. In the evening, Jerry Flynn comes on with the ever-popular Sportscast. Last week, you will remember, Arch Ward was the guest of the show.

The Radio Stage, which is undoubtedly the best dramatic show to come from the campus, is heard Fridays at 9:30 p.m.

Saturday, the radio week closes with a bang. The Little Jamboree, with Johnny Kelly's band, Copsy and Moustache, and the thespians of the ages, those Little Jam Players, brings you

moods, music, and melodrama, all on the merry side.

Radio Log

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

—Ray Kelly

CLUBS

Metropolitan

"Nothing but the best for us," quoth President Doug Bangert as he announced plans for the Met Club Christmas dance at the last meeting of the club. The dance, by far the biggest venture ever undertaken by the New Yorkers, will be held at the Hotel Astor on December 27. George Olsen's orchestra will provide the swing as the men of Notre Dame sway. Many celebrities of the world of sports and the stage are expected to attend. Captain Johnny Kelly of the football team will present the door prize, a football autographed by the entire squad. Students living in New Jersey and Connecticut are also invited to attend. Bids will be \$4.00 a couple.

Plans are also being made to arrange the usual round trip rates for Christmas vacation. Three special trains will be run, one leaving South Bend on Friday, Dec. 16, one on Saturday, and the last

on Wednesday, Dec. 20. Tickets will be sold on campus. Announcement of the prices will be made in the near future.

The meeting concluded with pictures of the Army game and what President Bangert termed "Sumptuous" refreshments.

Propeller

The Propeller Club met on November 20, with President John Curran presiding. Mr. Herbert Bott, faculty advisor, discussed the formation of an employment bureau for graduating members of the club.

The guest speaker of the evening was Mr. Olander, sales manager of the

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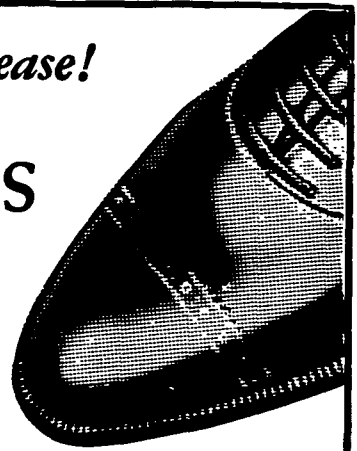
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Mr. Gotch, export manager of the Studebaker Company, will be the guest speaker for the next meeting.

Commerce Forum

Mr. Cyril S. Fletcher, general sales manager of the Studebaker Corporation, will speak to the Commerce Forum next Wednesday night. Mr. Fletcher's lecture on "Sales and Salesmanship" will be given in the Law Building auditorium at 7:30 p.m.

Cracow

The Cracow Club, a student organization for the promotion of Slavic culture, met last Tuesday night in the Main Building. Ted Kmicek started off the meeting with an interesting review of the reasons behind the Polish-German war. He discussed the many cases of

conflict between the Poles and the German neighbors and surmised the long list of cruelties suffered by the Polish people at the hands of the Nazis.

After listening to the woes of their homeland, the members were entertained by violin and accordion solos given by various members. The club voted to invite Olly Bejma, third baseman of the Chicago White Sox to speak at a club meeting. The sponsor, Father Lisewski, presided over the meeting.

Chicago

In the Gold Coast Room of the Drake Hotel, Chicago, the Chicago Club will hold their annual Christmas Dance on December 26. The smart rhythms of Pierson Thall will provide the music for the shuffling Notre Dame men of the Windy City. Bernard J. Masterson of the executive committee has been appointed chairman of the dance. Bids will be \$3.00 per couple.

Military

The Military Club attracted its full membership to a meeting in the auditorium of the Law Building, last Tues-




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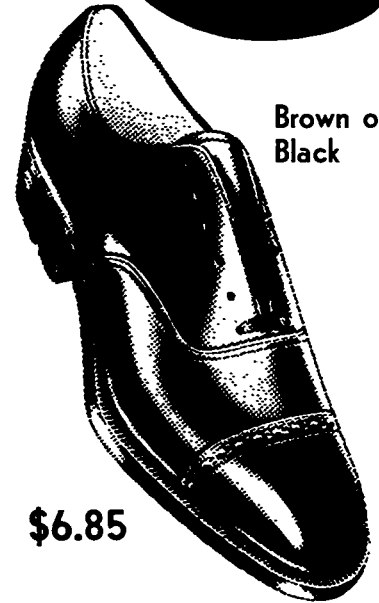
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day night. The reason for their success: movies. Three full reels, respectively titled, "Patrol of the Yangtze," "The Air Fleets of the Navy," and "The Modern Man-o-War's Men" provided the necessary entertainment. Commandant George S. Wallace, Jr., presided.

Boston

Last Wednesday in Carroll Rec Room, the Boston Club gathered for their club smoker. It was voted to hold the annual Christmas Ball of the club in cooperation with the alumni, in the Captain's Cabin of the Miles Standish Hotel in

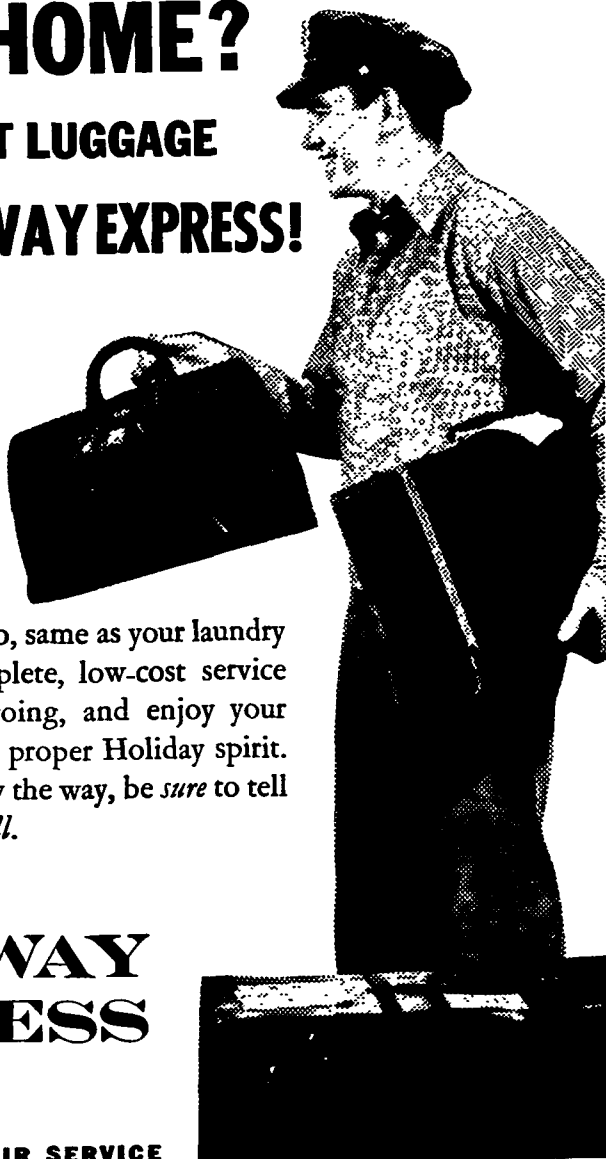
Boston on Wednesday evening, Dec. 27. Jim Carmody and his orchestra were voted to provide the music.

Bill O'Hare, the president appointed Harry Keefe as dance chairman, and he is to be aided in his work by Art Madalena, treasurer; Sig Wesalowski, secretary; and Tom Rogan, Roger Foley, Dan Duggan, Ed Colbert, Jack Barry, and "Rock" La Page. Frank Guindon, the vice-president, is publicity chairman.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to consideration of ways and means of transportation to and from the Bay State, for the Christmas holidays.

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Sunday is the New Year's Day of the Christian Year. Called also the Year of Salvation, its divisions follow the solar year. Christ is the Sun that penetrates the innermost recesses of man's nature enabling it to partake of the divine nature. "I came forth from the Father... and I go to the Father," (John 16, 28) was the cycle of his life and the one he intends for every man.

The Church, the community of all the baptised, now begins anew to unfold the mysteries of faith. Each Mass contains them all at once. The recurring feasts of the Liturgy present them in detail. The first in point of time is the Incarnation. Advent is the period of the Great Expectation. It is also a time of expiation. Of old men waited long for the coming of the Redeemer. Now he is ever present applying his saving power through his Church. The Introit of Sunday's mass voices the cry of humanity in every age: "To thee, O Lord, I have lifted up my soul." (Psalm 24, 1).

The Liturgy of Advent fairly teems with the praises of Our Lady. In fact the season arose largely to do her honor. Midmost in it comes the feast of her Immaculate Conception (Friday), the prerogative which made it possible for her to become the Mother of God.

Mass Calendar: December 3-9

Sunday, 3—First in Advent. 2d prayer, St. Francis Xavier. Confessor.

Monday, 4—Saint Peter Chrysologus. Bishop. Confessor. Doctor. 2d prayer, the Feria. 3d, St. Barbara. Virgin. Martyr. 4th, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. Credo.

Tuesday, 5—Ferial Day. Mass of Sunday. 2d prayer, St. Sabbas, Abbott. 3d, Blessed Virgin (1st in Common). 4th, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. *Votive or Requiem*.

Wednesday, 6—St. Nicholas. Bishop. Confessor. 2d prayer, the Feria. 3d, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

Thursday, 7—Vigil of the Immaculate Conception. St. Ambrose. Bishop, Confessor. Doctor. 2d prayer, the Feria. 3d, the Vigil. 4th, Against Persecutors and Evil Doers. *Alternate Mass: the Vigil*.

Friday, 8—Immaculate Conception of Blessed Virgin. 2d prayer, the Feria.

Saturday, 9—2d Day of Octave. Mass of Feast. 2d prayer, the Feria. 3d, the Holy Ghost. *Votive or Requiem*.

Schmied Heads Student Sociological Forum

Francis Anthony Schmied, senior sociologist from Columbus, Wis., will head the new sociological forum that mushroomed on the Notre Dame campus during a recent week. Assisting Chancellor Schmied will be Vice-chancellor John Joseph Reddy, senior from Brooklyn, who is also the executive secretary of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Notre Dame Conference.



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**SOUTH SHORE
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A formal name for this academy of sociology will be voted upon by the members when the club convenes December 11, in the faculty lounge of the dining hall. Eligibility to join the club is limited to seniors and graduate students of sociology, and to social case workers.

Donald Edwin Hosinski, South Bend, fourth-year man, was unanimously elected to the secretaryship, and Edward G. Huff, Pittsburgh, was named treasurer and publicist.

Mr. Francis T. Flynn, professor of social work, will serve the club as faculty counsellor.—*Eddie Huff*

THEATRE

Seems we have heard that humor and tragedy are almost blood-brothers, and so little separates the two that they seem at times identical. Without intensively poring over the thought we can feel sure that there must be some basis for such a remark. Observe the renovated "Cat and The Canary." You'll see the square-jawed Bob Hope mixed with flickering chandeliers and sliding panels. Then think a moment. Doesn't it strike you as rather odd that such a concoction should even be considered by Hollywood big-wigs, and more odd, that it should even be attempted?

When for the first time we noticed the name of Hope on the marquee, something suddenly made us frown. Wasn't this to be a horror picture, the chilling chiller type guaranteed by much advance press-noticing to send the chills racing up and down the collective spine of Mr. and Mrs. United States? Yes, it was. Then what in the name of all that's chilling was Hope's name doing on the marquee? Let's gamble the admission price and find out, we thought.

Curiosity proved the end of the cat. But it was more than curiosity that made us stay firmly snuggled in our seat until the end of "The Cat and the Canary." We must admit we rather enjoyed being momentarily thrilled by the unexpected corpse's plopping out of the wall. And more, we even enjoyed being laughed at by the quaint Mr. Hope for being thrilled, even though we weren't sure what we were enjoying from one moment to the next.

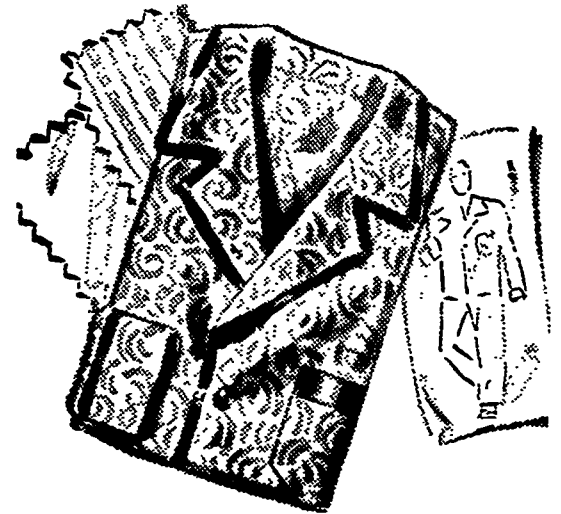
First we'd thrill; then we'd laugh. Strangely we didn't notice the sudden and numerous transitions. First it was Hope, patting on about the Republicans at a time when anyone seemingly in his right mind would think very little of the Republicans; then, like a flash, the face of sinister Gale Sondergaard slipped into the scene, dispelling Hope and his Republicans. A clawed hand appeared; we thrilled. It was refreshing entertainment.

—*Vern Witkowski*



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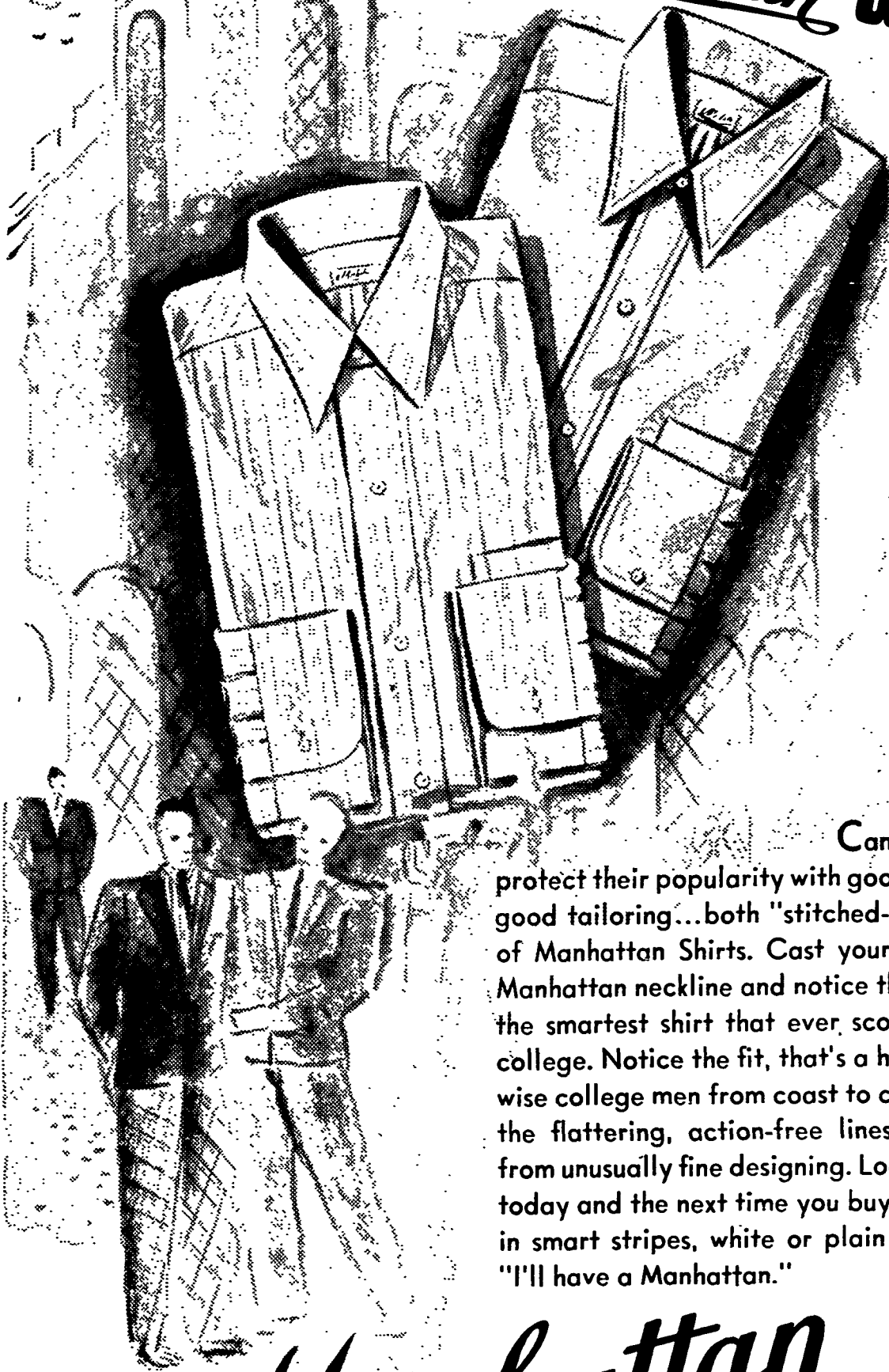
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YOUR RELIGION

Let us pursue further this subject of religion as life. It is illuminating in many ways. A living thing grows, multiplies itself, communicates itself to others; and if it reaches out and absorbs the good it finds in its environment, it never fails to make a return of the good that it has assimilated and transformed. Thus plants absorb light, heat and moisture, and chemical elements from the soil, but having done this, they are ready to load our tables with food. To increase and multiply is characteristic only of living things, as it is characteristic of them alone to be able to improve by modifying the environment in which they are placed.

Religious life is no exception. It, too, grows and multiplies itself and, like all good things, communicates itself to others. Yet its growth, since it is spiritual life, is in intensity rather than by any quantitative increment of parts. The evidence of its growth is not larger dimensions, but greater virtue and refinement. It shows itself in a more vigorous supernatural faith, a more ardent and inclusive charity, and a firmer hope,—in a strengthening of that 'argument of things unseen, the substance of things to be hoped for.' A new set of relations between the soul and God arise, or, if not new, then far more intimate, more conscious, more effective than ever existed before. They are new in the sense that all growth produces what is new; new like the ripening of a personal friendship from year to year is new, when the bonds of union between two souls draw closer together and make two minds and hearts more nearly one. And "what is marvelous in our spiritual growth is that, whereas we cannot add one cubit . . . to our bodily structure, there is no limit to the cubits we may add to the stature of the soul."

Religious life multiplies itself. Is it not symbolized by the mustard seed of the Gospel "which is the least indeed of all seeds; but when it is grown up, it is greater than all herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof?" Granted that this is a parable, still the point of the parable obviously is that the Kingdom of God, God's presence, divine life, whether in the individual soul or in the society which is His Church, is a dynamic presence; that that life will follow the laws of all living things, i.e., growth, self-multiplication, absorption of aliments and transformation.

We are both individuals and members of society. Though our destiny is a per-

sonal one, it cannot be attained apart from the spiritual society, the Church, in and through which we are provided with the indispensable means of an infallible teaching authority and the sacra-

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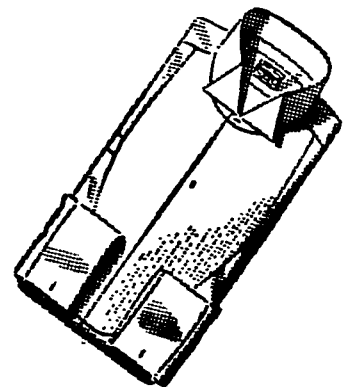
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mental sources of spiritual alimentation. We are therefore related to God as individuals and as members of society. The Kingdom of God is indeed within us; but we are also within it. But whether within or without, this kingdom is a living thing, a principle of life for the soul and for society. How else, it may be asked, could the Christian and Catholic religion have worked the transformation of the world? What are saints but sinners transformed by this inner life acquired through the ministry of the visible and outward Church? What else is civilization but barbarism brought under the law of the Gospel and infused with the justice and the charity of Christ? And what is a Christian State except one in which the conditions of this Christian religious life are made possible, the na-

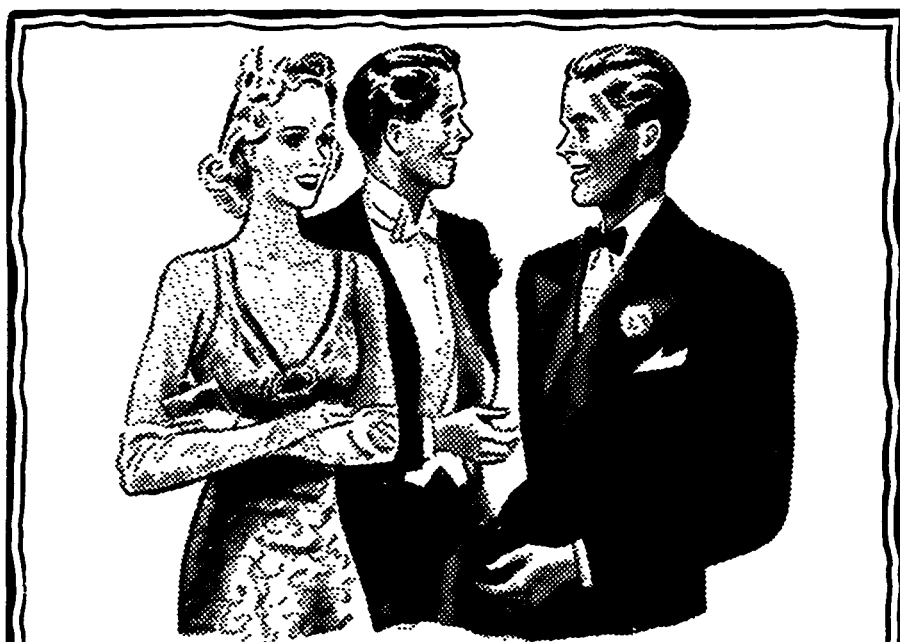
tural and therefore divine rights and personal liberties of the individual Christian are respected, and so the rights of God Himself respected?

So long as these conditions are maintained, justice remains, charity remains, liberty remains, order and peace remain. But remove these conditions, and as contemporary history shows, faith in God's revealed truths weakens, charity cools, force replaces justice, the omniscient State usurps the place of God in the lives of men, and men thus become the slaves of their very creature, society, that should minister to their common needs. The vital transformation wrought through the centuries of history whereby barbarism became civilization, pagan culture became Christian culture, and men in place of being minions of tem-

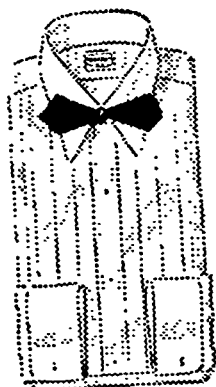
poral power, were endowed with the freedom of the sons of God, is reversed, and the reverse of vital transformation is disease and death. The disease is now contagiously upon the world. Yet if we

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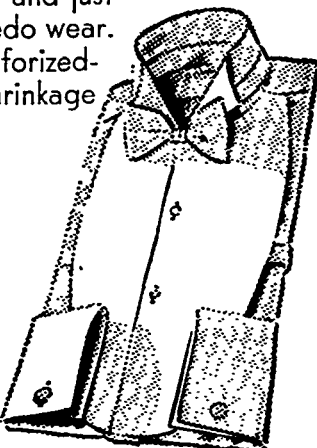


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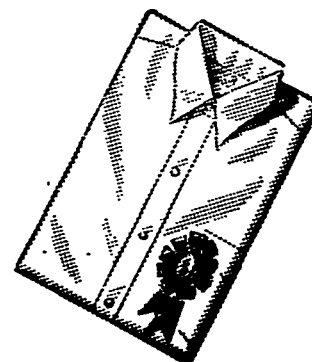
ARROW LIDO \$3. Though more on the formal side, the Lido is smart and comfortable with its narrow bosom held in place by suspender loops. Plain or pique. Other well-behaved dress shirts from **\$2.50** up. Arrow dress ties—**\$1**. Collars—**35c**.

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live by the Faith that is ours, if we rightly understand the religious and spiritual life that is ours, we will not fear greatly the death of the society that is ours, for "My sheep hear my voice. . . . I give them life everlasting, and they shall not perish forever. . . . No one can snatch them out of the hand of my Father." (John: 27-29.)

—Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C.

The Grotto

(Continued from Page 9)

by the Rev. Edward Sorin, C.S.C., after he returned from a visit to Lourdes in 1873. Impressed by this petitional shrine in the Pyrenees, the University's founder was at once intent upon a facsimile being placed at the institution that had been dedicated to her honor.

The first difficulty in fulfilling this intention was the divided opinion over its location. Some favored the hill near the seminary while others insisted that the ground near "Calvary" was ideal. The compromise that followed resulted in the present spot whose natural beauty had always attracted visiting pilgrims.

Actual work on the construction began in 1876. Some of the boulders that were used were difficult to handle because of their two and three-ton weight. This was especially true in attempting to form the shell from these massive rocks.

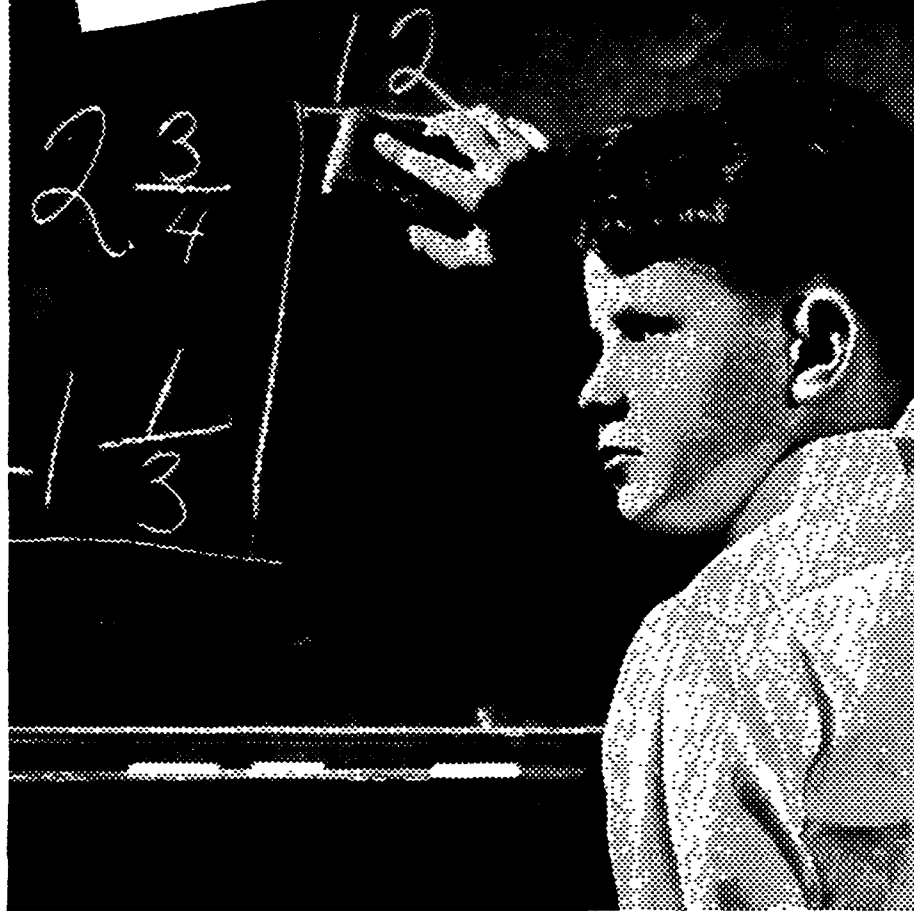
A remarkable incident, occurring during the construction work, received extensive publicity at the time. While digging into the ground at the left of the cavern, a natural spring gushed forth similar to the miraculous stream that flows at Lourdes. The wrangling between coincidence and miracle is still a conversational topic for the old-timers.

The greatest contribution towards the Grotto's completion was made by the Rev. Thomas Carroll, a native of Oil City, Pa. Father Carroll graduated from Notre Dame after studying theology here. His first parish appointment was in South Bend, and his interest in the University became more than that of just an alumnus.

Father Sorin's idea and Father Carroll's material aid were not in vain. The Grotto's purpose has been realized, for she is seldom alone. Perhaps at this minute she is watching a bended head and listening to:

Remember, O most loving Virgin Mary, that never was it known that any one who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, and sought thy intercession, was left unaided. Inspired with this confidence, I fly unto thee, O Virgin of Virgins, my Mother! to thee I come; before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate! despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy hear and answer me. Amen.—Edmund Butler

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On the Hearstian Side

The Minnesota *Daily* is now published in tabloid form after a reader poll favored the change from the orthodox eight column sheet. During an experimental period tabloid dailies were printed to arouse student opinion as to the experiment. The new format furthers departmentalization, increases the total pages, and makes for ease in handling the paper.



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Student Forum

(Continued from Page 9)

greater number who would reject the justification of America's entrance into this particular World War II. As a friend of ours pointed out, Nazi air-raids on defenseless cities with the consequent killing of women and children are indeed brutal, but they are no more unjustifiable than the British economic blockade which leaves in its wake the ravages of scurvy, rickets, and malnutrition. The ends and means of the contending belligerents in this conflict are confused; there is no clear-cut distinction between right and wrong; the methods of all belligerents are equally repulsive.

On political or economic grounds, there seems still less justification for our entering the war. We need only recall the great political and economic advantages which America secured from the last war!

The point is: intellectual and emotional balance can be preserved and prejudice can be destroyed if both sides of the story are known. We do not expect anyone to justify Hitler; neither do we expect a universal belief in the German position. But it is something to be informed. There would be far more objectivity in America if the nation would see what Father Gannon of Fordham has to say about the German position, if the emotionally unbalanced would read E. I. Watkin's *Men and Tendencies*, if the biased would consult Colonel McCormick's speech given last summer at Notre Dame, if the hysterics would study Walter Millis' *Road to War*.

Pro-Allied sentiment can be dangerous, but the threat to real neutrality can be greatly diminished if thought and emotions are prepared in advance by balanced consideration of both sides. Thus fortified against "hysteria," we believe that the United States can stand immune from the present conflict; neither "incident" nor propaganda will induce an objective people to go to war.

Round Table

The Round Table met on November 15 and Tom O'Brien spoke on "The Economic Crisis of American Railroads." Provision was made at the meeting for a membership committee to consist of Joe Sotak, chairman, John Duggan, Ed Bisett, and Jim Lang. This committee will hold interviews with prospective Sophomore and Junior members with a view to receive three new members within the next three weeks. Official induction of new members will be held on Monday, Dec. 4.

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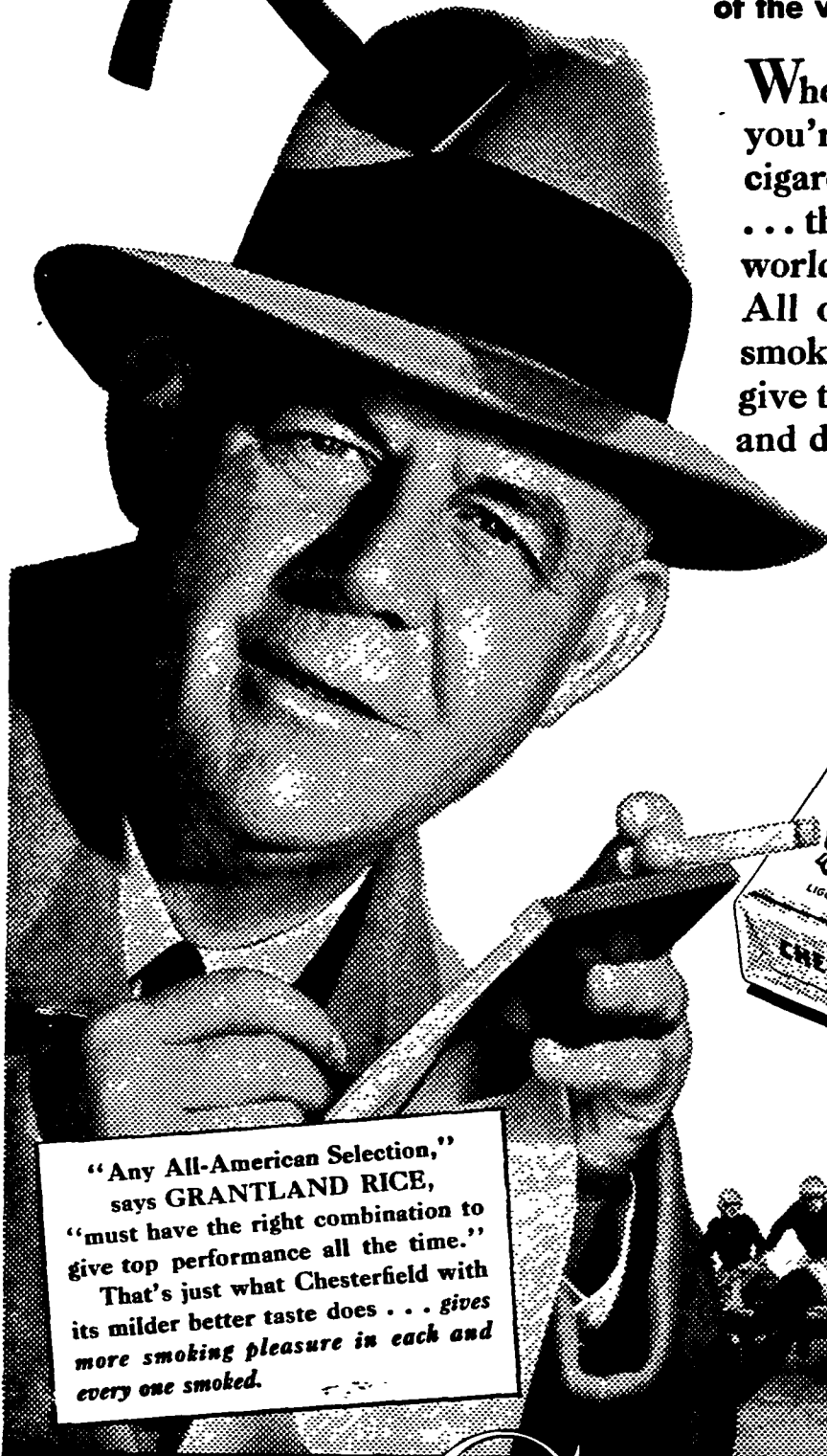
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The Author: When an expert flyer is also an expert writer—that's Leland Jamieson! Millions of Post readers know his short stories. His first full-length novel is part autobiography, part fiction—all superb entertainment. Right now, as *High Frontier* hops off, Capt. Jamieson is at the wheel of a DC-3 somewhere between Miami and New York, where he regularly flies day and night runs.

HIGH FRONTIER

by LELAND JAMIESON

Begins in this week's Post

In this same issue:

"TOO YELLOW TO PLAY FOOTBALL?" He was on the sidelines now. He was the guy who had broken Billy Cooper's leg. The guy 85,000 people were waiting to boo. And today was *Game Day*. A short story by Paul O'Neil on page 22 of this week's Post.

THE PLAIN PEOPLE FACE THE WAR. The writer, John W. Vandercook, recently talked with French shopkeepers, peasants, heard their stories; then motored into Germany and spent hours with Nazi small-town leaders. New insight on how the common people of two countries are taking it.

HOLLYWOOD HUSBANDS HAVE SO-O-O MANY PROBLEMS! Reuben Rosen, Hollywood's Boy Wonder, was a wow at changing scripts into happy endings. But could he kill his wife's infatuation for her new leading man? (Quick, get the script-girl!) A short story, *Suggestion for a Happy Ending*, by Edith Fitzgerald.

WILD COYOTES BREAKFASTED WITH US! Snowed in eight months of the year, seven thousand feet up in the High Sierras, the author of this unusual nature article and her husband actually taught wild coyotes "table manners"! Read *The Coyotes Come*.

MARRY FOR LOVE—REPENT AT LEISURE. A boy of nineteen marrying a woman of thirty-one? It won't last, people were saying. But the wife, desperately in love, had the courage to find out. Read *Please Let Me Come Home*, by Helen Deutsch.

IT WAS SMART TO BE RED. Eugene Lyons gives you a *Who's Who* of Communism's élite . . . how they line up unsuspecting professors, naive clergymen, writers, and "society" folk as a front for their propaganda.

AND . . . Short stories by Maurice Walsh and David Lamson; articles, poems, editorials, Post Scripts and cartoons. All in this week's issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST 5¢