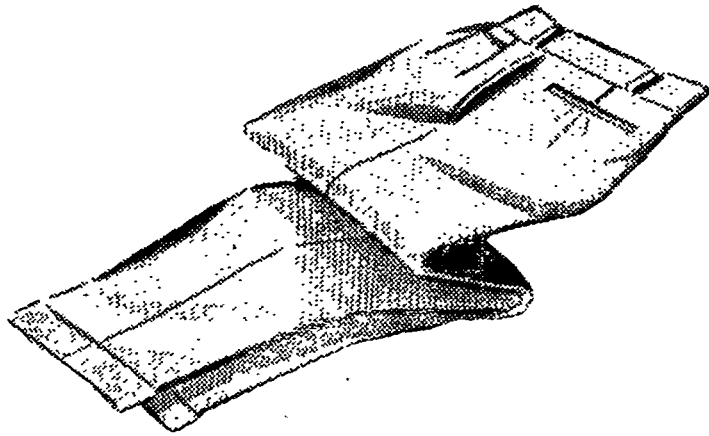


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LETTERS

(The following letter was written by Pfc. Ralph E. Gartner, stationed in the Philippines, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph J. Gartner, Sr., of 615 E. Grove St., Mishawaka.)

Mon., Nov. 11, 1946

Dear Mom and Dad:

. . . I went to Mass and Communion yesterday after we listened to the Notre Dame-Army football game over at the clinic and we had the largest crowd so far to hear the game. We opened all the doors to the wards and turned up the volume on the radio so that as many as possible could hear the game. The noise and the cheering at the hospital was just like being there in Yankee Stadium. I never knew that so many Notre Dame supporters were in the army, and we also had a lot of naval officers who are M.D.'s here at the hospital who were rooting for good old N.D. to win. . . we all consider it a moral victory for N.D. because Coach Leahy, with only one year's work with the squad, was able to hold Army, which had been together for three years, and were declared National Champions the last two years.

Dad, I know you will feel proud of Notre Dame when I tell you that the morale of the patients is lifted up tremendously when N.D. wins and that is the 1st thing

they want to know on Sunday morning, as you see it is 7 a.m. in the morning over here when the games start over in the stadium.

I have heard the doctors here at the hospital say that they can't understand it, but it seems that it is like a miracle . . . they take a turn for the better whenever Notre Dame wins a game. As the Chief Surgeon says, thank God that they have something to hold them up so they don't despair, and he hopes there will always be a successful Notre Dame on the gridiron if . . . only to help the patients get well. . .

Junior

December 14, 1946

Dear Sir:

Despite the penetrating analysis of the food-price level in the cafeteria (with emphasis on the costs to the student visiting the ice cream bar) it appears that there is no downward trend in price-listings and that the South Bend drugstores continue to sell sundaes, etc. at a lower price than on campus. I sense that the Student Council has approached this matter in the wrong way and instead of imputing that the cafeteria bookkeepers have the figures all wrong, ought to avow that the dining rooms are indeed losing money for the school and that the cafeteria profits are called upon to assume the deficits.

Having recognized the dining hall defi-

cit, we can consider the backhandward manner in which they are collected: A sacrifice by one group for the betterment of the other. If charity is demanded of the cafeteria eater, it ought to be solicited in a proper and justifiable fashion.

I suggest, therefore, that after Christmas vacation the price of ice cream and other "luxury" items be lowered to a reasonable amount and that boxes be placed at the doors of the cafeteria with placards attached: "Attention, Cafeteria clientele! Contributions accepted here for the upkeep of dining halls and the resolution of deficits incurred by students eating in the dining halls."

Whoever revamps the *University of Notre Dame Bulletin* has lost cognizance of the fact that times change and what had appealed twenty years ago to the potential university student is just a drop in the bucket today. In a rather liberal and ostentatious manner Washington Hall is described as "containing the University auditorium, seating 900 persons, and the studios of the Department of Music. The auditorium is equipped for amateur dramatics and for 'talking pictures'."

The above is found on page 46 whereas on page 87 under "Entertainment" the delighted initiate will discover for the first (and perhaps only) time that "In addition to the special lectures given for all students . . . by men of prominence visiting the university, there is an entertainment course of 'high class' concerts . . . in Washington Hall." I cannot interpret whether the term "high class" refers to the absence of burlesque or is an attempt at snob appeal. Regardless, the reader learns once again that "A good 'talking-picture' is presented each week."

I will not question the quality of the "talking picture" but it is of interest to note that "talkies" have been "in" for some time now and have been more or less picked up by the public at large as the usual sort of thing. That pictures "talk" is no longer a drawing card, sorry to say. Grade schools and high schools which have accepted the theater refer to pictures shown at their institutions by the simple, unsophisticated title of "movies." No airs here.

A final suggestion, then: That the words "talking pictures" be substituted for in accordance with the example shown above or that the complete *Bulletin* be revamped to catch the style i.e. "Students are permitted to smoke and tobaccos are sold locally and at 117 houses of business in nearby South Bend."

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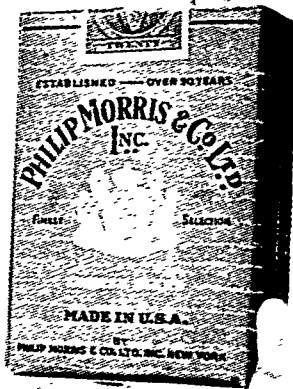
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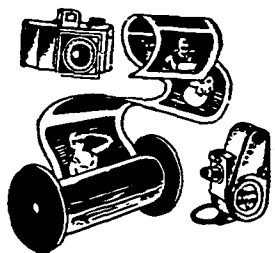
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COLLEGE PARADE

By LOU ALMASI and TOM HIGGINS

HOME SWEET HOME . . .

Ah yes, it was great to be home. As Bob Hope would say, we stepped off the train and were met by a brass band—a girl scout with braces. To make a long story short, the vacation was somewhat of a busman's holiday, we spent the time loafing.

The day before Christmas we came out of hiding long enough to go on our annual shopping spree. Grimly clutching our semester's savings, we set forth for the poor man's Macy, Zuckmaier's. We sauntered around gaily until we came to a beautiful collection of dolls. We squeezed one and she yelled, "Mama!" We squeezed another. She screamed "Floorwalker!" Flashing our SCHOLASTIC press card with an air of something or other, we were allowed to continue on our way to the shoe department. There we bought our first gift, a pair of shoe laces that we decided would go well with Imelda's brown eyes. We paid cash for it. We had a little trouble with the next gift, a pair of shoes that squeak in the same key. We finally gave it up and tripped gaily over to the book department. We looked around for quite some time before we found something we liked. a beautiful leather bound copy telling you what to do till the doctor comes. The name of it was *How To Make Love To A Doctor's Wife*.

JUST THINKIN' . . .

Now that the finals are ten days off, we started wondering about the human brain. Then we started wondering about the brain of a typical Notre Dame man. The brain is a funny thing, it starts working the moment you get up and doesn't stop till you get to class. . . . They say the human brain weighs three pounds. Comes the morning of the 21st and a final . . . a lot of us will be wondering whether the Lord had his thumb on the scale when he rationed ours out . . . oh well, they say you can't have money and brains both, but we'd be satisfied with either. . . . Another thing, have you ever stopped to consider that man is the only animal that blushes . . . and the only one that needs to? . . . It's a queer world when the only evidence of breeding some people show is when they scratch their heads.

REHASH . . .

Yes, it was great to be home, but it's also great to be back (it says here)

wonderfully rested and well-prepared for the oh-too-close finals. Most of the student body easily underwent the transfer from a part-time occupation to a full time (40 hour or better) week at the Peacock Room, Chez Ami, or G-A. It will be harder to bear the change back to the old South Bend WCTU system.

We hear our lads all had a good time, but news has also reached us of the chap who was so ingrained with the ND system that he spent his seventeen days making his three checks per week on the living room wallpaper, refusing to eat anything but beans and weiners, dashing home before midnight, sticking strictly to beer. He was only too glad to get back to Notre Dame, where he wasn't considered queer for acting the way he did.

WHAT MAKES MOTHERS GRAY . . .

We hear one of the married vets bought a new baby carriage for Christmas. A few days later, while they were downtown shopping, the little woman came out of a store, looked at her husband who was waiting for her with the baby and the buggy, and gasped, "Goodness, Bill, this isn't our baby. This is the wrong carriage."

Bill glared at her and said. "Aw, shaddup! This is a better carriage."

MUD SLINGING OUT WEST . . .

A few weeks back, this department received an exchange from the University of Southern California *Daily Trojan*. It was too late to mention it in the Christmas issue of the SCHOLASTIC but we'd like to bring it up now. The *Daily Trojan* ran an article on the Notre Dame-Southern Cal game entitled *Blow By Blow Account*. In it, they said that "this year's Notre Dame team is not only one of the greatest ND has put out, but also the dirtiest . . ." they said that "the Trojan line held the speedy Irish backs to short gains . . ." The author of that article must have been looking up at the high heavens all afternoon. He also said that ". . . fist fights raged throughout the stadium all afternoon . . . and whenever the handful of Southern Cal rooters tried to cheer for the Trojans, they were mauled, beaten, and cat-called into silence."

Why can't the Trojans admit that they were up against a better team, a team that's used to playing hard and tough

(Continued on p. 31)

The Week

By John A. O'Connor

Back to the quarry again came the slaves. Back from sunny California and sunnier Cuba; from Brooklyn, Boston, and Buffalo, St. Louie, Omaha, and Texas too, trudged Notre Dame men, still burping from savory home cooking, still blushing from sweet home-town kissing, still glowing from home-town bacchanals. Back to face the wintry blasts that howl across the frozen lakes; back to face the winter-hearted professors that howl for more tests and outside reading.



With the appearance of the New Year 1947, all done up in his pink birthday suit, on the magazine covers, comes a rash of resolutions, most of which are never kept. Here are a few that N.D. men will not find hard to stick by:

(1) Make a change in your diet. Eat more muscle-building carbohydrates, like beans, for instance.

(2) Quit taking crib notes to exams. Most profs are wise to this practice by now, and it only forces them to strain their already bleary orbs to spot the culprit. In tests, use the Gilbert "one man tells another" system, it's more daring.

(3) Be nicer to St. Mary's girls. Give them dates now and then, but don't overdo it, and let them pick up the check next time you're in Mark's.

(4) Put the hex on visiting basketball teams by an unending stream of cat-calls, hoots, jibes and shrieks that chill the marrow and unnerve the opposition. This psychological weapon wins more basketball games than you give it credit for.

(5) Take a little exercise to trim that waistline down. Try walking to the back of the bus when you get on, instead of flopping down in a front seat. You'll soon notice the difference.



Recent polls for Man of the Year have tabbed almost every notable from Mac-Arthur to Alan Ladd. Since we cannot overlook the outstanding contributors in several fields, we hereby submit our list, not citing one, but rather nominating Men of the Year from all walks of life:

From Politics: The Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. To take the party over such hurdles as Bilbo's mouth, Elliot's kiss-of-death, the reopening of the Pearl Harbor investigation,

and the ex-Rep. May inquiry will require miraculously clever jockeying.

From the Newspaper business: The sportscribes who picked Earl Blaik of Army as Coach of the Year. Fa!

From the Movies: Bugs Bunny. Still ND men's favorite cinema cawacktah, Bugs is handsomer than Van Johnson (which isn't saying much!), smarter than Trigger (reputed to be the smartest horse in the films), a better actor than any lot-full of Hollywood males, and at least is American born, speaking with a rich nasal Brooklynese as opposed to the Parisian poutings of toupee-wearing Boyer or the Viennese mumblings of Charles Korvin.

From the Military: The guy that let Col. Killian of Litchfield off with a reprimand.

From Radioland: Roy Acuff. His whining "Glory Bound Train" edges out Tex Ritter's "Blood on the Saddle," both topping the inane droolings of Como and Sinatra.

From Notre Dame: Pop, the old shuffle-gaited, mustachioed, bespectacled, tobacco-chewing gent who takes care of the men's room at the cafeteria, sweeps down the stairs, cleans up after those big football-weekend crowds, and polishes up the handles on the big front doors.



Since everybody else is doing it we might as well overdo it with predictions for 1947:

1. More coal strikes, steel strikes, railroad strikes.
2. More murder shows in South Bend showhouses.
3. No cut in tuition.
4. More soap at the bookstore.
5. Undefeated grid season next fall.
6. Outstanding performances by ND men in minor sports (wrestling, weightlifting).
7. Jump in haircut prices.
8. Rumors about school closing early in May so that students can rush home to pick May flowers.
9. More vets winding up in the psych ward due to ringing sounds in their heads and straining to make the 10 o'clock wire.
10. New gild job for the Dome.

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Founded 1867

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PHOTO CREDITS

Pictures of Fr. Lange and the weightlifters were taken by Jim Ferstel; Radio Club picture on pp. 26-27 by Frank Cacciapaglia; cartoon on p. 21 by Don Birren.

COVER:

Notre Dame's winter dress as witnessed from the Dillon-Dining Hall corner.

Rev. C. J. Laskowski, C.S.C.

_____ Faculty Advisor

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From the Editor's Desk . . .

The Vet Wonders

Rare is the organization that has not been scrutinized closely in the past two weeks with an eye toward improvement in the New Year. Centering such investigations to campus groups it becomes apparent that one club in particular might do well to make a slate of New Year's Resolutions. For to the average vet on campus the Veteran's Club is a mystery and a disappointment.

The Vets opened the school year with a burst of activity that augured well for the coming semester. Individual letters to each returning vet, a well-intentioned if poorly executed opening week smoker, the well-planned and executed Stepinac resolutions, and a successful off-campus party left the average member well aware that the organization was functioning and gave promise of great things to come.

What has happened since that smoker—or rather what has not happened—confuses the ordinary member and a few of the scattered club officers. The club has practically vanished from active campus affairs. Suggestions that the organization might swing itself solidly behind the impending legislative program to increase educational subsistence allowances have apparently been ignored by the club hierarchy. Actually no activity of significant proportion has been undertaken by the club since late in October.

For the explanation of this lapse into inactivity one must turn to the club organization. It functions under a charter drawn up when the vet representation on campus was minute compared to today's population. This constitution was drawn up to meet the needs of and to serve a numerically small Veterans Club. Operating under it today is a hierarchy of officials that confuses the average observer both as to selection and function. Indeed some of the officials themselves are dubious of their basis of election (or selection). Consequently the club's officers have become divorced from the membership in general and no longer appear responsible to or representative of that membership.

What is needed is a reorganization of the club, its constitution and an election by the entire membership of a slate of officers that will be representative of and responsive to the wishes of the average vet—the forgotten man in the present organization.—*Ted Weber, Jr.*

No More Groundlings

Shakespeare's theatre was plagued by an unruly group of ruffians known as the "groundlings." The groundlings, seated in the pit before the stage, made life miserable for the actors and the serious audiences. The actors, in an effort to please everybody, played up to the groundlings; many lines in Shakespeare's plays are obviously aimed at pleasing the intractable groundlings. If W. Shakespeare were to shuffle on his mortal coil again and walk into Washington Hall, say of a Saturday evening, the ex-horse tender wouldn't be so far from familiar scenes as might be thought; for, you see the groundlings we have always with us.

Our own particular variety of groundling is a professional misanthrope who, instead of staying at home if he does not think he will enjoy a movie, goes to it anyway, and proceeds to make life miserable for anyone exercising his privilege to enjoy the show. He is far, far wittier than the actors on the screen; he is certain that such comic genius as his is in great demand all over the house, and for that reason he makes his remarks in as loud a voice as possible so that he may bask in the general approbation.

Oddly enough, some people object to such tactics. Unaccountably, they also seem to resent the jungle enthusiasm, accompanied by what might be called unchristian remarks, of the groundlings when a member of the feminine sex appears on the screen. It would seem that many of the groundlings had, like the prince in the old fairy story, been confined in a dark tower and had never beheld the face of a woman before.

The defense of these nefarious practices on the grounds that they are an old custom is best met by Hamlet, a fellow with a notorious dislike for groundlings, and who once said, of a certain practice observed at Elsinore, "'Tis a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance."

While nobody would be so rash as to say that the pictures which make their way eventually to Washington Hall are of the best or newest vintage, or that some of the student entertainments are prime examples of theatrical art, those people who happen to enjoy them ought to get a chance to do so. Otherwise, it will be said justly of Washington Hall entertainments that they are "Caviar to the general."—*Joe Wilcox*

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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VOL. 88, NO. 12

JANUARY 10, 1947

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

N. D. Again Restricts Enrollment

Sophomores to Stage Cotillion on Feb. 7

Originally slated for last Nov. 21, then moved to its present date to avoid the Lenten season, the Sophomore Cotillion will be staged Friday, Feb. 7.

Terry Brennan of Milwaukee and Bill Murtagh, sophomore class president and vice-president, are acting as co-chairmen for the affair.

According to Brennan, the price of bids will be \$6 and the dance will run from 9-1. He added that the orchestra for the evening will be announced shortly.

An ice carnival will be held on St. Mary's Lake Saturday afternoon, and the basketball team meets Michigan State in the field house that night to round out the weekend. Further details about the carnival will be announced later, Brennan said.

The dance is open to members of the sophomore, junior and senior classes.

Irish and Middies Extend Grid Series

A new football agreement has been signed by Notre Dame and the United States Naval Academy, it was announced by Frank Leahy, head coach and director of athletics at Notre Dame. The new contract calls for games between the old rivals for 1948 and 1949. The 1947 game will be played in Nov. on a field yet to be announced.

Notre Dame and Navy have met 20 times in a series which started in 1927 and which has developed into one of the most interesting intersectional rivalries in college football. Notre Dame won last fall, 28-0, in Baltimore, Md., while Navy won on the same field in 1944 by 32-13, and the 1945 contest ended in a spectacular 6-6 tie in Cleveland.



Hon. Joseph Scott

Well Known Lawyer Lectures Here Wed.

Enroute from New York City, where he addressed the Knights of Malta at the Waldorf-Astoria at the special request of Cardinal Spellman, the Hon. Joseph Scott, K.S.G., prominent Los Angeles lawyer, will stop at Notre Dame where he will speak before the student body in Washington Hall, Jan. 15. The subject of his address will be, "The Road Ahead."

Internationally renowned as an able orator and vigorous Catholic apologist, Mr. Scott received the Laetare medal from Notre Dame in 1918. He was appointed by the late Cardinal Mundelein as one of four lay speakers at the International Eucharistic Congress held in Chicago in 1934. Subsequently he spoke at the Eucharistic Congresses of Buenos Aires, Budapest and Manila. He is recognized as the founder of the Knights of Columbus in California.

(Continued on p. 12)

Enrollment of undergraduate students at the University of Notre Dame for the semester beginning in September, 1947, has been closed except to former Notre Dame students who left the campus in good standing to join the armed forces, it was announced Jan. 2, by the Rev. Louis J. Thornton, C.S.C., Registrar.

Father Thornton, in making the announcement stressed that facilities at Notre Dame have been expanded to the limit in accommodating the 4,500 students now attending the University. The only students Notre Dame has been able to accept, he pointed out, number only enough to replace students who will be graduated next June and those who may withdraw from the University. Notre Dame already has received enough applications to replace these students in the undergraduate schools.

Applications still are being accepted, however, for the Notre Dame Graduate School and from those former Notre Dame students who left the University in good standing to enter military or naval service, Father Thornton emphasized.

Father Thornton stressed that the steady increase in students at Notre Dame from 2,800 to 4,500 in less than one year which is comparable to an increase of thousands of additional students at a university which does not offer housing, board, laundry and other residence facilities.

Philadelphia Club Dance Attended By 100 Couples

The sweet music of George Young provided a mellow background for Philadelphia Club members and alumni at their semi-formal dance held in the Whitemarsh Valley Country Club on January 3.

James Masterson and Richard Pedrotty were co-chairmen of the ball, which was attended by more than 100 couples. A football autographed by the 1946 national grid champions was awarded as a door prize.

CHICAGO STUDENT MEETING MOVES TO FORM NATIONAL ORGANIZATION

Steps toward the formation of a national organization of American college students were taken during the Christmas holidays when student representatives from over 300 colleges and universities gathered for a three-day conference at the University of Chicago.

A 33-man committee was elected and charged with the task of drawing up a draft constitution which will be presented to a constitutional convention of delegates from U. S. colleges and universities to be held this summer.

Support for the national organization was offered by delegates of twenty existing student organizations including the National Federation of Catholic College Students and the Newman Club Federation. Three places on the executive committee were filled by representatives of existing organizations.

Officers of the national continuations committee elected to direct plans for the national organization are: James Smith, University of Texas, president, Russell Austin, University of Chicago, vice president, Clifford Wharton, Harvard University, secretary, and John Simons, Fordham University, treasurer.

Five Notre Dame Men at Meeting

Notre Dame was represented at the conference by Delegates Robert Uhl and John O'Connor, and Observers Robert Concannon and Al Sommer. Martin McLaughlin, N.D. graduate student, and a delegate from NFCCS, stood out as one of the leaders at the conference sessions.

At McLaughlin's urging the delegates voted to keep the continuations committee free of affiliation with the International Union of Students, set up in Prague last summer. A committee will study the IUS program and constitution and make a report upon which possible affiliation will be based.

Thirty of the executive committee were elected on a regional basis and will serve as chairmen for regional committees which will promote interest in the contemplated national organization of students.

The conference resolved that the proposed organization steer clear of political issues and direct all its efforts to student needs and student problems.

This meeting was the most significant move to date toward an increased recognition of the existence of a national student community and a consolidation of its component elements. It was characteriz-

ed by five factors: (1) a student meeting directed and operated by students rather than professional youth organizers; (2) a great deal of intellectual clarity was exhibited by speakers on all subjects and emotional appeals carried little weight; (3) tone was not political; (4) problems handled in a constructive manner; (5) excellent organization by chairman Russell Austin and his staff.

A special staff committee elected to do the detail work on the constitution include: Thomas Far, of the Student Federalists, University of Chicago, Albert Houghton, of World Student Congress, University of Wisconsin, William McDermid, of DePaul University, and Janice Tremper, International Student Service, Rockford College. They were all chosen from the Chicago area to facilitate frequent meetings.

Law Club to Hear Justice O'Malley

The Notre Dame Law Club will hold their annual senior banquet at the Indiana Club on Thursday evening, January 16. The principal speaker, accord-

ing to Chairman Robert Miller, will be Justice Mart J. O'Malley, Indiana Supreme Court judge.

This year the affair will have a dual purpose. It will, as in past years, honor the graduating law class; and in addition will pay proud tribute to two former Notre Dame law students who paid the supreme sacrifice while serving in the armed forces overseas. These students, Jerry Killigrew and Paul Kashmer, would have been graduated with the present senior class, had they not been called upon to render a far greater service to our country.

Announcement was made by George Stratigos, banquet master of ceremony, and John O'Neill, president of the Notre Dame Law Club, that this year's Senior Banquet, at which wives and girl friends of the law members will be admitted, is expected to be the best affair held by the Law School since pre-war days. They both admitted that this expected success will be attributable to the efforts of the committee, consisting of the following Law Club members: Robert Million, program; Leonard Bodkin, food and finance; Al Spahn, decoration and seating; Jerry Kamn, Charles Cavanaugh, Nick Villarosa and Martin Rock, reception; Bill Pelling, senior farewell address; Art Diamond, acceptance for seniors; Robert Macdonell and Howard Essick, publicity.

—Howard Essick



Rochesterites Find Season Cheer-Filled

By BOB VIERHILE

(A Rochester report as seen through rose colored glasses concealing a pair of bloodshot eyes protruding from a thumping head.)

What with the Notre Dame-Army series ending in '47, the World War finally ending in '47, and the Rochester club's Christmas formal ending around 6 a.m. 'twas nothing but an uproarious holiday in Rochester.

It all started at Avery's grill on the evening of the 21st when fifty (it may have been more, could have been less) Rochester clubbers kicked up a little dust all for free as honored guests of the alumni, with Joseph Geraghty, club prexy, doing most of the honoring.

By Christmas Day many of the 5-center Book Store greeting cards had arrived, many marked "postage due." Commented one sober, non-Catholic Rochesterian: "This little card strikes a warm, responsive chord in my bosom. However, it has also left me quite disillusioned after seeing the picture of old Notre Dame welded on the card. In my commercial mind, I had always pictured Notre Dame as a two-door school; from one door emerged football players like Layden, Gipp, Crowley, Lujack and Bertelli, while from the other door, possibly a side entrance, young priests came forth, looking like Bing Crosby, to spread cool salve on this aching world. And as they grew old I liked to think of them as St. Francis with Barry Fitzgerald profiles. But, as it stands now, the facade of that staid building on the card looks as fully educational as a copy of Chaucer's works, yet as unsuspecting as a dice game played with transparent dominos. (Pause) Make mine soda."

On Saturday, December 28, sandwiched between a white Christmas and a rummy New Year, both past and present Notre Damers shuffled and swayed to the calliope-like tunes of Victor Sweet's often out-gunned, often out-shouted orchestra atop the swank, beautifully-ornamented starlight roof of Rochester's Hotel Sheraton. Between the halves, chairman Frank Norton introduced Rudy Consentino, Army footballer, and Vince Scott, Irish lineman, both invited guests.

Most unbelievable, yet reported to be reliably true, story of the season: Ray "Dining-Hall" Quinn and Dick "You-Ride-At-Your-Own-Risk" Klee studying law and economics and a way to end all Special trains.

From the Apocrypha of Nicodemus

IV

It came to pass that one day Ralph O'Rafferty didst look upon his shirts, and he didst perceive that they were most dirty, for they hadst upon them mickle gravy. And Ralph bethought him to send them unto the University Laundry, so that they might be cleansed. And he took them thereto, and he said unto himself, anon they shall be returned unto me and I shall again look respectable.

But alas, Ralph wist not what manner of Laundry that wast. There wast in charge of it a most holy abbess, and a number of pious nuns, and these didst labor both night and day. But there wast also therein damsels from yon quaint hamlet of Dogpatch, and all work wast to them as anathema. And there wast among them one who wast yclept Sulphuric Sally; and Ralph's clothes came unto her, so that she might cleanse them.

Now when Sulphuric Sally wist that Ralph's clothes were in her domain, she wast glad, and she didst dance for joy; and she didst forthwith consult in an ancient tome of necromancy, that she might prepare a potion in which to wash them; and she didst make incantations unto Hecate, saying, verily, this is a fine raiment; I have need of thy aid to concoct a potion that may eat of these excellent garments. And she didst brew a most powerful potion, and she didst soak the clothes of Ralph therein. When she wast done, there didst not remain a button upon a sleeve, nor a sleeve upon a shirt; so well had the potion eat of them. And she didst dispatch them unto her brother in Pago-Pago, so that Ralph might find them not.

Ralph Didst Make Demands

There didst pass a week. Ralph, going unto the office wherein wast kept the rainment that had been washed, didst demand of the damsel that his shirts be returned unto him; but she said, knowest thou not, thou varlet, that they come not here for two weeks? Begone, for there hast been a war. And she didst continue to wax the floor with a pair of silken pajamas. Ralph wast sad, for he had hardly a shirt to put upon his back. But he bethought him to return a week thence, for the shirts would be by that time surely returned.

And when he didst return, the damsel didst make pretense to look again, but she didst find them not; and she said, thy shirts have not come unto me. Go, then, and demand of ye abbess in ye laundry whereat they be. And Ralph gat

him unto the holy abbess who didst abide in the laundry, and the abbess wast laboring mightily. She didst listen unto Ralph's woes, and said unto him, methinks thy shirts are long departed from here. Get thee unto ye office, and demand them of the damsel therein. But Ralph said, verily, great lady, they have sent me unto thee. The abbess didst look about the bundles, but alas, Ralph's shirts didst repose not among them. And Ralph didst look upon her most piteously, and he didst shed a tear, and he said, Pray, most holy abbess, then what shall I put upon my shoulders? And the abbess didst shrug, and she said, verily, what can one do but remember thee in one's orisons. And Ralph didst depart downcast.

Shirt So Dirty It Didst Stand Alone

Ralph didst go unto his room, where he didst borrow from his roommate a shirt, though truly, it was too small and hadst neither collar nor cuffs. And he didst wear it a week. Seeing then that it was indeed most dirty, for it didst stand alone, he went again unto ye damsel in ye laundry office and he implored that she find him his shirts. And behold, she didst bring to him a bundle, and said unto him, these are thine; but stay, for thou dost owe unto me a quarter, for thou hast sent one shirt too many. And thou owest also postage from Pago-Pago; and it is in the amount of fifty cents. And Ralph didst pay for it, for he hadst the most dire need of his shirts. And he didst then call him a bodyguard, so that he might convey his bundle unto his room. And when he wast there, he unwrapt it, and seeing what was therein, he didst grow pale and wan, so that he wast nigh unto fainting. For there wast there the remnants of his most excellent shirts; and also, there wast a towel, the like of which Ralph hadst not seen before, and it wast marked, Frank Leahy. And there wast also a corset, and a sock which wast marked I. Glitch, '03. And he said, verily naught can knit up these raveled sleeves. And Ralph was angry.

Ralph gat him again unto ye holy abbess, and he was wroth; and he said unto her, verily, what fiend hath done this thing unto me? And she said unto him, Sulphuric Sally. But when he saw what manner of monster Sulphuric Sally wast, he was affrighted; and he fled therefrom, and behold, he didst purchase new shirts. And there after he sent them unto a Chinese laundry.

"TOPLITZKY OF NOTRE DAME" SCORES TOUCHDOWN; PRAISED BY N.Y. CRITICS

By JERRY OLWELL

After a very slow start in Boston, "Toplitzky of Notre Dame" surprised almost everybody in the Century Theatre on December 26. It is a very gay musical comedy, which started off like a hit, never faltered, and ended with a bang-up finish. It has a cast of fresh and pleasant young stars backed by a few well-known veterans.

The plot is complicated: Notre Dame is in trouble. Army seems like a cinch to win their annual football game. Up in heaven a big, handsome angel has a "90 day furlough" coming to him since he has put in 2,000 faithful years of service. He decides to take human form and enter Notre Dame. Since he can't be hurt he is going to use his supernatural powers to beat Army, and they include such gridiron feats as kicking a 105-yard field goal, and throwing passes to himself.

What about this guy Toplitzky? Well he's an elderly Jew, whose tavern, across the street from St. Patrick's Cathedral, is New York headquarters for the team. Toplitzky discovers that an orphan boy he has been raising for ND is really a girl. The angel takes over for her. Romance enters into the show here. Then we have the problem of the angel returning to heaven, when he really loves this gal. Such complications!

Toplitzky is Notre Dame's chief rooter, booster, patron, and anything else you can think of. He sleeps, drinks, and even eats Notre Dame football lore, though he's never seen a game because he's always at the synagogue on Saturday; and anyway pigs ain't kosher. Football is the central theme, and with that the accent falls on youth. The two experienced old-timers who do such a swell job of holding the story together are Gus Van, and J. Edward Bromberg, the latter as Toplitzky. Co-starred is Betty Jane Watson, a blonde lovely, who has quite a voice, along with everything else. Walter Long, an old Broadway favorite, stops the show in the dance department, as does Estelle Sloan, ditto. A big comic named Frank Marlowe takes some crashing, funny falls and Doris Patston floats around as a very attractive, if not quite docile, angel. The part of the angelic football player is taken by tall and good looking Warde Donovan, whose handsomeness surpasses his voice.

"Toplitzky of Notre Dame" is not one of the most expensive, or heaviest of the newer musicals on tap, and it isn't the product of any first rate imaginations, but it is real, good, clean fun. Especially

for a Notre Dame student, or anyone connected with the University.

Most New York critics were much in favor with the action on the stage. The New York *Sun* said; "For humor 'Toplitzky' belabors such old staples as Notre Dame's subway alumni in New York, the differences between Jews and the Irish (shades of 'Abie's Irish Rose') and the presence of names such as Toplitzky in the Fighting Irish line-up."

Jim O'Connor of the *Journal-American* has this to say: "While 'Toplitzky of Notre Dame' is no All-American in the musical comedy field, it's a pretty good show—with plenty of kick."

In the *World Telegram*, William Hawkins said this: "'Toplitzky of Notre Dame' is a very pleasant holiday surprise. It is studded with youthful talent and good humor and kicks up a swift pace across the stage."

Fr. Phelan Honored At Canadian Dinner

Headed by Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, a distinguished group of Canadian clergymen, educators and other professional men paid tribute in Toronto, Canada, on Jan. 2 to the Rev. Dr. Gerald B. Phelan, director of the Mediaeval Institute at the University of Notre Dame, and internationally-famous philosopher, writer and educator.

A testimonial dinner was given for Dr. Phelan in recognition of his contributions as co-founder and President for many years of the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies at the University of Toronto. He resigned his Toronto connections last summer to organize the Mediaeval Institute at the University of Notre Dame. This Institute is engaged in research on the life and thought of the Middle Ages, with the purpose of contributing to present knowledge and understanding of mediaeval culture.

Cardinal McGuigan praised Dr. Phelan as "an inspiration to his fellow priests" and his other associates. Dr. Phelan's high scholastic attainments and "his wisdom and prudence in administering the Pontifical Institute at Toronto" were commended by the Rev. H. J. Cody, an Anglican minister, former president and now Chancellor at the University of Toronto. The Very Rev. E. J. McCorkell, Superior General of the Basilian Fathers also paid high tribute to Dr. Phelan's

outstanding work at the Pontifical Institute.

A letter was read from Dr. Etienne Gilson, world-famous philosopher at Paris, who wrote that "nobody knows better than I do how much the Pontifical Institute owes to Dr. Phelan's personal devotion, care and inspiration." Dr. Gilson added that "I feel deeply convinced that in continuing at Notre Dame the magnificent work which he has so successfully achieved in Toronto, Dr. Phelan will merely carry on the very same undertaking and in the very same spirit of devotion to those sacred sciences which he has always served out of pure love for the Church of Christ." Dr. Gilson was a co-founder of the Pontifical Institute.

Full Time Vet Official Assigned to Notre Dame

Mr. Norbert A. Memmer of the Veterans Administration has been assigned to full time duties of Contact Representative here on the Notre Dame campus. The University was formerly visited by Mr. Hull W. Chester, Itinerant Contact Representative, one day each week.

His hours in the Veterans Administration Guidance Center, Administration Building will be from 8:00 a. m. until 4:30 p. m. Monday through Friday.

Mr. Memmer will assist veterans in matters pertaining to disability compensation, NSL insurance, loans under the GI bill, hospitalization, outpatient treatment for disabilities and other benefits as provided by existing laws and regulations.

LAWYER LECTURES HERE

(Continued from p. 9)

White-haired, bushy-browed, father of three N.D. alumni, Scott delights his audiences with the dynamic, inspirational qualities of his addresses. He thumps out his eloquence with such force, such homespun honesty and disregard for conventionalities that the first impression he gives is that of a breezy Westerner fresh from his gold diggings. But as the impact of his speech intensifies, the audience realizes that here is really one of the great orators of all time. Presidents of the United States have sat under the spell of his eloquence and recently an eminent man of letters pronounced him to be "the greatest orator in the United States."

After his address at the centenary of his alma mater, Ushaw University of England, a great Catholic weekly of London editorialized thus: "Had the centenary given the Catholic body in England nothing else than this speech, it would have given us something to be profoundly grateful for."

NEW CAMPUS LITERARY MAGAZINE TO MAKE BOW IN LATE SPRING

From the Library shelves which house the memorable Notre Dame humor magazine, the *Juggler*, and more recently defunct literary quarterly, *Scrip*, a new post-war literary magazine is now being compounded and organized, with present plans calling for a first "launching" edition in the latter half of the spring semester.

Since the name *Scrip* has always seemed somewhat inexpressive and wanting, having been applied to the old literary quarterly only because, at the time, a better title could not easily be found, the new publication will resurrect and take as its own the name of *Juggler*.

A singular appropriateness lies behind this change. The spirit of any honest literary or artistic work at Notre Dame is embodied in the legend of the medieval French juggler, who performed before the statue of the Virgin, with all skill, sincerity, and devotion, the only art he knew. This was the little-known dedication of the old *Juggler*. Hence, when the need for a literary magazine made itself apparent in this first normal post-war scholastic year, the special significance of *Juggler* as the title seemed too apt to remain buried. This significance, moreover, is too good to continue without graphic emphasis: designs are being drawn up wherein the juggler of the legend will be incorporated into an attractive and permanent cover for the new magazine.

To Follow "Scrip" Policies

Though there are plans for new features, with an enlarged informal comment section and a department for reviews of current plays and motion pictures, the new *Juggler* will not depart at all from the established operational policies of *Scrip*. Pre-war students will remember *Scrip* as a rather unique literary magazine, even among professional publications. Throughout its fifteen years of life *Scrip* made no compromise whatever with popular ideas of what writing should do; the magazine was fortunately guided by men who recog-

nize art as a province of philosophy. Student work, while not always polished or perfect, was at least remarkable for an honesty of conception and direction. *Juggler* plans to maintain the standards of *Scrip*, both in craftsmanship and in principles of operation.

Besides its normal function as a guide and an outlet for student expression, *Juggler* hopes to perform a more immediate mission, one peculiar to the time of its first publication: to aid in assessing and evaluating the tremendous experiences of the war years and to indicate, in a small way, the effects of these years on the lives of the men who lived them. Student contributions, whether fiction, poetry, or critical essay, will be gladly received by *Juggler*, though these contributions, of course, will enter into strict competition of merit with other student offerings.

Editor of *Juggler* will be J. H. Johnston, a Senior English Major from Norfolk, Virginia. Assistant Editor will be Charles J. Patterson, also a Senior English Major, from Gretna, Nebraska. Johnston is a veteran of two years in the parachute infantry, while Patterson served as a carrier pilot in the Pacific.

700 Couples Attend Youngstown Frolic

On Saturday, December 28, the Notre Dame Club of Youngstown, Ohio, featuring Al Russo and his orchestra, staged its annual Christmas Dance at the Stambaugh Auditorium.

A revival of pre-war dances, this season's affair saw the parade of formal dress with just a sprinkling of military uniforms. Attended by more than 700 students, alumni and friends of Notre Dame from neighboring Ohio and Pennsylvania cities, the dance proved a tremendous success.

One of the highlights of the evening occurred during intermission when an autographed official Notre Dame football was presented as the door prize.

Also during intermission, former and present members of football, basketball and baseball varsities were introduced by Gabriel Moran, president of the Notre Dame Alumni Club of Youngstown. Guests of the alumni who were also introduced to the dancers were members of the varsity basketball team who had, on December 27, played Dartmouth in Cleveland.—Steven T. Valetich.

Holiday Formal Given By Indianapolis Club

Alumni and students of the University from central Indiana were guests of the Indianapolis Club at their annual candlelight Christmas Formal. An overflow crowd attended this gala holiday affair held at the Indianapolis Athletic Club on December 26. Chuck Smith and his orchestra were featured on the bandstand. The committee in charge of the dance was headed by Joe Quill.

ND Priest Celebrates 50th Year of Ordination

The Rev. Joseph Maguire, C.S.C., one of the few living members of the Congregation of Holy Cross who knew the Rev. Edward Sorin, C.S.C., founder of the University of Notre Dame, celebrated on Dec. 21, 1946, the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.

A native of Blythe, England, Father Maguire is the present Superior of the Community House at Notre Dame. He was President of St. Edward's University, Austin, Texas, which also is administered by the Congregation of Holy Cross, from 1934 to 1937. Prior to that, he had been head of the Department of Chemistry at Notre Dame from 1898 to 1920. He was ordained at Notre Dame on December 21, 1896 by the late Bishop Rademacher of Fort Wayne, Ind.

Name Fr. Cavanaugh

Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., president of the University, has been appointed to a four-man Civilian Advisory Board to advise the War Department on selecting and training military personnel.

Other members of the board are James S. Adams, president of Standard Brands; Amon G. Carter, publisher of the Fort Worth (Texas) Star-Telegram; and Paul H. Griffith, national commander of the American Legion.

The Board conferred in mid-December in Washington with Major General W. S. Paul, director of personnel, War Department General Staff, and other top War Department officials.

PARTY FOR VETERANS

A "Welcome Back Party" is being held for veterans this coming Tuesday night, January 14, in St. James Parish Hall, 117 North Lafayette Blvd., from 8 to 11:30 p. m. All ex-servicemen are invited to attend this gala party. Refreshments will be served and there will be ample hostesses on hand to dance with.

The South Bend Co-Hops have announced plans for two January dances to which Notre Dame students are invited. The first will be held on January 11 at the Indiana Club with Bobby Wear and his orchestra while on January 25 the scene will shift to the Progress Club where music will be supplied by Ray Winters and his orchestra.



At his tool-cluttered workbench, Father Lange planes down a board for a kid's wagon. Over his work grin two polished skulls—one of a Hindu, the other a Mexican Indian woman.

Father Lange and His Boys

By JOHN A. O'CONNOR

Just back of the Main Building sits a toadish, two-story, grey-brick building, the most prominent external feature of which is the eye-catching sign, challenging in letters of flamboyant fire-engine red:

Father B. H. Lange, C.S.C.
PRIVATE
Stay Out!!

And the sign means exactly what it says.

Formerly the site of the University power plant, the squatty structure now serves as the G.H.Q. of another type of powerhouse—oak-armed, cavern-chested, scientific-minded Father Bernard Lange, who spends his days amid hammers, chisels, saws and planes, toiling at the self-same trade as the Master who plied his craft in the carpenter shop at Nazareth, over 1900 years ago.

Holder of the title "Fourth Strongest Man in the World," won many years ago,

Father Lange, now 59, retains much of his powerful Herculean physique. His tremendous biceps bulge from his sleeveless shirt; his bull-thick neck is as solid as a tree-stump, and at 21 inches, restrains him from wearing the Roman collar. His hair is iron-grey and close-cropped, his cheeks are rosy like Kris Kringle himself. His Germanic appearance reminds one of the hypothetical Junker or maybe the engraving of a medieval wine-bibbing friar. For comfort's sake, and for practical purposes, hard-working Father Lange dresses like just another workman around here; in summer, suntan pants and open-necked sleeveless workshirt; in the winter he just adds a blue overall jacket. So commonplace does he appear, that often he is mistaken for a misplaced janitor. Father Lange is blind in one eye, and deaf in one ear, but not so blind as to prevent him from spotting a curious interloper, or so deaf as to miss a wise-crack dropped by some nosey intruder.

Some time ago three prowling sailors

brushed past the warning sign and burst into Father Lange's workshop, their eyes popping in wonderment as the inside of the shop revealed a nifty swimming pool and a small-size weight-lifting gym, well-stocked with barbells. Spying Father Lange at his workbench, and little suspecting the burly man hunching over his lathe of being a priest, or even an overall-clad Samson, the three salties yelled: "Hey bub! What gives here?" or words to that effect. Before they knew what hit them, their three heads banged together, two gobs were dunked in the pool, and the third after having been pitched out on his blue-shod sacroliac went hightailing it in the general direction of the Michigan border.

Many are the stories of people getting thrown out of Father Lange's sanctum sanctorum. A gruff man, who doesn't mince words, Father Lange believes that people should mind their own business, and those who don't are asking for a swift kick. Another sign might well be

tacked on his door: "Through these portals have been booted some of the biggest wheels on this campus."

But behind his fierce exterior Father Lange is a lovable character, and holds a special place in his heart for his cats, the kids from Dogpatch, and the Notre Dame students who work out with the weights under his supervision, pretty much in that order.

Father Lange was a Scrawny Kid

In his younger days Father Lange was quite a barbell enthusiast, having built himself up from a scrawny kid to a world-renowned weight lifter and strongman by exercising with the chunks of steel, and even now he takes a daily workout with some of the heavier iron. He keeps the weights at the west end of the building, where, surrounded by mirrors and exercise paraphernalia of all description, a select group of Notre Dame men, under his watchful eye, progress in body-building, and make the rafters ring with the clash of metals and tremble with the clank of great discs on the floor.

Typical of the energetic muscle-men who frequent the west end of Father Lange's gymnasium is Jack Nusskern, most muscular of the students, hailing from Pittsburgh. Jack is probably the

hardest working of all of Father Lange's pupils, is a heavyweight, and tosses the barbells around like Atlas himself. A diligent worker, Nusskern is counting on returning to the gridiron to engage in the 1947 pigskin wars, once his knee is fully recovered from one of those ticklish operations he underwent last Spring. Jack works out several times a week, which is right in line with the advice given by Father Lange, "You can't get muscles eatin' cream puffs and unwrap-pin' caramels."

In the middleweight class there is no finer example of well-chiseled build nor ox-like strength than Al Furman. A chunky, blonde athlete, Furman, who has contributed his set of barbells to Father Lange's collection, is built like one of Michaelangelo's marble masterpieces.

Gym jammed with Equipment

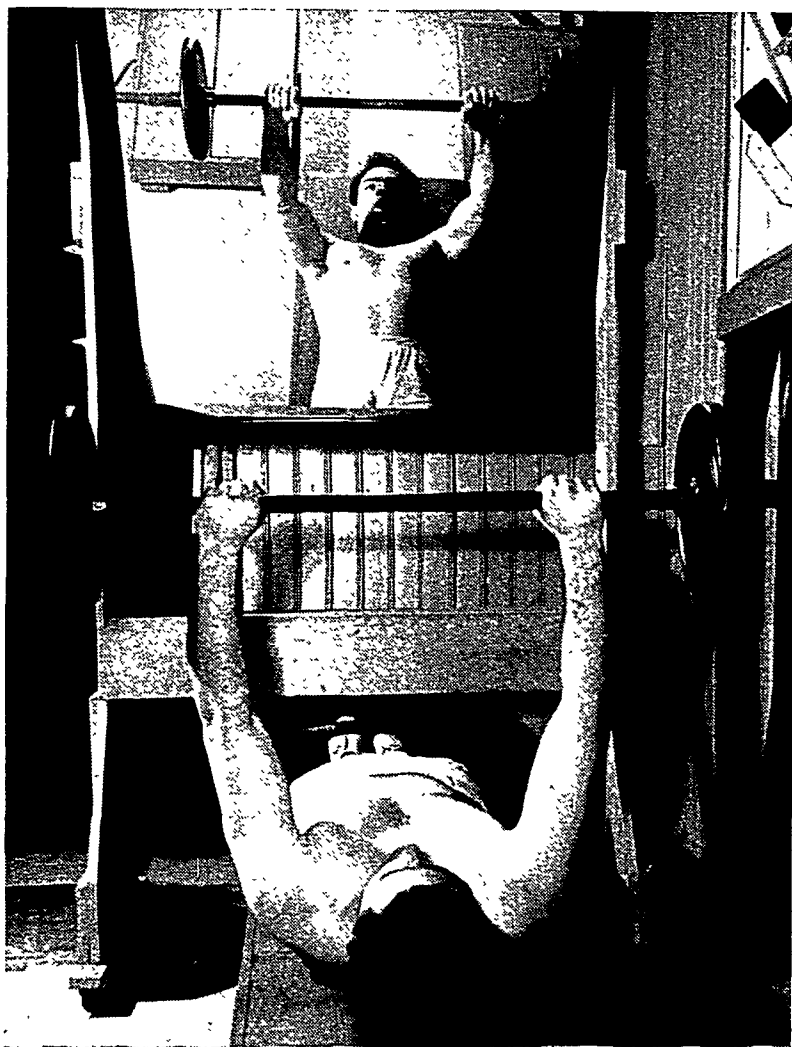
A visitor to Father Lange's will find the gymnasium section a rather tightly jammed area of equipment and activity. The floor is freshly painted in misty morning grey, giving it a clean, anti-septic look; the windows are stuffed with rags to keep out the cold air. The walls are lined with pegs, on which hang the round weights. On racks are the bars, loaded with the heavier discs. There are iron boots, dumbbells, neck halters,

and gadgets for special exercises. There are mirrors all over the place. Father Lange is a firm believer in the mirror system; he figures if a fellow can watch and see which muscle moves when a particular exercise is done, he is better able to concentrate. Besides the hefty equipment that beclutters the cramped quarters, students of all shapes and sizes follow their workout routines faithfully. Here Marty Carroll strains under a military press; there Tom Conley sweats under a two-arm shrug. Bob McCoy, whom Father Lange credits with the greatest all-round improvement in the novice class curls a stubborn barbell, well loaded down. Over in the corner Lou De Chellis, who has made great strides since first taking up the course, heaves the weights in a press from the prone position. Frank Harty, distinguished as the most improved in strength and body development at the University, sucks in his breath, snaps up the weights in a one-arm snatch.

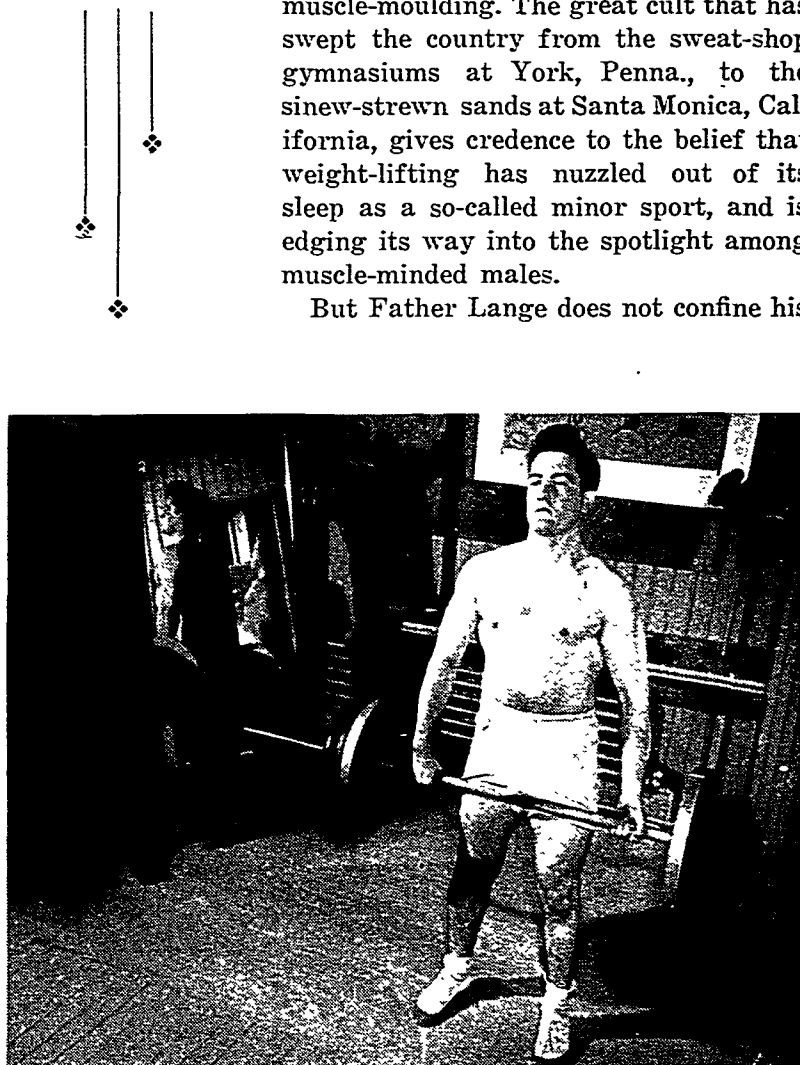
More Space Needed

These are only a few of the students interested in body building and physical culture who use the facilities at Father Lange's compact little gymnasium. Were greater space available it would be possible to handle more adequately the many requests that have come to Father Lange from students for supervision in muscle-moulding. The great cult that has swept the country from the sweat-shop gymnasiums at York, Penna., to the sinew-strewn sands at Santa Monica, California, gives credence to the belief that weight-lifting has nuzzled out of its sleep as a so-called minor sport, and is edging its way into the spotlight among muscle-minded males.

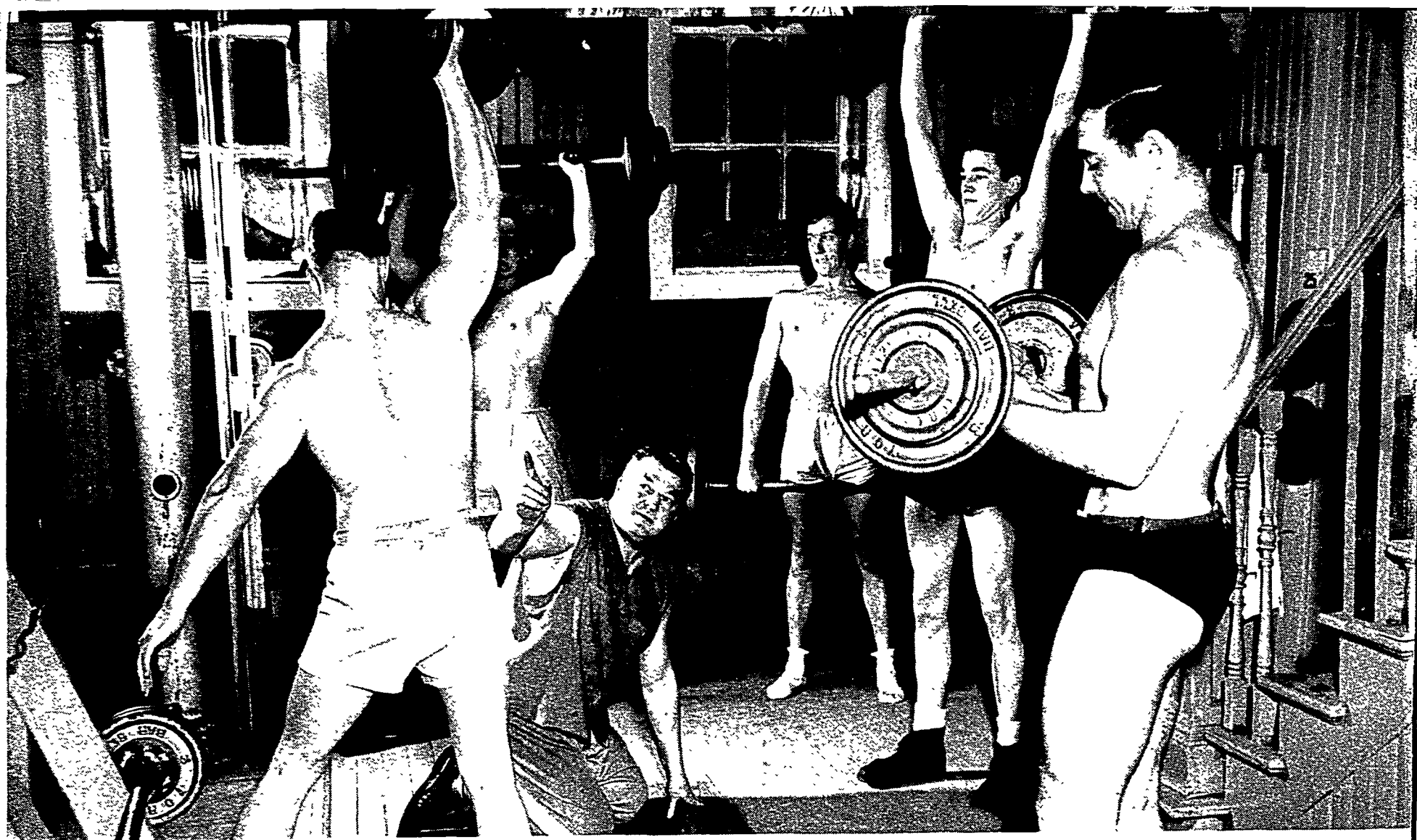
But Father Lange does not confine his



Frank Harty, prone before the mirror, pulls over a goodly sized weight.



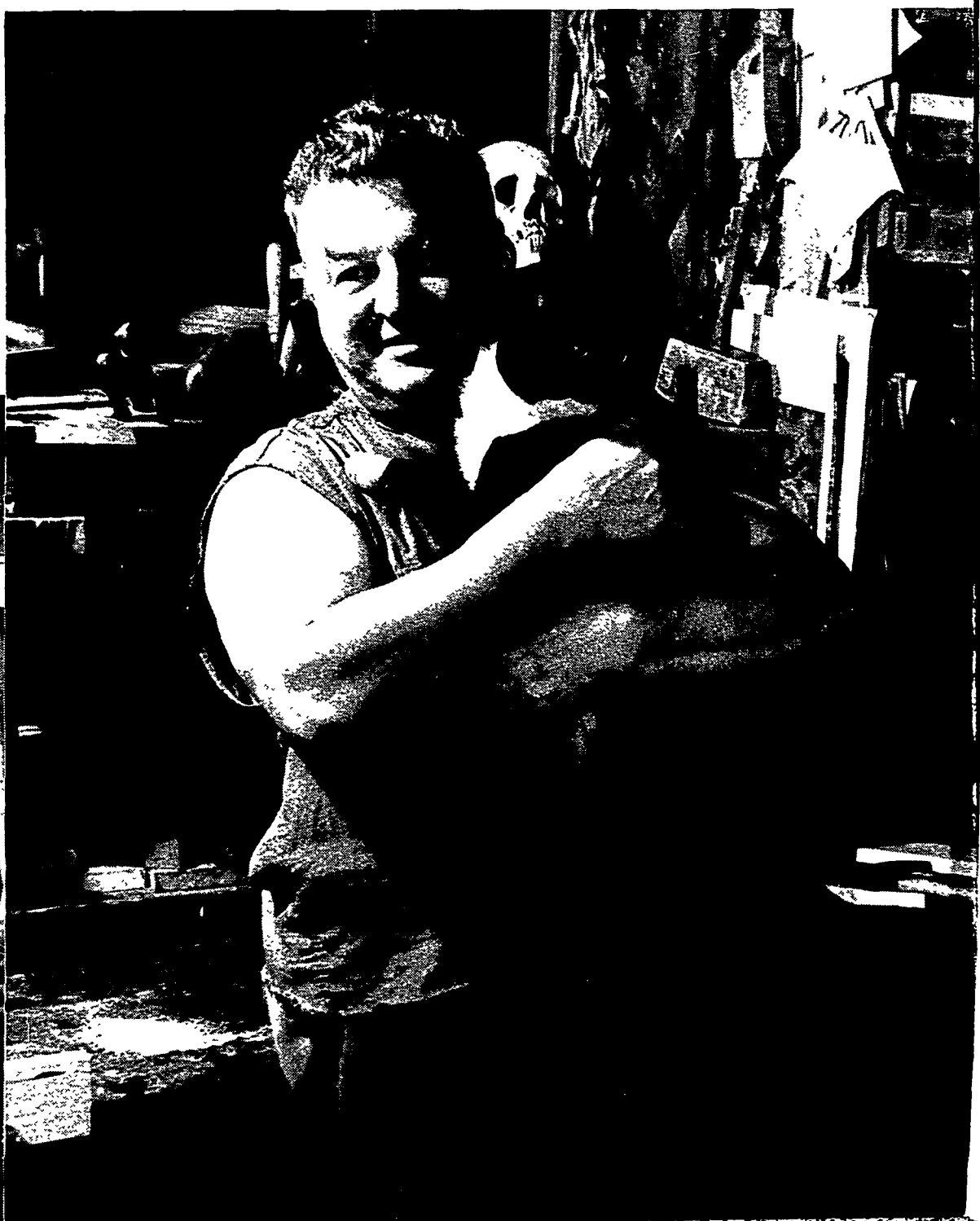
Frank Harty totes better than 300 pounds in the shoulder shrug.



A few of the weightlifters (above) grunt under Father Lange's coaching. Left to right: (back to camera) Al Furman pushes the irons up in a one-armed press; Frank Harty (in background) snaps to in a military press; Father Lange; Chuck Baumann dead-lifts a big one; Tom Conley goes all the way up in a straight press; Jack Nusskern strains up a bicep curl.

Hefty Father Lange (right) nestles his bosom pal, Sox, the tomcat, in his huge arms.

Jack Nusskern (below) follows through on a bicep-building curl.



likes to heaving iron around. He thinks wrestling and boxing are great sports too, and manly ones, and thinks it's about time Notre Dame put such teams in competition against other schools. And as the padre observes, "These sports certainly require much more training and conditioning than baseball.

But don't get the idea Father Lange is all brawn and no brains. Possessed of many degrees, at one time he was his superior's choice to be sent to Harvard to specialize in English (this was way back before Notre Dame began to send its men out in all directions to pick up the cream in educational fields). Favoring a secret itch for science, Father Lange determined to specialize in biology. To this day he possesses a priceless library, a collection of some of the world's greatest works on medicine, physiology and science, which he values at more than 10,000 dollars. Besides a Litt.B. and an M.A. he holds a B.S. and Ph.D. in Science. Born in Danzig, Germany, of White-Russian parents, he came to America when he was 8 years old, and grew up among the Irish around Philadelphia. As a youngster he put in four years in the oil fields around Oil City, Pa. "All my inlaws and outlaws are Irish," he discloses, "and when I was six years old I could speak better Gaelic than English."

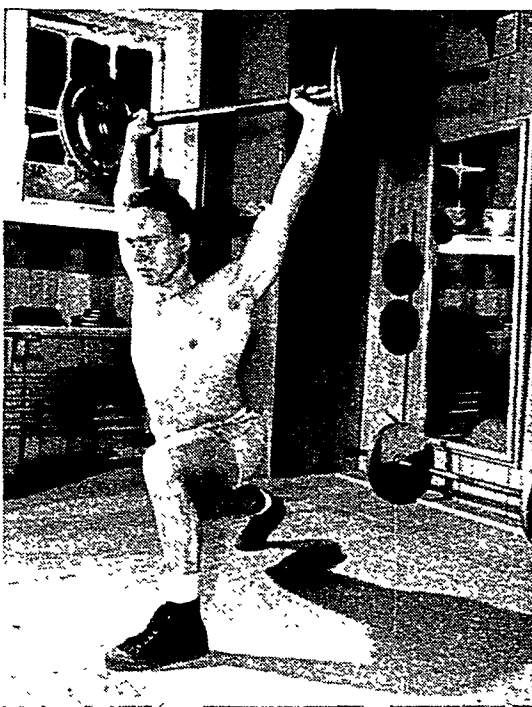
Builds Athletic Department

At one time, during the presidential term of Father James Burns, C.S.C., Father Lange constituted the whole Athletic Department. After the coming of the immortal Knute Rockne, he always managed to keep close to the physical education end of the curriculum. He has his own ideas about training. Once in the old days he told a couple of ND stalwarts to eat Nestle's chocolate bars for quick energy. When the candy-munching athletes were spotted by Rockne, the great coach flew into a rage, but upon hearing Father Lange's scientific advice on the subject, became a solid supporter of the dextrose for quick-pep school. Unfortunately failing eyesight and hearing terminated Father Lange's teaching at the very top of his career and so he took up his homespun residence in the carpenter shop.

Biggest part of the old brick building is taken up by a swimming pool. Here cavort the tadpolish kids from Dogpatch, the personal pals of Father Lange. He's taught over 200 of them to swim, and only had to pull three of them out when their flailing gave way to gulping down water.

Most of the time, when he isn't coaching some bicep-building bruiser in the art of the one-arm curl, or pitching pennies into the tank for the dripping young-

sters to dive for, Father Lange busies himself at his work bench in the brightly-lit east corner of the building. He works in a world of towering stacks of old magazines and newspapers (for the nun's paper drive), old candy boxes, select odds and ends of lumber, paint cans, walls lined precisely with saws, pliers, chisels, mallets, and files. On the floor is a bowl of milk for one of his cats, while overhead on a high shelf stand several busts of Knute Rockne. Back of his workbench, underneath the stairway that leads to the second-floor electrician's storeroom, is a great ship, handmade by



Al Furman snatches up the heavy steel like some guys hoist a brew.

Father Lange, started on St. Patrick's Day in 1935, stretching 9 feet 2 inches from jib-boom to spanker-boom, and towering seven feet from the bottom of the keel to the top of the mainmast, a square rigger of the type that knifed the waves in the 1850's, a beautiful job of workmanship that he doesn't consider quite complete yet. Here in this secluded shop Father Lange goes about his work, makes mission kits for members of the community, and portable altars which he artistically fashions in a style of woodwork best described as "Lange baroque." This Christmas some wide-eyed youngster was the recipient of a nifty red wagon, Father Lange's handiwork, but received no doubt as the personal gift of St. Nick.

No Restrictions on His Cats

Co-workers with Father Lange are his two cats, Sox, a hefty tom, and a female feline, Cutie. Sox sleeps most of the day, prowls most of the night, has his own special trap-door entrance, and isn't confined by any midnight restrictions. Cutie

shies away from the weightlifters who clutter up the place, and somehow manages to get in her snoozing amid the lusty heave and thunder.

Thus does a busy picture of activity present itself to the man who ventures past the warning sign on the door. Workshop, shower-room, swimming pool and weight-lifting gym, all crammed into one small building, too small already for the demand of the weight-lifters and body builders alone.

Celebrates 3:30 a.m. Mass

If you want to see Father Lange you might attend Mass at 3:30 a.m. in Carroll Hall; that's the one he says every morning, "when the angels serve." Or you might run across him out in back of the Main Building, feeding the birds, or wrestling with old Sox, the tomcat. You may even interrupt him at his work, if you have business there, but fergosh-sakes don't go bustin' past that Keep Out sign and get nosey about what's going on inside that grey-brick structure. If you do you'll think the whole Church Militant hit you right in the face. Better men than you have been thrown out of there, jet propelled.

If you really want to get some advice on how to expand your latissimus dorsi, or how to add a few more meaty inches to those deltoids so that the St. Mary's girls will moan about those terrific shoulders, just hope that the authorities will see fit to provide more ample space for weightlifting classes. Father Lange will be glad to help you.

Connecticut Valley Clubs Hold Combined Xmas Dance

The Notre Dame Clubs of the Connecticut Valley joined socially Saturday evening, Dec. 28, at the Hartford Club when the annual Christmas dance was held for the first time since before the war.

With John E. Lynch, Jr., alumnus of Hartford, as general chairman, the dance was arranged by undergraduate students and members of the Connecticut Valley Clubs. C. Robert Satti of New London was dance chairman; John O'Rourke of Waterbury, co-chairman; Bernard McMahon of Rocky Hill and Lawrence Woods of New Britain, tickets; and Francis M. Cronan, Jr., of Waterbury, publicity.

Dancing continued from 9 until 1 o'clock.

Proceeds from the dance, which was sponsored by the alumni, were turned over to the scholarship fund to finance a Connecticut Valley student at Notre Dame.—*John Waters*

NATION'S SPORTS WRITERS COMMENT ON BREAK IN ARMY-IRISH SERIES

Here's what others are saying about the termination of the Army-Notre Dame football series:

Hugh Fullerton, Jr., Associated Press—"One reason for the Army-Notre Dame fracture of football relations that hasn't been mentioned loudly is that Army won't be good enough to play the Irish on even terms. With those great war time teams gone, Army will be strictly 'Ivy League' from here on."

Richard MacFarland, United Press—"Cessation of relations resulted from what the presidents of both schools said was the desire of Army to schedule more intersectional contests, and the desire of both schools to reduce the importance of the match to a level more equal to that of other college games."

Joe Val, sports editor, New York *World Telegram*—"For years and years I have been saying that the Army-Notre Dame series is the most one-sided in all football and with the return to normal conditions in athletics figured to become that way again; a Roman holiday for the subway alumni and an unbroken string of defeats for Army."

Dan Parker, sports editor, New York *Mirror*—"What a relief! It takes a thousand pass hounds off my back immediately."

George Trevor, New York *Sun*—"I think it is very unfortunate from the standpoint of the fans of New York city and it will be a great loss to sports in this town. From the standpoint of competition, it is a good thing for Army."

Stanley Woodward, sports editor, New

York *Herald Tribune*—"I think it was very smart on the part of Army to drop Notre Dame. The Army's only natural rival is Navy and as a national institution the military academy should play a varying schedule and not tie itself down to any one school. Notre Dame, unfortunately, has become the victim of one of the lowest mobs in all sports history. That mob has made the game and its attendant trappings disgusting."

Sid Feder, Associated Press—"The menacing shadows of ticket scalping and gambling generally were regarded today as factors behind the football split between Army and Notre Dame. Indications are that the two schools will give the situation a chance to cool off before

resuming relations, probably early in the 1950's."

Lawton Carver, International News Service sports editor—"Cancellation of the Army-Notre Dame football series brings to an end the most lucrative and scandalous ticket scalping harvest and the most over-emphasized sports event to be found in America. This annual \$400,000 presentation, which started obscurely in 1913, gradually has been getting out of hand for years and reached its frenzied peak of nonsense last Nov. 9 when the teams played their scoreless tie."

Charles (Gus) Dorais, whose forward passing accounted for all of Notre Dame's touchdowns in the Irish's 35-13 upset of Army in the first game between the two schools in 1913—"I really hate to see this happen. The long rivalry broken only once in the first world war has meant a lot to the game of football."

Lew Burton, New York *Journal-American* football writer—"New York city has a very deep and real affection for Notre Dame football which will not permit it to rest easily until the rivalry is resumed. It should not surprise anyone to see Mayor William O'Dwyer take a hand toward restoring the game—and in New York city."

The Sports

Statement of the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., President of the University of Notre Dame; and General Maxwell D. Taylor, superintendent of West Point, on the rupture in athletic relations between the two schools:

"It was the conviction of the authorities of both schools that the game had grown to such proportions that it had come to be played under conditions escaping the control of the two colleges, some of which were not conducive to wholesome intercollegiate sports."

A few days later Father Cavanaugh said: "Major Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor

THE END

Splinters from

News of Army traveling out here to play the Irish in Notre Dame Stadium next November 8th and both schools suspending temporarily their football series after next fall's game were the sports highlights of Christmas vacation.

Whatever the real reason for the decision to call off the Army-Notre Dame series after this fall is, it seems like a good idea to me. Although the games were a sell-out each year, the game was slowly losing its prestige until the war came along and gave Army a chance to win two big-score games. Now with Notre Dame's talent back on the campus, it seems that Army might be in for a bad beating from now on since Army wasn't interested in keeping the score down in the '44 and '45 games.

There were many factors which led up to the break. It seems to me that when you take these games out of their natural setting and make spectacles of them, you are inviting trouble of one kind or another. If this series is ever re-



Our Immortal Knute Rockne

ARMY TEAM STRIKES GRID COLORS SAYS UNITED PRESS REPORTER

By OSCAR FRALEY
(United Press Sports Writer)

and I, in most amicable discussions, have, with the advice of the athletic boards of both institutions, come to the decision announced yesterday. Notre Dame's long standing respect and friendship for the U. S. military academy and my personal esteem and warm regard for Gen. Taylor remain, of course, unchanged. Both the general and I feel that our decisions will be good for both institutions and for intercollegiate athletics as a whole. While Notre Dame deeply regrets that our team will not appear in New York next fall, we also recognize gratefully Army's gracious tribute of friendship in coming out to Notre Dame in 1947."

NEW YORK—Army's football forces struck their colors today to escape vengeance beatings they earned during three unbeaten seasons by grinding the heel on war-weakened rivals.

In high sounding words, the Army ended its classic rivalry with Notre Dame. Actually, as stated at South Bend by Cadet officials:

"We no longer can compete on even terms with Notre Dame."

That from a team which humiliated Notre Dame's old gridiron glory in 1944 with a resounding 59 to 0 walloping—the worst in Irish history—and kept on

In other words, the Army at this late date is worried about the taxpayers in all sections getting a gander at the Cadet gridgers. This inclination was peculiarly absent when those great teams of the last three years were invited to the Rose and other bowl games—or when mention was made of shifting the Army-Navy game to a different section every year just for that purpose.

It is particularly significant, also, that Army will meet Notre Dame for the last time next season—when it still has a better than average team. There are plenty of rugged leftovers from this year's squad and the beatings won't get too bad in 1947.

Casualties along with Notre Dame as far as being kicked off the West Point schedule are Michigan, which crumbled after taking two successive defeats and had looked forward to an even meeting; West Virginia, which was rough in defeat and next year will be a tartar; Oklahoma, a club which could have gotten off with a tie this season except for a bad break, and Duke another humbled rival which had been licking its chops in 1947 anticipation.

Sure, Villanova will be played again. It has gone down successively by 27 to 0, 83 to 0, 54 to 0 and 18 to 0—and its prospects aren't too hot. Along with the tabby-like Wildcats will be such mild opponents as Columbia, VPI, W & L and Colorado. By 1948 the schedule will have been hand-picked with such diligence that those humiliated rivals of the past

(Continued on p. 33)

OF AN ERA

the Press Box

JOE CHENEY—Scholastic Sports Editor

sumed, by all means let the games be played at Notre Dame and West Point.

The growth of the Army-Notre Dame game is typical of the development of big time football. In the beginning, a Notre Dame squad of 20 players, all of them unknown in the east, traveled to West Point in 1913. Gus Dorais, quarterback on that team, became famous overnight by pitching the passes to Knute Rockne and Johnny Pliska that brought Army crashing down to defeat and virtually revolutionized football.

The amazing upset attracted nationwide attention and assured Notre Dame a place on Army's schedule for the following season. Thereafter, relations between the two schools grew rapidly and pleasantly. The rivalry was keen even if the games were not earth shaking. Right there, the series was at a peak of genuine sport it has not known since.

The change came when it was de-
(Continued on p. 32)

the heat full blast in 1945 for a 48 to 0 victory over Notre Dame.

The South Bend institution fought against dropping the classic. But to all entreaties, according to one who was on the inside during the dealings, Army's reply was:

"We no longer can compete on even terms with Notre Dame."

Subsequently, Army emissaries stated that the ticket situation was too much to handle and took too much time of the Cadet athletic staff. It can be nothing but a weak supporting excuse for the fear of retribution when you consider that the game attracted some 73,000. Meanwhile there is no talk of cancelling the Army-Navy game where the crowd hits 103,000.

Could it be that Navy still is a safe opponent, what with athletes not seeking academy entrance with such great rapidity as during the war years?

The public announcement stated pontifically that as of 1948 Notre Dame no longer would be an opponent because of the "desire of West Point as a national institution to create flexibility in the scheduling of intersectional opponents throughout the country."



IRISH BASKETEERS DEFEAT BUTLER FOR SEVENTH WIN IN EIGHT STARTS

A power-packed Notre Dame basketball squad blasted Butler, 86 to 40 before a capacity crowd in the Notre Dame field house last Tuesday night to give Coach Moose Krause's team seven wins out of eight games thus far this season.

The revised Irish lineup saw Leo Barnhorst moved back to guard in place of Paul Gordon, and the pivot spot was held down by John Brennan to the tune of 16 points. The move was made to give the Irish more height under the backboards and the results were excellent.

After Butler's recent 51 to 40 win over highly regarded Indiana, the Irish primed themselves for a close battle, but after the first 8 minutes had elapsed,

Notre Dame coasted along with Coach Krause substituting freely from then on. Kevin O'Shea, who played with his left leg still heavily bandaged, gave the fans another good show of fancy dribbling and ball handling before he was given a well-deserved rest late in the final period.

Charlie Maas led the Butler scorers with 16 points to tie Brennan for the night's scoring honors. Leo Barnhorst was a demon on defense and let go some nifty one-hand shots to come out of the game with 12 points to his credit.

During the first half the Irish tried 45 field shots and hit the net with 17. The second half saw them make 19 out of 40, which is terrific in any language. "Little Moose" Connor, the lineman of

the year, scored 7 points (or a point for every minute that he played.) Frannie Curran and George Ratterman not only got their share of points but their feeding was also tops.

Drake Rally Nearly Beats Irish

While the rest of us were sleeping late and "doing what comes naturally," Notre Dame's hardwood representatives defeated a fighting Drake team, 59-56, beat the defending Eastern Intercollegiate League champions, Dartmouth, 66 to 55, and tripped St. Louis University, 48 to 46.

Of the three games, Drake's fighting Bulldogs gave the Irish the biggest scare. Notre Dame led at half time, 29 to 20, when the Bulldogs started making baskets. Holding Notre Dame scoreless for the next four minutes, they chewed the Irish lead down to 47 to 39. Then the Irish broke away to a 54 to 41 margin but the snarling Bulldogs snapped back and with only four minutes left the Irish were leading 56 to 48, principally on the accurate shooting of Gerry Dirkson, who scored all his six field goals and three free throws in the second half.

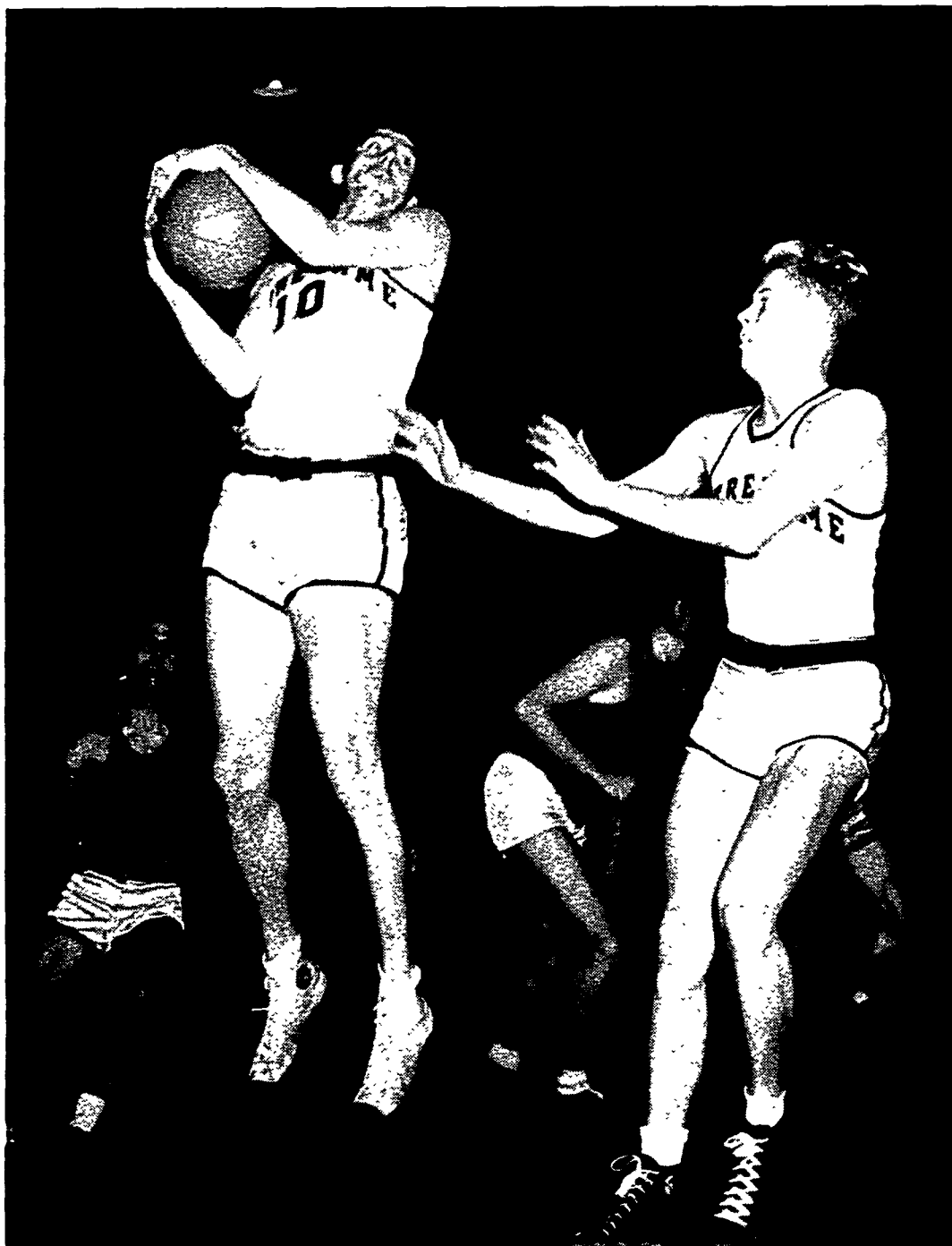
John Kelly made a free throw for the Irish while Drake scored three field goals, making it 57 to 54 with less than a minute left. Leo Barnhorst tapped in a two pointer but Johnny Sapp matched that one with only 15 seconds to go, but the scoring ended there with the Irish coming out on top, 59 to 56.

Dartmouth Easy Win for Irish

The Irish starting five completely outclassed the Dartmouth Indians in Cleveland on December 27th to win 66 to 55 before a record crowd of 7,936 spectators.

Leo Barnhorst topped the Notre Dame squad in scoring with 14 points while George Ratterman followed with 13. Coach Krause substituted freely throughout the game and in well-divided scoring Kevin O'Shea, Jim O'Halloran, and John Brennan each connected for the 10 markers. Leading by 20 points during most of the first half, Krause substituted a new team but it wasn't until late in the first period that Coleman, Dartmouth's big guard, let go with four long ones which spliced the net and the Irish lead was cut to 11 points as the half ended.

With the starting five coming back into the game for the second half, Notre Dame pushed ahead to a 27 point lead before Leede, Dartmouth's leading scorer, got hot and started dropping them from all over the court. From there on the Irish coasted with reserves flooding the



The Irish begin their victory string with a win over Franklin. John Foley (10) goes high into the air to snag a pass.

floor. Leede was high scorer for the night with 7 field baskets and 9 free throws for a total of 23 points.

St. Louis Game Close Battle

Hoping to hold Ed Macauley, six-foot-eight-inch center, from scoring too many points, Coach Krause revamped the Irish lineup against the St. Louis Billikens on January 3. Regular center Leo Barnhorst was moved back to guard in place of Paul Gordon and John Brennan was moved up to start at center. The move paid off in round numbers for Big Ed was held to three field goals in both periods.

The contest was nip and tuck throughout the first half, with the score being knotted four times before Kevin O'Shea's third basket in the initial period broke a 13-13 deadlock and put the Irish out in front for keeps. O'Shea, Barnhorst, and Ratterman paced a Notre Dame rally that put the Irish ahead 27 to 21 when the fans went out for a half time smoke.

The second half was a see-saw battle with the Irish always out in front. With a minute and a half to play, O'Shea connected making it 48 to 42. Schatzman, St. Louis forward, drove under for a pair of lay-ups to cut the final margin to two points, Notre Dame winning 48 to 46.

The next three Irish games are on the road against Purdue, Michigan State, and Detroit on January 11, 14, and 18, respectively. The next home game will be against Purdue on January 25.

O'Dell, Yale Coach, To Speak At Dinner

Despite the fact that Kate Smith and the superintendent of West Point are unable to make their appearance, the Notre Dame Club of the St. Joseph Valley will tender its annual banquet to the 1946 Fighting Irish gridders Monday night in the east dining hall.

Miss Smith, invited to make one of the principal addresses, announced last Tuesday that she would be unable to come because of previous commitments. The superintendent of West Point, Major Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, was forced to decline an invitation for the same reason.

Howie O'Dell, head football coach at Yale, thus moved into the principal speaker's spotlight, which he will share with Ralph Young, director of athletics at Michigan State College and Guy J. Mackey, Purdue's director of athletics. Walter Langford is general chairman of the dinner.

INTRODUCING

Frannie Curran

The outlook appeared dark, indeed, for the current cage campaign when Coach Moose Krause began hustling talent for the Irish varsity. If he entertained the idea of playing leftovers from last year's team, that illusion was left in the locker room for the first day of practice. Leo 'Crystal' Klier had graduated and was now playing pro ball; Johnny Dee had transferred back from whence he came as Loyola of Chicago resumed its basketball schedule; Vince Boryla was wearing a shootin' suit and pouring in points for Fort Sheridan; while the Gold Dust Twins, Hassett and Gilhooley, were slated for January graduation and therefore unavailable.

So there it was. But, as it has a way of doing, the sun one day broke through and flooded Coach Krause's life with sunshine and talent. Seven former monogram winners had effected unheralded returns to the campus and as scrimmage followed scrimmage it was noticed that rusty hook shots were now taking on the appearance of burnished bronze, and flaccid tummies were once more hard and flat. Things were looking up.

When, at length, the season opened Franklin trekked up for the curtain-raiser and some thirty-five hundred students saw what Krause had been fashioning in the Old Gym, and they liked what they saw.

As captain of his outfit, 24 year old Frannie Curran took command of the situation and it wasn't long before the evening's issue was settled; it was merely a matter of score. From then until we go to press, this afternoon before the Butler game, the toast of Sterling, Illinois, has counted 74 points, and has hit on one out of every three shots. From the free throw line he's a cinch. Playing with Community High School in Sterling he set a new school scoring record with 270 points in 18 games. He led the cage team in his senior year and graduated in 1940 with four letters, two each in basketball and football. That year he also steered the Sterling five into the State Tournament and although they didn't capture the Championship they did pickoff first place in the Consolation Round with our "Frannie" scoring 80 points in four games.

Arriving at Notre Dame in the Fall of 1940 he won numerals with the Freshman squad and proceeded to earn monograms for the '41-'42 and '42-'43 seasons. However, as the Big Nine rules now read there is a possibility that Curran, a law student may have another year

of eligibility after this. In his last season before entering the Navy, Frannie scored 188 points to place right behind Bobby Faught who led the team with 190. Among those 188 markers



were 22 rung up against NYU in Madison Square Garden, the net result of sinking 11 of 13 shots, which ought to qualify for some sort of a record even in as renowned an arena as The Garden.

Columbia's Midshipmen School has the name of Francis Hugh Curran inscribed in its archives as a member of a 90-Day Wonder-Course. But, as in basketball, Frannie proved he was no flash in the pan serving on Destroyer-Escorts in the Atlantic and receiving promotion to the rank of junior grade lieutenant prior to his discharge in February of '46.

An expectant pappy, Sterling's answer to Frank Sinatra, 6'-155 lbs. Mr. Curran celebrated his second wedding anniversary last month. As a belated wedding present he found that his number had been drawn for a unit over in the Dogpatch Annex, better known as the Back-o'-the-Yard Improvement Project. It's now just a short jaunt over to the Gym so Fran should be getting home on time for supper these wintry evenings. And if ever a fellow looked like he needed a good meal it's lean, keen-eyed Frannie Curran, who with 17 games to go has already sparked his quintet to six victories in seven starts.

—Bob Leander

H. A. Gordon, M. D.

Behind locked double doors conspicuously marked LABORATORIES OF BACTERIOLOGY, down a treacherously polished narrow corridor and amidst the smell of a hospital are many frosted glass doors on either side of the hall, one of which is particularly designated—GRADUATE LAB. Inside is the office of Dr. H. A. Gordon, M.D., prominent European research worker, and the most recent addition to LOBUND's research staff.

Helmut Albert Gordon was born the son of a lumberman, in the little town of Malinska on the Adriatic Sea in what is now Yugoslavia. He had just got to know his way home and how to get to the bakery shop, when his family moved to Budapest and it was here that he started in elementary school, enjoying the same freedom as an American youngster amidst considerable national wealth and peaceful living. But no sooner had he started 'middle' school (grammar school and high school) than war spread over the continent with its inevitable results—cold homes, hunger and death notices in the front. Aerial war had not yet come into being and the school continued as usual for those too young to serve the monarchy.

Enters University of Budapest

Graduating from middle school, Helmut entered the University of Budapest with his diploma and a state scholarship tucked under his arm. Because practically all European universities require one to decide definitely on one's major upon entry, Helmut Gordon, at eighteen, enrolled in the Department of Physiology of the School of Medicine.

In his second year at the university he became a student instructor and four years later graduated amongst the best of his class and received his M.D. degree. A post-graduate scholarship sent him to the University of Rome for six months after which he returned to Budapest to take up his duties as assistant professor of physiology.

In 1933 Dr. Gordon began his travels throughout Europe which took him to all the outstanding scientific conferences on the continent and into circles of eminent English, Scandinavian, Russian, French and German scientists. Language, ordinarily a difficulty in Europe, did not hinder him since he is able to read and write in five different tongues and converse in four others. Late that

same year while he was in England, he met the renowned Dr. Robert Chambers of New York University, the modern father of cellular studies. Their mutual interests made them fast friends. In view of his great ability and forthcoming prominence as a scientist, Dr. Gordon received a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship to study at the place of his choice for one year. To work with Dr. Chambers in this country had always been his fondest hope and so he came to America. He was enveloped in cellular research with Robert Chambers for nearly a year, traveling to the Pacific coast upon occasions but early in 1938, Dr. Gordon went back to Europe to Denmark where he worked in the laboratory of Professor Krogh, Nobel prize winner, at the University of Copenhagen.

Hitler's Troops Begin to Move

A mounting tension throughout Europe and growing armies in the Rhineland were being felt throughout the world as Helmut Gordon returned in the spring of the following year to see his family in Budapest. In September troops surged across the Polish border and World War II was born. Unable to return to Copenhagen, he went back to the University of Budapest where he remained until Hungary entered the war in the winter of 1940.

In 1942 he married the girl who had been his assistant in laboratory research only to have their home soon broken up when the enemy conscripted all doctors into Germany to staff their battered and bombed hospitals. But soon after the invasion of France he saw a map of how Europe was to be divided for occupation, and with the aid of friends and relatives, was able to have his wife and baby daughter join him. They set out for Munich or what would be the American Zone and on May 7th, 1945 he reported to the American forces and offered his services as a doctor.

After thorough investigation, Dr. Gordon was put into complete charge of public health in one of the counties of Upper Bavaria by the U. S. Military Government. He took care of thousands of inmates of the infamous Dachau concentration camp and of the German civilian population. In this hotbed of potential epidemics, Dr. Gordon organized a hospital of 300 beds, an unheard of feat in bombed out Germany. Because of the progress he made in lowering the death rate, Dr. Gordon received high praise

from the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association, from various German authorities as well as American medical officers.

In April of this year Dr. Gordon's superior officer reluctantly allowed him to withdraw from his staff to come to this country as an immigrant. Aboard a troop transport, the first of displaced persons to come to the United States since the war, Dr. Gordon, his wife and little daughter reached the land they expect to make their home. Immediately upon arrival he contacted his old friend Dr. Chambers, who suggested he come to Notre Dame and join in the germ-free and cellular research here. Early this summer Dr. Helmut Gordon, M.D. became chief pathologist and physiologist at LOBUND and now lives in South Bend.

A favorite recreation of Dr. Gordon is to spend his spare time mountain climbing. He has scaled such heights as the 14,000 ft. Monta Rosa in Italy and also Pike's Peak. Unfortunately the Indiana plains can boast of nothing higher than the "fabulous fifth floor" of Morrissey Hall, so come this spring he will have to resort to another pastime—sailing.

About education in this country, Dr. Gordon says, "In my school days the incentive to learn was mostly to be well informed or, as you say, 'be up with the times.' But when I was in college many lost a great deal of initiative in their studies because there wasn't that feeling over there that the world was holding a place for you when you finish college; that there is opportunity awaiting you, as it is in this country."

Three Persons for Every Job

"Imagine, if you can," he continued, "the United States divided into some twenty or so nations with three times as many people in the same area, as it is in Europe. Theoretically there are three people for every one job. When starting with a firm, often ambitious young men have to sign a statement when taking a job that they are not only satisfied with their position but at no future date will they ask for an increase in salary or a promotion of any kind."

"American college men don't realize," he said solemnly, "how fortunate they are to have the great opportunities that America holds for them. By all means realize these opportunities and take advantage of them. I did."—C. C. Carter

THE CROWN OF A FRENCH EMPRESS LIES DEEP IN ST. JOSEPH'S LAKE

At one time or another, every son of Notre Dame has walked along the tree-shaded shores of St. Joseph's Lake, meditating on life and the beauties of Indiana's natureland. But few, if any of those strolling contemplatives have realized just how close they were to a sunken treasure imbedded in the ashy shore of the lake.

It all came about in this way. Father Edward Sorin, the founder of the University, traveled to Europe several times on begging missions in the days when Notre Dame was still young and impoverished. He had a host of friends in Europe, and many of them were of the aristocracy.

From one of these friends, Pius IX, Father Sorin received a donation of a statue of Our Lady for the use of the University. At that time, the "Lady" chapel in Sacred Heart church had not yet been built, and the statue was intended to be placed against the rear wall of the sanctuary, directly behind the altar. But the statue was not the ultimate in sculptural art. It was built for perspective; its arms and hands were greatly magnified in proportion to the rest of the statue. For some reason, now forgotten, it was placed on the right transept wall, where the Notre Dame Service Flag now hangs. To hide the grotesqueness of the statue it was draped in a golden cope.

Another royal friend of Father Sorin was Eugenie, empress of France, and wife of Napoleon III. It was Eugenie who gave the flirtatious, beplumed "Eugenie hat" to the world. It was Eugenie also who at times was the actual ruler of France, and was alternately blessed and cursed for the advice she gave to the

Emperor. Wishing to further the cause of Father Sorin's new venture in the wilds of Indiana, she gave him the crown that had been used at her coronation in 1853. The crown was brought to Sacred Heart Church and placed upon the head of the statue which had been donated by the Pope. Over it, like a canopy, was hung another huge crown, which had originally been intended for the statue on the dome.

For several years the statue, draped in the golden cope and surmounted by the two crowns, stood peacefully and undisturbed in its place in Sacred Heart Church. One night its peace was interrupted when thieves broke into the church and stole both crowns. The South Bend police, in their typically efficient manner, apprehended the criminals the next day. Even such prompt action was rather late, for the larger crown had been smashed into several pieces in an attempt to dispose of it more readily. The smaller crown was left intact, and upon its return was entrusted to the care of the sisters in the laundry for safe keeping.

A few more years passed, and the sisters took good care of the priceless crown as long as they had it. Then a seminarian borrowed it to use as a decoration during Benedictions in the seminary. And by that peculiar trait of borrowed things it never returned to its lenders. Instead, it remained where it was, used frequently for festive religious occasions.

Eventually, after the departure of Father French, who had been superior of the seminary, the crown was no longer used, and was stored in the attic to collect dust until its rediscovery years after.

Out of sight, out of mind, the saying is; and it held true in this instance. The crown was completely forgotten, and it remained in the attic until some seminarians, yielding to the strange human urge which impels people to rummage in such places, found it. Being true Notre Dame men, they were a little cynical, and they decided that the crown was an imitation. It was much too rich and valuable-looking to be real. Thus it fell into the hands of a company of seminarian actors, for use as a prop. It has a career which matched the brilliance of its gems. It was worn by every king, from Hamlet to Lear, who trod the boards of the seminary stage. In fact, kings were invented in some plays where they weren't called for so that someone could wear the crown.

But the strain of having so much royalty shot, stabbed, or poisoned from under it began to show, and the crown again found its way into the limbo of discarded objects. This time the fates were against it. It was thrown on to a pile of rubbish, which was burned. At the time the University was defining the shores of St. Joseph's Lake by filling in the marshes with ashes, and the unhappy crown of the Empress Eugenie succumbed to the ignominy of filling in a swampy bank.

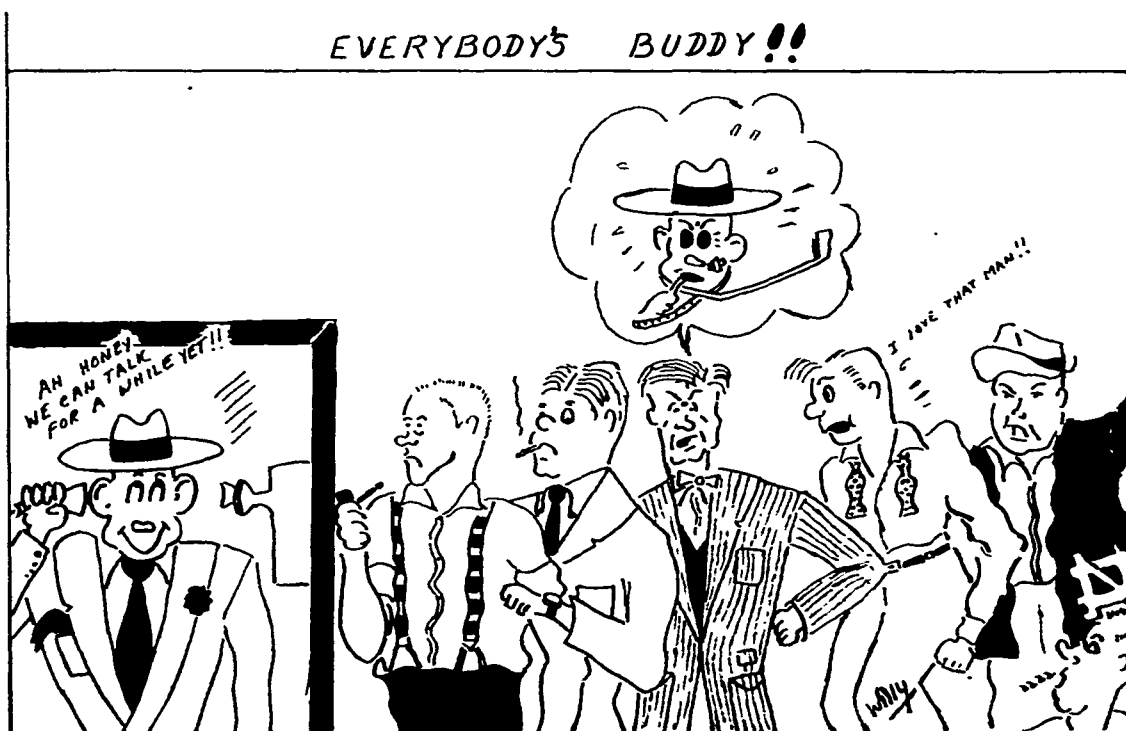
But during its years as a theatre prop, several of the crown's jewels fell from their settings. One of these, by devious channels, reached a jeweller, who appraised the stone as genuine. This amazing discovery caused a hurried investigation and the story of the loss of the crown came as a bitter surprise. But it was too late. Today below layers of silt rests perhaps the most fabulous crown of France and perhaps easier than it did on unlucky Eugenie's head.

—Garry Bolger and Jim Butter.

Governor Names Flynn

Dr. Frank T. Flynn, Professor of Sociology at the University of Notre Dame, has been named by Governor Ralph F. Gates of Indiana to a 12-member committee designed to improve and correct Indiana's parole system, according to word received at the University.

Professor Flynn, who joined the faculty at Notre Dame in 1934, was discharged from the Navy early this year as a lieutenant commander after serving as prison administration officer during most of World War II. As prison administration officer in the Navy, Professor Flynn aided in organizing the social service phase of the program when the Navy reorganized its prison system. Prior to entering the Navy he had been a member of the Board of Trustees of the Indiana State Prison since 1937.



Department of Public Information

By JACK MILES

Font of official and pertinent information concerning Notre Dame is the Department of Public Information, née the Department of Publicity, which conducts vital operations from its Brownson Hall headquarters in the Main Building.

Under the guidance of Mr. John V. Hinkel, and with assists from two assistants, two stenographers, and about eleven student helpers, the Department goes merrily about its daily business of keeping the name of Notre Dame continually on the city desks of newspapers throughout the country. (Note: the words used were "City desks," not "sports desks").

This, then, is the line of demarcation, so to speak, which divides the Main Building branch from the Breen-Phillips cubby-hole occupied by Charles M. Callahan and his football publicists. Therein, said Uncle Remus, lies a tale.

First Department Set Up in 1912

Notre Dame didn't know what publicity meant until about 1912, and then the knowledge was entirely superficial. The publicity was handled by the members of the Department of Journalism, with the late Dr. John Cooney at the helm. The journalism majors were encouraged by Dr. Cooney to apply for correspondents' jobs on newspapers at various junctures in the land, with most of the trade directed at the individual student's home town sheet. It is interesting to note that such men as Arch Ward, the intrepid sports editor of the "world's greatest newspaper," and Francis Wallace, sports authority for the *Saturday Evening Post*, received their initial impetus into the field of literary endeavor under this system.

Organization of sorts set in in 1925, when undergraduate students, for the most part Journalism majors, were entrusted with the directorship of publicity, unofficial though the capacity may have been. From 1930-32, one of the undergraduate directors was Joseph S. Petritz, who, upon his graduation in 1932, was appointed Notre Dame's first fulltime director of publicity. It became necessary in 1938, to split the department to allow Petritz, who had developed into one of the outstanding sports publicity men in the business, to devote his full time to the sports end of publicity. Thus the Department of Academic Publicity was created under Thomas J. Barry, '25.

This amounted to a split, for the two offices functioned separately and without recourse to the other for guidance or aid. And so it went until December,

1941, when Barry resigned and James E. Armstrong, '25, the national alumni secretary, was called upon to do double duty. So the Messrs. Armstrong and Petritz continued the chore of letting the public know about the University of Notre Dame du Lac.

Kennedy Takes Over

Petritz abdicated in January, 1943, and into the breach stepped J. Walter Kennedy, who received his A.B. degree in Journalism in 1934. Armstrong, burdened with the weight of the always ponderous alumni duties, found it expedient to bow graciously out of the publicity picture in or around March, 1944, and Kennedy assumed the twofold responsibility of academic and athletic publicity. At this time, the two offices were again under a single head, viz., Mr. Kennedy.

This worthy proved to be quite adept at publicity, principally the athletic end of it, and won the plaudits of scribes and announcers alike, receiving the first annual Radio Broadcasters Association award in 1944 for his efficient and courteous handling of newsmen at all times, particularly those occupying the press box on crisp autumn afternoons.



JOHN V. HINKEL

Kennedy resigned in 1945 to accept an executive position with the Scholastic Sports Institute in New York, and the incumbent, Mr. Hinkel, arrived in January, 1946, to supply the country's newspapers and radio stations with ND news.

Hinkel has, since his inception in the role, endeavored to let the general public know of the academic, cultural, and religious achievements of Notre Dame. These have been put on the chopping block in the past, and have not received near the attention they merit. He has divided duties between his two assistants, and, at the present time, Callahan

handles football and track publicity, and Donovan, in addition to writing many of the general news stories which are issued from the office, is in charge of basketball, baseball, tennis, and golf publicity.

The two stenogs, Miss Maura Mills, personal secretary to Mr. Hinkel, and Miss Mary Ann Doran, who graces the outer office, are charged with taking care of correspondence, cutting stencils for releases, answering the telephones and determining the identity of callers, both at the office and on the phone (they have to find out if the person on the Bell is on the ball.)

At present, the academic release list numbers approximately 225, with these handouts going to newspapers, news services, some radio stations, publicity directors at other colleges, and, in what is known as the internal distribution, to officers of the administration here at Notre Dame. Releases go to the leading papers in the land, both Catholic and secular, and to the outstanding news services, such as Associated Press, United Press, International News Service, NCWC News Service, and the Religious News Service.

550 Athletic Releases

The athletic release list totals, at this writing, somewhere in the neighborhood of 550. During the past football season, for instance, Callahan would prepare several sheets of salient data, such as statistics, dope stories, and an advance story for the approaching game, on Tuesday. Once stenciled by his secretary, Miss Helene Crockett, the release would be run off in the home office in the Main Building, where the Department's mimeograph machine performs periodically. Then the boys assigned to work that day concerned themselves with stamping envelopes, folding sheets of the release together, stuffing the folded releases into the envelopes, and, finally, putting the electric sealer to work to complete the process of getting out a release. The same process holds true for the issuance of an academic release, although sometimes a story may get only partial distribution, i.e., just to seculars, or just to Catholic papers, or just to Indiana papers, or just to news services, or a combination thereof.

The department has reasonably complete files on University undertakings, present and past. It records in the files doings of faculty members, of persons otherwise connected with Notre Dame, important events in the life of the Uni-

versity, activities of clubs or organizations on the campus, such as the Navy program during the war, and the various colleges and departments of the University, and the like. Newspapers which come to the Department are diligently perused and articles having a bearing on Notre Dame are clipped and filed.

The name "Department of Public Information" is a recent change, and seems to cover the work of the office more effectively than did the title "Department of Publicity."

That's a bird's-eye glimpse of a very important behind-the-scenes entity in the scheme of things here at Notre Dame—the Department of Public Information.

Hermens Attacks Potsdam Policy

In a pamphlet published last month, Dr. F. A. Hermens, of the Department of Political Science, has continued his opposition to the fallacies upon which American policy in Germany is based.

In detail, Dr. Hermens attacks the contention that the Potsdam policy is the only means of preventing renewed German aggression. He points out that Germany is completely controlled by the Allies and that, therefore, "If we still decide to cripple the industries of western Germany, we do so because we distrust ourselves rather than our enemies."

Dr. Hermens believes that the principal obstacles to a change of policy are political, i.e. the argument that we have committed ourselves with other nations to this policy. To this he replies that we are in truth violating the Second Hague Convention (which the United States signed) prohibiting the confiscation of private property in occupied areas. Secondly, the formulation of this policy within the Treasury Department was a clear usurpation of the prerogatives of the War and State Departments. And lastly, the Potsdam Declarations are executive agreements; however in establishing a policy, as it does, it infringes upon the rights of Congress. Further, the French never signed at Potsdam, the British did so after attaching many conditions (which have not been fulfilled), and the Russians have repeatedly violated its provisions. "The agreement can therefore, be denounced at any time."

Dr. Hermens, in his last paragraph, pointing out the incapacity of politicians to effect needed changes, calls on veterans' organizations, labor, and business to assume leadership.

Dr. Nutting's New Book To Be Published Soon

"The Reclamation of Independence," a new book by Dr. Willis D. Nutting, Professor of History at the University of Notre Dame, will be published in the near future by the publishing firm of Berliner and Lanigan, in Nevada City, California.

Dr. Nutting's new book is the first to be published by the newly-organized firm which is owned and operated by two graduates of the University of Notre Dame. Harold A. Berliner, co-owner of the firm, received a Bachelor of Law degree at Notre Dame in 1945, while Joseph F. Lanigan received a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1944.

Advocating economic independence as a basis of political independence, the book stresses that the only way to avoid a "red" revolution is to have a "green" revolution, that is, to restore the economic independence of the common man.

Dr. Nutting, a native of Iowa City, Ia., studied at the University of Iowa from 1917 to 1921. From 1921 to 1924 he studied at Oxford University and received his B.A. and Litt.B. degrees. He received his Ph. D. degree from the University of Iowa in 1933 and for the next three years was a member of the faculty at the College of St. Teresa, Winona, Minn.. He has been a member of the faculty of Notre Dame since 1936.

"Truths Men Live By" Wins Praise of Critics

The latest issue of *Books on Trial* hails Father John A. O'Brien's *Truths Men Live By* as the outstanding publication of the last few months and gives a summary of the tributes paid by many reviewers. Notable among them is the tribute paid by Father John S. Kennedy, Editor of the *Catholic Transcript* of Hartford, Conn. Father Kennedy, one of the most discerning of contemporary Catholic reviewers, after outlining the first three parts of Father O'Brien's book, writes:

"The fourth section is entitled 'The Bible and Science.' I found it the best in the book. In thirty-six pages it handles concisely, but with impressive authority, the vexatious because confused question of creation and evolution. About this there is no end of misapprehension and meaningless but heated controversy, carried on by persons who know neither the scientific meaning of, and limitations on, evolution nor the teaching of the Church as regards the biblical account of the origin of man. Both of these are plainly set forth by

Father O'Brien, and the 'quarrel' between science and religion on this point is shown to be non-existent.

"In conclusion, the author writes of Christ and the religion which He founded, bringing an extensive and painstaking work to a strong climax . . ."

"Review" Features Sturzo Article

Christian Democracy, the political movement that has become a leading opponent to Communism in Europe, is not a new movement, but is nearly a century old, Don Luigi Sturzo, Christian Democrat leader, emphasizes in an article in the January issue of *The Review of Politics*.

The January issue, also contains a second important study on Christian Democracy, this one by Professor Mario Einaudi of Cornell University, who writes specifically on "Christian Democracy in Italy."

Tracing the special characteristics of the present Christian Democratic movement and indicating also, some of its defects, Sturzo states: "It is an urgent necessity to dispel the misunderstanding between Christianity and modern society and to arrive at a just and sound evaluation of present social and political institutions and of their ethical quality." To this, Einaudi, in his article, adds that: "The varied strains of Christian Democracy are kept together by one fundamental common belief and by the acceptance, in most cases at least, of one method. The belief is, of course, the sum total of Christian religious and moral principles. The method is freedom."

Other notable articles in the January issue of the *Review of Politics* include "Hitler's Concentration Camps—An Examination of Conscience" by Eugene Kogon, former editor of a leading Viennese newspaper, who spent considerable time in one of the German concentration camps and now discusses the reaction of the German people to the horrors of those prisons.

Professor George Vernadsky of Yale discusses American influence on earlier Russian history in "Reforms Under Czar Alexander I: French and American Influences." Professor Barrington Moore, Jr., of the University of Chicago evaluates the current purges in Russia in "The Present Purge in the USSR." Professor Werner Levi of the University of Minnesota examines the recent changes in the British Commonwealth in "The British Dominions and Regionalism," and Professor Rachel Bepko of Mount Holyoke College discusses the mystical Pegu in "The Humanism of Pegu."

STATION WND

By BOB VIERHILE

The so-called "roaring," but better described as "hiccupping", twenties brought to the world's attention prohibition, bathtub gin, yo-yos, Mae West and Al Capone. With the thirties, however, came reform and a new, (razzmatazz), short-skirted era. Repeal replaced the farcical, hip-flasked prohibition Roosevelt replaced the bread-lined, depressionized Hoover, and Tommy "Repeater" Manville kept right on replacing. Somebody tabbed the age as the error of the New Deal, but it was really the era of the quiz disease, "sixtyfourdollaritis." Such radio programs as "Information Please" nipped at the brains of the country's super-intelligensia, while "It Pays to Be Ignorant," among others, soothed those on the bottom rungs of the mental ladder. It was during this national quiz dilemma that the University of Notre Dame entered the radio business, for better or for worse.

In bleak, ivy-covered John F. Cushing's Hall of Engineering on the night of February 13, 1935, Father Eugene Burke, C.S.C., first Radio club moderator, tripped the switch in station WND's stuffy, one-room studio, stepped back to hear the booming band of O'Reilly's, O'Brien's, Sullivan's and McCarthy's choke the airways with a Dome-shaking version of the Notre Dame "Victory March." Thus, with a heavy-toned, fussily-detailed program, Notre Dame jumped onto the radio bandwagon, and with plenty of noise. Although as Irish as Paddy's pig, the programs that followed were not just run-of-the-wave-length kilocycle-clutterers, either, for they introduced a campusful of educational and theatrical talent to a local radio audience, which had been accustomed to many dull, stodgy, time-killing radio shows over South Bend's then toddling station WSBT.

Though they knew better, the members of the Notre Dame Radio club couldn't resist the temptatoin of "sixty-four-dollaritis." On a Sunday stroll in a Chicago suburb, a Radio club week-ender and a Lake Forest lassie compared ambitions, decided that what station WND needed most was a quiz program between several Irish footballers and an equal number of Lake Forest cuties. The Radio club OKed the idea, picked some likely candidates (a job, it was) from among the 1937 football team, and finally agreed

to hold the skirmish on neutral ground in Chicago. All went well for the sweet-little-things; it seemed that most of them were kin of Franklin P. Adams. But the pigskinners, it shouldn't have happened to Porky himself. Pooling their mental wares and limited nerve, the grid-iron greats bogged down on such under-handed questions as: What is just like a woman? How many dots in a 10 cent bottle of ink? Thought the Irish contestants half-blankly: "We couldn't have beat them if Knute Rockne himself had been coaching us from the audience."

For the most part, the Radio club's

quiz programs continued to be the rage.

During the war, Notre Dame radio went into hibernation, coming out only occasionally to broadcast special on-campus events. Peace, however, brought station WND back to life, but under a new roof. There was no longer room for a radio station in the cluttered, booming Engineering Building. Homeless, WND moved into the basement of sober, bewitched Washington hall. And here, not more than a year ago, the Radio club hatched its first prize turkey.

A turkey, to most people, is a turkey. It is a bird which, come Thanksgiving,



Contact with WSBT is maintained by John O'Neill (left), "Meet the Professors" program engineer

early programs were flabby without being limber. The soap-box orator, the absent-minded professor, the slinking female were as familiar on radio programs of the thirties as are gags about Crosby's horses, Sinatra's blood count and Benny's toupee today. Yet, Notre Dame radio fulfilled its object "to give the listeners a verbal cross-section of university life" by allotting each campus department a proportionate amount of air time. Nevertheless, sportscasts, variety shows and, as might be expected,

has a future about as bright as a man going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. But not so the radio business. To a radio man, a turkey is a radio program which fails to do everything but lay an egg. Here's how the Notre Dame Radio club hatched theirs: Three budding ethermen were mulling over their scripts in the new studios beneath anaemic Washington hall. On a signal from the man in the control room, the announcer scrambled to the mike, jumped into his introduction

like a man trying to beat a run on a bank. Zealously, the mike-frightened trio at his side chattered through one page of script after another. Suddenly there was a loud clanging of the studio telephone; a harangued WSBT producer bawled, "Get off the air, get off the air, you sound like * ? x * ? 'what are yuh doin,' holding an electric razor marathon out there!" His face bright with sweat and fear, the bemuddled announcer put down the phone, raced into the control room, and found: one short circuit. Next day, WSBT mikesters begged listeners to return to the 960 spot on their dials, promised there would not be a duplication of yesterday's cricket serenade.

Station WND is really not a radio station at all; it depends entirely upon the power of South Bend's two stations. WSBT and WHOT. Although programs aired over WSBT are piped to downtown studios, those over WHOT must be broadcast from the studios in South Bend. It has been the Radio club's ambition this semester to remedy this often disgusting situation. Without their own transmitter, the Radio club is at the mercy of local stations which have preferred corny, funeral-like telephone quizzes, commercial-drawling soap box impressarios and scratchy platter shows to the current club offerings. To remedy this, and possibly provide campus listeners with a full day's entertainment, the club hopes to establish a pint-sized, fully-equipped, two and one-half watt radio station in Washington hall. However, there is a fly in the ointment. The Federal Communications Commission frowns

upon unlicensed stations which have more than 200 yards carrying power. But WND's uncanny radio technicians believe this point may be gapped by using small booster transmitters in each hall. By doing this, each unit would easily come within the 200 yard limit. Total cost of the proposed project would be about \$500, which would be largely covered by advertising once the station gets underway.

Guided by quiet, unassuming, prexy Don Klene and diplomatic, moderator Reverend Archibald M. McDowell, C.S.C., this year's Radio club has a top membership of sixty students, is producing two, well-timed, weekly radio shows. Although handicapped by the lack of air time on the downtown stations, the Radio club is giving every member a chance to exhibit his talents, which may include announcing, script-writing, acting, engineering or producing.

But the best is still ahead. That is, if you haven't heard either of the Radio clubs two programs. As a suggestion, take next Tuesday and Friday afternoons off to "Meet the Irish and the Professors." Sportsmen Bill Boss and Toney Earley, two men who know as much about sports as Carter does about liver pills, present a fast-moving, not-to-be-missed sports review tagged "Meet the Irish" each Tuesday at 2:45 P. M. over WSBT. On the tail end of the week, Joe Wilcox, Bob Hartmann, Bill Pfaff, John O'Neill and Walt Bieschke bring together the brains of the university on a breezy, brainy, worldly program titled "Meet the Professors" every Friday at 4:30 P. M. over the same WSBT. Take it from us, they're dial-stoppers.

Wranglers to Hold Semester Formal

Styled the "oldest and proudest" of campus clubs by a pre-war DOME, the Wranglers continue this year in that tradition. Concluding his first semester as president of the club, Chuck Patterson, senior English major, will lead the members downtown next Wednesday for one of their oldest traditions, the semester formal banquet.

Sharing the spotlight on that occasion will be the four departing club members, four newly elected Wranglers, and the faculty moderator, Mr. Frank O'Malley who will deliver the evening's paper. As pointed out in SCHOLASTIC columnist Jerry Olwell's farewell column in the last issue of this magazine, the Wranglers will "hire some formals and have a nice cultured party."

Graduating at mid-semester will be philosophy majors Dan Downey and Roland Steinle, pre-med and club secretary Bernie O'Hora and architect Frank Grimaldi. Replacing them and elected at a pre-holiday "admission" meeting will be law students Don Hummer and Pat Coghlan, philosopher Warren Fronrath and pre-med Al Motzel.

Meeting once a week in the top-floor tower room of the Law Building, the club places a premium on forensic ability and extemporaneous knowledge of current affairs in discussing papers presented by members.

At a meeting last Wednesday Ted Weber presented a paper on "Industrial Peace—1947 and After." In his paper Weber cautioned against hasty labor legislation by the newly convened Congress, presented several suggestions for amendments to existing laws and concluded with a discussion of a "new status for labor."

President Patterson announced that the membership meeting for the second semester will be held early in February. Applicants will face an interviewing committee which will select those to appear before the club as a whole for admission—all traceable to another Wrangler tradition, characterized by still another DOME editor when he concluded "membership is highly prized."



Bob Hartman, program moderator for "Meet the Professors," acts as go-between for Dr. Aaron Abel and Dr. Paul Bartholomew

Some of the first experiments in aeronautics—the principles of which were used by the Wright brothers in their historic Kittyhawk flight—were conducted fifty years ago by Dr. Albert Zahm at the University of Notre Dame. Dr. Zahm, now one of the Government's leading experts on aeronautics, used to fly airplane models from the roof of Notre Dame's Science Hall while teaching there.

NOTRE DOTERS

By JACK FRAIER and BILL PFAFF

Compared to the hopelessly jammed trains and scrambled schedules of the 1945 Christmas season, the journey homeward this time was a pleasure. Everyone was mildly surprised to discover an occasional new coach and even some empty seats. The trusty, old New York Central did its darndest to keep holiday spirits at a high level. For trains running as much as an hour late the system blandly chalked up "on time."



Munching on some crepe suzettes the other day with Leo Bressler, we learned that he not only took the part of Kenneth Raglan in the recent production



Ole Buttermilk Sky
The Old Lamplighter
The Gal In Calico
Rumors Are Flying
The Whole World Is Singing My Song

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of "Rope," but he also selected the furniture for the stage. "My heavens, yes," he said buffing his fingernails on his lapel, "I certainly was glad that I had a chance to choose the furniture for the play. For a time there I was really worried. Some fool told me they'd use the furniture from the Cavanaugh Reading Room, and that would have made a simply ghastly effect! But I bet you want to know more about the furniture." We nodded timorously. "Well," he screamed, "I went to South Bend's best furniture store. We needed an English effect, you know, so I thought the sofa and one chair should be King Charles and the other chair a Queen Anne. I really did want end tables that would blend well, but the best I could do was a couple of Duncans. I simply hated to mix in those Duncans. In fact, I felt funny about putting King Charles and Queen Anne together." He winked knowingly. "This is what really irked me though. I told the clerk that I must have an old, well-shaped casson. Well, he led me to a back room and showed me a statue of Venus! For once in my life I was speechless, but when I was leaving, I calmly, and uncharitably said, 'A casson, sir, is a chest'."



Princeton to help celebrate its bicentennial has published a book, *The Lives of 18 from Princeton: from James Madison to F. Scott Fitzgerald*. After thinking it over, we wonder why, instead of

Notre Dame: One Hundred Years, someone didn't come out with *The Lives of 18 from Notre Dame: from Rocky Smith to Joe Boland*.



On the train down we passed through Atlanta. We stopped at the Union station, and then were switched to the Terminal. On the way a colored trainman stepped inside, screwed his gaze into the door at the other end, and sonorously announced: "Atlanta Tum'nal station next. Change theh foh trains no'th and east. This train goes to Jacksonville. If youh ticket to Jacksonville reads via the Atlantic Coast Line and Central of Gawga stay abodh. If it reads via the Seaboard you will change heah. Pleas' examine youh tickets. This train goes on the Central of Gawga and the Atlantic Coast Line to Jacksonville. Change heah for all other points, or if youh ticket reads Seaboard Aih Line Railroad." He then strode through the car and on. We managed to get our ticket out of inside the wallet that was inside our inside coat and looked at it. We hesitated. The man had obviously thought he had made an all-inclusive explanation. He seemed to take such pride in dealing with all questions before they had a chance to arise. We debated internally. Should we tell the man and risk shattering his illusions about this world—south Georgia railroads in particular? Our better nature conquered. We pocketed our ticket. It read "Atlanta-Jacksonville via Atlanta, Birmingham and Coast Ry."



Fire Guts Naval Rifle Range In ND Stadium

A note of excitement marked the re-opening of classes on Jan. 7 when a small but intense fire gutted the interior of the Naval Rifle Range and adjoining store room at the football stadium.

First signs of the conflagration were noticed by G. J. Hoar, manager of the laundry, and Frank Graf, guard at the Circle. A phone call by Mr. Graf at 2:55 P. M. brought out the N. D. Fire Department who were shortly reinforced by South Bend fire fighters from Engine Companies three and seven and truck number three.

Through the prompt action of the Naval Detachment all rifles and ammunition were saved although the range itself was reduced to charred remains. The amount of damage was not announced pending a Naval investigation, at which time the cause of the fire will be determined. It is believed that a broken gas heater was the cause.

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NECKWEAR — <i>Values to 3.50</i>	1.50
WOOL GLOVES — <i>Values to \$2</i>	1.25
WHITE INITIAL HANDKIES — <i>Values to 75c</i>50
WOOL SPORT SHIRTS — <i>Values to \$10</i>	6.95
NORFOLK SPORT JACKETS — <i>Values to 18.50</i>	12.95
ALL WOOL SPORT COATS — <i>Values to 26.50</i>	19.75
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University Theatre Presents "Rope"

By JOHN WATERS

The University Theatre, under the direction of Prof. Leonard Sommer of the Speech Department, presented its initial production of the season during the hectic week preceding Christmas vacation. The *Rope* opened in Washington Hall on December 15 for four performances.

The presentation can be best summed up by saying that the Theatre group did an excellent job on a poor play. The direction was first rate, the acting sincere, and the setting created a visual delight for the audience. But much in the way of criticism could be levelled at the play itself.

Mr. Hamilton, author of "Gaslight," has created in "Rope" a perfectly ridiculous situation. Two Oxford students have murdered a young gentleman for no reason except the mere fun of it. They de-

posit his body in a large trunk which they place in the living room of their house in Mayfair. The two students then invite some guests to a party and serve the refreshments off the closed trunk. The whole affair might have come off without a hitch and the perfect murder might at last have become a reality but for one of the guests, a cynical individual, who is suspicious from the moment he hobbles into the room.

The suspense created in the first two acts is somehow left hanging in mid-air by a climax that just doesn't seem to fill the bill. Our hero, that caustic man of the world with a bag full of razor-sharp answers, suddenly goes to pieces in the final act when, on opening the trunk, he finds the body of the victim. It is such a complete metamorphosis that one is startled to find that the cynical individual of the first two acts turns out to be a mere man in the final act.

While the entire cast turned in a superb performance, Peter Ahrens as Wyndham Brandon, gave an exceptionally skillful portrayal of the conceited leader of the murder plot. Mr. Ahrens acting is marked by naturalness and sincerity.

George LaBuda's Rupert Cadell, the gentleman who turned the perfect crime into an also-ran, was done with suavity and finesse, and Miss Barbara Dolezel of South Bend, who had the only feminine part in the cast, that of Leila Arden, chattered her way lightheartedly through the first two acts to the enjoyment of everyone.

Mr. Sommer and his cast spent seven weeks in rehearsal with "Rope," working five days a week. Eighty-five drama enthusiasts turned out for the initial auditions but only eight could be used in the production.

Following is the complete cast of "Rope:" Wyndham Brandon, Peter Ahrens; Charles Granillo, Darwin Venneri; Jefferies, William Emmeneger; Kenneth Raglan, Leo Bressler; Leila Arden, Barbara Dolezel; Sir Johnstone Kentley, John McKeon; and Rupert Cadell, George LaBuda.

The production staff included, stage manager, Leone Marinello; assistant to the director, John McKeon; master electrician, Robert Schmid; master of properties, Gerard Hekker; assistant, Robert Slocum; crew members, Phillip Luippi, William Murphy; make-up, James Beymer; sound technician, Robert Casurella; publicity and photography direction, Jack Hummel; photography, David Cowden; house manager, Michael O'Neil; playbill editor, Jack Hummel; ushers, Edward McEneaney, William Phelan, and Max Gabreski.

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Glee Club to Begin Series of Concerts

Every day at noon for the last four months, the hundred-odd members of the Glee Club have been tramping up to Washington Hall for a half hour rehearsal. In another two weeks, members of the Glee Club will be reaping the fruits of these labors.

Between semesters, forty-five members of the Notre Dame Glee Club will embark on the first concert tour of the school year. Because of the short vacation which will last only five days, the Glee Club will have to confine its activities to the Mid-West. They will sing in Joliet, Ill., on January 26; Rockford, Ill., on the 27th; Appleton, Wis., on the 28th; Sheboygan, Wis., on the 29th. This January trip officially launches a season that will find the Glee Club giving concerts in over twenty different cities before the end of the school year brings its activities to a close.

However, it is doubtful whether in the course of their travels the members of the organization will find an audience as appreciative as one they sang to on the night of December 19. That evening, Mr. Pedtke took twenty members of the Glee Club to the St. Joseph County Home for the Aged. There, the men put on a Christmas concert. It was hard to tell who enjoyed the concert more—the old and withered members of the audience, tears running down their wrinkled cheeks, their lips quivering as they listened to the strains of “Silent Night, Holy Night,” or the men in the Glee

Club, looking down on these old timers, knowing that they were bringing back memories of happier and better Christmases to these aged men and women. The Glee Club members received no monetary compensation for this work of charity, but the personal satisfaction derived and a “God bless you son, we’ll all pray that you have a Merry Christmas” was more than enough reward.

125 Couples Dance At Met Club Formal

Approximately one hundred twenty-five couples turned out in colorful array on the evening of December 26, at Manhattan’s picturesque Colonnades Room of the Essex House. In having the Christmas Formal at such a central locality many suburbanites and Notre Dame student visitors to the city were easily accommodated. To make the atmosphere complete “Toplitzky of Notre Dame” is playing at the Century Theatre just a few blocks away.

The merry-makers danced to the “Sweet Music” of Harry Arnold and his celebrated orchestra featuring Dolores Hawkins, vocalist. Miss Hawkins has appeared as a guest artist on radio station WJZ in New York City. Tom Mulvey of Brooklyn, a Notre Dame senior in the Department of Journalism, did well both in procuring and dancing to Mr. Arnold’s music.

Chairman Bill Harris and Co-Chairman Bill Reilly were the men behind the scenes, but the evidence of their work

was most prevalent. The service of the hotel staff was efficient, checking facilities most rapid and upon entering the huge dining room each young woman was given a smart little souvenir booklet.

President Gerry O’Reilly looked distinguished in tails and delivered an appropriate speech midway through the evening followed by the playing and singing of the “Notre Dame Victory March.”

The holiday spirit plus the ever present famed heartfelt Notre Dame Spirit summed up to equal one grand “hometown” social function.

COLLEGE PARADE

(Continued from p. 6)

football, a team that asks for no quarter and gives none? It would have been to their credit to manfully admit they were beaten fair and square instead of trying to drag Notre Dame through the mud in an effort to salvage their so-called pride. Come now, Trojans, it’s no shame to be beaten by the National Champs.



SLIPS OF THE PRESS . . .

“The annual Christmas party at the Ashley St. School was hell yesterday.”
—Springfield (Mass.) paper

“Rev. Horace G—— returned from the Twin Cities yesterday and will take up his cuties at the church.”

—Newport (N.D.) paper

“The big Sunday school picnic held Tuesday at the park was a hug success.”
—Overbrook (Kans.) paper

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Splinters

(Continued from Page 19)

cided to move the game to New York. It quickly became one of the biggest sport spectacles of the year. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent on tickets for it as the crowds grew bigger and bigger until, last year, there was no stadium in the world big enough to have accommodated all those who wished to see the teams play.

Once in the big money class, both Notre Dame and Army reacted accordingly. Some unpleasantness began to break into their hitherto extremely cordial relations. Notre Dame felt it never got a fair shake on the tickets. The "subway alumni," in no way connected with Notre Dame, used to jeer the Cadets as they marched down the street heading for Yankee Stadium. There were worried trips back and forth by officials of the schools, settlements, appeasements, and ranking grievances. Personal jealousies between the coaches smoldered. The game got out of hand.

Sorry, in a way, to see the New York Alumni deprived of seeing their Alma Mater in action. But, in a selfish way, we're glad Army will be our fourth home game this coming fall.



Sports Headlines of 1946

Looking back over 1946 we find it was a sports promoter's dream. Everyone had to pay money for entertainment, good or bad.

Assault, declared the Horse of the Year, won the triple crown of racing, coming home first in the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes. Stymie, a cheap plater claimed for only \$1500 a few years ago, brought his winnings to \$516,285 to gain en-

trance in the top ten money winners in racing history.

Our vote for the fight of the year was Tony Zale's KO of Rocky Graziano after Rocky had him on the canvas and on the ropes throughout the first six rounds. The flop of the year was the Louis-Conn fight . . . and Mike Jacobs had the nerve to charge \$100 for a ring-side seat. Mike's definition of a ring-side is any seat where binoculars aren't needed to see the figures in the ring.

The Dodgers losing to the Cards in the first play-off series in baseball history opened the door for Harry "the Cat" Breechen to tie Cy Young's record of winning three World Series games against the Boston Red Sox, American League Champions.

Ben Hogan led the professional golfers by winning \$42,566 and 11 tournaments. Ann Curtis took most of the swimming cups again last year and Ted Atkinson rode the most winners. Warren Mehrtens was the leading money jockey.

The Chicago Bears, led by ancient Sid Luckman, defeated the New York Giants, 24-14 in the National Football playoffs. One of the biggest gambling scandals in the history of football broke on the eve of the same game. The Cleveland Browns nosed out the New York Yankees in the snow to win the All-American Conference Title. (Art and Ed McBride, students here at Notre Dame, sat on the Browns' bench. Their Dad owns the Cleveland team.)

Jackie Kramer and Pauline Betz were

crowned king and queen of amateur tennis. Kramer was named number one man on Walter Pate's Davis Cup Team which traveled to Australia to bring the Davis Cup back to the United States.

The football game of the year was Navy's moral victory over the Cadets. And Notre Dame, after some deliberation on the part of eastern sport writers, was named the National Football Champions by the Associated Press.

Here at Notre Dame Father Holde-rith's golf team had the highest win percentage next to the football team. The "Long Walkers" won 7 matches, lost 1 by a single point and tied one. On the hardwood the Irish came out with 17 wins against 4 losses with three players named on the All-American team. Jake's baseball nine won 13 games while losing only 6. Mr. Langford's tennis team closed the season with 6 up and 3 down. Doc Handy's track team lost four dual meets, finished third in the state meet, and tied for sixth place in the C. C. C.



We're Asking For It Department

In a recent sports column in New York Buddy Young was declared the first Methodist to make the All-Catholic All-American team. When Buddy heard that he had received the honor, he immediately returned the gold football telling the experts that he was not a member of the Catholic faith. Some overzealous publicity man had sent Young's name to the entry committee

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unknown to Buddy. What we would like to know is why such team is chosen in the first place? Creed nor color should effect a person's right to gain a place of honor in the United States. If a group of Protestants got together to pick an All-Protestant team, we Catholics would not favor the idea. Yet, we sit idly by and say nothing as long as we are in the driver's seat. It's not right and should be dropped for the good of all.

No sooner had the announcement been made that the Army-Notre Dame game to be played here in 1947 would be temporarily the last of the series than telephone calls and telegraph message began coming to the athletic office inquiring about tickets for the game.

Herb Jones, Notre Dame business manager of athletics, said that no orders for any game on the 1947 schedule will be accepted before order blanks for them are sent out in midsummer, as is the custom. If any orders are made before that time, the money will be refunded and the orders disregarded. Season ticket order blanks will be sent out first, as usual, and other order blanks soon after.

The football public is requested not

to write to Mr. Jones' office for ticket information about the Army game or about any other game. One ambitious season box holder, however immediately wired Jones to install two extra seats in his box in order to take care of the extra Army game traffic.

Because Army will appear here next fall for the first time, it is expected that requests for season tickets will break all previous records. Local hotels, already filled for 1947 football weekends, will have room for no more patrons.

Army Strikes Colors

(Continued from Page 19)

will be nothing but satisfied memories at West Point—and a new group of set-ups will be trampled.

No, Notre Dame wasn't in favor of dropping the game, and the Irish never defeated by any more than 28 points, which means they distributed mercy on many an occasion.

Those two beatings of 1944 and 1945 changed a lot of minds, however, and Army knew how the wind blew. So in the confines of South Bend the khaki emissaries came right out and admitted:

"We no longer can compete on even terms with Notre Dame."

Strike-delayed Concert Scheduled for Sunday

The South Bend-Mishawaka Junior Symphony Orchestra will present a concert this Sunday at 8 p. m. in the auditorium of the Mishawaka High school. The concert was originally scheduled for December 15, but was postponed due to the coal strike and subsequent declaration of an emergency by the mayors of both South Bend and Mishawaka.

The soloist for Sunday's concert will be Ellsworth Moyer, 16-year-old violinist who has been playing the instrument for eight years. He will play Mozart's Concerto Number 5 in A Major.

The Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Zigmont George Gaska, will feature Brahms' Symphony Number 2 in D Major, which was last presented in South Bend by the Cleveland Symphony on November 14, 1946. It is regarded by music critics as an outstanding achievement for a junior orchestra to perform such a difficult piece. The program will also include "Vienna Life," by Johann Strauss; "Orpheus in the Underworld," by Offenbach; "The American Fantasy," by Victor Herbert, and a symphonic novelty, "A Musical Joke," by Mozart, which will be performed by a sextet within the orchestra.

Happy moment ...have a Coke



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PRINTS OF THE PAST

1908

Jan. 18: The varsity opened the basketball season by winning a 66 to 2 victory from the South Bend C. A. C. The closeness of the game was not properly shown by the score. . . . Feb. 1: The double-header basketball show in the fieldhouse Friday night saw the varsity fall before little Wabash College by a score of 28 to 18. In the other game the second team rallied to beat Brownson Hall 11 to 1. High man for Brownson was Jim Belton. . . . Feb. 8: A capacity crowd of thirteen people cheered wildly as the Detroit Y.M.C.A. defeated the Irish 34 to 22 in Detroit last week. . . . Apr. 25: The varsity baseball team has gone away to a brilliant start in its first four games by beating Wenona 19 to 0, Albion 18 to 0, Kalamazoo 19 to 0, and Beloit 3 to 2. . . . Sept. 19: Twenty-five wins and only three losses was the year's final record for one of N.D.'s greatest baseball teams. . . . Oct. 31: The varsity football team showed strength by cutting down a not-too-tough Physicians and Surgeons team 88 to 0 in forty minutes of play. Unfortunately penalties nullified three Irish touchdowns.

PRINTS OF THE PRESENT

Notresonnet

I've saved the worthy moments of the past
From selfish keeping of the flying years.
In memory's log in lasting letters cast,
Each theme of happy yesterdays appears.
With zealous care I guard the writing there,
And see no petty thought is given space.
All chaff the death of passing time must share;
The shining grain alone will find a place.
In dreaming through the log some future day,
When counting sands are hastening in the glass,
My mind with pride and reverence will stay
On one part that no other can surpass.
One chapter will a special tale unfold:
The strength and virtue of the Blue and Gold!

—E. Seger, Alumni

The economics prof who expounds eloquently for fifty minutes upon a theory, only to terminate his lecture by saying that it means absolutely nothing.

—TAM of Lyons

The prof who reveals a staggering extra assignment and then says in a generous tone: "Of course men, I'm giving you a whole week to do it in."

—Michael Wanchow, Off-Campus

One More Football Leftover

I was just glancing over one of those 1946 pre-season football yearbooks when I came across the following forecast:

From Down-Town South Bend to Down-Town Chicago

There is always a South Shore train to or from Chicago. Hourly service each way. For information call C. W. Veach, Ticket Office, 301 N. Michigan Street. Phone 3-3111.

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"Notre Dame admittedly is loaded, but not even the guy who built the golden dome could expect the Irish to wade through its schedule without a misstep or two along the line."

—Herby Schmitz, Lyons

Crying Room Only

It took me three weeks to read "The Age of Jackson," and I never even found out how old he was.

—Attentive Abie

Local Pet Peeves

The lad with the straight-ahead glance who breezes by in a big roomy sedan,



while students, weighted down by books, beseech rides to the University or to the downtown area.

—William Q. Johnson, Off-Campus

Freshmen's Dream

The skies are blue and stretch above,
Among my thoughts is, What is love?

I know for sure it's just a fire,
A burning of the heart's desire.
And yet I wonder far and wide,
Thinking of the love I've set aside,
Dreaming about the love gone by,
Laughing each day so as not to cry,
Praying to God to make one and the same
My love life and studies here at Notre Dame.

—JLK, Freshman Vet, Morrissey

Send or deliver contributions to THE STUDENT PRINTS, 124 Lyons Hall.

BX TO OPEN JANUARY 20

The campus non-profit book exchange—a service to students sponsored by Young Christian Students—will reopen in larger quarters in the Main Building on January 20th. Beginning that day the exchange will be open every afternoon from one to five until February 4th.



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