

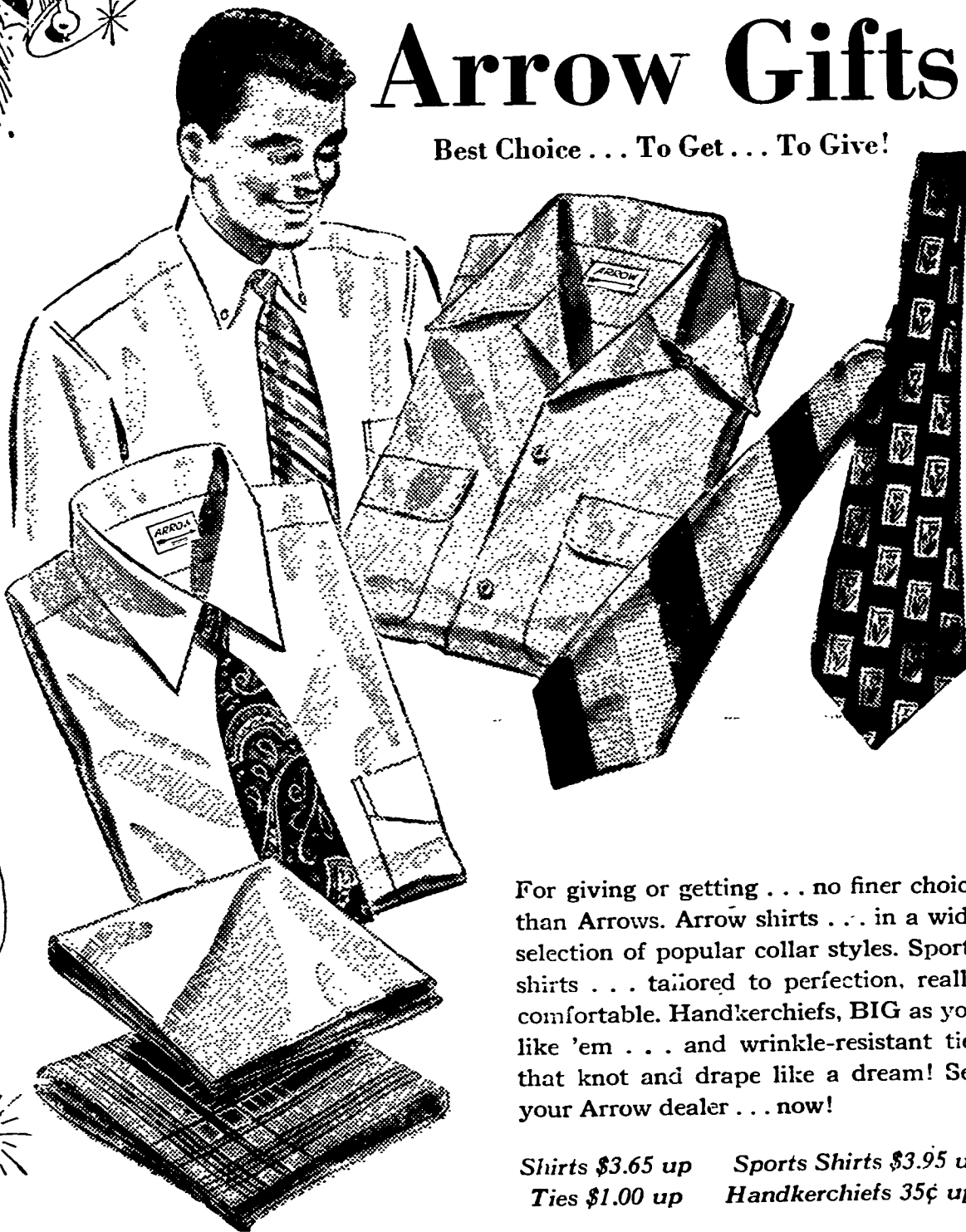




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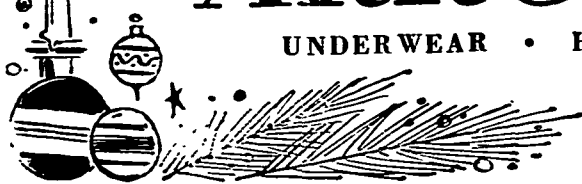


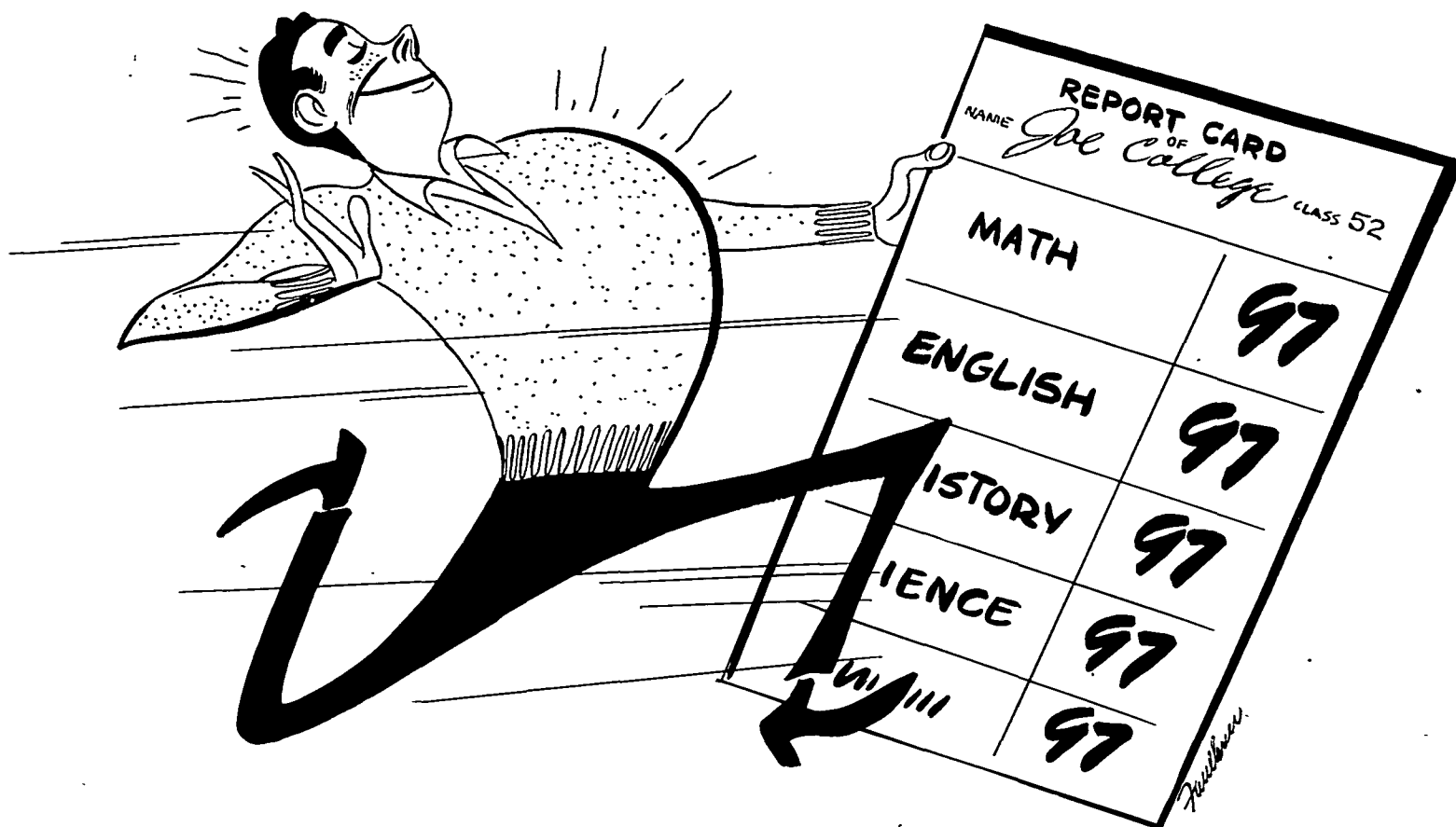
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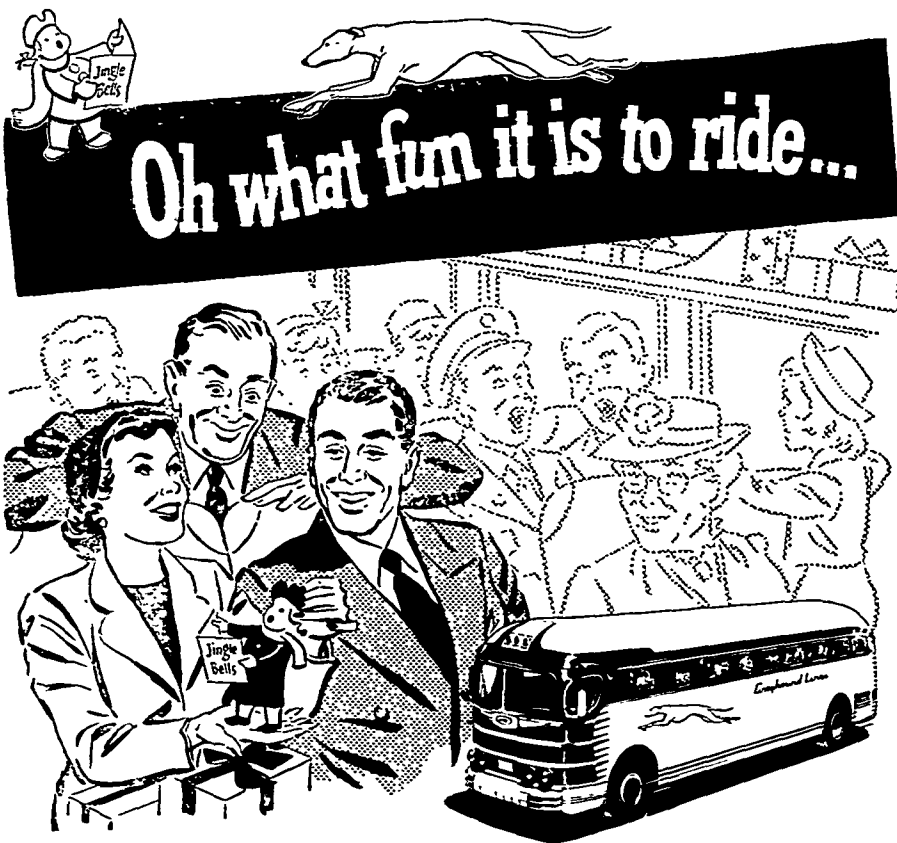
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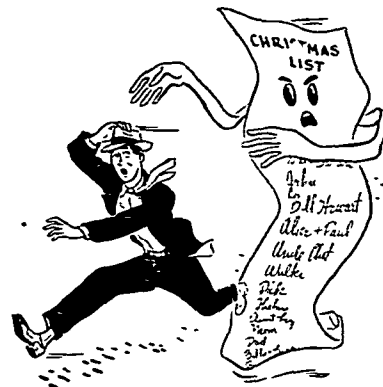
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the week

by JACK JANOWSKI

Top of the Week

Christmas comes but once a year . . .

Yuletide Yarn

Not so long ago, a Freshman from Zahm Hall by the name of Etaoin Shrdlu was scribbling his yearly letter to Santa Claus. Like all good little Freshmen, little Etaoin had been exceptionally good to his rector during December because he knew he wouldn't get a Hop-along Cassidy suit from St. Nick if he hadn't.

Suddenly little Etaoin burst into tears. His roommate nearly died laughing, but Etaoin just kept on crying and making ugly wet splatches on the clean floor.

Poor Etaoin's roommate had just told Etaoin that there wasn't a Santa Claus. That's why Etaoin was crying. That's why a neurotic Freshman from Zahm Hall took a scratchy pen in his grubby mitt and wrote this letter on the back of a *Religious Bulletin* to THE WEEK:

"Dear Mr. Week:

"I am a poor little Freshman from Notre Dame and I live with a roommate who says there ain't no such thing as Santa Claus. My Phy Ed teacher told me, 'If you read it in THE WEEK it must be true.' That's why I am asking you if there is a Santa Claus. Please say there is, or I will have to pay my roommate 5 bucks for losing this bet.

Thank you,
Etaoin Shrdlu."

We came across this letter and realized that an answer must be made. To Etaoin and any other skeptics or English majors who don't believe in Santa Claus we send this letter:

Dear Etaoin:

Yes, Etaoin, there is a Santa Claus. You or your roommate may not be able to see him, but he's there just like the Easter Bunny and Paul Neville. Remember, a lot of people don't believe in Santa Claus because they don't see him. But you just ask those people if they ever saw ice in the Notre Dame skating rink. See what they say to that, Etaoin.

Your roommate and the others who doubt the existence of Santa Claus, Etaoin, are products of a crass materialistic society, hardened by departmentals and 8 o'clocks in the Social Science building. They are afraid to believe in Santa Claus for the same reason they're afraid to believe in flying saucers. As logicians will prove, the reasoning is in-



valid, *ipso facto, summa contra gentiles*. Let them put that on their finals and see what happens.

It's a shame, Etaoin, that your roommate will have to lose 5 bucks, but there is a Santa Claus. In fact, he was in Dragoun's the other night sipping Berghoffs, red suit and all. If that's not real, what is?

Season of Peace?

We can't help wondering what the whole thing is all about this year. Christmas is a time for peace and brotherhood, and yet, everyone is still

trying to find real peace in a very un-peaceful world. Giving up completely certainly isn't the answer and having exaggerated hopes for the future is just as foolish. Heads or tails, nobody wins.

Before we leave this musty office until next year, we would like to send this Christmas greeting to everyone, but especially to YOU!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

By the way, this week's SCHOLASTIC is not taking the place of the Winter JUGGLER just because their co-editor has a story published herein. Our next issue will have features entitled *The Thing* by Rudolph, the you-know-what; *Why Margaret Truman Is a Talented Singer* by Westbrook Pegler; and *How It Feels to Be a Soldier*, by recently enlisted James Kelleher, ex-editor of the 1951 DOME. You'll be having a lot of company soon, Jim, so don't worry. Ah yes, you can't beat Christmas time!

Bottom of the Week

. . . and so does New Year's morning.

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ARTHUR MURRAY

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Christmas: 1950

It generally takes a while before the full meaning of the word *war* is ever realized. During the first few months after the start, the significance of war is lost in a jumble of headlines, mysterious maps, newsreels, by-lined stories from the front, and graphic pictures in magazines. People know there's a war on but it doesn't affect them particularly, mainly because they won't let it. They consider war some remote, vague, far, far-away sort of thing . . . let's keep it that way, don't dare disturb our status quo.

Then, like a bursting shell, the full impact of war hits home.

It hit Notre Dame this week. Word was received that Curt Kiesling had been killed in Korea. Curt graduated two years ago and there are many students still around who knew him well.

It takes death to wake people up.

There's nothing remote about a war when a friend has been killed in it. There's also nothing remote about a war that takes friends away from school. During the past few weeks a thin trickle of men has been leaving either to be drafted or else to enlist in the service. Next semester is bound to see many more leave.

And what's it all for?

It would be easy to answer that with a despairing, cynical reply. But as Christians we mustn't gloss over it with something trite. We must understand that this war is not one of self-preservation, alone. Nor is it being fought just to save our country. The cause this time is much richer. This might sound high-blown, but aren't we really fighting this horrible beginning of some even worse and inevitable holocaust for Christ? Of course we are.

The real contestants in this battle are not countries — they're ideologies. Ours against theirs.

Sure, we think it's a raw deal. The present conflict and crisis don't present us with any future to speak of. But it's time we put aside our personal griefs.

Now, as Christmas approaches, we should gain strength from Christ's Incarnation. We should prepare ourselves for whatever might come and prove we are worthy of His redemption.

As never before this is a time for sacrifice and prayer. The writing on the wall says with profound truth — *now or never*. We shall be heading home in a few days for the holidays. For some it might be the last Christmas with our families for many years to come. For others, it might be the last Christmas — ever.

It is time, then, to pray that if Christ should call us, we will be ready . . . ready like Curt Kiesling who now rests with God "in the sleep of peace."

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

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Editor

KENNETH A. THOREN '51

Associate Editors

WALTON R. COLLINS '51

JOHN H. JANOWSKI '51

JOHN J. POWERS '52 _____ News
CHARLES B. DULLEA '52 _____ Assistant News
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PHOTOGRAPHY STAFF: Gordon Brickson, Paul Fitzgerald, John Kinville, Charles Lenz, Harold Munger, Charles F. Murphy, Jr., C. Douglas Powers, Berry Reece, and Jerry Sheehan.

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COVER: This week's cover is a reproduction of a painting by Jan van Eyck. The editors and staff of the SCHOLASTIC wish the Notre Dame community a holy and happy Christmas and a blessed New Year.



IT HAPPENED that a decree went out at this time from the emperor Augustus, enjoining that the whole world should be registered; this register was one first made during the time when Cyrinus was governor of Syria. All must go and give in their names, each in his own city; and Joseph, being of David's clan and family, came up from the town of Nazareth, in Galilee, to David's city in Judaea, the city called Bethlehem, to give in his name there. With him was his espoused wife Mary, who was then in her pregnancy; and it was while they were still there that the time came for her delivery. She brought forth a son, her first-born, whom she wrapped in his swaddling-clothes, and laid in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

In the same country there were shepherds awake in the fields, keeping night-watches over their flocks. And all at once an angel of the Lord came and stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone about them, so they were overcome with fear. But the angel said to them, Do not be afraid; behold, the news I bring you is good news of a great rejoicing for the whole people. This day, in the city of David, a Saviour has been born for you, no other than the Lord Christ. This is the sign by which you are to know him; you will find a child still in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger. Then, on a sudden, a multitude of the heavenly army appeared to them at the angel's side, giving praise to God, and saying, Glory to God in high heaven, and peace on earth to men that are God's friends.—*Luke 2:1-15*



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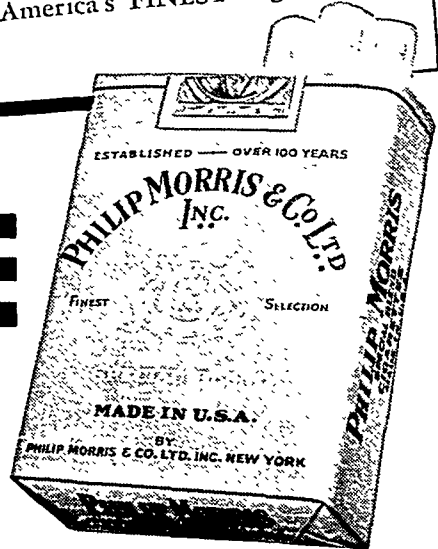
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Mardi Gras Offers Chevrolet and Latin Cruise; Frank Crovo Leads Work on February Festival

Mardi Gras time is looming near on the 1951 horizon. This year's Mardi Gras Carnival, to be held Feb. 5 and 6, will be the occasion of great rejoicing for two people. One of them will become the owner of a 1951 Chevrolet convertible and the other the possessor of a South American Cruise or its cash value, according to Frank Crovo, chairman of Mardi Gras awards.



Mardi Gras Chairman Frank Crovo

Donation ticket books will be distributed to all students before Christmas vacation begins. A new Chevy convertible will be awarded to the winning donor. To the student who sells the winning donation ticket goes the option of taking a cruise to South America or its cash equivalent.

In addition to these awards, \$100 in cash will be given the student who sells the greatest number of donation books. Awards will also go to the students in each hall and off-campus who sell the most books. These subsequent awards will be distributed according to sales achievement and in proportion to the number of men in the respective halls.

This year all proceeds from the Mardi Gras will remain on campus in the Student Council Campus Charity Chest from which disbursements are made to charitable organizations.

Students are warned by the Mardi Gras Committee not to lose their books, since all books must be accounted for. Additional donation books may be obtained in rooms 166 Dillon or 213 Cavanaugh.

Tonight: Glee Club In Christmas Concert

Adding to the general joy and gladness of the holiday season, the Notre Dame Glee Club will present their annual Christmas concert this evening at 8 p.m. in Washington Hall.

The 60-man vocal ensemble's appearance tonight will be their first formal campus concert of the year. As in years before, the "Singing Irish" will be under the direction of Daniel H. Pedtke, head of the Department of Music at ND.

Tonight's concert will be open to the public with no admission charge.

The past two days have been busy ones for the Glee Clubbers. On Wednesday, a portion of the organization appeared with the St. Mary's College Glee Club in Washington Hall to participate in the Bach Festival, a bi-centennial celebration sponsored jointly by the Department of Music and the Department of Modern Languages. The double chorus sang two chorales by the famous German composer, *God's Time Is the Best* and *The Spirit*.

Last night 40 members of the Glee Club traveled to Chicago to present a concert at the annual fund-raising banquet of the National Conference of Christians and Jews in the Grand Ballroom of the Stevens Hotel.

Council Presents Miniature Goalposts to Purdue, Michigan State

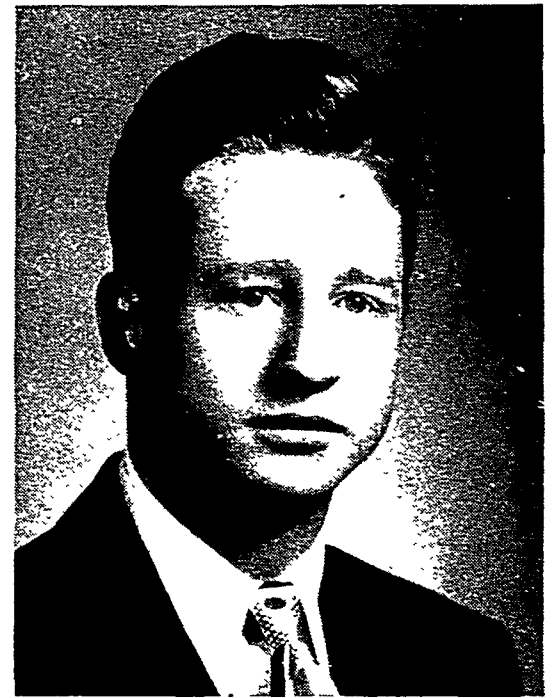
At the Notre Dame Football Banquet Wednesday night, Bill Anhut, president of the Student Council, presented small trophies to Stu Holcomb and Ralph Young for the student bodies of Purdue and Michigan State.

These trophies were miniature goalposts, inscribed with the scores of the two games which Notre Dame lost in its

Recent Grad Is Killed In Korean War Action

Curtis J. Kiesling, class of '49, is the first graduate of the University of Notre Dame to be killed while fighting with UN forces in Korea. Kiesling was killed in action on Nov. 28.

A resident of Chicago, he was very active in extra-curricular affairs while a student at the University. In addition to being secretary of the Young Christian Students organization, he was man-



Curtis J. Kiesling

aging editor of their publication, *Concord*, and a member of the local Knights of Columbus chapter.

His death shocked the great number of friends he had acquired at the University. Rev. Louis J. Putz, C.S.C., summed up the grief of all when he said, "It is terrible; he was a splendid, wonderful fellow."

home stadium during the 1950 football season. Also on the trophies was an inscription to the student bodies of the two schools praising them for their fine display of sportsmanship in not attempting to appropriate Notre Dame's goalposts.

The presentations were made at the suggestion of Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., president of the University.



Mr. Biondo and Miss Schnewind

Orchestra a Success In First Appearance

In their first campus appearance of the current school year, the Notre Dame Community Orchestra's concert in Washington Hall on Dec. 5 was an all-around success.

To the pleasure of an appreciative audience, the 55-piece "symphonette" provided an able accompaniment for Miss Rosalie Schnewind, featured violin soloist in the presentation of Eduard Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*. Under the interpretive baton of Dr. Charles A. Biondo, the Notre Dame classical music organization also played Carl Maria von Weber's *Oberon Overture* and George Bizet's not-often-heard, but delightful *Symphony in C major*.

The highlight of the evening's entertainment, however, was the performance of small, dark-haired Miss Schnewind. The young virtuoso played the first fourth and fifth movements of the Lalo composition with a dexterity and finesse of a seasoned professional. Her technique left nothing to be desired and her interpretation was honest and artful.

The Notre Dame Community Orchestra, using female musicians for the first time in history, deserves more praise than it seems to be getting. They surpassed their preceding orchestra groups in many ways, especially in their unity of presentation. Attacks and releases were sharp and defined and conductor Biondo's signals gave the listeners the heart of each selection.

We would like to remark on the unprogrammed opening selection of the orchestra. The playing of the Star Spangled Banner at the beginning of a Notre Dame musical program was a welcome novelty.—*John H. Janowski, '51*

Schedule Washington Journey for January

To see the highlights of Washington, the well-known monuments, and the government in operation, Dr. Paul C. Bartholomew, of the Political Science Department, will lead a five-day tour of the nation's capital between semesters Jan. 25 to Jan. 30.

The students going will visit such points of interest as the Congress, the Supreme Court, the Pentagon, the FBI, and the Smithsonian Institute.

"Those making the trip in past years have been quite enthusiastic," stated Dr. Bartholomew. In addition to the usual tour this year's visiting Irish from Notre Dame have been invited to the Irish Embassy the afternoon of Jan. 26.

"Moreover, Walter Trohan, chief of the Washington Bureau of the Chicago Tribune and a Notre Dame graduate, will probably extend his hospitality, as he has done in past years, to explain the news service in Washington," Dr. Bartholomew added.

The students making the trip will leave Notre Dame by bus Thursday afternoon, Jan. 25, for LaPaz, Ind. At LaPaz they will board the Baltimore and Ohio's streamliner, the Columbian, which will bring them into Washington the next morning at 8:40. While in Washington, Dr. Bartholomew will take the students on the various tours of the city and surrounding country. The evenings will be open.

The return train will leave the capital Monday, Jan. 29, at 5:40 p.m. and will arrive at LaPaz at 6:22 a.m. Tuesday. Special busses will bring the students back to the campus.

The cost of the tour is \$97 and covers the round-trip coach fare, meals, hotel accommodations, and all scheduled sightseeing, guides, and lectures. Anyone wishing to make a reservation may obtain one from Dr. Bartholomew, Room 230, Social Science Building.

Father Ryan, C.S.C., Dies; Priest for Forty Years

Rev. John M. Ryan, c.s.c., 69, chaplain of the Community House and former head of the Department of History died last week in St. Joseph Hospital.

Born in Chicago in 1881, Father Ryan was ordained in 1909. He received a bachelor of literature degree from Notre Dame in 1906 and a Ph.D. from Catholic University in 1925.

From 1929 to 1937 Father Ryan served as head of the history department, while from 1941 until 1947 he was the rector of various residence halls on campus. Prior to 1929 the priest had taught at Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C., and the University of Portland, Portland, Ore.

Author of several pamphlets on the history of the Catholic Church, Father Ryan had been chaplain of the Community House for the last two years.



Dr. Paul Bartholomew points to one of many famous sites to be seen by (l. to r.) Jim Bates, Ben Moses, and Dale Fallon on the between-semesters Washington trip.

The Candle Flutters

By FRANK BROPHY, '51

Tomorrow shall the Iniquity of the Earth
be Abolished; and the Saviour of the World
reign over US. . . .

Perhaps it is a truism that every age has its apocalypse, that the tremendous upheavals and changes which take place at the end of most epochs seem so wrought with destruction and desolation as to obscure the reconstructive processes which continue to work and to prevail. The eternal cry of the Jew in the Old Testament for justice and deliverance culminated in the scattering of the Jewish peoples to the far ends of the earth and the history of their race has ever since been one of the most tragic ever chronicled. Today it would appear that the twelve tribes of Judea have become the nations of the world against whom the forces of evil are plotting a second great Diaspora; a vengeance to be wreaked not just on one small race but on the race of human kind.

It has always been comparatively easy for us who live on "this happy isle" as it has been called, to feel that, although things are tough all over, they are not quite so bad that we Americans with a few bars of chocolate, a cigarette and a handy smile or two cannot overcome them. This has usually been our attitude in the past, even here at Notre Dame. In the last few weeks this complacency of mind has undergone some drastic revisions. We have begun to fear or at least suspect that maybe we are going out to fight the Prince of Darkness and when we have taken stock amongst our own leaders, we have found none equal to the task, except perhaps the Prince of Production. The odds definitely do not look good. A poet looking upon the present might well say in a fit of despair something to the effect that time has betrayed us, the past has forgotten us, and the future is upon us.

The candle in the window signifying the joy and happiness of Christmas still burns, but flutters in the face of the dark gulf of the future. For many of us it will be the last Christmas at home for what nobody knows how many years. A general gloom, pessimism, and tendency to despair darkens the joyous light of the Christmas season.

For the man of faith, however, the significance and religious mystery of Christmas will be the one consoling and strength-giving event of the future. For the nativity, the Incarnation is the one fact that faces us and tells us point-blank that the ultimate perseverance of the peace of God is now assured.

For the natural man who cannot possess or has not the three theological vir-

tues, Faith, Hope and Charity, the universal laws of existence are those of suffering and of sorrow. To avoid the intolerable state of despair the natural man has always placed hope in some future deliverance, but it has been a hope dominated by the dread of illusion and deception. He has never been able like the Stoic to void the future of both hope and fear, but he has had to face the reality of this "vail of tears" and has had to achieve that desperate balance between hope and fear which will permit him to live a tolerable life.

It is one of the greatest meanings of the Nativity that men were given a solid foundation which would support their sufferings and sorrows by bringing certainty into their hope, the certainty of faith in Christ. It is with Christ the Saviour there comes into the world the Christian virtue of faith; and this faith transfigures man's hope into a moral virtue and a religious duty. The natural man no longer needs to fear the future, he needs only fear God and fear himself.

Instead of lessening, Christianity has increased man's awareness of the future. What lies ahead becomes truly apocalyptic and what makes it so, is man's faith and hope. They justify his interpretation of "present events and catastrophe in the light of an eschaton, as a prefiguration of an ultimate outcome."

Our Christian eschatology does not merely make the "last things" the end events of a long series of continuous worldly events. If this were so, it would be hard to justify the validity of the claims of faith and hope. It is precisely because these "last things" are redemptive in nature that faith and hope is maintained. As Christians we believe that the four last things will consummate and fulfill God's redemptive purpose. We believe that justice will prevail and that we will be delivered up to God. It is in this eschatological redemptive light that perhaps the joyous light of Christmas will best dispel the forces of darkness which surround and threaten it today.

The evidence of the natural, of the purely temporal order seem to manifest a world bent on its own destruction. It is, therefore, not very comforting, and if we cannot rise above the purely natural, surely we must inevitably fall into despair or cynicism. But, since we are inhabitants of the supernatural world as well, we should look at its evidence, at its history, and if we do we shall be confronted by the overpowering fact of the Incarnation, of its promise of redemption, and of its fulfillment in the

Crucifixion and Resurrection. The truth of the Redemption dominates the whole of Christ's life, but it first comes to us in the Nativity, in the cold and bleak stable outside of Bethlehem. It is with these truths that we should face the present crisis today; and it is because the world is balanced precariously over the pit of catastrophe, that Christians should take up its greater meaning and significance for us. And we should give to it a greater opening of our hearts and souls in praise and thanksgiving to God.

Scientists Leave Labs For First Annual Ball

A week after Christmas vacation, the members of the College of Science will endeavor to keep up their holiday spirits at the first annual Science Ball to be held at the Palais Royale on Jan. 12, 1951. This is their first venture into the science of holding a dance, but from all indications a successful one is in the making.

Gene Hull and his band will play from 9 'til 12:30. Car permissions have been granted for the evening, and nobody will have to be back to their labs until 1:30 a.m.

For those who are interested in bringing dates from across the highway, the St. Mary's girls have had their deadline lengthened until 1 a.m. Moreover, buses will provide transportation to and from the dance.

The three chairmen of the dance, Bob Beh, Don Sondag, and Corky Desmond, have announced that the tickets have already been placed on sale. They can be purchased for \$3.25 apiece from Phil Roerig in 236 Dillon or Fred Schlichtring in 216 Alumni.

For those who don't know any St. Mary's girls Jim McGuire has established a date bureau in 342 Dillon. Pat Barrett is in charge of the orchestra while William Conroy is handling the program for the evening. Bob Knoebel will have charge of decorating the Palais. The publicity for the dance is in the hands of Jerry Hurtgen.

Prof. Johnson to Speak Tonight on Usury Problem

Tonight at 8 p.m. Professor Herbert Johnson of the Department of Philosophy will talk in the Law Auditorium on "The Problem of Usury." Afterwards a philosophical discussion of his address will be held.

This discussion will be led by Professor John Sheehan, head of the Department of Economics. The chairman will be Rev. Gerald Phelan, director of the Mediaeval Institute. The general public is cordially invited to attend.

Happy Holiday Artist

By AL LAPORTE, '51

There's a line in one of Irving Berlin's most famous hits which goes "I'm dreaming of a White Christmas, with every Christmas card I write." A South Bend woman has parodied this line into "I'm dreaming of a bright Christmas, with every Christmas card you write." She can be excused if she appears slightly mercenary about the whole thing because this woman is one of the world's foremost Christmas card artists, the very talented Alice Schlesinger.

Viennese-born but now an American citizen, the young artist might be regarded as out of line with the current trend away from religious greeting cards and the acceptance of a meaningless snow scene as typical of the Christmas spirit. Her designs for Ars Sacra and for Crestwick carry the religious theme in a very appealing way, depicting cherubic angels and children in situations bound to draw a laugh from anyone.

It was in 1939 that the Viennese girl left Austria for the United States, arriving in New York that Fall. She was soon married to her Austrian fiance, Bruno Schlesinger, who had left the Old World the previous year. The newly-

weds moved to Los Angeles where for three years Alice worked with coast advertising agencies, putting her extensive art training to work in the field of women's fashions. In 1942 the Schlesingers came to South Bend and again Alice was employed in fashion advertising, this time for the Frances Shop.

Abandoning free lance work, Alice settled for a two-year contract with Crestwick in 1943, drawing under the name "Lory." At first the demand was not too great for her work, but her style rapidly caught on and the orders increased accordingly. The Crestwick motto—"Cute, humorous and lovely"—suited her to a "T," for she loves to draw children and the rather impish angels which have become her trademark.

Hallmark Greeting Card Company originated its Gallery series in 1948, selecting the outstanding art works of the past and the most prominent artists of the present to combine in producing Christmas cards on a truly "arty" plane. Listed among the contributors were Rockwell, Moses, Reynoir, Picasse and Alice Schlesinger. This was big time stuff, and the lady from Vienna fits



A typical Schlesinger angel in action.

very comfortably into the scheme of things. Since the inauguration of the Gallery series, Hallmark has obtained the rights of another well known European painter, one Winston Churchill.

Mrs. Schlesinger does not confine her talents to Christmas cards alone, however. She has designed playing cards for Arco of Chicago, Easter cards for Crestwick, and engagement, wedding and birth announcements for the same company. As an illustrator for children's books, she is one of the best. Under contract to Grosset and Dunlap of New York, Mrs. Schlesinger did the art work for the Hans Christian Anderson story "The Fir Tree," the illustrations for "Christmas Carols," "365 Bedtime Stories" and "Happy Hour Stories." At present she is working on a book of "Favorite Singing Games," having completed her assignment on a Mother Goose story book, not as yet published.

Quite unlike the popular conception of a well known artist, Alice Schlesinger hasn't any glorified studio nor any set schedule for her work. She is first and foremost a housewife and mother of two youngsters who always manage to be around when Alice the artist has to work. Each illustration requires approximately 16 hours of exacting work from the roughed dummy to the finished colored design. Between taking care of her home and children, she is lucky to get half an hour of relative peace at any one sitting.

Still the artist with the continental look and air manages to turn out 10 to 15 sketches a month, most of them on a contract basis. The slack season for her is the early Fall with work snowballing up as winter comes on. When the snow flies, so does her pencil, pen and brush.

Mrs. Schlesinger, with her four years of training in the Academy of Fine

Not exactly helped by her two small children, Alice Schlesinger endeavors to paint one of her popular holiday cards. She is a member of the Hallmark Gallery series.





Mrs. Schlesinger draws a tiny figure.

Arts at Vienna, is first of all an artist. She has recognized that, as in most things, there are two schools of thought even in the designing of Christmas cards, and both of them seem to be diametrically opposed. On the one hand are the "no art" cards, those which are marketed solely for the purpose of mass appeal and commercial value. These cards Mrs. Schlesinger would raise to the standards of art, but keep their great appeal. The other extreme is that of the very severe, liturgical card which has the spirit of a religious feast but little appeal to the general public, the people who are, after all, the buying agent. These cards, while keeping the true spirit of the season, should be "humanized," made more appealing and, hence, made more marketable.

How well Alice Schlesinger has succeeded in closing the gap between the two is evidenced by the great demand for her cards. She has blended the underlying theme of Christian Christmas with simple humor and a faint touch of old Vienna to produce cards which sell that Christmas idea and sell at the same time. By taking children and animals as her subjects she has reached that part of the human heart which always enjoys the antics of the young. Those pictures have universal appeal the world over, because they're human and real. They are, as Crestwick says, "cute, humorous and lovely . . ."

Gurian Discusses Soviet

In a lecture sponsored by the Committee on International Relations, Dr. Waldemar Gurian discussed "The Soviet Union and World Affairs" Wednesday night in the Law Building.

Professor Gurian, of the Department of Political Science, devoted attention to the present world crisis. After the lecture the floor was opened to questions and comments.

Dec. 15, 1950

Met Club to Hold Xmas Dance at Waldorf; Other Clubs Planning Annual Holiday Affairs

Miss Mary Louise Willenbrink of Louisville, Ky., guest of John O'Brien of White Plains, N. Y., will be crowned "Queen of the Ball" at the Met Club's annual Christmas Formal to be held Wednesday, Dec. 26, at the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Music will be provided from 9 to 2 by Harry Arnold and his band. The Palm Room, adjacent to the Starlight Roof, will be available to the dancers for additional seating accommodations. In case of inclement weather, two dressing rooms will be provided in the hotel for changing from street clothes to formal attire.

Tickets, priced at \$6 per couple, may still be obtained from either Dance Chairman John O'Brien of 258 Dillon, or Ticket Chairman Bob Clemency of 232 Dillon. Approximately 275 couples are expected to attend the dance.

Schenectady Club

The Notre Dame Alumni Club of Schenectady will hold its annual Christmas dance on Dec. 29 at the Locomotive Club in that city.

Notre Dame students from the Schenectady area are invited. The dance will be semi-formal with the committee supplying corsages. Campus committeemen for the affair are assistant track coach Jim Miller and Richard Mansfield of 247 Alumni Hall.

Kansas City Club

The Kansas City Club has completed arrangements for its annual Christmas party, according to Don Owens, the club president. The celebration will be a dinner dance held at the Holiday House in Kansas City on Wednesday, Dec. 27.

The club has invited the officers of the Notre Dame Alumni Association of Kansas City, Mo., and their wives to the party, and the parents of all the members have been extended special invitations.

Owens said that he expects about one hundred people at the dinner dance, which is on a stag or drag basis.

Louisville Dance

Subway alumni, Notre Dame students from Kentucky, and holiday merrymakers will have a chance to make the best of the Christmas season when the student Kentucky Club on campus and the Notre Dame Club of Kentucky will join hands in sponsoring the annual Christmas Dance in Louisville, Ky. The gala event, which is one of the highlights of the season in Louisville, is to be held



Miss Mary Louise Willenbrink

Dec. 29 from 9 till 1 in the Grand Ballroom of the Seelbach Hotel.

Irvin Stemble, prominent orchestra leader and his 11-piece ensemble will furnish the music. Dress will be optional and tickets will be \$3 per couple. A corsage consisting of three baby orchids will be presented to each girl. "No break" cards are also to be distributed.

ND Debate Club Impressive At University of Iowa Meet

At the recent University of Iowa Invitational Tournament, Notre Dame made a worthy showing in the 36-team field representing 18 colleges. Bill Carey and Bill Dempsey won 3 out of the four debates they participated in while Al DeCrane and Tom Field won 2 out of 4.

Carey tied for first place for individual honors in the debate with a superlative rating, the highest possible. Field, DeCrane and Dempsey got superlative ratings in Discussion. The Debate Club has appeared in 60 debates so far this year.

Last week, the younger members of the squad participated in the Freshman-Sophomore tournament at the Chicago Division of the University of Illinois. This contest was for those in their first year of Varsity Debate. Al DeCrane, Tom Field, Paul Davies, Bill Fagan, Bob Houck, Bob Barbierrri, Don Dowden and Bill Hank engaged in this contest.

Institute Hits World Neglect of Natural Law; Speakers Call for Return to Ways of God

A neglect of the Natural Law is responsible for the critical condition of the world today, five nationally-prominent speakers declared at the fourth annual Natural Law Institute held last Friday and Saturday in the College of Law at the University of Notre Dame.

The Institute, sponsored by Cincinnati businessman Alvin A. Gould, featured addresses by George E. Sokolsky, of New York City, nationally-syndicated newspaper columnist; Hon. Joseph J. Brogan, of Jersey City, N. J., former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey; Hon. Joseph C. Hutcheson, Jr., Chief Judge of the United States Court of Appeals, Fifth Circuit, Houston, Tex.; Felix Morley, of Washington, D. C., Pulitzer Prize winning journalist and former Editor of the *Washington Post* and of *Human Events, Inc.*; and Rev. John C. Ford, S.J., Professor of Moral Theology at Weston College, Weston, Mass.

Mr. Sokolsky, speaking at the opening session of the Institute, declared that a neglect of the Natural Law in important international conferences is responsible today for the "slaughter of our sons in Korea." Mr. Sokolsky spoke on "The Source of Human Rights."

"Munich, Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam. These are but a few of the conferences which since 1938 have brought upon

mankind war and tyranny and death," Mr. Sokolsky pointed out. "We are today reaping the thorns and thistles sown at these meetings from which the law of God was always absent. Who can say that what was done at Teheran in November, 1943, can be justified by the blood and death of December, 1950? Who can say that the rape of Poland and the abandonment of China — both denials of the sworn word, would pass into history as forgotten sin?"

"Yet, those practical men did not fear the consequences of their own positiveness. They risked greatly because they risked nothing that was important to them — namely, the truth. And to the world, their retreat from principle has brought nothing but tears and mourning throughout the world."

Mr. Sokolsky stated that "the test of their systems came with the arrest of Archbishop Stepinac, not because he is a Roman cleric, nor even because he is a man of religion, of any religion."

"The test came because no government, no major nation, protested the impropriety for his trial and imprisonment as a violation of truth," he observed. "So practical had we all become that nothing really mattered except the avoidance of responsibility."

"So the betrayal of Poland, of China, of Czechoslovakia, of Hungary set the

stage for the slaughter of our sons in Korea. Nations, like men, cannot betray the law of God, without suffering the consequences of their errors. For an historical error set a course which only a moral response can alter."

Judge Brogan, speaking on "The Natural Law and the Right to Liberty," declared that totalitarianism is a "legiti-

(Continued on Page 32)

Columnist Gives View On World Conditions

Among the speakers participating in the meeting last week of the Natural Law Institute was George E. Sokolsky, whose syndicated columns are printed in the *New York Journal-American* and *Sun*, and many other papers throughout the country.

At different times in his career he has edited the *Russian Daily News* of Petrograd and has served as an assistant editor of the *North China Star*, in addition to his work as a columnist. Out of this experience came a number of books which demonstrate a thorough knowledge of the events which led up to the present crisis.

When questioned concerning the draft prospects for college students Mr. Sokolsky had little to offer that was encouraging. He predicted that the United States will become involved in a "permanent war," a catastrophe virtually impossible for Americans to conceive. "The American people," he said, "can look forward to wartime mobilization for the remainder of their natural lives."

Thinking back to another "phony war," Mr. Sokolsky recalled the warning of the Isolationists in 1937, that once we became involved in foreign wars we were liable to become permanently embroiled.

In regard to the possible influence of the new conservative coalition in Congress on the draft situation, Mr. Sokolsky expressed doubt that it would have any effect in that regard. However, he believes that the Congress, not the President, will be the dominant factor from now on. In his opinion, "Mr. Truman has lost the confidence of the people."

In addition to his lack of faith in the President and his assistants such as Dean Acheson, Mr. Sokolsky believes that most of our military leaders are too idealistic. He said that, compared to the Communists, the Germans of the last World War were an honorable enemy.

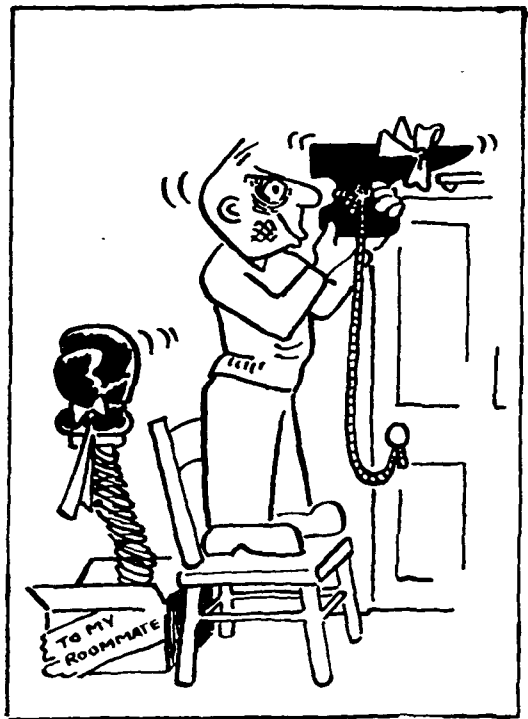
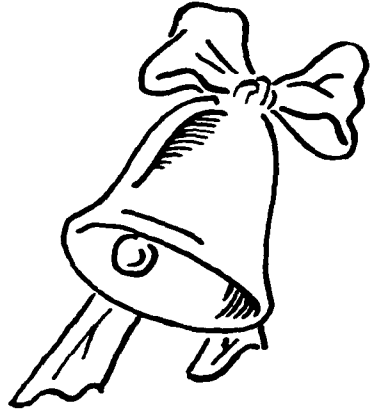
Turning to a somewhat pleasanter topic, Mr. Sokolsky when questioned, shrugged off with modesty his generous gifts to the University. His only comment was, "I like the atmosphere and I like the school."

Several prominent men at the Natural Law Institute are (l. to r.) Joseph Hutcheson, George Sokolsky, Alvin Gould, Thomas Brogan, Father Ford, and Felix Morley.

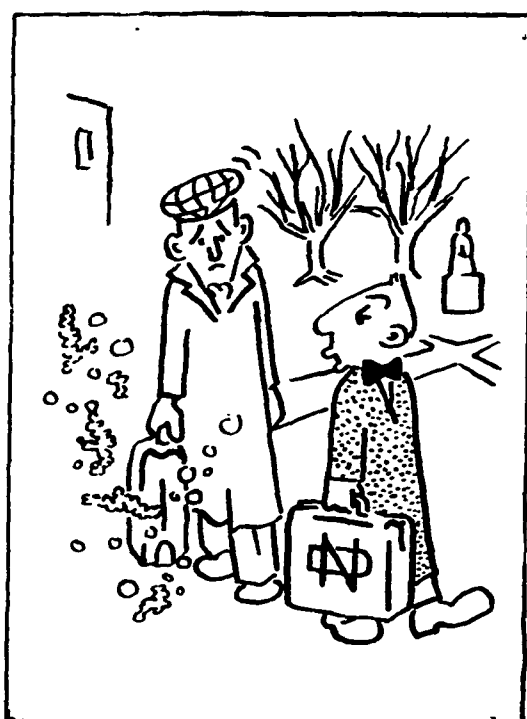


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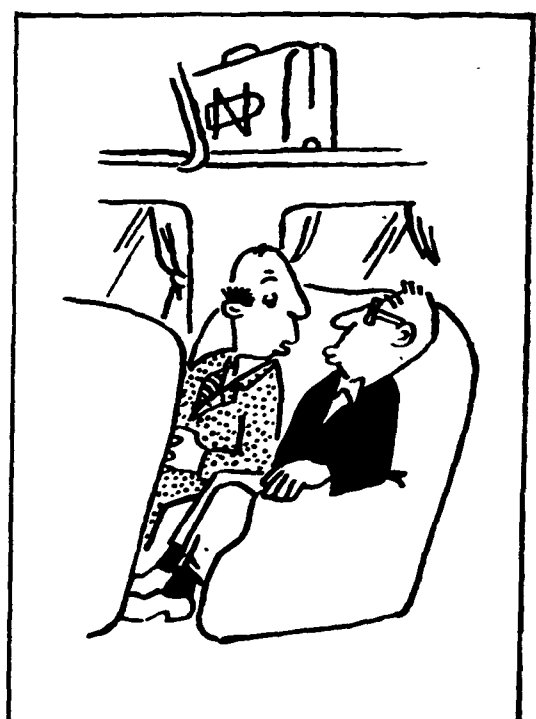
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I'd like some outside reading to take home.



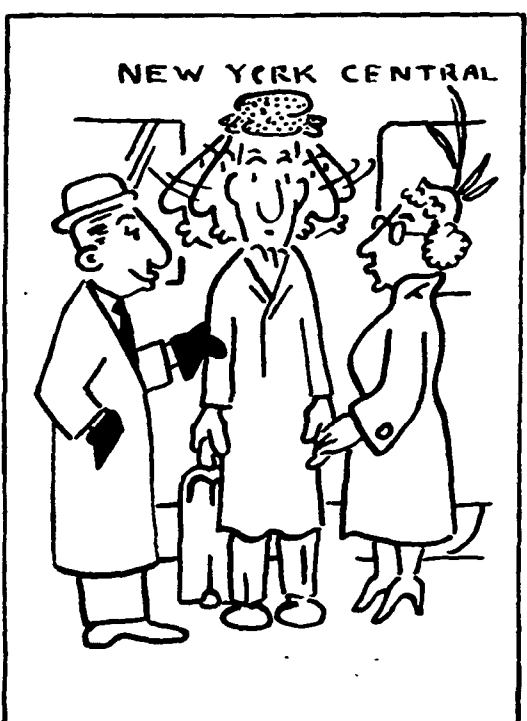
You leave that shampoo uncapped, again?



You go there, eh. What position do you play?



Hold it—we're still five miles from home.



She said her date didn't want her to come.



He says he's too used to the beds at school.

REECE



Led by (from right) Jerry Kerns, Tom Carroll, and Bill Anhut, several Notre Dame men greet Irish Captain Jerry Groom (l.) and teammates on return from California.

Sooners Down Irish In Moot Court Finals

After capturing runner-up honors in the Seventh Federal District during the ides of November, the Notre Dame moot court teamsters were dropped in their first match with Oklahoma University weekend before last in New York City.

Georgetown was victorious over the University of Kansas City in the national finals, having previously ousted the '49 champs, Yale. Seventh District winner, Chicago-Kent, was also eliminated in the first round by the University of Albany.

The ND squad, composed of seniors George Pletcher, Harold Van Tassel, and Arthur Beaudette and joined by Professor Edward F. Barrett, were compelled to alter their argument four days before the tourney began. Since more than half the 42 teams competing had taken the respondent side of debate in their respective district contests, it was necessary to draw lots in order to even the number of schools on the respondent and appellant sides in the nationals. Unfortunately, Notre Dame drew the unlucky appellant. Many of the groups similarly affected also lost their primary debates. The case for argument for all teams was the "Legal Aspects of Rain Making."

On Friday morning of the contest weekend the ND and Yale squads were presented on a 30-minute NBC television show, Ed Herlihy's "A Date in Manhattan." The barristers were queried by the emcee on the moot court activity. All the schools were feted that day at a luncheon at the New York Lawyers' Club, and afterwards many of the larger law firms on Wall Street conducted a team through their offices.

The New York City Bar Association held buffet suppers for the wranglers both Thursday and Friday nights. Following the final debate Friday evening, there was a small luncheon at which Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson, Federal Judge Harold Medina, and the other distinguished lawmen serving as judges for the final round of the contest were introduced.

Professor Barrett lauded the team, saying: "I was very proud of the argument made by our team. Many of the lawyers in attendance also expressed admiration for the skill with which the team conducted the appellant case on such short notice.

"We feel that, inasmuch as this was our first year in the competition, we have well merited recognition in reaching the New York nationals."

A Reply to Sports Editor Neville

On Dec. 6, Paul Neville, sports editor of the South Bend "Tribune," wrote a criticism of the Notre Dame student body's spirit in his column "On the Level."

In reply to Mr. Neville, the following letter was sent to him and is reprinted here with the permission of the undersigned.

December 7, 1950

Mr. Paul Neville, Sports Editor
South Bend Tribune
South Bend, Indiana
Dear Mr. Neville:

After reading your bitter attack upon the student body of the University of Notre Dame, we feel it is only right that certain facts should be brought to your attention.

The Notre Dame spirit is not "dead," "synthetic" or a thing of which the students should be "ashamed." The spirit reached a peak during the Michigan State weekend not previously seen by any student now present at Notre Dame. Naturally it has cooled down since then but there is still a fine spirit existing (witness the overflow crowd at the basketball game Wednesday evening).

Regarding a "welcome back" for our football team last Monday, the Student Council and Blue Circle, which organized student rallies, had two plans from which to choose. As it turned out we,

perhaps, chose the wrong one. The first was to have a rally at the circle as the team arrived on campus. This was not done because we thought there would be a possible recurrence of what happened after the Indiana game. The "welcome home" fell through as most of the players remained in town after the plane trip to South Bend. The second plan, and the one which was followed, was to have a representative group at the airport to meet the team. Considering the distance of the airport from the University, its inaccessibility, and the uncertainty of the arrival time of the plane this plan seemed the most plausible and suitable. Chosen representatives of the student body, members of the Student Council and Blue Circle, welcomed the team home. Those at the airport were:

Jim Hennessy—president, Senior Class
Hank Madden—vice-president Senior Class

Tom Reedy—vice-president, Sophomore Class

Ken Thoren—editor of the SCHOLASTIC
Dave Schoen—treasurer of the Blue Circle

Dick Herrle—head cheerleader

A few other students and the undersigned,

Thomas W. Carroll
Chairman of the Blue Circle
William F. Anhut
Student Council President

The Season of a Star

By D. K. YEREX, '51

Co-Editor of JUGGLER

LUBIK stood beside the last trap, black against the snow he had scraped from it with his glove, and looked along the edge of the frozen pond. Snow had been falling too long; it was hard to tell where the ice began. He knelt down and joints felt stiff—perhaps age, perhaps just the cold—picked up snow and dusted it over the trap until it was also white, unseen again, walked backwards away from it, brushing over his deep dark footprints with a branch. Further along the way a small dotted trail caught his eye and he moved over to it. Squirrel—damnit, just squirrel. No more rabbit or coon around now. All the coon maybe buried under the snow, thought Lubik.

A little snow, like most years, good; but this year it coming so thick he might plow into drifts up around his chest on the lee side of the hill and all the animals he tried to trap for their pelts was gone away, or dead or something—no good for Lubik. As for deer—three days since Lubik had seen a single doe track. Damn—Lubik muttered to himself as he swaggered forward through the snow like a sailor on shore, swaying to either side to pull up one leg and throw it forward, sinking deep, down to firm earth under the snow. Land of plenty—huh! In the old country were more deer everywhere always—every week Lubik got deer. On the top of the rise Lubik walked clear of the scrubby trees and looked out in front of him across the white ocean of land. Most years Lubik remembered he could see always little patches of black peeking up from the white covering where a tree or a rock or a post stood through, but this year—nothing. Nothing to mar the white soft smoothness curved in over everything and stretched across the hollows like a sheet of silk, moulded like frosting where a tree had been and everywhere sparkling in the sun.

The air was clearer than it had ever been, for today Lubik could see the colliery top at Paulville, one small dark spike upright against the whole whiteness of the beyond. I be damn, thought Lubik—I be damn. It was not often Lubik could see ten miles; just today with the air so clear from the cleaning it had received when the white powder had seeped slowly down through the air and the night. In the old days, ten miles would have been nothing—but then, in fact, ten miles is quite a long way thought Lubik. And in Austria, in his

home in the mountains, the air was clear all times. He turned to start back and his drunken track deep through the snow stretched loosely like a dotted line into the trees.

LUBIK'S shack was half-way up the hill. Half-way down the other side was Quarriton. Lubik hardly ever saw Quarriton and the town people rarely came to see him. Both seemed satisfied with that arrangement. Occasionally during the 'season' people came to buy venison from him. Just a few people though, who knew that Lubik would always be able to get deer while there were a few left remaining there among the hills in the north of the state. Others came to buy wild honey from him, and last October there had been a dozen young people swarming about his little cottage, sitting on canvas seats before easels, painting the geese that honked distractedly as they watched this new

foolishness from the edge of the lake behind the house.

Spring before that two men with cameras had come to take pictures of the squirrels that lived all-year in the hollow logs wired to the south side of his building. But mostly people left Lubik alone. There had been a time when he had tried to be known by people the way he had in Austria. He told them his name—the men who came each year to find out about the best places for shooting, or to get bait from him, or borrow a bird dog—he had told them: Call me Boch. But they called him Lubik, or maybe Euck, which was worse. He plodded slowly along in his own deep footprints now, up the long rise to his little house and was greeted from a distance by the loud honking of a single white goose that stood in the open window. Lubik entered the small single-room house and closed the window, built a fire quickly in the open grate and discarded his worn thick



coat, his heavy boots and leather leggings.

The goose waddled about the room in his wake, honking and wheezing angrily until he threw his boot at it. It stumbled frantically across the floor with one wing flapping and hid under the table gurgling angrily from that refuge. When he had changed, Lubik took a handful of corn from a cupboard and coaxed the bird from under the table. Its hard beak rapped rhythmically on the floor and Lubik's squat fingers caressed its sides, under the deformed wing, ruffling the soft under-feathers. The flock had flown south shortly after the first snow-fall and Lubik, walking across the now-empty shore where they had so often gathered in querulous groups, had found one bird that remained, its wing deformed by some freak accident, its body thinly wasted from its inability to compete with the others for food.

Now, with good care, he had watched it grow plump and healthy. Tamed, it became a companion to him, as the dog had once been. Eat good, old bird, said Lubik softly, maybe not much food much longer. No deer, no rabbits, always the ice too cold on the lakes for old Lubik to go fishing—so, I eat your corn eh? Poor bird, poor old goose. The white goose, ignoring his crooning monologue, flicked the last hard nugget down its throat and stretched its neck forward, its tail wagging from side to side as Lubik stroked, ruffling the feathers gently. Perhaps Lubik go work, eh? The old man kneeling on the floor, with head to one side, looking down at the beady eye of the bird, spoke softly and slowly as his hand moved back and forth along the downy flanks.

Maybe I work and make money and buy plenty food for Lubik and for goose. You think so goose? Right. Lubik will do it. He stood up and walked to the table, lifted a letter from the top of a pile of old papers and took a single sheet from the envelope. The address stared up at him from the table-top—Mr. Buck Lubick, Farm Road, Quarriton. His own son even—his own son called him Buck and did not understand about the other name. But Boch was more than a name; it was a title, a rank given him by the people in his town because he was the best deer hunter in that part of the mountains. Everyone in Austria knew what it meant when a man was called Boch. And when he had walked up the steep sloping street to the edge of town with the rifle over one shoulder and pack on his back, the fresh edelweiss sprig in his cap so jauntily, he had always smiled at people and called to them. And the men and the women standing in their sun-bright doorways had called back, smiling happily—Hoh, Boch, you bring a leg of fresh venison home eh? Boch, how about you bring me back a good thar skin eh?—Boch they called, and it

was a name to be proud of. But not any more. Lubik began to pace the floor as he reread the letter. What in hell is Lubik going to do in city store—make mink coats for ladies maybe? No, Lubik never could work in city store. But the boy says Lubik has a job there if he wants it . . . so, tomorrow I go there.

NEXT day, in the harsh light of the morning across a wide sweep of snow, Lubik trudged over the hill in his best clothes and came down through the streets in the outskirts to the very centre of the city. His son, assistant manager of a mine fifty miles away, knew someone who knew another who had written a letter and now Lubik stood, looking for Gordon's Store. It was not hard—it was the biggest place in town and Lubik had only passed by, once. It was not often, Lubik thought, that he wrote to his son, but it had been a bad season. He needed help. So they offered him Boch—no, they offered Lubik a job, in a city store. He stood before the high front of it with the rows of windows going up in straight layers, wanting to turn back, wanting to try to carry on with the things he knew.

But no, he must try this; perhaps they would turn him down and he could write to his son again. Inside the building there were only counter assistants about and he walked to the offices in the rear of the building as he was directed. I send to see Mr. Coolith, he told them. Mr. Coolith had not yet arrived, would he wait please, in the outer office please, Mr. Coolith would surely come in a few minutes, a very few minutes. Lubik sat on the leather seat uncomfortably with the letter in his hands in his lap. He waited forty minutes without moving, stood up respectfully when a too-well-dressed young man came hurrying through the office. You want to see me? Yes—Lubik sir, my name's Lubik. I have letter. He held the envelope out towards the young man—it was curled at the corners and something had stained across the type-written address. The young man turned away from it towards his office. Yes Mr. Lubik, come in. Lubik followed him through the door, looking shyly about himself.

Mr. Coolith stood leaning back on his desk looking Lubik up and down carefully. At last he straightened up and walked around the desk from his swivel chair. Mr. Lubik, I think you'll do very well—with a few alterations. Lubik merely looked at him. Mr. Coolith went on. We need a Santa Claus for the store—the kids expect it you know and it helps business. For some time he went on through all the details of the job, never pausing to enquire if Lubik wanted the job. Lubik did. In fact it sounded like a very good job to him—very good.

A sort of disguise so people would not know him and say to themselves—that old Lubik's working in Gordon's store; guess he's getting too old to hunt any more. And then also he wouldn't have to work beside people and talk with inquisitive ones or listen to their troubles. He would be alone with a lot of noisy children who just considered him Santa Claus who would work miracles. Well, Lubik could say anything he liked and then the parents would have to worry about performing the feats. I take it, he said. Good.

EACH night on his return to the little house on the wrong side of the hill Lubik had fed the goose with the corn he had saved from his own small crop. The goose grew fat and lazy and Lubik himself stopped using the corn for his own meals because there was plenty in the cupboards now. At times during the day he walked about the store and sometimes along the streets near-by with a little sign on his chest and another on his back. The manager or someone always told him where and when so that Lubik had no worries of his own.

Mothers came with their children, many trying vainly to escape the necessity of coming close to the little compartment where Lubik sat in his own small majesty. He sat on a throne with a little ramp coming up to him, toys spread haphazardly about the floor. They suggest things to the kids, Mr. Coolith had said. Behind his false beard and whiskers Lubik found it easy to smile at the children as they came up to him. The parents waited outside, standing usually in the doorway to listen secretly to the children's confidences. Lubik bent down to each one, lifted the smaller youngsters on his knee, or placed his hands on their shoulders and leant close to them. I wanna pony or maybe a bike an' a pair a' skates an'—Lubik would glance over the child's shoulder and a mother standing in the doorway would nod. A pony, maybe, and a bike and a pair of skates—I think we get them for OK sonny so long you always be a good boy and do what you told. Santa Claus I'd like a little brother for Christmas—Children read too many books thought Lubik.

He didn't bother to look up. Brothers is very hard to get dear, so maybe we get you one and maybe we just have none left over on Christmas. Maybe I get something just as nice for a good girl eh? While he sat and waited for the next one to come to him Lubik always tried to think of something new to say—something he would think of himself instead of merely taken from the list which Mr. Coolith had handed him the first day. But he never did.

WOMEN dragging reluctant children behind them often passed the doorway to the square cave where Lubik sat, hurrying their children away from the danger of having to maintain the infallibility of a synthetic Santa Claus at their own expense. Sometimes the children were more reluctant, coming towards him ashamedly to show they, at least, did not believe in him as something other than an old man behind a false beard. But most of them came to him freely and he was glad to watch their faces and their bright eyes, their quick running skip away to waiting parents. Often fathers came, stood awkwardly waiting, watching, wondering who the bum was who had picked up a cushy job.

Lubik never bothered about what they thought. Once two children came together. A boy and a girl—she was younger than he. They were walking by, unaware of him, with their mother leading the girl on by the hand, when the boy caught

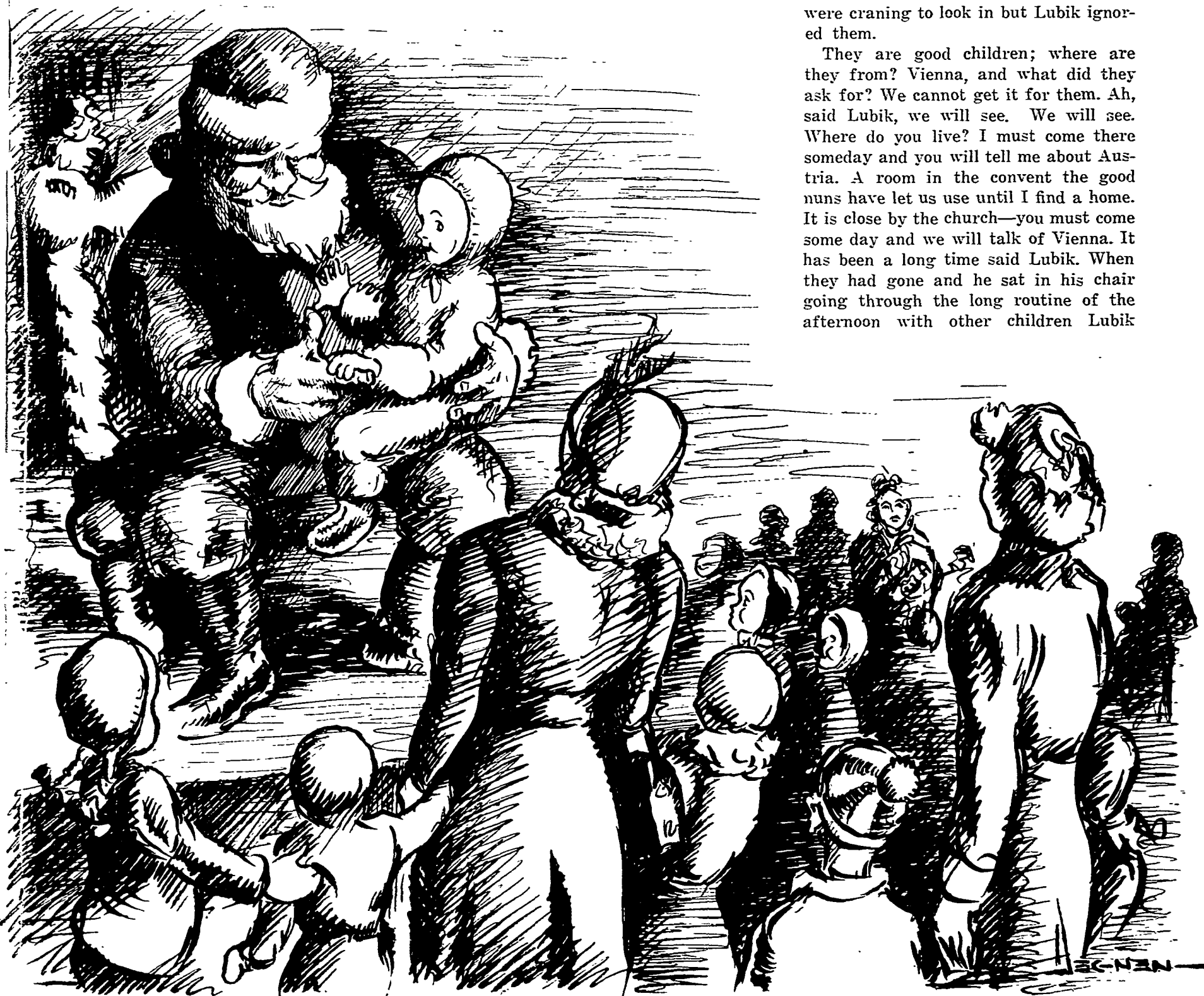
sight of his red tunic and white trimmings and came running back to stand looking in at the doorway. Then he called to his sister—Vanna. Lubik looked at the boy eagerly, and at the little girl who came, now dragging her mother. It was a strange name for this country. And then the mother spoke to the boy—Ped, come on, there's no time. Lubik's eyes opened wide suddenly and he stood up, for the tall lady with the two children had not spoken in English.

It was so long since Lubik had heard German spoken—but he knew; there were some things he could not forget. His own children had never even bothered to learn and Lubik's wife had not insisted—but this boy, as he walked slowly forward, replied to his mother in the tongue of the Viennese people. Lubik began to walk towards them slowly, smiling to the mother who stood there still, still trying to draw her daughter away. She looked up at Lubik. They do not speak English. Lubik's smile widen-

ed and he held out one hand to the boy, one to the girl at the door. Come on boy, talk to Santa Claus; and the boy turned quickly at the sound of his own tongue. The mother let go of the little girl's hand as she ran forward. Lubik walked back towards the big chair with the children on either side of him, his big brown hands on their shoulders, and sat them before him on the special seat that was his, stood with his arms resting out before him while he spoke to them.

What you children want for Christmas eh? You come all way from Austria and now you have first Christmas in America you want some new things eh? You tell Santa Claus. Lubik spoke slowly, for it had been many years, and when the children replied, interjecting their own requests with each other's, he slowed them down with a wave of his hand. Young voices in their mother tongue were too much for Lubik at first. But slowly he heard all that they had to say. Then he left them sitting on the chair and walked back to their waiting mother. Outside the door other children were craning to look in but Lubik ignored them.

They are good children; where are they from? Vienna, and what did they ask for? We cannot get it for them. Ah, said Lubik, we will see. We will see. Where do you live? I must come there someday and you will tell me about Austria. A room in the convent the good nuns have let us use until I find a home. It is close by the church—you must come some day and we will talk of Vienna. It has been a long time said Lubik. When they had gone and he sat in his chair going through the long routine of the afternoon with other children Lubik



could not forget the little boy and girl from Vienna. He had given them one thing—a Santa Claus who spoke their own language. Surely that was something. But there was so much more.

IN the early evening Lubik returned to his home across the ridge-top, dragging slit-trench prints through the fresh snow of that afternoon. While he sat on his bench and heard in the darkness the methodical rap-rap of the goose's beak, he considered a problem. He had made a promise—ah but you have made many promises Lubik—yet this one was far different from all the others. Because you knew people from Austria did not come with much money. The children from Vienna would not have much this Christmas. Well there was food in Lubik's cupboard and a little money left and tomorrow there would be more money. What you want with all that money Lubik? Yes indeed, what need has Lubik got of so much? Better to buy things for people who need them Lubik—Lubik, Lubik; there was a name which he hated. No one ever talked about Lubik because no one knew Lubik. If they met him they had no cause to remember him. What had a person called Lubik ever done for anyone. Not the same way as Boch.

The brittle beak drummed on the floor insistently. Goose, thought Lubik, goose—he gazed at the vaguely moving white shape on the floor by his feet. Goose would be a good dinner for Christmas. But Lubik was fond of the goose. It had come to him and stayed there because it was a wounded thing and so he had cared for it. He was fond of it because he had saved it. And now—now he wanted to care for something else that was wounded in a far different way. A family, wounded by unnamed things. It seemed the goose must go. You must pay me back, goose, for what I have done for you. Only a dead goose can help me now, so, I will use you. I am sorry goose, it is a great pity but then other people will be happy. Lubik bent over and grasped the goose firmly under one arm. As he carried it out from the house he picked up the axe from beside the door. Outside, in the darkness and the coldness sliding over the dark snow, a thudding blow stifled a bird's cry and one wing sprayed dark drops across the snow. In the morning they showed bright red on the crisp crust of snow and a few feathers blew along like tumbling weeds.

THE following day was the last for Lubik on the job. Next day, Christmas. There was great hustle in the stores and Lubik spoke to more children than ever before, but as the day went by he was more and more sure of other things which he would do. Considering his plans carefully Lubik was grasped by a

strange new happiness that was really not so new.

Better than anything to say by oneself, thought Lubik often. And all the things which he thought seemed tied to one word which gave them all their meaning in Lubik's thoughts—Christmas. It explained, but it did not mean anything. Lubik was glad it was Christmas only because there were new things to do that were not possible at other times. It was the season. Yet it was merely a matter of a few days—a few days of presents and big dinners and children shouting, and then beginning all over again until there would be another Christmas—that was all. No, Lubik, no, there must be more somewhere, somehow. Spirit of the season Lubik—it is that, but what is that?

SHORTLY before he left his 'toy heaven' for the last time Lubik was visited by Mr. Coolith. A good job, Mr. Lubik, very good. Mr. Coolith presented Lubik with a single twenty dollar bill. A little bonus, Mr. Lubik, from the management; your pay was fifteen dollars but it is a custom with our company to wish our employees the greetings of the Christmas Season with this small token of their thanks for a year—for several weeks of a—Happy Christmas, Mr. Lubik, said Mr. Coolith, and hurried away. Happy Christmas you Mr. Coolith too, Lubik called out joyfully. Quickly he staggered back to the locker-rooms in his heavy suit and with the padding about his waist, changed into his suit and with the bill still firmly clutched in his hand, started through the store towards the toy department.

It was close to the entrance of his own cubicle. Suggests things to the kids and then gets parents buying while they're alone, Mr. Coolith had said. Toy soldiers, Lubik said to the girl, and the doll—no, that big one with the palamino hair, ya, that one. And coats—two coats, for boy and girl this size. Never mind, will do very good. And—how much? Fifteen and a little more; then we have the big picture spelling books OK? Ah, and such a fine horse there for two children to ride on with leather saddle and the reins and the things hanging down for the feet. Would be wonderful—but too much money. Maybe if don't take coats—but they need coats more than horses to play on. And the food—yes, some candies and things. Quickly Lubik gathered his toys together and paid for them; clutched them under one arm while he trundled off in search of candies.

There was a great long counter along one wall and there for several minutes Lubik walked back and forth in a quandry. Chocolates, or fruits, or maybe cookies or what? And then suddenly Lubik saw it—a great wicker basket at the

far end of the counter full of fruit and nuts and candies of every kind, all covered over with bright red cellophane paper and wrapped with ribbons of all colors. Lubik gazed on the basket. How much, he asked pointing? Seven and thirty eh? Lubik continued to stand and look. Too much, Lubik, he told himself, but he did not turn away. Tossing all the Christmas earnings away already eh, Mr. Lubik. Mr. Lubik whirled around from his trance and the box with the doll in it slid from under his arm. Mr. Coolith swooped over it and slipped it under the arm in the faded grey sleeve. For some children, replied Lubik, looking at his shoes. Snow takes blacking off the toe Lubik, tomorrow must clean the shoes. No won't need them tomorrow. What else are you going to get them, asked Mr. Coolith?

Lubik pointed quickly at the basket. Seven dollars thirty—only four dollars left. Such a pity. Lubik turned back to the basket—it seemed to him that heat radiated out from under that bright transparent red covering and warmed everything outside it. That's too bad, muttered Mr. Coolith, and moved away. Lubik did not notice him. But the salesman waiting still for Lubik's decision saw Mr. Coolith raise an important hand and point to Lubik—and nod his head. Well, sir you waited just long enough—that basket is on sale now. Sale, said Lubik, sale? Yes sir, a special sale. Just two minutes ago these baskets went on sale so that we could sell out the entire stock before closing tonight. How much, asked Lubik eagerly. Four dollars.

BURDENED with his presents Lubik hurried back to the locker-room and drew from behind a stairway a large sack. From it he took the carefully-wrapped goose, slid the toys, the basket and then the goose back in again, swing it gently over one shoulder and hurried out. The streets were crowded—cars jammed and people waited, just as though this too was part of the season, and cops walked among them to disentangle the happy conglomeration of vehicles and the few horns sounding were pert and sprightly like early sparrows chirping.

Lubik hurried along with the people on the side-walk, bumping against them, pushing a little when they pushed, falling back, moving hurrying for, the light, cheerfully alone in the crowd of people who also did not know their neighbours. One corner, two corners, three—turn left and two more streets and somewhere, yes, there—it had been a long time too, since he had come this way. Past the church, the school and then suddenly Lubik was standing outside the gate with his sack over his shoulder wondering what he should do. What of the plans,

Lubik? And so then, quickly, he knew what is was he would do next.

He walked up the street to a drug-store and walked in. Pencil, please, and a little paper for note. Vienna was a big city and far from the mountains but there were some things which people there knew as they had in the mountains. Perhaps she had known, and would remember, would tell the children. He wrote on the slip of paper—Boch Lubik. Then he slipped the paper under a ribbon and walked back to the gate, which was tall, iron, cold to touch—but it opened easily. Lubik rapped on the bleak door. Please, these are for—Lubik hung his head and regarded his shoes again carefully and inspected the bottom of the sack in case it might have something wrong with it, which it didn't, but the nun was looking so carefully at Lubik, and it had indeed been a very long time. Perhaps she knew—these for the Austrian children. Oh, yes, they are here. Would you like to give it to them yourself. No—thank you no, there is a name with it. Just give it to them and say—what will you say Lubik? Tell them a Merry Christmas. I will, Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas—Sister. Lubik hurried down the path away from the convent and onto the street. He walked quickly for a block and then paused. He was going the wrong way. He crossed the street and turned back, walking now more slowly on his way back to the main street and the road that went up over the hill.

POOOR old goose, Lubik thought to himself. Poor Lubik without a goose waiting for him in the dark. But it will be good—a good meal. And I won't eat you myself goose—some people who will not know who you were and will not have to worry about your being my goose. Lubik became aware of the feeling again as though wine were suddenly in his stomach spreading out warmly through his veins and making his head a little lighter, his eyes clearer before they would blur. It was as though summer was still warm in tall grass and heavy-branch trees somewhere where the wind came from and blew across him, warm and gentle, and he turned up his face to look at the sky.

But a cloud hung low in the bowl of the horizon there and perhaps it was still too early for the sky was blue yet, dark velvet blue with a red lace fringe and a collar of gold in the west. But suddenly as he looked about him Lubik noticed, on the lawn by the side of the steps leading up and in to the church, a small wooden thing with waxen figures standing there in the bright light, unmoving. Remember Lubik—a manger, like that there, but real. And there was light on it to see the cradle and the wise men kneeling and the sheep and men with

Naval Architect Talks To ND Sigma Xi Club

Captain Harold E. Saunders, U.S.N., (Ret.) spoke on "Historical Contributions to Modern Naval Architecture" before the Sigma Xi Club of Notre Dame yesterday. The lecture was presented at the Biology Building at 8 p.m. and was open to the public.

Born in Washington, D. C., Captain Saunders was educated in Detroit. He was appointed to the United States Naval Academy in 1912, and four years later, he graduated among the first ten in his class. After attending the Mas-



Capt. H. E. Saunders, U.S.N.

sachusetts Institute of Technology for a year, he received an M.S. degree.

A Doctor of Science degree was awarded Captain Saunders by the Stevens Institute of Technology in 1950. As a member of the Navy Construction Corps, he held many important positions. He was hull-planning superintendent at Mare Island Navy Yard from 1917 to 1920. From 1921 till 1924 he was in charge of submarine hull design at the Bureau of Construction and Repair in Washington.

In 1929 he entered the work in which he gained an international reputation.

them—light from a bright white bulb hidden behind a glowing star wired to the top of the little manger. The star and the season—the season Lubik, of children and geese and toys and customs of an old man with a beard and dressed in red and white, and the season of a star. Christmas, said Lubik aloud, Christmas—a time new for Lubik from the memory of others very old but which had not faded. Lubik crossed the street, looking at the star.

Subsequently, he became senior assistant to the officer in charge of the United States Experimental Model Basin, and later was appointed technical director there.

Captain Saunders then became director of the David Taylor Model Basin which was newer and much larger. Although he retired in 1948, he remained on active duty with a position as a special consultant to the Chief of the Bureau of Ships which he holds at present.

Captain Saunders is the author of many technological papers and reports, and currently is writing a book on the Hydronamics of Ships. He is vice-president of the Society of Naval Architects and was recently awarded the David Taylor Gold Medal by the same society for notable achievements in Naval Architecture. The Captain holds the Distinguished Service Medal of the U. S. Navy and is an officer of the Legion of Merit and an Honorary Officer of the British Empire.

June Grad Receives Engineering Awards

Marlen P. Roberts, representing the University of Notre Dame, received a junior membership award for engineering achievements from the Indiana Society for Professional Engineers at a luncheon Saturday, Dec. 2. Roberts, a June graduate of 1950, received his award at the Van Orman Hotel in Fort Wayne, Ind.

Awards were presented to outstanding graduates of the three major science colleges of Indiana: Notre Dame, Purdue, and Rose Polytechnical Institute, by Dr. Karl E. Schoenherr, Dean of the College of Engineering here.

The number of awards was determined proportionally to the enrollments of the respective schools. Purdue had eight representatives, while Notre Dame and Rose Polytechnical Institute each had one representative student. The three requirements are: the student must have taken the engineering training examination and passed with a high grade; he must be an outstanding student; and he must be a resident of the state of Indiana.

According to the Indiana Society for Professional Engineers, a prospective engineer must pass two examinations. The first of these, which Roberts passed, is a theoretical test and the second pertains to the applications of these theories. Therefore, this society offers to those few accomplished students an advanced step toward their engineering profession before they leave college.

The awards are comparatively new since their first year of presentation was in 1949. University officials expect a larger number of students to participate in the exams for June, 1951.

Merry Christmas!

By BERRY REECE, '54

"GET off that mirror, will ya? I wanna make the caf before my eight in history."

"Aw, bury your head. Lemme finish shaving an' I'll go with ya. What you gonna wear on the train?"

"Blue suit, I guess," replied Jerry, flipping a couple more pairs of socks into his two-suiter. "Y'know, there's gonna be some heck raised if Marg's not at the station. She'll probably be at one of those hen bridge parties, though."

"She wouldn't forsake you for a nasty ole deck of cards would she, snookum?" The tall, lean form at the sink inclined his head sideways and smirked into the mirror at his roommate's reflection.

It was December 19—a cold, slushy morning like so many others in Indiana winters. Yet two college freshmen getting ready for that holiday train could not be affected by a mere bleakness of the outside weather. Buddies since prep school, Jerry and Philip now anticipated the reunion with the old gang, the parties, the dances. The room looked like the aftermath of a typhoon. Clothes not yet packed, other necessities, and even a few textbooks were piled in indiscriminate heaps on their beds. Their already bulging suitcases were placed on their other roommate's empty, unmade bed.

The shuffling of feet and the voices of the herds returning from Mass ended the corridor's early-morning tranquility just as Philip was buzzing the last group of stubborn whiskers. Finishing, he relinquished the razor to Jerry and was lighting a cigarette when the door opened.

"Well, John, m'boy," drawled Phil in his bored, off-hand manner at the well-built lad entering the room, "how's the ole roomie today?"

"Okay." John made a little perimeter in some of the unpacked toilet articles on his desk so he could chuck down his missal.

"Check us off this morning, John?" said Phil, contemplating a couple of perfect smoke rings.

Busy with some jumbled papers, the other did not reply for a few seconds. "Uh huh. But I'm not going to again, Phil."

"Oh, oh! Our roommate's indignant, Jerry. Don't reprimand us, Johnny. In a few short hours you'll be rid of us rakes for two long weeks. An' all the time we're throwing our morality away on wine, women, and song, you can be studying ahead an' working out at the Rock an' all those worthwhile things."

"What time you two leaving?"

"Right after our ten o'clock classes, Roomie."

JOHN spread aside some of the junk on his desk and opened his German book. The other two completed their packing; now they were scrambling around getting dressed. When Phil had windsor-knotted his tie to satisfaction, he absently flipped on Jerry's portable. It was Kay Starr's "You Were Only Foolin'." John started to look up at the portrait on his desk, but he didn't. Instead he knitted his brows and flipped a page. Finally slamming the book shut decisively, he looked out the window. There was a fine chilly-looking drizzle against the panes.

"Aw, nuts on it."

"Why so glum, chum?" said Jerry. He was going over his mahogany-brown loafers with a brush.

"Either of you guys got any extra dough? I got eight bucks to my name. If you could loan me ten between you, it would be enough. An' I know if I ever got home, I could get enough somewhere to get back."

Jerry stopped brushing. "John, I tell you. I'd be glad to, fella, but I swear I don't have a penny over my train fare."

"Me either," Phil interposed. "Anyway, your mother said she'd send you a check if she could, didn't she?"

"Yeah. But she can't Phil . . . I know."

"Well I'm sorry, Johnny. But like we say, we're flat."

There was no reply. The radio sounded louder than before. Phil busied himself with another cigarette. It was he who finally broke it. "By the way, Jerry. You an' Marg're going to the club dance with Anne an' me tomorrow night, aren't you?"

"Oh, I dunno. I was kinda thinking about going in my car."

"Com'on go with us. We can swap around driving. An' besides, that Eighty-Eight'll run rings around that trap of yours. Dad says he's got it filled an' rarin' to go, too."

"Well maybe. I'll have to talk to Marg first, though."

"I dunno about you, but I'm gonna blow that club apart tomorrow night. Anne's the best darn dancer on any floor, and boy, I'm sure gonna whirl her little tootsies off. La rhumba, la samba, la . . . Oh, Mam-MA!" Phil rhumbaed across the floor in pantomime ecstasy.

John, who had been sitting, looking pretty much like nothing, raised his



head. "Can you do all those dances, Phil?"

"Sure. Can't you?"

"Unh unh. I never did learn to dance too much in high school. The only time I ever really wanted to was after I met Cathy this summer. She likes to go out an' do all those sort of things."

"Gad, man! What do *you* like to do on a date?"

"I never was much for the big times, I guess. We used t'go swimming an' to the movies an' things like that, but as for really going out, it was pretty hard for me . . . with no car an' everything."

"Boy! I bet you never went steady . . ."

John's eyes flashed for a fraction of a second. But he said quietly, "I couldn't ask a girl like Cathy to give up all her dates while I'm up here."

"Don't worry. I don't think she is. You haven't got a letter from her in two weeks, have ya?"

"Don't let him rub ya, John," threw in Jerry, who had been watching the cloud growing over the big guy's face. "He hasn't got one himself in quite a while."

"Yeah? Well, neither have you, for that matter, Don Juan," Phil retaliated.

"Aw don't get um pretty baby self all upset." Jerry glanced at his watch. "An' get on the stick, will ya. If we're going by the caf, it's seven forty now."

PHIL looked at his own watch and grunted. He slipped into his newly-pressed grey top coat, which made him appear a lot broader than he was, checked his hair once more in the mirror, and turned. "Now. Are *you* ready?"

"Ben ready. We're coming back to get the bags, aren't we?"

"Yeah. Let's go."

Jerry stopped Phil in the doorway, and looking back, he met John's hard, direct brown eyes. "Well, John. I don't guess we'll be seeing you again before we leave at ten. So . . . hold down the ole fort, buddy. An' . . . Merry Christmas."

"Yeah. Same here, Jerry. You guys be good."

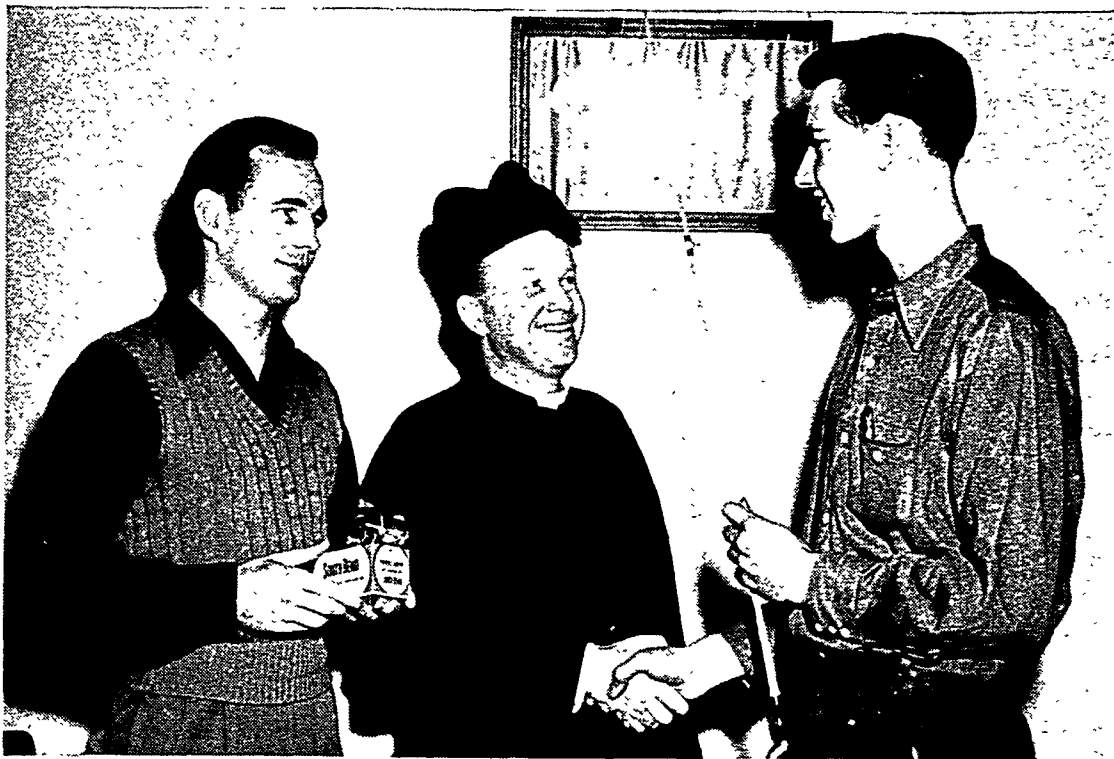
John looked at the closed door for a second. Then his gaze drifted past the unmade beds and the two suitcases to the picture on his desk. There was still a little time to finish his German, so he opened his book.

Hold Sunday Holy Hour To Climax Advent Period

In order to climax the student body's Advent period of prayer and thanksgiving in preparation for Christmas, a Holy Hour will be held in Sacred Heart Church Sunday from 6:30 to 7:30 p.m.

Services will consist of the Rosary, a sermon by Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, executive vice-president, singing of Christmas carols, and Benediction.

Dec. 15, 1950



Father Baldwin and runner-up Dick Sheridan congratulate winning angler Al Muth.

ND Bass Relax for Winter as Fish Contest Ends

Excepting a few brave fishermen who are still trying their luck through six inches of ice on St. Mary's Lake, the fishing season for Notre Dame students is over. And with the closing of the season, the fishing contest which Rev. George J. Baldwin, c.s.c., directed is also ended.

Father Baldwin announced the winners of the contest which ended Dec. 1. They are: A. J. Muth, 338 Dillon Hall, the first place winner, with a 15 7/16 inch bass weighing two pounds; and R. R. Sheridan, 902 Cottage Grove, the second place winner, with a 14 1/2 inch bass. First prize was a \$30 South Bend

glass casting rod and second prize was a \$12 casting reel made by the same company. The prizes were furnished by the Reco Sporting Goods store in South Bend.

Father Baldwin plans an even greater contest next spring. A rowboat which is to be available to ND students, is being repaired and repainted for next spring.

Muth, a photographer for SCHOLASTIC, did not know that he had won the first prize until the editor had sent him to Corby Hall in order to get a shot of the winner and his catch. Consequently a time exposure had to be used.

Richard Simon Lands Lead Role in 'Harvey'

When the University Theatre's presentation of the smash Broadway comedy hit called *Harvey*, opens early next semester, Richard Simon will be seen in the leading role of Elwood P. Dowd, the mild, sweet inebriate who took up with a large rabbit, 6'1 1/2" tall, and named him Harvey.

Patricia Smanda will be playing Elwood's sister, Veta Louise, who is baffled by her brother's insistence that his closest friend is an over-sized rabbit, and Judy Markus will be seen as his equally distressed niece, Myrtle Mae. It is Veta Louise's decision to have Elwood committed to a high class sanitarium, so that she and Myrtle Mae might have a normal social life, uncomplicated by an illusory rabbit's presence, that sparks

the chain of uproarious situations in the comedy.

One of the most hilarious scenes in *Harvey*, comes when the doctors at the sanitarium decide that it's Veta Louise who needs committing, partly because she had begun to see Harvey too. Elwood, on the other hand, seems merely pleasant and reasonable—even though he does carry around a man's hat with two holes punched in the top for Harvey's ears!

Others in the production of *Harvey*, which is being staged by Professor Leonard Sommer, will include Jane Simon, Alice Weiss, Hildegard Vargyas, Tom Dolan, Charles Doherty, Jerry Mernin, Frank Jackman and Phil Nash.

Though *Harvey* is supposedly never seen during the entire action of the play, the play is said to be so persuasive that the rabbit begins to grow on audiences until presently they have little doubt that they will be seeing him themselves.

L. A. Radelet Appointed to NCCJ Position

Louis A. Radelet of the Department of Sociology has been appointed east-central divisional educational director of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

The appointment of Professor Radelet was disclosed by the board of directors and co-chairmen of the South Bend-Mishawaka Round Table and Indiana Regional office of the NCCJ. He is at present executive director of the Round Table.

The resignation of Professor Radelet from the University faculty, effective Jan. 31, 1951, was also announced by Rev. James E. Norton, c.s.c., vice-president of academic affairs.

As educational director for the region including Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, West

Virginia, and Western Pennsylvania, his duty will be the "development and strengthening of the educational program of the Conference in that section."

"Our best chance of achieving a world premised on peace," Professor Radelet said, "is through a world premised on brotherhood. Unless this great principle—the brotherhood of man—is made meaningful, there is little hope as far as world stability is concerned."

"As to the importance of this work," he continued, "the average citizen is confused in terms of what his stake and contributions to peace are. He is answered by the extent we are able to strengthen the ties of people with socially, economically, and morally different backgrounds."



Mr. Louis Radelet

Professor Radelet, his wife Elizabeth, and their four children will move from South Bend to Detroit Feb. 1. "I've been here a long time," he said of Notre Dame, "and I have many friends here."

For three years Professor Radelet has been part-time director of the Round Table. The organization has not yet named his successor. At present Dr. John J. Kane, also of the Sociology Department, is part-time associate director of the Round Table.

Professor Radelet is first vice-president of the Council of Community Services, a Red Feather agency. He has been the 1950 nominating committee chairman of the American Sociological Society.

A member of the board of the International Relations Council, and the Adult Education Committee of the South Bend YMCA, Professor Radelet belongs to the Knights of Columbus, Notre Dame Chapter No. 1478.

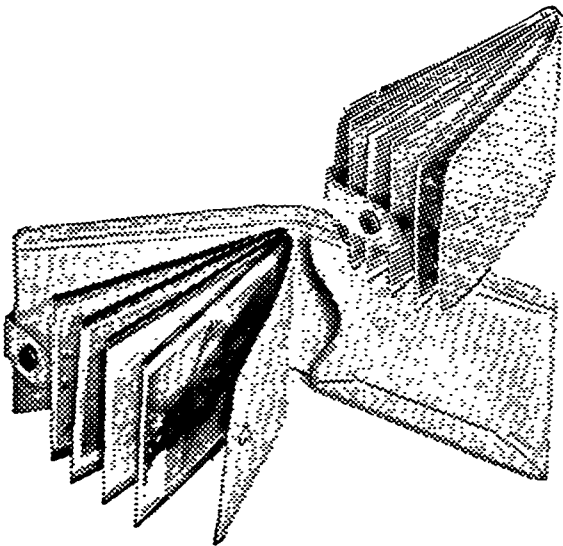
He also is a member of the Notre Dame Club of St. Joseph Valley, and the South Bend PTA World Understanding Committee. Professor Radelet was a part-time research assistant for the St. Joseph County Department of Public Welfare, from March, 1946, to December, 1947.

A native of Green Bay, Wis., Professor Radelet came to Notre Dame in 1937. After completion of undergraduate work in sociology, he became a teaching fellow at the University in 1939, while pursuing graduate study in political science and economics.

He served with the AAF Technical Training Command of the Army for four years. Returning to Notre Dame in 1946, Professor Radelet took the master's degree, and completed requirements for his Ph.D., excepting the dissertation, which is being prepared.

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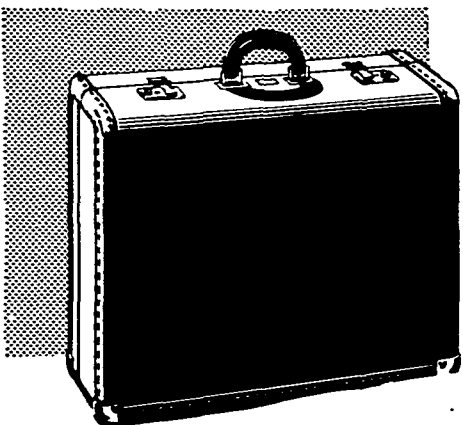
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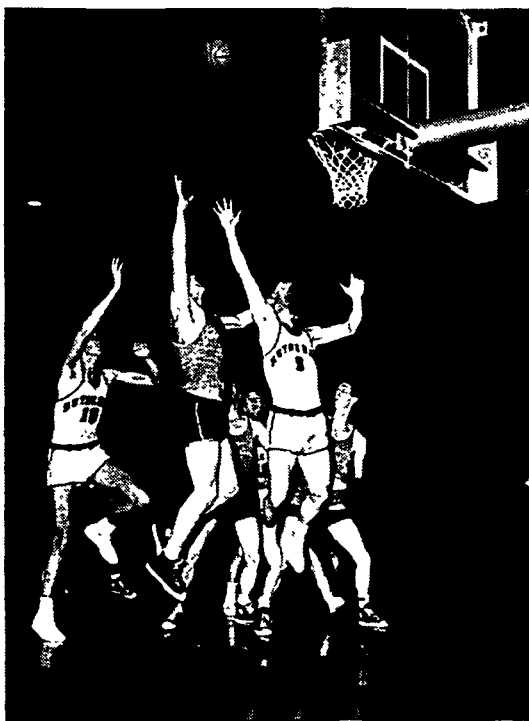
NU, Irish Cagers to Tangle in Chicago

Five Yuletide Tilts Carded for Netters

Tomorrow night Coach Krause's hoopsters make their first appearance of the season at Chicago Stadium with Northwestern furnishing the opposition. After this engagement, the Irish will go on the road over the Christmas vacation meeting Iowa, Indiana, Purdue, Northwestern (this time at Evanston), and St. Louis before returning to the Fieldhouse to take on Butler on Jan. 5, and Loyola on Jan. 9.

Northwestern, tail-enders in the Western Conference last season, opened this campaign with a new coach. Harold Olsen, who coached the professional Chicago Stags the past three years, inherited eight letter-men and a fair bunch of sophomores. Back this year are two of the best forwards in the Big Ten, Ray Ragelis and Jake Fendley. Ragelis scored 338 points and made the All-Conference team last year. With them on the first team will be Don Blasius, Wally Horvath, and Al Giusfredi. Giusfredi, at 6' 5", is the tallest man on the squad.

The Irish will probably get their toughest test on Dec. 18 when they meet the Hawkeyes of Iowa, regarded this



Lewinski and Strasser leap for rebound

Dec. 15, 1950

year as the top team in the Western Conference. Rollie Williams, who coached the Hawkeyes from 1929 through 1942, couldn't have picked a better year to return to his old spot. Led by Frank Calsbeek, who averaged 15.1 points per game last season, the Iowans have as much height as any team in the Midwest. Except for Harold Greene, Junior guard who is a bare 6' tall, no one in the probable starting lineup is under 6' 4".

"Who's who in Indiana" will be decided on the twenty-second and twenty-third of December when Notre Dame meets Indiana and Purdue, both at Indianapolis. Indiana will field a veteran team, but they lack height this season. The Boilermakers have six lettermen returning, but the top three scorers of last season are gone and rebuilding is indicated. The fast break will be back under new coach Ray Eddy.

St. Louis will be strong with a veteran squad, good height, and plenty of speed. Bob Cox, 6' 6" center, is a top pivot operator and Ed Scott an outstanding Western-style shooter. Sophomores Tom Russell and Tom Lillis are other spectacular outside shots.

The prospects at Butler are mighty bleak this season. The whole starting five graduated and the Bulldogs lack height. The only men on the squad over six feet are forward John Hall, 6' 2", and center Bob Jackson, 6' 4". Twins, Walter and Waller O'Brien, will start at the guards. They are good floor operators of medium height, but neither is a "Buck-shot."

After Butler, the Loyola Ramblers move down from Chicago for a Jan. 9 engagement. The Ramblers have lost the services of such standouts as Ed Dawson and Ben Bluitt, but they still have Kick Kladis and their usual fast breaking style of play.

VACATION HOOP GAMES

- Dec. 16—Northwestern at Chicago Stadium
- 18—At Iowa
- 22—Indiana at Butler Fieldhouse
- 23—Purdue at Butler Fieldhouse
- 30—At Northwestern
- Jan. 3—At St. Louis
- 5—Butler
- 9—Loyola at Chicago Stadium
- 13—Xavier at Cincinnati
- 15—At Kentucky

Mutscheller to Lead Leahymen Next Year

Announcement of Jim Mutscheller as captain of the 1951 Fighting Irish highlighted the 31st annual testimonial banquet honoring the Notre Dame football team and coaches of 1950, held Wednesday night in the East Dining hall. As in past years, the banquet was sponsored by the Notre Dame Alumni Club of St. Joseph Valley.

Mutscheller, a Junior end from



Captain-elect Jim Mutscheller

Beaver Falls, Pa., was the Irish's leading scorer this past season with 42 points. He broke the Notre Dame record for passes caught, catching 35 for 426 yards, and next to Jerry Groom, clocked more playing time than any other man on the squad.

Mel Allen, recently named the outstanding baseball broadcaster this year, was toastmaster of the affair and introduced such notables as George Schock, Mayor of South Bend; Terry Brennan, ex-Irish backfield star and now coach at Mt. Carmel High School in Chicago; Stu Holcomb, coach of Purdue and the man responsible for breaking the Irish winning streak at 39; Paul Neville of the South Bend *Tribune*; Ralph Young, Director of Athletics at Michigan State and Charles "Bud" Wilkinson, head coach of the Sugar Bowl-bound University of Oklahoma Sooners. (Continued on Page 29)

splinters

FROM THE PRESS BOX

By JACK MEANEY

Irish Surprise?

Notre Dame's basketball team doesn't look quite the same without the old master of the fake and dribble, Kevin O'Shea, but it shapes up as a much stronger outfit than last year's quintet.

For one thing, the Irish have much more depth than they had a year ago. Also, the Irish lost only John Foley along with O'Shea via graduation. Leslie, Strasser, Bagley and Neumayr know their way around the court much better after a year's experience and it showed up in their play of the first few games.

Soph Center Norb Lewinski gives the Irish a big boost where they need it the most. He's still far from a finished performer but should improve with each game. Gerry McCloskey is another second year man who gives the Irish the soundness and depth they lacked a year ago.

This Irish depth will be tested in the next few weeks when the Krausemen will be forced to play without the services of starting guard Don Strasser, out for six to eight weeks with a broken ankle. Losing a man of Strasser's ability is a tough break for this potentially fine team. They carried on pretty well against Wisconsin, though, and could do it right through the season.

Awards

To you men who vote weekly in the Associated Press Poll on the rankings of the nation's football teams, we present the title "Flops of 1950." Your choice earlier in the week of Notre Dame as the "Flop of the Year" enabled you to unanimously receive our award.

Before the start of the collegiate season last September, you selected the Irish to finish first in the nation, despite repeated warnings from those here at Notre Dame that we would be far below our standard of the past four years. Even though we presented strong arguments and submitted evidence to back up our contention, our words went unheeded. Therefore, by voting Notre Dame as the "Flop of the Year," you attempted to hide your gross ignorance of the caliber of football teams and football in general, but failed miserably.

And so, upon you men of the Associated Press Poll, we of the *Press Box* bestow the title "Flops of 1950" in recog-



nition of your outstanding example at prognostication.

The *Press Box* had a hard time finding a suitable recipient for its second award of the year, but on the last day of the regular football season, we found a man more than worthy of our choice. This second award goes to a man who, at least for Midwest audiences, did not broadcast more than one football game, this past season, and for that we can be thankful.

We of the *Press Box*, in conjunction with everyone else who sat open-mouthed listening to the broadcast of the Army-Navy game and wondered who was doing what, bestow upon Bill Slater our award for "the worst sports broadcast of 1950."

"All I Want for Christmas is . . .

"Two dash men, a couple of pole-vaulters, and any shot putter at all."—Alex Wilson.

"A few of those rare ballplayers who bat right-handed, and even rarer, a couple of pitchers who can last nine innings."—Jake Kline.

"One sport coat, one soft hat, one sport shirt and one necktie to replace those which came apart at the seams on the afternoon of Oct. 7 last."—Charlie Callahan.

"The National Football Championship, for delivery in 1951."—Notre Dame Student body, Team, Alumni, etc.

"We don't want anything. We've got everything we need now."—Boston Red Sox.

A Look Back

Each of the four teams that beat Notre Dame this past season had to wait a long time to do it. Indiana was the most patient—their last win came in 1906. Next come Michigan State (1918), Purdue (1933) and Southern Cal (1939).

Many of the Irish players said that the Tulane game was their toughest of the season and it's easy to see why. The game was played in 80 degree heat on a sun-baked field that hadn't felt a drop of water in weeks. That made it about as resilient as the Dixie Highway. Every time a Notre Dame man was knocked down by some Tulane monster, he sure knew it. The quartet in the middle of the

Greenie defensive line averaged 250 pounds.

Southern Cal fell in with the two platoon idea by naming both an offensive and defensive all-opponent team. Capt. Jerry Groom was one of three players honored with a position on both. Jim Mutscheller landed a spot on the offensive team while Bob Toneff and John Petitbon placed on the Trojan defensive unit.

One Last Prediction

In the Rose Bowl, Michigan to upset California by one point; Texas over Tennessee in the Cotton Bowl; Oklahoma to edge Kentucky in the Sugar, and Clemson to down Miami in the Orange.

Irish Win First Three; Badgers Toughest Foe

Displaying strong scoring potentialities, the Irish basketball team swept the first three games of the 1950-51 season. Only Wisconsin provided any real competition.

Four monogram winners and a Sophomore center make up the starting lineup, Seniors Dan Bagley and Marty O'Connor, Juniors Leroy Leslie and Don Strasser and Soph Norb (Gootch) Lewinski. Lewinski and Gerry McCloskey, another Soph, looked very impressive in their Notre Dame debuts.

Notre Dame opened its 1950-51 basketball season with an easy 67-44 victory over Franklin.

After hopping to an early 10-4 lead the Irish led all the way except for one time near the end of the first half when the score was tied at 23 all. The closely fought half ended with Notre Dame ahead 28-26.

However, in the second half the Irish kept increasing their lead bit by bit until they had the game neatly tucked away with ten minutes remaining.

Gootch Lewinski led all the scorers with 19 points on nine field goals and one free throw. Dan Bagley had 12 points and Leroy Leslie and McCloskey had 11 each.

Anderson became the second team to fall before the high-scoring Ramblers, 72-46. After wresting away an early Anderson lead the Irish continued to pour it on and led at intermission 31-23.

Leroy Leslie and Gootch Lewinski were the one-two men for the Irish with 18 and 12 points respectively. Chuck Harris led the losers with 17 points.

The Irish took their third straight game in the fieldhouse last Monday night downing a tough Wisconsin team 67-61. Overcoming an early first half

(Continued on Page 28)

"... That Weak Legs May Walk"

Irish Outstanding In East-West Games;
Groom, Gay to Represent ND This Year

By FRANCIS J. POWERS

Publicity Director of East-West Game
Special to Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC

The glittering saga of Notre Dame football is brilliantly complemented by the deeds of Notre Dame men in the East-West game, played annually in San Francisco for the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children.

"Strong Legs Run That Weak Legs May Walk," is the slogan of the game that is a support of the San Francisco Shriners Hospital where underprivileged, crippled children (without regard for race, color or creed) receive the finest treatment known to medical science.

No legs have run faster and harder and no hearts have given more to this great humanitarian cause than 28 Notre Dame men who have played in the East-West series.

"Great players and great gentlemen," is the tribute paid to those men by San Franciscans and San Francisco's Islam Shrine Temple.

Notre Dame men have won great honors for themselves and their University in the East-West game.

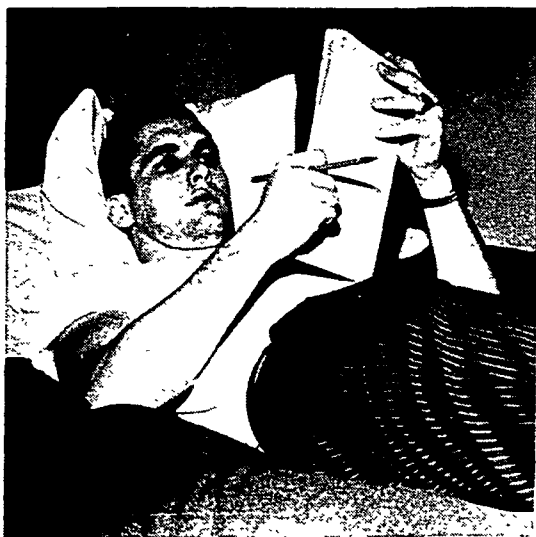
Jack Cannon, Johnny Lujack and George Connor were awarded places on the All East team by Northern California Football Writers.

Lujack and John Panelli received the William M. Coffman Award as the outstanding players of their East-West games.

The last three East captains have been Notre Dame All-Americans: Ziggy Czarowski, Bill Fischer and Leon Hart (co-captain).

That Notre Dame men so often should be elected captains of the East team is a great tribute to their character and leadership, coming as it did from play-

Bill Gay



ers who were nationally famed stars in their own right.

Lujack's play in the 1948 game, when he piloted, passed and bootlegged his side to a 40 to 9 victory, is accepted as the most magnificent in East-West history.

"Johnny Lujack was the finest player I ever coached," declared Andy Kerr. Then the grand old Scot added, "and one of the finest gentlemen."

Veteran San Francisco writers label Cannon the greatest lineman ever in any



Bob Williams

Shrine game. The Cannonball, who scorned to wear such sissy items as headgear, smeared West plays all over the field as he did when winning All-American honors for Knute Rockne's 1929 national champions.

"Notre Dame players always have been a tremendous inspiration to the East-West game," declares William M. Coffman, managing director of the fixture since its inauguration in 1925. "No group has contributed more. We are grateful to Notre Dame for such fine players and hope Notre Dame boys always will be a part of the game."

Irish stars have added their share to the lighter moments of East-West games.

The capacity crowd that jammed Kezar Stadium for the 1948 game never will forget Zygmunt Czarowski, who by strange coincidence was unanimous choice to captain the East team. In the second half, Capt. Czarowski took a time out, rallied his men in a huddle and led a tremendous cheer for his side.



Jerry Groom

There was a moment when the East team was in training quarters at Santa Clara University that Zygmunt was a bit nonplussed.

The tackles that year were Connor, Czarowski, Lou Agase of Illinois and George Savitsky of Pennsylvania. They happened to be in a group when Connor, quietly, asked, "Zig, do you want to play much of the game?"

Great Czarowski bristled: "Why do you think I came out here?"

"That's fine," Connor chuckled. "You're the only right tackle we have. You can play ALL of the game."

The seriousness with which Notre Dame men approach the game often amazes East coaches. Andy Kerr likes to tell of an incident that happened last year, when the East squad was in training.

After a hard workout, Kerr was checking players. Everyone was accounted for except Leon Hart. Kerr searched the dressing room but there was no Hart. Finally he stepped out on the practice field and there was Leon, taking some extra laps on the track.

When the Los Angeles *Times* invited Hart to attend its Sports Award Dinner, he accepted on the condition that he wouldn't miss any practice. "The game comes first," Leon told Mr. Coffman. So Hart flew to Los Angeles after practice and was back the next morning in time for another workout.

Not only has Frank Leahy sent 18 of his finest players into the Shrine game but last winter the famed coach flew out to see the game and served as an observer for the East team.

San Franciscans have little opportunity to see Notre Dame football teams in action and their best substitute is the Irish players who compete for the East in the Shrine game. Nowhere are Notre Dame players greeted more enthusiastically and affectionately than in the East-West game.

It is interesting to know that one of the crippled children cured in the San

Francisco Shriners Hospital now is a priest in a California diocese. Had it not been for the treatment received in that hospital, this young man never could have received holy orders.

Again this year Notre Dame players have been asked to participate in the annual charity game. Center and Captain Jerry Groom, quarterback Bob Williams and halfback Bill Gay were all invited, but All-American Williams had to refuse because of back injuries sustained in the Southern Cal game. (However, Williams will attend the game as a spectator.—Sports Editor)

Here is a list of Notre Dame men who have played in the East-West game:

Jack Cannon, g., '30.	Fred Rovai, g., '47.
George Connor, t., '48.	Steve Sitko, b., '40.
Bernie Crimmins, g., '42.	Bob Skoglund, e., '47.
Ziggy Czarowski, t., '48.	Charles Sweeney, e., '36.
F. Dancewicz, qb., '45.	Frank Szymanski, c., '45.
Bob Dove, e., '43.	Ted Twomey, t., '30.
Frank Hoffman, g., '32.	Chile Walsh, e., '27.
Steve Juzwik, b., '42.	Harry Wright, g., '43.
Bob Kelly, b., '45.	Elmer Wynne, '27.
Bill Kerr, e., '40.	Bill Fischer, g., '49.
Joe Kurth, t., '33.	John Panelli, g., '49.
Johnny Lujack, qb., '48.	Jim Martin, t., '50.
Nick Lukats, b., '34.	Frank Spaniel, b., '50.
J. Mastrangelo, g., '47.	Leon Hart, e., '50.

Frank Tripucka and Emil Sitko were invited but were unable to play because of injury and illness.

Basketball

(Continued from Page 26)

eleven-point deficit the Irish trailed by only three points at half time, 33-30.

Then, playing inspired ball, both regulars and reserves, the Irish forged ahead to stay at 8:53 of the second half on a lazy hook by Gootch Lewinski. The margin of difference began to widen slowly as Leroy Leslie and Jack Neumayr began to hit from the floor and Marty O'Connor put them in from the foul line. With only four minutes left to go the Irish held a 12-point lead.

Leslie had 23 points before he left the game on fouls and Lewinski got ten points. Center Charles Dahlke led the Badgers with 17 points.

Two of Notre Dame's first five were injured and had to leave the game. Dan Bagley chipped his elbow and Don Strasser broke his ankle on a driving layup and is out for six weeks.

The Irish now go on the road for six games around the Midwest. They return home on Jan. 5, 1951 to face the Butler Bulldogs.

Sailors Elect Officers

The Notre Dame Sailing Club, at the last meeting of the year, Monday night, Dec. 11, elected officers for 1951. Dick Brotherson was unanimously re-elected commodore of the club. Other officers elected were: Joe Shrank, vice-commodore; Pat Crowe, Jr., secretary; Pat Dwyer, treasurer, and Tom Murphy, fleet captain.

Frosh Basketeers Impressive in Workouts; Middle Westerners Dominate Regular Five

By FRAN MEANEY, '54

If past records can be used as any measuring stick, Notre Dame has in its Freshman basketball team the material that could conceivably launch the Irish into national hoop prominence. The Frosh have a roster full of All-State and All-City selections who have come to ND with the reputation of being among the best in their sections of the country.

Freshman Coach Gene Kenny claims that, because there is such an abundance of top-notch players, he actually has a ten man first team. The way things are shaping up, however, it appears as if the quintet that will see the most action is the one consisting of Dick Rosenthal and Bill Sullivan at the forward positions, Entee Shine at center, and Joe Bertrand and Johnny Reynolds in the backcourt.

Rosenthal, Sullivan, and Shine are all aggressive rebounders and practically monopolize the boards if given half a chance. Chief playmakers on the club are Bertrand and Reynolds. Reynolds and Sullivan have the best eyes on the long sets, while Shine and Rosenthal are demons under the offensive hoop. All the boys play a very fast, driving brand of basketball and continually press the opposition.

Dick Rosenthal comes from St. Louis, Mo., where he was pivot man for McBride High and posted a 19 point per game average. In his senior year, he was named All-State and played in the North-South high school all-star game in

Kentucky. Ed Hickey of St. Louis U. had his eye on him, but Dick chose Notre Dame. He's 6' 4½" tall and weighs 205 pounds, and for a big man he can really race up and down the court.

Like Rosenthal, Bill Sullivan saw action in the all-star tilt in the blue-grass country. A product of St. Ignatius, Bill made All-Chicago with his per game average of 24 points. The curly-haired blond class secretary is 6' 3", 190 pounds.

Another All-Chicago choice is Joe Bertrand, who maintained a 23 point average while playing for St. Elizabeth's. Twice, in his Junior and Senior years, the clever ball handler led St. Elizabeth's to victory in the National Colored High Schools Tournament, and both times he won the Most Valuable Player award. Joe stands 6' 2", weighs 190 pounds.

Hailing from Maplewood, N. J., where he was a two year All-State selection, is Johnny Reynolds, the aggressive southpaw who splits the guard duties with Bertrand. He is the smallest man on the starting quintet, weighing only 170 pounds and standing 6' 1". While at Columbia High School, in Maplewood, Reynolds averaged 20 points per game. His favorite shot is a delayed left-handed jump push that is unusually effective.

Rounding out the first five is Entee Shine, the pride of South Bend. Playing for Central, he made the All-Indiana team and had a game average of 17 points. Though he is only 6' 2½" tall, Shine's powerful kangaroo leap enables him to consistently outjump opponents

(l. to r.) Coach John Castellani, Johnny Reynolds, Bill Sullivan, Entee Shine, Dick Rosenthal, Joe Bertrand, and Coach Jerry Halligan. Absent: Coach Gene Kenny.



inches taller than himself. A tribute to Shine's remarkable ability is the fact that the Harlem Globe Trotters were interested in him while he was at Central. Entee weighs a solid 225 pounds and is rated by the coaches—Kenny, John Castellani, and Jerry Halligan—as an excellent floor man.

The rest of the squad presents an imposing array of talent, too. Jerry Smith from Kingspark, L. I., is 6'4" tall and possesses a good hook shot. Dick Honingford, 6'5", is an All-State from Ohio. Ed McGinn comes to ND from Philadelphia, Pa., via the U. S. Navy., and defensive board work is his specialty. Matt Wallace, a guard with a good set shot, claims Hartford, Conn., as his home. And Illinois' Wally Cashman has a consistent one hand jump shot that places him in the top ten.

Football Banquet

(Continued from Page 25)

Rev. John Cavanaugh, President of the University, was principal speaker. Father Cavanaugh stressed the fact that losing four games and tying one this past season will in no way affect the University's policy toward athletics. He remarked that some are advocating that Notre Dame "do something," such as "hiring players, directly or indirectly, or devise some ingenious, covered arrangement by which loyal alumni could induce young men to come to the University to play for pay . . . but we are flatly and irreconcilably against paying football players directly or indirectly. We think that the chicanery by which this is done is a major injury from which college football is suffering, that this injury threatens the widespread influence and good name of the game."

He added that Notre Dame will continue its same policy toward athletes and offer them "an opportunity for a real education." Father Cavanaugh also announced that the University has given Coach Leahy a vote of confidence by increasing his salary.

On the matter of the '51 season, Father Cavanaugh is hopeful. "There is a new kind of determination written in the faces of the coaches and boys . . . they believe in Notre Dame; they know we believe in them, that we will go all the way down the line for them, that we pray for them, not only to win football games, but to play to win fairly, and in the whole game of life. To the weak of heart, I say, keep your eye on the Notre Dame team of '51."

Paul Neville presented *Look* magazine's All-American award to Bob Williams, and to Jerry Groom he presented an award from the *Chicago Tribune* in recognition of his being selected by a vote of the nation's football players to the Players' All-American.

ND President Talks to Student Foundation

Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., president of the University, addressed the newly-formed Notre Dame Student Foundation Committee, last night in the lay faculty dining hall. Mr. James Armstrong, executive vice-chairman of the Notre Dame Foundation, and Rev. John Murphy, C.S.C., vice-president in charge of Public Relations, also spoke to the group at its first meeting.

The Student Foundation Committee is a new organization which was formed under the auspices of the Notre Dame Foundation. It is under Mr. Armstrong's direction. Members are the presidents of the four classes, the presidents of all the campus organizations, including geographic clubs, the editors

of the campus publications, and the student director of WND.

The main purpose of this new committee is to acquaint the students with the work of the Notre Dame Foundation. The Foundation is a nationwide organization which obtains contributions from Notre Dame alumni and friends. It is largely through the work of the Foundation that the school is undertaking its present building program. Its Executive Chairman is Mr. Frank Walker, class of 1909, a New York City attorney who was formerly a member of President Roosevelt's cabinet.

The Student Committee plans to have a meeting each semester to tell the members of developments in the Foundation. The members will then pass the news on to the students through their organizations. By this means the Foundation hopes to get the student body actively interested in its work.

Football Statistics for 1950

ND	Opp.
139	140
137	109
82	67
53	35
3	7
1547	1404
391	392
4.0	3.6
1212	868
237	142
112	66
.473	.465
9	17
128	326
2739	2272
44	48
1710	1693
38.9	35.3
122	356
13	22
9	14

PASS RECEIVING

	No. Caught	Yds.	TDs
Mutscheller	35	426	7
Petitbon	18	269	2
Ostrowski	26	221	1
Gay	7	57	1
Landry	7	57	0
Marchand	4	52	1
Gander	4	44	0
Barrett	4	34	0
Johnson	4	27	0
Paolone	1	11	0
Kapish	1	8	0
Cotter	1	6	0

PASS INTERCEPTIONS

	Number Intercepted	Yards Returned
Flood	4	28
Burns	1	45
McKillip	1	36
Bush	1	17
Helwig	1	2
Petitbon	1	0

PUNTING

	Number	Yardage	Average
Williams	42	1648	39.2
Barrett	1	39	39.0
Caprara	1	23	23.0

PASSING

	Mazur	Williams	Petitbon	Barrett
Attempted	24	210	2	1
Completed	13	99	0	0
Had Intercepted	1	15	0	1
Yardage	177	1035	0	0
TD Passes	2	10	0	0
Percentage	.542	.471	.000	.000

RUSHING

	Times Carried	Yardage	Average
Petitbon	65	388	6.0
Landry	109	491	4.5
Barrett	41	171	4.2
Cotter	28	111	4.0
Gander	25	77	3.1
Gay	21	63	3.0
Flood	11	33	3.0
Johnson	13	38	2.9
Williams	40	115	2.9
Paolone	14	35	2.5
Marchand	21	38	1.6
Mazur	2	-7	-3.5
Mutscheller	1	-6	-6.0

SCORING

	TD	PAT	Points
Mutscheller	7	0	42
Petitbon	5	0	30
Landry	2	0	12
Williams	2	0	12
Gander	2	0	12
Caprara	0	10	10
Ostrowski	1	0	6
Marchand	1	0	6
Gay	1	0	6
Meschievitz	0	3	3

PUNT RETURNS

	Number Returned	Yards Returned
Gay	14	96
Petitbon	1	14
Flood	2	7
Barrett	1	5

KICK-OFF RETURNS

	Number Returned	Yards Returned
Landry	11	195
Petitbon	2	69
Flood	3	44
Gay	2	42
Gander	1	30
Barrett	2	28
Bush	2	17
Williams	1	15
Mutscheller	1	12

letters

Viva South Bend

Editor:

I am getting slightly tired of the repeated, smug, self-satisfied expressions of discontent with my home town, South Bend. A statement in 'Father' Collins' Fount of Paternalism finally crystallized the long-present notion that I should say something about it (See SCHOLASTIC, Dec. 1, p. 34.)

I am not singling out this particular bit of cynical mud-slinging for criticism; it is but one of a hundred such remarks. It is the attitude which it represents that disgruntles me. . . .

I will not take exception to those who claim that we are without the at-

tractions of New York or San Francisco. . . . But I will take issue with those who claim we have nothing. This sort refuses to notice the efforts South Bend has made to better itself, because the results are inferior to those to which they are accustomed. And sometimes this sort of critic comes from a town smaller than South Bend and which offers not even what South Bend can offer.

This group will not notice the South Bend Symphony Orchestra, an imperfect organization to be sure, but at least a sincere one. They overlook the fine achievements of the Presbyterian Players and the Catholic Theater Group; they are in part responsible for the lack of legitimate theater in this town by their passivity in attending when a play arrives; they are probably unaware of the

Civic Music program which provides for several concerts a year by the nation's great artists; they have never heard of the lectures at the Aquinas Library or the movements for a Civic Auditorium to enlarge our cultural program.

They do not know these things. They *will* not know them because they do not care. They want to gripe. . . .

Moreover they are "regional snobs." The mid-west is provincial; nothing of value exists west of the Hudson River, south of Chicago, north of the Ohio, or west of the Missouri, whatever the case may be.

They prefer their own homes, naturally enough. But if they dislike South Bend, can't they be gentlemanly enough, or just polite enough to keep it to themselves? Many a one has looked for the hayseed in my hair when I say that I am from South Bend. . . .

If they can't accept South Bend, let them at least resign themselves to it and keep their . . . mouths shut. They're beginning to bore us.

John D. Engels

Off-Campus

The Last Straw

Editor:

I am a Junior, and because of this status I am undoubtedly biased in my opinions concerning the Junior Class. But I do not think that I hold myself above constructive criticism.

When Mr. Collins, in "THE LAST WORD," wrote "It's about time the Juniors did something around here," I was not hurt. When Mr. Collins replied to Bob DeLine's legitimate request for an explanation with "Steady, lad, let's not get panicky!" I passed it off as a hurried, though tasteless, quip inserted just before press time. But when Mr. Collins, after sufficient reflection, writes an article like "THE LAST WORD" of Dec. 1, 1950, that is the last straw.

His evaluation of the Junior Class, using the present Senior Class as an irreproachable, unattainable standard, his vague speculations on class spirit, and his idiotic logic give the article the flavor of an "objective analysis of the U. S. A." in *Pravda*. The final blow falls when he self-righteously proclaims "The subject is closed . . ." with the same Almighty-like authority that Bertie McCormick has when he brands his *Chicago Tribune* the "world's greatest newspaper."

Truthfully, now, can Mr. Collins actually edit one of his columns and in all good conscience consider it fit for publication?

Bernard Wood

343 Alumni

My first suggestion to Reader Wood is to sign up for the course offered by the Foundation for Better Reading. Then I suggest he re-read my column for Dec.

We don't get around to Chicago very often, but starting December 22nd through January 3rd, we'll be playing at the

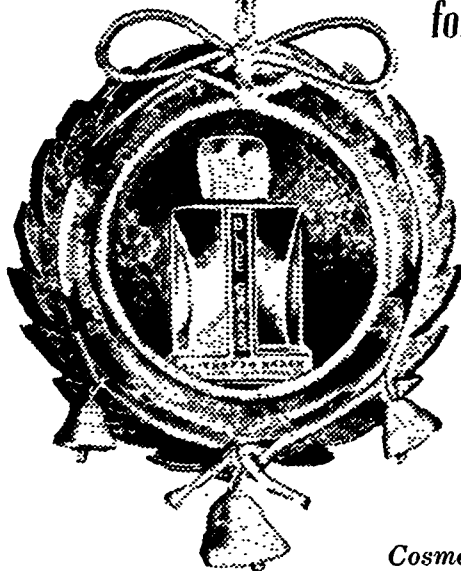
BLUE NOTE, 76 W. Madison Street.

If you plan to spend the holidays in Chicago, won't you drop in and say hello?

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

ELLIOT LAWRENCE,
*Rosalind Patton and
all the boys in the band.*

Ellsworth's



for your
Christmas
belle

\$4⁵⁰
plus tax

Cosmetics . . . Main Floor

NEXT ISSUE

Due to the Christmas vacation, the next issue of SCHOLASTIC will appear Jan. 12. First meetings of the news and sports staffs in the new year will be held Jan. 3 at the usual time and place.

1, 1950. I had no intention of setting up the present Senior Class as "an irreproachable, unattainable standard," which it of course is not. My final suggestion to Mr. Wood is that he, after taking the Better Reading course, re-read his own letter, concentrating upon the word "bias."—Walt Collins

Notre Dame Gentlemen?

Editor:

"He's a man" for Ziggy!

In fact three cheers for the whole chow hall crew, the Prefect of Discipline, the latest Official Bulletin, and the students who aroused action against cutting the chow lines.

Day in, day out, for quite a few years, these lines have nearly panicked as the many selfish line breakers refused to recognize the rights of their fellow students. Their conceit, egotism, and sense of self-importance disregarded the patience and manners of those who politely awaited their proper turn.

It is about time the problem was cared for. It is only too bad we are made gentlemen by act of edict. It's too bad we haven't grown up by college time. But it has worked apparently, and that's what counts. So again—congratulations.

Tom Carroll

201 Dillon

P.S. I wonder if soon some of the boys wont realize only babies and Mr. Belvedere throw food. It's really getting dangerous over there. I'm getting flacky ducking bread, pie, pudding, potatoes and Jell-o! Eat the stuff, kiddies, it's not too bad. (Correction: better just not accept it.) T.C.

Bus Scandal

Editor:

There are some at Notre Dame who should be compelled to take a course in Character Training. I am referring especially to those who boarded the 11:15 p. m. bus, Thursday, Dec. 7, 1950. They pushed like a horde of stampeding maniacs, a lady was bodily pushed so that a so-called "Notre Dame Man" could get on the bus, there was the other one who persisted in cursing, and the others who destroyed the advertisements on the bus.

Is this indicative of Notre Dame men, or do they just fail to realize that one purpose of a university training is to develop *Christian Gentlemen?* . . .

Name Withheld

Ad Club Looks and Learns At So. Bend Engraving Plant

Continuing its policy of investigating advertising media, the Advertising Club conducted a field trip to the Indiana Engraving Company in South Bend last week.

The trip included a complete tour of the plant. The various processes used in transforming a photograph into a copper or zinc plate were demonstrated and explained.

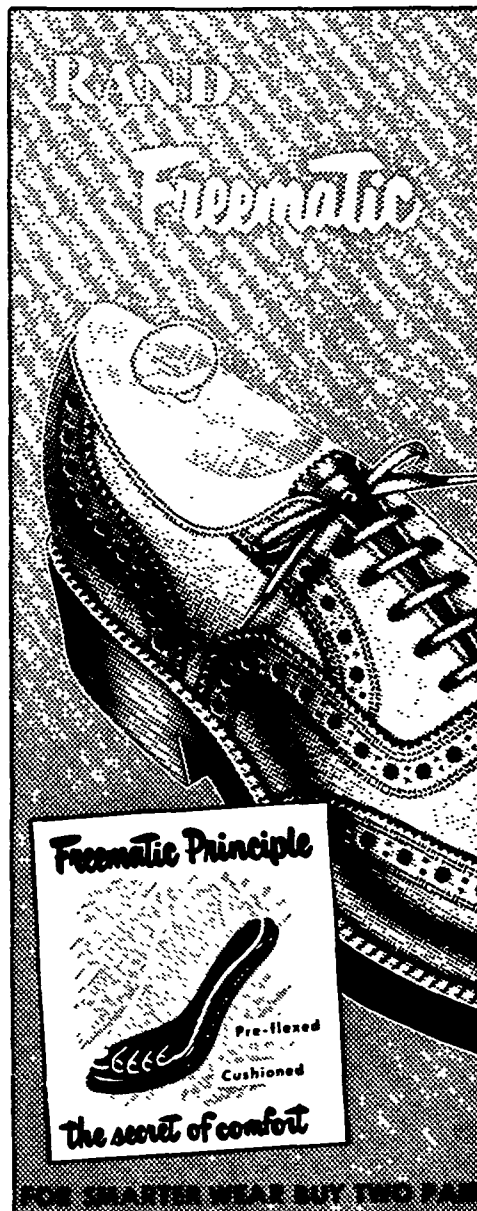
Members are still being accepted in the rejuvenated organization. Those interested are urged to apply in writing to the faculty moderator, Professor Festus J. Viser, of the College of Commerce.

General Electric and IBM Hold Job Interviews

Graduates-to-be in certain technical majors had job interviews arranged for them with representatives of General Electric Co. and International Business Machines Corp. this week, according to Mr. William R. Dooley, chief of the Job Placement Bureau.

The IBM men, Mr. William G. Kuschel and Mr. J. M. Asbury, were here Wednesday to receive applicants, while GE sent Mr. H. D. Ganborn and Mr. B. T. Moore on Thursday. The applicants were electrical and mechanical engineers and physics majors, either bachelor or master of science candidates. IBM, however, was looking for Ph.D. candidates as well.

New Golden Grain Leather... This Shoe NEEDS NO BREAKING IN!



Distinctive Golden Grain Leather, built on the famous-for-fit Baird last. Smart-looking, long-wearing...and it features unequalled Freematic construction: pre-flexed...needs no breaking in. And cushioned heel-toe for featherbed walking comfort.



RAND FREEMATIC
Style No. 17058

\$17⁵⁰

Freematic Principle



Pre-flexed
Cushioned
The secret of comfort

FOR SMARTER WEAR BUY TWO PAIR

WIDENER'S

123 W. Washington St.



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CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTION**

**a visit to our fine Chicago Store
for unusual and distinctive men's gifts**

Brooks Brothers have many unusual answers to the problem of "gifts for him" that are individual and in good taste. We make our own shirts, neckwear, pajamas and luggage...and import many articles not generally obtainable elsewhere. As a result you may select from a wide choice of gifts that reflect our uncompromising standards of quality and workmanship... and that are sold only at Brooks Brothers.

Note: Our "346" Shop has an excellent selection of distinctive clothing designed for today's undergraduate...at moderate prices.

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Law Institute

(Continued from Page 14)

mate offspring" of "pragmatic, materialistic, atheistic philosophy that started in Central Europe and spread to the east."

"The world is sick today, almost unto death, and for the reason that during the Nineteenth Century and earlier in many places the rights of man have been whittled away and the dignity and inviolability of the person has been outraged," Judge Brogan told the Institute.

Judge Brogan stressed that "true liberty must have its basis in the Natural Law which recognizes God as the Creator and man as the creature, the dignity and inviolability of personality which postulates human freedom."

Judge Hutcheson, speaking on "The Natural Law and the Right to Property," said that "a man would be no better than a slave if he could not exercise his natural right to acquire and own property and to retain it free from arbitrary control." He further stressed that "a government which did not recognize and preserve this right could not be just."

"There certainly is a complete, an irreconcilable, opposition between state socialism of any kind and the institution of private property, the same complete and irreconcilable opposition that there is between those forms of government and the form which we enjoy," Judge Hutcheson declared.

Mr. Morley, speaking on "The Natural Law and the Right to Freedom of Expression," charged that Americans of the future must "possess as much faith in God as they have in the Atomic or Hydrogen Bomb" in order to ensure the peace of the world.

"For a long time now we have been steadily contracting the sphere that belongs to God, and steadily expanding that which belongs to Caesar," Mr. Morley told the Institute gathering. "The theory of the Welfare State moves, like the shadow of an eclipse, across the face of God. And as the divine warmth is cut off — by our own folly — we become not more secure but only more baffled, anxious and confused."

At the final session of the Institute, Dean Clarence Manion of the College of Law, announced that Alvin A. Gould will sponsor the fifth anniversary institute next year. Mr. Gould has sponsored the last three institutes.

Dean Manion also announced that all of the speakers who appeared in the first three institutes will be invited next year. He said that four great non-Christians will be invited to discuss the natural law: Chinese, Jewish, Moslem and Hindu.

Vetville Residents Present Bells and Missal to Farley

At a pot-luck supper held last Sunday evening in the Vetville Rec Hall, Charles J. Perrin, mayor of Vetville, presented



Father Curtin and Chuck Perrin

a new main altar missal and a set of bells to the Farley Hall chapel on behalf of the residents of the Vetville community.

Rev. Daniel Curtin, C.S.C., one of the floor prefects of Farley, received the presentation in the absence of Father Charles Sheedy, C.S.C., rector.

The inhabitants of Vetville have been for the last three years attending Sunday Masses in the Farley Hall Chapel.

Aero Engineers Hear Noted Woman Flyer

Mrs. Blanche Noyes, chief of Air Marking with the Civil Aeronautic Administration, addressed the Aeronautical Engineers at their annual Fall banquet last night at the South Bend Country Club.

About 70 engineers and their guests heard Mrs. Noyes discuss the technical aspects of air traffic control in this day of advanced air transport. Relying on her own experience, the speaker presented some of the complex problems and their solutions involved in airport layout and design.

Mrs. Noyes is the widow of Dewey L. Noyes, pioneer air mail pilot who died in a plane crash. She has competed in the national air races held annually in Cleveland, tested planes for various aircraft companies and holds many flight records. In 20 years, Mrs. Noyes has flown over a million air miles.

names make news-

WILLIAM ELSER, head of the Department of Speech, was the main speaker at the annual Communion-Breakfast of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of the Fort Wayne Deanery last Sunday. The breakfast was given in Fort Wayne.

JAMES F. KELLEHER, editor of the 1950 *Dome*, will be inducted into the Army late this month. After basic training, he will be assigned to Staff School for commission in the Public Relations field.

Rev. ASTRIK GABRIEL, O. Praem., will be on campus during the coming week to direct the Mediaeval Institute's research on Mediaeval Education which he has been conducting by mail. At present, Father Gabriel is studying at Princeton University's Institute for Advanced Study on a fellowship from the Mediaeval Institute. He will rejoin the Institute faculty next Fall.

Professor FRANCIS J. HANLEY of the Department of Fine Arts addressed the students and faculty of Marygrove College, Detroit, Mich., last week, as well as the students and faculty of Sienna Heights College, Adrian, Mich. in a lecture entitled "Tonight at Eight-forty." The talk was an analysis of the current Broadway plays and stage designs for various productions. Among the plays discussed were *Lost in the Stars*, *As You Like It*, *The Innocents*, *The Cocktail Party*, and *The Happy Time*.

HAROLD W. SHEERAN, one of the first four graduates from the Department of Geology (June, 1949), is now doing graduate work leading towards a Master of Science degree at the University of Toronto, Canada. Sheeran is specializing in mineralogy and igneous rocks.

At the annual meeting of the Catholic Economic Association to be held at the Palmer House, Chicago, on Dec. 27, Dr. RAYMOND P. KENT, Professor of Finance at Notre Dame, will present one

of the principal papers. The general theme of the meeting will be "Monetary and Credit Problems in the Light of Catholic Philosophy." Dr. Kent's paper is entitled "Ethical Aspects of Monetary Reform."

Rev. GERALD PHELAN, Director of the Mediaeval Institute, has been invited by the University of Minnesota to attend an "Institute on Religion in State Universities" from Dec. 18 to Dec. 20. Father Phelan will serve as moderator of several discussion groups at the Institute, which will be held at the Center for Continuation Study on the university's Minneapolis campus.

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the last word

by WALT COLLINS



University Theatre

Undoubtedly one of the best stage productions in the recent history of Notre Dame, *The Man Who Came to Dinner* augurs great things for the coming semester.

Next on the University Theatre agenda is *Harvey*. Comes the test. *Harvey* is the type of play which, even more than *The Man*, hinges on a single actor. The success or failure of *Harvey* is the success or failure of Elwood P. Dowd.

Dick Simon has been cast in the part of Dowd. We saw him with the Presbyterian Players in *Candida* and he did an extremely good job in the Shavian show.

We wish him the best of luck in *Harvey*. It's a wonderful play and promises, on the basis of *The Man*, to be a fine production by the University Theatre.

More of the Same

While on the subject of stage productions, we can't help looking even further than *Harvey* to the student musical, recently re-titled *Mr. and Mrs. Broadway*. Scheduled tentatively for early in April, the Carey-Marshall musical is already making news.

The co-authors recently got a letter from band leader Tip Tipton, whose "Funmakers" play the Chicago hotel and night club circuit. Tipton wrote that he has arranged and played one of the songs from *Mr. and Mrs. Broadway* and has received several requests for repeat performance.

More promising yet, Carey and Marshall have been contacted by Broadcast Music of New York, one of the "big ten" of the music publishing business. Broadcast Music asked the campus playwrights to send them two of the songs from the musical for publication consideration.

And, finally, *Mr. and Mrs. Broadway* has made the FM airways in Chicago; another of its songs has been featured on Johnny Paul's TV show in the Windy City.

We're more anxious than ever to see what the duo has in its musical package.

A Festival

Congratulations to the department of Music and the department of Foreign Languages for their Bach Festival early

this week. The entire program was a sympathetic and masterful treatment of the great composer and his great music. It's a shame the Festival was not more widely attended.

Open Letter

Dear Santa Claus:

It looks like you'll be riding your sleigh through flak and bombing raids again this year. We thought that was all over five years ago, but we guess it was just a breathing spell. We all hoped that Christmas, 1945, would be the beginning of a long, long string of Christmases which would find all men, in all countries, singing "Peace on earth."

But we all were wrong. As in 1939 and 1940, we face the grim picture of a long and devastating war—this time maybe on our own soil.

So, Santa, we guess we shouldn't ask for too much from you this year. But there are a few things we would like to ask, although we don't know if your sack is big enough to hold the very things we'd like.

First of all, we'd like peace. But we don't just want cessation of hostilities. We want real peace.

We want peace based on a recognition of the real meaning of Christmas—with this recognition carried over into the other 364 days of the year. We'd like a return of all nations and all peoples to the recognition of Christmas as the

birth of Christ, who became Man to save men from sin and its ugly result—war.

If men would recognize this real meaning of Christmas, Santa, and if they could recognize that it is their, and our, own fault that we are having a new war so shortly after the old one, then your annual sleighrides would become indefinitely unmolested.

We don't suppose you have this gift any place in your sack. It would be nice if you did, but it's too much to expect.

So we guess you better put the armor-plating back on your sleigh. And you better make it thicker than ever.

The Last Word

A very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to one and all!

Dentist

DR. RALPH BERMAN

408 Platt Bldg., 105 W. Wayne St.

Hours: Mon. 9-12
Thurs. 9-12 & 1:30-5
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Request Bulletin C-57

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF RETAILING

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THE DU PONT DIGEST



Philip S. Sanders, left, A. B. in Chemistry, University of Pennsylvania, 1944, supervises operation of a special dipping machine used to coat wire with "Teflon" enamel in the laboratory. Enamel is "dried" by fusing.

The Teflon* Problem:

Given a plastic for which there is no known solvent, how would you turn it into a coating?

Some time ago Du Pont research discovered a new plastic—"Teflon" tetrafluoroethylene resin. It had temperature resistance beyond the range of any previous plastic, excellent electrical characteristics, and the highest degree of chemical inertness among commercial plastics.

But tough-guy "Teflon" was almost *too* tough. It wouldn't melt and flow like other plastics. Hence, it could be molded only in simple shapes. There was no existing technique by which it could be made into thin coatings. Unless this difficulty could be overcome, the very properties that made "Teflon" so promising narrowed its usefulness.

"Teflon" Won't Dissolve

In the past, problems like this have been handled by dissolving plastics in a suitable solvent and using them as the base for enamels and similar coatings. But "Teflon" will not dissolve in any solvent yet known. It even stands up to nitric acid.

At this point Du Pont physical chemists suggested dispersions—minute particles suspended in a liquid—as the answer. After much study, scientists of the Polychemicals Department learned how to suspend "Teflon" particles about 1/125,000 of an inch in diameter. Aided by the fundamental studies of Chemical Department scientists, they devised today's commercial scale process.

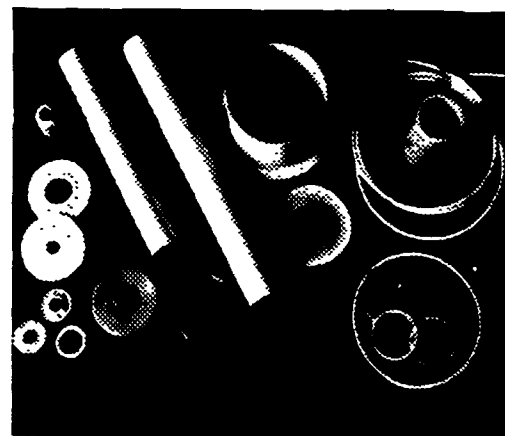
Meanwhile Du Pont's Fabrics and Finishes Department was keeping pace with the development. Their contributions to formulating the new products did much to establish "Teflon" polytetrafluoroethylene coatings and wire enamels in many special uses.

In electric motors, for instance, these enamels are used on wire so the motor can be operated at higher temperatures and will deliver more power per unit of weight. Such motors are more compact and sometimes cost less.

Other uses include non-sticking coatings that cut costs when applied to bakery rolls, rubber molds, heat-sealing machinery and similar equipment. Corrosion-resistant "Teflon" coatings for special uses are currently being investigated.

Product of Teamwork

"Teflon" finishes are a typical fruit of the close teamwork of Du Pont technical men of diverse backgrounds. Organic and physical chemists played a major role. Physicists participated by developing fundamental information on the nature of the dispersion. Chemical and mechanical engineers designed the manufacturing apparatus. Working together, they made possible this new and important addition to the Du Pont family of "Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry." *Reg. U. S. Patent Off.



Number one plastic in resistance to heat, chemicals and moisture, "Teflon" is shown in forms of gaskets, coaxial cable spacers, tape, rod, pipe, flared tubing, valve stem packing beading as it is supplied to industry.



In a test of heat resistance at 390°F., the "Teflon" rod (right) remains intact while two other plastics melt or swell out of shape.

DID YOU KNOW . . .

. . . 76 students at 47 universities are currently pursuing post-graduate work as holders of Du Pont Fellowships in science. Awards for 1950-51 total \$224,000.

DU PONT

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