

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN.

Nov. 19, 1924.

Feast of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

Home, James.

Mr. James Crusinberry,
Chicago Tribune.

Dear James:

You had a piece in the Chicago Tribune this morning about the he-men at Notre Dame, and I just wanted to set you right on it before some of the boys get mad and stop taking your paper. Some of them are pretty sore right now, but they figure you got talking to Hector Garvey downtown before you took the 5:20 home with the Nebraska players on it, and Hector gave you the low-down on Notre Dame the way it used to be, but thanks be we're living that down right now.

Take it from me the boys are going to be pretty sore if they find you've queered the works for next Saturday with the Northwestern coeds. Where do you get that stuff that a Notre Dame man runs when he sees a girl? There may not be any coeds here, but boy, take it from me, South Bend is only fifteen minutes away, and not that far if you stand in right because she'll call for you with her car.

You'd figure the way you write that there wasn't a decent dancer at Notre Dame, and how can a fellow get dates if you put that kind of stuff in the paper about him? You should have got a key from Father Carey and looked into the rooms under the beds for the classiest assortment of dance pumps you ever hope to see. Take it from me, we've got some all-american dancers at Notre Dame, no applesauce. I'm not so much at it myself, but I will say I've got thirteen dance programs from this fall tucked away in the old memory book. And not even the Bishop can keep the boys out of the Palais Royale on Saturday and Sunday nights.

And about the tuxedos. Why even Gov. Walsh tumbled last year, and Art Bidwill, you know how tough he is, got spiked at a formal at the Drake last Easter. And they've got the line to go with the tux. You ought to sit in the Sorin office for about an hour after supper some evening.

That's a good one on you about the rex beach coats and etc. You got the idea that just because a fellow wears a lumber-jack shirt he shaves with an ax. If you followed the styleplus book as well as you seem to want us to think you do, you'd know that for every big-check plaid in the fall there's a little-check pair of knickers laid away for the January thaw. That "Bracing north wind" stuff is the bunk. There was a little snow on the ground this morning, and only 700 of the boys got up to start the Poor Souls Novena. Not every lumber-jack shirt covers a lumber-jack's heart.

Now don't get me wrong. There are a few vulgar characters still around the place, and they are very much in evidence during the day-time, the candy store still sells a little chewing tobacco, and now and then you hear a cuss-word unfit for a lady's ears, but social regeneration is coming fast.

Ivanhoe Stacomb.

Prayers.

Elmer Besten and Fod Cotton ask prayers for a friend of theirs who is very sick. Albert Kuhle, an alumnus, asks prayers for his wife, who was killed in an accident a few days ago.

Northwestern Next.

Five years ago tomorrow Notre Dame played Northwestern, and George Gipp played his last game of football. George was not feeling well after the Indiana game, but the crowd yelled and yelled for him until he went in. He played only a few minutes. Offer your Communion these three days for George and for the team that no one will get hurt Sat.

Engineering Supplement.

Contributors are asked to limit their communications to three hundred words at a time. In the interests of exactitude it should be stated that one cent postage suffices for letters mailed on the campus.

If An Engineer Says It's So, It's So.

Nov. 19, 1924.

John O'Hara, C.S.C.,

Reverend Father:-

I am an engineer at Notre Dame, which, if I interpret your bulletin correctly, means that I enjoy as enviable a position as Hecate would occupy in a Mack Sennett strip. Until just lately I have taken your little pokes very good naturedly. I charitably assumed that you were attempting reverse sarcasm in "Razzing" the engineers, and have argued this point strongly with my fellows.

Recently you made the statement that engineers are off nine-tenths of the time. If that were true, you would hardly be here to inform us of the fact. Nine out of every ten bridges you crossed would collapse, nine out of every ten trains you rode would be wrecked, and unless Sorin Hall were one in ten it would have long since tumbled about your ears.

An engineer would not have made your statement because engineering's creed is exactitude. It allows no dealing with approximations and exaggerations. The engineer has a wholesome respect for the superlative. If he says a building is the largest in the world, or that a road will last sixty years, he means just that, and he can bear out his statement with facts and figures.

We deal in concrete and your criticisms are decidedly abstract. Give us concrete constructive criticism and perhaps we shall benefit by it.

Sincerely,

L.E.G.