Seniors Plan Mass of Peace

This Sunday morning Sacred Heart Church will be the scene of a vibrant and exemplary Catholic plea for peace when hundreds of Seniors crowd the church and communion rail to offer their prayers and Holy Communion for a lasting world peace. (See Page 5)

Stage Purdue Rally Tonight

Swept along by the martial airs of Joseph Casasanta's boys and fired by the hope of a decisive victory tomorrow, the spirit of Notre Dame will ride high in the hearts of the student body this evening at the first pep rally of the year. (See Page 6)

Swift Hitler Move Forecast

"Hitler, however, may start a lightning war in the west by marching swiftly through a neutral country and attacking France from the north. If he would do this, either Germany or France would fall within a short time. Thus a short war." (See Page 9)

Blake Scales Mount Vulcan

"I could look out toward the west, and there 200 miles across the tops of the clouds glowed Popocatepetl, a perfect white cone in the sky. With a full moon on its head it looked like the lacquered painting on a Japanese tray." (See Page 11)
This week a NEW novel begins in the Post

"DON'T ASK QUESTIONS"

by J.P. MARQUAND

AUTHOR OF "WICKFORD POINT"

A young American couple board a cruise boat for South America . . . and suddenly find themselves swept into a grim international intrigue. Why should someone try to murder these two innocent Americans? Why should secret agents for Germany and Japan attempt to prevent them from reaching the tropical country of Chica? Here's an exciting adventure in seven swift installments, another top-notch Post serial, by a Pulitzer Prize author whose last two novels have headed best-seller lists.

Also in this issue . . .

WHEN STALIN COUNTERFEITED DOLLARS
Uncovering a $10,000,000 Soviet swindle
By W. G. KRIVITSKY, former General in the Red Army

A WIFE FOR MR. MEECHAM
And only a few hours to find one!
A short story by DAVID LAMSON

NOW IN OCTOBER
A short story of big-league baseball
By HOLMES ALEXANDER

BETWEEN TWO FLAGS
America's second-generation Japanese face a dilemma
By MAGNER WHITE

THE CROSLEY TOUCH—AND GO!
Meet the man behind the midget car
By FORREST DAVIS

COUNTRY STOREKEEPER
But he does a business of $240,000 a year
A success story by JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

CRAZY WITH THE HEAT
A new story of Babe and Uncle Pete and Little Joe
By R. ROSS AMNITT

THE ROSE
About a picture they didn’t want a Hollywood star for
A short story by LOUISE KENNEDY MARSH

AND . . . The concluding installment in Rex Stout’s mystery thriller, Double for Death . . . editorials, cartoons . . . 92 pages of entertainment for your nickel.
College Parade by Jack Willman

From our position on the reviewing platform, we watched the first units of the 1939-40 collegiate periodical brigade as they swung into sight on Printed Pulp Avenue. The ranks were thin for this first formation, because some of the more important representatives have not yet burst through their editorial shell. So much for local-color; here's what we saw:

All along the line fatuous welcomes were hurled to unwary frosh who fell into the academic web. The same frosh were congratulated upon their prudent choice of an alma mater, and in the next breath were admonished to take up the spirit, tradition, and glory of "Old Siwash." "Freshman Week" was the order at many colleges, where the fraternities take aside the matriculating neophytes into the hectic whirl of a rushing season.

Auburn

While a trip by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is no longer national news, the Auburn Plainsman reports that the first lady visited their campus to make a brief speech to the R.O.T.C. corps. The rug-cutters were solid in their praise of the signing of Russ Morgan for the Opening Dances. Name bands are a rarity for the Plainsmen. A strong plea for more tennis courts was sent out in the editorial columns.

Boystown

New to the journalistic field is a paper, The Boys Town Times issued by Father Flanagan and his flock of youngsters who prove his contention that "there's no such thing as a bad boy." The fall school term is now in session under the Christian Brothers. A promising football team with a seven won behind the gridiron. The student labor board evaluates and studies all business and academic effort. Bedlam U. has registered a record number of undergrads for practical social work. For admission, the student must write a 150 word thesis on practical social work. For admission, the student must write a 150 word thesis on

Princeton

.. From the lair of the Tiger of Old Nassau the Daily Princetonian has an interesting story on the seizure of one of her men by the German Gestapo. It seems that vacationing undergraduate was blandly conversing with a group of German sailors prior to his sailing for home. The Nazi tars were ignorant of English, except for a few bars of "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie! Here Come Cookie!" To further discourage conversation, the Princetonian could not "sprechen sie deutsch." After several futile conversational parries, the Gestapo apprehended the student to prevent him from "obtaining further vital naval information". A movie review column also took pains to deify the treatment that Old Nassau received in the flicker, "These Glamour Girls."

Colorado

The Ore Digger shines forth with optimism for its student engineers. In a survey conducted by the New York Post, 65 per cent of the 1939 college graduates were granted good chances of obtaining employment. However, the Ore-digging grads had a 100 percent prospect rating. Better advertising no college can boast. The outbreak of hostilities in Europe has restricted the foreign enrollment. Tiny Hill, who rose to fame at Chicago's Melody Mill, is now promoting jive in Denver for the winter season.

The joke which appeared concurrently in the most publications:

"Are you a college man?"

"No, a horse just stepped on my hat."

California

A new department, the Daily Californian reports, has been added to the field of academic effort. Bedlam U. has registered a record number of undergrads for practical social work. For admission, the student must write a 150 word thesis on how to have a date from 4 p.m. on Saturday until 2 a.m. Sunday morning on three dollars. The report must include a budget which accounts for each penny. Featured activities are jigger-bug and hoop-rolling contests. Practical application was demonstrated by the criminology major who nabbed a prowling burglar in a dormitory. Vic Bottari and Dave Anderson have returned to do graduate work and assist "Stu" Allison on the gridiron. The student labor board evaluates and studies all business establishments which solicit campus patronage. It approves with a "Fair Bear" label.

OPINION

Probably no campus generation has come of draftable age with a less romantic attitude towards war than ours. Interesting for their varied content—although not extensive enough to be considered representing officially the attitude of the student body—are following opinions expressed in answer to the question: "Would you enlist to fight a foreign war on foreign soil? Would you have to be drafted?"

One student from each residence hall was interviewed. THE SCHOLASTIC wishes to print additional opinions on the subject. Address your opinion to Tom Powers, Inquiring Reporter, Freshman Hall.

Badin—R.K.: "Under no condition will I volunteer to fight any European wars. I'll go up into the North woods, break my leg, get married, or something like that. There'll be two men who won't fight in the European war; myself, and the recruiting officer who's chasing me!"

Cavanaugh—B.R.: "In answering such a question, I would make a distinction as to what is and what is not foreign soil. South America and Canada, nations of the North American continent, should not be classed as foreign soil, but rather as American soil. Any jeopardization as to their security, as the Monroe Doctrine admonishes, would be a justification for war. However, any war fought upon European soil carries no justification for America's entering her forces nor for any man's volunteering."

Zahm—A. R.: "I shall volunteer immediately after the United States declares war. The patriotism and adventure of war is a component part of man's nature. Why delay the war? It will come eventually."

St. Edward's—A. K.: "I absolutely refuse to fight in a war upon foreign soil. Even the draft will fail to change my conviction. They'll have to shoot me, first, before I'll fight for any European nation."

Sorin—N. G.: "Rather than be a slacker, I would follow the draft if the United States declared war. Under no condition, however, would I volunteer."

Morrissey—A. M.: "According to the present European situation, I shall wait to be drafted. At present, there is no reason at all for the United States joining the conflict. However, if a situation developed whereby it appeared as if the Allies might be defeated by Germany, I
The Week by F. G. Barreda

Minima Cum Laude

Sign on the main bulletin board, “Books for sale, cheap.” We happen to know the haggling fellow who wrote it. He’s an English major.

Nipping a Putsch

Petty jealousies such as “When will you pay your $800?” will be forgotten between the University and the students now that the Students’ Activities Council has been remodeled to assist the Board of discipline in prosecuting minor torts. Our imagination becomes passe.

For the sake of example let us suppose that a model student were caught coming in through a window slightly after 1 o’clock. This, of course, is merely a supposition. In the trial by jury that would ensue, the “brain” of the S.A.C. would engage in the following cross-examination with the unruffled defendant:

B: Your name, sir?
C: William Cullen Chips.
B: How did you get into your room last night?
C: Very well, thank you.
B: We have reference to your mode of entrance, not your condition.
C: I came through the wall. There must have been a window in my way. Expediency forced me to open it.
B: Why didn’t you come in through the door?
C: It was locked.
B: Well, why didn’t you summon the nightwatchman?
C: I don’t know the gentleman very well.
B: And why didn’t you call the rector.
C: He was still taking his afternoon nap.
B: Mr. Chips, do you know the minimum penalty for your breach of discipline?
C: Two weeks, sir.
B: Goodbye, Mr. Chips.

Success Story

Early this week a young lady and two gentlemen escorts were chewing the rag on the green pastures of the main quad.

Quite intent on absorbing all the Gothic beauty of the campus the young lady’s gaze drifted over the green forest of pines toward the Golden Dome. Something caught her attention. Fleeting moments went by. She was still staring. One of the gentlemen, quick to notice after a lull of ten minutes in their conversation that something was wrong, inquired politely about the difficulty. The young lady turned, and asked, ever so naively, “Who is that man on top of the dome?”

Victory March

Tony Pontenziani’s sharp staccato voice broke the crispness of the cold air. “Hep!” From the quarterback position he shifted the shock troops into a box formation—mechanical unison. One dared not breathe. Opposing linemen dug nervous cleats into the soft turf, braced themselves for the cataclysm which was to come. Once again the rich baritone voice of Pontenziani drove fear into the hearts of the enemy, “1-2-3-4!” Back shot the ball with the deadly bead of a rifle. Lightning guards pulled out from the line to lead an onslaught of interference, leaving gaping holes in the line to be cross-checked by gargantuan tackles. Pontenziani whipped in a quarter-spin, faked the ball into the bosom of the thundering fullback who smashed into the line, whirled again into the half-spin, faking this time to the express train, the left half who whipped by in a crouch. Pontenziani drifted to his right, faded. The ends had been knifed out. Pontenziani faded deeper, behind the shadow of his own goal posts. Far away “Streaky” Joe Mangano had out-maneuvered the enemy secondary and now in the open was making a mad dash for the goal. Pontenziani, cool as an epileptic, cocked his arm for the tremendous heave. It was now or never, victory or death. But by this time wasp-waisted Don Gilliland had smashed through the forward wall on sheer nerve and precision to touch Pontenziani and end the game. A picture of dejection as Pontenziani left Walsh field to take a shower, rush over for supper, and a Salerno butter cookie.

Bottom of the Week

Herman Blert, the No 1 man on our espionage network, reports that Audrey Trueheart over at the library failed to recognize Captain Johnny Kelly in his monogrammed sweater when he asked to take a book out. “Are you a Notre Dame student?” she asked. “No,” Johnny replied, “I go to Vassar.”

think that would be a provocation to fight and a reason for me to volunteer.”

Alumni—W. F.: “The tyranny of the dictatorships might encircle Europe, Germany may defeat England and France, but neither of these conditions would justify the entry of the U. S. into the war. We are not to assume the failures of Europe. For these reasons, I shall never volunteer. And my enlistment would be brought about by force alone.”

Carroll—P. D.: “If conditions indicated a prolonged war, I would enlist, rather than be drafted into the infantry. In this way, I would have a more advantageous position in the army—if there be such.”

Lyons—W. M.: “I would have to be drafted, if the United States were to undertake a war upon foreign shores. All of this talk about the betterment of democracy is a lot of baloney. I do not consider even the crushing of the tyrannical dictators of Europe a just reason for the giving of my life.”

Brownson—J. P.: “When America enters the European conflict, I shall enlist to join the millions who will shoot and bayonet their fellow-men. The responsibility for the wrongness of my deeds will not rest with my soul. It will lie with the consciences of the guiders of the destiny of the United States, the President and Congress, who make the declarations of war. With them will lie the guilt of my actions.”

Freshmen—W. Y.: “I am not willing to throw away my life, future, career, merely to become a casualty of war so that the deep-rooted hatreds of England and France may take their vengeance on Germany. I will not enlist. I will fight only if forced to.”

Walsh—P. M.: “I can’t see a valid reason for the United States entering into any foreign war and therefore I can’t see any reason for my fighting for any such cause. Nor do I believe that American citizens, through the draft, should be forced to enter the fighting forces of the nation. However, if I am drafted, I will fight—only because of the fear of being shot as a slacker.”

Breen-Phillips—K. G.: “If the United States were to join a war on foreign soil, I would volunteer, rather than wait to be drafted. I would have a choice of the best positions in the army, which choice I would not have if drafted. And I am quite sure that if the United States ever becomes involved in a war, her fighting force will be composed of a greater number of drafted men than the army of 1918.”
Seniors to Unite in Plea For World Peace Sunday

Communion Breakfast Follows Student Mass

This Sunday morning Sacred Heart church will be the scene of a vibrant and exemplary Catholic plea for peace when hundreds of Seniors crowd the church and communion rail to offer their prayers and Holy Communions for a lasting world peace.

Feeling that the Senior class should set an example and express their opinions regarding peace, the new Student Council has arranged for a Communion Breakfast this Sunday in the West Dining Hall. The breakfast will take place immediately following 7 o'clock Mass.

The entire West Hall will be reserved for the Communion Breakfast. Instead of the regular Sunday morning fare, Tommy Owens has promised the Student Council to serve a special breakfast. The breakfast is a sponsored activity. Therefore it is purely voluntary on the part of the Seniors and is free of charge.

James Moore, a member of the Student Council is general chairman for the breakfast.—Harry Penrose.

Donovan Is President Of Reorganized Council

Jerry Donovan, Senior in the College of Arts and Letters, was elected president of the newly organized Student Council at their first meeting under the new charter, Tuesday night. Donovan, an English major who collects pipes and can't sit still when Hal Kemp swings, was elected unanimously.

In elections for the other offices, Clarence Marquardt of Oak Park, Ill., won the vice-presidency; Robert Sanford of Milwaukee assumed the position of secretary; and Paul Chaput of Detroit, was elected treasurer.

Although instituted last Spring, the
Council has been in operation less than a week. Its activities are planned to create a greater spirit of cooperation between the students and University officials, in regard to subjects of athletic and social activities, discipline, and other questions of student welfare.

Among the new members chosen by student elections the past week were:

Alumni Hall—Ed Hannan, Perry, 1a.; Walsh Hall—Joe Whitford, Bradley Beach, N. J.; Sorin Hall—Henry Collins, Fairmont, W. Va.; St. Edward's Hall—Bob DeMoss, Chicago, Ill.; Dillon Hall—Charles Dillon, Butler, Pa.; Howard Hall—Harold Barris, Elyria, Ohio; Badin Hall—Ray Roy, Oak Park, Ill.; Lyons Hall—Melville Rummel, Jersey City, N. J.; Carroll Hall—Albert Del Zoppo, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Purdue Rally Tonight

Swept along by the martial airs of Joe Casasanta's boys and fired by the hope of a decisive victory tomorrow, the spirit of Notre Dame will ride high in the hearts of the student body this eve-

mourning at the first pep rally of the year. Students will march from the Dining Hall to the Fieldhouse immediately following dinner.

Three well known Notre Dame men will be the principal speakers at the meeting. They are Mai Elward, Purdue coach; Noble Kizer, director of athletics at Purdue, and James S. Kearns, editor of THE SCHOLASTIC in 1934. Mr. Kearns, now a sports columnist for the Chicago Daily News, will be here to cover the Purdue game.

The Student Activities Council, which is sponsoring the meeting has also extended an invitation to Ted Husing, the Columbia Broadcasting System's well known sports announcer, to address the meeting. Husing, who is no stranger to Irish teams, will be in the press box to-

morrow broadcasting the game over a coast-to-coast network.

Notre Dame's well known supporter of the wailing wall—Elmer Layden—will introduce the members of this year's Varsity to the student body during the pep meeting. He may even tell a story.

Father Burke To Revive Old Vaudeville Night

Years ago, when Notre Dame was just beginning to grow, students and faculty used to throng into Washington Hall on the night of the student vaudeville show. Father John Talbert Smith, president of the Actor's Guild during the early years of this century, suggested student vaudeville during one of his lectures here. The Knights of Columbus fostered the idea and awarded cash prizes for the cleverest acts.

These vaudevilles were a combination of an opera, a three-ringed circus, and a good musical comedy. Students danced, sang, imitated, and on one occasion a campus club produced a minstrel show. Walter O'Keefe and Charley Butterworth, topnotchers in today's entertainment world, were among the winners in the past.

Then just as suddenly as it began, interest in student vaudeville fell off, finally died altogether. For some time, the Rev. Eugene Burke, C.S.C., has tried to revive vaudeville at Notre Dame. This year, the Knights of Columbus have agreed to sponsor vaudeville again, and, as in the past, they will offer awards of $25, $15, and $10, to the winners.

All kinds of entertainers are wanted for this show. Whether you're a concert pianist or a juggler, a swing drummer or a champion hog-caller, the Knights invite you to participate. It might mean an extra $25 for Christmas. Everyone can try his luck except regularly organized campus entertainers, such as the Glee Club. Individual members of such groups are not barred, however.

Application blanks for acts in the Vaudeville may be had from Grand Knight Tim King or Mr. Eli Abraham any afternoon in the K. of C. clubrooms, basement of Walsh Hall. Mr. Vincent Doyle of 331 Walsh Hall will be in charge of stage arrangements and will be glad to help in the staging of skits.

No definite date has been set for the show, as yet, but Father Burke hopes to have a preliminary show shortly before Thanksgiving to select the ten best acts for a final contest about the middle of December.—Sam Boyle.

Purdue Victory Dance

As a grand finale to the Notre Dame-Purdue football game, the campus branch of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers will sponsor a Victory Dance at the Progress Club, South Bend, tomorrow night.

Karl Hunn and his orchestra (former-

ly the Modernaires) will provide three hours of dance music from 8:30 to 11:30, President John Linnehan announced. Assisting Linnehan will be Hicinbothim, Vice-President Walter Dray, Norbert Schickel and David Sprafke.

Students from St. Mary's College have been granted permission to attend. Admission will be one dollar per couple.

The Progress Club is located on the northwest corner of Colfax and Taylor Avenues in South Bend.

Student Trip

One of the most popular events of the school year, the Student Football Trip, will be staged Oct. 20 and 21, when the students follow the team to Cleveland for the annual clash with the Navy. Jerry Donavan of the Student Council announced Thursday. Plans for the event are in the hands of Bob Derengoski, general chairman. Prices for the event will be determined as soon as possible.

Cotillion Date Set

With a fire sale advertisement of tuxedos and tails down town comes a concomitant announcement by sophomore presxy George Sobek that the Sophomore Cotillion will be held on Friday, Nov. 17, the weekend of the Northwestern game.

The affair probably will be held at the Palais Royale. Probably? Where else has everything from the AB Formal to the Chemists' Tea been held during the past three centuries?

Official tags have been pinned on Jim
Man About the Campus

Visualize the heavier portion of Laurel and Hardy, the cavernous roar of Joe E. Brown, the suavity of Charles Boyer—mix together—result Donald “Chubby” Gilliland, weight 245, genial clown of the campus, and Lochinvar of South Bend’s white-washed way.

He was employed as a magazine salesman before entering Notre Dame and drummed extensively throughout eastern states. He spent one summer as a life-guard in his home-town, Jefferson City, Mo. When off duty he entertained the customers with a comic diving and swimming act. Remember his fine performance at the Bengal Bouts last year?

Don is quite a sportsman too—promoter and charter member of the St. Ed’s club will not confine itself to strictly classical work, but will include some “light” classics. One of their more immediate objectives is Tschicowski’s “March Slav.”

According to present plans the orchestra, which is under the direction of Mr. D. H. Pedke, head of the department of music, will give its first performance near the end of November.

It may interest some Juniors and Seniors to know that they may take an elective, counting toward their graduation, in the school of music.

Glee Club Organizes

Every time there is a rush on this campus to borrow someone’s white tie and tails it doesn’t necessarily mean a St. Mary’s affair or a cotillion, for in about two months the Notre Dame Glee Club will again swing into action.

This year 68 of the 90 men who tried out for the group were successful. The result is a well balanced club as regards the number of voices in each section. A number of new selections have been added to last year’s repertoire. The club will not confine itself to strictly classical work, but will include some ballads and school songs.

Their first full appearance will be at Thanksgiving although the club will take part in the inaugural program of the University’s radio activities for the year.

Officers for this year were elected last spring and are as follows: Burley Johnston, president; Frank Ciolo, vice-president; William Mooney, business manager; Bud Pagliano, assistant business manager; Tom Murphy, librarian.

Soloists selected so far are: Don Tiedemann, baritone; Anthony Donadio,
Frosh Convocation

The celebrities of the campus sport world were introduced to Freshmen for the first time at the annual convocation held in Washington Hall on Monday night. Elmer F. Layden, Director of Athletics, urged all students to engage in some sport during their four years on the campus, not only for the physical benefits, but also for the qualities of leadership and fair play which participation in athletics develop.

The captains of football, basketball, track, and baseball also gave short talks in which they stressed the need of student support of the teams. The remainder of the convocation was spent in the rehearsing of the cheers and songs which will be used for the games.

Books

Students now have a splendid chance to join the Notre Dame equivalent of the "Book of the Month Club" without being forced to read "Grapes of Wrath."

The Bookmen, campus literary organization, will hold their first meeting of the school year, Wednesday night at 8 o'clock in the Law Building.

President Albert P. Funk announced yesterday that five or six vacancies in the club will be filled by the middle of October. The date when applications will be received will be announced shortly after the first meeting.

History: Organized 1932. Purpose is to further the reading of literature which maintains Catholic ideals and principles, to create interest in books of moral and cultural value, and to encourage criticism. Membership is limited to fifteen. Bi-weekly meetings are held throughout the school year.

Schoolmen

The Schoolmen, campus philosophical society, will open their fall program with a round table discussion Tuesday evening. A dinner at 7:30 in the Rose Marie Tea Room, with faculty adviser Rev. Thomas J. Brennan, C.S.C., as guest of honor, will precede the discussion.

Fred Wolff will examine "The Scholastic View of Modern War" in a short talk, and new junior members will elect a vice-president.

Candidates for admission to the Schoolmen should notify President James Daner, 433 Walsh Hall before Wednesday, Oct. 4. Candidates must possess high scholastic standing and answer satisfactorily philosophical questions put to them by a board of examiners. The board is made up of Alfred Callan, Richard Fallon, John Findor, and James Daner.

Academy of Politics

The Academy of Political Science, one of the oldest campus organizations, has made definite plans to reopen Sunday evening.

The purpose of the academy, which is open only to Junior and Senior political science majors, is to establish a closer union and a stronger bond for students exhibiting a serious and active interest in the philosophy and science of politics.

Throughout the scholastic year, noted speakers are brought by the academy to discuss the latest political questions in the country. Members also are given an opportunity during the year to express their personal views on important subjects.

Harold Bowler, president of the Academy, announced that a few vacancies are now open, and that students seeking membership should submit their names to either Dave Holman of Sorin Hall, or Edward Kelly of Walsh Hall, for further information—John Ferneding.
Father Hoever Fears
Arms Embargo Repeal

The United States will be placed in grave danger of war if the repeal of the neutrality bill is accepted by the special Congress now in session, according to the Rev. Hugo H. Hoever, O.Cist., professor of philosophy at Notre Dame.

Father Hoever, a native of Germany, but for the past three years a citizen of the United States, gave his views on the present European crisis to a Scholastic representative Wednesday and, according to his statements, "anything can happen."

"There is only one alternative. If we do not support any of the conflicting nations by sending them war materials, the United States will be safe. But, if the repeal of the entire neutrality act is accepted, it is, I think, quite obvious that we will sell only to France and England, even if the report is published that all nations will be free to purchase American goods. In the first place, Germany cannot purchase our goods, because she has no funds. Her money is far below par on the American exchange market, and therefore would be worth relatively nothing. Secondly, the English fleet is far more stronger than the German navy. Consequently Germany would devise such an act, that of selling only to France and England, and would probably take steps to destroy the agreement."

"How long do you think the war will last?" we asked.

"I believe the war will be a short one," he replied, "but right now the situation is so complicated I hesitate to name the number of weeks or months."

"The Western Front at the present time is much stronger than it has ever been in the history of Europe. During the World War, the front was weak. There were slums, ditches, trenches. Now the Maginot and Siegfried lines are gas-proof and bomb-proof. On the Western Front now there is all the power in the world, and unless France can find some unexpected weak spot on the line, it is practically impregnable. I do not believe that France nor Great Britain is strong enough to break this line."

"Hitler, however, may start a lightnings in the west by marching swiftly through a neutral country and attacking France from the north. If he would do this, either Germany or France would fall within a short time. Thus a short war would follow."

"Do you think that something might happen within Germany to break down the existing government, thus rendering war with France and England unnecessary?"

"There may be," he said, "sooner than many believe, a change on the part of the German people. Since last April, when Hitler closed all Catholic schools and other religious institutions of learning for children, in Catholic provinces, the German parents began to realize then that the Communistic principles were wrong. To destroy the Nazi form there must be found a leader within the populace. Thousands of Germans who were forced to leave the country are waiting for the right moment to take revenge on the Nazis."

"When Poland is captured," he continued, "unless France and Great Britain do not recognize a German victory, these powers will have no reason for fighting Hitler, other than to break down the Nazi form of government. According to latest English commitments they will try to destroy Nazism. However, unless England or France make positive concessions, it would be defeat to separate the German people from Hitler, because they were informed that France and Great Britain are again united to finish what they could not do in 1917, dismember Germany; and that they would get a treaty worse than Versailles. Consequently, they have to support the government in fighting, whether they like it or not."

Relative to Hitler's influence in foreign countries, Father Hoever stated that "this power is obtained primarily by sending representatives of the Nazi government into a country, Poland, for instance, to strike up national socialist ideas among the population. It grows and grows, until the people of that country are tricked into believing that the Hitler policies are omnipotent. Dissention arises among the populace. Some believe Hitler is their only safety; finally a majority believe it. Then, as has happened many times, Der Fuehrer gains great strength in those nations. He did this in the Sudeten land, Czechoslovakia and Poland. He cannot be trusted."

"The United States has no reason at all to fight Hitler or to engage in the present crisis. And I believe, if the correct steps are taken at the right time, we will be free from all European entanglements."—James G. Newland.

Classes Shortened

The Rev. J. Leonard Carrico, C.S.C., director of studies, has announced that the following short-class schedule will prevail on Saturdays when Notre Dame plays football at home:

- First period ..... 8:00 to 8:35
- Second period ... 8:45 to 9:20
- Third period ..... 9:30 to 10:05
- Fourth period...10:15 to 10:50

World Fraternalism is Cure for War—McMahon

With the whole world subjected to a barrage of propaganda designed to fix the 'war guilt,' the time has come to examine the basic cause of war. In the opinion of Dr. Francis E. McMahon, professor of philosophy at Notre Dame, it is not opposing ideological doctrines but "unbridled Nationalism or the idolatry of our own state at the expense of others that is the fundamental cause of the present European conflict." No state today is wholly free of this cancerous growth on society.

[Dr. McMahon last year published a monograph entitled, "A Thomistic Analysis of Peace," which sought to evaluate our present concept of peace in accordance with the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas. He also served as vice-president of the Catholic Association for International Peace.]"

In the words of Dr. McMahon, "war and the threat of war are inevitable, unless nations divest themselves of national pride and agree on some concrete proposals for the settlement of quarrels by peaceful methods."

For a solution of this problem so vital to all of us, Dr. McMahon suggests that "only a world society of some kind, embracing all nations, can do away with . . . Turn to Page 21
Across the Editor’s Desk

A Penny Saved...

PROBABLY no campus generation has come of draftable age with a less romantic attitude towards war than ours. If there was one common sentiment voiced by college students the country over whom we met this summer, it was this: “Let Congress and the President tangle us in that European mess again and they can do their own fighting. Count us out—we like everybody.”

If there was one general rejoinder from older listeners who fought in the last war, it was: “Wait till you hear the bugles blow and watch the troops parade. You’ll enlist to make the world safe for democracy just like we did.”

Perhaps they were correct. Precedent is on their side. Enlistments were heavy from every college campus when the United States entered the World War. But we believe the experience of that war has taught this college generation internally by the Civil War.

The French, who currently are horrified by Hitler’s strong-arm tactics, were running all over Europe themselves, under Napoleon, just a few years back. The French, who now bemoan Hitler’s conquest of smaller nations, attempted to set up the puppet emperor, Maximilian, on the Mexican throne at a time when the United States was weakened internally by the Civil War.

It is plainly written across the face of history that the English and the French—who would now pose as our bosom diplomatic relations solely by political expediency. Nor do we favor the Germans or the Russians. Their ideologies are repugnant to all we thought we were fighting for in the last war. No American—certainly no Catholic—can condone the policies of Hitler or Stalin.

Looking over the European lineup, even casually, we see no reason why the United States should choose sides; we see no reason why the United States should be forced to choose sides.

That “If England falls, we fall, too” argument fails by three thousand miles of ocean. Suppose England and France should fall. Could Hitler keep them prostrate? We read he is troubled already by rebelling Czechs. He would find it even more difficult to police subjugated English and French. There would be few available troops to send abroad—or could he turn his attention too far west without feeling the attack of Stalin from the east...the nations of Europe will always find enough trouble close at home without venturing abroad to seek more.

Only the gullibility typical of American diplomats in the past can draw us into a war in which we have no logical part. That is why every American college student is vitally interested in the actions of Congress, and the President, who now are considering a possible revision of our Embargo Act.

We can do nothing to shape their opinions. We must trust to their sense of conscience. They have both the ability and the means to settle the question adequately. The retention, or the repeal, of the Embargo is important to us only in so far as it is the means to keep us from war.

There has been much talk of ten billion dollars in gold credits which can be ours if we sell munitions to France and England. We hope that consideration will not be a motivating one in the decision of Congress.

Congress should consider one point. Each one of us represents—at a conservative, cold-cash estimate—a $5,000 investment to our parents off our four college years alone. By that standard our campus might be valued in excess of $150,000. What price the college students of the nation?

A penny saved is a penny earned. If gold should be the motivating force in Congress’ decision one question must be asked. Which is worth the more?

Ten billion dollars in gold? Ten billion dollars in life?—WILLIAM C. FAY.

Let’s Go, Frosh!

TONIGHT over in the gym another great pep rally will send another Notre Dame team on the way. To most students the rally will be a familiar harbinger of Irish victories to come. To the Class of 1943 it will be a new and thrilling experience, because it’s an experience you can’t get anywhere else. You’ve heard a lot, Frosh, about an undefinable something called the Spirit of Notre Dame. But it’s been a legend to you, something associated with stories of Rock and the Gipper, something you’ve loved without ever really knowing it. Tonight it’s all going to change, Frosh, because when you pile in with the gang behind the band the Victory March is going to become YOUR song, and Johnny Kelly’s team is going to become YOUR team! We’ve all got a date at the gym tonight! Come over and make yourself at home!—DONALD A. FOSKETT.
Ascending the Vulcan

By Robert W. Blake

Orizaba was nothing more than an exotic name to us when we decided that we ought to climb the tallest mountain in Mexico. I met Dietrich, a Yale oarsman, at the Alamo in Texas and together we went to Mexico and climbed Popocatapetl by mistake.

It was only then that we heard of Orizaba standing a full thousand feet taller some 250 miles over toward Vera Cruz. But Dietrich had gotten deathly sick on Popo and would have none of Orizaba. He was six feet, three inches tall, and, he claimed, too mountainous himself to climb mountains. After a week in Mexico City, he caught the train north to Laredo, and at the same time we went to Mexico and climbed Popocatapetl by mistake.

We got there, no one seemed to know anything about the mountain I had come to climb, so all day long I sat in the top of a tall tree on a hill overlooking the town trying to catch a glimpse of the mountain, and contemplating the depressive effect that rain clouds have on adventurers far from home. At length I gave the Vulcan de Orizaba up as either lost or nonexistent, and climbed down from my comfortable tree to wander in the market-place.

There was a little side-show tent standing in the cathedral square which advertised a singing serpent with a lady's head. I was curious and paid ten centavos to discover that the serpent advertised a singing serpent with a lady's head. I was curious and paid ten centavos to discover that the serpent only her head showed. I laughed and she laughed — until the serpent turned a lot of something in Spanish. I did not understand what he was saying, but I yelled, "Si, si," and motioned him to come on. I was to find out later with a little ire to what I had agreed by my "Si, si-ing." I did not know then and climbed down on chuckling like a wiseacre.

The remainder of the ascent is but a dim memory of appalling labor and of a guide making excuses to go down. As we mounted, the pitch of the sloe steepened, the snow grew deeper and the air thinner and thinner. Nearly suffocating for want of oxygen and half blind, each step became heart-bursting travail. We climbed for hours watching the moon shine, until our knees came fewer and fewer until we would have to fall forward on our faces and upon the bare back of the mountain. It was a frigid climb that night over the moon-lit snow. The air was still with a vacant cold. Empty silence held the mountain. On that great mass only we two, and our stark shadows beneath us, moved. Below, clouds, blue with the reflection of the night, filled the world to the brim. They flowed with the wind like an ice-filled stream. They poured between mountain ranges and spilled like milk into remote valleys.

We climbed for hours watching the moon settle,... climbed above the minor peak of Tordesillas and finally cleared the last ridge of the Sierra. I could look out toward the west, and there two hundred miles across the tops of the clouds glowed Popocatapetl, a perfect white cone in the sky. With a full moon on its head it looked like the laquered painting on a Japanese tray. Only once again during the climb did I see "Popo." I stood and watched the first red rays of the sunset strike its crown and set it burning like a furnace in the heavens. It was good to be able to say then that that mountain so far across the clouds was mine.

The ascent of Orizaba went on. The sun came up, and the guide pointed to the top of the mountain and said, "You go on; I'll stay here." So I went on alone, but paradoxically the guide followed. At length I heard him shout, and saw him perched on a tall rock pointing toward the east and laughing. Over the shoulder of the mountain great grey clouds were washing in. The guide called to me to come down, lest I get lost in the dark and the fog. He thought his job was done. But instead of going down I called him up and sat back in the snow and thought it my turn to laugh. He muttered a lot of something in Spanish. I did not understand what he was saying, but I yelled, "Si, si," and motioned him to come on. I was to find out later with a little ire to what I had agreed by my "Si, si-ing." I did not know then and climbed down on chuckling like a wiseacre.

The crust of the snow softened; and few steps we sank in it to our knees. For hours we waded in snow, floundering back and forth from drift to drift. Every step we gasped to the bottom of our lungs, and our steps became fewer and fewer until we would have to fall forward on our faces and... Turn to Page 20
Fast Purdue Backs to Lead Assault On Irish Tomorrow

Layden Expects Team Blocking To Improve

Tomorrow afternoon watch for the Beehive from Purdue. Not insects, but three galloping halfbacks from the Boilermaker squad are the Three Bees—Mike Byene, Jack Brown, and Lou Brock. One should stand out for his team, win or lose; all three are sparkplugs of a Boilermaker team that will trot 26 lettermen into the Notre Dame Stadium.

Coach Elmer Layden, leisurely sprawled in his office chair in Breen-Phillips Hall Wednesday afternoon could hear a slight buzzing from down Lafayette way. But Brown, Brock, and Byene are not his only worries. Other lettermen give Purdue an added edge over the Irish. However, the general direction of Layden's conversation was turned toward the weakness and strength shown by the varsity against the Freshmen last Saturday. Strangely lacking the proverbial downcast look of a head coach, the Thin Man commented:

"Against the Freshmen last week the squad showed a fine running attack. McGannon found himself. His case of fumbitis failed to show up in that game. Sure recovery from that plague, and Billy should prove one of our best bets against Purdue. Sheridan's injury has apparently disappeared. The other backs performed more than satisfactorily.

"However, there was an obvious weakness offensively last Saturday. That weakness was in the blocking department. A few times Freshmen linemen broke through to spill our halfbacks behind the line. A few times is too many. With improvement along the lines of blocking and tackling, we should give Purdue plenty of trouble.

"This game with Purdue is especially important in this sense. To beat such an outstanding team at the season's outset will be a great incentive for the following games on the schedule. Besides, the game will definitely be a test of our club's ability to think in tight spots, possibly a chance to come from behind to win. Coming through tests such as these will prove the team's all-around strength.

"We've met tough competition before, and came through. This year there is no reason for thinking it can't be done again."

With this statement, Coach Layden grabbed his hat and headed for the practice field. Out there on Carliher the words, "Block and Tackle" became almost a theme song. A group of aspiring Freshmen running backs danced toward lines of varsity tacklers. Dummies were set up for blocking work; human targets were worked on and over.

And tomorrow, Notre Dame will be out on the field prepared to use that tackling ability on Brown, Byene, and Brock. Notre Dame will be there to decisively block such sturdy guards as Bykowski and Carl Perplank, such tackles as Dick Johnson and Al Rossi. The Irish will send three hard hitting teams against the 26 lettermen and Sophomore prospects from Lafayette. To match those three "B's," Notre Dame will have five "S's:" Bob Saggau, Steve Sikto, Harry Stevenson, Ben Sheridan, and the ex officio member, "Slug" McGannon—John Patterson.

Statistics: Tomorrow's meeting will be the 17th between the two universities. Notre Dame possesses a big edge in the series with ten victories, four defeats, and two tie games. The point-score gives N.D. a margin of 261 points to 170. The most decisive games in the list gave Purdue a 36-0 triumph in 1904, and a 32-0 victory the following season. The most recent contest between the schools found Elmer Layden winning 19-7 in 1934, his first year as Notre Dame head coach.

Iowa Champion Wins

Campus Golf Title

John Jacobs of the corn country found out last week-end that there's nothing radically different about Notre Dame's golf course and those back home, so he annexed the title of University Golf champion, adding this to the Iowa State Amateur championship which he won this summer.

Disregarding the custom that Freshmen are to leave the glory to the upper classmen, Jacobs, resident of Brownson Hall, decided he was to be seen and heard. But it was difficult to focus the optics on him because of the whirlwind manner in which he was playing. He shot his last eighteen holes in 68, carding five birdies, and leaving the field in the medal play tournament, four strokes behind.

Another Freshman whom Rev. George Holderith, C.S.C., coach of the golf team, is probably already gloatting over, is John Hedges, of Syracuse. He finished in the second notch, four strokes ahead of card-playing William Schaller, of Alumni. Another Freshman, Joseph Matel, of Zahm, finished in a tie for fourth position with George Schreiber, a junior.

Golf Captain Walter Hagen, tied the leader at the end of 36 holes, Phil Donahue, of Alumni, for sixth place.

This was the last tournament of the year at Notre Dame. Father Holderith said the meet this year compared very favorably with those of the past, and said he was especially pleased with the showing of the frosh.

The last eighteen and the total scores of each participant follow: Jacobs, 68, 298; Hedges, 75, 302; Schaller, 72, 306; Matel, 78, 307; Schreiber, 73, 307; Hagen, 74, 309; Donahue, 77, 309; Bob Smith, 81, 316; George Costello, 79, 317;
Tennis Tournament

Stocky Norman Bernard Heckler, junior tennis player, is attracting the attention and consideration of the other fall tennis tournament entries as a result of his recent victory over Jerry Paveglio.

Heckler was judged a promising prospect in his freshman year, but dropped out of the tennis picture due to ineligibility. This year, eligible to compete again, he started brilliantly. Playing an easy defensive game he had little trouble in his first two matches.

The early rounds have proceeded as expected, but all contenders are running up against stiff play and before the tournament is completed some upsets may be recorded.

Fifth-round play brings together Bob Sweeney and Red Bowler. These players easily survived opening tests.

A doubles tournament, embracing both freshmen and upper-class divisions, has been proposed by Coach Walter Langford. The date for this tournament will be announced in the near future. Among favorites already signed for the upper-class battle is Heckler teaming with Jack Walsh. Dan Canale defending singles champion, will team with Whit Gregory, and Jack Joyce, junior star, will team with Red Bowler.

Trackmen Prepare for Season without Rice

Before any predictions are made concerning this year's track prospects, it is only fitting that a short tribute be rendered to one of Notre Dame's greatest runners, and that man is Joseph Gregory Rice.

From the day he entered Notre Dame, Greg gave promise of being a great track man. In the National Meet in Los Angeles in his sophomore year, he won the N.C.A.A. two mile event. The next year he began his rapid rise to track fame, climaxing the year by winning the five thousand meter run in Buffalo. Then in his senior year, the chunky, black haired ace really came into his own, when he went to Madison Square Garden and defeated Don Lash in a special invitational two mile race. Last June Greg carried the blue and gold of Notre Dame through nine unbeaten games. At center he had some of the greatest names in Notre Dame history. There were Elmer a fool for luck, but that he had an indisputable, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide paradox on his side. Now all Mr. Layden has to do is sit tight and let the figures take care of his boys, for the figures say—according to the scribe—that in every decade starting with 1909 Notre Dame has had an undefeated football season. Isn't that wonderful! And here we are worrying about that Southern Cal outfit. If 1939's going to be as easy as this, we might as well start planning for 1940 along with the rest of the Democrats.

To go back a little and consider this omniscient paradox — 1909 found the Irish varsity sweeping through their first unbeaten season. They humbled such titans as Olivet and Rose Poly. They shaded the great Yost. They beat Pitt, but shades of Getchell! — they had referee trouble in that age, too. In the words of a hack of the time, "referee so and so and showed the most refreshing and naive partiality towards Pitt we have ever heard of." And his crime? No, he didn't mis-count the downs. He walked off 120 yards of Irish penalties. As a result, the Irish were so burned up they played the rest of the game with their rights checked. One Dwyer, the fleet Dwyer I think it was, pulled the trigger on his. The ref didn't go out, but Dwyer did.

That was the year the 'Catholics' (our pre-war appellation) attracted the attention of the great Walter Camp by trimming Yost's Michigan machine. Sir Walter came way out west for that game. He was impressed, but not convinced — for his 'All-America' of that year remained ivy-clad. Perhaps a slap at Mr. Camp, Notre Dame challenged Yale, also unbeaten, to a post season game. Old Elt shuddered at the very idea. 1919 found the Rock at the helm. On his squad he had some of the greatest of names in Notre Dame history. There was the 'Gripper' leading the attack through nine unbeaten games. At center was 'Slip' Savoldi, a lightweight, but a genius at scientific football. 'Slip's' huge lines at St. Mary's are a far-cry from the wiry youngsters who centered for Rock. Then there was Hunk Anderson, Little-Dutch Bergman, Eddie Anderson—who is shortly to face the Irish at Iowa City, and Buck Shaw, now of Santa Clara. Subs at the time, but later to become renowned were Harry Mehre, Jimmy Phelan, and Chet Wynne. Probably no other football team on record ever had such a galaxy of future coaches. With so many football wizards on one team it is a wonder the team was able to co-operate. But they did, for they were even then building the second link in the ten-year phenomenon which may take N.D. through this present season.

To continue, in 1929 Rockne's second national champions were on these premises. How could we lose with Carideo, Schwartz, Brill, Savoldi, Elder, O'Connor, and Mullins? And that was only the backfield! All that year Rock was troubled with a leg injury which became critical at times. While he was confined to his bed, he worried about his boys. "What a schedule they had! How would Tom Lish make out with that line? Savoldi needed coaching. He wasn't getting half his power into his drives. — Oh, there were a thousand things to be seen to! Yet here he was — lying on his back, nursing this leg!" Was Rock worried about the outcome of the season though? Hardly. Why just take a look at the records. How could they lose when they already had all-winning teams on two decades? One more winning season and they could keep the cup. — Nope. Rock wasn't worried about the record, but about his boys. He didn't want them to get bad legs like his, and except for Tim Moynihan who broke his against the Army, nobody broke a bone. The record? The team won nine straight.

So now we can easily see that all Elmer has to worry about from now on is Thesing's nose, Kelly's leg, Pelpul's elbows, and Benny's foot — especially Benny's foot.

Picking Splinters:
Notre Dame over Purdue
Southern Cal over Oregon
Colgate over N.Y.U.
Rice over Vanderbilt
Mississippi over L.S.U.
Oklahoma over Southern Methodist
Nebraska over Indiana
Texas Christian over U.C.L.A.
Stanford over Oregon State
The Yanks in Five Games

Splinters From The Pressbox
by Frank Aubrey

If Elmer Layden isn't holding a pat hand this season, it won't be the dealer's fault, the dealer in this case being a certain New York scribe, who, after counting the Irish mentor's run of luck, decided that Elmer needed a little cooperation. So, to insure a successful time of it for Elmer, he peeped into the cards and discovered that not only was Elmer a fool for luck, but that he had an indisputable, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide paradox on his side. Now all Mr. Layden has to do is sit tight and let the figures take care of his boys, for the figures say — according to the scribe — that in every decade starting with 1909 Notre Dame has had an undefeated football season. Isn't that wonderful! And here we are worrying about that Southern Cal outfit. If 1939's going to be as easy as this, we might as well start planning for 1940 along with the rest of the Democrats.
When Benjamin Mason Sheridan's football activities were confined to the corner lots and back yards of Havana, Ill., he used to tell his pals about a star left halfback at Alton Military Academy. That gridder was William Sheridan, Benny's father. It is now the elder Sheridan's turn to talk and, if we may make a prediction, he will not be at a loss for words because Benny's gridiron exploits this year should make interesting conversation.

Benny won 12 letters at Havana Community High where he starred in football, basketball, and track. In '35, his senior year, he was awarded the left halfback post on the all-State eleven.

Illinois residents became aware of his sensational ball carrying ability when he returned a punt for 60 yards and a touchdown in a high school contest. The play was called back and Havana was penalized five yards for an offside. The opponents punted again and Benny duplicated his previous feat by wriggling his way through the entire team and crossing the goal line unmolested. This time both squads were offside. Then the fans went wild as Benny grabbed the third kick, scammed down the sidelines and—at last—scored a touchdown.

Benny sustained a leg injury in his sophomore year and was forced to spend the season on the sidelines. Last year he got off to a fast start against Kansas playing checkers with his prefect. Rev. juries were aggravated.

Last Saturday afternoon a good-sized crowd sat down in the stadium to watch the Frosh test Elmer Layden's varsity eleven. But a good many were there for more than that—specifically, to see if Sheridan was the Sheridan of old. And when Benny twisted and dodged and ran 28 yards through the eleven bewildered Freshies to a touchdown, the legions of Irish followers went home well satisfied. Benny won 12 letters at Havana Community High where he starred in football, basketball, and track. In '35, his senior year, he was awarded the left halfback post on the all-State eleven.

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first nine holes in just 31 strokes, five under par!

"Just managed to stay out of trouble, and my putter was pretty hot," was all the modest Phil would say about the feat that would send the ordinary golfer into weeks of discourse.

Fact remains though, that it was Phil Donohue who held the course record of 67 on the old course when par was 72. In regard to his Saturday score, he said he might have had a 29 but for two putts that bounded off the back rim of the cup. His score included five birdies and four pars.

Johnny Jacobs and Bill Schaller "also played," so they are the men to see if anyone doubts Phil's score.

Johnny Jacobs and Bill Schaller "also played," so they are the men to see if anyone doubts Phil's score.

"B" Team Works Hard

Without the cheering of the crowds urging them on, the 60 man Notre Dame "B" squad has been working hard since Sept. 14, in preparation for their opener at Notre Dame with Northwestern on Oct. 7. Other teams waiting to test the Irish "B" squad are: University of Illinois, "B" squad at Notre Dame on Friday Oct. 13; St. Francis College of Loretto, Penn., on Oct. 29 and Purdue University "B" team at Lafayette, on Nov. 11.

Coach Bill Cerny said there is still time to come out and work with the boys for a berth on the "B" team.

Interhall Athletics

The Student Activities Council voted not to stage an Interhall sports program during the fall months, President Harry Boisvert announced this week. Lack of equipment was given as the reason for this decision. However, later in the semester, the regular winter program of ping-pong, basketball, swimming, diving, handball, squash and later softball, will be started. No touch-football leagues will be formed this season.

THE STARTING LINEUPS

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<th>FIRST TEAMS</th>
<th>Notre Dame</th>
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<td>42 Kerr</td>
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<td>70 Harvey</td>
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<td>53 L. Johnson</td>
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O F F I C I A L S : Referee, James Masker, Northwestern; Umpire, Ernie Vick, Michigan; Head Linesman, W. D. Knight, Dartmouth; Field Judge, R. W. Finsterwald, Syracuse.

The game will be broadcast by the Columbia Broadcasting System, the Mutual Broadcasting System, the National Broadcasting Company, and Station WBAI, at Lafayette, Indiana.

Time of game, 2:00 p.m., C.S.T.; Expected attendance, 45,000.

MUSIC NOTES

The band—a musical organization of which all students, faculty members and friends of Notre Dame will be justly proud, and one of which the most capable critics will speak with praise. Such will be the quality of the 1939 Notre Dame Band.

This will be the largest band ever to parade for Notre Dame. One hundred twenty members are centering their attention on those elements which make a band outstanding. This year's band will be a concert band capable of marching with military perfection. The band will march with precision, and it will play with fullness and depth and harmonic balance.

The increased instrumentation will include the addition of a second bell-lyre, four new French horns, six more trombones, more bases, drums and trumpets.

The repertoire has been greatly augmented. A new arrangement of Tiger Rag, "The Beer Barrel Polka, and a brilliant new fanfare are the most noteworthy.

All of this can be traced to the very capable and energetic Professor Joseph Casasanta. Joe has been a part of the Notre Dame music department for exactly 20 years. During this period his efforts have constantly been directed toward the advancement of the department. He adds each group of new men to his tremendous accumulation of friendships. In whatever he does he is a true model of Notre Dame manliness.

Al Kessing is this year's band president. The other officers are John O'Brien, vice president; Dick Karr, secretary; and Willis Walker, business manager. These men are planning various social activities such as smokers, Communion breakfasts, and perhaps a formal dance.

Those who read this column will know what to expect Saturday, but all others who attend the Purdue game will be pleasantly surprised. They will see the finest mass of marching musicians ever to represent Notre Dame.
VINCENTIANS

During the past week this observer has been stealing off at intervals into another age—the world and its accomplishments and failings of the late sixteenth and of the seventeenth centuries as described vividly and most interestingly in The Mantle of Mercy by Leo Weismantel (The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, 1939). There was a world to challenge the man inspired to direct his own life and the lives of his fellows to their final end! This was a time when materialism in its most terrible phases flourished and was conquered.

France found herself rent with the bickerings of petty nobles, uprising following uprising. The reason for the troubles? It is not easy to say. Nevertheless, there was one factor that certainly contributed to the unrest. Uncrupulous individuals were feeding upon the fat of the land; many priests sought appointments only for the benefits to be received. Here again a repetition of the old story: the marvel of it is that the Church stood up under these conditions. Anything less than a divine institution would have crumbled. Neglect for the welfare of the congregation and brethren followed the insatiable thirst for material gain until the people lost confidence in their pastors.

Imagine then the expectancy of these neglected ones awaiting the new pastor. This one was to be Monsier Vincent. His works were known. The sermon and first Mass brought tears into the eyes of the most hardened. Following superiors’ orders to leave a certain parish, Monsieur Vincent was accompanied for hours on his journey by throngs who jogged by the carriage. One parishioner, a beggar, refused to part with the hat of the priest who had given away all his possessions. Dire want was preferable to any amount of money for the hat.

Picture a pier at Marseilles when a certain galley ship was to return—a galley ship of the King of France and rowsed by men condemned for the more serious crimes. Another ship is to go out—a ship already infested with vermin and reeking with foul odors. Monsieur Vincent is on the pier, and he sees an old lady weeping. Words of consolation drew the story from her: her son is on that ship—her son innocent of the crime that sentences him to the galleys. A wife and little children had been left at home, and the mother was separated from the son upon whom she had depended for her support.

Chaplain of the galleys for the King because of his outstanding interest in the welfare of the men condemned, Vincent went to the young prisoner, exchanged clothes with him, and took the oar. Forty years of suffering from the wounds received on that journey ended only with death. This was the man whose work inspires the Society of St. Vincent de Paul!—Richard Leo Fallon, Jr.

THEATRE

The Playwright’s Producing Company until last month was composed of Elmer Rice, Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, Robert E. Sherwood and Sidney Howard. Sidney Howard this summer was crushed by a tractor on his farm in Massachusetts. His genius gave Broadway, and consequently the tributary theater, many dramas to do and redo. From his span of 20 active playwriting years emerged such success as “Swords,” “Ned McCobb’s Daughter,” “The Silver Cord,” “The Late Christopher Bean,” “Lucky Sam McCarver,” and the Pulitzer prize winner of 1924, “They Knew What They Wanted.”

Not only as an original dramatist did Mr. Howard secure fame, but also as an adaptor, which is evidenced from the acclaim that met “Dodsworth” and “Yellow Jack.” A talent like this is sometimes even more valuable than the ability to create original drama, for such a man brings to the stage the sheer dramatic derivation of a literary piece by avoiding it of glittering description and infinite setting. The playwright thus goes to the core of a novel, as in the instance of “Dodsworth,” strips away the fruit and presents this core to the actor. The actor in reverse procedure, with the core common to himself and the novelist, as a starting point, blossoms a new fruit according to his much more limited means. Hence the adaptor acts as mediator between the novelist and the actor by finding the common denominator of artistic expression, i.e. dramatic content in both fields. This service of the playwright demands an expert; and truly Sidney Howard was an expert.

Here is what Mr. Howard has to say of the playwright’s position in a world of letters. Perhaps this contention springs from a show of humility, perhaps from an undying love for the theater, or perhaps both. Whatever matters little. It is logical, it is an opinion, and it is worthy of contemplation. Says Sidney Howard:

“Put a playwright among real literary men and he cuts a sorry figure.... Let me explain that. A man sets out to write a story. If he is a novelist, he puts it all...”
down on paper. If he is a dramatist, he puts a very little of it down and calls upon actors to do his work for him. The novelist prefers writing to anything; the dramatist prefers acting to anything. The drama does not spring from a literary impulse but from a love of the brave, ephemeral, beautiful art of acting. When such a love becomes the obsession of genius, then great plays are written and great dramatists appear, as Ibsen, Shakespeare and Chekhov appeared.

In the memory of Mr. Sidney Howard, erstwhile most active playwright of our day, the Playwrights' Company has offered an award of $1500 annually for the best first play by an American author produced on Broadway. In that prize the most cherished dream of Mr. Howard will remain living to foster the cause of our struggling young American playwright.—Vernon Witkowski.

**DISC - CUSSION**

The top dance recording of the week seems to be Dick Jurgens' "I Knew Then." Featuring an excellent vocal by Composer Eddy Howard, the record is selling as fast as the same pair's "Last Goodby." Howard, who has a rare combination of voice and style, also sings the other side: "Lilacs in The Rain." The latter, based on the third movement of Peter De Roses' "Deep Purple," isn't being plugged yet but should get popular. (Vocalion)

Hal Kemp's recording of "What's New" outclasses the other attempts on the vocal arrangement of Bob Crosby—Bob Haggart's "I'm Free." Nan Wynn interprets Johnny Burke's lyrics more than satisfactorily. "What Goes on Behind Your Eyes" is good—if you like Kemp. (Victor)

Disappointment of the week is Glenn Miller's "Blue Orchids." The record begins well, but after a poor vocal by Ray Eberle, Miller, as usual, forgets that he is playing a slow number and jams through. "Baby Me" is as good as could be expected. (Blue Bird)

Eddie Duchin revives Cole Porter's "What is This Thing Called Love" (required listening for Sophomores) in an arrangement much like that of Leo Riesman. If you can stand the monotony of Duchin's piano and "I Must Have One More Kiss, Kiss, Kiss," and if the Book Store left you with half a dollar, you might try it. (Columbia)

You might, too, add another half to it and get some pre- Goodman music: "Claire de Lune" (De Bussey) and "Valse Triste" (Sibelius) by the Victor Concert orchestra. Two beautiful and familiar classics are recorded tastefully. Another classic recorded not so tastefully but enjoyably is Tschaikowsky's "None But the Lonely Heart" as interpreted by Emery Deutch. Paired with "Troika" the disc is something a little bit away from tavern swing.—Bill Geddes.

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**RADIO**

Although the first program of the year is still two weeks away, the members of the Radio Club are already busy, auditioning new men and completing the reorganization, outlined by Studio Manager Raymond Kelly, at the first meeting. The old offices of president, vice-president, and secretary have been abandoned in favor of a set-up more closely approximating that of a full time station. Under the studio manager are va-
Gems for Collectors
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Glen Durrell at the Organ
36208—I Can’t Get Started (Theme)
[Prisoners’ Song, Henny Henson

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“Fortune Teller” medley—Gypsy Love Story, Romey Life — Czard.
“Maiden Belle Melodee” — Kiss Me Again — Victor Salon Group.
Badinage — Shilkret — Victor Concert Orchestra.
“Babes in Toyland” medley — In the Workshop, etc. — Victor Salon Group.
“Sweethearts” medley — While on Parade, etc. — Victor Salon Group.
“Red Mill” medley — For Every Day Is Ladies’ Day, etc. — Victor Salon Group.

In a Popular Vein
[Man With New Radio (musical caricature)
26948—Hazy and Blue (piano solo)
[And the Angels Sing (as it might be presented at the
26933—Metropolitan Opera House, a musical caricature)
[Star Dust (piano solo)

Bluebird Recordings
B-10416—In the Mood — I Want to Be Happy — Glenn Miller
Last Two Weeks in July Two Blind Loves — from the
“Marx Brothers at the Circus, by Artie Shaw

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forty-odd timepieces—all with alarms—
call 304 S. Bend “home.”

In the good old days (well . . . about a week ago) they were strewn around
the room in happy confusion, but now,
and quietly packed in a cardboard box, safely
far under his bed. The reason? Here it is:
One evening the boys were enjoying
a bull session in Six Alarm’s room.
In the midst of a violent discussion, Lou
was called away for several minutes.
The moment he left, the others galvan­
ized into action.

Each one grabbed several clocks,
would frantically, and then placed
strategically around the room.
When
there were metal demons in every
corner, under the bed, on top of the
locker, and lining the window sill, the
unsuspecting tenant returned. All went
on as before, and all retired to their
rooms at eleven.

At exactly 3:30 the next morning,
the ringing of an alarm caused Lou
to jump from his bed to silence the offend­
er. As soon as that was done, another
began, then another and another, until
bedlam reigned. Meconi swished from
one side of the room to the other, from
end to end, and up and down until he
 avoided for several minutes.

The moment he left, the others galvan­
ized into action.

By then it was 4:30 and all thought
of further sleep had fled.

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tent service.

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fine glasses.

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Asked if he had any idea who his tormentors were, Six Alarm Lou (his sobriquet now earned) smiled and ran a wet thumb along the blade of a dirk. “I have an excellent idea who they are,” he said.

“Do you have any plans for revenge?”

A homicidal gleam entered his dark eyes. “I am perfecting the practical joke of the year!” he gloated, tightening his grip on the weapon. “I’ll show them. But, wait. You said ‘revenge.’” With the innocence of an adder he chuckled. “Revenge! Why! How silly! Of course not.”

Then he motioned to me to examine the dirk. “Frankly, what do you think of it?” he asked.

“Frankly,” I didn’t like it. But my friend the clock-salesman will have to read this to find out. Because I didn’t wait to tell him, myself.

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**Questionaire**

Following are questions submitted to American college students by students of a French Catholic University. What is your answer?

1. What interests you most for the moment, sports, movies, studies, girls, etc.? What worries you most at the present time?
2. What does a girl mean to you: amusement, friend, or human being worthy of a particular respect? Has purity before marriage any human value? Do you accept easily the risk of being definitely tied to one girl when you get married and do you want to have many children?
3. Is the United States still a place for pioneers? Are you one, today, and if so how? Do you care especially whether you live in the locality where you have grown up? Would you prefer going elsewhere? Where and why?
4. Do you consider the difficulty of finding a job natural? What is responsible for that difficulty? What is to be done about it?

---

5. What do you expect to get out of your job? Just money?
6. If you are not forced to get a job, would you like to study further? If so, what? What do you get out of your leisure time? And what could you? Are poetry and music simply amusements to you? Do they have any cultural value?

---

**Movie Saturday Night**

**Stars Rogers, Astaire**

Acclaimed as one of the finest movies of 1939, “Vernon and Irene Castle,” starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, will be the feature picture in Washington Hall tomorrow night. “The March of Time” will also be shown. Performances will be at 7:00 and 9:00 p.m.

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**About Red Cross**

How does the Red Cross affect the colleges and universities of America? That question is pertinent in view of the forthcoming Annual Roll Call which, as in the past, will be held from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving. Stated succinctly, in colleges and universities throughout the country the Red Cross is making it possible for students to enjoy life more thoroughly and is also equipping them for their future tasks.

Followers of all sports, and especially those which take their devotees away from centers of population such as skiing, mountaineering, hiking and camping have found first aid invaluable in making their pleasure safer.

Students of forestry, engineering and other industrial subjects have recognized that a knowledge of first aid is almost indispensable to the efficient performance of their tasks in later life.

---

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Some pipes are “in a hurry”—fast and furious—consume tobacco like a four-alarm fire racing through a hay-mow. Kaywoodie takes it easy, as a good pipe should. Coaxes out the flavor of your favorite leaf. Makes it mellow. Smooths ... Just for fun, we tried to measure this famous but elusive Kaywoodie Flavor in a good tough laboratory exam, and found (1) Kaywoodie’s smoke is actually cooler than other pipes, colder than mouth temperature—never hot or irritating (2) the smoke is what the French call Mo—dty and free from bitter juices. So get to know the Kaywoodie Flavor—now! Shown above, No. 76B.

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South Bend, Ind.
Ascending the Vulcan

(Continued from Page 11)

burn holes in the snow with fevered breath. In the rare air an unbearable sleepiness plagued me and the guide kept calling. The climb went on for endless hours—in the deep snow, under the fierce sun, behind the suffocating scarf. We seemed to get nowhere. All the snow looked the same. The summit was not even in sight.

I did not think it possible to reach the top. Every step I felt as if I would succumb to the elements. I was so numb with the monotonous agony of the climb—step after step—that the alpen-stock kept slipping from my fingers. Seventeen steps—I counted them over and over—was all I could take and then I would feel the mountain sickness in my throat and would have to drop down to rest.

The guide kept asking, did I want to go back, did I want to go back? Until I shouted at him that I'd not go back as long as I could move. He plagued me with the question. I think it was his question and the lies he told me about sickness should finally give me an excuse to go down. I was still waiting when suddenly I emerged from a cloud at the brink of a precipice and knew I was at the crater. Far along the rim and above I could see the iron cross that marked the summit. Farly across on the other side the echo of the crash would start giving me an idea of the splendid of mountaineering pleasures, that of bouncing boulders down. The great stones fell in silence for a thousand feet to explode like dynamite on the crater floor. Here and there out of the level sea a thunder-head rose up and bloomed like a mushroom in the sky.

For a half hour on that clear mountain afternoon I sat with my feet over the rim of the crater enjoying the most exquisite view of the world. Here and there out of the level sea a thunder-head rose up and bloomed like a mushroom in the sky. The guide said, "Down," and for the first time that day I agreed with him. But before I left I did something that changed the whole map of the hemisphere and antedated every geography in print. I took three stones and upon the very top of Orizaba set one upon the other so that now the Vulcan stands to 18,697 feet—a whole foot taller than before.

Going down was easy. I took a little run and slammed on the seat of my pants in the snow and went roaring like a rock down the mountain. I fairly grazed the surface, kicking a fine spray, dragging the ice-axe in a flurry of snow. With my hands and my heels I steered between my knees, and blew clouds of tired breath.

There I sat taller than Rainier, taller than Whitney, taller even than the Matterhorn by four thousand feet; taller than Mount Blanc, and taller than Elbrus, taller than anything in Europe or Mexico, or the United States and all I could do was curse the superior energy of the person that packed up the pipe to make the cross upon which I sat. I felt I had done well to pack myself up.

18,697 feet high...I thought I ought to be able to see from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, from the Empire State Building to Anconagua. But when I raised my head all I could see was clouds. The floor of the world was flooded with them. They poured like a white precipitate from the Vulcan's slopes, ran into every valley and filled it deeper than the mountain tops. Here and there out of the level sea a thunder-head rose up and bloomed like a mushroom in the sky.

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At length a whistle, twenty miles away in San Andres, blew two o'clock. The guide said, "Down," and for the first time that day I agreed with him. But before I left I did something that changed the whole map of the hemisphere and antedated every geography in print. I took three stones and upon the very top of Orizaba set one upon the other so that now the Vulcan stands to 18,697 feet—a whole foot taller than before.

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clear of the rock, turned when the glacier turned, swooped past the ridge I had climbed by, flew over the drifts I had sunk in, and sailed in minutes down the thousands of feet it had taken hours to climb. I shot down the slope through layers of clouds, lost the guide and my ice-axe and finally tumbled out on the rocks at the end of the snow. I got up, felt to see that my pants were still there, and ran like a mountain goat over the rocks the rest of the way down the mountain. The guide came, we found the horse, and made San Antonio by six o'clock.

I was in front of my hotel in San Antonio, taking my knapsack from the pummel, when the guide said, “Five pesos” and held out his hand. I said, “Five pesos? I've already paid you.” But he pointed to the mountain. It was then I knew what he had been saying on the mountain early that morning. He had demanded five extra pesos to finish the climb and was now collecting. I thundered at him in English that had I known he would have finished his job or gotten no pesos at all. But he did not understand, and there was no way for me to argue justice to a Spanish speaking Mexican.

I paid him the five pesos. After all, what is eighty-six cents compared to climbing the third highest mountain on the continent?

McMahon
(Continued from Page 9)
world conflicts.” It is obvious that the United States is the least infected of all nations with the malignant virus of Nationalism, because of its unique position as the crucible of all the European races and cultures. The responsibility is ours, so it is only logical that we should take the lead in the formation of such a world society in the very near future.

In regard to immediate action on the part of the United States, Dr. McMahon believes that we should remain “neutral but not indifferent in the present conflict.” “We should,” he said, “form a neutral bloc with other non-warring states to mitigate as much as possible the horrors of the present war and to work actively for an honorable, just, and charitable peace.”

Aware of the fact that war has been waged in some part of the world every minute of the 25 years of “peace” between the First and the Second World Wars, Dr. McMahon ended the interview with a realistic survey of the future. That only two alternatives face the world “Everybody,” he said, “should realize—including ourselves—a world society or perpetual warfare.”
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Gilliland

(Continued from Page 7)

South Shore was pulling out. That's as far as his professional singing career has progressed.

Among his many accomplishments Don has maintained a high average as an Economics major and intends to enter Law school next year. His friends say he's the only one they know who can study philosophy during a "session" in his St. Ed's "reception room."

Don has a fine collection of pipes, reads extensively and receives a great deal of mail. From whom? No one knows. He's very secretive about those things!

If you hear the voluble "Tobacco Auctioneers' Chant" or the roaring Joe E. Brown yell, look around and you'll see "Chubby."

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It's a combination entirely different from any other cigarette . . . a good reason why smokers every day are getting more pleasure from Chesterfields. You'll like them.

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