

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

ILLUSTRATED

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibi Quasi Cras Moriturus

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THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME GLEE CLUB



From Left to Right:
Bottom Row—

J. Prelli
C. Flanagan
E. Edwards
V. Lemmer
J. Casasanta
C. Pitsenberger
A. Haley
A. Mulreany
A. Meyers
J. Butler

Second Row—

W. Mahin
J. Harrington
A. Highberger
J. Harrigan
V. Ducey
P. Lopresti
W. Corcoran
E. Brennan
J. Cusick
F. Pfortner
V. Soisson
G. McDermott

Third Row—

J. Ginz
S. Bower
T. Ferriter
R. Lynskey
F. Schroeder
C. Bontempo
T. Hart
J. Brady
E. Ryan
Jos. Griffin
M. Farrell
T. O'Malley
J. Reidy

Fourth Row—

John Griffin
J. Masenich
J. Curtis
J. Langton
J. Wood
C. Ochoa
R. Wehs
C. Shelanskey
F. Creadon
P. Brady
E. Flynn
T. Walsh
E. Lowth

Fifth Row—

S. Fagan
V. Carney
C. Regan
F. Wagner
J. Lenihan
R. Dixon
W. Dooley
F. Hagenbarth
R. McNamara
J. Adams
T. Carey
R. Sturm
A. Kopecky

THE WEEK

An Old English, or Middle English, or Late English word (we forget) meaning Spring. Answer from two thousand who should know better, "Lent." It's here. But meanings have changed. Witness the lake, which keeps its cold and unbroken appearance. Witness the trees which rattle dry branches against the leaden eaves—and sky. Witness sheepskins, red noses, late comers, the emptiness of the Main Building porch, Seniors worrying about theses. Witness, in brief, your campus. Meanings have changed.

But Lent has not. If we could only get a list of resolutions and print them here. They would be interesting, sensible, complete, admirable. And they would also serve to fill many a weary page with what the Journalism Four boys call snappy, sure-fire stuff. But nobody will confess. Two years ago we might have enlisted the aid of Mr. Grundy. But who remembers him now? The *Daily* has sunk to an untimely grave, and with it Mr. Grundy. Therefore the beginning of Lent brings with it no tidbits of delectable personalities. The decreasing patronage of street cars, cafeteria, Orpheum and Hullie's will go unrecorded; the increasing attention to books, walks, early rising, the library, and club meetings will go unsung. Poor Mr. Grundy! Does he rustle in his grave?

The last official fling before Lent called out a record crowd. The combination concert and dance, with the University Band the scheduled attraction, was lavishly attended. Artistically, it was a success: the program was thoroughly enjoyable. Financially,—well, the treasurer of St. Joseph's Hospital knows better than we. But socially,—just ask your neighbor if you didn't attend yourself. You won't have to look far: everyone who didn't have a committee meeting was there. Including St. Mary's, of course. Load by load the Yellows brought

them down, and—eventually—carried them away. But nobody kicked when it was discovered that every cab in town had already been commandeered, and that consequently a considerable wait might be counted on. Everybody did kick—as usual—upon coming in contact with the remarkably inefficient checking system but that is to be expected. If there weren't something to fuss about, would the evening be complete?

It seems safe to say that by this time the Prom girls have all gone home again. It wasn't until recently. And the boys are satisfied with their dance. It lived up to expectations—organization smooth and dignified, program varied and interesting, the dance itself gloriously colorful. Now for the Senior Ball!

First semester marks were officially promulgated during the week. Only a few are satisfied, which is a good sign. Freshmen continue to devote themselves to Education A, which, so far as we can discover from assignments in the Library, devotes itself to (a) how to study and (b) why to ditto. It seems to be a complicated problem, though, calling as it does for readings in the *Literary Digest* and some heavy brown psychology books. Anent this same magazine, Professor Phillips and *Pan* are welcomed to the fold of its Current Poetry Column: reprint is made of the poem on Lillian Gish which appeared in a recent gambol of the Poetic Youth.

Professor Cooney has produced his novel. The Victory March and kindred topics have finally been recorded and received from the Victor Company. How they have sold! Every other room on every floor is playing either one side or the other at each and every instant of the day. We had thought that the Notre Dame man knew how his school songs sounded.—J.A.W.

MONDAY'S PROGRAM ANNOUNCED

Next Monday morning will see '26 in its first appearance in cap and gown. The occasion will be the annual Washington's Birthday exercises in Washington Hall; attendance of all Seniors is compulsory. Victor Francis Lemmer, A.B., '26, who has distinguished himself in musical and forensic activities, will give parts of Washington's Farewell address. Alfred Louis Meyers, A.B., '26, of the Glee Club and Varsity Quartet will give a vocal solo. Paul J. Harrington, Ch.E., '26, holder of the world's collegiate record for indoor pole vaulting and prominent campus writer, will read an ode which he has composed for the occasion. On behalf of the Senior Class, President Francis J. Bon, A. B., '26, will present the American flag and Rev. George Finnigan, C.S.C., Vice-President of the University, will accept it.

Seniors will meet in the parlor of the Main Building promptly at 8:45 Monday morning and march in a body to Washington Hall for the ceremonies. Caps and gowns may be obtained in the Walsh Hall "Rec" Room between 12:30 and 2 tomorrow.

The complete program follows:

Overture—University Orchestra.
 Song—The Star Spangled Banner—Audience.
 Selections from Washington's Farewell Address—
 Victor Francis Lemmer, A.B., '26.
 Vocal Solo—Alfred Louis Meyers, A.B., '26.
 Ode—Paul J. Harrington, Ch. E., '26.
 Selection—University Orchestra.
 Presentation of the Flag—Francis J. Bon, A.B., '26.
 Acceptance—Rev. George Finnigan, C.S.C., Ph.D.,
 Vice-President of the University.
 Song—"Notre Dame"—Audience.

A survey of the Notre Dame boxing squad reveals the fact that Cleveland has five mitt liners here.

Gordy Donnelly and Maurice Welsh, both from Holy Name High, Cleveland, represent Notre Dame in the welter and bantam-weights, respectively. Jimmy Moran, of Cathedral Latin High, is the light-weight champ. Jack McGrath, of Glenville High, is the heavy weight contender. Hughie McManigle, of East High, is a freshman welter-weight scrapper.

LENTEN SEASON OPENS

With a blessing of ashes followed by a solemn high mass, the Lenten season officially opened Wednesday morning in Sacred Heart church at eight o'clock. The solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Nieuwland, assisted by Rev. Father Mulcaire as deacon, and Rev. Father Boland as sub-deacon. Rev. Father Wenninger acted as master of ceremonies. Rev. Father Nieuwland with the assistants first blessed the ashes and then placed them upon the foreheads of the students repeating, "Remember, man, thou art but dust, and into dust thou shalt return."

Classes in the University were dismissed for the first two periods.

BROTHER PHILIP NERI DIES

Brother Philip Neri, C.S.C., died of pneumonia last Sunday afternoon, at the age of 81. He had lived at the University for almost 65 years, the span of an ordinary life time.

Brother Philip was born in Silesia. He came to this country when he was sixteen years old, and entered the Congregation of Holy Cross shortly after his arrival. For many years he was a teacher of penmanship and of German in the old commercial course of the preparatory school. The older alumni remember him from their "prep" days; he never taught in the University itself.

More recent generations of students have known Brother Philip as the landscape gardener of the campus. He designed and laid out the present University grounds, and built the beautiful grotto of the Blessed Virgin on the plan of that of Our Lady of Lourdes in France.

Those who knew him found him to be a very kindly, friendly old man who took a great and a pardonable pride in the landscaping of the campus. He was always willing to explain the various species of plants to any student who showed interest in them. His absence will be felt by the members of the Community, and by all of the alumni and present day students who knew him.—*R.I.P.*

PROM OF '26 IS HELD

Rushing cabs, be-tuxed students, Palais Royale, pretty girls "Hello, have you been waiting long?" check rooms, "Present tickets for favors," "O! They're wonderful," more check rooms and checks, music.

The Junior Prom of the Class of '27 was on. The ballroom was fast filling with happy couples. Simply decorated, it presented a spectacle that will long be remembered by all that beheld it. Like an ever-changing chromatic picture,—now brilliant, filled with happy dancers, gayly stepping to the fast time of the foxtrot; now orange and red tinted, as of flower garden, filled with graceful waltzers, gliding to the dreamy melody of "White Rose;" now flooded with green and purple rays, the galaxy of promenaders weaving in and out, creating a rhythmic swash with their ordered steps.

"My Prom Girl," a Labedz-Engels song, dedicated to the Prom of '26, was pleasingly sung by Ray McGrath, accompanied by "Spike" Hamilton's orchestra. Intermission, introductions, invitations, "Up closer, folks, for the picture." *Flash*, renewed drone of many voices, powder-smoke, more music. The Prom was on again.

Truly the Class of '27 was proving its versatile ability. In the preceding three years it had proved its prowess in the scholastic and athletic fields. Now it had turned to something new, and still the same perfection was evident. This social function, second only to the Senior Ball, was one of much beauty and perfection.

Not till two o'clock did the picture begin to fade, the harmony cease, and the gala room to empty.

Jams around the check rooms, renewed promises, farewells, departing cabs, reminiscences.

S.A.C. ELECTS NEW HEAD

John O. Tuohy, chairman of the Blue Circle and a Senior in the College of Arts and Letters, was elected president of the Students Activities Council at a recent meeting of that organization. Mr. Tuohy has been a member of the Council since Septem-

ber 1924, besides being prominent in other campus activities. He succeeds Dan J. Brady, who has left the University.

NEW BOOKS BY HOME MEN

The Tribune's announcement of the publication of "Hills of Rest" by John M. Cooney of South Bend, gave pleasure to those who like to reflect that this industrial city is making progress in the arts. The author of this novel is not only a well and favorably known citizen of South Bend; he is also a teacher and a department head of Notre Dame university. His department is that of journalism and in conducting it he has done much to bring South Bend and the university into closer touch. He has done this by inviting South Bend journalists to assist in the teaching of his students and by requiring the students to use the South Bend newspapers and their publication plants in their studies, thus making journalism in Notre Dame more beneficial than it would be were the work confined to theory. Dr. Cooney has been busy, but not too busy to utilize his literary gifts in creative writing. He has overcome the "no-time" mental hazard in a happy manner, the result of which is this addition to the list of novels by Indiana residents.

Charles Phillips, another Notre Dame faculty member, will soon place before the public a novel entitled "The Doctor's Wooing." Prof. Phillips is also admired by many South Bend citizens who have had the good fortune to know him as a citizen. This will not be his first book but it will be his first full-length fiction flight. It should be attended by a deserved success. While others are upholding South Bend in science, finance, industry and labor a few are giving it a name in literary art. For these, such as Dr. Cooney and Prof. Phillips, we bespeak a generous public response. Our leading civic clubs which take note of other forms of progress should not omit attention to these books.—*South Bend Tribune*.

These are trying days, but some do not try enough to make good.—J.T.S.

Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *Would you rather listen to the Band or the Glee Club?*

WHERE ASKED: *Law Library.*

D. J. HARVEY:

I'd rather hear the Glee Club. I like to hear Kopecky sing. I think this organization is unusually good this year.

H. F. McCAFFERY:

The Glee Club. I think Flanagan is a card.

EUGENE KNOBLOCK:

I haven't heard the Glee Club so I cannot judge between the two. I will say that I like the jazz pieces that the Band plays at the basketball games, for they certainly liven up the intermissions.

AL DOYLE:

It is rather hard to choose between the two. I have heard both and I believe the preference depends upon the mood one is in. If you wish stirring music—then the band; if you desire sweet melody and close harmony—then the Glee Club. They are both magnificent organizations.

EDWARD F. BRODERICK:

I believe I would prefer to hear the Glee Club sing because I am naturally interested in vocal work and believe vocal concerts are more entertaining and pleasing to the ear than band concerts.

DON A. TEAHAN:

I would rather hear the Band play than the Glee Club sing because my ear for music tends to go toward brass instruments.

The SCHOLASTIC has a scoop! Brother Alphonsus who believes that the seasons are as the birds are, sighted his first robin of 1926 last Tuesday. This allows Brother Alphonsus to predict that spring will be here unusually early. It isn't customary for robins to appear at Notre Dame before Washington's birthday.

HONOR JUSTICE HAMMER

The members of the Notre Dame Club of New York City were the hosts, on February 9, at a testimonial dinner tendered Hon. Ernest E. L. Hammer, A. B., '04, who recently was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. The gathering took place at the Catholic Club in New York City.

Hugh O'Donnell, ex-president of the Notre Dame Alumni Association, was toastmaster. Other speakers were John T. Balfe, Dr. Francis J. Quinlan, Hon. William A. Walsh, Rev. Michael J. Shea, and Justice Hammer.

GIVE NEW SCHOLARSHIP

A scholarship in Boy Guidance has been presented to the University by the Knights of Columbus' Boy Life Bureau through Brother Barnabas, F.S.C., its executive secretary, and is to be awarded to a member of the class of 1926. Any Senior who feels that work with boys is his vocation and who wishes to make application for this scholarship, should see Father Hubbell, C.S.C., Director of Studies.

In addition to this, 14 other new scholarships have been announced for September 1926. For further information communicate with Mr. Ray Hoyer, Director, Department of Boy Guidance, Box 72, Notre Dame, Indiana.

A ten-day course in Boyology, given at the South Bend K. of C. clubhouse, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus Boy Life Bureau, came to a conclusion last week when the 117 men who had attended, received certificates. Mr. J. D. Becker, Boy Guidance Senior, who is preparing to do this work for the Knights of Columbus after graduation, directed the course. All Boy Guidance students, and several Notre Dame undergraduates attended. The course included a study of all the national boy guidance programs. Father Cunningham, Father George McNamara, Father Mooney, and Mr. Hoyer, of the Notre Dame faculty, were lecturers.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

The Notre Dame Band appeared in concert at the Knights of Columbus Hall, in South Bend, Monday night, February 15. The Hall was crowded and the patrons were enthusiastic in their reception of the numbers of the program, which was as follows:

1. (a) March—Washington Post _____ *Sousa*
(b) March—Heads Up _____ *Klohr*
2. Flute Solo—Celebrate Serenade _____ *Titl*
G. T. McDermott
Ronald McNamara at the piano.
3. Feist's All-Hit Medley _____ *Barry*
4. Trombone Solo—White Rose _____ *Engels-Labedz*
Norbert Engels
Victor Labedz at the piano.
5. Mazurka—La Carine _____ *Young*

PART II

1. Varsity Quartet—Selections.
2. Popular Fox-trots.
3. Ray McGrath and His Banjo.
4. Down The Line _____ *Casasanta*
5. Overture—Fountain of Youth _____ *King*
6. (a) Notre Dame Hike Song _____ *Casasanta*
(b) Notre Dame Victory March _____ *Shea*

The latter two numbers were placed on the program by request, following the issuance of the Victor record late last week.

The concert was for the benefit of St. Joseph's Hospital. A dance, attended by the girls from St. Mary's and by many others, followed.

The Notre Dame Orchestra will appear in Washington Hall at the exercises on Washington's Birthday. Composed of 25 members, under the presidency of Jay Masenich, this organization will make a tour of southern Indiana sometime in the spring. Mr. Casasanta is the director of the orchestra.

The Varsity Quartet, composed of Arthur Haley, Alfred Meyers, Seward Bower and Anthony Kopecky, appeared on the program at the banquet tendered Bishop Noll, of Fort Wayne, in Gary, Indiana, Sunday

night, February 14. This banquet was sponsored by the Knights of Columbus of the Calumet District. Among the guests was James A. Flaherty, Supreme Knight, who journeyed from Philadelphia to be present.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

February 26—Washington Hall—Concert—Edna Swanson Ver Haar, contralto; Harry Forbman, violinist.

March 1—Palais Royal—Concert—Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Frederick Stock.

March 8—Palais Royale—Concert—Fritz Kreisler, violinist.

March 18 — Palais Royale — Concert — Claude Muzio, soprano.—A.L.M.

PHILLIPS' NOVEL ALMOST READY

Besides performing his many professional and literary duties, Professor Charles Phillips, author of "The New Poland" and other books, is now reading the proofs of "The Doctor's Wooing," his novel which will appear in the book marts this spring. The Devin-Adair Company is publishing the book. No word as to its exact nature has so far been divulged.

"The Vaulter," an essay by Paul Harrington, will be one of the chief contributions to March's *Pan*, which will come out during the first week of the windy month. Francis Collins Miller will review a recent book and Gerald Holland, '25, will sing a "Romance for G Minor." Another poem from the pen of a local writer will be that of Professor Charles Phillips, co-editor of *Pan*.

On the "Current Poetry" page of *The Literary Digest* for February 13, there appears Professor Charles Phillips' poem, "Sister Giovanna," taken from the February issue of *Pan*. It will be recalled that "Sister Giovanna" was written "For Lillian Gish in Marion Crawford's 'White Sister.'"

Events Before Easter

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|--|--|
| <p>Feb. 20—Track, Marquette at Notre Dame.
Basketball—Carnegie Tech at Notre Dame.</p> <p>Feb. 21—Interhall Basketball, Badin vs. Corby
Carroll vs. Brownson,
Howard vs. Walsh.</p> <p>Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday, Presentation
of flag by Senior Class.</p> <p>Feb. 23—Interhall Basketball, Freshmen vs.
Sorin, Soph. vs. Off-Campus.</p> <p>Feb. 24—Movie in Washington Hall.</p> <p>Feb. 27—Swimming, Varsity vs. Michigan
State at Lansing. Boxing—Penn State at
State College. Basketball—Varsity vs.
Franklin at Notre Dame. Illinois Relays
at Illinois.</p> <p>Feb. 28—Interhall Basketball—Off-Campus vs.
Corby, Carroll vs. Walsh, Badin vs. Brown-
son.—Travelogue in Washington Hall.</p> <p>Mar. 1—Novena for Vocations begins.
Interhall Basketball—Howard vs. Sorin,
Soph vs. Freshman.—Swimming, Varsity
vs. Indiana at South Bend.</p> <p>Mar. 2—Boxing, Varsity vs. Virginia at
Charlottesville.</p> <p>Mar. 4—First Friday.</p> | <p>Mar. 5-6—Basketball, Varsity vs. Creighton
at Notre Dame.</p> <p>Mar. 6—Track, Varsity vs. Wisconsin at
Madison.</p> <p>Mar. 7—Interhall Basketball, Howard vs.
Freshman, Badin vs. Walsh, Carroll vs.
Sorin.</p> <p>Mar. 8—Interhall Basketball, Sophomore vs.
Corby, Off-Campus vs. Brownson.</p> <p>Mar. 10—Novena for Happy Marriage begins.
Harp Ensemble in Washington Hall.</p> <p>Mar. 13—Swimming, Varsity vs. Pittsburgh
at South Bend.</p> <p>Mar. 17—St. Patrick's Day. 8:00 Mass.</p> <p>Mar. 19—St. Josephs' Day. 8:00 Mass.</p> <p>Mar. 22—Chicago Operatic Trio, Washington
Hall.</p> <p>Mar. 25—Easter Duty.</p> <p>Mar. 26—Movie in Washington Hall.</p> <p>Mar. 27—Swimming, Varsity vs. Illinois at
South Bend.</p> <p>Mar. 28—Palm Sunday.</p> <p>Mar. 27-31—Mid-semester examinations.</p> <p>Apr. 4—Easter Sunday.</p> <p>Lenten Devotions on Feb. 24, Mar. 3, 10, 17,
and 24.</p> |
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SERMON LIST PUBLISHED

The official sermon list and directory of student masses for the second semester was issued this week. The subjects for the sermons to be preached at the high mass every Sunday up to June 6 are included in the list. Sermons at the 6:30 Mass at Notre Dame are limited to ten minutes; at the 8:15, to 15 minutes. The celebrant of the Mass for the Day Students at St. Joseph's will also preach a sermon to last not longer than ten minutes.

A series of chapel talks will be given every Monday and Friday evening during Lent. These talks, which will be of practical interest to the students, will be given by prominent members of the faculty in the chapels of the resident halls, and will take the place of the usual night prayer. This will be the second series of its kind held at the University, a similar one having been given during last Lent.

ALUMNI BOARD TO MEET

The annual meeting of the Alumni Board will be held at the University this week-end, in accordance with the new constitution of the Alumni Association, which calls for one mid-year meeting of the officers and the directors of the association.

Last April, all of the local Notre Dame Alumni clubs held meetings on the same evening. A Notre Dame radio program was broadcasted from one of the Chicago stations. The board will probably decide at this meeting whether such a "Universal Notre Dame Night" will be held this year.

The officers of the alumni association are: Rev. M. L. Moriarity, '10, honorary president; William P. McPhee, '90, president; Daniel J. O'Connor, '05, vice-president; James E. Armstrong, '25, secretary; Warren A. Cartier, '87, treasurer; Thomas J. McKeon, '90, Joseph M. Haley, '99, John P. Murphy, '12, and Edward C. McHugh, '13, directors.

FORTY HOUR DEVOTION HELD

The Forty Hour Devotion, which, at Notre Dame, annually precedes Ash Wednesday, opened last Sunday morning with a solemn high mass celebrated by Rev. George Finnigan, C.S.C., vice-president of the University, assisted by Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., as deacon, and Rev. Leigh G. Hubbell, C.S.C., as sub-deacon. Throughout Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for adoration.

On Monday evening a sermon on faith was delivered by Rev. Patrick Carroll, C. S. C.. On Tuesday evening Father Carroll spoke on the necessity and advantages of a decidedly spiritual life. Solemn benediction closed the devotion with Rev. George Finnigan, C.S.C., Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., and Rev. Francis Butler, C.S.C., officiating.

The Theater Number of the *Juggler* which will appear on the campus next week will have a cover of eleven colors, designed by Jorge Palomino.

BROTHER ALEXANDER IS TAKEN
at F 23 26

Brother Alexander, C.S.C., died Wednesday morning at seven o'clock, the third member of the Community to die within a week. Heart trouble was the cause of his death.

Brother Alexander came to Notre Dame in 1873 from Watertown, Wisconsin, where he had been born 23 years before. He professed in the Congregation of Holy Cross in August 1875. He was an instructor in mathematics in the Notre Dame preparatory school until, about a decade ago, failure of his eyes prevented him from teaching any longer.

Brother Alexander was connected with life at Notre Dame in many ways. After the fire in 1879, he had charge of the men who built the new main building. He was steward of the University for two years in the late eighties, and was for twenty years the rector of Carroll Hall when that was part of the "prep" school. In recent years, he had been employed as an assistant secretary in the Ave Maria office.—*R.I.P.*

FIRST DEBATE MARCH 5

The debating teams are engaged in active preparation for the first intercollegiate debate of the year to be held on March 5. On that date the Notre Dame negative team will travel to Greencastle to meet the De Pauw affirmatives, and the Notre Dame affirmative group will clash with Franklin in Washington Hall. In the following six weeks the two Notre Dame teams will meet Earlham, Western Reserve, Creighton, and Washington State. It is possible that some of these debates may be held in South Bend.

The teams at present are meeting with Father Bolger, the debating coach, two or three times each week. Three and four hour sessions are common. Each team has already outlined its case and written the first draft speeches. Both claim a strong case. The question "Resolved that the child labor amendment to the federal constitution should be ratified" is timely and lends itself to enthusiasm. It seems that the old story of an irresistible force meeting an immovable object will be retold when the Notre Dame teams meet in a final practice debate at St. Mary's, the latter part of this month.

REX ENRIGHT A BENEDICT

Rex Enright, a member of the 1925 football team was married on Wednesday, February 10, to Miss Alice Thoren at the bride's home in Rockford, Illinois. Francis "Tiger" Crowley, of Green Bay, a fellow student of Enright's acted as best man. Jimmy Crowley, a member of last year's football team was a guest.

After a honeymoon in California, the Enrights will return to Rockford where Rex has accepted a position with the Burr Athletic Wear Company. He will visit colleges, universities and high schools throughout the country in the interest of his concern which handles a complete line of sporting goods.

A certificate of graduation is not intended to be a sight draft.—*K.L.R.*

Superiority is a mask assumed by man to hide inferiority.—*A.L.M.*

OLDEST ALUMNUS DIES

Rev. Daniel Joseph Spillard, C.S.C., died suddenly at the Community House last Friday, February 12, at the age of 86. He had been the oldest living Notre Dame alumnus, having received his degree in 1864. Although he had been in poor health for some time, there was no indication Friday of Father Spillard's immediate death. Only a few minutes before his death, he had been speaking with a visitor in his room. Funeral services were held in the Moreau chapel, Monday morning.

Father Spillard was born in Cork, Ireland, Nov. 8, 1839. He was the oldest of a family of 12 children, having nine brothers and two sisters. The family came to Rochester, N. Y., from Ireland and from there moved to Elgin, Ill., where the old Spillard home still stands. Father Spillard professed in the Congregation of Holy Cross on Sept. 9, 1866, two years after his graduation from the University, and was ordained in Aug., 1868, by Rt. Rev. John Luers, the first Bishop of Fort Wayne.

He served at various times as Prefect of Discipline here, as master of novices, local superior, and as pastor of Sacred Heart church at Notre Dame. He was also pastor of St. Patrick's church of South Bend for six years. For 16 years, he was in New Orleans as pastor of Sacred Heart church and as president of Holy Cross College there. Since 1912, Father Spillard has lived in the Community House. Until two years ago, he said daily mass in the college chapel at St. Mary's, but failing health prevented him from doing so since.—*R.I.P.*

PAUL FREY MARRIED

A clipping from the Long Beach (California) *Press-Telegram*, tells of the marriage, on February 6, of Paul J. Frey, '25, and Miss Mae De Meulle of Long Beach. The ceremony took place at St. Anthony's Church with Rev. John M. Hegarty officiating. Following a honeymoon in San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Frey will be at home in Long Beach where the bridegroom is engaged in business.

"RED" ROBINSON WINS

The annual Indiana state oratorical contest was held at Manchester College last Friday, February 12. Maurice "Red" Robinson of Wabash College, captain and high point man of the Wabash basketball team, proved that an athlete may also be a speaker by taking first. He performed the enviable feat of playing basketball Thursday night, winning the state oratorical contest Friday night, and making fourteen points against Notre Dame's championship team Saturday night. In addition to this Robinson is going through college in three years and has so far maintained an average of 89 in his studies. The subject of the winning oration was "Crime."

D. F. Huston of Purdue University speaking on "Fair Play for China" took second. This speaker also took second in the contest last year. Notre Dame, represented by William Coyne, took third. No other ratings were given. The winner received a gold medal and forty dollars, second a silver medal and twenty dollars, and third a bronze medal. Eight schools were represented in the contest. The other speakers were Carr of Earlham, Wilson of Butler, Stoner of Manchester, Baugh of Evansville, and Miss Elizabeth Sharp of Franklin. Each coach acted as judge and rated all the contestants except his own. Professor Farrell accompanied Mr. Coyne as coach and judge.

Mr. Robinson will now go to the sectional contest and, if successful there, will compete in the finals for the championship of fourteen states. Last year Mr. Ross of Wabash won the interstate contest and two years ago Mark Nolan of Notre Dame took third. Three years ago Ray Gallagher of Notre Dame won the interstate. Indiana has won this contest more often than any other state.

When your ship begins to founder in a heavy sea, do not hesitate to lighten it.—*F.J.H.*

After a man has made his money he spends it all trying to get well enough to enjoy it.—*W.F.R.*

"HILLS OF REST"

"Hills of Rest," the first novel of Professor Cooney, will be of particular interest to Notre Dame because of its local atmosphere. Danny Lacey, the hero of the book, is a type of Notre Dame man who may be seen any day on the campus. He is refreshingly free from the sanctimoniousness with which many Catholic writers clothe their characters. One may well imagine that he could get through Notre Dame without being thrown in the lake. One may imagine also, that he himself assisted in throwing certain of the "proscribed" into that regenerating body of water.

Danny is a recent Notre Dame graduate, loitering at present in the mountains of Kentucky, "to restore the health which had been reduced by peculiar hardships in France and by overstudy on his return home." In the Dunsboro paper Danny sees an advertisement for a farm hand, and, upon application at the Armstrong farm, is accepted. In the absence of her father, the farm is being managed by "Willie Pat" Armstrong. If Danny intended applying for the job merely as a lark, his intention changes as soon as he has seen "Willie Pat." No sooner has he taken up his tasks than Philip, the girl's brother, returns from France, a deserter. And with his return Danny's trouble begins.

In college Philip had incurred the hatred of one Bill Johnson by surpassing the latter in athletic fame. Out of revenge Johnson, pretending friendship, causes Philip to become a drunkard. Finally, under the influence of narcotics and liquor secured for him by Johnson, Philip deserts his command in the A. E. F. Johnson is aided throughout the story by a "hill-billy" named Simkins, who has much to do with the outcome of the plot.

Johnson, who loves "Willie Pat," still keeps up a pretense of friendship with Philip, even while, with Simkins' assistance, he "frames" Philip and Danny as "moonshiners." Danny had immediately become obnoxious to Johnson, when he had seen that "Willie Pat" liked Danny. In raids by rev-

enue officers Philip is killed and Danny is taken into custody, though the still which the officers seize is being operated by Johnson himself.

In the meantime Danny is falling deeper in love with the captivating "Willie Pat." Through Johnson's machinations, however, Fancy Boulder, a comely nurse from the city, causes Danny to lose favor in "Willie Pat's" eyes. It is this situation which confronts Danny as he is remanded to jail. How Danny is freed from the toils of the law and how he influences the outcome of the plot forms the conclusion of an engrossing, interesting novel.

The action of the story is swift and sustained, making the reading easy and the interest intense. The description of the Kentucky mountains is vivid and life-like, revealing an intimate acquaintance with the background of the book. The picturing of the glowering Kentucky "knobs" and the wild foothill country is strikingly authentic, and unmistakable to one who has seen them. The crisp newspaper style prevents the description from being tiresome.

The characters in the novel are natural and well-defined. Simkins, the rascal, who finally reveals a noble heart, is especially well-drawn. The slightly unpracticed use here and there of text and dialogue, inevitable in a first novel, is almost imperceptible because of the excellence of the plot, the action, and the description.

The book, besides containing a rattling good story, is made up in convenient size and is attractively bound. The Abbey Press, St. Meinrad, Indiana, publishers, announce that it will be on sale at local book stores within a few days.

"To tell an interesting tale that might give an hour's enjoyment here and there, was the writer's aim." The writer has achieved his aim.—W. J. MOORE.

Rail earnings for 1925 attained the record figure of \$1,136,000,000. To read that must make the Notre Dame football team just a little self-conscious.

—"Conning Tower", *New York World*.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE

Sunday school for college credit is the latest offered by the University of Denver. The course will be given as a part of the regular university work, and students who have matriculated in the university are eligible to take the course subject to regular university rulings as to attendance. Only one unexcused absence will be allowed. Five dollars or twenty-eight cents a Sunday, not excepting "cuts," must be paid for the one hour credit given. What price religion?

Punch a key and answer a question! This may constitute the examinations of the future at the University of Minnesota, if a machine being perfected by a psychology professor at the University of Ohio proves satisfactory. Picture students entering the class rooms and taking their places before machines which resemble typewriters. On the copy of the questions handed them are four possible answers. The student inserts the list of questions in the machine, and selecting what he thinks to be the correct answer, he then presses a key which has the number corresponding to that of the question. If the answer is correct a meter attached to the key registers the accuracy. However, if the key pressed is the wrong one the meter does not register—and there are no second attempts. In the space of ten minutes one may answer a list of questions and learn if he has passed or flunked. This modern education is a complex arrangement.

Professor Ira B. Cross of the University of California may be long remembered as a champion of the rights of men. Annoyed at the feminine students who powdered their noses in class, he invited the men of the class to do likewise. Consequently two men appeared in class armed with Gillettes, lather, and brushes. After class had opened they lathered and shaved. Following a cessation of the applause, Professor Cross declared that the shavers would be awarded A's for the term in recognition of their services in

behalf of the manhood of America. And there is a gentleman.

Lehigh University has one of the most unusual mascots in the country. It is a mud turtle which was discovered making its way across the muddy field during practice. The students and members of the football team have adopted the waif and christened it "Knockem." After each game the score is carved on his shell.

Examination papers of certain Freshmen of Lawrence college, according to Associated Press dispatches, have brought forth some startling answers on who's who among American men and women. "Benedict Arnold," one student declared, "was a priest who did much translation work many years ago." Other students asserted: Joseph Addison was a president of the United States. Maude Adams was a famous author. She and Addison also were important people during the time of the early colonies and George Washington. Hans Christian Anderson was a Danish explorer." What of the Howard Hall delegation? They would undoubtedly place Erskine, the British Minister during Madison's administration, in the president's chair at the Studebaker plant.

The athletic fund at La Verne college being too small to pay the doctor's fees for numerous injuries sustained by its football players this season, the student body voted to bear the burden itself. Their motto seems to be: A stitch in time saves the eleven.

By an overwhelming majority students at Pennsylvania State College voted against compulsory chapel. Obviously a case of pillars of the church vs. pillows on the bed. Students throughout the country are adopting concerted action, that chapel may be removed as a part of the daily routine. To date they have met with little success, and at Yale, despite overwhelming majorities and stinging editorials, the students continue to make chapel the first stop.—J.T.C.

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*Vixit Quasi Semper Victurus
Vixit Quasi Cras Moriturus*

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

The story of Washington has been so often inflicted upon the American student that he yawns more and more widely with each repetition. "Silver-tongued" orators, fiery Independence Day speakers, and bombastic politicians have further deadened the appeal which this story should make to minds on the threshold of maturity. For, despite its pitiable use, this story yet contains the eternal principles of loyalty to one's God, one's country and one's self, given by the first and, perhaps, the greatest American. These are principles no American can afford to be without, and in the story of Washington they are stated as nowhere else. Obviously, it will pay a man, despite its familiarity, to read this story again.

On Monday next, the Senior Class will do so. It will assemble in Washington Hall on the birthday of the great Father, and will there renew the principles which his whole life exemplified. As the representatives of the entire student-body, the Senior Class will present to the University the national flag, which will float from the flagstaff on Commencement Day, and for a year thereafter, proving to all who may glimpse it that Notre Dame is not only Catholic, but patriotic as well,—that it is true to God, to country, and therefore to itself.

This ceremony should be witnessed by every Notre Dame man. Stifle the yawns; attend; it is a renewal of faith as well as of patriotism.

ATHLETES AND SCHOLARS

Last Saturday night Paul Harrington of Notre Dame made the world's intercollegiate record for indoor pole vaulting. Last Saturday night also "Red" Robinson of Wabash scored fourteen of his teams twenty-three points in a basketball game here and, in general, lived up to his reputation of being one of the best basketball players in the country. These facts are, even in themselves, important. Added to other facts, the total becomes most significant.

Harrington is the editor of the Notre Dame *Catalyzer*, a writer of extraordinary ability and an exceptionally brilliant student in the College of Engineering. Robinson won the state oratorical contest last Friday night and will represent Indiana in the interstate oratorical contest. He also is a brilliant student and expects to finish his college course in three years.

These accomplishments should go far toward proving that, contrary to a widespread opinion, real athletes can be real scholars and vice versa. They should be incentives for all college men. We congratulate Mr. Harrington and Mr. Robinson.

Vagabonds of Life

ALFRED WALZER, '28

THE doctor paced the lonely cabin nervously. At short intervals he glanced towards the door, as if expecting someone to enter. Once he stopped at the door of the inner room, and listened intently. A low, moaning sound was his only answer, and his face became more set and rigid than before. A tall, lithe, dark-eyed man, he would have been undeniably handsome had he not evidently been laboring under some severe emotion. A gust of wind shot through the frail shack, and the candle light flickered fitfully, casting its grotesque beams into the corners of the room.

The doctor sat down, and buried his head in his hands. Why had he been such a fool as to drive up the mountain on a night like this? The wind and rain had played havoc with the roads, and there had been an accident. Now his wife lay dying in the next room. Only a delicate operation could save her, and here he was miles from a town. He would have to perform the operation himself, even if it was against professional ethics. But he was so darned nervous he didn't know if he could hold a knife straight. Well, something would have to be done. He couldn't stand that moaning, and the wind, much longer. Curious how much alike they sounded. His wife's low moan of pain, and the eerie whistling of the wind. Perhaps the wind was merely the moaning of a world in pain.

He stepped to the door of the room and entered. His wife, pale and lovely, even in her pain, was tossing restlessly on the bed. She stared at her husband, with torture-stricken eyes, unconscious even of his presence. With quick decision he unsnapped his meager instrument case, and laid the instruments in a row, hating them for their brightness. At the bedside, he hesitated a moment, beset by doubts. If Mary died he might be charged with murder. He recalled the case of the young interne who had graduated with him, now spending the best years of his life behind bars. In performing

a simple operation the knife had slipped, and the insurance company god was gold mad and prosecuted the grief-stricken husband relentlessly to avoid the payment of a few paltry dollars. But the cessation of moans from the bed interrupted his thoughts. Unconsciousness, the merciful opiate, was making his task easier. As if money could ever take the place of Mary. Why, he'd throw the damn stuff in their faces. She was more precious than the son she had already borne him.

Then, in that little cabin, buffeted by the winds of the storm, a strange scene was enacted. The tense young doctor, wielded his knife delicately and tenderly, though every drop of blood that flowed from the patient seemed to be drained from his own body. Once he seemed overcome by nervousness, and the deft fingers faltered. The doctor straightened up for a moment, and a frown spread over his features. Why must he always be thinking of that other unfortunate case, when so much depended on his skill and nerve? As he continued his cutting, even the elements seemed to realize that the crisis was at hand. Then with horrible suddenness the tragedy occurred. The knife slipped, and as the doctor frantically withdrew it, he knew that he was in the presence of death. He gazed horror stricken at the pale face, even now assuming the fixed mask of death. Peter stumbled blindly into the next room trying to think. So he had done it—this thing that had preyed on his thoughts, even during the operation. Mary was dead. He repeated the words mechanically two or three times, trying to realize their import. Outside the wind resumed its low moaning, but no answering moan came from the bed-room. Peter stumbled over a loose board in the floor, and kicked it aside listlessly. Just a loose board in this great clapboard structure we call life—that's all he was now. With a last poignant, haunting look at the death chamber, he plunged blindly into the storm, in

the general direction of town.

The Reverend John Davis lived in a gray marble house, in the best section of New York, and feared neither God nor his congregation. He was a comfortable-looking man in the late forties, with the heart of a fanatic, which he was careful never to display to his parishioners. He looked at the haggard and bitter young man before him with a trace of impatience, as he usually looked at those who exploded his pet theories.

"Come to your senses, Peter," he said, "they probably won't hold you for murder." "What difference does that make," replied the doctor, "I have to get away. I tell you I can't stand it here any more, always thinking of her. Besides, I don't trust these insurance people. Even though I've told them I don't want the money they seem to think that's just another proof of my guilt. Why even my son seems different." "Nonsense," said Davis. "Your mind's upset. Besides what of your son if you go away? Who will take care of him?" "His aunt," said Peter gloomily. "Yes, and you know she never liked you. She'll bring him up and poison his mind against you." "I don't know," said Peter bitterly, "I only know I've ceased to think. I must go." "Where will you go—to hell probably," replied the Rev. Davis angrily. "Besides, if there is any penalty you must stay here and face it, even if you are not guilty. It's the only repentance God will take." "Yes, your God," said Peter coldly, "I can see you almost believe I'm guilty. You want me to spend twenty years in the penitentiary, for an accident, and then get down on my knees and be thankful for the chance. Well, I'm going some place—Germany, Russia—and I'm going quick." "The police may have something to say about that. You're not free from suspicion yet," replied Davis, "and in my opinion never will be. This going away is a clever dodge to escape justice, but even if you are guilty, God is infinitely merciful and will forgive the repentant sinner."

"Good-bye, Rev. Davis," said Peter mockingly, "if I change my mind, I suppose justice will be dispensed at the usual hours of three to five."

True to his word, Peter left as soon as the police had released him, pending a more complete investigation. But he left behind him a heritage no man may envy—a son who grew up hating his father with all the passion of his young mind and soul. As the Rev. Davis had predicted, the boy's aunt had started at the earliest moment to poison the mind of the son against the father. Any inquiry about Peter always elicited the same reply from Paul, "He died when I was three years old." This was literally true. The shadow of the tragedy of the past always clouded the young man's future, and he was unhappy and depressed.

But if the son found life a delusion, how much more so the father! To all intents and purposes he was a fugitive from justice . . . with all the misery and suffering those three words implied. Never to go to sleep with an easy heart, to be always suspicious of every one until they proved themselves friend or enemy—such was Peter's life and such is the life of anyone who cheats the state of its prey. Peter roamed around the playgrounds of Europe, seeking forgetfulness and oblivion, but the wine of life had lost its sparkle. With each passing year, he became more cynical and embittered of life, till when he laughed, if at all, it was not a sound men or God liked to hear. He resembled an old man, though he was not old, as men judge age. At last he was forced to the necessity of choosing a permanent residence by his rapidly depleting stock of money. He chose Berlin because the dull, stolid temperament of the Germans rested him, and prevented him from indulging too frequently in emotional frenzies.

Then came the shock that tumbled the world into four years of carnage and hate. The war unleashed the passions of millions—Peter and Paul among them. Peter enlisted in the German army because he was afraid to claim American citizenship, and because he did not particularly care what country he fought for—just so he fought. After his previous years of degradation, the war was a God-send to Peter. In a sense, it uplifted and purified his soul. His contempt of death was a thing to marvel at, even in the German army, where millions

faced certain death at the guttural command of a maniac on a throne. Because he courted death and would have been happy had it come, its icy breath left only a warm glow on his cheek. What a comedian life is!

Like his father, Paul welcomed the war because it released him from unhappiness and the drudgery of an office. He lost all sense of proportion at the sight of blood. The lust awoke to kill, and a blood-red haze clouded his eyes when he saw the foe. All the pent-up hatred of years, formerly centered on his father, was directed towards the Germans and his insatiable lust for blood excited comment, even though killing is a business, not a pastime, in war.

The partial remains of the old chateau possessed an uncanny fascination for Peter. Its shadowy ruins seemed symbolic of the wreck of his own life. He had come there often, since he had been stationed on that particular front, to meditate and sometimes to pray. War does strange things to men, and Peter, who had never prayed before, found a peculiar comfort in it. The face of his dead wife sometimes appeared out of the shadows to haunt him. This night he was thinking of her, when he heard a crunching step outside the building. He stiffened and listened carefully. The step was coming towards him, and he hid behind a pile of debris. An American soldier

appeared in the small cleared space, the pale light of the moon casting a feeble gleam on his strong, hard face. Peter crouched ready to spring, but the stranger heard him move and wheeled. Peter felt the old blood-lust gripping him, and sprang towards the foe. Peter leaped to the combat, uttering harsh words of rage. He was old, and the American was young. With a lightning thrust the American ripped Peter to the heart. "God, how horrible death was," thought the boy. The glazing eye balls and panting breath. His fingers, choking at his throat, as if he would say something. The blood-flecked lips. Why, this foe was but an old man—God, why didn't he die. The fight had been fair—where was his shout of triumph? Look, his eyes a-glaze with a blood-red haze; then his face grew glorified, as the boy watched in dull amazement. There, he was dead. One less foe to slay. But, God, what is this—a crucifix clasped in his hand. The boy's set, nervous face softened and grew tender. All hate and bitterness were stripped from the boy in that moment, and he murmured a short prayer for the German's soul. All people were alike after all. Brotherhood and tolerance were all that counted in this life. Why, that old man's face looked strangely, as he died, like that of One they crucified. "He might have been my father," said the boy softly.

BRIGHT HORIZONS

Cardinal Mercier 1914—1926

Along the smoking skyline of the world,
Fragile as dawn above a sea of blood,
His figure sudden tops the incarnadined flood;
Nor all war's anger in red fury hurled
Against him, where the hosts of hate unroll
Their tides of darkness in a cloud of shame
Can dim the eager beauty, the pure flame
The divine audacity of his luminous soul—
Now, quiet on the waters, and the star
Of peace rekindling morning in the sky,
He passes—Bright horizons! Still afar
You burn with beauty of that soul whose cry,
Announcing God from lips as frail as light
Summoned the daystar to uncrown the night.

—CHARLES PHILLIPS.

In America, February 6.

How to Find Something to Write About

H. BUCKLEN BRADY, '29

PERHAPS if you could find something to write about I wouldn't have to write about how to find something to write about. Nevertheless, there is a chance that some of my readers may profit by my preachings even though I apparently am unable to practice what I preach.—It has been said that diffidence is the stepmother of some forms of progress. And I hope that this, for example, may be one of those forms.

When the aspiring young author takes pen in hand—the pen should be preferably a quill for a quill is more conducive to freedom and romancing than is the modern and mechanical contrivance called a fountain pen—some time, most of it in fact, should be spent in drawing squares and circles and silly little pictures and what-nots and numbers and in other forms of exercising the pen without the brain. Then at last when inspiration comes, the fatigued author's wrist should be too tired to function. And after heroic attempts have been made, sleep should be allowed to intervene—in its natural form. The author's mind may thereby be refreshed and the inspiration and its taxing powers lessened, that the inspiration may be recreated similarly and the process of unrefreshing the refreshed mind may be gone through with once more. This is known as the delightful "System of Waiting For Inspiration"; it seldom works but is indeed worth the novice's efforts.

The next system might well be known as the "Study of Human Nature System;" however, strangely enough it isn't. There are many ways of adopting and employing it however. I will exemplify a few of these ways. The plumber or iceman is generally very willing to open up and unburden his heart upon hearing such questions of human interest as, "Have you children and why not?" A romantic pipe dream or football story will generally follow in crude but malleable form. Any chorus girl will be glad

that you accosted her when she learns that she reminds you of Gloria Swanson, and she'll probably give you a pretty tale about her mother, little brother, and the old farm before the lure of the stage and the bright lights stole her away. A bootlegger's weakness is the tyranny of Prohibition and its awfulness to the honest and democratic business man and how unprofitable his present writing of poetry and he thinks that H. L. Mencken is just a devil. The school marm, the gas inspector, the street car conductor, the shoe clerk, the fireman, the congressman, and the Indiana farmer all have stories to tell that reveal the ways of human nature. Tact must be used in the approach but after an opening has been made information will flow unstemmed. Then tact must be used in stopping the flow. What information you may obtain in this way is generally the most impressive and available and should be written up while the encounter is still fresh in your mind.

Of course there are other ways of finding something to write about. The reports of the stock markets, newspaper headlines, and the Rotary Club will furnish material. But there remains one last way of getting into print when all others have failed. Take for example, some obscure story like Poe's "Pit and the Pendulum" or Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," change the title to "The Cellar and the Clock's Appendage" and "The Story of a Couple o' Towns" respectively, change all the proper nouns and names, write your own name under the title and submit. You are sure to get into print.

In closing I would like to make a suggestion or two as to how to become famed as a "stylist." Most authorities tell you that the practice of expressing your thoughts in the simplest way will acquire a style for you. Don't believe them. They are just telling you that for fear you may become famed as a "stylist" and would thereby jeopardize

their fame. They are only jealous. The greatest stylists, as you know, write two or three simple lines to keep you reading and then they resort to high-sounding words which confuse and confound you. And surely, if the greatest set the example, you can fol-

low it? Such words as "labiodental," "menary," and "juxtaposition" always lend an atmosphere of eruditeness and style to writing. Perhaps you can find some better ones if you use an unabridged. Try them.

On Scores

THOMAS J. GRIFFIN, '28

THESE are scores and scores—scores of them. Some, like the few old ones that are wiped out occasionally, are foolish, but most of them are all right.

Just think of all the scores we meet every day. There are final scores, predicted scores (never right), and somehow they even manage to box them, much in the manner of pears or apples. I remember, too, seeing a headline that explained graphically just how Dawes had scored the Senate. I didn't have time to ascertain what kind of game they were playing, but it must have been very amusing.

While speaking of foolish scores, consider the game of tennis. I don't know much about the game, but from what I have heard it has the most foolish system of counting one could conceive, probably—and I have this on good authority—because it is so often a love game. As soon as one player makes a point he has fifteen. Now why should one point count fifteen points? What could be more ridiculous than that? And this foolish pastime, I am told, contrary to all the poets I have ever read, blithely works on the assumption that he who has love has nothing. I wonder what the little fellow with the bow and arrows would say to that!

There are scores we brag about and scores we like to forget, not to mention our friend's billiard score we never believe and our own golf score we so naturally lie about.

I learned recently that even the opera is a sort of game played between the orchestra and the singers. I imagine it consists in seeing who can make the most fuss. The orchestra always wins; it is the only com-

petitor that has a score at the finish. This doesn't seem fair, and I would suggest that the theaters employ more competent referees. The best of orchestras, with all its greater numbers could never hope to make as much noise as a group of Italy's native sons and daughters singing the Sextette from Lucia.

Have you ever attempted to score a game of bridge? That is a stupendous undertaking, and to carry it off will one must have the combined mental qualifications of a lightning calculator and a financial wizard, besides a naturally hard and intimidating appearance. One of my psychologically-inclined friends tells me that this game has a deleterious effect upon the minds of women simply because of its intricate scoring system. After playing bridge all afternoon, says he, they always go home and fight with their husbands. This is interesting, if true, and might serve as a warning to any number of Sophomores who made the fatal mistake, during the recent holidays, of allowing their hearts to master their tongues.

Every game has some kind of score. That's what makes it a game. People must have a winner and a loser in every contest they undertake, else they will not undertake it. Even Life is a great game, with the Great Scorer keeping tab on every play we make. Our every action, each innermost thought, the way we meet failings of others—all are scored either for or against us and will determine whether we or our cheating, cloven-hoofed opponent will be the victor, whether our last great play will be a glorious home run with the bases full or a miserable strike-out.

Real Folks

GEORGE A. SCHEUER, '28

JOE BECKER was clattering along over the hills, on a rack-wagon, returning from a day's threshing. It was evident that he had enjoyed the work. He was standing near the center of the rack, with his knees flexed just a little, to ride easier. His blue cover-alls were open at the throat and his sleeves were rolled up exposing a pair of sun-tanned arms. A pair of goat-skin gloves and a straw hat with the front brim turned up completed his attire, unless we notice the heavy shoes. He looked strong and healthy but just a little tired and dusty. His jaw was set, not obstinately, yet determinedly. It is certain that the corners of his mouth did not droop in that characteristic sign of the exhausted toiler, neither were they lifted in a smile, nor did his teeth show in a grin, but a pleasant, quiet, peaceful expression seemed to be spread over his face. The eyelids were narrowed just a little, partly from the thresher's habit of guarding against dust, and partly in an attitude of meditation. The whole face was noticeably lifted toward the glowing sunset. The attitude was that of one sensing or appreciating life and nature, and of one joying in the satisfaction of honest labor and accomplishment. It was a simple, silent, unexpressed prayer. It was clear that Joe was a dreamer and a doer.

The horses, a team of little chunky blue-rons, aware that they were homeward bound, wanted to trot all the way. The one on the haw side was a little younger than the other and must have felt rather frisky for he broke into a gallop. Joe came back to earth with a start, and pulled up the lines a little.

"Take your time there, Jim," he called. "Do you want to kill yourself?"

As the wagon slowed down, Joe heard the purr of a motor behind him and turned out to make way. Looking around he saw a heavy sedan coasting down the hill. The driver apparently had noticed the rack-

wagon; for the head-lights suddenly shot their beams through the twilight.

Dick Eldrich, driver of the auto, and his mother were returning to their summer cottage at Lake Maxinkuckee, but as the road did not seem familiar, they pulled up beside Joe's rack and stopped.

"How do we get to Culver?" called Dick.

"Turn to your left at the first corner past the railroad and follow the telephone line."

"How far is it?"

"About seven miles. There's a train due pretty soon; so be careful."

"Thanks!"

As they passed and went on down the road, Mrs. Eldrich noticed that her son appeared rather thoughtful. He drove on in silence for a time.

"You know, Mother, I sometimes think these country-jakes are real folks."

"Why what do you mean, dear? Of course, they are just as human as we are."

"Oh yes, I know, but generally they seem so gawky; they have no poise. But there are exceptions. Take that fellow back there on the wagon; he really looked rather intelligent."

Mrs. Eldrich had spent her own childhood on the farm; so it always grieved her to have her son down upon farmers.

"Oh, I suppose they enjoy this simple life." continued Dick, "but I don't see how they can stand it. It seems to me like it would be so narrow, with no travel to see what the world's like. They can't have very high ideals from just poking around out here. Give me Chicago for mine. I don't understand—"

"Here's the railroad. Look out; there's a train," shrieked his mother as they mounted the grade to the track.

There it was, just coming out of the cut, and bearing down on them from the left. The car was going too fast to stop and it was too late to get across; so Dick swung right to run parallel with the train. He

grabbed the brake; the train rumbled past, the auto slid down the grade and stopped with the bumper against a corner fence post and with the rear still up on the road. The steering wheel had kept Dick from going through the windshield, while Mrs. Eldrich had saved herself by instinctively putting her hands on the cowl as she slid forward. Dick spoke first.

"Well, here we are."

"I told you to be careful. I know the car's all smashed up," cried his mother as she scrambled out.

Dick got out and looked at the front of the car to see if anything was smashed. He saw nothing amiss; so he climbed back into the car and started the motor. After several attempts he found that the motor was unable to back the car out.

In a moment Joe came rattling up.

"Whoa Jim, Nance. Hold'er."

The horses pranced and came to a stop.

"Nobody hurt? That's good."

"We're all right, but it looks like we're stuck."

Joe jumped off the rack and made a hasty examination of the car.

"Did you try to back out?"

"Didn't do any good. She won't pull it."

"Well, I'll hook on and help," announced Joe, hopping off the rack.

He drove on, across the track and turned out to the side of the road. Then he pulled out the "wagon-hammer" or pin that holds the double-tree to the tongue. He took a log chain out of the feed-box at the rear of the rack, and returned to the car. While Dick got in the car and prepared to start it, Joe hooked the chain on the double-tree and fastened the other end to the rear axle of the car.

"All right," called Joe. "Start her up, kinda careful and stop just as quick as you get on the level. All right! Nance! Jim! Gid-dap! Come on now! Dig into it, Jim!"

Under the added power the car was out in a moment. While Joe was disconnecting the chain, Dick said that he had experienced trouble in steering the car and believed that something was bent under the strain. Joe seemed to be as familiar with the car as Dick. An inspection of the front of the car

convinced both the boys that it would be unsafe to attempt to drive to Culver, especially in the growing darkness.

Mrs. Eldrich was becoming worried, and Dick began to get nervous. Joe considered them a moment and then offered his plan.

"It's just a little over a mile to my home from here. If you drive slowly, you can get there all right. The folks will be glad to have some company for the night. We have an old Cadillac truck, that I believe has the same type of steering gear as this car. If it fits we can put it on tonight after supper, but it will take quite a while; so you might as well wait till morning to go on."

Dick, anxious to get to doing anything that offered a solution to their difficulty, readily assented. They started slowly on down the road, and after hitching up, Joe followed.

When they came to the corner, Joe called to tell them that they should turn to the right. Dick had a little trouble in turning but by backing a couple of times he was able to get around. Less than a mile down the road, the farm-house light beckoned to them. Dick thought of it as a light-house beacon for his damaged ship. He began to wonder what the farm house would be like. Soon he was looking forward to the experience of spending a night on the farm. He had heard various tales of the joys and hardships of farming and relished the opportunity of getting some first-hand impressions. He was almost glad they had been delayed.

The narrow road was hard to hold with the defective steering gear, but by driving very slowly Dick managed to keep out of the ditch and at last reached the gate. There it was necessary to back a couple of times again, in order to get the car into the barn-yard.

Mr. Becker, Joe's father, came out with a lantern. Joe quickly explained to him, the plight of their visitors.

"Guess we'd better put the car in the barn-driveway," suggested Mr. Becker.

Joe took the lantern and showed Mrs. Eldrich the way to the house while Dick and Mr. Becker went up to the barn. Joe was surprised to find that his mother and the

city lady were old acquaintances. They had both taught school at the same time and had met several times at Teachers' County Institute. Joe left them talking about old times and went out to put his team away.

Mr. Becker had directed Dick into the driveway of the big barn. It was really Dick's first entrance into the barn. For the first time he smelled cured hay, heard the startled pigeons flapping around in the loft, or heard horses munching corn in feed-boxes. He felt that he wanted to do something. He held the lantern while Mr. Becker and Joe unharnessed the horses. They were finished in a moment, and started for the house. Joe stopped at a side shed and called to Dick.

"Here's the old Cadillac truck. Let's see if it has the same steering gear."

A glance sufficed to show that it had. On the way to the house Dick noticed a large collie dog that trotted along beside Joe. Joe stooped occasionally to give "Mike", as he addressed the dog, a resounding pat on the shoulder. The boy and the dog seemed to be inseparable friends. Dick had a collie of his own at home and was able to understand that anyone capable of maintaining the love of such an animal, must himself possess admirable qualities.

In the kitchen Dick found that his mother had donned a large apron and was helping with supper. The kitchen seemed to Dick to be but dimly lighted by the kerosene lamp. Mrs. Becker noticed that he examined the lamp, curiously.

"We have rather poor lights," she apologized, "but we're planning to have electric lights next year if we have a good harvest."

"Oh, I didn't know that you could have them out here."

"Why yes, we can either get a little plant of our own or hook onto the power line that runs from Plymouth to Monkeytown. The line passes within a mile of here. But even then we think it best to get our own plant. It is more independent, and you know we farmers always love independence."

Dick did not say much during the evening meal. He was busy noticing the kitchen furniture and the meal itself. Somehow or

other he had not expected to find a modern kitchen range in a farm kitchen, nor a white enameled kitchen cabinet, nor the linoleum on the floor; somehow he had always thought of such things as furniture of only the urban kitchen. Of course, over there in one corner were plenty of evidences that it was a rural kitchen. Near the door was a hatrack and on the floor was a pile of boots. The queer looking machine that might have been a pump with a crank on it, proved to be upon inquiry, a cream separator. He saw no coal scuttle, but back of the stove was a box of stove wood and near the door stood a bucket of corn-cobs. This apparently was the fuel.

Dick began to realize that he was eating a hearty supper; fried eggs, boiled potatoes with gravy, lettuce, radishes, big slabs of bread with real butter and jelly, then some huckleberry pie, and he forgot how many glasses of milk.

Mrs. Eldrich told Dick that she had telephoned the rest of their folks at Culver not to expect them until morning.

"Oh! do they have telephones out in the country like this?"

"Certainly."

After supper Dick and Joe went out to transfer the needed parts from the old Cadillac truck to the crippled sedan.

It was a good two hours work. Joe had supplied Dick with an old pair of overalls, to protect his clothes.

Although they did not talk much except about cars, the boys were rather well acquainted with each other by the time they had finished their work. Each learned that the other was planning to go to college that fall and both were surprised to find that they had chosen the same school, Midwest.

Joe was going to take Electrical Engineering and planned to stay a couple of years extra to take Civil Engineering also. The Civil Engineering was to make sure that he could get outdoor work afterward.

Dick was to take the A. B. course and was rather uncertain what he would do after that. He would like to travel and write.

"Somehow or other the foreign countries have an appeal to me," asserted Dick.

"Yeah, for me too. I can just see myself, working in South or Central America on bridges, dams, power lines and the like."

On the way back to the house, Joe asked Dick at what time he wished to get up in the morning.

"Oh, I can get up a little before seven," replied Dick, and he wondered why Joe whistled.

"Well I'll be getting up at about four-thirty and I'll be gone before seven so I guess I better tell you 'good-bye' tonight."

"What do you want to get up that early for? Can't you sleep in the mornings?" queried Dick.

"Oh maybe I could sleep if I got in the habit of it, but there's plenty of chores to do. I generally get up and get them pretty well started; so that Dad don't need to get up till about five-thirty. Then we have breakfast at six, and I start out with the rack. You see they start threshing as soon as the dew is off. Before we began thresh-

ing, we were plowing corn for a couple of weeks and started early at that too; so you see it's kinda easy to keep in the early rising habit."

When they got to the house they found it was ten-thirty and everyone else had "turned in."

After the boys had said their prayers and crawled into bed, Dick raised up.

"Say Joe, do you think you could wake me at four-thirty?"

"Oh I 'spect. Why? Do you want to see the sun come up, or something?"

"Well that's part of it. But what I want to see is, how you do things on a farm in the morning. I want to get the 'spirit of the land' or whatever it is that holds you people to a life like this. Don't get the idea that I feel sorry for you; its not exactly that; I used to. Now I am beginning to envy you. I am just beginning to realize what farming is and to appreciate the value of a life that will develop such spirit."

FUTILITY

I sing of love and far away I hear
 Her death cry in the dawn. Poor child! to die!
 I sing of beauty, while an echo clear
 Whispers of death, where last year's roses lie.
 I sing of happiness as soft as sleep
 But from the dawn a sadness comes to wake
 My sweet content with memories that I keep
 Forever hidden in an old heart-break.
 And all my life seems like a tiny blaze
 That struggles valiantly against the night,
 When from the north a chill wind plays
 And ice that creeps around with soft strange might
 To kill the flame of faith so faint and wan—
 When, deep within the east, there comes the dawn.

—CORNELIUS SHEA, '28

"All's Swell That Ends Swell"

CARROLL O'MEARA, '29

A HEAVY blow of a crude jimmy and the window yielded. Into the cabin climbed two ragged knights of the Rambling Rods who lost no time in making themselves at home.

"Not such a bad dump," was the term applied to the new address by Chauncey, the leaner of the two, as he eyed the elaborate furnishings.

"Right you are old deah!" agreed the other, beckoning his friend to see what he beheld.

The cupboard door was opened, revealing ample provisions of food and drink. The food rapidly diminished and the level of the brandy in the fancy glass jug soon rested closer to the bottom than to the top.

Chubby Bill was for finishing the brown ale before setting out on the afternoon stroll through the wooded hills, but Chauncey objected. He suggested generosity; that they take the remainder of the precious liquid to the men whom they saw grouped about a smouldering fire on a cleared spot in the canyon.

"These men are strangers," protested Bill, as a last means of preserving the precious prize.

"But brother members," added Chauncey, "of the Lodge of Bed and Bum." That settled it, so they started down the trail.

Each agreed that he would drink no more, and at intervals each agreed that it was time for "just one more." The farther they walked, the more they sipped; and the more they sipped, the more their course resembled the path of a crazy snake on the sand.

Arm in arm they reached the floor of the canyon. By this time the duet had finished the many verses of "Sweet Adaline" and was now endeavoring to render "Darling Nellie Gray." They staggered on in the direction of the thin ribbon of white smoke that curled and climbed toward the sky. It was some while before they approached their destination, but when they did, they were alarmed at what they saw.

Looking through a space in the clump of shrubs, they beheld a band of pirates, about forty in number, dressed in the bandanas and flaming sashes of the old Latin countries. Their open shirts displayed tattoos on sun-burned chests. Their breeches were cut to the knee where they met big leather boots. Grouped as they were, in a ring, these dark men corresponded to the illustrations in "Treasure Island" or "Captain Kidd" and were not unlike those thieves of the sea portrayed on the stage or in the silent drama.

It was evident that a fight was brewing between the two most prominent men of the group. An emphatic Castilian word, two stern accusing eyes, a pointed finger and a clamorous challenge followed. A huge chest of oak and brass came into view as the human circle expanded for the duel.

When the swords were drawn, the two hidden spectators turned to run, but Chauncey's quaking legs wouldn't function and Bill was too proud to submit to cowardice. With quivering lips the latter was endeavoring to impart some sympathetic words to his comrade, but not a sound was audible.

Swords clashed. Curses rent the air. The duel was on. Time and again the ring of steel resounded as the weapons met in glancing blows, till one blade reached its target. The vanquished duelist clutched his breast, swerved once, and crumbled to the ground in a motionless heap. A crimson stain—

But this was too much, even for Bill, whose fear conquered his pride at last. He grabbed his helpless companion by the wrist and trampled awkwardly through the thicket in his flight. An hour later they were fully sober, and still hiking. Chauncey was the first to regain his breath.

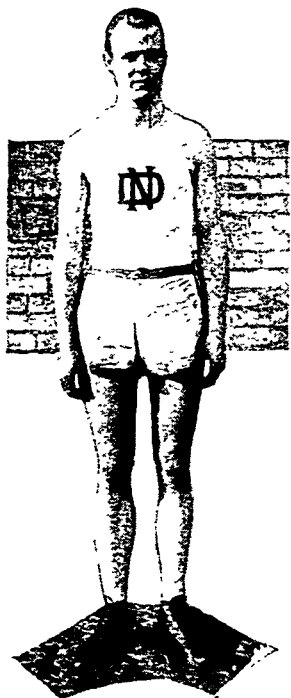
"Never again," he vowed, and Bill added a sincere "Amen."

As the evening breeze began to blow and the dark shadows grew long, the production company folded its cameras, loaded its equipment, and the tired directors and actors drove away.

SPORT NEWS

Harrington Sets Record

"Save your pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." That's the way Gill's Illinois tracksters figure. In this case the pennies are seconds and thirds. Last Saturday afternoon the Notre Dame and



CAPT. HARRINGTON

Illinois track teams engaged in a dual meet at Champaign. The Irish took six firsts and the Orangemen seven, still the final score in points was 69 2-3 to 34 1-3. The two-to-one victory for the Illini was due to their ability to take a large number of second and third places. Practically the same thing occurred last year at Notre Dame when the home squad took eight out of eleven firsts, but lost the meet.

Captain Paul Harrington's performance in the pole vault was a source of consolation to the Notre Dame squad. Harrington cleared the bar at 13 feet one and one-eighth inches, setting world's and inter-collegiate records. A few hours later Charlie Hoff of Norway went one and seven-eighths inches higher in a meet at New York, setting a new world's indoor record, but Harrington's inter-collegiate record will stand. Captain Harrington's feat was the most outstanding of the meet. In the two remaining duals indoors the Notre Dame leader has the opportunity to beat the record set by the Norwegian.

Joe Della Maria was high point man of the meet with first places in the 75 and 300 yard dashes. Masterson took the half mile in two minutes and one and one-tenth sec-

onds, and Jimmy Stack captured the quarter mile in fifty-two flat. The mile relay team, composed of McDonald, Coughlin, Lahy and Stack, took that event in 3:28.1.

Illinois took three places in the broad jump and two mile run. Gym records were shattered when Wallace of Illinois leaped over twenty-three feet in the broad jump. Lyon of Illinois threw the 16 pound weight 45 feet 7 1-2 inches; Boland and Moes of Notre Dame took second and third, respectively, in the event.

Saturday afternoon Notre Dame will meet the Marquette University squad in the local Gym. Summary of the Illinois meet:

75-yard dash—Della Maria (Notre Dame), first; Yarnell (Illinois), second; Hale (Illinois), third. Time—:07.3.

75-yard high hurdles—Werner (Illinois), first; Wallace (Illinois), second; Barron (Notre Dame), third. Time—:09.4.

300-yard dash—Della Maria (Notre Dame), first; Hale (Illinois), second; Gurnett (Notre Dame), third. Time—:34.

Mile run—White (Illinois), first; Stellner (Illinois), second; Young (Notre Dame), third.

75-yard low hurdles—Werner (Illinois), first; Yarnell (Illinois), second; Wallace (Illinois), third. Time—:08.2.

440-yard run—Stack (Notre Dame), first; Shock (Illinois), second; Coughlin (Notre Dame), third. Time—:52.

Two-mile run—Dickinson (Illinois), first; Fairfield (Illinois), second; Johnson, (Illinois), third. Time—10 minutes.

880-yard run—Masterson (Notre Dame), first; Courter (Illinois), second; Nulty (Notre Dame), third. Time—2:01.1.

Pole vault—Harrington (Notre Dame), first; Barnes (Illinois), second; White (Illinois), third. Height—13 ft., 1 1-8 in. (Inter-collegiate record.)

Shot put—Lyon (Illinois), first; Boland (Notre Dame), second; Moes (Notre Dame), third. Distance—45 feet, 7 1-2 inches.

High jump—Meislahn (Illinois), first; Barnes

(Illinois), and Carey (Notre Dame), tied for third. Height—Five feet, 10 inches.

Broad jump—Wallace (Illinois), first; Fell (Illinois), second; Simon (Illinois), third. Distance—.23 feet, one and one-quarter inches.

Mile relay—Won by Notre Dame (McDonald, Coughlin, Lahey and Stack.) Time—3:28.1.

WABASH WHIPPED, 25-23

Pete Vaughan and the Michigan Goal post are part of the system of Notre Dame tradition. It was back in 1909 that Pete had his encounter with the goal post at Ann Arbor toward the close of the Michigan game of 1919. The story goes that the dynamic ef-



J. NYIKOS

orts of "Red" Miller and Vaughan had taken the ball down the field toward the close of the contest. A touchdown and Notre Dame might win. It takes a real Father Walsh to tell the story, but anyway, to score the winning pointage Vaughan was hurled by his teammates across the line where he was temporarily detained

by a goal post; but Pete was not to be denied and the goal post and all gave way to his efforts.

What's this got to do with a basketball game?

Well, just this much. The sandy headed mentor who was directing Wabash affairs in the Notre Dame Gym last Saturday evening is the same Pete Vaughan and what is more, he found that Notre Dame men still have that characteristic fight; that last minute punch to snatch victory from defeat that has been idealized in the famous "goal post" story. This time, however, it was Pete's team that suffered from the final drive of the Fighting Irish.

First of all, we have to hand out the word that the Wabash tilt was the most spectacular performance ever pulled on a Notre Dame floor. There were enough thrills to make a movie serial star look like a botanist. It was only the keen eye of one Mr. John Nyikos, cast basketward at a cru-

cial moment, that put the contest away for the flying Fenians. Yes, without a doubt, it was the redoubtable Johnnie that saved the state championship hopes for the Blue and Gold.

The game got off as fast as Charlie Paddock does against Murchison with Notre Dame doing a greater part of the stepping. Crowe inaugurated the scoring when he dropped one in from the center of the floor and De Vol reciprocated with a counter for the visitors immediately afterwards. This seemed to be the signal for the Fighting Irish to uncork the baffling brand of basketball that has carried them to victory so often this season. In the next ten minutes the gentlemen from Wabash were completely bewildered by a style of ball that was well nigh perfect. It was during this time that the pass, McNally to Crowe, was made to mean baskets. But the pace was too fast for the quintet to maintain and after the first decade the Blue and Gold tired and slowed down.

It was the visitors' turn and they took it. Robinson tore loose and before he was corralled he had hung up three markers which added to the eight points that Wabash had accumulated put the contender's out in front. Captain McNally and company remedied this state of affairs quickly and when the half time was called they were again leading the parade with the score standing: Notre Dame 15; Wabash 13.

The second act saw Lady Luck camped on the Wabash bench. The Irish battled gamely but the ball was more inclined to bounce off rather than in, for them in this period. In the meantime the fans in the stands were being treated to some stellar basketry on the part of Red Robinson. It was a great exhibition. With but four minutes to go the Wabash bid for the game stood at 21 to 18. The rest of the game is the story of how Johnnie Nyikos came into his own and after the style of a story-book hero tossed the three field goals that saved the day for Notre Dame. And after Johnnie's last basket had brushed through the draperies the excitement was not yet over. Just as the timer raised his hand Red Robinson cut loose with one from three-quarters

of the way down the floor and missed the basket by but an inch. In this case an inch was as good as the proverbial mile and the scorers closed their books with Notre Dame 25, Wabash 23 written thereon.

This victory kept the Keoganites out in the front in the race for the state championship. If the Celts are capable of better basketball than was shown Saturday evening it is hoped that it is realized in the coming Franklin bout.

For the Irish, Nyikos and Conroy were the outstanding luminaries. Louie played a great game and stopped many a Wabash rush by intercepting the passes meant to be baskets. Crowe and McNally played great floor games. During the entire fray Notre Dame did not make a single substitution while Wabash kept trying to bolster their winning chances with new men.

For the opposition, Phantom Red Robinson played the stellar role. The redhead accounted for 14 of his team's points. It was due to this flashy forward's work that Wabash was able to maintain the lead as they did and make the blood pressure of the Blue and Gold backers mount a few points during the second half. McCorkle also performed well for the visitors.

The summary:

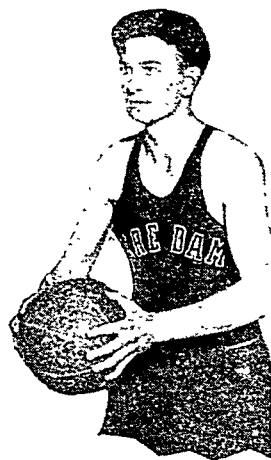
Notre Dame (25)	G	F	FM	P	TP
McNally, f.	3	1	1	1	7
Crowe, f.	1	4	1	2	6
J. Nyikos, c.	4	1	0	1	9
Dahman, g.	1	0	1	1	2
Conroy, g.	0	1	0	2	1
Totals	9	7	3	7	25

Wabash (23)	G	F	FM	P	TP
Robinson, f.	6	2	3	0	14
Jefferies, f.	0	0	0	0	0
DeVol, f.	2	0	0	0	4
Dinwiddie, c.	0	0	1	1	0
Thompson, c.	0	0	0	0	0
Cowan, g.	1	0	0	1	2
Engelhardt, g.	0	1	0	1	1
McCorkle, g.	0	2	0	5	2
McMaster, g.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	9	5	4	8	23

Referee—Lewis; umpire—Reynolds.

MICHIGAN STATE BOWS: 40-25

This thing of starring seems to be rather a family affair with the Nyikos tribe. After Johnnie's sensational showing last Saturday it remained for Mike Nyikos to cop the laurels in the game against Michigan State



CONROY

at Lansing when the reserves took an easy contest for Notre Dame and played throughout thirty-five of the forty minutes of the fray. When they retired in favor of the regular five the score stood: Notre Dame 32, State 14.

It was the fourteenth victory in fifteen starts for the Fighting Irish and they took it in rather an easy stride. Harvey opened the scoring with two baskets shortly after the initial toss-up. The passing in the first half was fast and sure, and had the Northerners as baffled as a farm hand trying to figure out the "old army game" at a circus.

The fans who are asking as to the kind of team the Celts will have in the field next season can take their answer from the stellar showing of the reserve forces against Michigan State. It was the fast passing attack that paved the way to the Blue and Gold avalanche of pointage.

With but five minutes to go the Notre Dame regulars took the floor. They showed their usual form in the floor performance but were unable to make the leather successfully navigate the hoop to any great extent. Coach George Keogan is said to have been giving the first stringers a rest so that they will be in prime condition for Saturday night's encounter with Carnegie Tech at the Notre Dame Gym.

Harvey and Mike Nyikos led in the scoring department of the game. Mike boasted of five field tosses and Harvey took the lead with two non-interference throws added to his list. Ley, McNally and Purcell each annexed two goals from scrimmage. Besten and Ley played good floor games with the latter having the decided edge.

Toward the close of the game the State

college quintet staged a scoring rally and brought up their pointage with long distance counters. For the home team, Lewis and Hood were the stars. Lewis contributed four baskets and Hood counted on three.

Notre Dame (40)	B	FT	P
M. Nyikos, f. -----	5	0	10
Crowe, f. -----	1	0	2
Ley, f. -----	2	0	4
McNally, f. -----	2	0	4
Harvey, c. -----	3	2	8
Victoryn, c. -----	1	1	3
J. Nyikos, c. -----	0	2	2
Besten, g. -----	0	0	0
Dahman, g. -----	0	0	0
Purcell, g. -----	2	3	7
Conroy, g. -----	0	0	0
Totals -----	16	8	40
Michigan State (25)			
Smith, f. -----	1	0	2
Hackett, f. -----	1	0	2
Hood, f. -----	3	0	0
Colvin, f. -----	0	0	0
Fredericks, c. -----	0	1	1
Lewis, c. -----	4	0	8
Oole, g. -----	2	0	4
Drew, g. -----	0	2	2
Totals -----	11	3	25

SWIMMERS BEAT ARMOUR TECH

As a stepping stone in preparation for future water victories, the Notre Dame mermen, led as usual by their human "flying-fish" Hugh McCaffery, journeyed to the Windy City Thursday, February 11, and handily defeated Armour Tech in a dual meet by a 48 to 12 count. Incidentally, this triumph was the third straight Irish tank victory.

The Blue and Gold swimmers had little trouble in annexing six of the seven first places, besides numerous seconds and thirds which accounts for the overwhelming score. Indeed, from the first event of the evening, down to the last, the paramount question was how big a score the Celts would roll up.

Victory in the 160 yard relay, the inaugural event of the evening, set the Irish off on the right foot, and Captain Jerry Rhodes' triumph in the next event, the 100 yard

breast stroke, practically assured the dopsters of the ultimate outcome of the meet.

Marhoeffer of Armour barely nosed out Tenner and Brykczynski of Notre Dame for the initial honors in the next swim, the 40 yard crawl, and in addition, had the distinction of achieving the lone first place of the evening for his school.

Adding to the general festivities, that is from a Notre Dame viewpoint, McMahon and McLaughlin of the Irish waged a merry battle for supremacy in the succeeding race, the 100 yard backstroke, with the former winning out because of a wonderful sprinting finish.

While his mates were adding point after point, McCaffery was resting up for a grand splash, and it was a mighty mean splash, as victories in the three final events of the evening will testify. A clean-cut triumph over his friendly teammate, Cronin, in the 100 yard crawl; a stirring achievement over another teammate, Hudson, in the 220 yard crawl; and a beautiful finish over Brown of the Windy City, in the Fancy Dive, constituted the sum of his performances.

It would be a difficult task indeed, to select the premier performer for the Blue and Gold, so well did each man acquit himself. However, McCaffery is as usual, deserving of the highest praise for his well-won victories, in addition to being the high-point scorer of both teams. Marhoeffer and Brown of the hosts were the aquatic mainstays for Armour Tech.

Captain Rhodes will lead his team in the crucial test of the season for the Irish when three hard opponents will be encountered the four days from Feb. 26 to March 1 inclusive. Detroit City College will be the inaugural opponent of the strenuous period in a dual meet at the automobile city, and Michigan State at Lansing will be encountered the next day. One day of rest will be allowed the industrious Celts before they trade splashes with their last opponent, Indiana, in what promises to be the aquatic match of the season, for the Gold and Blue will be out for blood to avenge two successive defeats at the hands of the Hoosiers.

Lineup and summary:

Relay Race—Won by Notre Dame (Brykczynski, Tennes, McCaffery, Cronin); Armour Tech (Marhoeffer, T. Schuler, Willis, Brown), second. Time, 1:25 1-10.

100 Yard Breast Stroke—Won by Rhodes, N. D.; McKiernan, N. D., second; R. Schuler, A. T., third. Time, 1:19 5-10.

40 Yard Crawl—Won by Marhoeffer, A. T.; Tennes, N. D., second; Brykczynski, N. D., third. Time, :22.

100 Yard Back Stroke—Won by McMahon, N. D.; McLaughlin, N. D., second; Brown, A. T., third. Time, 1:23.

100 Yard Crawl—Won by McCaffery, N. D.; Cronin, N. D., second; Marhoeffer, A. T., third. Time, 1:00 3-5.

220 Yard Crawl—Won by McCaffery, N. D.; Hudson, N. D., second; Marhoeffer, A. T., third. Time, 2:40.

Fancy Diving—Won by McCaffery, N. D.; Brown, A. T., second; Brennan, N. D., third.

A honeymoon is that period in which a man may plausibly speak like a fool.
—J.F.D.

Contentment eludes the frenzied search and comes only when we sit down to rest.
—J.A.W.

NAVY SINKS IRISH MIT CREW

Seven sea-faring youths from the United States Naval Academy cast anchor in the Notre Dame Gym last Saturday afternoon and, before they departed for milder climes, had given the boxing kings of Notre Dame a decided drubbing in the manly art of modified murder.

Mr. Spike Webb, the Navy coach, who knew the ups and downs of the cauliflower industry before the heavyweight contenders even guessed that there were a quarter of a million simoleons in the world, had these superb young charges of his in perfect fettle and they went at their quarry savagely. Five out of the seven of them were returned victorious.

Not because these admirals had easy sailing do we laud them: Captain Charlie Springer's lads were in the battle all the time and although they could take but two events, some of the others were so dangerously close that the straight chested academicians began to appear a bit round-shouldered.

Twenty-five hundred fans, novices and Prom girls who wanted to get a thrill out of flying blood, sat on the edges of their seats and clamored wildly as the boys danced about the resinous carpet. The fans and novices got plenty of the fighting they were looking for and the sweet young ladies were more than pleased.

Messrs. Westbrook Pegler, Bill McGeehan and other sport celebrities who punch their unloiled trite-mills for lucre and then rub it into the paw-cruncher boys for seeking all the dough, couldn't have had a kick Saturday. It was just a good clean boxing bout, of the collegiate type, and none of the writers were getting paid much nor were the fighters drawing down any spare tire money.

Notre Dame showed a big improvement over its previous starts. The lack of finish, ring tactics and good condition that characterized earlier bouts was absent this time and against perhaps one of the best boxing squads in the states, the Irish more than held their own. Experience they didn't sport; but the intestinal fortitude was there in all its glory.

The SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

*has grown more than
10,000 in circulation
during the last 5 years*



*Notre Dame men have
played a leading part
in its growth.*

Due to the absence of four varsity mitters, Notre Dame substituted four Freshmen who showed well in their bouts. Two of them were the only Irishmen who won fights. Kennedy, O'Keefe, McAdams and McGrath were the frosh boxers and all bouts in which they participated were exhibition bouts only.

"Spike" McAdams, the 1929 bantam mixer, went down to defeat in the first bout of the card when Rich Collins, Navy, waded in and copped the laurels in a three round affair. Collins, who wasn't the least bit dilatory in his tactics, stepped about the ring quickly and rained blows from north and south. Spike was forced to take the defensive throughout.

From an angle of science and cleverness the Bill Allen-Mike O'Keefe scrap was the king pin. O'Keefe, the angular Irish Freshman, poked his million dollar fists into Allen's punch absorber at various and least expected times. Allen gave the Brownson bearcat a hard run for the honors but O'Keefe was chariot-like with his punching and footwork. The men fought in the featherweight division.

Ward Estey, Navy lightweight, and Jimmie Moran, Notre Dame, scuffed up the dust in the third bout. Moran displayed great gameness throughout but Estey's hard, well-planned attack was too much for the Celt. Estey had the first requisite of a ring general, a straight-arm punch, and when he used it from the right it was particularly effective. Ward's larboard oar got in some mean strokes too and the ability to follow had Moran in dangerous conditions.

Ad Ragsdale, Navy captain, battered and tore his way to a well earned decision over Cy LeFevre in the welter class. The first two rounds were even but in the third frame Ragsdale broke loose and pounded a tattoo on Cy's smiling face.

Jim Kennedy rode to the joust in knightly array, arms akimbo and heart resolved, only to find a middleweight Tartar in Gordon McClain, a Navy lad who showered his blows in impressing fashion. McClain was strong and fast throughout the affair and had Kennedy outpointed from the very start. Only Kennedy's gameness and ability to ab-

sorb heavy pummeling saved his shoulder blades from being imprinted on the carpet.

Charlie Springer, Irish captain and light-heavyweight, came through with a murderous last round but the advantage which Louie Vodella, Navy, had piled up in the first two rounds was too much for the judges to overlook. Springer had a difficult time in solving the lank sailor's defense but once he did break through the fight was a stirring one.

This humble historian has taken a liking to boneyard journeys and fully expected either Jack McGrath, Notre Dame, or Jim Noman, Navy, to issue one in the heavy-weight scramble. McGrath won the event handily but neither battler failed to maintain his perpendicular and from our seat on



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the mezzanine we couldn't detect any claret. The big boys stood toe to toe and strummed whiskers with amazing alacrity. McGrath landed repeatedly and showed remarkable speed in dodging Noman's ill-meant slams.

Captain Meyers, Culver Military Academy, refereed all the bouts. Major Grant and Captain Fesson, also of Culver, were judges. Commander Giffon, Navy, who had charge of the midshipmen's journey, was introduced by Announcer Bernie Abrott. The commander is a former St. Edwards minim. Vincent Hayes, middleweight Olympic boxer and assistant Navy coach, was also presented to the broken-nose brigade.

INTERHALL STANDINGS

	W	L	Pct.
Day Dogs	4	1	.800
Badin	4	1	.800
Sorin	3	1	.750
Brownson	3	1	.750
Sophomore	2	2	.500
Carroll	2	3	.400
Howard	2	3	.400
Walsh	1	2	.333
Corby	1	3	.250
Freshman	0	3	.000

HOWARD BESTS BROWNSON

Although five games were scheduled, the Howard and Brownson quintets were the only ones to appear on the hardwood this week. The Brownsonites seemingly could not find the hoop and the Howard outfit took the tilt 20 to 7. Howard took the lead in the first few minutes of play and kept tallying point after point while their opponents missed the pointage loop time after time. The Howard guard, Buchholz, was the greatest obstacle to the Brownson team while Griffin and Conley, forwards, put the ball through the lace four times each. J. Murphy, center and Ed. Breshnahan, forward, were the only members of the dorm quintet to show any leather-hoisting ability.

HOCKEY TEAM VICTORIOUS

Notre Dame's hockey team ended its northern trip by a victory over the Marquette sextet at Milwaukee, on Wednesday, February 10. It was a 2 to 1 victory, the second of the season, Notre Dame having previously defeated the Wisconsin outfit at South Bend some weeks ago by a score of 7 to 5. On the trip Notre Dame tied Wisconsin University, lost two matches to Minnesota and won a victory over Marquette.

In the Milwaukee game the two teams played through two scoreless periods. McSorley, Notre Dame center, scored first unassisted. Coogan, the Marquette goal tender in an attempt to knock the puck away from his goal, hit another player's skate and the rubber rebounded for the second counter for Notre Dame.

Marquette's lone counter came late in the last period when Capt. Thomas shot the puck into the cage.

Summary:

Notre Dame (2)		Marquette (1)
McSorley	C	Bergman
Martin	R	Thomas (c)
Hicok	L	LaBelle
Timmins (c)	R	Corcoran
Boeringer	L	Conness
Murphy	G	Coogan

Spares—Notre Dame: Stadel, Holland. Marquette: Tocci.

Goals—Notre Dame: McSorley, Coogan (rebound shot). Marquette: Thomas.

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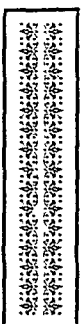
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