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Walsh Hall

THE WEEK

Now is the dreary time; now the days of wracking monotony. Every year it comes—this in-between season to which nothing properly belongs. Winter—we're tired of winter, tired of snow, tired of wind and slush and drifts and ice. We're weary of street cars that are off-schedule, radiators that boil when we don't want them to, the next door phonograph that shrieks and grinds its way through a record we have heard a million times before. We are surfeited with basketball, movies, club meetings, and classes with the windows shut. We want something different and we can't have it. The library has a musty atmosphere; all books have grey covers; the campus is uninviting, the indoors is distasteful, food a bore, sleep tiresome, recreation listless.

And so we kick. During this last week we have heard a thousand kicks registered—peevish kicks, restless kicks, flat, dull, tired, hopeless and malignant kicks. All kinds, all degrees, and all aimed in the same general direction—this unprofitable, wearisome existence. What, as Father Bolger asks, can you do with men like that? And again from the same authority comes the answer. *Let 'em alone!* It will pass, as it has in other years. Seasonal crankiness, as someone has named it, cures itself with the first few days of spring. It is forgotten—until next March. But just now this spirit of rebellion at the general tastelessness of things is dominant on the campus: it is the one big event of the last week. Hence its mention here; hence, too, the amount of space given to it. Truth is a fairly good one-word motto.

Publications three have issued from the press. The *Juggler* offers a strikingly good cover and some—unqualified—wit. This, you may have noticed, is usual. The infant *Lawyer* waxes sturdier with every new appearance: this time it manages to convey a large amount of information in an excessive

number of words. For words are dear to lawyers and must not be recklessly sacrificed. The *Religious Survey*, although not designed primarily for campus consumption, succeeds in being at once interesting, informative, and inspirational. A touch of humor here and there enlivens proceedings in just the right measure.

Monday's concert at the Palais attracted a large delegation from Notre Dame. The attending group was made up of students who went to usher, students who went to criticize, students who went because everybody else was going, and students who went to hear. Hence the crowd. For four characteristic qualities of the average Notre Dame man are his genius for ushering, for criticism, for following the crowd, and for appreciation. Those who preferred the music of the tank to that of Mr. Stock's Symphony entertained themselves at the swimming meet on the same night.

What of the Franklin game? This: athletic books were dug up and lines formed and meals eaten on hour early. The rest is in the sport pages. And then there's the debating activity. After weeks of mysterious notices, contests, eliminations, revisions, practice, and criticism, the debaters took their courage in their good right hands and invaded St. Mary's for a try-out performance. It was only a one night stand but the rewards were great, viz., some self-education of a practical kind, and a great deal of food. The Count de Prorok discovered Notre Dame democracy in the huge concourse which greeted his lecture in Washington Hall Sunday night. French teachers are feverishly selling tickets to a program of French songs at St. Mary's next week: they seem not yet to have discovered that they are neglecting their biggest selling point. Conditional examinations for the casualties of the first semester prove that the process of learning still goes on despite distractions and the prevailing melancholia.—J.A.W.

SEMINAR IN EDUCATION

The Seminar in Education closed its first semester's work on February 8, with a demonstration of A Self-Directed Class in Social Studies presented by the pupils of the eighth grade of the Lakeville, Indiana, School, in the Journalism Room of the Library here. Mr. Harry E. Ester of South Bend, A. B. Notre Dame, 1925, principal of the school and teacher of this grade was in charge of the young people and it was due to his active interest in the Seminar that the demonstration was made possible. The facility of expression evidenced by the pupils in their work throughout the period and their freedom from embarrassment in presenting their topics brought forth much complimentary comment from those present.

The Seminar this semester will be devoted to study of Educational Sociology.

COUNT DE PROROK LECTURES

Count Byron Khun de Prorok, F. R. G. S., world-famed archeologist and head of the research expedition which recently uncovered ruins of ancient civilizations in Northern Africa, delivered an illustrated lecture in Washington Hall Sunday evening to one of the largest audiences of the year. Motion pictures were shown of expeditions of American and European archeologists at the scenes of their labors in the Sahara desert, in the Mediterranean Sea, off the north coast of Africa, and on the site of ancient Carthage.

The trip by specially constructed motor cars into the interior of the Sahara desert, where many previous expeditions had met disaster, was shown graphically by Count Prorok, and proved to be one of the most interesting features of the lecture. Sand storms, mirages, lakes of salt, and vast stretches of the desert were also shown.

The marine expedition off the coast of northern Africa formed a striking contrast to the former trip into the Sahara. The discovery of an ancient city under the sea resulted from this expedition.

The girls of several thousand years before Christ were as much flappers as the thoroughly Charleston addict, according to

the Count, who showed slides of a vanity case taken from the tomb of a dancing girl of ancient Carthage. Contained in the vanity case were rouge, lipsticks, nail files, a mirror, hairpins, and all the other accessories so necessary to milady's toilet. After thousands of years, the rouge and lipstick still produced proper effect when applied to the members of the expedition.

Count de Prorok explained in a running story the films as they were thrown upon the screen, and did much to make concrete the abstract notions which many students had concerning the archeological work so much heard of at the present time.

RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS

The results of the semester examinations as shown by their effect upon the probation list were given out by the Director of Studies' office during the past week. Before the examinations, there were 320 students on probation. Ninety-five of these, or twenty-nine percent, have worked off the probation list by bringing their work up to requirements in the semester examinations. This percentage shows a distinct improvement in scholarship.

One hundred and twenty-five were continued on probation until Easter in the same colleges which they attended in the first semester, and thirty went on probation in new courses. The students who have been continued on the list are in grave danger of being dismissed unless their grades are improved by Easter.

The number of men dismissed from the University at the semester was small as compared to the number sent home from other schools of about the same size. A lenient policy is being pursued in this respect.

The following figures show the percentages of those who were on probation in each college and are no longer on the list:

Arts and Letters	28%
Science	20%
Engineering	8%
Commerce	46%

None of the above figures include the law school. Law students are marked entirely on a semester basis.

RELIGIOUS SURVEY OUT

The fifth Religious Survey of the University of Notre Dame, summarized from the report of 685 students and compiled by Rev. John F. O'Hara, C. S. C., Prefect of Religion, was issued last Friday. It is the largest survey to be printed thus far, having one hundred and forty pages and including 12,000 copies, which will be sent to parents, teachers, students, alumni, pastors and members of the hierarchy all over the United States.

During the past four years, the Religious Survey has excited favorable comment from prominent men in almost every walk of life. It is probably unique in its reflection of the thoughts of modern young men. It has answered a variety of purposes besides the primary one, that of aiding the spiritual directors of the University.

To Notre Dame it affords an opportunity of seeing itself as it is, in its strong points and in its weaknesses. Judging from the answers given, the former outnumber the latter. One cannot help thinking, in reading it over, that some of our pessimists might find in it some hope for the supposedly hopeless younger generation. To quote the Grand Rapids "Catholic Vigil" in regard to the Survey: "The reader may bear in mind that these expressions were made freely by college students who belong to the younger generation as truly as the type featured in so-called 'college novels.'"

This latest Survey contains several new questions, most of which are included in Chapter IV, "Plans for the Future." Questions are asked concerning preparation for death, preparation for marriage, ideals in regard to girls, and the religious program of the future. It can be safely said that this new chapter was of special interest to the students, and probably to outside readers as well. In regard to these matters, which are of a particularly intimate nature, the students have unburdened themselves freely.

The two questions devoted to mixed marriages show that, while few students have read much on the subject, almost all of them favor a girl who will give her children a sound Catholic training.

The questions regarding girls are, as the Survey says, "likely to prove quite popular in girls' colleges and high schools." Or perhaps the other way. At any rate, they prove definitely that truth is held to be a virtue more necessary than abstinence from drink, tobacco, or profanity.

The last question in the chapter: "What sort of a religious program do you expect to follow after leaving Notre Dame?" is, perhaps, the most important, in so far as the University is concerned, in the entire Survey. On the answer to that question hangs the decision as to whether or not a Catholic university education is worth while. The replies give overwhelming evidence that it is worth while, for nearly all of the students have expressed their intention to continue, in after life, to follow the Catholic practices and ideals that they learned at Notre Dame—J.A.M.

BROTHER LEO WINS PRIZE

When Notre Dame is spoken of people think of writers and scientists, champion athletic teams, and he-men. Few realize that at Notre Dame lives a man internationally known as a soil expert and a master feeder and livestock raiser. Brother Leo, C. S. C., "the Rockne of agriculture at Notre Dame," as he was called by a man of national renown, has become widely known for his work in this field.

At the International Livestock Exposition, held in Chicago last December, hogs raised by Brother Leo were awarded the blue ribbon as Grand Champions. Brother Leo received a money prize of five hundred dollars and sold his hogs at a price much higher than the market quotations.

To raise animals possessing sufficient merit to carry off high honors at this "Supreme Court of all Agriculture" marks the raiser as a leader in his field, and gives him an enviable position in the eyes of the world.

—F. J. P.

Do not judge the cigars a man makes by those he gives away.—J.T.S.

Sometimes when son goes to college, father gets the education.—F.J.B.

THE LOG CHAPEL

Imagine yourself transported three hundred years into the past. Imagine the Pilgrim Fathers nicely settled on Plymouth Rock; conceive of England in the throes of the Bloody Assizes; think of George Washington's grandfather in his boyhood.

Keep the time in mind, and transport yourself to America; cross the Alleghenies and launch your canoe (a rude birch-bark affair) on Lake Erie; paddle the length of Lakes Erie and Michigan and into the St. Joe River. Keep the shoulders working until you have paddled to the spot where Niles, Michigan, now is, and begin there to make your home.

Do these things in spirit, and you will have a conception of what Father Claude Allouez, S. J., accomplished physically three hundred years ago.

Father Claude Allouez, a missionary of the Society of Jesus, came to the middle west in 1686 and established a mission for the Indians of this district. For seventy years he and his few followers ministered to the spiritual needs of their copper-skinned flock. Then the French at St. Joseph's fort were attacked and defeated by English troops, and the mission was broken up.

Seventy-six years passed with the little Indian flock unattended. Finally, so insistent were the Indians in their demands for a "blackrobe" that Father Stephen T. Badin, C. S. C., came from Kentucky to refound the mission. In a little beauty spot on the shore of St. Mary's Lake, Indiana, Father Badin and his followers built a tiny log chapel. That was in 1832. Today a replica of the original chapel stands behind Lemonnier Library of the University of Notre Dame. That little chapel became the first building of what is now one of the famous universities of the world.

Today Notre Dame's log chapel is a widely-known point of interest. Observed from "jumpin' distance" it is a roughly hewn log structure, 24 feet wide and 40 feet long. The interstices between the logs are chinked with tar and clay. Inside is the crude altar used by Father Badin in offering the divine sacrifice. Six old candle-sticks and several vigil

lights are the only relief from the Spartan simplicity of the altar. Statues of Mary and Joseph are at either side, and underneath is the vault in which de Seille is interred.

From the ceiling are pendant nine sanctuary lamps, which cast their feeble rays upon a floor dark and unfinished except for the place where a white marble tablet pays silent tribute to Father Badin, whose remains were buried there in 1905. Prie Dieux surround the tablet; one, crude and unfinished, is that used by Father Badin while here.

On the left wall is a marble memoriam of Father Badin, and on the right a painting by Gregori, portraying de Seille, surrounded by Indians, administering to himself the Holy Viaticum.

Such is the simple, crude cradle of Christianity in the middle west, an exact replica of that built by Father Badin. For but two years Father Badin stayed at his mission. When he left, in 1832, Father Louis de Seille took charge of the steadily growing flock. When he died ten years later, wearied with his heroic labors, Father de Seille wrote in ineradicable characters the first chapter in the beautiful epic of Notre Dame. Dying, with only Indians at his side, the missionary dragged himself to the little altar, administered the Holy Viaticum to himself, and died at the foot of the altar.

A daring dreamer, Father Edward Sorin, C. S. C., succeeded de Seille as head of the mission. He came to the banks of the St. Mary's in 1842; two years later, because he had dared to follow his dreams, the legislature of Indiana granted to the University of Notre Dame the right to bestow degrees.

Notre Dame has not forgotten her humble and heroic beginning. The tiny log chapel is still in the spot where Father Badin built it. The altar where Father de Seille died is there, and beneath it rests the remains of the two priest-heroes. Just occasionally the soft lap of waves on the lake shore can be heard. An aura of tradition surrounds the spot, and two heroes sleep quietly.

Experience is a hard teacher and you can't "cut" his classes.—W.J.M.

Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *What did you think of the Franklin Game?*

WHERE ASKED: *Gym.*

E. G. FLEMING, '27, Walsh.

Best game I've ever seen including some Big Ten contests. Dahman, Conroy, and the Band seemed at their best. Sportsmanship predominated with both players and crowd.

PAUL MARTINEAU, 28, Day.

I think Notre Dame showed that they were far superior to Franklin, and that the first game was only a fluke. We are entitled to national recognition.

C. SPORL, '27, Corby.

The greatest display of teamwork that it has ever been my pleasure to see.

JAMES A. COOGAN, '27, Walsh.

The best intercollegiate game I ever saw. Dahman and McNally played a wonderful game, not forgetting the others. Here's to a national championship.

FRANCIS PENDERGAST, '27, Badin.

A ghost of the Nebraska game of '24. Looks like another national championship team to me. "Buck" Dahman should join Houdini and Company.

F. J. KELLY, '29, Walsh.

The boys showed the real "Fighting Irish" spirit. The best praise is none too good for them. More power to Notre Dame's champions.

WILLAM HURLEY, '27, Corby.

Our boys completely surpassed Franklin from the first basket by "Ludendorff" Dahman until the final fortieth point.

John Roth, Sorin Hall, has been confined to St. Joseph Hospital for some time due to a slight illness.

Frank Donovan, tennis star of previous years, has returned to the University for the second semester.

2400 STUDENTS NOW

The registration list for the semester, given out by the Registrar, shows that 2587 students have registered at the University this year. Of this number, about 2400 are now attending, of whom 1571 live on the campus and about 840 downtown. The number of day students has been decreased by the fact that about 100 moved from downtown to the campus at the beginning of the semester.

Thirty-seven new students entered the University at the semester registration.

THEATER JUGGLER WELL LIKED

Almost everyone had been to some of the Chicago theaters during the preceding three weeks, so "Les" Grady issued the "Theater Number" of the *Juggler* last Friday night.

It was an opportune time. The preceding Friday had been spent in Chicago, and the Friday before that many spent at the Palais Royale, dancing away the Junior Prom, and Friday nights before that the exodus from Notre Dame took some of us to South Bend and others of us to Chicago—all in celebration of the passing of the first semester and in greeting to the new one. But last Friday night found us steeped in work and up to our sleeves in typewriter ribbon, pounding off "twelve hundred words" for the next day's eight o'clock. That is, we were steeped in work until an efficient salesman with an armful of *Jugglers* knocked at our door.

We can't understand why the *Jugglers* need efficient salesmen. It sells itself—particularly those issues like the "Theater Number."

Against tradition, let us dwell upon the cover of the "Theater Number." There are eleven colors—or at least ten—in that cover. It was "done" by Jorge Palomino, famed as a campus artist. The cover represents—but surely you have seen it.

Throughout there are "wise cracks," local and exchanges. The cartoons keep up the enviable standard long ago established. It is a good number to put into an envelope and before a certain name write the word, "Miss."—J. F. O'D.

WANT PLAYS FOR LOCAL USE

Will the gentlemen with play-writing ability kindly step to the front? Professor Frank Kelly, Head of the Department of Public Speaking is offering writers of Notre Dame a chance to give expression to their talents through the medium of play-writing. The newly formed class in dramatics is eager to produce plays penned by men on the campus, and at this time the call is sounded through the instructor of the group.

The plan in brief is this: If you have been bothered, for some time, with a plot racing through your brain, set the ideas to words in the form of a play. Submit the finished product to Mr. Kelly, and after a consideration of the manuscripts merits he will endeavor to produce several plays with members of the dramatic class playing the roles. The compositions are not restricted to one-act plays. It will be gratifying to see your dream of writing and producing a play fulfilled. Mr. Kelly will provide the laboratory for the work. The gentlemen of the campus with ability are to furnish the ingredients.

DEBATING TEAMS OPEN SEASON

The Notre Dame Affirmative defeated the Negative in the annual St. Mary's debate held last Sunday afternoon, February 28, by a vote of 18 to 11. The contest was held before a packed assembly room but as only those present from the Senior Class and from Father Bolger's Economics class were permitted to judge, the vote was not large. The cases were about evenly matched, and the victory for the Affirmative was due largely to the clever, forceful rebuttal of their concluding speaker, Dave Stanton. The members of the Affirmative team were Lemmer, Craig, Griffin, Goldberg, Stanton, and O'Connor; the Negative: Daily, Kreig, Roy, McNamara, Coyne, and Williams. Sunday, Victor Lemmer, John Griffin, and Dave Stanton did the talking for the Affirmative, while John Daily, James Roy, and William Coyne upheld the Negative. This was the first debate of Griffin and Roy. Both acquitted themselves excellently. The audience was very attentive

and fully appreciated the numerous jokes which came forth both consciously and unconsciously.

After the fray a chicken dinner was given the debaters. All the orators proved to be expert trenchmen as well. Father Bolger had to employ all of his discretion to prevent the debates being re-enacted all over again at this banquet.

Next Friday night the Affirmative team will meet the DePauw Negative in Washington Hall before the Creighton basketball game. On the same evening the Negative will engage DePauw's Affirmative at Greencastle. It is rumored that St. Mary's girls will be permitted to attend the intercollegiate debates. The lineup of speakers will be the same as that of last Sunday.

LIBRARY RECEIVES NEW BOOKS

The following books are now available at the Library:

- O'Malley, Austin—Essay in Pastoral Medicine.
 Mills, Wesley—Nature and Development of Animal Intelligence.
 Quinlan, May—Damien of Molokai.
 Sheldon, H. D.—Student Life and Customs.
 Steegmann, M. G.—Bianca Cappello.
 Tasso, Torquato—Tales From Tasso.
 Teetgen, A. B.—Life and Times of the Empress Pulcheria.
 Thomas, Margaret—How to Understand Sculpture.
 Walpole, C. G.—Short History of Ireland.
 Wiggin, K. D.—A Child's Journey With Dickens.
 Beard, H. E.—Safety First for School and Home.
 Bell, A. F. G.—Luis De Leon.
 Berry, Arthur.
 Boutell, Charles—Heraldry, Historical and Popular.
 Byron, G. G. H. Y.—Confessions of Lord Byron.
 Catholic Church Manual of Episcopal Ceremonies.
 Catlin, G. B.—Story of Detroit.
 Cordeiro, F. J. B.—Mechanics of Electricity.
 Doncaster, Leonard—Introduction to the Study of Cytology.
 Dumas, Alexander—Count of Monte Christo (2 volumes.)
 Feuchtwanger, Lewis—Popular Treatise on Gems.
 Fripp, Sir A. D.—Human Anatomy for Art Students.
 Garnett, L. M. J.—Turkish Life in Town and Country.
 Grillo, Ernesto—Early Italian Literature.
 Guerber, H. A.—Myths of Greece and Rome.
 Hanauer, J. E.—Folk Lore of the Holy Land.
 Harkness, James—Introduction to the Theory of Analytic Functions.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

Edna Swanson Ver Haar, mezzo-soprano, and George Farbman, violinist, appeared in joint concert in Washington Hall Friday night, February 26, at eight o'clock.

Miss Ver Haar opened the program with a group of three modern Italian songs, which were both well-sung and well-received, the outstanding number being "Mists." Mr. Farbman then played a Concerto which was a marvel of technique and bowing. The number was played with a dash and feeling that quite won his audience for him. As his encore, he played Fritz Kreisler's well known "Caprice Viennois."

The second half of the program was opened with five modern songs sung by Miss Ver Haar. It was in this group especially that the artist shone and her treatment of Massenet's "Twilight" alone was enough to make the evening one to be long remembered. She so delighted her audience that she was forced to respond with four encores. Mr. Farbman then closed the program with a group of violin selections which were interesting and worthy of the applause which they received.

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra appeared in concert at the Palais Royale Monday night, March 1. With the exception of Tito Schipa's concert, this was probably the most satisfying program given in South Bend this year.

Among the outstanding numbers given during the course of the evening were Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" which was the gem of the program. Mr. Stock seemed to infuse the very spirit of Schubert into his orchestra during this number, and it was played so as to please even the great composer. It will be remembered that many of the melodies of the operetta "Blossom Time" are based on themes taken from this symphony.

The number receiving the greatest applause was "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" by Rimsky-Korsakoff. It was finally repeated, due to popular demand, as was "The

March of the Little Fauns" by Pierne. Wagner's "Bacchanale" from Tannhaeuser was second only to the Symphony. Personally we are beginning to tire of "The Blue Danube Waltz" what with every artist placing it on his or her program, but when the Chicago Symphony plays it, it can be truly enjoyed.

COMING EVENTS

Dr. Cramp, chief investigator for the American Medical Association, will give a lecture on "Patent Medicines and Quacks" in Washington Hall, Monday night, March 8, at 8 o'clock.

The Clara Louise Thurston Harp Ensemble will give a concert in Washington Hall on Wednesday night, March 10. The company is composed of four harpists and one violinist.

Moving pictures announced for Washington Hall list Marshall Neilan's "Mike" with Sally O'Neill for Saturday night, March 13. Lon Chaney and Renee Adoree in "The Blackbird" will be shown on the local screen Saturday night, March 20.

Just another word of warning not to forget the concert by Fritz Kreisler at the Palais Royale, March 12.

Robert Mantell, the Shakespearian actor, and his wife Genevieve Hamper, will present three plays at the Oliver Theatre the end of this month. The names of the plays have not yet been made public.

A record which should interest all Notre Dame students is one by Father Lawrence Bracken of New York City. He sings "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name" and "Oh Lord, I am Not Worthy" for the Victor Orthophonic. Father Bracken possesses one of the finest baritone voices it has been our pleasure to hear for some time.—A.L.M.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

THE *Canisius Monthly* for January carries two excellent appreciations of two men who are widely different in point of time, but kindred in the matter of genius. The first is Gilbert K. Chesterton, the second is Socrates. The essay on Chesterton is provoked by his new book, "The Everlasting Man," and develops into a panegyric on the ability and worth of that writer. Chesterton, the *Canisius* contributor says, "is the representative in literature of the common man. He is the supporter of the sacred, eternal things that are the center of civilization and many of which are denied by the scientific thought of to-day." Chesterton looks, "with childlike eyes and wondering stare upon the great and terrible city, the tower of pride, the fortresses of anti-Christian thought, and the city in ashes, the tower a contradiction and the fortresses hollow tombs."

In the conclusion the essay very aptly pleads that more emphasis be placed on the truth and clarity of Chestertonian thought and that less attention be given to his style, nimbleness of expression and his ability with the paradox.

The Socrates essay has the merit of an original viewpoint and makes of Socrates a "traveling salesman trying to sell wisdom to the Athenians and receiving for his pains only scorn and poison." "And men are still buying of that priceless ware he tried to sell."

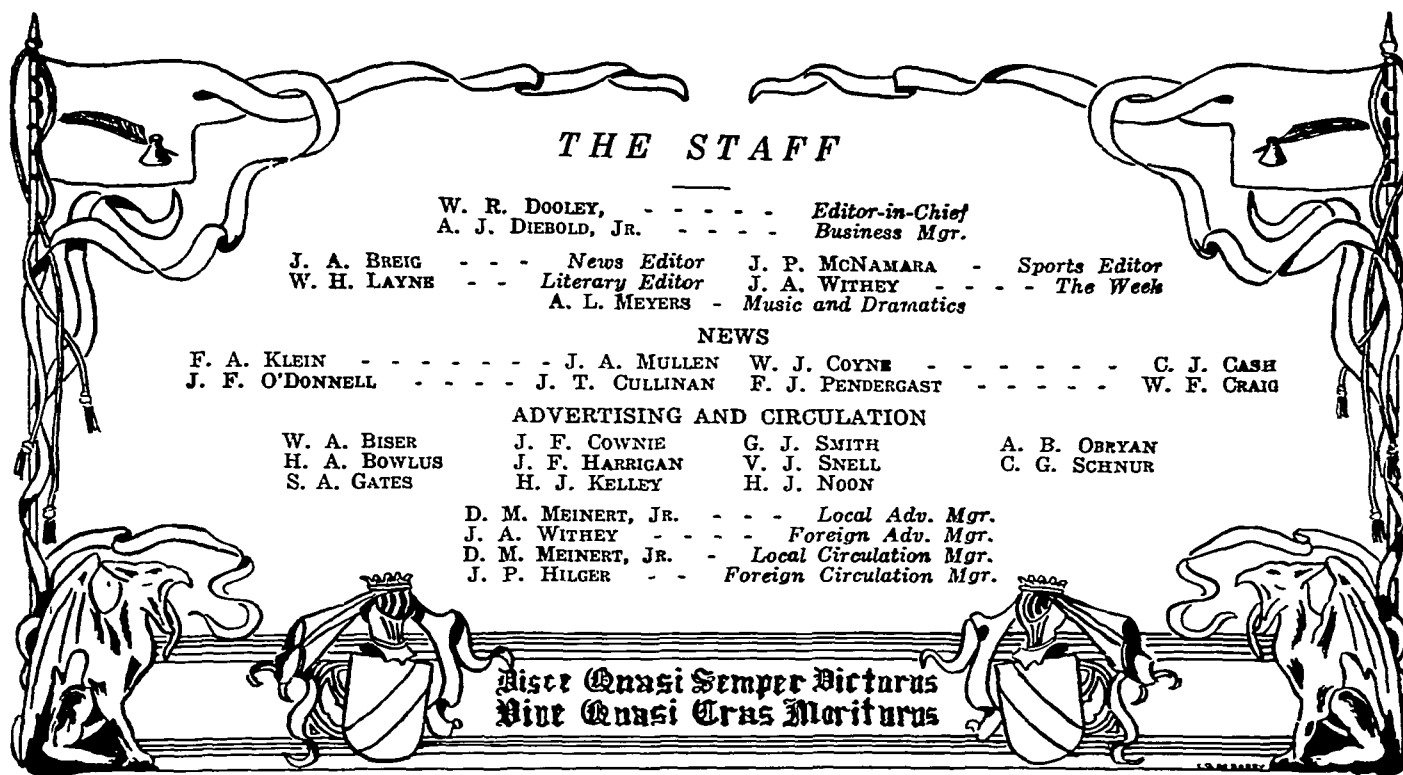
The Lampoon, humorous magazine of Harvard University, on February thirteenth, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. This passing makes it the oldest college humorous publication in the country. *Life* was started by Harvard students who had worked on the *Lampoon*. And at the same time came the announcement that the Association of College Comics of the East had its annual meeting this week at Princeton University under the auspices of the *Princeton Tiger*. What to do about *College Humor*, *College*

Wit, *College Comics*, *College Life*, *College Fun*, and similar parasite publications was one of the topics of discussion.

Quoting from *The Technique*, Atlanta, Georgia:—"Don Miller, member of the famous Four Horsemen of the University of Notre Dame, has been signed to coach the varsity backfield. This announcement comes as no surprise to Tech students and supporters, yet for a while it seemed that some other southern college would sign the popular coach before he returned to Tech after a trip on which he received many offers. Coach Miller worked wonders with the freshman team of last season."

Johns Hopkins is importing twenty persons from the Himalaya mountains to be used in the study of evolution. Northwestern University offers a course for police chiefs. The main study is the psychology behind crimes. A recent rule passed at the University of Kansas is to the effect that every student must be able to swim at least one hundred feet before he is given his degree. The Charleston has been adopted by the West Virginia University wrestling squad as a part of its training program to aid in the development of footwork. Two former Harvard football players have stated in the alumni bulletin their belief that football is stupid, dangerous and cruel, and should be replaced in American colleges by the English rugby—thoughts while watching the college parade pass in review.

"The College Parade" is to be formally adopted as the title for this "potpourri" of college activity. For weeks we searched the storehouse for appropriate names to supplant, "The Wheel of Life." In desperation we sought out our friends. The suggestions ranged from "Here and There" to "I Was There When, et. al. "The College Parade," it will be. Thanking Mr. Joseph Dunn, A. B., '27 for the happy inspiration.—J.T.C.



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**Disc Quasi Semper Victurus
Vinc Quasi Cras Moriturus**

LOST: ONE PREJUDICE

The programs presented in Washington Hall have of late years been the subject of much adverse criticism. And maybe with reason. At all events, the idea took hold that the shows given there were uniformly meritless and therefore to be avoided. Even now this idea is prevalent.

This should not be the case. It is extremely unjust. Since Washington Hall opened for this scholastic year, its programs have been of a high order,—of the highest order, when compared with those of past seasons. The motion-pictures shown were in the "first-run" class. We can remember one instance (name on request!) when a picture was presented in Washington Hall some two weeks before it was featured by a South Bend showhouse. In most cases, two performances were necessary to care for the crowds. This should be evidence of a reciprocal nature. It should show that the director of entertainment is not asleep on the job, and it should show also that the students are appreciative of worthwhile entertainment. We believe that it does.

Some complaint might be made that movies predominate on the entertainment card. This, it seems, is unavoidable, as concert companies or individual "artists" of merit are difficult to secure. So also are other features, such as travel talks, and illustrated

lectures. When it is possible, these forms of entertainment are secured to replace the perennial movies. And, although fewer of them are obtained, they are of much more worth. Which is altogether preferable to the other way around—"more of 'em, but bum." Recent examples of this improvement are the concert of Edna Swanson Ver Haar and George Farbman, which was wholly enjoyable, and the lecture of Count Byron Khunde Prorok, which was intensely interesting.

Taken as a whole, then, the programs of Washington Hall of this year are a vast improvement over other years. The director of entertainment deserves congratulations and support instead of criticisms and part remarks. Lose your prejudice against Washington Hall; there is no more foundation for it.

THE SWIMMING TEAM

We fear that, in this season of extraordinary basketball success, Notre Dame has partially lost sight of the glorious deeds of Jerry Rhodes and his swimmers. Last Monday night, in their fifth meet of the year, they won their fifth victory; and won it from the Indiana team, one of the finest in the West.

Such a string of impressive victories can mean only one thing: that Notre Dame has an excellent swimming team. We proudly call attention to that fact.

To Washington

PAUL J. HARRINGTON, '26

I.

All hail, great warrior, on thy natal day!
Some symbolize thy life as victor's way;
Untiring, strong,
O'ercoming wrong.

The Lion Heart less born to battles won
Than thou, damascene-armed Napoleon;
Excalibur, a toy within thy grasp,
Would drive old Saladin to Egypt's asp.

A conquering blade
Unsheathed by night,
By day held high.

They'd burnish thee, 'till, flashing in the fray,
Thy glitt'ring, dazzling sheen spread vast dismay.

A scythe, God-made
To reap with might
Nor question why.

They 'speak thee bred to hate all England's deeds;
A democrat by spirit, untouched by reason's needs.

II.

O favored one, today too oft we hear
A many cry thy path predestined clear;
Of common clay
Thou and thy way.

Thy tasks herculean they grant as great
Denying execution carries weight.

Agricola thou art, a farmer born
Aristocrat, thy weapons wheat and corn

A rusty plough
In life's fixed rut
To brightness ground.

They'd drag thee down to earth and only grant
Thy deeds as great; for thee their praise is scant.

Of steel art thou,
Chance-forged to cut—
Sans temper, sound.

They'd swear sere England sired thy envious thought,
An aristocracy for self, self sought.

III.

O humble nobleman, O Thor to forge
A sword from ploughshare, then a pen from sword!
Restorer of earth's furrow-turning tool
When bloody blades had scored.

They speak words all unweighed
Who name thee born to greatness and democracy,
A cold and superhuman giant-bold,
Stern-eyed, and unafraid;
Aloft-upholding thy all-conq'ring shaft
Of living flame; A Moses come again
Armed, from the forests' shade.

No less at fault the one
Who cries success by Fate was meted out:

*Delivered by the author at Washington Birthday
Exercises, 1926.*

Such men will ever as their model use
Themselves; they've nothing done.
Their eyes not flaws (to conquer which makes great)
They see thee not in wrath, aroused, when Right
Fled Motherland for son.

The true portrait must show
Aristocrat thou wert, by leisure loved;
Fastidious, attired immaculate.

From childhood raised to know
Old England, follow hounds, and court a maid;
To owe allegiance far away abroad—
To Britain son, not foe.

We mark them wrong who write
Thee strangling serpents in thy infant's crib,
To freedom climbing o'er old friends new-scorned.
And cynics only sight
The clay, ignoring that which molds the clay
And bakes fine urns of hardened stone, to hold
Ephemeral dreams of Right.

Napoleon's grave's undecked—
Upon thy grass-incrusted resting place
Grave Europeans and dark Persian shahs,
Have offerings left, unchecked.
Proud Britain's prince piled purple pansies there;
The white, the red, the black, the yellow race;
All know and show respect.

Does England bow before
Mere soldiers' graves? Napoleon's? Never!
Do Indian princes reverence thy shade
For thy victorious score?
Are salient tributes from the seven seas
Bestowed upon an ordinary man?
Fate-lifted to the fore?

Earth's thinkers reasoned thus:
That man is very great whose sense of right
Is still upheld when found opposed to all
Makes life worth while to us.
Remember, then, thy conquering of self,
Eare-handed, beating ploughshare into sword.
That men will long discuss.

Thou greatest greatness knew
Refusing, aye, abhorring offers made
To crown thee Caesar. Battles have been won
By lesser men, and new,
But this, the golden scepter's hard refused.
'Twas thrust on thee; thou hast rejected it—
A proof thy soul rang true.

O humble nobleman, O Thor to forge
A sword from ploughshare, reaping grain late grown
To plant again with reshaped tool the whole,
Retaining none thine own!

Beyond Understanding

MARTIN V. CALLAGY, '28

INSIGNIFICANT stands the little town of Loring, beneath the shading summits of the Adirondack Mountains. Perhaps in years past it may have been the occasion of some "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood," but if it were, it could hardly be sufficient to outweigh the startling and heroic deed, that is told by the proud and characteristic high-pitched voices of the natives. In the newspaper office that records the outstanding happenings of the town of Loring, New York, can still be seen on the dust-burnished walls, the glaring headlines of the deed of Jack Shattuck.

The daring and chivalrous act, which has for a parallel the messenger from Ratisbon to Napoleon, attracted my curiosity. From the account I had been reading on the wall, I walked over to one of the clerks, a perfect exponent of the country news type of reporter and asked my question. Looking up from his paper-littered desk, he cast scornful eyes on me, as though my question aroused his suspicion as to my intelligence. However, just as I expected, he was anxious to unfold the story, for afterwards I was told that he, of all in the town, had gained for Jack Shattuck the most admirers.

Jack Shattuck was the son of an old New England family, who, upon the passing of the inherited fortune, were forced to find a livelihood among the newly opened graphite mines in northern New York.

When his seventeenth birthday arrived, he decided to add to the income of his parents by driving a car for one of the more wealthy families of the town, which by this time had developed into a thriving settlement. With this in mind he went to his mother.

She was sitting in the little living room of the house. The straight-backed chairs, the heavy table in the center of the room, the well shaped curtains on the windows, and the shining panes, all spoke of the virile character of the keeper. The boy came to his mother's chair and placed his arm about her.

"What would you say, Ma, if I were to drive Doctor F——'s car for the summer while I'm out of school."

"Well, but Jack, do you think you know enough about it, and besides it's very dangerous, and. . . ."

"It won't be dangerous and look at the salary he's going to give me," said the boy.

"All right, Jack, there's no changing you when you get your mind set on anything, but be very careful."

For an answer the boy flung a smiling glance back at his mother as he hurried from the room. Thus began Jack's career as a chauffeur. In the fall he returned to school several hundred dollars the richer for his experience.

One day the next spring the Doctor for whom he had been driving, met him on the main street. They shook hands.

"Well Jack, what are you going to do for the summer?" said the physician to his youthful acquaintance.

"Why Doctor, I can't really say yet. I suppose I'll try to drive a car for awhile; and then later see if I can't help my father with the farm he bought last year."

The answer meant nothing; he was somewhat chagrined. He had expected the Doctor would again ask him to drive his car.

"Jack, I'm rather sorry that I can't hire you again, but I have a plan which although not as easy as what you did for me, still it will bring much more money than I gave you." The doctor looked straight at Jack as he said this.

"You see, last week at the town meeting, it was decided to run a car between here and Rebon. We agreed to furnish the car with a weekly salary to the driver. Of course you'll have to get permission from your folks."

The plan did not surprise the boy, for he had wondered many times before, why the town hadn't done this.

"Doctor, that would mean mostly meeting the trains and standing in front of the

Hotel,?" asked Jack in an anxious tone.

"Yes."

"I'll let you know tonight, Doctor; and I appreciate it very much." With a hasty good-bye, he departed and turned for home.

The doctor was standing on the corner waiting for a street car, when someone hailed him from behind. Looking he saw coming toward him the head of the town board.

"Why, good morning, Doctor." The town dignitary was of high spirits.

"Say, was that Jack Shattuck that just left you," asked the man. "I suppose you told him of our plan; he'd be just the kind of boy we want."

"Yes Tom, he is, and no one knows better than I." said the Doctor, with a touch of pride and admiration in his tone.

"Tom, there's one reason why of all whom I can think, he'd make the best for the job. You see there's a little story about that boy that only he and I know. Last summer an occasion arose where he showed what he was made of. I was called out of town and the only ones in the house were Julia, my housekeeper and Jack. It seems that a salesman became very insistent when she opened the door. For awhile Jack watched him and then when he thought he had said enough, told him to leave. The salesman said something that was grating and Jack hit him. The man was much bigger and heavier than Jack and before he left, gave the boy a fine trouncing. When I arrived home Jack had gone but Julia had told me all about it." The Doctor paused looked down the street and then continued. "You see, Tom, such a trait means success and the town will profit by it."

"Well, Doctor, we'll do our best, although I'm almost sure that some will oppose him."

The street car turned the corner and they parted.

That night in the Shattuck home there was some earnest conversation among the three, the boy doing most of the talking. At the end, it was decided that Jack should try it for awhile, and if he didn't like it, could work on his father's farm.

Spring soon turned into pleasant summer and by the middle of June, Jack received

word that the position was opened to him if he wished it. He immediately answered it, and by the first of July was sitting behind the wheel of a big touring car.

It was pleasant work, four trains a day and a few calls from the hotel. Always that wonderful invigorating ride through the mountains, with their cooling shades and fiery sunsets. Here and there along the way the merry song of some small waterfall floated across the pine-scented air. Sometimes a chipmunk or squirrel would come dangerously close to the wheel as it crossed the road. The beautiful star-lit nights with their cool and warm breezes and the low moaning of some broken limb as the shaking trunk would try to shake itself free of this dead weight were pleasing to a happy heart. The people too, were all interesting, with their different whims and varying questions. Everything was just what he made it and that was usually a smiling, pleasant journey.

Toward the middle of August, there were several causes for alarm in the neighborhood. The usual holdups and tramps were more numerous this year than ever before. One evening, while he was waiting for a call from the hotel, a member of the police force of the town approached.

"Jack, be careful on our night trips. There are a lot of robbers being chased into the neighborhood and they're desperate." As he said this he drew a gun from his pocket.

"Here," he said to the boy who was tinkering with the car, "take this; you will feel safer." But whether it was because of the look of the pistol, or his ignorance of its mechanism, he refused it.

"Yes sir, I'll be very careful, answered the boy.

"And Jack," said the man hesitatingly, "I wouldn't mention it to anyone, unless they speak of it first. Above all don't tell your women passengers or you'll be hired as a comforter as well as a driver." With this last remark he departed.

The next week brought some miserable weather and especially on the particular night that he was waiting for the down train. Hardly had he settled himself for the fifteen minute wait, when he was aroused by

a woman's call. Through the dismal light on the station he saw a tall, well dressed and beautiful young woman. She was excited and through the chaos of words, he gathered that she was being watched and had to get to Rebon as quickly as possible. He snapped open the door, and she jumped in beside him. Pulling down the gear, he advanced the gas and was soon sailing along the wet pavement toward the next town.

Here was something new for Jack. Never before had such an incident marred his placid existence. It was nothing to worry about, just something unusual that was all. When the last lights of the town faded in the distance, the woman seemed to breathe easier. She sat huddled up, with her eyes staring through the windshield. The rain pattered against the glass and sometimes was blown against their faces.

"My, but this is an awful night," the woman cautiously murmured.

For an answer Jack pulled his cap further over his eyes and moved in his seat.

"I can't really tell you how I appreciate this. . . ." she started.

"Don't speak of it," broke in the boy. "If only this darn rain would stop you might be more comfortable."

"My errand has to be done with or without comfort so I'll make the most of it," she answered.

When about half of the journey was completed Jack had fallen into a state of sleepy coma and their conversation, which up to this time was thriving, somewhat abated. Suddenly, before the rain-speckled lights on the front of the car, there appeared four men. At first Jack thought of someone in distress, but their look and the metal which shone from their hands told him their purpose was not a good one. The woman beside him fairly jumped from her seat and gasped.

"You crouch low," he said quickly to the woman, "down to the floor boards and stay there." She realized the situation and did as she was told.

At this point the car was perhaps fifty feet from the thugs, who blocked the path with

pistols pointed. Whether or not they expected him to stop, they lost no time in clearing the way, for the car had been speeded up and was coming for them. Jack had jammed down the throttle and was stretched on such an angle that only his head was visible. As he whizzed past a shot rang out and resounded on the hills far to the westward. The car lurched viciously from side to side and seemed to be running wild. By this time the woman had again taken her seat and was looking back.

"I'm afraid they're following us."

"Yes, I see their lights, about a half a mile behind."

"That shot. Did it hit us?" she asked with alarm, as the memory of it came to her. Jack made no answer.

Mile after mile passed by and nothing happened. Once more the passenger turned around.

"They've left us now, I guess they're afraid we're too close to Rebon," she observed joyfully.

The speed of the car lessened and in the distance the lights of the town could be seen. She had ceased speaking and was eagerly watching ahead. Sometimes she drew her hand across the glass to get a more perfect vision. Slower and slower the car advanced until in surprise she turned to the driver. He was still in his original position. The first two blocks of the town were passed and then the car turned into the curb and stopped. Gathering her things together, the woman reached for her pocketbook.

"You'll never know how much this has meant to me," she started. "And I hope when I come back to Loring again, I'll see you. Here take this and. . . ." Turning toward Jack with a bill in her hand, she noticed that he had released the wheel and was lying to one side. Reaching over she touched his face. Her lips parted, and her eyes were fixed on her fingers. They were blood stained. She drew the boy to her and shook him gently.

"Boy, you've been shot," she said. Slowly he opened his eyes and softly whispered.

"Yes, lady, it's all over," he sighed and fell limp in her arms.

"It's The Cats"

WILLIAM F. CRONIN, '28

TWO students on the University street car nearing school were enjoying a novelty show at the expense of one of the varsity's star football men. Fortunately enough for the victim they were the only passengers on the car.

"I wonder where 'Moose' got the beautiful angora," said one. "He certainly is a sketch, parading around in white linen knickers in the middle of winter—with a pussy in his arms."

"Yes," replied his companion, apparently delighted with that which he was observing, "but that's part of the initiation of the Monogram Club. Twenty new members are being added this year. They have to wear knickers and golf sweaters for a week, and tonight at the basketball game they'll have to parade around the gym floor, each leading a cat. . . . That's certainly an affectionate cat 'Moose' has. Look at it paw him."

"Moose" had been downtown all afternoon, and had searched every alley and back yard in town, looking for a cat to lead around the gym floor. He had located a few, but when he attempted to corral them they acted nasty, and scratched at him, and his firm belief in the treachery and deceitfulness of a cat was now being entirely too emphatically confirmed. All his life he had despised the agile things. He hated green eyes and bony frames—he actually believed in his heart that cats were possessed. "Moose" was a star football player, he was admired for his nerve, his courage and bravery, but he frankly admitted that he was wholly ill at ease with a cat sitting on his lap.

Now he has been called on to carry a beautiful parlor angora around school. He had a dog collar locked around the cat's neck, attached to a rope a half inch in diameter, the other end of which he doubled around his fist. His face was as red as an embarrassed child's, and his forehead bore a permanent wrinkle of concentration, apparently trying to anticipate the next move of the cat, as it sat there in his lap pawing and

purring. Where he got the cat made no difference to "Moose." As a matter of fact he had seen it, a beautiful maroon-colored, silken-furred angora, sitting in the front seat of a Pierce-Arrow, in front of the city hall, and as he needed a cat to get a monogram he circled the car three or four times and then closed in on it. He found this cat the most affectionate and loving animal he had ever touched. He was licked from head to foot—she was so unnaturally affectionate that "Moose" became a little skeptical of her intentions. He was afraid to turn his head for fear of a long forestalled attack.

"Moose" was immediately surrounded by a crowd of boys when he reached the school. Of course he led the angora by the rope, rather than hold it, causing an outburst of mirth from his friends, in which "Moose," himself, was now free to join, as the cat was a full ten feet away. His roommate was working in their room, and when "Moose" entered with his company, gasped, "Where'dja get the angora?" and while "Moose" told his adventures of the afternoon, his roommate played with "Moose's" cat.

"You can have her after tonight" said "Moose," with obvious disgust. "You evident-like her. I'll ask the prefect to let you keep her as a roommate, providing you both move out of here. Playing the game itself isn't half of getting a monogram at this place. Here I've been walking all over town in these knickers, looking for a pussy cat. People looked at me with fear in their eyes, and I can't blame them. Even the cats wouldn't stand for me, except this one, which I suspect comes from a family of golfers. She probably thinks we're going out on the links, or she wouldn't be so over-fond of all this. Nevertheless, I do think my cat will win the autographed football tonight."

St. Clair College was playing what was most likely the state championship basketball team that evening. It was the biggest home game of the season, and as it had been

well advertised, the town people came flocking out, and the five thousand capacity of the new St. Clair gym was reached when the whistle blew for the game to start. The school band entertained, and inspired the crowd. Although the game itself was wonderful, St. Clair gaining a sensational victory over the down-staters by a basket thrown from the middle of the floor in the last few seconds of play, it is not of importance here. During the intermission at the half, the Monogram candidates were to circle the floor of the Gym in single file, starting at the door of the dressing room and ending there.

Complete silence was requested by the master of ceremonies, to increase the solemnity of the occasion, thereby creating a greater impression on the men initiated. They started out and "Moose" was second in the line, leading his cat by a ribbon of school colors. The judges for the best cat were stationed at the door that they might have a good look at the cats as they were going out and coming in. There was not a sound in the Gym except the steps of the men on the floor, and everything was going along famously when "Moose" suddenly felt a tug on his ribbon, and to prevent it from breaking yielded a little. He then glanced back at his amiable little cat, and as he did so, she gave one vicious jerk and broke the ribbon. "Moose" chased her into the boxes and was about to drag her from the arms of a young *femme sole*, with the attitude of a hero, when he heard the words.

"Oh, 'Fe,' I'm so glad you're safe. Did this nice gentleman find you?" And then, looking up at "Moose" with a light of gratitude in her eyes that caused his knees to weaken, she said: "I'm ever so thankful to you for finding Felix. Just this afternoon our chauffeur carelessly allowed her to escape from the car downtown. Won't you please come to my home and let my father reward you?"

"Yes," stammered "Moose," almost dumbfounded, "but won't you please let me borrow F-F-Felix to finish this."

Her dad and mother, who were also in the box, appeared to see something funny in this,

but she merely frowned on them, and handing over the kitten to "Moose," said: "Of course; I'll meet you at the exit after the game."

"Moose" succeeded in finishing the parade. Everything was in a daze before his mind—all he craved was the life of one particular cat, that caused all this. When it was done the cheerleaders ordered a great yell for the Monogram men, after which the Judges announced that "Moose" had won the prize for having the most remarkable cat, and he was again requested to step forth with his prize animal, and face this crowd. He only saw one, of all the five thousand, while he stood there, and she was wearing a huge smile and clapping vigorously, for either "Moose" or the cat, and he certainly couldn't understand how it could be a cat. He received the autographed football—autographed by every member of the championship team of that year, and he felt very grateful to the cat for this, the first emotional feeling that the beautiful animal created in him.

After the basketball game "Moose" waited at the door to return the kitten. Her dad and mother having been delayed by some friends, the girl came on alone, and as "Moose" handed Felix over to her rightful owner, he diplomatically engineered some conversation and eventually an introduction. He asked if he might not see her some evening, and then on further consideration invited her to his dance the next Saturday evening. Her mother and dad came along, much too soon, and "Moose" was formally introduced to the mayor of the city. They, too, thanked him, and then said goodnight. But as the car was about to pull away, "Moose" suddenly remembered with an embarrassed shudder that he still had the prize under his arm. He called to the chauffeur, and came up to the door of the car.

"Pardon me," he said, "but here is the prize given me this evening." And as the girl raised an objection, "Moose" placed the ball in her arms, and said, "well, it's the cat's," and he disappeared.

Gynephobia and I Were Once Pals

LEO R. MCINTYRE, '28

I BECAME acquainted with Gynephobia for the first time when I was the proud possessor of thirteen teeth. At this momentous period of my life, the security of my position as sole autocrat in our household was perceptibly disturbed by the debut in our midst of a toothless, howling creature. Someone, I cannot remember now just who it was, told me that this obstreperous personage was my sister. Possibly it was ghoulish, gargantuan jealousy that prompted me to say: "Take her back to God; we don't want her."

There is an adage that says that the impressions of childhood adhere to one until one is tomahawked by the Indian of destiny. This sage utterance was partly true in my case; Gynephobia and I were faithful friends until I became a Senior in high school. Then, oddly my fondness for my pal and my hatred of the female of the species evanesced like the gases of an un-stopped test tube.

It was, beyond doubt, the science with which the test tube is invariably linked—chemistry,—that effaced the affection that Gynephobia and I had for each other. In the chemistry course of my high school, it was the custom to have two persons share one experiment table. Fate—that constant meddler in the world's affairs—and the venerable English alphabet plotted together to destroy the love I had for Gynephobia; they placed a winsome, curly-headed, brown-eyed lass alongside of me!

Notwithstanding the inherent hatred I had for anything feminine, I, like Marc Antony, another great man, was seduced from the gynephobic path I had been following for so long a time by the womanly wiles and the womanly capabilities of this girl. I loathed cleaning sinks; I detested wiping wet, marble-topped tables; and it was nauseating to me to think of scouring test tubes and placing chemistry paraphernalia neatly away until next time; consequently it was worth my while feebly to reciprocate the friendly, in-

nocuous smiles that were wafted in my direction. Do not, however, get the impression that the friendship that quickly matured was entirely one-sided. It was my onerous duty to work out the experiments while she assiduously powdered her nose and asked inane questions. It was also my duty to placate any injured feelings she had suffered from the unjust faculty or from catty female contemporaries. The adjectives describing "faculty" and "female contemporaries" are not mine; they are distinctively those of my chemistry co-worker.

I am often sorry, however, that dear Gynephobia and I ever severed the cord of friendship. Many are the nights, after some stormy scene with my girl friend, or after an entertainment that made my wallet useless for several subsequent weeks, that I deeply regret having forsaken, in a volatile fit of madness, the peace-loving and ridiculously-inexpensive Gynephobia. Sh! Sh! do not let us hear us. Girls are extremely fickle. They change their minds; sh! sh! again—especially the girl Fate thrust upon me as a punishment for my satanic joy in sporting variegated neckties as often, if not oftener, as a chameleon variates its colors. Moreover, girls are continually a consternation; they are about as easy to solve as the fourth dimension.

Then again, I am often amazed that I did not rid myself of that plagued Gynephobia's company sooner than I did. This detestation for Gynephobia comes to the fore whenever my light divine truthfully tells me that I am a genius hiding behind the charcoaled face of timidity. There is nothing sweeter or more scintillating, I vow, than when a woman unconsciously lets a verity slip out through her chaste lips! This detestation for Gynephobia also runs rampant through me after the paramount personification of pulchritude—I defy anyone to deny this modest statement—and I have spent an enjoyable evening together, and I am flying homeward on the wings of ecstasy.

Despite the conflicting emotions that surge up within me, I must, in all candor, concede the point that Gynephobia was everything a pal should be. He kept me ignorant of the grasping and wicked ways of the world during the first and best years of my life. My microcosm, then, with the exception of an occasional scolding for some petty misdemeanor, was impervious to the influence of feminism—a word long analogous to discord; ask Adam, he knows! Moreover, he enabled me to retain my self-respect. Furthermore, he kept me in the good graces of doting mothers even after I had donned my first pair of elongated pants. This last service alone is enough to keep Gynephobia forever revered in memory's hall of fame!

Gynephobia, true pal that you were, I shall never forget you! I hold you in esteem as I would a second father or mother. I am not an ingrate, Gynephobia! I appreciate full well the paternal services you have so magnanimously rendered me. I, your prodigal son, Gynephobia, will never return to your kindly, loving, outstretched arms. I have debated this question long and thought-

fully; I have been on the verge of returning to you a myriad of times. Yet, when one becomes cognizant of Adam's assistant, one leaves one's pals below and registers in the university of ethereal entities! Hence, Gynephobia, I shall say good-bye. Needless to add, it will ever be solacing to me to know that you and I once were pals.

My profound sorrow on the occasion of the parting of the ways of Gynephobia and myself has since been mitigated mightily. Up among the ethereal entities, I espied Hermes, brandishing his caduceus. I nodded a casual how-are-you in his direction; thereupon he flew over to me, his petasus and his talaria going like a windmill working on piece-work.

"Have you heard the news?" he shouted.

"No," I truthfully retorted.

"Old man Gynephobia and old woman Homophobia were married at noon to-day," he thundered.

Momentarily, I was stunned. And to think that my pal, sly old fox, had never told me anything about his contemplated foolhardiness!

MONTANA MEMORY

A purple haze,
Where the mountains rise,
Summer days
And cloud-flecked skies,
Silence and sand
And sage-brush grey,
On either hand
Stretch vast away.
Oft in my dreams
'Neath Western stars,
Where the soft moon beams
Fall in silver bars,
I walk awhile
With my friends again,
I chat and smile
With Montana men.

—FRANK CONNOLLY, '29

SPORT NEWS

Beat Franklin For State Title

A machine can be stopped. An army can be routed. But you can't stem a whirlwind.

These were the opinions held by approximately six thousand and fourteen persons leaving the Notre Dame Gym last Saturday evening. And to fourteen of these it was quite

as bewildering as true for they happened to be the members of the Franklin 'Wonder Team.'

It was a gala night for Notre Dame. For the first time since the mind of man runneth not to

the contrary the men of Notre Dame won the state col-

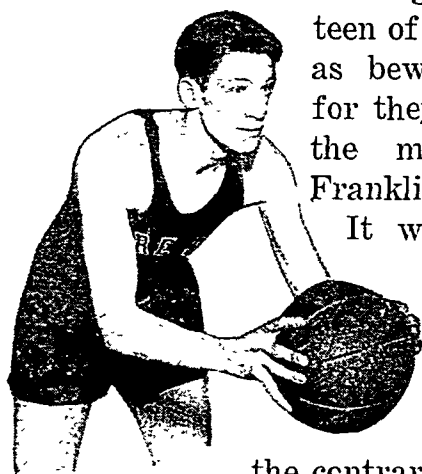
legiate cage championship. The famous "Victory Team" had lived up to its name in every particular in making it seventeen smiles out of eighteen trials to the charming tune of a 40 to 19 count. There was something significant in that score. It was conclusive proof that Coach George Keogan's Fighting Irish are supreme in Hoosierdom and have a good claim to mid-western honors.

To Franklin it was the old Army game, or a hardwood version of "button, button, who's got the button?" Bested and baffled at every turn the downstate aggregation was completely bewildered by the superbly balanced, co-ordinated offense of the famous Flying Fenians. Revenge is sweet; but revenge over Franklin was deserving of the superlative. It was the first time a Celt cage combine had ever slipped a Franklin five the shorter end of a score; but there was no doubt that they had done so the

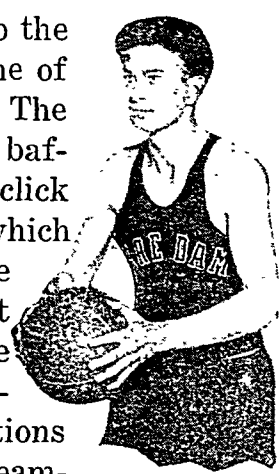
other evening. Keogan seemed to let out the check reigns of his charges for the first time this season and they ran wild as they cavorted over the team that had humbled the Blue and Gold with such startling regularity.

From the first toss-up to the curfew gun the story is one of Notre Dame supremacy. The Baptists were completely baffled by the tireless, click-click offense of the Keoganites which proved too much for the downstate defense. Short passes that ended with the ball directly under the basket; scintillating formations that were executed with teamwork of the Four Horsemen variety; long passes that seemed borrowed for the occasion from the gridiron; stellar basket wizardry,—all blended together with an artists's touch to form a pagentry of hardwood dominance.

As for the Franklin attack, it really never got started. There was a gentleman named Dahman guarding Vandivier and the few shots that this great sharpshooter was allowed were hurried, and with the exception of one, unavailing. Vandivier was not the Vandivier of old. Perhaps it was that he did not have the assistance needed; or it might be that Bucky was a bit too effective. Possibly it was both; but we are sure that the last named cause was a very signal one. He appeared unable to do anything and was run ragged by the Irish floorguard. Also it was evident that Notre Dame had heard of John Gant for he was also closely watched, but managed to annex three net navigators. This much must be said right here. That



MCNALLY



CONROY

Franklin fought gamely to the closing minute of the fray and even though the word "outclassed" was written plainly on their trials they made a futile attempt to stage a rally in the dying minutes of the game. There was pluck and spirit in their stubborn fight against a better team.

The point-gathering process was inaugurated within a few seconds of the initial toss-up and the inspired Blue and Gold cyclone amassed ten points before the opposition realized what it was all about. Lyons took the ball on the tip-off and missed his attempt to score. A neat play, Conroy to Dahman scored for the Irish. Thirty seconds later Johnnie Nyikos slipped by Vandivier to tickle the nets from an under the basket post. Then Louie Conroy dribbled the length of the floor through the entire Franklin team to score. Dahman and Crowe each connected with the magic hoop from either corner and this made the score 10 to 0 in favor of the home talent. Franklin flashed its old time form and on a perfectly executed play Lyons scored from under the basket. But the Blue and Gold defense tightened and the scampering assault of the nets continued; so that by the intermission period they were on the grinning end of a 19 to 10 tally.

At the start of the second half the Blue and Gold made six unsuccessful charges at the basket before the scoring began. Then with superb teamwork they began to hit the stride established in the first half, and had things their own way. They held nothing in reserve as they Houdinied the Franklin team and avalanched a lead of twenty-one points on the opposition. The Hibernian attack took the ball down the floor time after time with all the ease of putting a dent in a Universal car. In this manner the forty minutes ran into the near-to-be repeated end of the hour glass and when time was called the official score that was sent tickling over the wires was: Notre Dame 40, Franklin 19.

For Notre Dame, Dahman was the high-point man as well as being accredited with playing one of the greatest floor games ever seen here. He adequately took charge of Mr. Vandivier and allowed that worthy but

about three healthy chances to score, one of which was effective. The draperies were disturbed four times from scrimmage and twice from the non-interference mark by the urgings of this Dahman.

Captain McNally vied with the inimitable Bucky for scoring honors, having almost the same record as the flashy floor guard.

Conroy was the backbone of the Blue and Gold team and to us appeared to be the best man on the floor. His work in taking the ball from the backboard just couldn't be beaten. In addition to this he played a whale of a floor game and managed to collect two baskets for good measure. Conroy deserves a world of credit for his showing which, by the way, was one of the features of the contest. Nor can we leave out Johnnie Nyikos and Clem Crowe when doling out the laurels. Both of these men performed wonderfully. In fact, the team played as a team better than any collegiate combination we have seen in a coon's age and each player seemed to be an individual star. Wherever you looked you were sure that the brilliancy of this or that Celtic cage man could not be beaten: and lo, another would demand your attention and do just that thing. It was a great night in Notre Dame basketball history. It placed the final touches on the creation of a "basketball spirit" that seems destined to be handed on as a heritage to those who will be here in years to come.

Summary:

Notre Dame (40)	G.	F.G.	P.
McNally (C.)	4	2	0
M. Nyikos	0	0	0
Crowe	3	1	4
Ley	0	0	0
J. Nyikos	3	0	0
Dahman	5	1	0
Conroy	3	0	4
Voedisch	0	0	0

Franklin (19)

Gant (C.)	3	0	2
McQuistan	0	0	0
Vandivier	1	0	1
Scott	0	0	0
Lyons	3	0	2
Underwood	1	0	2
Ballard	1	1	1
King	0	0	0

IRISH GLOVEMEN FARE BADLY

Roses and violets which are often connected with the pseudo-science of smashing glass jaws, were turned into barberry and cactus by seven Nittany Lions who stowed away the Notre Dame boxing team last Saturday evening. Penn State conquered the Irish battlers, 6 to 1, at State College, Pa.

Although these Penn State boxers took a very docile lesson in fisticuffs from the Naval Academy about a week ago and managed to retaliate no better than did the Irish the week before, they apparently improved much in the interim for they walked away with the Celts, beating them even worse than did "Spike" Webb's boys.

The score as it looks in figures doesn't indicate by a long shot just how close this pink tea party really was. The Penn State boys who acted as hosts met seven well trained young Irish pekoe gulpers and when the engagement was over they had trumped by a wide margin; but the trumps were garnished freely with thumps.

In three fights the men were so evenly matched that the judges had to scratch their bald pates savagely and then when they did arrive at a decision this name "Penn State" always bobbed up on the score card.

Skipper Charlie Springer's boys were highly commended in press dispatches from State College and it remains that they wafled some clever pokes jaw-ward but enough steam and direction couldn't be sent along at the same time.

Joe Maxwell, the huge Philadelphian, who is variously celebrated for his ability to make soul-racking noises through the voice box and for hanging his gloves on a plenty tough fist, made his first appearance of the season and so furious did he become that they had to call the engagement when it was only a little more than half over. Maxwell won over "Toughey" Roseberry, of Penn State, in the heavyweight division, the fight being called in the third because Roseberry was wading into more pistons than the Duke of Muldon ordinarily allows.

Maxwell must have the "killer instinct" for he jumped from his corner and met the

Nittany Lion with a barrage of rights and lefts which had the latter gasping for the air in the first round. The second frame was a repetition and when in the third Maxwell drew crimson claret on his opponent's lips, he became enraged and had the referee not stepped in, the shoulder prints might be left on the rug yet. Joe's opponent was one who had the rose-barberry process reversed.

Battler Mike O'Keefe, 125 pound Irishman, bowed to McClernan of Penn State in the lightweight class. McClernan, who captains the Penn boxers, almost found a Tartar in Mike and they had to travel an extra round before the Penn leader copped the laurels. O'Keefe started out strong but couldn't sustain his attack.

Maury Welsh, Notre Dame bantam, lost to Gans in the 115 pound class. Welsh, who has been stepping quite lively this year, met a real veteran and although he fought him to a standstill at times he was too out-distanced in ring lore to manage a win.

The lightweight bout was a topnotcher featuring Jimmy Moran and Filiger, one of Penn's stars. Moran didn't let Filiger's fame bother him but jumped to his task willingly and at the end of three rounds it was called a draw. Filiger was strong in the last round and took the decision.

In the welter and middleweight classes, Notre Dame did not fare so well, being represented by inexperienced fighters who tried hard, but couldn't connect. Grasier won from Left, a newcomer to the Irish squad in the 145 pound class while Kiel outslugged Doyle, the Irish orator, in the middle division.

Springer took corners against Welsko, Penn State, in the light-heavy division and after they had scraped the rosin for three rounds Welsko was given the decision. Springer had Welsko bothered late in the fight but the latter's brilliant start won for him.

A goodly number of Penn State eds and co-eds, who deemed that it wouldn't be morally turpitudinous to watch healthy hemen poke blacksmith dukes at wildly stubbled chins, looked on at the spectacle and were well pleased. The Notre Dame squad was given a reception, it is indicated.

Soon after the struggle Springer and his gorillas boarded a B. and O., rattler for Washington where they were due to spend the earlier part of the week. Tuesday they were to have fought the boxing representatives of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville.

After the Virginia meet they were booked to move on to Cincinnati where St. Xavier was met.

NOTRE DAME AT ILLINI RELAYS

The only Notre Dame man to win a first place in the Illini Relays, was Captain Paul Harrington. He took the pole vault handily with a leap of 12 feet 6 inches. He made no attempt to equal or better the world's inter-collegiate indoor record of 13 feet 11-8 inches which he established two weeks before.

In 1918, Gilfilian, of Notre Dame, won the all-around championship of the meet, but this time Choppy Rhodes of Nebraska, who has shown his stuff against Notre Dame football teams on three occasions, carried home the bacon. In this event the Blue and Gold was represented by Bob Carey. He took second in the pole vault, third in the broad jump, and tied with Rhodes for second in the high jump.

In the mile relay, the Notre Dame team composed of McDonald, Lahey, Coughlin, and Stack took second place, being beaten by Iowa State. Nulty, R. Collins, Stack, and Masterson took fourth place in the two-mile relay.

The outstanding performance of the evening was that of one John Kuck, of Kansas State Teachers' college, who smashed his own world's record in the shot-put with a heave of 50 feet 6 3-4 inches, more than 11-2 feet better than his former record. In the 75-yard high hurdles Werner, of Illinois and Guthrie, of Ohio State, tied the world's record by covering the distance in 9 2-5 seconds. Their race was so close that the judges were unable to pick the winner. The other world's records were tied when Alderman of Michigan State won the 300-yard dash in 31 1-5 seconds, and Grim of the same institution took the 75-yard dash in 7 3-5. The

two-mile relay team from Haskell Institute lowered the carnival record from 8:18 2-5 to 8:12. Ohio Wesleyan then came along and cracked the college medley relay record by winning in the fast time of 8:18 3-5; 8 2-5 seconds under the former record. Iowa State clipped two seconds from the university medley record when they won the race in 8:12 2-5. Michigan State later won the four-mile relay in the record-breaking time of 18:16.

BASEBALL TEAM TUNING UP

Eighty prospective willow wielders are brushing up their diamond tactics to await the first exhibition of horse hide tricks in the South just after April is showered upon us. The prospects for nine good performers for the Blue and Gold are exceptionally good this year. With nearly an entire team returning to competition all the positions are likely to be filled with veterans excepting those of first, second sack, and short stop. Coach George Keogan will have a difficult time picking the first string men from the wealth of material.

At present the men are testing various infield combinations but as soon as basketball gives way to the national sport they will begin making the ball respond to the crack of the bat. Tom Happer and McCleary are both showing good form at short-stop; neither of the two seem to have the edge on the other and at present it would be difficult to pick a man for that berth.

From the reviewing stand, the following men in addition to the two above, seem to constitute the core of the outfit: Quinn and Bert Dunne at first, Moore, McGee, Sullivan, McHugh, and Kane on the second sack, Pearson and Kelley at third, Farrell, O'-Boyle, Crowley, and Dunne in the field, Jim Silver, Mark, McCaffery and Smith behind the rubber and Ronay, Walsh, Besten, and Dawes as hurlers.

Tom Reardon, varsity basketball, '24, attended the Franklin game Saturday. While at the University Tom opened negotiations for a match between Brownson Hall and a Chicago Independent team.

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BERT V. DUNNE'S
articles
every day
and Sunday
in

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TANKMEN DOWN INDIANA

Swimming in superb fashion, the Notre Dame tankmen splashed ahead to a narrow victory over Indiana last Monday night at the Engman Pool in South Bend. This is the fifth consecutive win for the Swimming Irish in as many starts.

A fine brand of aquatic endeavor, the result of hard training and experience, and the will to win enabled the Celts to forge ahead to a 37 1-2 to 31 1-2 victory. Both teams scored four first places, but the superior ability of the Irish to secure seconds and thirds gave them the meet.

For the Gaels, McCaffery was the individual star, scoring two firsts and a second. In the hundred-yard free-style and the fancy diving events he secured firsts while in the 220 yard free-style he gained a second, Hudson of Notre Dame winning the event. The city tank record was broken when McCaffery traveled 100 yards at the express-train speed of 58 3-5 seconds. McKiernan also contributed a first to the Irish score, winning the 80 yard backstroke in record time.

Two more meets yet remain on the local schedule, one with Pittsburgh, the other with the University of Illinois. Although each of these teams is expected to put up a good contest, Notre Dame mermen should be able to preserve their clean slate. From what we saw of them last Monday night we predict victories.

The summary:

160-yard relay—Won by Indiana team composed of Miller, Williams, Volyard and Zaiser. Notre Dame team composed of Briggs, Tennes, Hudson and McCaffery. Winning time: one minute, 24 4-5 seconds.

100-yard breast stroke—Won by Miller, Indiana; Rhodes, Notre Dame, second; McKiernan, Notre Dame, third. Time: one minute, 10 1-5 seconds.

40-yard free style—Won by Zasier, Indiana; Tennes, Notre Dame, second; Briggs, Notre Dame, and Volyard, Indiana, tied for third. Time: 20 3-5 seconds.

220-yard free style—Won by Hudson, Notre Dame; McCaffery, Notre Dame, second; Miller, Indiana, third. Time 2:53.

80-yard backstroke—Won by McKiernan, Notre Dame, first; Williams, Indiana, second; McLoughlin, Notre Dame, third. Time: one minute, 4-5 seconds.

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100-yard free style—Won by McCaffery, Notre Dame; Zasier, Indiana, second; Volyard, Indiana, third. Time :58 3-5 seconds. (New tank record. Old one was :59 flat.)

Fancy diving—Won by McCaffery, Notre Dame; Brennan, Notre Dame, second; Kidd, Indiana, third.

240-yard Medley relay—Won by Indiana. Team composed of Williams, Miller and Zasier. Notre Dame team composed of McLaughlin, Rhodes and Briggs. Time two minutes, 50 1-5 seconds.

INTERHALL TRACKMEN READY

Over a hundred would-be Paddocks, Murchisons, Hoffs, and other devotees of the winged-foot sport have been working out the last few weeks in preparation for the annual interhall track argument to be held on two successive Sundays, March 7 and March 14.

If advance dope, challenges, and procrastinations, are to be taken as a criterion, then the fortunate spectators on those two dates will be treated to some mighty mean exhibitions of flying spikes, for of course each domicile, be it tent, card-board, or substantial brick, claim its and its thinly clad aggregation alone as the ultimate winners. Now it doesn't take a Steinmetz to determine this little mathematical problem in cinders, namely that as there are ten halls and as there can be but one winner, then there is going to be plenty of excitement all around in determining this victor.

Carroll, Brownson, Howard, Freshman, and the Day Dogs should provide the feature duels of the meet, for the members of these teams in addition to upholding the prestiges of their respective halls, will also have the additional incentive of freshman numerals to be halfway earned in the competition.

The beautiful gold, silver, and bronze medals to be awarded the men placing first second and third in each event, are still other reasons why every participant will try that much harder.

It is the open mouth that catches the germ.—E.F.M.

The pessimist is a man who believes all of Coach Rockne's predictions.—M.D.G.



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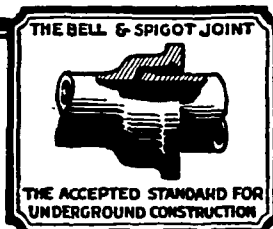
A report from the Director of the Water Service says: "From their actual state of preservation, which is excellent, excepting the assembly iron bolts, these conduits seem to be able to furnish service for a very considerable time longer."

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INTERHALL STANDING

	W	L	Pct.
Badin -----	6	1	.857
Sophomore -----	4	2	.667
Sorin -----	3	2	.600
Brownson -----	3	2	.600
Howard -----	4	3	.571
Day Dogs -----	4	3	.571
Walsh -----	2	2	.500
Carroll -----	2	4	.333
Corby -----	1	3	.250
Freshman -----	0	4	.000

Interhall basketball resumed activity last Sunday long enough for two games to be played. On Monday two more were run off, others being postponed until some future time.

In the first game Sunday, Walsh defeated Carroll in a one-sided contest 28 to 6. Badin went into the head of the league by defeating Brownson, 32 to 22. The Badinite attack was led by Andrews.

The "Wise Fools" from the stucco palace defeated the Freshman Hall quintet in the first game Monday night by a score of 34 to 9. The score at the half was 6 to 5 in favor of Sophomore. Sorin and Howard played a nip and tuck battle, Howard winning, 24 to 22. Tom Farrell introduced the latest creation in basketball trunks.

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COSTUMES

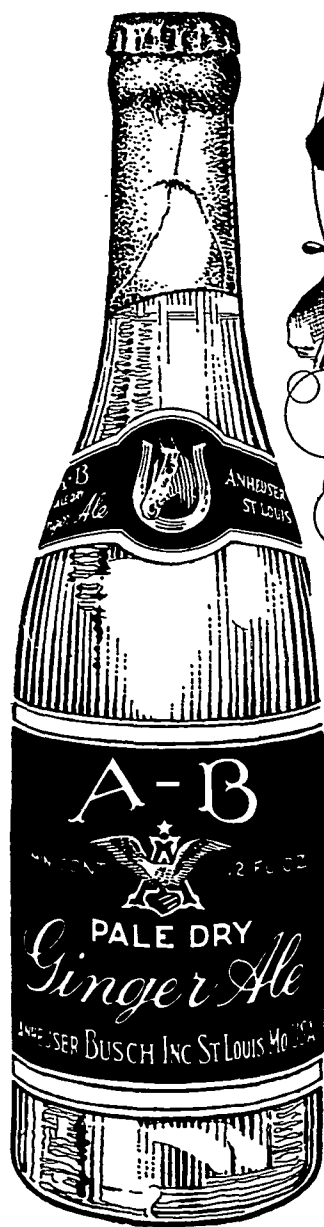
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THE SAFETY VALVE

DEAR E. S. B.: Well, Washington's birthday has come and gone, as they say, and there isn't a great deal to write about except the Lenten chapel talks which are attended regularly instead of doing the usual penance by fasting.

On the 22nd, the Senior class in c. and g. gave their annual flag to the University in Washington Hall and sang "O Notre Dame, where nature teams, where nature teams." This department arrived in time to miss Mr. Al. Meyers vocal solo which was regrettable as Mr. Al. is no slouch when it comes to do-re-mi. Also missed the E. S. B. who were spending the week-end with papa and mamma. And those who were not took a late sleep in honor of the Father of his Country.

Well, when t. d. arrived Mr. Francis Joseph Bon, No. 2902 Carey Ave., Cheyenne, Wyo., was in the act of telling Father Finnigan how proud members of the S. C. were of Universitatis Nostrae Dominae a Lacu, and how much the wise counsels of the Faculty had meant in their young, sequestered lives, and how grateful they would always be to the Boards of Discipline for favors received. And so on. Then Father Finnigan countered by congratulating the S. C. on their appearance and told them how proud everybody was of their loyalty, restraint, good judgment, polite behavior, gentle manners and decorum. And so forth. In referring to Mr. Bon's tearful statement that this was the last time the men of '26 would be present at the annual ceremony, Father Finnigan said the announcement was rather premature, as doubtless several members of the class would be present again next year. The whole pageant was rather sedate, we should say. No movies, no big wind, no iron horse, no heroic, forelorn maiden pulled out of the flames.

Neither was there any reference to the recipe for home-brew which the Father of his Country left among his state papers just brought to light. Coming at a time when our people are sorely perplexed trying to discover something safe for democracy with a kick in it, this recipe is nothing short of an heirloom, and proves that now, as of old, Washington is first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Of course the Drys say it is no recipe for home brew at all, but only a formula for grape juice. The way to make sure is to take some and if it kicks its h. b., and if it doesn't, it's vice versa.

And by the way, Mr. Paul Joseph Harrington read an ode which showed that Mr. Paul is not only a considerable pole-vaulter but also a considerable oder. It isn't often you find a chemical engineer who is also a poet. In fact, there are some of the E. S. B. who are neither poets nor engineers. Just stokers.

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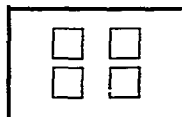
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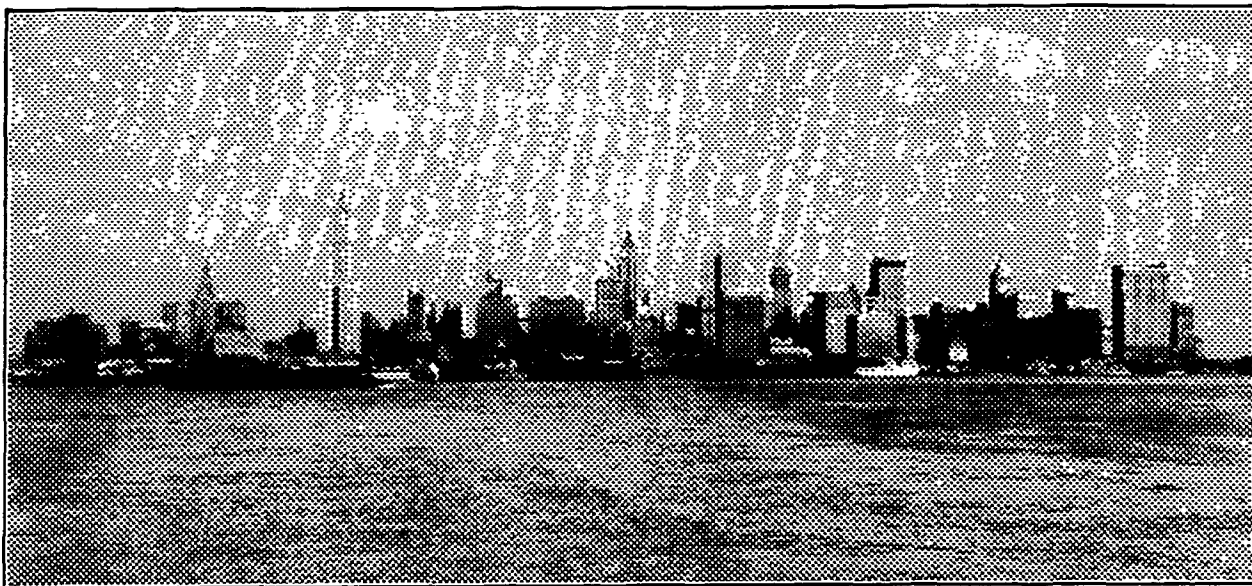
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FROM FANCY TO FACT

IN the "Manchester Guardian," one of England's most famous newspapers, there has been a series of American sketches written by a travelling correspondent. His awe at New York's "giant skyscrapers" seems even to have surpassed the wonder which most Europeans feel when they first gaze upon that skyline. "But," he continues, "the electric lift made the skyscraper a fact."

In these words he has expressed very tersely a truth which many of us have come to take for granted.

Nothing could be more fantastic than the sight of those mighty towers climbing up through the many-colored mists of the great city; nothing could be more dream-like. And yet, nothing could be more useless were it not for the thousands of Otis Elevators which are busily plying within those high walls.

The skill of architects and engineers has created a vision, a mirage wilder than any of the "cloud-capt towers" of fancy. But the Otis Elevator has made the skyscraper a fact.

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