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RT. REV. JOHN F. NOLL, D.D., BISHOP OF FORT WAYNE
CELEBRANT OF THE COMMENCEMENT MASS

THE WEEK

In the platitudes of youthful Commencement orators we have faith firm and enduring. Since we have heard over and over again that "Commencement is not an end, but a beginning," we refuse to be 1) gloomy, or 2) apologetic, or 3) impressed and impressive. This is the last issue, of course, and from the point of view of at least one member of the staff, the manufacture, sale and by-products of this final blast furnishes an occasion for comparatively unbounded joy. The last two weeks have slipped away somehow, under a smoke-screen of dances, exams, diploma bills, elections, processions, lilacs, church services and publications. It is practically impossible to remember just when any one thing occurred, the reason being that at least three other things were occurring at the same moment. And people, it is said, still go home week-ends for excitement.

Many days ago was the St. Mary's Prom, given and taken in an atmosphere of rain and Ross Franklin's. But the moon came out at ten o'clock, and the walks were crowded. Followed the Monogram Dance, of which no one seems able to say anything coherent except "you shouldna missed it". Almost within the range of weary memory is the South Bend St. Mary's Club dance at which S. B. and S. M.'s were significantly represented in the proportion of three to three hundred. Despite the handicap of not being sponsored by either the S. A. C. or the Senior Class, all three dances succeeded in being most pleasant affairs.

The Alumni Association, evidently in need of support, furnished a free copy of its charming publication to every member of the Senior Class. Some of the comments on this generosity were interesting. No one can deny, however, that the *Alumnus* has ventured the most complete prediction of

the diverse doings of Commencement Week. The *Lawyer*, just to be different, offered copies of its latest issue to paid subscribers only. In this rapidly developing contest for originality, the faithful SCHOLASTIC was hard put to find a suitable gesture; but finally the printing of one issue was just casually omitted, and the applause of the populace left no doubt of the identity of the winner. Even the *Dome* came out. For a full two days the street cars reeked of the scent of print and new leather as the Day Dogs carried away their copies of the Annual Record. Commerce students noted with interest the number of advertisements of postage-stamp size, and a Freshman wondered who was the "Friend" through whose "courtesy" a certain quarter-page was filled. Seniors sat about making comparisons and editors listened in vain for adverse comments on their handiwork. Everybody who is not satisfied with everything seems satisfied with something, anyway.

Mister Professor Phillips has gone into retirement with a sore arm after autographing two thousand copies of his first novel. "The Doctor's Wooing" furnishes texts for English and Philosophy classes and purple patches for the bulletin boards. To balance the scales Mister Editor Dennis O'Neill has come out of retirement with his appointment to the Insurance Committee; he now goes about the campus with a rate-book and cheerful "approach talk". Various other literary gentlemen carried off most of the prizes in the Culver Blossom Festival Field Day and the Scribblers listened to an address. With the aid of the Campfire Girls in white middies, the Glee Club offered to some takers its annual South Bend concert. Notre Dame visitors to St. Mary's were given a cordial "good afternoon and good-bye" at four o'clock Sunday, the last "open" day of the year. . . Enough.—J. A. W.

The 82nd Annual Commencement

Two hundred and ninety-five Seniors will be graduated from the five colleges of the University when the 82d annual commencement is held on June 11, 12 and 13. The commencement program is now complete; thousands of visitors are expected to attend the exercises. The South Bend Chamber of Commerce is co-operating actively with University authorities in making plans for the event.

Commencement affairs will open with the annual commencement dance, to be given Friday evening, beginning at 10 p. m. A solemn requiem mass for deceased alumni of the University will be sung in Sacred Heart Church Saturday morning at 8 o'clock, Rev. Michael Morarity being the celebrant. At 9:30 the Senior Class will pay its last official visit to the church. This ceremony is a short but impressive private exercise for the graduates.

Class day exercises will be held in Washington Hall at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, these exercises comprising an address by the president of the class and the delivering of the class poem, valedictory and oration. The alumni luncheon in the senior refectory will be held Saturday noon.

Michigan State meets Notre Dame on the diamond in the last game of the season Saturday afternoon. The leading alumni event takes place Saturday night when the

annual banquet of the association is held in the junior refectory of the Main Building. What promises to be one of the outstanding features will be held Saturday evening, when the University Orchestra and Glee Club combine in concert in Washington Hall.

The solemn academic procession will start Sunday morning at 8:30 o'clock; at 9 o'clock Rt. Rev. John F. Noll, bishop of Fort Wayne, will celebrate the solemn pontifical mass, during which Rt. Rev. William H. Turner, Bishop of Buffalo, will deliver the baccalaureate sermon. Music for the Pontifical mass will be furnished by the University Glee Club, which will sing the beautiful "Missa Regina Pacis" of Pietro Yon, and by the Moreau Seminary Choir. Following the mass the Senior flag, presented to the University on Washington's birthday, will be blessed in the church and carried in procession to the flagpole on the main quadrangle, where it will be raised.



RT. REV. WILLIAM H. TURNER

The commencement exercises proper will be held at 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon on the main quadrangle, weather permitting. Otherwise they will be held in the new gymnasium annex. This year the University will present as commencement speaker the Hon. Dudley G. Wooten, A. M., LL. D., of the Hoynes College of Law of the University, a member of the faculty since 1924.

Three Distinguished Men

Right Reverend William H. Turner, Bishop of Buffalo, who will preach the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of 1926 in Sacred Heart Church Sunday, June 13, is one of the most famous educators in America, in addition to being a well-known author. Bishop Turner was born in Kilmallock, County Limerick, Ireland, and was educated in Mungrat College, Limerick, and in the American College in Rome. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the Royal University of Ireland in 1888, and in 1893 was vested with the degree of S.T.D. by the Propaganda, Rome. For eleven years Bishop Turner was professor of philosophy in St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota; afterwards he served in the same capacity at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. While professor of philosophy there he also served as associate editor of the Catholic University Bulletin and as Librarian. Bishop Turner is the author of "History of Philosophy" and "Lessons in Logic," and is a contributor to the American Catholic Quarterly, the Irish Theological Quarterly, the Theological Review, the Catholic University Bulletin, the Philosophical Review, the Review of Philosophy and Psychology, and many other periodicals. It was while professor of Philosophy at the Catholic University that Father Turner attracted the at-

tention that culminated in his being consecrated Bishop of Buffalo.

Right Reverend John F. Noll, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, who will celebrate the Pontifical High Mass in Sacred Heart Church Sunday morning, June 13, has achieved nation-wide attention by his editorship of Our Sunday Visitor, which he founded while pastor of his parish at Huntington, Indiana. His work placed the Visitor upon the firm basis where it now stands, and made it the most widely-read Catholic periodical in America. Father Noll also founded Victory Noll. He was appointed to the bishopric of Fort Wayne last year.



DUDLEY G. WOOTEN

Judge Dudley G. Wooten, A.M., LL.D., Professor of Law in the Hoynes College of Law, Notre Dame, who will deliver the Commencement address on Sunday afternoon June 13, is a man of wide fame as a jurist, political scientist and historian. He is the author of several books, the list including "A School History of Texas," "The Land System of Mexico and Texas," and "The Comprehensive History of Texas." He has also written innumerable articles in various periodicals, and holds two honorary LL.D. degrees. Judge Wooten was added to the faculty of the Hoynes College of Law in September 1924, and has been here since.

DOME OF 1926 APPEARS

The much anticipated *Dome* of 1926 made an auspicious entrance upon the campus last week; at least, it was auspicious in the residence halls. The enthusiasm of the Day-Dodgers was somewhat dampened, however, by the rain, which fell in large and numerous drops in the vicinity of the Day-Dog office. Some of the unfortunate towners were even heard to utter such expressions as "Disgusting, isn't it?" or "Goodness, I'll be all wet."

Those who stood in line in the rain were amply repaid when they opened their annuals. As usual, the *Dome* is a monumental piece of work. There are so many meritorious features that it is difficult to pick out those deserving particular mention. The art work was especially fine. George Krispinsky's drawing for the dividing pages, in each of which he has portrayed some notable figure of Notre Dame's past or present, are executed with great skill. The likenesses are remarkable. Jorge Palomino's principal contribution is his exotic drawing for the page commemorating the five students who have died during the year. In it, he succeeds in conveying a clear impression of the intensity of these five tragedies, which is a remarkable artistic feat. No other style could have been better adapted to the subject.

The various departments are well taken care of by their respective editors. Most of them consist of well-written reviews of the campus activities and organizations during the past year, but the Traditions Section contains matter which was really new to most of the readers of the *Dome*. Freshmen will probably give Washington Hall a wide berth hereafter. The pictures in the same section will hardly be recognized as representations of Notre Dame, so much have we grown in sixty years and more.

In the Year Section there are a great number of photographs of football players, basketball players, baseball players, track men, and other things of lesser import, together with a running fire of comment on the events of '25 and '26 by an unknown

wit. The Satire Section, impressionistically illustrated by one "Heck", furnishes several screams for those who scream and a thousand chuckles for those who do not scream.

The *Dome* staff has succeeded in catching enough of the spirit of life at Notre Dame to enable students in after years to recall the atmosphere of their alma mater, and in doing so, have succeeded in attaining the goal which they set for themselves.

FOUR WIN HONORS AT CULVER

Four places were won by Notre Dame men in the state-wide literary contests conducted by Culver Military Academy in conjunction with the celebration of the Second Annual Literary Field Day held at that institution Saturday. St. Mary's also placed one winner. The contests were open to all college students of Indiana.

Joseph Breig, Brownson Hall, a student in the College of Arts and Letters, took first prize in the short story contest with his story "The Man Who Saw Himself." James Jay, Walsh Hall, placed second in the short story contest with "Shadows." Paul Harrington, Sorin Hall, won third prize in the George Ade one-act play competition with his play "The Old Block." Glenn Miller, Off-Campus, took fourth place in the book illustration contest. Miss Virginia Foley of St. Mary's College was awarded second place in the one-act play contest.

The successful contestants were brought to Culver for Literary Day and were there awarded the prizes and feted in a ceremony that fulfilled to perfection the aim of Culver in instituting the contests: to surround literary and artistic accomplishments with some of the glamor that goes with athletic contests. Captain Young and Lieutenant Hagan of the Culver Military Academy faculty were hosts to the Notre Dame winners, and their hospitality was perfect. Those who attended will never forget the cordial spirit of Culver toward her guests.

Copies of the May *Alumnus* have been sent to each member of the Senior Class.

CLASS DAY SPEAKERS

Prominent among the graduating class of this year are Victor F. Lemmer, A. B., '26, class orator; Dennis J. O'Neill, A. B., '26, class poet, and Paul J. Harrington, C. E., '26, valedictorian. The oration, poem, and valedictory for 1926 will be given in



HARRINGTON

Washington Hall, Saturday morning, June 12.



O'NEILL

Mr. Lemmer is president of the Glee Club and a member of the Debating Team. Dennis O'Neill was editor of the *Dome* of 1925 and has been a consistent contributor to various campus publications. He holds a premier position as a campus poet. Mr. Harrington is editor of the *Catalyzer*, president of the Engineering Club, captain of the track team, indoor intercollegiate pole vault champion, and a well known campus writer.



LEMMER

LOCAL MEN SPEAK AT WSBT

During the last week of May a series of interesting talks by prominent Notre Dame men was broadcast by WSBT, the South Bend Tribune's station. The program included talks by some of the best speakers and most important men of the University. Topic of unusual interest had been selected by the speakers, and widespread attention to the talks was manifested. The program broadcast follows:

Monday, May 17—Rev. Charles Miltner, C.S.C. Subject, "On Getting Advice From the Public."

Wednesday, May 19—Prof. James McCarthy. Subject, "The Future of Our Merchant Marine."

Friday, May 21—Rev. Julius Nieuwland, C.S.C. Subject, "Acetylene in Industry."

Monday, May 24—Rev. Thomas Lahey, C. S. C. Subject, "Religion in Business."

Wednesday, May 26—Prof. Charles Phillips. Subject, "The Far-Away Farmer."

Friday, May 28—Prof. Clarence Manion. Subject, "The Purpose of Government."

Monday, May 31—Judge Dudley G. Wooten. Subject, "Law and Lawyers."

Wednesday, June 2—Prof. David A. Weir. Subject, "Panaceas."

WOOTEN SPEAKS TO SCRIBBLERS

"The only possible justification for the state university is its return, in dollars and cents, to the state of the money spent by the people in educating men there," said Judge Dudley G. Wooten, LL. D., of the Hoynes College of Law, in an address to the Scribblers Monday evening, May 24. "It is because of this fact," Judge Wooten continued, "that the state universities are purely utilitarian—they must be to justify their existence."

During the course of his talk the Judge termed the private universities, and especially the Catholic universities, the only remaining refuge of classical culture, stressing the point that the public schools are forced by their very nature to ignore studies that do not promise an immediate money return to the state.

"Public schools," Judge Wooten explained, "were not instituted because of any inferiority in the private institutions of learning, but simply because, due to their lack of facilities and their expensiveness, the private schools were unable to cope with the problem of educating all the people to the end that there might be an intelligent citizenship."

After his talk on education, Judge Wooten was requested by the Scribblers to tell of some of the curious cases in which he had been engaged. He responded with the case of Ben Thompson, an interesting study of the psychology of the old frontiersman killer who has disappeared with the frontier.

The annual series of spring band concerts, given by the University band, will be held this year on June second, sixth and eleventh, on the main quadrangle of the campus. The programs will last from 6:30 until 7:30 P. M.

"IN THE OLD DAYS"

"Boy, this place has certainly changed. Now in the old days when I was here——." Thus runs the usual line of conversation so often heard around Notre Dame at commencement time. For many years the undergraduate has politely listened to these remarks, secretly wondering just what the University looked like in those days. Now at last an opportunity has been afforded to him to take a peep into the past. From the musty records and files of the University, Mr. Byrne, the librarian, has selected a group of pictures and drawings which give a panoramic view of the growth and development of Notre Dame. This collection is now on exhibition in the file room of the University Library.

In this "bird's-eye view of the old days" at Notre Dame are pictures of the University before the fire of '79. The Main Building was a smaller structure than the present one, and built on much simpler lines. It was surmounted by a dome which was surrounded by a railing, and which supported a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The Church was long and low, with a high, wide front, peculiar in architecture of that period. A skeletal tower rose at either side of this front, instead of one central and two smaller towers as on the present structure. The yard in front of the Main Building was enclosed by a picket fence, within which students rarely went except on special occasions.

After the fire of '79 the present Main Building was constructed. Views of this new structure before the dome was built, or the addition made to Brownson and Carroll Halls, are shown. The lawn in front of the Main Building was being sodded at this time, and large stacks of rolled sod, ready to be set in place, appear in the picture.

The present Sacred Heart Chapel was built a short time before this. A large photo shows the Main Building completed, and the church finished, except for the steeple. Across the road, directly in front of the main entrance of the church, stood a statue of the Virgin Mary. Numerous

large flower vases ornamented the campus; the last vestiges of these were removed from in front of Carroll Hall last year. In back of the main altar in the church, before the rear chapel was added, there stood a huge black cross which reached from the floor to the ceiling.

Another picture is of the old library, which used to occupy a room on the third floor front of the Main Building, now used as a dormitory. Many views are given of the lakes, showing the marshy shores. One view, a sketch by an ambitious artist, shows a "side-wheeler" steaming up the lake. A picture of the old stile opposite the St. Mary's gate is a gentle reminder that even in the "old days" it was difficult to enter the sacred portals of the institution across the road.—F. J. P.

CLEVELAND CLUB ELECTS BYRNE

The Cleveland Club of Notre Dame gave a Farewell Dinner to its graduating members Monday evening, May 24, in the College Inn of the LaSalle Hotel. Charles Mooney, retiring president of the club, acted as toastmaster. Short talks were given by each graduating member, and by Tom Byrne, Joe Sweeney, John Butler and Jack Reidy. Professor Charles Phillips, guest of honor, spoke on his novel, "The Doctor's Wooing," which was recently released. He told of the difficulties met in marketing a novel. Entertainment was furnished by John Butler, tenor, and William Speck, pianist.

The following officers were elected for the coming year at a meeting held recently: Thomas F. Byrne, president; Stephen H. Ronay, vice-president; John F. Sonnhalter, secretary; James J. Moran, treasurer.

GLEE CLUB OFFICERS ELECTED

Frank Hagenbarth, '27, Spencer, Idaho, was elected to the office of president of the Notre Dame Glee Club at a meeting of that organization, held Tuesday. Jack Curtis, '27, Sandusky, Ohio, was named vice-president, and Andrew Mulreany, '28, Lawrence, Massachusetts, business manager.

THE DOCTOR'S WOOING

THE DOCTOR'S WOOING. By Charles Phillips.

Published by Devin-Adair Company.—

Net price \$2.25.

The attendant at the door of fiction has thrown wide the portals and admitted a twentieth century novice, who, despite his first attempt at novel writing has done well, leaving with his readers a feeling comparable to one which comes after a ravenous appetite has been satiated by an excellent meal. Charles Phillips entered, made his debut, and has swept away his public on the wave of admiration and respect which it has for finished fiction writers.

One of the most powerful, penetrating novels of the years. This fails to describe with any thought of accuracy the heart-gripping emotions which are aroused by the reading of "The Doctor's Wooing." Done with the grace and charm of an expert craftsman, the story pierces, breathes life, and exhilarates. Carrying one along on the crest of enthusiasm, it reaches phenomenal heights until the final chapters, when the enthusiasm gracefully develops into tender emotions, culminating in a deep-seated feeling of pity.

Rhoda Palisy creates ideals. That tender creature from fascinating Poland is a genuine character; her philosophy strikes a wholesome keynote. Dr. Ben Hudson is a satisfying youth, bringing with him the frankness and utter simplicity which so characterizes the entire novel. And as a creature of fiction, Dave very closely approaches perfection. We see him the man, enshrouded in the atmosphere of the Wisconsin back-woods, but beneath the seeming emotional heart, we see him with a refreshing naivete which is a novelty in fiction writing. Exotic and vivid descriptions—delectable romance—hazardous and terrifying situations—heart-felt pathos—satiating humor. Impressions which form a bare outline of the product which has arrived from skilled hands. To miss "The Doctor's Wooing" would be a self-denial of the pleasurable sensations which a living and vital story induce. Phillips has creative ability, and

while his former writings have been confined exclusively to the pen of a critic, still his latest effort displays the art of creation which borders closely on supreme excellence. Pro bono publico.—J. T. C.

BALLOTS SENT TO ALUMNI

Ballots have been sent to all of the members of the Alumni Association in preparation for the election of officers at Commencement. Members of the Association have until June 13 to return their ballots either by mail or in person. The votes will be counted at the Commencement meeting and the results of the elections given out. Indications are that there will be a larger vote this year than ever before.

WISHES BOOKS RETURNED

Professor Charles Phillips is addressing an appeal to his friends who may have books from his library. At the present time, this collection, one of the most select on the campus, is being catalogued so that it may in the future be more readily available to students. Professor Phillips requests anyone who is at present in possession of books from this library to return them so that they may be catalogued with the rest. These books may be returned either to 201 Sorin or to 332 Sorin. It is imperative that they be returned before June 5.

ENGINEERS AND A. I. E. E. ELECT

The main business of the Engineers Club during the meeting held Friday, May 28, was the election of officers. Robert Hennes was chosen as president; Patrick Size, vice-president; Harold Tynan, secretary, and Norman Steyskal, treasurer.

The A. I. E. E. officers were also chosen at this meeting. The men chosen are: president, William Davis; secretary, Clyde Schamel, and treasurer, C. T. Topping. A vice-president remains to be elected. He will be chosen later from the Sophomore Class.

Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *As you leave Notre Dame, what do you think is her most important gift to you?*

WHERE ASKED: *Sorin and Corby Halls.*
THOMAS EDWARDS, Commerce.

The greatest heritage of Notre Dame is her religious atmosphere. Daily communion is the greatest habit a man can acquire. I believe Notre Dame stands alone in her efforts to instill this habit into her students.

VINC MAHER, Arts and Letters.

There are so many things Notre Dame has given me in my four years here that I cannot give importance to any particular one. Chief among these are a sense of fellowship, an intimate knowledge of God and man, and a good deal of culture and education.

J. W. KANE, Science.

At Notre Dame I have learned the correct method of studying—concentration. To paraphrase Agnes Repplier I have learned that desultory information can never be substituted for intensively acquired knowledge. The religious atmosphere is, of course, essential.

JOHN SHOUSE, Journalism.

Above all Notre Dame has taught me the value of friendship. I have learned that some good resides in every personality. I believe that it is the fostering of associations and friendships that makes this school individual.

EDWARD FALLON, Arts and Letters.

Two things distinguish Notre Dame from other schools, her religious advantage, which is her greatest asset, and the familiarity of her student body, which all Seniors fully appreciate.

HAROLD KRAUSER, Engineering.

Speaking of things material one of the most important things Notre Dame does for her Seniors is to enable them to expound a good line of bunk. Speaking seriously, any engineering course teaches one how to

study, and of course, Notre Dame stands at the pinnacle of collegiate education from the secular religious point of view.

EDWARD DUGGAN, Law.

A good "line". That's not as foolish as it sounds at first, for often there is more thought behind a "line" than most people suppose. Moreover it's exactly what we lawyers need. Quite naturally "Daily Communion" should be the answer, but I imagine that has been overworked.

MAY ALUMNUS ISSUED

Jim Armstrong has again allowed his *Alumnus* to come forth among us. Like its predecessors, the May issue has a number of articles and news items which will interest not only Jim's particular reading public, the Notre Dame alumni but the future alumni as well. In it the official Commencement program is announced for the first time. The editor makes enthusiastic predictions concerning the glorious time which will be had by all at the end of the second week in June.

Following the Commencement announcement, there is a review of the careers of the two candidates for the presidency of the Alumni Association, and then a copious quantity of news and views of the campus, a department which we missed last month. We learn, too, from the *Alumnus* that the Glee Club's new record has been accepted by the Victor Company.

The feature article is "The Irish Men of Easter Week," an excellent reappraisal of the characters of the martyred Irish revolutionists, by Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, C. S. C. Then come the editorial comment, a series of snappy commencement paragraphs, and the sports section. The last contains enthusiastic press notices of two of our more prominent alumni, Mr. K. K. Rockne, '14, and Mr. Thomas Lieb, '23.

The final section, which is devoted exclusively to the alumni themselves, is largely given over to marriages, births, and deaths, although there are frantic calls to the members of several of the classes requesting their presence at reunions in June.

—J. A. M.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

Music will play a great part in the festivities of Commencement week-end. All of the musical organizations of the campus will participate in some form or another in the exercises during the three days.

The Band will give an open air concert on the Main Quadrangle at 6:30 Friday evening, June 11, and will thus have the honor of being the first one of the musical clubs to make its appearance before the Commencement visitors.

Saturday morning, the Orchestra will furnish the music at the Senior Class Day exercises in Washington Hall. The Glee Club will give its annual Commencement concert Saturday evening at 8:15 in Washington Hall. The program will be preceded and followed by selections by the Orchestra.

The Commencement Mass will be sung by the Glee Club, under the direction of Assistant Conductor Joseph Casasanta. Dr. J. Lewis Browne, of Chicago, the conductor of the Club, will play the organ during the Mass. John Butler, tenor, and Alfred L. Meyers, baritone, will be soloists with the Club. The Mass will be sung at nine o'clock Sunday morning.

Following the Mass, the Band will play at the flag-raising exercises near the Law Building. Sunday evening, following the Commencement exercises, the Band will give a concert on the Quadrangle.

The Quartet will give a group of numbers at the Alumni Banquet given in the Junior and Senior Refectories of the Main Building, Saturday evening, June 11. The four men will make their final appearance together during the intermission of the Glee Club concert in Washington Hall, following the dinner.

The Varsity Quartet, composed of Arthur Haley, Seward Bower, Anthony Kopecky and Alfred Meyers, sang at the closing exercises of the Boys Federated Clubs of America convention at Winona Lake, Indiana, Thursday, May 27. Notre Dame was represented at the convention by Brother Barnabas, who was given a medal for forty-

five years of work among boys, by Professor Hoyer of the Boy Guidance Department, and by the Quartet.

Outdoor concerts by the Band were again inaugurated by a program given at 6:30 Wednesday evening, June 2. Another such concert will be played at 6:30 Sunday evening, June 6. The final concert will be given, as mentioned above, on June 11.

The Orchestra made a week-end trip into Southern Indiana on May 21 and 22. A concert was given in the K. of C. Club Auditorium in Indianapolis Friday evening, May 21. The Varsity Quartet also appeared with the Orchestra upon the program. A dance followed the concert.

The Orchestra furnished the music for the annual May Festival at St. Mary's-of-the-Woods Saturday afternoon, May 22. A concert was also given in Fine Arts Hall at eight Saturday evening. The program was followed by an informal dance in Le Fer Hall.—A. L. M.

FIEHRER HEADS LAW CLUB

Marc Fiehrer, '27, Badin Hall, was elected president of the Notre Dame Law Club at a meeting held in the court room of the Hoynes College of Law Friday, May 21.

William L. Travis was named vice-president of the club at the same meeting, and Charles Martin and Eugene Knoblock were elected to the offices of secretary and treasurer, respectively. Dave Stanton is the retiring president of the club.

MONOGRAM FORMAL IS HELD

The annual Monogram Club Formal was held in the Knights of Columbus ballroom, Tuesday evening, May 25. St. Mary's students were granted permission to attend. The dance was one of the most successful and largely attended of the year, and Harry Denny's Collegians played for an appreciative audience. Novel effects were prepared for the dancers by the committees, headed by Roger W. Nolan, president, and Francis Crowley, secretary-treasurer.

SOLDIER DEAD HONORED

The memory of the soldier dead of Notre Dame was honored in an impressive ceremony held on the campus Monday morning, May 31. The services opened with a military field mass at the beautiful, new memorial entrance to the Sacred Heart Church, celebrated by Rev. John C. McGinn, C. S. C., formerly Lieutenant of the 176th Hospital Train, A. E. F. Music for the mass was furnished by the Moreau Seminary choir. Immediately after the mass the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the audience, accompanied by the Notre Dame Band. A short talk, "In Memory," was given by Lt. Clarence Manion of the 35th Field Artillery, at present professor in the Hoynes College of Law. John W. Cavanaugh, '28, then recited Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

The final portion of the program came with the parade to the Community Cemetery, where a ceremony, consisting of the singing of "Columbia," the decoration of the graves, prayer for the nation's dead, and "taps," was held.

The committee on arrangements for the memorial observance consisted of Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., Lewis J. Murphy, John O. Tuohy, and William L. Daily.

IMPRESSIVE DAY AT CULVER

"The most perfect affair we ever attended" is the way the Notre Dame men who were present at the observance of Literary Day at Culver Military Academy Saturday, May 29, characterize what took place there. The prize-winners were met at the train by Captain Young and Lieutenant James Hagan of the Culver faculty, and were taken immediately to the campus, where the day opened with a visit to the literary lottery and casino, a clever burlesque of Monte Carlo. Following this, the audience viewed a parade of the Culver Infantry, the famous Black Horse Troop, and the Culver Artillery, the whole of which was extremely impressive. A box luncheon in the Memorial Gardens followed.

After luncheon the prize-winners were

presented to the Literary Court of Honor and awarded their prizes. This was the most impressive affair of the day, and proved conclusively that in obtaining dramatic effects Culver is unequalled.

Another beautiful event was the pageant which was held in the Culver natatorium after dinner. During the pageant "Our Heritage from Athens" the effects obtained were striking; the living statues were perfectly conceived, and the setting and lighting effects gave an unusual beauty to the whole. During the pageant the first-prize winners were presented to the audience for the second time.

S. A. C. ELECTS OFFICERS

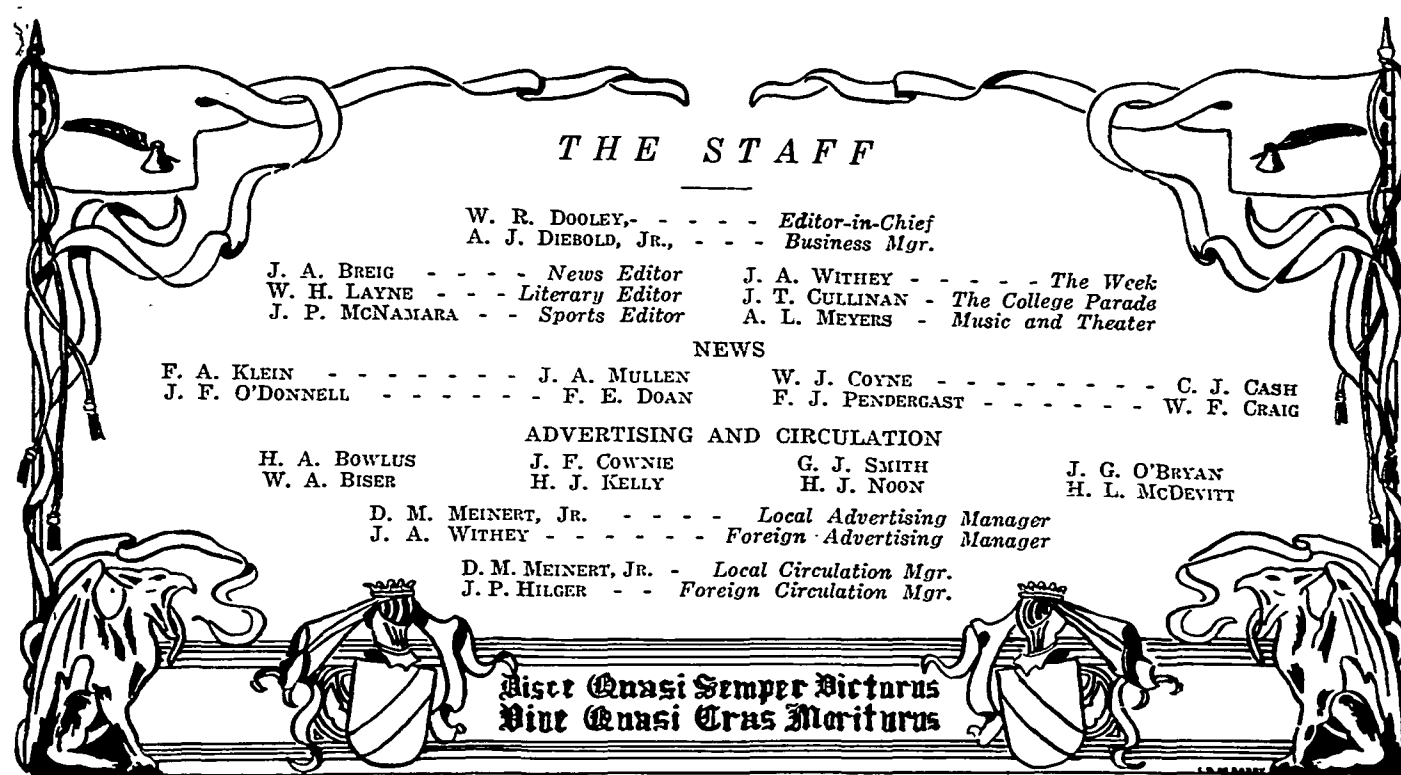
At the last regular meeting, held May 26, the S. A. C. elected officers who will serve for the scholastic year 1926-1927. The men chosen are: president, James T. Quinn; secretary, Maurice P. Conley; treasurer, T. F. Dohogne.

FRESHMAN TENNIS MEN WIN

The Freshman tennis team journeyed to Culver Military Academy on May 22, where they defeated the racket wielders of that school, 4-3. The match was very closely contested.

Not satisfied with this victory the Freshmen invaded new fields last Saturday and won from the Butler Freshmen. The Notre Dame team, composed of Griffin, O'Connor, Burns, Hart and Capt. Markey, played an exceptional brand of college tennis and came through with a 4 to 1 victory.

The University of Notre Dame will have two representatives at the Fifth General Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, to be held at the University of Dayton on June 25-28. There will be an extensive and interesting program for the delegates, many of whom will be notable representatives of scientific, educational, and missionary fields of Catholic endeavor. The last convention of the society was held at Notre Dame.



THE THIRTIETH ISSUE

We've finished—for the present. We've had our say, and we're giving the floor to vacation. It's been a long pull, and sometimes a hard pull—it's taken us nearly a year to get everything we had to say off our chest, and sometimes the words had to be dragged out—but it's done at last.

It's done at last, and in a way we're glad, and in another way we're sorry. We're glad because it's been a steady grind that wore us pretty thin at times; we're sorry because it's a lot of fun to be worn thin when it's done for you Notre Dame "guys." And we've learned more this year than we expected ever to learn in any year to come.

We want to thank you, too, for the encouragement and help you've given us this year. Of course we've received a plentitude of criticism—we deserved it—but the criticism came not from destructive tendencies, but from the fact that you set for us standards difficult of accomplishment. And the criticism has helped, when given in the right spirit.

So there you are. We're making our curtain-bow, and we're sporting a broad smile. Maybe our eyes are a wee bit wet and shining, but we're smiling anyhow. And, you know, we'll be back next year. So long.

THE CULVER AWARDS

Indiana Literary Day, recently held at Culver, uncovered much original talent among the students of the state. The short stories, the essays and the one-act plays which were submitted were especially meritorious. The judges, moreover, were competent, and therefore the prizes awarded were given for pure ability. No favors were asked or given.

Notre Dame shared generously in these awards. A first and a second in the short story contest, a third in the one-act play contest, and a fourth in the book illustration contest are sufficient proof of the literary ability of Notre Dame's sons. They can write as well as play football,—no small achievement.

It is both pleasing and satisfactory to note the number of Notre Dame's winners. We hasten to congratulate them and to wish them the further success which their ability merits on this literary road to fame and fortune. By their work they are advancing not only their own names but also that of their school. And they are advancing it in a way most beneficial to it, and which it sorely needs. The only regret is that there are not more of them to aid in this wholesome advertising.

The Countess

LINUS MALONEY, '28

I HAVE eaten at Child's for so long that I can hardly remember—ever since, I believe, Chicago first received me with her characteristically unopen arms. Because this particular Child's restaurant was near my office of daily travail, there I would sit: every morning with my bacon and eggs; every noon with an uninteresting sandwich; and every evening with a satisfying or unsatisfying dinner. A dull life it may seem, to sit there and watch the crowds hurrying by in rain or shine; and a dull life it was, until something happened—something that cast a bit of romance into my dreary existence and set my imaginative mind working. As a result of this something, I no longer eat at Child's, although the food, prices, and service are the same.

Outside of the food and a few hours of rest, Child's never held any interest for me. There were amusing incidents, of course: the new waitress who would drop a tray of dishes; the woman who would take a sudden notion to faint, or throw a fit; the big, tough boy who would start a fuss over his check; the couples starting quarrels, which inevitably ended with weeping on the women's part. These all attracted attention and various forms of emotion. But that isn't what I mean. I may as well be frank and say that Child's never held any feminine interest for me. There were some men who came in solely to gaze upon Peg's beauty and gracefulness at twirling a tray, or to listen to Lora's lexicon of latest, liveliest slang, or to take in the charms of various other waitresses who, wise girls that they were, good-naturedly withstood the gaff in return for generous tips. But for some reason or other I never responded to the superlative qualities of Peg's coarse beauty or Lora's coarse slang: in fact, the only waitress I ever noticed was the shy Arna, who, along with her buck teeth and Norwegian accent, came from Peoria with a desire to express her flapper complex. She was later fired, and wept long and loudly.

So it happened that one noon I was seated at my table, earnestly perusing the menu, and waiting for Lora's strident "Watcha have today?" when there came to my ears a phrase as cool and tinkling as ice against a frosted glass:

"What iss it that you haf, plees'?"

I looked up with surprise and barely suppressed a gasp. The person before me was as distinguished and reserved as her voice. She was looking at me, or through me, to be correct, and her entire demeanor savored of tolerance, tinged with impatience. As I looked at her face, I tried to think of whom she reminded me. The pale, oval face that was accented by glossy hair, combed back and parted down the center; the tragic eyes and the fine eyebrows, they all seemed familiar. Then it came to me that she had made me think of a Madonna whose picture I had seen many times during my life.

"Plees'—" the voice persisted, and I came from my trance and blushed. Mumbling pardons, I gave the name of my sandwich, and she glided away. Watching her and marvelling at her poise and the distinction with which she wore the conventional uniform, I decided to study her more fully the next time.

She was efficient, too, for within a few minutes she was back, and, as she was arranging my silverware, I subjected her to one unfailing test—the appearance of the hands and feet, which betray breeding. Her hands were delicate, white, and the fingers tapered gracefully; her feet were slender and daintily poised. She was a lady; I could swear to the fact.

After her "Ant'ing elze, pleez'?" and my "No, thanks," she sailed away briskly and left me to gnaw at my sandwich. My thoughts were so many and so confused that I hardly ate and drank a thing. Before I was aware of the time, the clock had pointed both hands at the figure one. Trying to obtain one more glance at the girl, and failing, I

hurried back to the office and arrived ten minutes late.

No work was accomplished by me that afternoon; instead, I tried to accuse myself of falling in love with this woman who had suddenly entered my life of boredom. But I knew that that was not the case: she was not the type of woman with whom I could fall in love; in fact, she repelled me to a certain extent with her coldness. She was a woman who was made for ruining lives and consequently, I had no desire to meet her. But I did know that I was impatient to go back to the restaurant to study this—this puzzle. That's what she was—a puzzle! And that was why she fascinated me, beautiful puzzle that she was. There must be some psychological explanation for my previous mental uneasiness and the subsequent peace of mind that came over me when I decided that she was a puzzle. No terrifying doubts or suspicions of love haunted me then. I was merely a curious outsider who was surveying her under her glass case. I was a cold, calculating scientist who had lived an uneventful life and who had come upon a fascinating puzzle. Mentally I shouted with glee: I did not love her! No scientist has to fall in love with his experiment! No artist has to fall in love with his beautiful model! With terrific rapidity these silly metaphors fled dizzily through my head; they were my reaction to an hour of inhibitions.

That evening, after five o'clock, instead of wasting an hour before dinner, I immediately invaded Child's and took my accustomed place, hoping against hope that my "puzzle" would attend me. Within a few minutes I heard the voice saying (it sounded more like pleading): "Yes, M'sieur?"

I looked up with a little annoyance. Here she had approached silently and successfully, although I had been eagerly looking for her. A shadow she was, as well as a puzzle; and she smiled enigmatically, as if understanding my discomfiture. I smiled broadly in return, and instantly realized my mistake when she "froze" and her eyes became as cold as her voice. Trying to hide my embarrassment, I quickly ordered my meal.

As she was walking away, an illuminating thought came to me. I had read somewhere—many places, in fact—of Russian refugees, composed mainly of duchesses, countesses, and the like, who were compelled to work for their living in the United States. My puzzle, or shadow, exactly fitted the role of a—countess. Only a countess could have her tragic eyes, her high pale forehead, spiritual beauty, and distinguished bearing. I was immediately plunged into shame over the fact that I, a mere American (or Chicagoan, to be exact), had dared to smile broadly at a countess, who, in her beloved Russia, among her counts and dukes and emperors, would have had me thrown into a dungeon. What should I do? Beg her pardon? No, I decided; it is always best to let well enough alone.

The succeeding days only increased my certainty that this lovely creature was a woman of royal breeding. Nothing she did belied my presumption; everything she did strengthened my suspicions. Her every action betrayed culture that was a heritage. Her English was always perfect, although spoken accentedly and idiomatically, naturally enough. The few French phrases that seemed to drop unconsciously recalled my war French. At once she involuntarily submitted herself to the supreme test, when she was eating her dinner at night. Often have I seen beautiful women who have destroyed everyone of their carefully built up charms when set before a bowl of soup (which, incidentally, is the *supremest* test!). My countess did not fail me; she ate correctly and simply, without any annoying little affectations. And while she daily subjected herself to my strict scrutiny in this manner, I daily catechized myself on my personal feelings toward her. The answer was always the same: curiosity, interest, and, perhaps, a little pity.

One morning the astounding revelation came to me. All of my suspicions were confirmed. She was a countess! On that particular morning I had arisen later than usual and, since certain conditions did not demand my presence at the office, I had taken my time in going to breakfast. When

I arrived at Child's, the place was practically deserted; no one noticed me as I made my way to my favorite table, almost hidden in a corner. Soon I heard someone humming not far from me. It was the countess, who, unaware of my presence, was humming a dolorous melody as she went about her menial task of arranging a table's accouterments. She did not notice a furtive little man who came up in back of her and whispered loudly enough for me to hear:

"Countess, you are in danger!"

She whirled, giving a little gasp, and faced the stranger.

"Not so loudly, Alexis!" she cautioned. "Danger?"

"Yes, danger," he whispered. "Orloff—"

"Orloff!" she said despairingly. "Does he know that I am here?"

"No," the little man answered, and then launched forth into a strange tongue, which I took to be Russian. The countess answered him easily in the same tongue, although I heard her mention the word "Saturday" several times. As Alexis departed, I sat there, breathless. The whole thing was even more romantic than I had imagined. A beautiful countess. Her dutiful follower, Alexis. And danger! I must have spoken, for the countess started nervously and, looking in my direction, discovered me. She glided over to my table and asked rather fiercely:

"You—you heard?"

"Fear not," I said in my most dashing manner. "I shall tell nothing."

"Then you—you heard," she declared suspiciously.

"Only that you are in danger."

"Oh!" The countess drew out the syllable with many inflections.

"Please," I begged, "please let me help you. If you are in danger—"

"You can help me," she whispered deliberately. "I haf noticed you much. I t'ink you are a man to be trusted. Will you promise to me that you will not repeat that which you have just heard?"

I promised breathlessly.

"Ah, t'anks," she sighed. "And now, now you are 'ungry, is it not? I go to make the

nice breakfast."

During breakfast the Countess maintained her aloof bearing and silence, as only a lady would after such confidences. But when I was leaving, she gave a quaint "Gootbye" and smiled warmly. The rest of the morning I walked the loop in a trance; and, at luncheon, although she did not serve me, she again smiled frankly.

When I returned to the office that afternoon I received news that, to me, was bad. I had to go out of town on business of the firm and stay over the weekend until Tuesday. Reluctantly, I packed my suitcase and left Chicago.

In a business sense my trip was a success, but not so in respect to pleasure. I couldn't eat, or sleep, or read in my anxiety over the safety of the countess. She was continually uppermost in my thoughts. I had dread visions of the dangers that confronted her. It was with a sigh of relief that I boarded the train Tuesday morning.

Arriving in Chicago, I immediately went to Child's restaurant, where Lora took my order, while I looked about anxiously for the countess. All the waitresses were there, but she was nowhere in sight. Again the disturbing visions of my journey came to me. When Lora returned, I asked as casually as my nerves permitted:

"Where is the—the girl that used to work in here?"

"The countess, you mean?" Lora queried.

"Yes," I replied, surprised that the secret had become public.

"Oh, ain'tchu heard? Donchu read the papers?"

The suspense that Lora was creating was nerve-wracking.

"I confess my ignorance," I said with an effort. "Tell me, quick, what has become of her?"

"Oh, she," murmured Lora, shifting her gum, "she at present is languishing in Cook County Jail."

"What!" I gasped, and then faintly asked why.

"Why, her fingers got careless," Lora returned nonchalantly. "She accidentally opened the safe last Saturday."

I couldn't believe it. It was a malicious lie trumped up by her enemies.

How, I asked Lora, could such a refined woman, reared in the cultured life of a Russian countess, be guilty of such a thing? Lora sniffed.

"Russia! She's Jewish. Born on Halsted Street. Married an Alexis somebody, a French Jew, who taught her everything he knew, including the gentle art of safe-cracking. And she woulda got away with it, too, only Detective Orloff of Shycawgo, U. S. A., was hot on her trail!"

My head whirled. Even when confronted by such evidence as Lora gave, I tried to champion my countess:

"Surely she cannot be as bad as that. What did she say when they took her away?"

Lora scratched her head reflectively.

"Well, she didn't say much. She was pretty well snowed under when they nabbed her. Most of them people iron their hips pretty well before doing a job. Yah, she was pretty dopey."

Lora started to go away and stopped shortly.

"Oh, yes! She did say somethin'. She told me to tell somethin' to some guy or other, but I dunno who he is. Wanna know what she said? She said to tell the poor goof that she hoped he would keep her secret. Them were her exact words. Queer, ain't it?"

Upward to Thee

Strong, on the threshold of the world he stood.
 There came a saying heard from one long dead;
 "No matter where you look there's something good.
 No matter what the road, it leads ahead.
 Keep to the hills," he said, "for you can see
 The ways ahead and far on either side.
 Remember, lad, life is eternity
 Unbounded for the brave," and so he died.
 And so the voice across the years came back
 Came back to strengthen him with hope new born.
 Life is a boundless thing and love leads on.
 Today my sun is at its early morn
 There're things to do before that sun is gone.
 Oh God I pray for love to strengthen me
 And faith to lead my path upward to Thee.

—CORNELIUS SHEA, '28

Garcia de Nunez

WILLIAM E. MAY, '29

GARCIA de Nunez was only a poor Mexican. Through a boyhood of poverty, privation, and hardship he had struggled into a rough adventurous manhood, seeking a goal in ambitious leadership. He had seen so much misfortune in life, and had shared so much of its bitterness that he could find relief only in heading a band of insurrectionists.

Garcia frequently recalled the memories of his kindly grandmother who used to talk about a lucky star, and the big things her *nino* would some day do. But Garcia failed to ask himself, even in a simple way, the meaning of success. He boldly assumed that "might makes right;" for he was a strong man, a leader, born under the influence of a propitious star. Years of daring, unscrupulous work had brought him finally the measure of power he had longed for. Encamped near the Chihuahuas, close to the scenes of his childhood, he was preparing for his arch-triumph, the defeat of some federal troops.

On the day before the attack, about half an hour before sunset, he left the camp, and walked to one of those jewel-like lakes which are found embedded in the foothills of the Chihuahuas. He had, as a boy, frequently hunted and fished in this neighborhood. Every foot of the ground was familiar to him. The little woods at the edge of the camp, even to the very boulders along the edge of the lake recalled memories.

He sat down and lost himself in thought, watching the sunset and dreaming the dreams of a man on the verge of great power. Yes, he would soon be the head of the Mexican government.

Failure in the battle of the morrow was impossible. Had he not beaten much better trained and larger forces than this band of federal troops?

He saw the last rays of the dying sun illuminating the far distant snow-capped peaks in a flood of gold. He watched their shadows lengthen over the bright land, and

the blue waters of the lake. The crystal light grew limpid and more soft. The silvery grey of the mountains turned a faint pure lilac. The west was a boiling crater of gold and gilt and copper, and all around the horizon great cloud heads stood silent seeming to rest upon the snow-capped peaks of the mountains. The air trembled to rose color and the lake shimmered in its vibrant translucence. Was it not strange that he, an uneducated peon, should so revel in the beauty of the moment?

Suddenly a thought came to him. Was he justified in causing this suffering of human beings, not to mention the deaths, to satisfy his greed for power? He remembered what the old padre at El Cajon had told him about the price he would have to pay for the needless bloodshed he was causing. But padres were always preaching. That was their business. Did not all the omens point to success? Had not the sun set between those two lone trees after the last battle he had won? What could forecast more surely that he would win the next? But other thoughts could not be forced from his mind. What of the suffering, the bloodshed, and the thousands of homes that would be broken up on account of this war? But after all was that not war? Certainly it was and since he had started it he must finish it. Yes, by his ancestors, he would finish it. There was not one omen that did not point to success and anyway it was too late to quit now. If he did they would call him a yellow coward.

He slowly got up and began to walk in the direction of the camp. He was passing through the little wood, his eyes on the ground and his hands clasped behind his back, when a small green and brown snake slipped across the path in front of him. The reptile was harmless, but to the peon there could have been no worse omen.

He paused a moment, stared, and then as a man gone mad he broke into a wild run for the camp. Disregarding the path, he

floundered through the underbrush, heedless of the rents it made in his clothing and flesh.

A challenge rang out in front of him, unheeded by his frenzied mind. A second and a third challenge, and then the sharp crack

of a rifle reverberated above the crashing of the underbrush. It is not at all strange that the bullet found its mark. Carcia had seen to it that his soldiers had been taught to shoot well and mercilessly. This was the foundation of Garcia's success.

Blocking Traffic

JOHN CONSIDINE, '28

EVERY motorist at one time or another has experienced that depressing feeling of having his engine go dead at the most untimely moment—just when he is most in need of its power.

I once borrowed a car from a friend of mine so that I might conduct my business in a neighboring town with a minimum of delay. This car had some peculiar idiosyncrasies of which I was not aware, but which were made known to me soon after I had started on my round.

I was driving leisurely down the main street and, at the busiest intersection, took my place in a line of cars waiting for the traffic signal to favor them with the right-of-way. When the lights blinked I started my car forward in the most approved fashion, as I had always operated cars of this particular make. It seemed to take me forward smoothly enough until it reached the middle of the crossing; then it gave a peculiar jerk—unlike any jerk I had ever felt before; the engine coughed weakly and, for no apparent reason, the machine suddenly came to a stop.

I clambered out and started to twirl the crank desperately, but of course the thing did not catch the gears properly and I was crashed to the pavement. By this time the traffic was piling up, a large crowd was gathering, and horns began to bark me out of the way. Cranking was futile, and I lifted the hood to try to locate the trouble. This seems the proper thing to do when one's automobile is stalled, regardless of how

limited one's knowledge of a gasoline engine may be. I peered into what seemed to me a conglomeration of springs, valves, iron plates, and grease. To hide my ignorance of motors from the gawking crowd, I got a wrench and began tinkering with the spark plugs, ending by breaking the porcelain on two of them. All my hopeful efforts combined with the technical suggestions of some of the individuals who "knew automobiles" failed to get the mechanism to function.

Traffic must keep moving regardless of the stubbornness of an automobile, and for this reason I was helped in getting the disabled machine to the curb, a kindly traffic officer assisting to the extent of a suggestion which concerned some junk dealer. I left the machine there to be enjoyed by those of the crowd who were mechanically inclined—they did remarkably well in helping me block the traffic—and went to seek the owner of the eccentric machine. On my way I consigned all the cars of that particular make to the lowest depths, and resolved never to borrow another's automobile, whether it be of the most powerful and luxurious make, or of the humble kind which I had just left.

With the suggestion of the kindly traffic officer, I told my friend where he might find his machine, and took a seat in his office to await his return. In a short time he drove up in front of the office, and I was amazed to see that it was the same machine which I had deserted just a few minutes ago.

All it had needed was gasoline.

Resolutions

STEPHEN SHERRY, '28

RESOLUTIONS! What an old word! Ivy-covered, ancient, hoary word! No other word in our language has been the subject of more sermons, more derision, more jokes, more tears.

If someone should stop a crowd of college-students on the campus and solemnly declare to them that the word "Resolutions" contains in itself a great and dramatic chapter of man's history, the crowd would probably move on with a derisive howl of "So's your old man."

But it's a fact. Upon reflection, the average person will find that he has made many resolutions in his short or long lifetime and that each resolution expresses his inmost personality and indicates the kind of man he is.

As to the proper time for making resolutions. Undoubtedly the correct season for resolutions is in youth. Roughly speaking there is a time for everything. Youth is usually set aside for a great many unimportant items, viz., college, choosing life profession, sowing wild oats, marriage and what not. Middle age is the time for "going into business" with a vengeance. Also domestic strife and paying the fiddler while your son goes to college. Old age is the time for giving advice, for making your will and worrying about the country and the coming generation. Now all these items can be intermingled without much trouble. It is not so important when a man marries, or at what period of life he makes his will. But one thing is rather rigid. The right time for making resolutions is youth and it should not be postponed until middle age or senility.

Everybody who ever amounted to a hill of beans made resolutions when he was young. Our forefathers who shoveled tea into Boston harbor, and who conducted that snappy argument with John Bull whereby we became the "daughter of England" instead of her step-child; history says of them that they were "men of indomitable determination and untiring resolution." They

set the country up in business and made a going concern of it.

However there is another side to resolutions which history sometimes fails to explain clearly. Our forefathers also broke many resolutions. When they retired from active life they sat back in their easy chairs and chuckled comfortably about the fierce resolutions they had made when young. That's the serious side of this resolution business. They are as easily broken as a dollar bill at a church picnic. So, if you are still in the heyday of your youth you will need a little advice on the gentle art of making resolutions—and breaking them!

I once resolved to get out of bed promptly every morning. I got the idea from a book on great athletes. I made a fierce resolution to greet the day promptly at six-thirty for the rest of my natural life. I can hear your amused laugh. Well, don't worry. I laughed at that resolution every morning at six-thirty for a long time. Just laughed and laughed—and remained in bed.

Did you ever make the resolution to "read a few good books" very carefully? That's a favorite for greenhorns. Or did you ever resolve to get into some sort of business and gradually accumulate several million dollars by advancing from position to position? Remember, you must start as an office boy and sweep out the office before the whistle blows in the morning. Then some day you will be the president of the business—a "clean-shaven, keen-eyed executive." Unless you break the resolution!

Do not scorn good resolutions, my friend, especially the good old-fashioned kind. Every year on January 1, let loose with one good twelve-cylindere resolution and hang on to it as long as you can. The cynic who sneers at resolutions is merely sore at Fate. Perhaps he is married and has learned the futility of resolutions. That is why I advise making resolutions early in life. If Hell is really paved with broken resolutions, try to get the greater part of the paving job finished before the age of thirty.

SPORT NEWS

Frosh Win Interhall Meet

Displaying even greater strength than it did indoors, Freshman Hall's track squad romped away from seven other hall representatives to win the annual outdoor championships by a comfortable margin on May 23.

The athletes from the cardboard palace ran up a total of 53 1-10 points to defeat their old rivals, Brownson, who amassed 41 3-5 markers. Other teams finished in this order: Day-Dogs, 22 3-5; Howard, 16; Badin, 12; Sophomore, 10; Carroll, 7 3-5; Walsh, 2 3-5.

From the first event the contest was a bitter struggle between Freshman and Brownson and the other teams were never able to maintain the pace set by the strong yearling squads. Freshman jumped off to an early lead by placing heavily in the dash and in the hurdle events, but Brownson strength in the middle distance and field events threatened to close the gap.

Again the proteges of Father Stack had a team concentrated around a few events but heavy placing in them gave the victory. Three places in both the 220 yard dash and the low hurdles allowed a 10 point handicap that could not be broken down.

It was Jack Elder, Mercury-footed Kentuckian, who again starred for the Freshman team. The yearling comet showed heels to the dash men and won the broad jump with a leap of more than 21 feet. He also placed second in the javelin throw.

Elder with Noon and O'Brien piled up an early lead in the dashes, while Tobin, McDonald and Doan, Freshman hurdle trio, scored heavily in both high and low stiles. Joe Abbott, Brownson's middle distance star, ran a record breaking 440 and annexed the half mile run also. Louie Viada, How-

ard weight heaver, kept his hall in the running with first in the shot put and javelin, and a second in the discus throw.

Four interhall records were blasted in Sunday's competition. Elder's :10 flat in the century and his 22.5 in the furlong proved better than any marks in previous interhall meets. Abbott's 51.4 in the 440 and Brown's 10.36 in the two mile run were mark-breaking performances.

Although the relay was not necessary to determine the winner, as it was in the indoor meet, which Freshman Hall took after nosing out Brownson in the baton-passing event, it was one of the most thrilling of the afternoon's events. Noon, Freshman lead-off man, dropped the stick and yielded a 25 yard handicap, but the fast work of O'Brien and Elder pulled the race out of the fire, Freshman winning by four yards. Summary:

100 Yard Dash—Elder, Freshman; Noon, Freshman; McCoy, Day; Burton, Walsh. 0:10. (New Interhall record.)

220 Yard Dash—Elder, Noon, O'Brien, Freshman; Halloran, Brownson. 22.5. (New Interhall record.)

440 yard dash—Abbott, Brownson; Quigley, Day; Winberry, Sophomore; Fisher, Badin. 51.4. (New Interhall record.)

880 Yard Run—Abbott, Brownson; Quigley, Day; Fisher, Badin; Lopez, Day. 2:07 1-10.

Mile Run—Brennon, Sophomore; Morgan, Howard; DeGrote, Day; Callahan, Brownson. 4:49 1-10.

Two Mile Run—Brown and Vaichulis, Brownson; Brennon, Sophomore; Colton, Freshman. 10:36. (New Interhall record.)

High Hurdles—McDonald, Badin; Doan and Tobin, Freshman; Van Mourick, Walsh. 17 3-5.

Low Hurdles—Doan and McDonald, Freshman; McDonald, Badin; Mulfur, Freshman. 27:6.

Shot Put—Viada, Howard; Kizer, Brownson; Metrailler, Carroll; McDonald, Freshman. 38 feet, 10 inches.

Javelin—Viada, Howard; Elder, Freshman; Metrailler, Carroll; McDonald, Freshman. 156 feet, 10 inches.

Discus—McGrath, Carroll; Viada, Howard; Swygert, Badin; McDonald, Freshman. 112 feet, 10 inches.

Pole Vault—Newbold, Brownson and Durbin, Day, tied for first; McAllister, Freshman, and Bannon, Day, tied for third. 11 feet.

High Jump—Murphy, Brownson; Newbold, Brownson; VanMourick, Walsh; Demetry, Carroll; Durbin, Day; Doan, Freshman; Mooney, Brownson, tied for third. 5 feet, 10 inches.

Broad Jump—Elder, Freshman; Murphy, Brownson; McDonald, Freshman; Bannon, Day. 21 feet, 11 inches.

Relay—Freshman (Noon, O'Brien, Doan and Elder); Brownson; Day-Dogs; Sophomore. 1:42 3-10.

COME ELEVEN!

For the eleventh consecutive year the Indiana Intercollegiate Track Championship was brought to Notre Dame when the speedy team representing the Irish ran amuck and defeated twelve other entries in the annual meet at Memorial Stadium, Indiana University.

Coach Knute Rockne's crew was supreme from the mile run, first event on the program, until the end of the meet. Seven firsts and a goodly number of place positions enabled the Notre Dame squad to pile up 63 points while Indiana trailed in second place with 45½ tallies.

The other twelve teams were so far out of the competition that they made little impress on the score sheet. They finished in this order: Earlham, 12; Butler, Depauw and Wabash, 11; Purdue, 5; State Normal and Central Normal, 2½; Franklin, 1½; Muncie Normal, Hanover, Rose Polytechnic and Oakland City, 0.

Four records were shattered in the championships, three of them going to Notre Dame men. Phillips, Butler's crack middle distance star, paced the quarter mile in 49 1-10 second in the first record-breaking contest. Then Della Maria stepped the furlong in 21.5 seconds to clip a tenth of a tick off the old mark. Harrington broke his own pole vault record of 12 feet 8 inches when he climbed over the stick at 12 feet,

11 inches. Joe Boland had little competition in the shot put but he uncorked one hefty 44 foot, 4 inch heave that put his name with the medal holding elite.

Weather conditions were ideal for the meet and as a result some good times and distances were turned in. Notre Dame had little trouble in keeping ahead of the flock, only Indiana offering any consistent worry.

Joe Della Maria, the fast-stepping Notre Dame sprinter, shared honors of the day with Phillips, Butler's half miler. Della Maria ran the century in 9.9 seconds and broke the 220 record in 21.5 seconds. Phillips broke the tape first in the 440 in 49 1-10 and in the half mile in 1:56 6-10. Summary:

Mile Run—Judge, Notre Dame; Little, Purdue; Little, Indiana; Young, Notre Dame. 4:24 1-10.

Shot Put—Boland, Notre Dame; Fisher, Indiana; Mayer, Notre Dame; Layman, Central Normal. 44 feet, 4 inches.

440 Yard Dash—Phillips, Butler; Coughlin, Notre Dame; Caine, Indiana; Stephenson, Indiana, 49 1-10.

100 Yard Dash—Della Maria, Notre Dame; Pepper, Indiana; Riley, Notre Dame; Sweeney, Wabash. 09.9.

High Hurdles—Sturtridge, DePauw; Benzel, Indiana; Huntsman, Earlham; Barron, Notre Dame. 15 1-10.

High Jump—Carey, Notre Dame; Harris, Central Normal; Wilson, Indiana; Boltinghouse, State Normal and Lyons, Franklin, all tied for second. 6 feet.

Discus Throw—Prather, Indiana; Kreider, Wabash; Huntsman, Earlham; Pruitt, Butler. 128 feet, 6 3-4 inches.

Half Mile—Phillips, Butler; Caine, Indiana; Judge and Masterson, Notre Dame. 1:56 6-10.

220 Yard Dash—Della Maria, Notre Dame; Pepper, Indiana; Sweeney, Wabash; Gurnett, Notre Dame. 21.5.

Broad Jump—Sweeney, Wabash; Linman, Indiana; Carey, Notre Dame; Anderson, State Normal. 22 feet, 6 3-8 inches.

Two Mile—Rose, Indiana; Young, Notre Dame; Meyers, De Pauw; Little, Indiana. 9:45 1-10.

Pole Vault—Harrington, Notre Dame; Bov and Hammill, Notre Dame, tied for second; Miller, Purdue. 12 feet, 11 inches.

Javelin Throw—Moes, Notre Dame; Huntsman, Earlham; Sturtridge, DePauw; Lavelle, Notre Dame. 178 feet, 5 1-8 inches.

Mile Relay—Indiana, first; Notre Dame, second; DePauw, third; Purdue, fourth. 3:24 6-10.

WIN THREE OUT OF FIVE

Notre Dame easily took the first game of the Iowa invasion when they defeated Iowa State College, 7 to 0. Steve Ronay turned in his greatest game, allowing the Aggies only one hit, that coming in the eighth inning. The Irish found McCracken, the Ames' hurler, fathomable and connected safely with ten of his slants.

Notre Dame scored in the second inning after O'Boyle had tripled and Hill, the Ames second baseman, muffed Quinn's roller. Two more were added in the fourth when O'Boyle got to first on an error, Polisky sacrificed; Moore drew a pass and Quinn singled, scoring O'Boyle. Ronay sacrificed, scoring Moore. In the seventh a pass to O'Boyle, an error and hits by Moore, Sullivan and Silver resulted in two more runs. The final runs came in the ninth when Sullivan and Silver singled and scored on O'Boyle's single to center.

Score by innings:

Notre Dame	-----	0	1	0	2	1	0	1	0	2	—7
Iowa State	-----	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Batteries: Ronay and Silver; McCracken and Boller.

LOSE ONE-HIT GAME

Spurred on by Ronay's one-hit game on Friday, Elmer Besten made a brilliant attempt to outdue his teammate in the Iowa University game. Hurling a no-hit, no-run game for eight and two-thirds innings and then losing is a hard pill to take, but that is exactly what happened when the Hawkeyes staged a last minute rally and scored three runs, defeating Notre Dame, 3 to 2.

In the ninth inning Corbin, the Iowa hurler, drew a pass. Then came two easy outs and the game appeared to be over. Captain Flinn hit a single and an error by Moore allowed the Hawks to tie the score. A grounder went through Sullivan and Polisky, playing in center, made a bad throw, allowing the winning run to score.

Notre Dame scored first in the fifth inning, when Moore singled and advanced on Pearson's sacrifice. An error by the Iowa third baseman allowed Moore to go to third

and Parisien drove in the first tally. A double by Moore and a single by Besten accounts for the second run.

Even Governor Hammill, of Iowa, who was present at the game, was thrilled by Besten's hurling. In three games with the Hawks, Besten has allowed a total of but five hits, having shut them out on two occasions last season.

Score by innings:

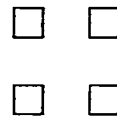
Notre Dame	-----	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	—2
Iowa	-----	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	—3

Batteries: Besten and Smith; Corbin and DeRhodes. Umpire: Gockel.

TAKE FIRST FROM GEORGIA

Due to Red Smith's timely hitting and Ed. Walsh's superb pitching the Keogonites were able to defeat the team from Georgia University in the first game of a two game series by the score of 4 to 2. Smith stepped up to bat four times, drawing a pass, two triples and a single, also accounting for two runs. Walsh struck out ten of the southerners and allowed them but four scattered hits. A bad third inning accounts for the

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two Georgia runs. Richardson, the Dixie shortstop, featured the playing for the visitors.

Score by innings:

Georgia	0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0	—2 4 2
Notre Dame	0 1 0 0 0 2 0 1 x	—4 7 4

Batteries: Waller and Johnson; Walsh and Smith.

GEORGIANS COP SECOND

Georgia won the second game of the series in an overtime game the following day, 3 to 2. Georgia drew first blood in the second inning when Nash drove a triple to center, scoring two runs. In the fifth Notre Dame tied the count. After Jim Pearson had cracked out a homer, Besten hit a double and scored on Wilson's single. Two errors, a hit and a sacrifice accounted for the final and winning tally for the southerners. Besten struck out eight and allowed five hits; Kain, the Georgia hurler, was touched for nine hits and struck out two.

Score by innings:

Georgia	0 2 0 0 0 0 0 1	—3 5 5
Notre Dame	0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0	—2 9 3

Batteries: Kain and Johnson; Besten and Smith.

IRISH NIP PURPLE

Ed. Walsh allowed Northwestern batters but three scattered hits at Evanston last Friday and as a result Notre Dame defeated the Purple by a 4 to 0 count. Walsh also struck out sixteen Evanston batters and allowed but two bases on balls.

All of the Notre Dame runs were earned. Parisien and Pearson collected doubles and O'Boyle a triple during the course of the game. This victory gives Notre Dame a clean sweep over Northwestern in all branches of sport this year.

Score by innings:

Notre Dame	0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 2	—4 6 0
Northwestern	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	—0 3 2

Batteries: Walsh and Silver; Palmer and Ellis.

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RACQUET MEN DEFEATED

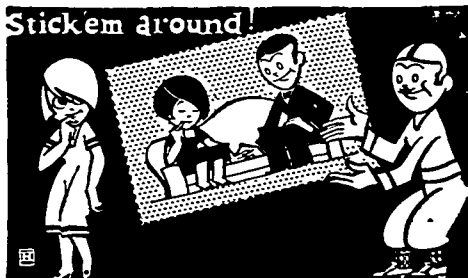
The three racqueteers of Notre Dame, Donovan, Stadell, and Dorgan journeyed to Bloomington, Saturday, May 22, to participate in the Indiana Intercollegiate Conference championships held at that place, and while defeated, more than upheld the honor of the Gold and Blue. Captain Donovan especially covered himself with glory by advancing into the finals of the tournament only to lose out to Sagalowski, Butler's ace, in a last minute attack by his rival.

The Notre Dame star captured the first set of the deciding five game match in a rather easy fashion by a 2-6 count, but in the next encounter his opponent managed

to volley his way to a 6-3 decision. Donovan came right back however, to capture the next game, 5-7, only to lose the entire match when Sagalowski took the two deciding games of the match. In the last three games Donovan was handicapped by cramps in both legs and thighs.

Previous to this deciding engagement, Stadell had also succumbed to Sagalowski in two gruelling sets, 6-2, 6-2, and Dorgan, the remaining Notre Dame man had also tasted defeat when Hyatt, of Earlham had outplayed him in securing a bitter 6-3, 6-4 victory.

Stadell and Donovan also advanced to the finals in the doubles of the tournament, but



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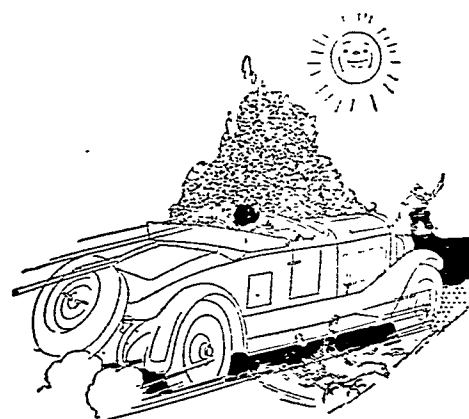
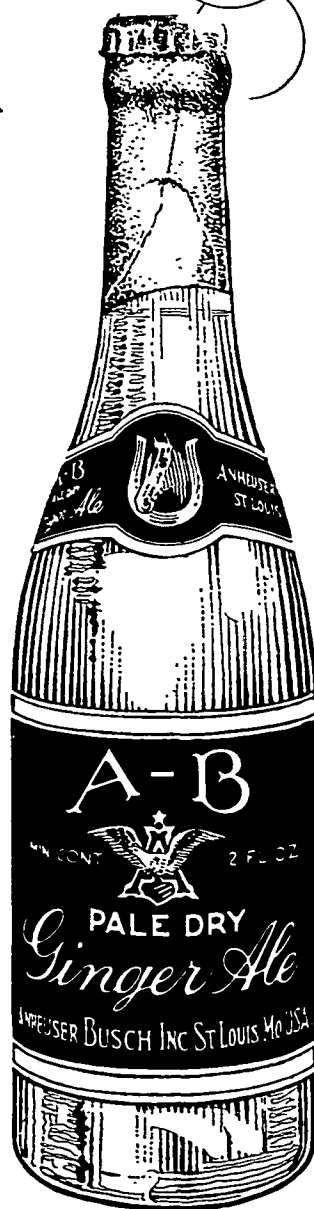


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the masterful racquetting of Wood and Boyle, Indiana State Normal stars, proved too big a handicap for them to overcome, and they went down to a 7-5, 6-0 defeat.

The National Intercollegiate Tennis Championships will be held at Philadelphia on June 28. Captain Donovan will be the Gold and Blue representative in these matches.

GOLF TOURNAMENT NEARS END

With the Notre Dame golf tournament nearing its close, competition is narrowing to the few unbeaten contestants remaining in the field, and intense rivalry among the players and interest among the fans is being manifested. Twenty prizes—two or three for each flight—will be awarded to the final winners. The prizes have been donated by prominent South Bend men.

In view of the approach of the end of the school year, all players still remaining unbeaten are urged to play their matches this week-end, so that the winners can be decided. Prizes cannot be awarded if the matches have not been played off before the close of the school term.

TWO MORE SCALPS

Notre Dame broke a four year jinx by defeating the strong St. Viator's team, 9 to 4, last Wednesday. Young Ed Walsh started for the Keoganites, but it was patently not Ed's day. A combination of hits, errors and walks forced him to give way to Ronay in the third. Steve, facing a handicap of two runs, pitched beautiful ball, and a collection of hits by Moore, Smith and O'Boyle eventually pulled the game out of the fire. The cold weather and the length of the game, two hours and a half, kept the crowd small.

Elmer Besten's hard luck finally deserted him, and he won a shut-out victory over Wisconsin, 5 to 0, on Memorial Day. Elmer struck out thirteen of the opposition. The hitting of Red Smith featured, the carrot-top making several long drives good for extra bases, and which effectively added to his already swollen batting average.

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DEAR E. S. B.:

Well last Monday evening nothing would do of course but hear Father Thomas A. Lahey over YXVCDGK, he appearing in the air in his great air-talk, "Does It Pay to Advertize or The Morals of Newspaper Making." But as luck would have it the Headmaster of Badin was a little out of humor when we entered his sanctum sanctorum, and he said in his loveliest manner: "Turn the knob from the outside and stay there." So after turning the knob from the outside we stayed there. And it was in that portion of the sanhedrim set apart for the Gentiles, and Mr. G. Parker was sitting on the radiator discoursing away to Mr. Robert E. Shields about what a wonderful batting team the Yankees have. Then he launched out into a bolder strain, as they say, and with characteristic N. Y. modesty proceeded to speak of the great crowd of N. Y. men here at a Lacu and how the number is increasing each year and what a fine bunch of fellas they are, they getting on many of the debating teams, and being especially interested in the acrimonious controversy now being waged between Mr. Paul Harrington and Mr. William Dorgan about entrance into the world court.

And then when Mr. Parker was going big the Headmaster of Badin, he being a little out of his usual good humor, ejaculated: "Parker, get to your room while you have your health." And Mr. Parker, while he had his health, got to his room.

So anyway, even if we didn't hear Father Thomas A. Lahey over the radio, we did hear Mr. G. Parker over the radiator, which is all right because officium pro officio valet, as they say.

And then we had the great epidemic of tonsolitis among the University snakes which put the whole scientific department into a panic until a combined meeting of the Welfare and Farewell depts. issued a bulletin which read: "The situation is critical but not hopeless. Sit tight and trust the Doctor." But sure the Doctor is busy with his Wooing. So there you are.

And then by way of compensation we had the great pleasure on Memorial Day of hearing Mr. Manion of the Law School in a noble oration, he looking equal to the occasion in his cream suit and tan shoes. "From Gettysburg to St. Michel and return" he declared at the right moment, "the S. and S. has been carressed by the winds of every sea, and the sun-beams of every clime have warmed its folds. And Notre Dame men," he continued, "have been in the thick of every battle, true to the traditions of their heroic past."

Chaplain John McGinn, who almost saw the fighting in Flanders and just escaped being wounded in the front, was an interested listener.

And so *Beannact leat*, as they say, and home sweet home!

27 FLI

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