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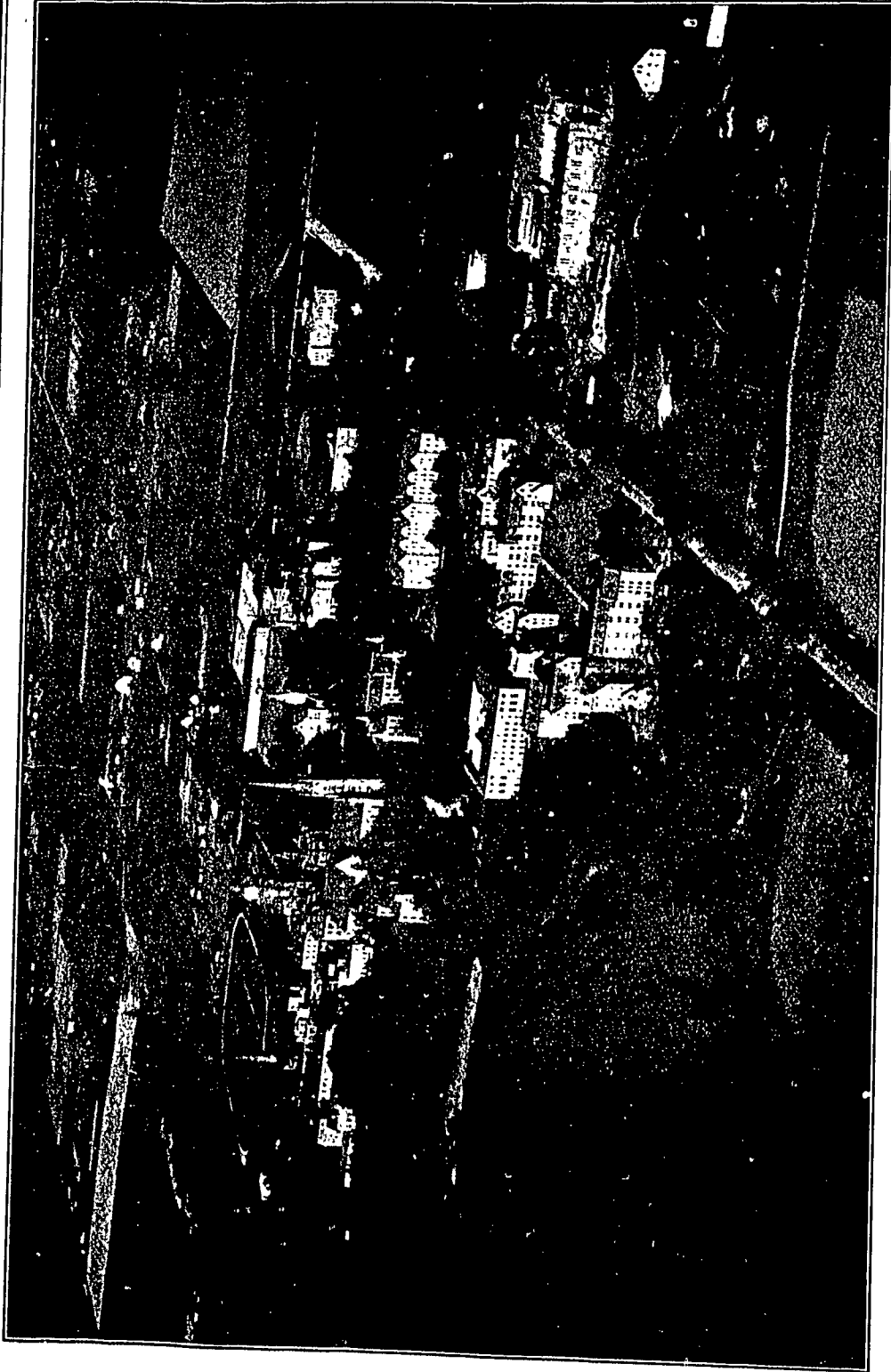
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NOTRE DAME

*O, sing your towers high and let them shine
 Bright in the blue of Indiana sky;
 Let them be guardians at the two-fold shrine*

*Of learning, and of God, and let them cry:
 Here is a monument to lives and toil
 Spent in producing fruit from barren soil.*

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1927-28


 THE WEEK
 

"Check for your trunk, sir?"—The Yellow Cab attendant has been named a welcoming committee of one—Studebaker female employees regard the arrivals with an appraising eye; male employees appear snarlingly cynical—Perhaps they know the homely philosophy of labor vs. capital—Cabs whizz over the temporary road bound for Notre Dame—The driver says South Bend is dry to the point of boredom—Federal agents, raids, stills, liquor, arrests, convictions—Over Harter Heights, the treacherous corner, and speeding down the concrete road for the long anticipated thrill of the new refectory—"Gee, that's a knockout building"—"Does everybody have to eat there or is it optional for the Seniors?"—The campus is seething with activity—"Hello, Jack. Good summer, old man? Where are you living? Registered yet? Is the gang back?"—Strains of "South Wind, South Wind Blow Me Back Home" from the freshmen halls—It's not the heat but the humidity say the clerks in the Registrar's office—Disappointed room-seekers suggest dampness on the part of the clerks in more ways than one—Sophisticated and hardened old-timers crash lines with the dexterity of professionals—Two of South Bend's finest are stationed in the Main Building like sentinels—One drops to a chair and reads the Undergraduate Manual—Wonder what he thinks of the statutes governing an educational institution—Class cards are dispensed and the afternoon docket are heavy—Fleeting visions of the Palace on Thursdays—The courses which appealed in May are without enticement now—Red tickets admit to the east wing; green pasteboards are the open sesame to the west side—Is the patience of waiters an acquired or inherited characteristic?—The food is palpable—Mirabile dictu—"I'll bet it won't last," ventures an upper classman. "This is

just the apple sauce you get every year. Wait another week."—The manager in tuxedo is unusually solicitous—"There will be a movie in Washington Hall tonight. Two performances"—"That's the berries," from a freshman. "I didn't think I'd see another movie until Christmas vacation."—Stealthily, tables, desks, chairs, lamps, book racks, and victrolas are carted from Walsh to Sorin, from Sophomore to Lyons, from Freshman to Sophomore—"I don't know who owns this chair, but somebody stole mine and I've got to have one" is the order of the day—No interior decorating until the heat breaks—A solitary trunk stands before Howard Hall with this note attached: "Will you please put this in Frank's room? Mother."—A victrola wheezes, "Just Another Day Wasted Away."—The storm breaks—Rain, thunder, and Indiana in perfect electrical form—Rock will be able to give the boys a good workout tomorrow—Sunday afternoon at 5:30 and the trolley cars are jammed; a phenomenon which has not been seen at Notre Dame for years—The company takes quite a beating and already the freshmen have their first class in the art of beating the railway system—Cries of "overhead" and an echo of "hold that car" from those who have decided on a Sunday night dinner and splurge in town—"Beginning tomorrow noon you will be expected to appear in the refectory with coats and ties."—Talk still centers about the formal opening of the morning during which the new men were welcomed by Father Walsh—Someone says, "the President of Notre Dame and the President of the United States read their speeches."—But, the President of the United States, if he lives for another century, will not be able to compose with the precision, vividness, and forcibleness of Notre Dame's executive—"Hey, boy, where's your tie?" —J.T.C.

UNIVERSITY DINING HALLS

The new University dining hall under the capable management of Mr. R. Borland opened its doors for the first time on Tuesday, Sept. 13th., for the evening meal, prepared to assume the herculean task of feeding 2600 students.

Although the building is not quite completed it is expected that it will be entirely finished some time in October, after which a solemn dedication ceremony will be held.

The large dining rooms on the East and West wing of the building, the "red" and the "green" sides are capable of seating 1200 each while the cafeteria will accommodate 225.

At the present time the dining halls are serving approximately 2000 students while the "caf" is serving about 900 daily.

The cafeteria, under the management of J. H. Austen is open at 6:30 a. m. and is closed at 9:40 in the evening. During this time a soda fountain is maintained under the management of V. C. Stephens; to date the fountain has been serving approximately 500 customers daily.

On the second floor of the building, directly above the main entrance, the Lay Faculty dining room will be equipped with its own kitchen service and will provide accommodations for 100 diners.

In furnishing the dining halls the authorities have creditably combined the elaborate with the comfortable. The kitchen is an interesting study in itself; and as fine as one might expect to find anywhere.

The chef, F. A. Risser is assisted by a small army of cooks, bakers, butchers, kitchen attendants and dish-washers, the entire corps totaling 100 employees.

The kitchen which by the way is the very essence of sanitation, is equipped with a large bakery and a spacious butcher shop.

An idea of the tremendous task which confronts those in charge of the dining hall and the enormous work accomplished there may be gleaned from the following statements:

400 pies consumed in the two dining halls at one meal. At breakfast over 4000

of the famous "Notre Dame Buns" are required to satisfy all demands. 20 sacks of potatoes, each containing 1 1-2 bushel, are consumed daily. At the noon day meal last Sunday 600 chickens were engulfed, together with 560 heads of celery.

A small dining room for the kitchen attendants is located in the rear of the building; another innovation of interest is the "silver room" where all the table silver is cleaned and polished.

Approximately 250 persons are employed in the dining halls and kitchen, of this number 125 are students, most of the other employees are residents of South Bend and nearby towns.

Besides the soda fountain a cigar and cigarette counter is maintained also a news stand carrying the usual novelties, current publications and daily papers. At the right of the fountain is a candy counter which is well stocked in all forms of confection.

The building itself is a handsome edifice, a monument to the skill of the master craftsmen who conceived and constructed it.

Mr. V. C. Stephens, manager of the new soda fountain in the University cafeteria, has this to say of us:

"I and my assistants are delighted with the splendid manner in which we have been treated by the students. It has been an agreeable surprise. One usually meets with a certain amount of boistrousness about a soda fountain; not so here, however; the boys accord us every courtesy and are always gentlemen. It is a pleasure to serve them."

Take heed one and all, let it not be necessary for Mr. Stephens to change his opinion of us.

Father Miltner received a card from Father Wenninger, former Dean of the College of Science, who is in Berlin on his way to Vienna where he plans to study medicine during the coming year. Father Wenninger will visit Dresden, Munich, and other German cities on his way to Vienna. Father Albertson is acting Dean of the Science department in the absence of Father Wenninger.

FATHER CARROLL'S NEW BOOK

This year in classes for the study of religion nine hundred freshmen have a greater opportunity than has ever been



offered to newcomers to Notre Dame. The life of Christ is their subject; Father Carroll's *The Man-God* is their text.

No need to introduce Father Carroll. (If there is any new student who isn't acquainted with his ability and achievements let him, like Kipling's mongoose, run around and find out about them.) If anyone wants to know specific merits of *The Man-God*, he needs but see the reviews in *America*, the *Catholic World*, and so forth.

A chief characteristic of an educated man is his control of his own particular field and his deference to specialists in fields not his own. Those who know the distressing need for just such a book as *The Man-God* unite in enthusiastic commendation of it. We do well to accept their judgment and then investigate. We shall not be disappointed.

Since education at Notre Dame is fundamentally moral, and since all freshmen—and it is to be hoped all upper classmen—will read *The Man-God*, it is well to consider the appropriateness of such a procedure. In this connection, F. H. Drinkwater, editor of the *Sower*, says pertinently

in one of his editorials (reprinted in *The Givers*, p. 248):

You can't start educating people until you know what your educating them for—in other words, what men are made for, ultimately. And as men don't seem to know, they need to be told by whoever made them. In short, revelation is a necessity, and hence Christianity is the right key to read history with and the Church is the only continuous mind in the world to undertake the work of education; and hence, too, willing faith and willing obedience must always remain elements along with knowledge. Or to go deeper—since there is one member of the human race who is God himself incarnate, it becomes the whole business and destiny of humanity to unite itself around Him or rather in Him. Outside Him then can be no right way, and no real truth, and no life worth living."

In the introduction to *Your Religion*, Father W. H. Russel mentions as one of the fundamental aims of the study of religion: "to induce each student to acquire a friendship with Christ; to regulate his life by *Christ's* principles, and to demonstrate the workableness of *Christ's* truths." This ideal may well be approached through *The Man-God*.

After Augustine, the pagan, heard St. Ambrose talk about Christ, he was no longer interested in St. Ambrose. He wanted to get in direct contact with Christ. He did; and although as pagan his morals were no better than any other pagan he became one of the greatest saints in the Church. When the Samaritan woman reported speaking with Jesus at the well (John 4:1-24; Mark 1:14; Matt. 4:12), the men wanted to hear not her report but Christ Himself. "And many more believed in Him because of His words. And they said to the woman, 'We now believe, not for thy saying'" but from personal conviction. "For we ourselves have heard Him, and know that this is indeed the Savior of the world."

We shall, then, progress from an acquaintance with the life of Christ, attractively presented by Father Carroll, to a reading of *The New Testament*. The Suggestions at the ends of the chapters in *The Man-God* furnish many points of departure provocative of further study. For instance, in amplification of the last reading suggestion on page 53, in order to realize a drama of pil-

grimage, the sort of sacred picnic at which Christ was lost when on 12, one might read Psalms 119-133 inclusive, in the following order: 129, 128, 119, 122, 125, 123, 120, 126, 127, 130, 124, 134, 121, 132, 131, and 133. It has been suggested that the Levites said one of these Psalms on each of the fifteen steps leading to a portion of the second temple. (The whole spirit of the group is implicit in Psalm 83.) In this group one recognizes as old favorites Psalm 127 (a song of the average man), 129 (De Profundis), 132 (particularly pertinent to our mode of living on the Campus), and 133 (a message for each man at Notre Dame). Since every student at a Catholic university should read the Greatest of Books, why not send for the family Bible?

Further, we must realize that the material in the Gospels is historically real. Such a knowledge would prevent our accepting the interpretation of Bruce Barton or more notorious individuals who attempt to disregard the divinity of Christ. Not only must we study His thirty-three years on earth but, as Drinkwater says, "the divine preparation of human nature beforehand right back to the beginning and afterward the mystical life lived by Christ in our human nature ever since the founding of His Church. . . . To-day men are reading the Gospels with new eyes and are filled with new enthusiasms. But we must not forget that it was His Church that preserved His very Gospels: its dogmas continue His life. He Himself knew what He would do." (The Givers, p. 22.)

Nor need we be afraid of becoming too Christ-like. St. John, the beloved disciple, who was permitted to rest his head on Christ's bosom, was so gentle he may have been taunted by those of his contemporaries who ate crushed rock for breakfast; but when Christ was dying on the Cross, it was to St. John's care that Christ committed His mother—and surely the men fortunate enough to attend a University under Our Lady's protection can hardly do better than strive to be worthy of a similar commission. Everything is possible through Our Lady, for Christ was obedient. One can readily imagine His saying, "I will do what My Mother tells me."

Upperclassmen as well as freshmen find here a field of endless study, stimulating and pleasureable. Let Father Carroll introduce you, as he does naturally and delightfully in *The Man-God*.

B. Conroy

THE MISSIONS

The Freshmen and Off-Campus Sophomores' fall house-cleaning and spiritual rejuvenation began Monday at 7:30 P. M. with a sermon by the Reverend Charles Flynn of the Holy Cross Mission Band. Father Flynn gave the Notre Dame parish mission last winter. The first year men and off-campus sophomores will attend Mass at 6:30 A. M. during the week. At 7:30 each evening Father Flynn will deliver a sermon followed by Benediction. Saturday morning after Mass the Baptismal Vows will be renewed. Sunday morning after Six o'clock Mass the Papal Benediction will be given.

The Off-Campus Sophomores will attend the Freshman mission in order to avoid overcrowding the church next week when the Upper-Classmen mission will be held. The latter mission will be given by the Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., former Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross and at present First Assistant to the Superior General. In a recent issue of *America* Father O'Donnell was hailed as the foremost American poet of the present time.

The missions given at the beginning of each year are among the highlights of the religious life at Notre Dame. They are welcomed by the Notre Dame man as a chance to clear up his spiritual difficulties and get a clean start once more. Freshmen will do well to make a good mission and get started right. A peaceful mind is necessary to good work in any line of endeavor; more so in the life of a student.

WRANGLERS MEET

The first meeting of the scholastic year of any organization was held by the Wranglers Club, the University's honorary forensic society, last night. An outline of proposed activities among which is inter-hall debating was drawn and approved. The Wranglers plan to begin debating withing a few weeks.

BISHOP FINNIGAN STOPS AT UNIVERSITY

Bishop George J. Finnigan, C.S.C., Helena, Montana, formerly Provincial of the Holy Cross Order, stopped off on his way to the meeting of the Catholic Hierarchy at Washington, D. C., and visited his friends at the University Monday morning. He left on an afternoon train.

Bishop Finnigan was formerly vice-president of the University and gained the distinction last August of being the first member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross to be made a bishop in the United States.

STUDENT TICKET DISTRIBUTION

In regard to the coming football games, the Athletic Office has several important announcements to make to the student body. In the first place, to insure a solid cheering section, no extra tickets will be given out this year on the student books. Last year there was no little unfavorable comment upon the raggedness of our cheering at the games, and it is with the intention of remedying this that the powers wish to concentrate our cheering body in one section of the stands. Those students who saw either the California or the Army game last year realize what can be done when the student cheering section is well organized. The Cadets and "Native Sons" gave an example of splendid cheering which is seldom found at football games. Any student, however, who wishes to procure extra tickets for the games may do so at the Athletic Office through the regular channels.

One day will be set aside for each class so that there will be little confusion as possible when the students get their tickets for the various home games. No tickets will be distributed except on those days set aside. Freshmen athletic books have pink covers, sophomore purple, juniors salmon, and seniors white, so that each may be easily identified, and so that the men of one class may not procure tickets on a day set aside for another class. Watch the

bulletin boards for announcements regarding student ticket distribution!

Each student ticket is stamped in such a manner as to be immediately recognizable as such. These tickets will not be honored at the gate if presented by anyone other than a student. Tickets are not transferable in any manner whether they are sold or presented as gifts. A severe penalty will be enforced upon any student who endeavors to sell his tickets. It is well to refrain from scalping, as penalties will be most strict, and as those in charge will be more vigilant this season than in the past.

PROFESSOR PROVOST'S NEW BOOK

A new and valuable work has just been added to the steadily growing list of books produced by Notre Dame authors—"The Classic French Dictionary" edited and revised by Prof. Antonio J. Provost, Head of the Modern Languages Department.

Prof. Provost, who is an Officer d'Academie and a holder of the Diplôme Supérieur of the University of Dijon, has brought to the publication of this new dictionary a masterful knowledge of the French and English languages. A work of this nature demands far more than a literal familiarity with the languages concerned; there must be an intimacy with the literary background, the soul and spirit, of the tongues dealt with. This is Prof. Provost's special gift; and the fruit of it, in this instance, is a work which is already gaining wide recognition. Clear explanation of both French and English pronunciations, carefully arranged tables of irregular verbs (the *bête noir* of the student!), lists of obsolete French words, and many other special helps, are features of this dictionary. The publishers, (Follett Publ. Co., Chicago) have done their part well, turning out a handsome volume in excellent binding and with a very handy indented index. Altogether, this is one more volume to be added to Notre Dame's output of books, of which all may be proud.



THE EDITOR'S PAGE

NEVERTHELESS, GENTLEMEN—

Once a year, in the soothingly cool and invigorating month of September, when the balmy breezes of Indiana are tempered by the first touch of autumn, and the campus is repopulated with youths eager for learning, a small group of these same youths enthusiastically undertake the production of the weekly magazine known as the SCHOLASTIC. They go about the campus with the springy steps and intent expressions of men who believe themselves on important missions. They have, one might say, delusions of grandeur, and these delusions are quite apparent to the more observant of the student body.

We have watched this annual phenomenon for three years; we have seen, with the passing weeks, a change coming over the staff members. The enthusiasm quickly disappears; next go the springy steps, intent expressions, and all delusions—of grandeur or of any other type. We have seen the editors down and nearly out as the long struggle with the SCHOLASTIC comes to its inevitable end. And now we discover that we are the present editors, and that we must do battle with this hybrid SCHOLASTIC even as have our predecessors.

Now the SCHOLASTIC is a peculiarly innocent looking magazine and, to the eyes of those who have only a reading acquaintance with it, must appear to offer no difficulties to the editors. Its harmlessness is, however, unfortunately confined to appearances. It is capable of wreaking a respectable degree of havoc on the peace of mind and nerves of almost any staff member.

Consequently, the custom has sprung up by which the editors, in the first issue, make a plea to the student body for assistance in conquering the monster. If the student body reads these pleas, it has so far seen fit to ignore them, and is more disposed to sit back and cheer for the dragon SCHOLASTIC that St. George, in the person of the staff, is vainly attempting to subjugate. Occasion-

ally during the combat, various hoots and gibes uncomplimentary to the character of the perspiring editors, and encouraging to the dragon, are emitted by the audience, but it is rare that any member of the student body leaps into the lists to give his assistance.

In spite of the lack of outside help, the SCHOLASTIC has appeared in the past with a fair degree of regularity. This year, therefore, we shall make no plea. If any one of our readers has journalistic or literary aspirations, we shall be very glad to help him through the SCHOLASTIC, and we shall rejoice even more at the help that he will be able to give us. But, whether or not we receive the desirable assistance of the audience, the ancient maxim coined, ages ago, by an early editor of the paper, still holds true: Nevertheless, Gentlemen, the SCHOLASTIC will come out.

—J. A. M.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

"Prospero Image" is not identified. "Summer Death," in this issue continued his custom of retaining a rather transparent anonymity. You will hear much more of him.

In "Penance," C. Everett Michael shows the poetic aspect of that skill that won a place for his "Prelude" in the recent Scribber Anthology.

Sister Mary Blanche, O. S. D., was a student in the summer school. Lovers of the lore of ancient Ireland will recognize the continuity of her present contribution, "The Curse of Emaine Macha," with "The Farewell of Cuculain and Emer" which appeared in the SCHOLASTIC last October.

"The Diary of a Freshman" should be authentic—it was really written by a newcomer. But what introduction need be given to an author with a name like his—Jack Dempsey?

McKeown and the 1927 SCHOLASTIC will be identified with each other through history—each is making a first appearance.—R.C.E.

LITERARY

*Moon Oil**A Sad, Sad Story of Prohibition and Other Sorrows*

EDWARD M'KEOWN

IT was two evenings after the last bottle of private stock had been emptied.

"Terry" McKeever, a rough, hard-boiled, hod-carrier, responsible for the well-being of a wife and four small children, sat in the basement of his two-flat building talking to his tenant—who, it might be said, was Terry's most intimate crony. They were discussing the possibilities of evading the prohibition law. There was little doubt, it seems, that Denny Maloney, Terry's tenant, was as much perplexed about the situation as was Terry. And Denny, an old, typical Irishman, with the usual "Whiskey blossom," sandy-colored hair, a face that had been used to the cold, biting winds in the winter and the hot, burning sun in the summer, and a brogue almost as wide as the Atlantic—looking up under moist eyelids, exclaimed:

"Terry, old man, I'd give me lift elbow far a kag of illigant beer."

"And more power to your elbow," cut in Terry, looking almost as pathetic as his friend, "I'd give me right eye and the back of me shirt for a shot o' moon right now."

"The back of me hand and the sowl of me foot to all yer prohibitioners," broke in Denny with the same moist look in his eye. "Me nick is parched—and by the way, Terry, speakin o' moon, I wuz talkin to me friend McAuliffe to-day and he sez far ten dollars he'd equip me a still; and says I, 'Me friend, the wife, and me would niver git along wid that in the house.' Have you a thought—"

"A thought," interrupted Terry, "I've a thought and the ten. Git the still," showing Denny the ten with the rapidity of a master brick layer, and at the same time

brimming over with joy. "Are you sure ye can git it?"

"Sure I can. McAuliffe is me best friend, Denny. I'll run over right now—you git the raisins and the sugar and I'll git the way to make the mash."

"Just a minute, Denny, yer away ahead of the game. Find out about the still before we git the raisins."

About this time Denny had his hat in his hand, and his pipe in his mouth, and was ready to see his friend McAuliffe. While Denny was performing his mission, Terry, who, as everybody thought, was accustomed to use much more foresight than Denny, thought out the possibilities of keeping such an affair from the eyes of the law and the neighbors. And after a few minutes of deliberation he was sure that the safest place for such an affair was a hidden room, regardless of the size, somewhere in the basement. But before Terry had relighted his pipe Denny came rushing into the basement-door all out of breath, eyes filled with joy and a smile almost as wide as his face.

"I've got it—I'm to get it to-morrow," shouted Denny.

"Not so loud, you gommah. Do ye want to tell everybody?"

Terry intended to severely reprimand Denny for talking so loud, but at the sight of Denny's face Terry forgot all about the neighbors and the noise and awaited the good tidings.

"Well, anyway, he wasn't so nice about it at first, Terry, but says I, 'Many's the time I've give yer the price of a beer and last cent I had. Bad scram to ye, then, after all I've done for ye, McAuliffe!'

But finally he relinted and says he, 'Will, Dinny, you've always been a purty good sort of a faller to me, so yer wilkin to it.' "

"By troth, I knew you'd git it, Denny; it's a thrate to be hearin' the way ye did it. And now did you git the receipt?"

"And says he, "Don't forgit the charcoal," continued Denny, handing Terry a badly torn sheet of paper with writing all over it. "Jist faller the instructions—be sure the wather is cold and the moon runs into the bag of charcoal because ye know that'll kill the fusal oil in it. That's what me friend McAuliffe said in leavin—"

And before Denny could finish his sentence Terry had to tell of his own plans.

"I've an idear . . . we'll dig a hole in the corner there. The gasman and the wather reader inspects the meters and we can't for the life of me keep it in the open. I can git the bricks and the marter and in two days we'll have a nice room for it."

No sooner had Terry suggested the ideas than Denny commended them very highly, for he knew that such a place would never be discovered by his wife; or, if she found it out, he could easily blame the whole affair on Terry, and Terry could stand the responsibility, as he was the owner of the place. Denny's wife had a very noticeable influence upon him, so much that the neighbors thought he was henpecked.

The following evening Terry and Denny came home carrying shovels and picks and a wheelbarrow, all ready to start the excavations. Terry, being somewhat the "boss of the house," as Miss Felix Henrietta Fogarty, the best next door neighbor and the oldest maid in the vicinity called him, had no difficulty in winning his wife's approval. It must be remembered that Mrs. McKeever came from a family where liquor was always kept in the house for medicinal purposes and she deemed it almost a necessity. There was nothing like a shot of "toddy" for the children's colds. That night the two determined Irishmen decided to build the hiding place for their still and mash. Soon after supper Terry and Denny tore down the bricks at one end of the basement and carried out the

debris and the dirt. The following day they resumed the work and both saw that in a few hours they would be finished, and with a little luck would be able to enjoy one of the luxuries of American life.

The second evening's work began earlier than the preceding night, and it was expected that the excavating would be completed in a short while. They intended to start on the mash on the following night. After two hours of digging Denny broke out.

"By troth, I'll be damned if I darn't smell a funny smell. Come over, Terry, and give yer nose a chance."

Dropping his shovel, Terry approached the spot where Denny was digging, took up some of the dirt, and, sniffing it cautiously, looked at Denny as though he had a hand full of limburger.

"Be Gad, it's oil, or gas, I'll be condemned if it ain't."

"And I've been thinkin' the same meself, Terry,—if it ain't the luck of us to strike oil whin we want liquor."

Sufficient ground was then removed to convince Terry there was no doubt that oil in some form or other was to be found in the particular spot where they were digging. Calling his wife and Mrs. Maloney, Denny's wife, Terry reasoned that it was quite possible to find oil anywhere now-a-days and that they had better not sell the place, regardless of whatever offers they received.

"Bad scram to the likes of ye," Mrs. McKeever. If you lit your husband keep the house the lawyers and oil crooks will beat you out of it. You'd better sell it now and git the kids some clothes before winter sets in," burst out Mrs. Maloney, showing a deep frown and a repugnant look on her face.

The thought of unexpected wealth—money, clothes for the children, dresses, a beautiful home, a car, perhaps, and unlimited ten-cent store luxuries completely overwhelmed Mrs. McKeever. And Terry, being likewise affected by the aerial architecture that he had built, resigned his job at bricklaying, took his weekly shave, had

the boys shine his shoes—incidentally his wife always kept his Sunday shirt clean—and set out to consult young Jack O'Reilly, the son of his foremen, who was studying law at night and working in the real estate office of Thomas and Harding.

Terry explained the situation to young O'Reilly, leaving out, of course, the purpose of digging the new addition to the basement. Young O'Reilly advised him to discontinue the digging until he could come over to have the dirt examined and to inspect the ground.

For the remainder of the day Terry awaited the arrival of young Jack and when the door bell rang after supper he almost went into a paroxysm of delight. In the meantime Mrs. McKeever and Mrs. Maloney and Denny had spread the word to the surrounding neighbors, and no sooner had young O'Reilly stepped in the front door than half of the neighborhood tapped at the back door to borrow a cup of flour or to inquire of Mrs. McKeever's health. When Terry, Denny, and young O'Reilly started for the basement they were followed by fourteen curious-eyed neighbors, all intent upon seeing the outcome of the McKeever fortunes.

"Well, said young O'Reilly, taking up several spades of dirt, "There's oil somewhere in the neighborhood, and I think

that if we can judge from the smell it is of a very high grade. You might dig a little more to the left, Denny. I don't imagine your next door neighbor would care if you dug a little farther on his side of the lot. There's oil close at hand."

The neighbors stood with staring eyes, astonished faces, perhaps a trifle nervous. They foresaw a mammoth oil derrick towering in the district; they saw the transformation of the street from a peaceful residential section into a busy thoroughfare; they saw prosperity for McKeevers and perhaps the entire block.

"If there's oil in this dirt, I'm the man to find it," commenced Denny, taking hold of the pick and swinging it with the force of a pile driver and an accuracy that gave proof of his thirty-three years of hard labor.

"Yes sir, may the divil take me if I don't find yer oil, Terry, I'm in earnest now that your fortune is in the dirt."

CRASH. . . . ZOOMB. . . . SWISH. . . . OIL. . . . And with this thundering noise Denny stuck his pick into the supply tank of the oil burner of Joe Haggerty, the next door neighbor.

"The curse of the seven crows, on ye, ye old sinner. Bad cess to the likes o' yer kind. Now do you see what you've done, Denny?"

Jewels

*In jewelled Venice I have seen
Gondolier and stately queen
Stealing the diamonds that the moon
Dusted across a black lagoon.
And across the sapphire sea
My mind remembered jewels three:
Two eyes, flashing jets of jade;
A coral smile, with pearl inlaid.*

Are Only Freshmen Green?

Freshmen, Take Hope; All Others, Take Heed

LEO R. M'INTYRE

ARE only freshmen green? I wonder. It becomes difficult, I have discovered, as time incessantly flits by, to recall the circumstances in which one met for the first time this man or that; for I do not possess a memory like that of the man who could describe, upon occasion, the agony that accompanied the cutting of his maiden tooth. And yet I can affirm that the person, afterwards known to me as J. Christopher Lane Harvey, entered my life at eight minutes and thirty-three seconds after ten on the morning of Thursday, September sixteenth, two days after my victorious fight, for the seventh successive semester, to settle my account with the University of Notre Dame. For there was that about my initial meeting with this man which has caused the incident to remain fresh and wholesome in the refrigerator of my memory. Not only was the meeting dramatic, but it had in it a plentiful injection of the irony of fate. It seemed to unfasten the fetters of the sadness of life.

I had just attended a class in Metaphysics, and, while my feet propelled me to my next destination, my mind was still masticating the definition of Metaphysics which I had overheard the professor give. It was a unique definition, and had instantaneously caught my fancy. The professor had explained that Metaphysics was the science of a blind man pursuing a black cat in a dark alley. After a great deal of mental manipulation over this statement, I had come to the conclusion that Metaphysics must be a somewhat difficult study.

Suddenly, without any premonition whatsoever, my mental convulsions were stopped by a squeaky noise which I thought emanated either from a human being or from the antiquated, effete brakes of one

of the world's ten million. This phrase, "one of the world's ten million," by way of explanation, has reference to that species of automobile for which Detroit is famous or infamous, as you will. I halted; I looked up from my scrutiny of the sandy soil. My first assumption had been correct: the squeaky noise came from the throat of a human being.

Evidently the man opposite me had achieved his supreme vocal effort and was satisfied. I looked at him questioningly, but he uttered not a word. He merely stared at me confusedly, his large mouth partly open.

I can best convey the instant impression I got of him by saying that he looked like a freshman who was more than ripe. He possessed a huge head, which was covered with corn-colored hair. He had a long, aquiline nose; and his chin, from constant contact, had rubbed a hole in that part of his shirt which reposed upon his chest. One hand was hidden under his chin restraining it, no doubt, from continuing its depredations; the other, hanging down near to the ground, looked like an aberrant ham converted to stone. His shoulders were stooped, his frame slight, and his legs delineated an almost perfect circle. There was something about him that seemed to suggest that he might be one of those men who, as we say in the common parlance, are gluttons for punishment.

"May I help you out, Greenie?" I politely asked. After the amenities had been thus duly observed, I tripped daintily over to him. I tickled his chin with the fingers of my extended right hand, wheeled, and the back of his blue coat collided with my left hand in such a way that a tremendous whack resulted.

The greenie stood his ground. His eyes met mine, and there was an amused,

tolerant look in them; his face momentarily was suffused with an incredulous smile. His aspect seemed to indicate that he regarded what had just happened as a monstrous mistake. Truly I thought, he is the veritable green freshman.

"Why, yes," he replied. "You see, I'm new here; I don't know my way about yet. I'm in search of the place where third-year Greek is to be taught at this hour."

"Come along with me!" I urged. "I'm headed for there myself; it's held in Main Hall, or else the class-card is a willfull prevaricator."

I paused; then I said spontaneously: "I'm sorry for the way I have just acted.

I didn't know you were a junior; I thought you were a freshman."

"But I'm not a junior," he remonstrated quietly.

My face flushed with triumph. So I had been right in my first conjecture of his college status! He was, after all, nothing more than a precocious freshman!

"Then you really are a greenie?" I proposed with a rising inflection; and again the back of his blue coat bumped against the flat of my hand with a whack.

"No," he answered timorously, as if he were unwilling to disappoint me again, "I'm the instructor of Third-year Greek."

Are only freshmen green? I wonder!



Summer Death

*Oh, bring a bit of frost for her,
A fragile flake of snow,
And lay it on her burning eyes,
That stare and glitter so.*

*Oh, cut her cold and shining fruit,
From branches white with rime;
The sweet and scented apple's gift,
The sharp and bitter lime.*

*And bring her wines that sing with ice
To cool her withered tongue—
A frosty memory of days
When cold-voiced winter sung.*

*Oh, bring her all that's known the touch
Of winter's ice-white breath
To save her from the fiery shroud
Which is a summer death.*

—PROSPERO IMAGE.

Diary Of A Freshman

Joe Campus Explains the High Cost of College Education

JACK DEMPSEY

Tuesday, September 13.

It's the end of a perfect and an expensive day. Now I'm a college man!

After getting off the train this afternoon I carried my bags through the main street looking for a car to transport me to my Alma Mater. I began to look into the shop windows as I passed them.

I saw some big labels with the name of my affinity printed in color on them. They were my initial purchase. I did not permit the clerk to wrap them up; I immediately stuck them on my bags.

In another window I saw a monogrammed belt buckle and watch fob. I bought these and adorned myself with them.

I also saw and purchased a monogrammed compact—it cost me ten dollars but is cheap at any price—which I am going to send to Helen.

Then, in order to be a real collegian, I had to have a pipe, so I got one at a corner drugstore.

I then bought a pennant to hang in my room.

Thus equipped with my monogrammed belt, watch fob, bag labels and pennant proclaiming to the wide, wide world the Alma Mater that was mine, I boarded the street car that was to carry me to the campus. Many other boys were on this car.

After I got off the car I decided to take my bags to my room and explore the campus.

On the way to my room a fellow—evidently an upper classman—with a bundle of papers under his arm came rushing up to me.

"Got your Scholastic?" he asked.

"What's that?" I asked.

"This is the first issue of the school paper. Only twenty-five cents." He shoved one into my hands. I gave him a quarter.

When I got to my room I looked at the

headline and thought it was peculiar that they hadn't changed the date on the press for the last six months.

I then wondered out on the campus.

A young fellow—evidently another upper classman—came up to me with a gilded object in his hands.

"Got your gold brick from the 'Dome,' yet?" he asked.

"Gold brick?"

"Sure," he says. "They tear down the 'Dome' every year and sell the bricks to the students. Everyone buys one. Only five dollars."

I gave him the five.

"Say," he said, "you're a good fellow and I'll tell you what I'll do for you. I'll let you have the *exclusive* rights to sell these bricks in your hall. They're one hundred and fifty fellows in it and you make fifty cents on every one you sell. Seventy-five dollars is what you'll make. I've got another job so I'll let you have this one for only twenty-five dollars. It's an easy way for you to clean up fifty bucks."

I gave him the twenty-five but I thought there was something wrong when the first prospect I interviewed jumped on my neck for working his territory.

I didn't mind any of these things until a guy—evidently a third upperclassman—came up to me and said:

"Sign here for the 'Dome'. Only five dollars."

"You mean you'll sell me the 'Dome' for five dollars?" I asked, as a little light forced its way through my thick skull. I'd just bought a brick from the "Dome" for five bucks and here was a guy willing to give me the whole thing for the same amount!

"Sure!" he answered.

'Twas then I socked him.

The Curse of Emaine Macha

As Told by Connal Cearnach to Emer

SISTER M. BLANCHE, O.S.D.

"THERE is the smell of fresh, new earth in Emaine Macha this day, and it is not the seeding time of the year. The curse of the Druid has fallen on the House of the Red Branch; and from this day forth Conchabar will mourn for the warriors of Usnach." And then Connal Cearnach, fresh from the quarrel in the North, was silent and stood there with a sullen look in his eye. The red mantle thrown over the right shoulder exposed the strong, bare arm that rested on the battle ax. His wide brow, bound by a golden band, wrinkled. Slowly his glance lowered until it rested on the keen edge of the glistening weapon.

Laeg watched him closely. The chariot-eer was rested. For three days had he enjoyed the ease of Dungealga. Now he was seated on the floor of the great chariot of the Cú. Macha Gray pawed the ground restlessly. A sudden impatient jerk gave a rhythmic sway to the massive form of Laeg as he sat musing.

"The Hound was not there. But could he have quenched the wild jealousy of an old man, and he burning with a passion, defied and unsatisfied?"

Connal the Victorious raised his head slowly. "No, the Champion of the North was not there, and Fergus was not there; but I, Connal the Victorious, was there. And Fiacia, the son of Conchabar, lies deep in the damp earth, and by this hand." He shifted the battle-ax a little. "Beside me, fell the fair-haired Iollan, the son of Fergus, but all this did not stay the fury of the High King!"

"The spell is upon Cuchulain now," said Laeg. "It is not the great battle fury, but a great sadness like the grief of his on Baile's Strand. To-day the boys that played hurley on Slieve Fuad with him sleep in that wide, deep grave in Emaine."

At the door stood the mistress of the Dun, the fair Emer. In her eyes was the sorrow of a woman living within herself the suffering of another woman beloved and gone.

"Tell me, oh great Victorious Connal, the full tale of the star-eyed Deirdre, she who went down to her grave with no woman beside her have the ancient Lavarcam."

Connal had straightened himself as Emer appeared; the brooding look had faded into one of sadness in the grey eyes of the Caernach.

"They came back from Alba with Fergus macRogh and that ruffian Owen. In his black heart was the love for Deirdre and a revenge-hate for her lover Naoise. But Naoise's spear spilled his blood before they reached the Red Branch."

"What kept the cowardly Fergus from finishing the journey so bravely begun, and they tramping the edge of the grave?" asked the wife of Cuchulain.

"Fergus, son of Rogh was asked to a feast at the Rath of Borach, and he under geisa not to leave until he had eaten of it. The husband of Nessa sent his two sons, Iollan and Brunne, to Emaine with the sons of Usnach. As they passed by Finncairn, Deirdre would have come to Muirtheme, because of a dream sent her; but her lover, the brave Naoise would not listen to it."

Emer was scarcely listening. "'Tis little," thought she of the six gifts of womanhood, "you men of battles know of what passes in the heart of a woman, and she passing her girlhood home."

Aloud she said, "And she who trod the roads of the great world, wanted repose in the woods where Naoise and Ainnle and Arden had chased the hare, and where she had gathered berries the livelong day."

"'Twas not that she wanted, oh fair

Emer," remarked Connal, "it was the protection of Cuchulain until Fergus would be done with the feast, for fear of the treachery of Conchebar. But there was no fear on Naoise, and he would not come to the home of the Hound."

Emer picked up her little daughter who had run to her mother's side. She pressed the child to her breast. "O Connal, it was of her babes she thought, and her lover and his brave brothers. But Naise would not heed! Had he, this day would not be so dreary, nor would a dark cloud hang over the Cú who mourns for the three dragons of Dun Monad."

"Oh daughter of Forgall of the Horses, 'tis a hard thing to see a great and brave man weep. Deirdre herself, before she went to join Naoise, told the whole story to Cuchulain how it was with the sons of Usnach, from first to last. How the king deceived them. And there was no man dearer to the Cú than Naoise. He asked Deirdre who killed him and she said, 'Maine Rough-hand.'"

"Your husband went away and Laeg brought him here to Muirthemne. Then it was that Deirdre of the Sorrows lay down beside Naoise and made lament over the sons of Usnach. 'Sons of a king, and

a king's sister; the three lions of the Cave; three hawks of Slieve Cuilleum; the three heroes not good at homage; betrayed by the jealousy of a king, the High King of Ulster, Conchabar, son of Nessa.' And moaning and keening, oh Emer, her spirit went out of her and she slept like the beautiful sons of Usnach.

"Cathbad has laid a curse on Emaine Macha, and has cut short the line of Connor macNessa. Fergus mac Rogh has gone to Maeve; Cormac Conlaingear, Conchabar's own son, and Dubthach have crossed the ford into Connaught and have joined forces with the king's ancient enemy—Maeve of Croghan."

Emer found her way slowly to the grainnan to weep over the fate of the lovely Deirdre. Connal Cearnach returned to Emaine, the ruined house of the Red Branch, and to the lonely, heartbroken monarch. The Cú mourned many days, but Emer cheered him and at last Laeg drove him Emaine Macha in the great war-chariot shining of red and of gold. But his youthful face and brilliant armor and weapons only reminded the heroes of the Red Branch of the three young champions who had died because love had had its way.

Penance

This morning,

With the rain slanting down

*And the night's desolation yet ling'ring
in my heart,*

I wished I had never known you.

Walking home

*I heard a thrush there in the hedge-row,
Trilling his rhapsody to a cold, sombre
world.*

I am doing penance.

—C. EVERETT MICHAEL

SPORT NEWS

King Football Remounts Irish Throne

Once again, a small army of blue-jerseyed young giants, strong, eager, willing, streams through the gates of historical Cartier field. Once again, a stockily-built, bald-pated, internationally famous individual clad in the familiar moth-eaten sweat-shirt and the time-worn baseball trousers directs, controls, and dominates by sheer force of personality, the straining aspirants. Once again, the crisp autumn air reverberates with the hue and cry of men, real men, smashing, shoving, tackling, running, spurred on by the dynamic force, the punishing labor, the glorious thrill that is football. Once again, Football the new King has reared his hoary head out of a nine months sleep and has been enthroned at the home of the "Fighting Irish."

And the King will have an extremely tough time on his hands this year at the Celtic institution. Faced with a nine game schedule composed of such formidable combinations as Minnesota, Georgia Tech, Army, Navy, Drake, Indiana, and Southern California, not to mention Coe and Detroit, nine schools with nine big football reputations, "Rock" and his men are facing the music for fair. But the stalwart gridiron warriors of Our Lady, who this year will attempt to carry the Gold and Blue through still another successful football season in keeping with the past, are undismayed at the herculean task facing them. Inspired with the same Notre Dame spirit which is their precious heritage handed down to them by each succeeding team since the first canvas-clad figures began to boot an inflated pigskin around the campus way back in the early eighties, they will enter each conflict, strong, confident, and alert, ready to win or lose, but in any case, ready to fight.

Fourteen veterans of last year's near championship eleven have turned in their moleskins for the last time, graduation hav-

ing exacted a huge toll. Numbered among this coterie of sterling performers who will never again tread foot upon a football field as representatives of the "fighting Irish" are such capable players as Bud Boeringer, All-American center; Harry O'Boyle, stocky fullback; the red-headed captains Gene Edwards, quarter-back and Tom Hearnden, half-back; "Red" Smith, guard; "Big John" McManmon, tackle, Joe Boland, tackle; Frank Mayer, guard; John Roach, half-back; and Joe Maxwell and John Wallace, ends, besides several others. Another familiar face which will be missed is that of diminutive Art Parisien, whose port-sided flips forward-passed the Irish to victory in several important scraps last year. Parisien has transferred to another school.

Approximately the same number of monogram men are back however, namely, John (Clipper) Smith, captain and guard; John Fredricks, center; George Leppig, guard; Fred Miller and "Bull" Poliskey, tackles; Ike Voedisch, Chile Walsh, and Joe Benda, ends; Charlie Riley, quarterback, Chris Flannagan, John Niemic, Jack Chevigny, Ray Dahman, and Joe Prelli, halves, the latter a 1925 letterman returning to school after being out a year, and Elmer Wynne, fullback. Using these as a nucleus Rockne will plug the remaining gaps with men from last season's reserves and those coming up for the first from the 1926 edition of yearlings. None of the above however, with the possible exception of Smith, Miller, Voedisch, Riley, and Flanagan, have sewed up their berths, and a mighty battle is being waged on Cartier each day by others anxious to break into the selected circle.

Prominent among the A. A. men and reserves who are striving to displace the letter men are "Chunkie" Murrin, Locke, Cannon, Walsh, and Law, pushing Leppig to the limit

for the guard vacancy; Nash, McCarthy, and Moynihan attempting to displace Fredricks; Ransage, Noon, and McGrath fighting between themselves for the positions as understudies to the two regular tackles, Miller and Polisky; Byrne, Collins, and Hurlburt, scrapping Walsh and Benda for the remaining wing post. McKinney, Brady, and Morrissey, ready to step into Riley's shoes at a moment's notice; Downes, Montroy, and Dew extending Prelli, Niemic, Flanagan, Dahman and Chexigny to hold their jobs; and Fred Collins, hard-driving full-back, who suffered a broken jaw in last year's Irish-Gopher tangle striving on even terms with Wynne for the full-back job.

These are the men, who with one or two others will carry the Blue and Gold into nine hard-fought, extremely interesting battles this coming season. Nine extremely tough battle in every sense of the word too. How many they win, or how many they lose is entirely in the hands of Fate. But whether they win or lose, the whole school will be behind them, and they will win or lose with the confidence of having done their level best, acceptly praise modesty in victory, and offering no alibis in defeat.

IRISH SCHEDULE NATION'S HARDEST

In line with the usual Rockne policy of listing only the outstanding elevens of the country each year, the Notre Dame schedule this season numbers nine teams, seven at least of which are with combinations pre-eminent in college football circles. Minnesota, Army, Navy, Georgia Tech, Drake, Indiana, and Southern California, each taken separately, are foemen worthy of the steel of any college eleven, but taken collectively, they are about the stiffest dose that any team, barring none, would care to swallow in one season. And then toss in two extremely strong aggregations such as Coe and Detroit, the remaining pair on the Celtic card, not as well-known as the others perhaps but extremely difficult propositions to solve nevertheless, and the result is indeed startling to behold from a Notre Dame viewpoint. Not a single team which could

be called a set-up, or soft. Not a single team which could not give any eleven in the country a battle. Not a single team which will not fail to give the Irish fight from the opening whistle to the closing. Especially so, since each aggregation is primed to the hilt to take the wind out of the Celtic sails.

Outstanding teams from each section of the country are numbered on the list. Army and Navy are at the top of the Eastern football heap; Georgia Tech always plays a dominant part in Southern Conference circles each year; Southern California for the past four years has battled Stanford for the Pacific Conference Championship; Minnesota from the Middle-West, on paper, the Big Ten's best bet, is destined for a niche among the greatest football aggregations in the country this coming season; not to mention Indiana, another leading Big Ten combination, forging ahead in leaps and bounds under the able tutelage of Pat Page whose Butler teams always managed to give the Irish stiff games in other years. Drake, extremely prominent in Mid-western circles the past few years, which nearly always boasts a sterling eleven; Coe, a little college with a big football reputation; and Detroit, possessed of their strongest eleven in years, complete the picture of representative teams to be encountered this fall by the gridiron warriors of Notre Dame.

K. K. Rockne's new 1927 football edition will receive its initial baptism of fire Saturday, October first, when the strong Coe College machine from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, will invade Cartier Field for the inaugural struggle of the season. As the Iowans boasted the best combination they ever possessed last fall, and as this same crew fortified by still another year's experience is practically intact, the Blue and Gold will have no easy task to send the visitors home on the short end of the score.

The three succeeding Saturdays will find the Celtic clan performing on strange fields before strange crowds. The first of these October twelfth, is carded in the Automobile City where Coach Dorais will send an unusually strong Detroit combination against them. The Jesuits are blessed with most of last year's talent and greatly strengthened

by several newcomers coming up to the varsity for the first time, will also present a strong front for Notre Dame to batter through to victory.

The next Saturday will witness the first engagement between members of the brand-new, all-powerful Big Three, Army, Navy, and Notre Dame, when Captain Smith will lead his men against the Annapolis Midshipmen, the outstanding team of the East in 1926. The game will be played in the huge Venable stadium at Baltimore, and more than eighty thousand people are expected to attend. Bill Ingram's Tars are thirsting for Irish blood and the ensuing conflict should be among the outstanding clashes of the year, and should be just as colorful as the Army scrap in New York, one month later.

Pat Page's Indiana eleven, smarting under the 26-0 defeat plastered on them last year by Notre Dame, will attempt to atone for that setback on October twenty-second, when the Irish journey to the Hoosier lair at Bloomington for a tussle. Page has carefully groomed his Scarlet machine for a successful season and it will take everything that the Celts possess, if they wish to return home with the winning end of the verdict.

Georgia Tech, another victim of a 1926 Irish whitewash, will trek northwards around the latter part of October for their annual mixup with Notre Dame on the twenty-ninth. Coach Alexander has, as usual, moulded a powerful combination which will do all within its power to avert a fifth successive defeat in the same number of years, at the hands of the Blue and Gold. Golden Tornado partisans think that they are about due to break their long losing streak, and as the Celts think vastly different as a matter of course, Cartier Field should be torn up in another spirited struggle on that date.

The next two weeks, the first two in November, will witness a pair of contests which will either make or break the Irish. The first of these "croocial" games will occur on the fifth when Doc Spears' Minnesota huskies trot upon Cartier Field to do or die. Possessing the strongest line in the Middle-West, an

All-American fullback in Joestings, and a grim determination to make amends for the previous pair of defeats suffered at the hands of the Irish, the "Terrible Swedes" are all set for a killing, and woe be to the Celts for the smashing battle they have on their hands that Saturday afternoon.

To say nothing of this titantic struggle, the Rox will engage in their fourteenth annual get-together with the Army the next Saturday, the twelfth. This battle is also of tremendous portent, not only because it is one of the football classics of the year, but also because it concludes for this season Notre Dame's participation in the affairs of the new Big Three. The game, as usual, will be played at the historical Polo Grounds in New York, and is expected to draw even a bigger gate than last year's record crowd. The The Army Mule still remembers that painful 7-0 bite inflicted upon him last fall by a fighting Irish Terrior, and mule are certainly "pizen"—especially Army mules.

Drake, 21-0 victim of a savage Celtic attack last fall on a snow-covered field in the Notre Dame Homecoming attraction, will be met the date following the Army battle, on November nineteenth. As the light-blue and white lost few men from last year's veteran combination, are well-nigh unbeatable on their own gridiron before their own home folks, and are also active participants in this revenge business—"nuff" said!

The concluding game of the hectic season on the twenty-sixth of November is with another splendid aggregation, Southern California. The Trojans minus Morty Kaer and several other star performers who gave the Irish such a battle last year in Los Angeles, will find Notre Dame travelling up to Chicago, to play host to them in the Windy City. In spite of the fact that graduation has taken nearly all of their last year's stars, the Californians will be the usual same old rugged eleven and will carry the same old fight to the Irish, as their sweetest dream is to return to the land of perpetual sunshine with a Celtic scalp dangling at their belts.

won the Southern championship in track for two consecutive years. During those two eventful seasons he placed four individual men in the Penn relays. In addition he has been in charge of track maneuvers at the Montreal athletic association which has taken possession of the Canadian crown for four of the past six years. Practically all of these honors are due to coach Nicholson's devoted efforts, as also holds true in the fact that five men from this association were placed on the Canadian Olympic team.

That covers coach Nicholson's brilliant career as a track mentor quite fully up to his present location at Notre Dame. We could not have been more fortunate than to receive the aid of a man of Mr. Nicholson's caliber. With the abundant amount of enthusiasts he has here, Notre Dame should make a name for itself in track equal to that it has acquired in its football endeavors.

FATHER O'DONNELL RECEIVES DECORATION

Father Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., Assistant Superior General, Former Provincial of the Order of Holy Cross, one of America's paramount poets, and chaplain of American forces in Italy during the World War, received on August second a commemorative medal from the Italian army for his service.

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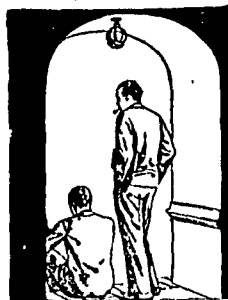
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