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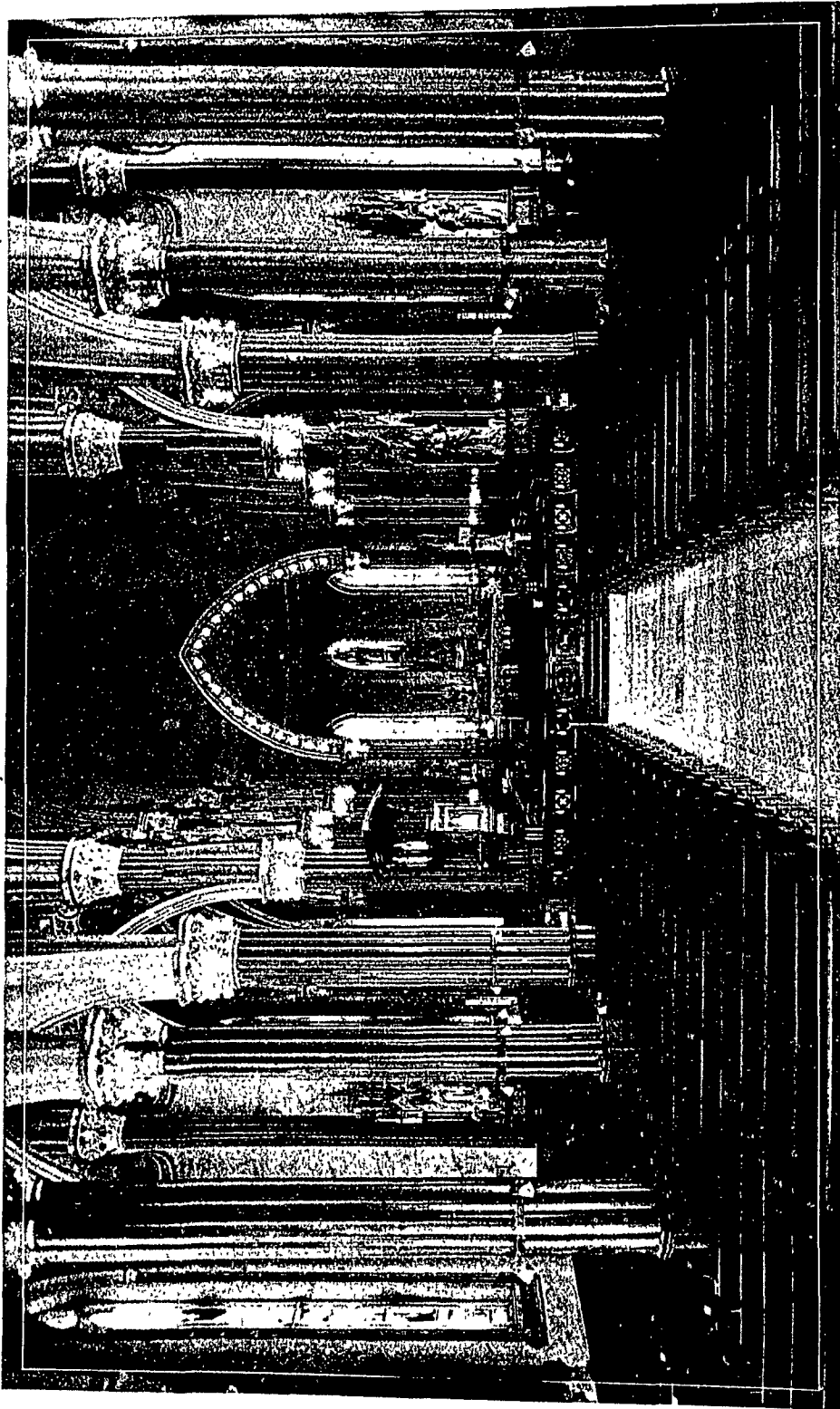
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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men



Interior of Sacred Heart Church


 THE WEEK

"Hello men." "Hello week." "Hello year." The annual campaign founded upon the dictum of the Lord, "love your neighbor," has been inaugurated with the added Notre Dame interpretation "speak to your neighbor." What benefits will accrue, other than voice culture without credit, remain for the statisticians and editorial writers. However, we, in perfect harmony and co-operation with the Department of Student Welfare, are formulating plans for a "good-bye week" which is scheduled to begin the Saturday of the Minnesota game and terminate seven days thereafter. To those who have the happy faculty of passing out and to those who will fade out under pressure, this little game of seven up is respectfully dedicated. Up before the Board within the seven days makes one eligible for the Grand Prize which will be donated by your favorite railroad. Professional boarders are barred ipso facto in favor of the amateur. Remember the day, the place, and the rules governing contest. Contestants will supply ammunition.

The laying of the air-tight-fit-right subterranean pipes and asbestos covering begun in the year of Our Lord 1927 under the patronage of Rev. P. J. Carroll, C.S.C., has been completed. Razing of the temporary foot bridge, upon which there was no loitering, was accomplished with fitting ceremonies, the war-time trenches have regained solidity, the man-injuring derrick has gone home, and everything seems right with the world. Science Hall students, nevertheless, must attend to the clank of cement sidewalk being hurled into dilapidated trucks which groan miserably with each deposit. Verily, this is an age of improvement.

Rev. Kerndt Healy told this writer two days ago (shades of Arthur Brisbane) that he continues to be pursued by Blanche—a thoroughbred from the Lear kennels. Despite the philosophical atmosphere which surrounds the Presbytery—the dog's home—

through the good graces of Father Crumley, the animal is as yet unable to answer the following questions to his own satisfaction: "whence am I come" and "whither am I going."

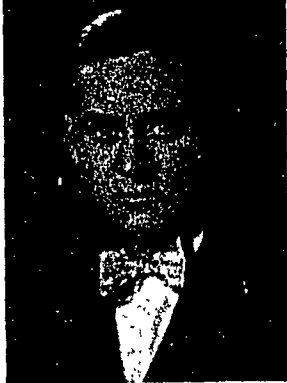
A special dispatch to The World's Greatest Newspaper reported 8,000 in attendance at the annual varsity-freshman scrimmage, all of which looks well in print. But Bob Kirby, our debonair cheer leader who has the most infectious smile this side of the Rio Grande, takes issue and demands the service of an expert accountant. In an exclusive interview he said, "I'm all for the idea of big gates; at the same time, though, my reputation depends upon mass cheering. In the words of the famous bard, let every mother's son of you spur the team on to victory with the cheers for which Notre Dame is internationally famous. Gentlemen, I enlist your support." And cries of "Bravo, Bob boy" filled the galleries. For the Coe game you will receive one ticket through the astounding and overwhelming magnanimity of the Athletic office. If your girl wishes to come for the opener, you may meet her at Gate 1 after the final whistle and there explain the technicalities which might have seemed vague to her during the four quarters. This will result in added technique in post-mortem sessions.

And the Mission moves along evenly with Father O'Donnell a most human and humane preacher striking emotional notes rather than the terrifying discord which often characterizes the annual stock-taking. Behind the sermons are seen the poet, the artist, the mystic; and banal allusions to banking, football, power, and wealth seem distasteful and foreign to the orator.

Fortune smiles on the freshmen. One told his help-eat mates that he has arranged a date at St. Mary's for every Saturday evening from eight until ten. Yes; he's with the green group. West wing. —J.T.C.

HELLO FELLOWS, HELLO!

At a recent meeting, the S.A.C. designated the week of Sept. 25th as "Hello-Week" for the year of '27-'28.



JOE DORAN
Chairman of the Students'
Activities Council

A precedent was established in the new dining hall when blue and gold buttons, bearing the inscription: "N. D. Hello—1927—1928," were found under the coffee cups at breakfast Monday morning.

After the morning meal, as the student body flocked from the dining halls, they were greeted with "Hello" and "Hello Fellows" signs which had been set up at opportune spots all about the campus.

"Hello Week" is a time honored institution here. It occurs annually, shortly after the reopening of school in September. Its purpose is the promotion of good fellowship and the destruction of barriers which bar the way to new friendships.

FIFTY YEARS A PRIEST

Rev. Father Casper G. Ritter, C. SS. R., who has been a priest of the Redemptorist Order for the past fifty years and who is touring the West in celebration of his golden jubilee, stopped here this week.

"I have always wished to see this great University of which I have heard so much" said Father Ritter, "now I can return home content."

Father Ritter is stationed at St. Peter's Church in Philadelphia and was on his way home after an extensive tour of the West.

Shortly after his arrival on the campus he expressed the desire to visit the grave of Father Zahm. Upon arriving at the grave the aged priest removed his hat, dropped to his knees and spent some time in prayer.

Upon arising he remarked, "I have always been a great admirer of Father Zahm; I have a collection of all his works and have read

and reread them many times; I consider it a privilege and an honor to stand by the grave of so great and so learned a man.

Father Zahm, it will be remembered, is buried in the community cemetery at the rear of Holy Cross Seminary. He was a member of the Congregation of Holy Cross and widely known for his literary works.

Father Ritter was deeply impressed with all he saw and particularly with the new dining hall and the library; upon leaving the campus to continue his journey home he was loud in his praise of our "great Western University," as he called it.

KIRBY CHOSEN CHEER-LEADER

Robert E. Kirby, former drum major of the University band, was selected cheer-leader by the Students' Activities Council at its regular Sunday meeting, September 25. Robert Mannix and Earl Leach were named as assistants to Mr. Kirby.

The three cheer-leaders tried out for the office last Saturday during the Varsity-Freshman football game. Freshman and Sophomore cheerleaders will be selected in a like manner on their showing during the Coe game tomorrow.

DOME TO PHOTOGRAPH SENIORS

The *Dome* announces that, beginning Monday, October third, it will take pictures of all seniors at the University. The photographers, who may be found in Walsh Hall basement on any weekday from 9:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M., will remain for three weeks.

FATHER CAVANAUGH RETURNS

Rev. John F. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., President emeritus of the University, returned from an extended tour of the West Saturday, September 24.

Father Cavanaugh was a member of the escort to Bishop Finnigan at the installation of the Bishop in Helena, Montana, giving the sermon for the occasion.

While in the West, Father Cavanaugh visited Columbia College, Portland, Oregon, and the cities of Seattle, Wash., and Vancouver, B. C.

FORMER NOTRE DAME PROFESSOR DIES

John Gillespie Ewing who was for over twenty years a professor at Notre Dame University in the branches of law and modern history, and was born at Lancaster, Ohio, on May 22, 1858, died at Washington, D. C. on August 2, 1927 after an attack of angina pectoris. His end was attended with the ministrations of religion. The funeral was at St. Patrick's church in Washington and his mortal remains were laid to rest in his old home town of Lancaster. He was survived by his wife, two daughters, a son-in-law and an infant grandson; among his near relatives he left two brothers and four sisters. He was the son of Judge Philemon B. Ewing and the grandson of Thomas Ewing, twice Senator from Ohio, Secretary under President William H. Harrison and Secretary of the Department of the Interior upon its formation under President Taylor. His uncle Rev. Neal H. Gillespie was the first editor of *The Ave Maria* magazine well-known in the Catholic world at home and abroad. His aunt, Mother Angela, was the foundress of the motherhouse of the Sisters of Holy Cross.

In the organization of the Knights of Columbus, Mr. Ewing was the first to hold the position of State Deputy for Indiana and for many years was one of the National Directors, being instrumental in the revising of the ritual of the order.

For the last seven years of his life Mr. Ewing served in the Department of Justice in Washington in the division that defends cases before the United States Court of Claims. An important case in which he was engaged was that of Frank S. Meyers against the United States, which concerned the President's right of removal from office. Mr. Ewing conducted the case throughout in the Court of Claims from its filing on April 25, 1921 and on March 2, 1922 a decision was given in the Government's favor. The case was appealed and was before the Supreme Court for over three years. The Court's decision upheld the Government's contention. The decision

was by a divided vote, which fact as well as the unusual time taken for the case, indicated its difficulty and importance. Its financial feature was not great; but the principle involved, which would serve as a precedent, was far-reaching. It was Mr. Ewing who prepared the brief for the argument of the Hon. James M. Beck before the final Tribunal. The decision was recognized by the legal profession and by the press at large as constituting a landmark in our constitutional history.

As a Catholic, the deceased was staunch and undeviating; through his life he kept his death in view and God's appointed time found him waiting.—*R. I. P.*

UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS

Father James A. Burns, C.S.C., Provincial, has announced the following appointments:

Father Matthew Schumacher, C.S.C. who has been Director of Studies at the University during the past year, to the deanship of philosophy in the University. Father Schumacher has long devoted special attention to some of the more abstruse problems of philosophy, his book "The Knowableness of God" having been very well received. Father Schumacher was one time President of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas.

Father Emil P. De Wulf, C.S.C., Professor of Astronomy at the University, to the directorship of studies, succeeding Father Schumacher. Father De Wulf is well known because of his many talks and papers on astronomical subjects.

Father George W. Albertson, C.S.C., associate professor of Biology, to the deanship of the College of Science.

James Armstrong, Notre Dame alumni secretary and director of District 5 of the American Alumni Council, will attend a regional round-table conference at Northwestern University Oct. 5. Mr. Armstrong, who was recently appointed director of District 5, which comprises Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia, has issued invitations to all the alumni secretaries of his district to attend the meeting.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

President of the Senior class, an athlete, a student and a good fellow, that is John Fedus Frederick!

John's home is in Saginaw, Michigan, where he learned his football and became all-state center while at Saginaw high school.



JOHN FREDERICK
President of the Senior Class

After matriculating at Notre Dame, John was forced to keep in condition. You can see how that was — Two flights down—careful not to shave someone else. Two blocks west—chapel.

Two blocks east—breakfast. One flight up—study. One flight down—ad nauseum. Answer, Carroll Hall, “where friends are made.”

Since the A. B. college listed Frederick, he continued to study; now he is in the college of Law. This might be a faux pas when speaking of an athlete—but when the writer last saw John he was seated in an easy chair, a “deep” book in his hands, a Collegiate dictionary on one arm of the chair, and a reference book on the other. A monogram has never meant “No Duty” to John.

Last season's Absurdities cannot be forgotten. Remember the Thriller Girls Chorus? Well, the “thrillingest” was John Frederick.

The S. A. C., the Monogram Club, the Knights of Columbus, and the entire student body count Frederick as “one of them.” The worst that can be said against him is, “He was never a day-dog.”

This year, John is making a determined bid to fill the shoes of Adam Walsh and Bud Boeringer at varsity center.

John Frederick has character. We shall hear of him in law someday as we now do in college. Those who have heard him speak, as he did at Freshman class meeting, know that he will be able to plead—and to win!

JUGGLER WILL APPEAR SOON

The *Juggler*, humorous publication of the university, will make its initial appearance of the year during the second week of October. The Funny Fellow's first performance will be known as the Freshman Number. The issue will not only satirize the first year men, it will contain contributions from writers and artists from the class of thirty-one.

The two prizes of five dollars each will be awarded to the two undergraduates who submit the best written copy and the finest art work. The staff members are not eligible for these prizes. All contributions should be in the *Juggler's* office, 313 Sorin, by the evening of October first.

The new staff heads include: Editor-in-chief, Walter H. Layne; Business manager, Joseph Doran; Art editor, Larry Culliney; Circulation manager, Lester Carrig.

AIRMEN ENTERTAIN STUDENTS

Saturday morning, September 24, at about eleven o'clock, the students here were entertained in a most unusual manner. An airplane circled the University several times, nearly smashing against the Dome and coming dangerously close to several other buildings. This startling behavior of the airplane attracted the attention of students going to and from classes. The plane finally made a daring landing in the field across from the post-office. Curious students immediately rushed to the field and surrounded the aviators. The pilot claimed that he came from New Orleans and was looking for a student named George Pope, a close friend of his. He failed to locate the student, and, after a short delay, caused by over-curious students seeking a free ride, he flew away. It was noted that the plane was made by The Alexander Airplane Co. of Denver, the owner of which has a son at the University.

STUDENT DIRECTORY SOON TO APPEAR

The Student Directory for the current year, 1927-1928, has been compiled. It is now in the printer's hands, and will appear on the campus in about three weeks.

S. A. C. SELECTIONS

Chairman Joe Doran of the Students' Activities Council announces the subsequent appointments:

Dorotheus (Turk) Meinert, chairman of the Blue Circle.

Willard Wagner, chairman of the finance committee of the S. A. C.

Jerome De Clercq, chairman of the dance committee.

John (Clipper) Smith, chairman of the concessions committee.

Louis Carr, chairman of the student-trip committee.

William Leahy, chairman of the elections' committee.

The officers of the Students' Activities Council for the ensuing year are as follows:

Joe Doran, chairman.

Jack Elders, secretary.

Sam Romano, treasurer.

UNIVERSITY THEATRE MEETING

The executive committee of the University Theatre, Notre Dame dramatic organization, composed of Father J. Hugh O'Donnell, prefect of discipline, and professors Phillips, Kelly and Manion, held its first meeting of the school year during the latter part of the week. Plans for the year were discussed and formulated. A number of programs, consisting chiefly of original plays by Notre Dame students, will be presented, it was decided.

The University Theatre was organized last year and was a recognized success from the outset. Four programs of exceptional merit were presented in Washington hall. The fact that each of these presentations were "all Notre Dame productions" is considered the most significant factor in connection with the revival of dramatics at Notre Dame.

N. D. WOMEN GRADUATES ORGANIZE

A Woman's Club of the Notre Dame alumni was organized July 22 by women graduates of the summer school in response to a belief on the part of both the women and the University officials that such an organization was needed. Sister M. Eleanor, C.S.C., widely known poet and a member of St. Mary's

faculty, was chosen as president by a general ballot. All women matriculates whose classes have been graduated from the University are eligible for membership.

JUDGE WOOTEN TRAVELS DURING SUMMER

Dudley G. Wooten, of the Law Faculty, spent a rather varied but pleasant summer vacation. He delivered the Commencement Address at D'Youville College, Buffalo, on June 9, the Commencement Address at Notre Dame College and Academy, Cleveland, on June 12, the annual Public Address before the National Educational Association at Detroit, on June 29, and a series of lectures at the Catholic Summer School of America, Cliff Haven, N. Y., from July 18 to 22. After these labors, he went into Canada for rest and recreation, visiting Quebec, St. Anne de Beaupre, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and other points of interest. Mr. Wooten accompanied him and they drove through in their own car.

PLANS FOR ACADEMY MEETING

Plans have been made to hold a meeting of the Indiana Academy of Science at the University sometime during the present semester. The exact date has not been decided upon. The Academy is composed of the best known scientists of the state and men and women connected with the science departments of the numerous Universities and colleges of Indiana.

REV. LAHEY'S FATHER BURIED

Rev. Thomas Lahey's father, who died Tuesday afternoon, was buried this morning at Michigan City.

Mass for his deceased father was celebrated by Father Lahey. Father Patrick J. Carroll, Vice-President of the University, delivered the sermon.

The new steam-heating system, which has been under installation since last May, is about completed. The system will probably be placed in service the first of next week.

NEW INSTRUCTORS LISTED

The Notre Dame faculty has been enlarged and strengthened by the addition of eleven professors or assistant professors and seven instructors. The Departments of English and Philosophy show the greatest increase in faculty members, the former receiving five new men and the latter three.

A change in the faculty of some importance is the shifting of Father Matthew Schumacher from the office of Director of Studies to the headship of the Department of Philosophy. Father Emiel F. DeWulf, former professor of Astronomy, succeeds Father Schumacher as Director of Studies. Augustin Confrey has been appointed head of the Department of Secondary Education.

The following is a list of the new professors or assistant professors: Rev. Bernard Ill, C.S.C., German; Rev. Louis Kelley, C.S.C., philosophy and religion; James F. Kirby, law; L. O. McCabe, marketing, finance and accounting; E. D. O'Connell, physics and mathematics; Rufus W. Rausch, English; Rev. J. J. Reynolds, C.S.C., history; E. J. Schmitt, economics and politics; Rev. Andrew Schreyer, C.S.C., German; Rev. Leo Ward, C.S.C., English; William F. Wall, education.

Instructors joining the faculty are as follows: William Downey, economics and politics; R. N. Kavanaugh, philosophy; Howard Dolmage, English; Alfred L. Meyers, English; F. E. Moran, English; Maurice L. Pettit, history and education; Carl Sprenger, mechanical engineering.

DINING HALL SEATS CHANGED

Seating arrangements in the new dining halls have been changed by the management in compliance with suggestions made by students to the S. A. C. Under the new plan, which went into effect Thursday, the students from each of the halls are seated together.

The dining hall will be completed by November 1, it is believed. The contractors have been delayed considerably because of the failure of materials to arrive.

STUDENT TICKETS FOR SO. CALIFORNIA GAME \$1.00

Student tickets for the Southern California game, to be played in Chicago Nov. 26, will be sold for one dollar, it has been announced. It was deemed proper to make this charge because Southern California followed this policy last fall when Notre Dame played at Los Angeles.

The game at Chicago will be a student trip, though it has not yet been decided whether it will be the primary school trip of the season. Train tickets will probably be secured at the same time that game tickets are issued.

METROPOLITAN CLUB MEETS

The first meeting of the Metropolitan club was held last Wednesday evening in the North Room of the Library. Jack Lavelle president of the club, presided and the first business attended to was the election of Joseph V. Lenihan as secretary to fulfill the vacancy of John I. McNamara who did not return to school this Fall.

Following the election, the plans for the coming year were discussed and from all indications this will be one of the most successful years in the history of the club.

It was decided that the annual Christmas ball would be held on the 28th of December in New York City. The ballroom in which the dance is to be held will be announced at a later date. Harley L. McDevitt was chosen as the General Chairman of the dance and is to be assisted by the following committee chairmen: Bids, Edward F. Cunningham; music, William T. Doyle; favors, Frank G. Dunn; ballroom, Walter A. Donnelly; publicity, Thomas P. Cunningham and William H. Knapp; reception, Warren S. Fogel; decorations, Martin Foley.

Approximately thirty freshmen turned out for the meeting with the result that the club now has the largest membership of any Eastern club on the campus. The next meeting of the club will be held about the middle of October at which time further arrangements for the Xmas dance will be discussed.

NOTICE TO CAMPUS WRITERS

Men wishing to contribute to the Literary Section of the SCHOLASTIC should mail their manuscripts to the Literary Editor, 428 Morrissey Hall, or should push them under the door of that room.

Short stories, essays, poems, and articles on subjects interesting to college men will be published. There are no requirements upon contributions except that they be appropriate for publication in the SCHOLASTIC.

ALUMNUS APPEARS

The September issue of the *Notre Dame Alumnus*, edited by James E. Armstrong, has made its appearance this week. The magazine contains erudite articles from the pens of Father John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., President emeritus of the University and Professor Charles Phillips together with news features and the regular departments. Father Cavanaugh's article, "The Soul of the Church," was delivered at the enthronement of the Rt. Rev. George J. Finnigan, C.S.C., in the Cathedral of Helena, August 18, 1927. "Deep Plowing," Professor Phillip's article, was delivered at the Commencement exercises of the 1927 Summer School.

BOY GUIDANCE OPENS FOURTH YEAR

The Department of Boy Guidance began its fourth year with thirteen new students enrolled. These men were selected by the Knights of Columbus Boy Life Bureau at New Haven, Conn., from a list of almost sixty applicants who sought scholarships.

The members of the new class together with their home city and college of which they are graduates follows:

Lawrence H. Brown, Des Moines, Ia., Creighton University; Cyril A. Costello, Providence, R. I., Providence College; Arthur J. Evans, Woodstock, Ill., St. Edward's College, Austin; Francis J. Culhane, Cambridge, Mass., Boston College; James T. Masterson, White Plains, New York, State Normal College Pennsylvania; Thomas R. McGrath, Providence, R. I., Providence College; Stephen M. Murray, Providence, R. I., Providence College; Edmund F. Mulhern, Van-

couver, B. C., University of British Columbia; Martin J. O'Phelan, St. Paul, Minn., St. Thomas College, Minn.; John F. Reilly, Memphis, Tenn., St. Edwards College, Austin; Joseph J. Ryan, Ashmont, Mass., Boston College; Stephen J. Schneider, Rice Lake, Wis., St. John's College, Winona; George John Ullrich, St. Louis, Mo., St. Louis University.

The members of the Senior class are engaged in practical field work during the first semester in a number of the larger cities. They will return to the University for the last semester, February first, receiving their master degree and certificate in Boy Guidance in June.

PUBLICATIONS, ATTENTION!

The Board of Publications of the University repeats its announcement of last year that all campus publications, before soliciting advertising in South Bend and environs, first must have the consent of the Board.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

"A Slice of Butter" ought to delight anyone who has ever come in contact with the unique personality of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Bernard Garber knows these people; he has had them for neighbors back in Butler. The thoroughness of his observation of their manners, as shown in his very human story, may be the result of a news-sense developed by Bernie's activity in the Press Club. If, as is probably the case, it is a natural knack for character-study, you shall see more cross-cuts of homely people like those in "A Slice of Butter."

"On the Male Physique" introduces Cyril Mullen, who has a rare trick of writing funny things dryly. We tried to keep the two Mullen brothers, Cy and Jack, from appearing on the same index page; but read "On the Male Physique" and you will understand why it could not be kept out.

Jasper Brent is a newcomer about whom we know nothing except the fact that his verse is pleasing, and his prose, which you will see very soon, is still better. —R.C.E.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By J. F. Mahoney

The reckless driving of Purdue students is a menace to the lives and property of the more conservative element of West Lafayette, Ind., according to a complaint made to the city council by an uneasy citizen. There is a prohibition on student driven cars, but the city council learned that there are actually more students driving cars than ever before. The council, alarmed at such disregard of the law in an otherwise peaceful community, immediately took the matter up with the school authorities, and suggested that the ban be made more stringent than ever.

The *Student Life*, weekly newspaper of Utah Aggies, rejoices that the ancient breach between athletics and scholarship is narrowing considerably. It believes that institutions throughout the country are looking now for the student-athlete as the best means of removing the sordid conditions implied by the phrase "four year loaf" which has often been applied to the career of college athletes.

The exhilarating rural sport of waiting for the mail is described in the *St. Edward's Echo* of last June. The writer, a Freshman at that time, declares the pastime to be the most solitary and restful activity in the world. It appears that you sit on a bank, throw stones in a pond, make a detailed study of any insect that happens along, and finally whittle. You are awakened from your enjoyment of these zestful amusements by the sight of the mailman approaching; he hasn't any mail for you, but you've had fun waiting, and you are cheered by the remembrance that tomorrow you may repeat the experiment. A great argument for the rustic life is contained in this stirring piece.

How the co-eds of a great University disport themselves during philosophy lectures is revealed by a letter published in a magazine called "Fraternity Life," the trade organ of a Detroit jewelry firm. The letter is from one of the sorority girls to another and describes a Kid Party held by one of the fraternities. The concluding paragraph remarks

that the writer has utilized the concentrated atmosphere of a Philosophy lecture to write the letter. It seems a shame that opportunities for education could be so wilfully neglected.

Something of interest to amateur philosophers is contained in an article in the *Holy Cross Purple* entitled "The Philosophy of Smiles." The following is quoted verbatim from one of the most powerful of the paragraphs, and refers to the inveterate smiler, who brightens the lives of others as he goes his cheery way down Life's road: "This philosopher's life position does not matter. Rich or poor, banker or laborer, young or old, he is ever smiling. His life may be called one long smile. From birth, I might say, he treads the path of life blithely and happily, no matter how rough or stony the road may be. . . ." That's a beautiful thought, and if it teaches one person to smile who has not smiled before, the labor the writer expended in composing it, and the trouble it caused me to copy it, shall not have been wasted. There is the formula for a happy life . . . gratis.

Kansas University has a sophomore this year who is six feet, ten inches tall, and weighs 210 pounds. He transferred to Kansas from Doane College, Crete, Neb., where he distinguished himself in football and basketball. The young man enjoys considerable notoriety in his home country.

A student returning from the floating university cruise of last winter pays a tribute to ancient culture in a letter to the official magazine of the university, when he says, "Were I to be asked what the greatest sights on earth were, I would answer without hesitation—the Shrines at Nikko in Japan; The Taj Mahal at Agra in India, and the Acropolis at Athens." The University has decided to drop coeducation this year, and to provide separate ships for men and women; this regulation is made because courtship detracted somewhat from study last year.


 THE EDITOR'S PAGE

ARE WE SLIPPING?

When a man, a college man, attends a moving-picture or vaudeville show in town, he is acting like a college man. When he "horses around" in a recreation room, makes a great deal of noise, calls people by names that would cause a fight under any other circumstances and, perhaps, throws an occasional billiard ball, he is still acting like a college man. But when a man attempts to combine the seeing of a show and the activities of the "rec" room, he is no longer acting the college man. He is merely acting the child, the child grown somewhat dangerous because of increased size and strength.

There are those who would, apparently, like to remain "just great big kids" all their lives. As in other years, some of them are at Notre Dame and, also as in other years, they have already begun to display their prowess in the art of childishness by making strange noises in the theatres and by actions just as juvenile and more reprehensible. They have chosen the theatre as the locale of their endeavors with transparent logic: the theatre is dark and the danger of detection is small. This latter factor is very appealing to them because, like children, they are afraid.

Twice during the past week, South Bend theatre critics have felt it necessary to speak to a University representative concerning noisiness and rowdyism during the shows. There is some excuse for the noise—the shows are, at times, of a type that cannot be taken seriously by anyone not naturally given to weepishness—but such actions as those which have on several occasions recently caused women to leave the theatres have neither reason nor excuse.

It is unfortunate that these occurrences have happened; it is even more unfortunate that they have been noticed by persons prominent in South Bend. Only the student body is in a position to prevent their recurrence. Will it?

And that is enough of a very unpleasant subject.

—J.A.M.

APPROACHING PERFECTION

New systems and devices are experimental at best. If their objective is not realized, they are discarded as useless and impracticable; if their end is apparent immediately they are said to reach beyond experimentation on an approach to perfection. Educational systems, too, are temperamental. Some respond to nurturing and thrive; others die pitiful deaths. The dissolution of the latter class is posited upon the observation, "as you live, so shall you die." They had no life at birth—muscles and tissues, the foundation of life, were faulty.

However, at Notre Dame an academic system of class registration has been devised to withstand the whims and fanciful educational theories of clerks and directors who may follow. Courses, teachers, students—all are profiting. Men have been assigned official positions, class enrollment has been limited, a double check has been installed, an appreciable amount of delay has been saved, and routine has been expedited. Contrast this with the discarded system of experimentation through which every man was captain with no man in control. The advantages are apparent immediately. The new device approaches perfection.

To the present Director of Studies, the SCHOLASTIC extends its sincere thanks for the correction of an obvious ill—that of improper methods in registration. It is to be hoped that both professors and students hasten to the practical support of the plan which has required hours of minute study for development. The customary complexities of mid-year registration will be eliminated. That in itself offers justification for the excellent procedure to which students became contributing factors during the registration which has recently terminated.

—J. T. C.

HOBNAILS

HOBNAILS REDIVIVUS!

When we made our final bow last year, we thought that the bow *was* final, that Hobnails had forever passed from existence, and that Cyrano was gone. We imagined, in other words, that we were dead, a peculiar state of mind to one who has had no previous personal experience with it.

Now we discover that we are still alive and, regretfully, that the new life will be spent in labor rather than in column conducting. But we can still be relatively happy, for Hobnails will be in the hands of our friend and kin-spirit, Allan-a-Dale.

You all know Allan. He was the minstrel of Robin Hood's famous gang before we procured his services. He is a gay lad, given to singing light songs and fooleries, the joyousness of which is accentuated by his rare but poignant melancholy. If you should think him a singer alone, however, try a bout with him at quarter-staves and receive the cracked pate you deserve.

Toodle-oo.

—CYRANO.

And hail to all of ye, our new-met friends!
We claim ye friends, though strange-come as we be
From Sherwood's woody dims
And the brave clasp of stout Robin's hand,
We know not yet if ye be comrades boon.
We know alone that we be here, smiling,
Sword and shield left closetted in good Maid Marian's care,

Bearing but our deep-voiced lute,
A viol, and a rowdy flageolet,
And these be harmless arms,
Designed for naught save lyrics and gay humorings.
—BUT

We can't be missing meals to do all this wit-hunting ourselves; we pant for contribs. You friends of Cyrano's, gather round and bring re-enforcements; you friends of ours, you who never knew Cy, cast your lot with us. Please, anybody, if you write anything that has life in it, send it in; if you hear a good wise-crack, tell us about it; and if you know anybody who has heard of somebody else that knows a fast one, hunt that humor down, and pass it on. Make wit your game, stalk it tirelessly, corner it, and when you've bagged it, drag its pelt to 428 Morrissey. The open season is on; let fly.

ON MOON LAKE

Tall pine trees
scan their shadows
upon the water.
My lonely whispering
for you
mingles with the shadows
and becomes lost
in the night.

—HEJAS

PLEA TO A LADY OUT OF REACH

My love, if you would only choose

The manner you display,

With half the charming grace you use

To frame the things you say,

O sweet, there'd be no limit to

The fullness of my love for you.

Perhaps, too, I could tell you then

How tantalized am I

To hear you say "I love you," when

You steadfastly deny

To me, who plead appealingly,

The lips that speak so feelingly.

Soft words are only little things

That tinkle and are gone;

A kiss, remembered, burns and sings

Its glory on and on.

So love me not with words alone,

But love me with your heart, my own.

—THE TROUBADOUR.

Hello-Week, -Year, and -Fellows are all with us, and, oh, what a heave of relief the editorial department of this august school-sheet must have heaved at sight of those mustard-and-indigo bulletins. To think that the S. A. C. would come through and relieve them of the work of writing the annual "Welcome Innocents" editorial by scattering the message broadcast on handsome signs and those cute little buttons!

Did you see the item in Arthur Brisbane the other morning? It seems that somebody believes that the college grad loses three years for every year at college. Thank heavens we were warned in time. Now it's up to us to skive out all night and gain anywhere from three to twelve years before it's too late.

NOCTURNE

Gentle breezes—soft, green moonlight, velvet grass. Closed eyes, visions, suffused exhilaration. Gentle breezes.

Silent trees—soft, weird silhouettes; eerie noises. Closed eyes,—visions—tremors of emotion. Silent trees.

Plum blossoms—silent trees, gentle breezes—intoxicating perfume—hazy visions—sleep.

—N. LOTI.

There you are—the first week's shift is finished, and may it please you. Somehow, though, we feel a little empty-hearted now that this issue is off our mind. We rather fear that we're homesick for the good old band back in Nottinghamshire. Who will join us in the cause of HOBNAILS? Who will be our Friar Tuck, our Little John, Will Scarlet and the rest? Who will stand with us, with

—ALLAN-A-DALE.

LITERARY

*A Slice Of Butter**A Story of Fate in an Ingenuous Disguise*

BERNARD GARBER

"An' half a pound of uncolored Japan."

"... A' right."

"An' five pounds of oleo—put in an extra color bean; Henry likes it yellor."

"... A' right, Mrs. Schull. An' what else?"

"Guess that's about all. Put these in a poke, Mr. Biehl?"

"Yes mam ... There you are. Now let's see—you brought in eighteen pounds, six ounces of butter. Eight fours is thirty-two ... eight three's twenty-four and three ... six dollars and twenty-four cents. An' you got five pounds of oleo, an' a half pound of tea, an' a box of pepper, an' a sack —. . . A dollar an' fifteen cents coming to you, Mrs. Schull. One dollar, ten, an' five is a dollar fifteen. Thank you, Mrs. Schull. How's Henry these days? Haint seen him in a long time."

"Oh, he's pretty perk. Goin' t' mend the roof of the barn tomorrer, if it don't rain. Had to stay in with Maw an' the kids while I came to town—he was rantin' 'round somethin' fierce."

"How's yer maw's lumbago this wet weather?"

"Pretty bad—makes her cranky. She lit on Hen yesterday for wantin' to cut down a locust tree Paw planted the year before he died. Maw's gittin' old; I don't 'spect her to live more than ten years at the most. Well, I better be gittin' home."

As the store-door clicked shut behind the waddling woman, Nicholas Biehl clasped his hands and smiled self-complacently. He took on a wood splint a bit of the delectable butter and placed it on the tip of his tongue where he could enjoy the fresh unctuous sweetness.

"Emma still makes mighty good butter," he said to himself.

.....

Certersburg is one of those small Pennsylvania villages in which the early German immigrants settled and built homes as nearly as possible like those in the fatherland. The land was divided mathematically—each family had its home along the one wide street while the farms ran back along either side. At one end of the street stood a steepled building which served as church and meeting house.

With the growing years and the establishment of a public school, Certersburg lost a bit of its early exactness; yet it still held to its innate frugality and to its pastime of watching, with the protection of curtains, the clumsy dalliances of its young people in which the head and the stomach played the role intended for the heart. But Certersburg failed to follow the subtle yet homely strategy that directed the choice of a husband for Emma Shodd.

Emma, the only living child of Coony and Gertrude Shodd, had intermittently attended Certersburg's public school until she had completed the eighth grade. Like so many German farmers, her father did not believe in education, especially for girls—he thought it a waste of time. During four years, Emma had worked at home and helped on the farm—she could plow and pitch hay as well as any farm lad. The other farmers envied Coony's cheap help.

"Yo're Emma iss a fine voman," said the farmers to Coony Shodd. "Big, strong hands! Vy, she could milk all der cows—. Maybe if my Conrad ... ?"

"Nein! She iss bull-headed like as a jack-ass. She do nothin' I tell her," Coony would answer, shaking his head.

The only two who had persistence enough to continue to call on Emma were Nicholas Biehl and Henry Schull. Had Nicholas been born to a higher position in life he would have been known as a gourmet; as it was, he was known to the people of Certersburg as a "good-eater." He expected invitations to the homes where there were special celebrations, and he always received them, for all women like a man who can appreciate their good cooking. Since Nicholas had little income and less ambition, he sought satisfaction of his wants by busying himself at Beitermann's Grocery where he could nibble at food to satiety. It was for the same purpose that Nicholas paid attention to Emma Shodd, who was, according to a few of the older people, one of the best cooks in Certersburg. Nicholas had thought long of Emma. She was healthy and strong—"Comfortable lookin'," Nicholas said—and she could cook fresh bread, roast meats, sour gravy! He would close his eyes in ecstasy.

"Nicholas," said Henry Schull, "would be a good feller to send fer a doctor fer the devil." Henry, however, would be the one with wisdom enough to send such a man as Nicholas. Henry always looked into the future. He saw, thru Emma, a farm of over one hundred acres, a slate roofed bank-barn, and a father who had once suffered a light stroke. And Emma was economical, her mother saw to that.

The Shodds had invited Nicholas to Sunday supper. "I think Emma has picked you," Henry said to him. "Shodds don't give meals away for nothing. They have such good butter," he added after a little thought. "Took a blue ribbon at the Fair last year."

It was five o'clock when Nicholas reached Shodd's that Sunday. While Emma helped her mother in getting supper. Cooney and Nicholas sat in the living and dining room and smoked. Nicholas began:

"Emma's a fine girl."

"Ya, she iss. Stronger as a horse."

They both puffed a while in silence.

"You goin' to stay by Beitermann's?"

"Guess so. Maybe some day I can buy."

"Ya. Fine, fine!"

As soon as they were seated at the table, Nicholas remembered what Henry had said about the butter. It *was* good butter. Nicholas plastered his bread with it; he put it on his baked potatoes until they looked like Jersey sweets; he allowed it to melt in little golden pools on his creamed beets; he ate it like cheese with his pie. He became so absorbed with the delicious food that he did not notice that Coony was glancing at his wife, then at Nicholas, and back to her again. How could Nicholas eat so much butter? Why, they got money for their butter!

After supper Emma and Nicholas sat in the parlor and talked. Coony and Mrs. Shodd stayed in the kitchen—Nicholas could not understand it. In Certersburg the parents always came in to talk with the young people—to ask questions of the man. And always there was a glass of elderberry wine or a pitcher of beer to help make the evening enjoyable. But Emma and Nicholas remained alone, and they could hear low, excited talking in the kitchen.

About eight-thirty, during one of the numerous periods of silence, Nicholas heard the creaking of the back-stairs as Mrs. Shodd climbed to bed. A few minutes later Coony was heard coming in from his evening smoke on the back porch. He slid the bolt in the back door, shook down the fire in the kitchen stove, and followed his wife upstairs.

Nicholas looked at Emma. She gazed stolidly into space. He cleared his throat as if about to say something of importance, but Emma paid no heed. He thought for a few minutes and then said suddenly:

"Emma!"

She looked up. Nicholas noted the queer expression on her face. He hesitated a few seconds, then muttered:

"Where did you get those beer-steins?" He pointed to the mantle-piece. Emma repeated a dull story.

"Guess I'd better be goin'," he said shortly after much fidgeting.

Emma said nothing. She went into the hall with him and held his coat. He buttoned it slowly, said good-night, and closed the

front door after him. He stood for a few seconds outside the door in bewilderment. He heard Mrs. Shodd's voice:

"Emma!"

There was no sound.

"Emma!"

"Yes, Maw."

"Nicholas, iss he gone yet?"

"What?"

"I say, iss Nicholas gone?"

"Yes:"

"Gott! Ain't he der hog on butter?"



Fallen

*Out of the richest gold and stone,
Out of the jade and ebony,
I carved an idol of my love
That I might keep in the heart of me.*

*But, when the idol was complete,
She whom I meant to picture there
Laughed, and with slashing ruthless strokes,
Hacked it until the shrine was bare.*

*Heaven, I lack omnipotence;
Only in this have I equalled you:
Though I am mortal, futile, weak,
I have my fallen angel, too.*

—JASPER BRENT.

On Returning To The Prairies

*And these, your dull horizons, what are they?
The flat, unbroken ends of rimless fields.
Even the sunset's vari-colored shields,
The crimson, and the purple, and the gay
Stipple of pink and mauve, the final ray
Of gold, are all impoverished. Sunrise yields
Its palette to a prairie hand that wields
A grave, unskillful brush upon the day.*

*But mountains, mountains, flinging to the sky
Their undecaying grandeur, make the end
And the beginning of each day so sweet,
So sharp, so keen in beauty that the tie
That holds me weakens, and the irons bend.
Life's shackles hang but loosely at my feet.*

—JACK MULLEN '28

On The Male Physique

Wherein the Mirror Is Held Up to Nature, to Nature's Mortification

C. J. MULLEN

I WOULDN'T presume to say, against the traditions of ages, that the male physique is not beautiful. That, of course, would be foolish. Authors have always revelled in rippling muscles and symmetrical legs, and who am I to contradict all the volumes from "Sohrab and Rustum" to "The Life of Jack Dempsey?" The fact seems to be well established that the young adolescent, if not a joy forever, is at least a thing of beauty. But if he is, either he hides his charm with remarkable coyness or else I have a perverted sense of the esthetic.

Although my researches have not been extensive, they have been in a group that might be called fairly representative. No one could ask for a better hunting-ground than St. Joseph's Lake. The bathers on any warm afternoon are college men, young, unembarrassed by feminine spectators, and are supposed to be in the prime of youth, that is, when the body has reached its best development and the brain is still dormant. The idea of an intelligent college man is as unthinkable as a business man of forty with a decent figure. Despite the advantages of youth, however, and the absence of any cranial restlessness, the average youth is utterly lacking in classical qualifications.

Leaving physical detail out of consideration, for a moment, let us think of the young man as a unit; let us impersonally gaze upon him in a favorite pose. It is here that I realize the futility of trying to know the world through the near-sighted and rose-colored vision of some writer's imagination. Take a lad half-reclining near the spring-board, for instance. His aspect is anything but classical. He would be more attractive, I should think, if he would only stop staring at his toes, especially his little one, with such lively interest. Fancy a Grecian athlete gazing at his toes! It may be that I am doing the young man an injustice. Perhaps the interest that I have taken for admiration is,

in truth, amazement. Certainly the lumpy little callus that shows such affinity for its larger brothers is worthy of amazement. It might well be the cause of philosophical speculations on the meaning of life. The very serious, perhaps, could even squeeze a moral out of it; something about the influence of bad environment (the shoe) upon the human mind (the little toe.)

Having started with the most remarkable, though smallest, physical wonder, we find ourselves gazing next at the legs. Legs are usually regarded as bowed, knock-kneed, or straight; but the insufficiency of such a classification is apparent. From watching the boys promenading at the pier, I should say that legs are usually knocked at the knees and bowed the rest of the way down, or vice-versa; but they are most certainly never straight. As I should not wish to appear unfair to these useful appendages, do not mistake my meaning. If legs were viewed alone, they would lose much of their humor. It is only when they are topped with a disproportionate amount of hip, waist and shoulder that they are ridiculous. In general the skinny lad has too much leg to drag around after him, whereas the fat boy must have a thorough understanding of the laws of equilibrium to be able to totter about at all.

The style dictators of today satisfied a great need when, in the face of constant derision, they introduced baggy trousers, just as their predecessors of 1840 decided that a half-foot of collar, covered by a towel-like cravat, was far less revolting than a male neck in the raw. Their motives, no doubt, were similar to those of the Turkish gentlemen who, under the guise of advancers of modesty, decided that the Asiatic lady's face was far more attractive when hidden by a veil.

Man, it seems, owes his self-respect to the tailor.

SPORT NEWS

Strong Coe Eleven Here for Inaugural Clash

The lid of the 1927 Notre Dame football season will be officially pried off tomorrow afternoon on Cartier Field when Coach Moray Eby's crack Coe College eleven will assist Coach Knute K. Rockne's "Fightin' Irish" in doing the honors. How well-behaved in a gridiron way the visitors will be, remains to be seen, but from all indications, predictions and rumors trickling this way from the Cedar Rapids, Iowa, institution and from other parts of the tall-corn state, it seems as if the Gaelic clan will have a rather active matinee performance on their hands.

The Iowans are from a small institution with a small name, located in a small town. But those are the only things small about them, as they are possessed of no small football reputation. Boasting the best team of their history last fall, a team that cut a wide swath through other strong combinations in that section of these United States, the Coe-illians are out for bigger game this season. And they have a reason to be. What with ten regular monogram men of that aggregation back in moleskins again this season eagerly awaiting the bark of the opening gun tomorrow, these husky visitors to the kennel of the Irish Terrier are ready to give everything they possess and play their strongest game against the home crew. Furthermore, they are keyed up to a psychological pitch making them realize still further that they have everything to gain and practically nothing to lose by taking the Celts into camp.—A well-nigh impossible happening, especially when the battle is to be staged on the home lot of the Irish; a place which has not witnessed a Notre Dame defeat since the time way back in 1906 when the Little Giants



COACH KNUTE K. ROCKNE

from Wabash shoved across a 6-0 victory, when the great fall sport was barely in its swaddling clothes at the Irish institution.

The wily Coach Eby is well-known as the possessor of an extremely ample bag of gridiron tricks, as many Coe opponents realize through bitter experience in past years. However, Coach Rockne's proteges are well-versed in solving these cross-play puzzles of the gridiron and are past masters in the art of breaking them up. Therefore,

little trouble is expected in this quarter in the Irish camp. Anything may happen in football however, even as it may happen in any other sport, and a well-planned and well-executed deceptive lateral pass or a fake line plunge materializing into a wide end run, may discomfit the Celts at sometime or other during the sixty minutes of play, but only temporarily.

The visitors boast of an unusually strong line built around a pair of giant tackles, Hunter and Devitt. How good these flankers are may be gleaned from the fact that Walter Eckersall remembered them both when he compiled his all-American and all-Western combinations last fall. Hunter was given honorable mention on the all-American, and his teammate was accorded a berth on the second all-Western. The former, however, has been out for some time with an injured leg, and it is extremely doubtful whether he will be able to don the moleskins for this inaugural clash. Zerrien, another stocky tackle is ready to step into his shoes if he is not ready for action. Wolfe, veteran signal-barker is also on the hospital list with a dislocated collar-bone. His directing job will be capably handled by Langlas or Kapp.

Coe supporters pin much of their hopes on Frisbee, husky Sophomore fullback to crash the Notre Dame line for good gains. Frisbee is a real triple-threat, line-plunging, kicking, and passing with equal facility. Combining a speed unusual in a man his build with deadly tackling ability also, he should prove a tower of strength on both the defense and offense for the Celtic guests.

By a singular coincidence both teams will be captained by star players with the monicker Smith. The Coe leader is a halfback. Incidentally he is a very capable halfback too, as he has been tendered that position on the mythical all-Iowa combination for the past two years.

The remaining positions on the Iowan eleven are also well-fortified with veterans. Patscke and Boles will be on each side of Allen the centers, as guards. Callaway and Schrader will handle the wing posts, and the backfield will be completed by one of the Barrows twins. Harper, an end, Hovey, a center, and Luske and Johnstone backs are also apt to see service during the game.

Coach Rockne as usual will leave his starting lineup in doubt until the very last moment. However, it is a safe bet to say that the brunt of the afternoon's work will be borne by the first two teams which performed with the freshmen last Saturday. The third eleven will also be given a chance to display its wares in all probability. If things run smoothly from a Notre Dame viewpoint, then the rest of the men on the squad will be tendered their opportunity to show their coach just what football they have in them.

The probable starting lineups of both teams follow:

COE		NOTRE DAME
Callaway	-----LE	Voedisch
Harper or Zerrien	-----LT	Miller
Pteschke	-----LG	Law
Allen	-----C	Fredericks
Boles	-----RG	J. Smith (C)
Dewitt	-----RT	Polisky
Schrader	-----RE	Benda
Langlas or Knapp	-----QB	Riley
R. Smith (C)	-----LHB	Flanagan
E. Barrows, or R.		
Barrows	-----RHB	Dahman
Frisbee	-----FB	Wynne

Place: Cartier Field.

Time: 2 P. M.

FRESHMEN VARSITY TANGLE

The annual Freshmen-Varsity embroglio was reenacted on Cartier Field last Saturday, with the usual disastrous results to the yearlings. No accurate score was kept of the proceedings, as there were no adding machines available. However, a conservative estimate of Varsity 110, Freshmen, 0, will not be far from wrong.

A crowd of approximately 5,000 Irish partisans were in the stands to view the battle, and incidentally to see for themselves just what sort of eleven Coach Rockne is going to present to the football world this coming season. Nor were they disappointed either. They saw a light but fast machine, well-oiled with veterans and capable reserves. They saw a team, lacking the finesse and polish which only a few battles will give 'tis true, but spirited and scrappy nevertheless, and comparing favorably with other elevens turned out by the Irish coach during the past few years. They saw Rockne's answer to the new shift regulations, merely an improvement on the old shift, and which is expected at this early date, to even exceed the old shift in effectiveness. And they saw many other things which made them leave the field feeling happy and optimistic about the Celtic gridiron for this season.

At times during the two-hour session the trio of complete teams and the imposing array of other players paraded on the field to display their gridiron capabilities, flashed brilliant, mid-season football. At other times, as expected, they displayed glaring faults and weaknesses, which will have to be ironed out before the stiffest part of the schedule beginning with the Annapolis Midshipmen is reached. On the whole though, the blue jersied athletes gave a good account of themselves, which was all expected of them.

Straight everyday football was played, varied every now and then with a well-executed forward pass. While using the new shift continually to accustom themselves to it, the Rockmen adhered strictly to simple plays, and kept their secret and new formations under complete cover.

A tentative first team of Voedisch and

Walsh, ends; Miller and Polisky, tackles; Leppig and Smith, guards; Frederick, center; Riley, quarter; Flanagan and Dahman, halves; and Wynne, fullback, and for that matter too, the remaining teams which trotted upon the field, at various times during the contest, romped at will through the first-year line and secondary defense, to score touchdown after touchdown. In doing this, they reached a mechanical perfection on the execution of plays that was very commendable for such an early date, and which presages that these combinations are well capable of taking care of themselves in stiffer competition beginning tomorrow with Coe.

The Frosh, while battered from pillar to post by their more experienced opponents, put up a spirited opposition at all times, and deserve unstinted praise for the way they doggedly kept up their fight.

HARRIERS PRACTICE FOR DIFFICULT SCHEDULE

Steady and determined practice is the keynote of the cross-country aggregation's daily routine. Led by captain Dick Phelan, the boys cover the four to six mile route with noteworthy efficiency every day, and if they are only able to continue their present stride with a little competition thrown in to urge on their efforts, the end of the season ought to find them far in advance of their opponents. It is doubtlessly a well balanced team that will represent the Notre Dame colors in its travels away from home this year.

Coach Nicholson is proving to be an ideal man for the position in the fact that he has the fellows interested in him, and at the same time striving to fulfill his idea of what a real track man should be. The Brown brothers, De Groot and Schlickert have lost none of their prestige in the last few days of training and appear to be blossoming forth with hidden spurts of power that last year's inexperience was unable to bring forth.

The meets, all of which are to be contested away from home, are:

- Oct. 22—Illinois at Urbana.
- Oct. 29—Northwestern at Evanston.
- Nov. 6.—Marquette at Milwaukee.
- Nov. 13—Michigan State at Kalamazoo.
- Nov. 20—Central collegiate championship.

FALL DIAMOND PRACTICE STARTED

Fall baseball practice began last week with the end in view of limbering up the Irish diamond performers and discovering, if possible, a few prospects to fill in the losses incurred by last year's graduation. Several promising sophomores, Benton, Fieri and Purcell, have proved themselves invaluable in recent days of conditioning and seem to stand a good chance of joining the squad in the trip down South.

Coach Mooney is trying to develop an out-field combination as well as unearth a few pitchers to take the place of the men who left us last spring. The old infield has been left intact and is back working out with renewed vigor. Sullivan and Schrall look more formidable than ever this year. "Chunky" Lordi, Krembs and Richardson, three players of almost equal merit, will battle it out in an effort to determine who will be slated to hold down the position behind the bat. All three men are sterling contestants in both the offensive and defensive elements of the game and Coach Mooney will have a job on his hands trying to select the best man for the position. Ed Walsh, Jr., the rifle-armed twirler of the Celtic staff, has not turned out for practice as yet, but is expected to don his uniform and continue his work on the mound the beginning of this week. Practice will be extended into the season as the weather permits, which, with a knowledge of Hoosier climatic conditions at hand, will not last for more than two weeks.

RAQUETERS' TOURNAMENT FINALS TO BE HELD TODAY

Of the thirty-two men entered in both the freshman and varsity divisions of the tennis tournament, only the best survived the strenuous ordeal of the first few days' matches. The final rounds will be staged this afternoon when the top man in the freshman section meets the varsity titlist to determine the holder of the university crown. In the varsity division, four of the seeded players, Cianci, Burns, Griffin and Markey, have been forced to play three set matches. Taken with Kane, these men will battle it out to de-

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H. M. SAWYER & SON

East Cambridge

Massachusetts

"Bucky" Dahman is a welcome addition to the Celtic backfield again this year. Ineligible for basketball, a sport in which he has continuously starred for the past three years, because he has played his regulation three seasons, the stocky halfback who performed so brilliantly last year is still eligible for football, as he has only participated in the gridiron sport for a pair of seasons.

Joe Prelli, weavy-hipped Californian, is also back in our midst, after spending a year in travelling around various places on this old globe of ours. His return has materially strengthened the Celtic back field and great things are expected of him year.

Four of the teams the Irish will meet this fall have ex-Notre Dame grid luminaries as head coaches or assistant coaches. Detroit has Bud Boeringer all-American center last year, as line coach for head coach Dorais the passing end of the famous Dorais to Rockne aerial duet in 1913. Don Miller, one of the four horsemen, is assisting Alexander down at Georgia Tech. His teammate and name-mate, Rip Miller, one of the seven mules, is helping "Navy Bill" Ingram at Annapolis in bolstering the tars this year, and Dutch Bergemann, of 1921-1922 backfield fame, is showing Joestings, Almquist, Nydal, and Barnhart, the tricks of the backfield trade at Minnesota.

It is estimated that close to 350,000 people will pass through the turnstiles this season at various stadiums throughout the country to glimpse the Rockmen in action. The estimated attendance at each game follows:

Coe at Notre Dame	14,000
Detroit at Detroit	35,000
Navy at Baltimore	80,000
Indiana at Bloomington	35,000
Georgia Tech at Notre Dame..	20,000
Minnesota at Notre Dame	30,000
Army at New York	85,000
Drake at Des Moines	40,000
South. California at Chicago	100,000

And while we're about it we might as well get that pre-game score off our chests. 34-0, with the "Fighting Irish" on the long end of course, ought to come somewhere near it.

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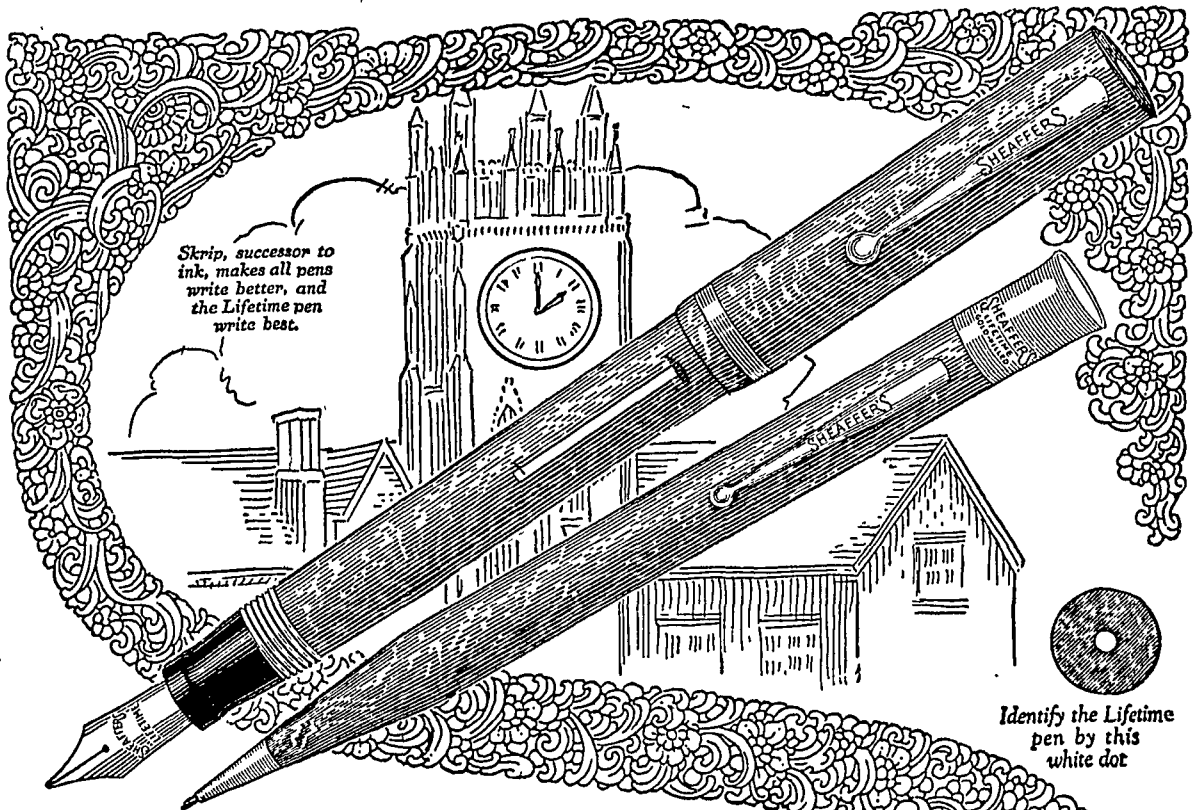
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