

THE SCHOLASTIC STAFF

JACK MULLEN, - - - Editor-in-Chief
 HARLEY L. McDEVITT, - Business Manager

LEO MCINTYRE, - - - News Editor JOHN V. HINKEL, - - Sports Editor
 JOHN MCMAHON, - Asst. News Editor JOHN T. CULLINAN, - - The Week
 RICHARD ELPERS, - Literary Editor J. F. MAHONEY, - The College Parade

NEWS

JOSEPH MURPHY JOHN DEROULET JACK DEMPSEY WILLIAM CRAIG
 JOHN BERGAN RAYMOND DRYMALSKI RICHARD PARRISH BERNARD GARBER

ADVERTISING

W. H. KNAPP, - - Local Adv. Mgr.
 H. J. NOON, - Local Circulation Mgr.
 D. M. MEINERT, - Foreign Adv. Mgr.

BUSINESS

W. E. BURCHILL E. A. O'BRIEN
 L. J. WISDA H. O'BRYAN
 C. M. ASHMAN E. J. CARLIN

VOL. LV. 61

OCTOBER 7, 1927

NO. 3

1872 = INDEX = 1927

The Week	John T. Cullinan	70
College Parade	J. F. Mahoney	76
Editor's Page		77
Hobnails	Allan-a-Dale	78
White Walls	J. P. McNamara	79
To a Hand (Poem)	Cyril Mullen	81
Awakening (Poem)	John de Roulet	81
The Realist of Them All	Mark E. Nevils	82
Lament (Poem)	Eugene Farrell	85
Sport News	John V. Hinkel	86
On the Enemy's Trail		89

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1108, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.

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

THE WEEK

The legal minds of the campus aided and abetted by their annual crop of canes with deformed heads (the canes, understand) arrived at the Coe game prepared to lend the judicial atmosphere. Despite the attractiveness of their equipment, it has never been explained just why the lawyers are singled out as decorative targets for enterprising walking stick merchants. But the game, nevertheless, was an excellent eye-opener. The cheers were strong in spots, the band was stronger, and the traditional reserve strength was strongest. Whether the result of the game was dependent upon the pep meeting of the preceding evening is a moot question. However, after Pat Manion's and Rock's stories, the campus felt that satisfaction, usually accredited to Chesterfields, and was driven from the church as were the money changers of Biblical repute.

Through the design of the refectory manager et als., you are sitting with your friends. It must be noted that a large portion of wall space outside the dining hall has been converted to the use of the S.A.C. and Campus club secretaries who demand "action" "everybody out" and "be-there." Posters announcing the policy of the management might best be placed with their less momentous cohorts. If no statement of policy seems available, *The Week* suggests this happy combination of classicism with stark reality: "We must not, like Lear, 'give everything.'"

To those who stormed Washington Hall Saturday evening with a view to seeing the feature film announced exclusively in the last issue of the *SCHOLASTIC*, we extend our sincere apologies. Reels of comedy, colored scenic effects, and news of the day were not billed. For the freshmen it must be said, campus theatre programs are subject to

change without notice and with the regularity of Indiana weather.

If you knew your oats you attended the Scholarship dance, declare the press agents for the organization, and at the same time participated in the formal opening of Notre Dame's social season. The Scholarship Club is doing charitable work of inestimable value in raising funds with which to finance students, but ethical Seniors declare that the end never justifies the means. First year men seem satisfied with their early season social batting averages.

"Over the Wabash we must go, we must go" to Detroit. The train will steam into your back yard early tomorrow morning and the ticket collection line will form at the headquarters of the Volunteer fire department. For those who are steamed up to the point of combustion, the first stop on the return trip will be made at this identical point. Mayor Smith will welcome the students at the City Hall, the Detroit-Notre Dame club will feed everyone, busses have been chartered for a sight-seeing trip—if this be possible in Detroit, and a police escort will accompany. All this gleaned from Joe Doran's telegram. "It is hoped a large number of students will be present to join in a big U. N. D."

"Rudy" from Chicago is in Badin basement with his equipment which includes one camera, one dress shirt front, seven soiled collars, two caps, and one gown. Seniors are the first victims. When pictures have been taken and proofs have been returned, Rudy will sing this song of salesmanship, "Yes; the proofs don't flatter you. But in the finished picture we remove all lines, wrinkles, blemishes, and warts." With that assurance, is there a man among us who would not order a dozen—says he oratorically.

The latest official bulletin of the University: "The University is now operating its own laundry." Dirty business; eh what, old topper?

—J.T.C.

—Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C. Dean.

INTERHALL DEBATING TO BEGIN

It was announced at the meeting of the Wranglers Club last Wednesday evening that the first interhall debate will be held on October 31. Only the Freshmen halls will be included in the league, the purpose of which is to arouse interest in forensic activities among the freshmen. Brownson, Freshman, Carroll and Howard will be the halls to compete for the Lemmer trophy, the gift of Victor Lemmer, A.B. '26. Brownson Hall has it in its possession now, having been awarded the cup last season. Any men interested in debating should meet their respective hall coaches next Monday night in their hall after seven-thirty.

William F. Craig is chairman of the interhall debating league and Pierce J. O'Connor is director. Howard Hall will have Arthur Stenius and George Courey as coaches, Freshman Hall will be coached by James C. Roy and James Keating; Brownson will have Arnold Williams and Walter Stanton as its coaches; while Louis Buckley and James McShane will coach Carroll Hall.

The question for debate will be: "Resolved: That the Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution be ratified."

WISCONSIN CLUB MEETS

The first meeting of the Wisconsin Club was held Monday night, October 3, at 7:45 in the court room of the Law Building. Plans for the coming year were discussed, especially the Christmas dance. Father Farley gave permission for all Off-Campus students from Wisconsin to leave their rooms to attend this meeting.

The officers who were elected last May are: President, F. Earl Lamboley, Monroe; Vice-President, Jean La Boule, Milwaukee; Treasurer, John Brannon, Mt. Horeb; Secretary, Frank Holdkamp, Milwaukee.

Last year the annual Christmas ball was held at the Elks Club in Milwaukee. This affair proved a great social success, and the Club hopes to give an equally as good a dance this Christmas.

Father Carey, Assistant Dean of the Arts and Letters School, is the honorary Presi-

dent of the Club and Dean Konop, of the Law School, a former Wisconsin man, is an honorary member.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Having been told that our column is to be headed "Music and Drama", we wonder just what may be expected of us. Indeed, we have not the audacity to consider ourselves far enough advanced in the field of criticism to have the knowledge which permits us to say that a certain composer has used his tonal colouring with a trowel when his theme is delicate enough for a fine brush; nor in the field of drama do we feel that we have reached the point where a couple of stilted lines will destroy our equanimity; but be that as it may, perhaps we can drop a few notes on the happenings in these fields without drawing fire.

The Glee Club, in spite of the fact that it still finds itself in the turmoil of the new year, is working hard to adjust itself and promises the campus its first appearance at High Mass of Founder's Day. Although the personnel may be somewhat different later on in the year, we are sure that even the short time in which the Club has had to prepare will not prevent a characteristically good exhibition.

Yes, the Palais again promises a splendid group of concerts for South Bend and Notre Dame. As yet, the personages have not been disclosed, but we may rest assured that the coming year will bring here virtuosos of such standing that to miss their appearances is sheer folly. One cannot readily see the problems which present themselves in getting these artists to appear in such cities as South Bend, and we may say that it is certainly fortunate that such celebrities can be heard.

In rather short order the merits of the band have been rewarded, for tomorrow they make their appearance in Detroit, when bandmaster Bigge leads his men down the field, and Notre Dame will try to add another victory to its string.—A.S.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

New York has "Al" but Notre Dame has "Clipper," and each is the man for his job. John Smith, in captaining "The Fighting Irish," is showing quality of leadership just as "Al" is showing his. In fact "Clipper" is so capable that he is taking the place of two men, Edwards and Hearden. But no one sees "Al" succeeding two governors.



John (Clipper) Smith, Captain of Notre Dame's football team.

"Clipper" Smith is a *guard*, one with speed and strength. Against the Army last season he played the entire game. He has also won the Hering Medal for guard pulling out.

During the last term Smith was Junior representative in the Students' Activities Council. He and Chairman Quinn represented the University and the Council at the Mid-Western Conference of Student Governing Bodies, held at Urbana, Ill., on February 17, 18, 19, 1927.

The success of the last Junior Prom was partially due to the work of the Reception Committee of which "Clipper" was chairman. In the "Absurdities" he took part in the skit called "Rats"—even though he does live in Sorin.

The Monogram Club and the Lawyers have John on their membership rolls. Since he is from Hartford, Connecticut, that organization, too, lists his name.

In a few weeks, we can expect to see in the New York papers, the pictures of two of our best-known and best-liked Smiths, "Al" and "Clipper."

GOLDEN TORNADO HOP

You had better write home for the "bucks" right now unless you want to be one of the disappointed few who will not attend the Golden Tornado Hop to be given by the Junior class, the evening of the Georgia Tech game. The week-end of October the twentieth promises to be the liveliest of the year. Friday night October twenty-eighth, will see

the sophomore swaying to the Cotillion band; Saturday afternoon will find the varsity and Georgia Tech doing battle and, to complete the whole array, Saturday night will find every one making merry at the Knights of Columbus ball room. The juniors are the sponsors but they know that seniors, sophomores and freshmen alike will want to be there. So! Write for that ticket money now.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCE MEETS

The first regular meeting of the Notre Dame Academy of Science was called to order at 8:00 P. M. Monday evening, October 3 by Father G. W. Albertson, Dean of the College of Science, and Moderator of the Academy. After the reading and discussion of the Constitution by Mr. Samuel A. Romano, ex-secretary, the officers for the scholastic year were elected. The officials chosen were as follows: President, Samuel A. Romano; Vice-President, George J. McDonnell; Secretary, Walter J. Toussaint; Executive Committee, William E. Mahin, Richard J. Wehs, and Daniel J. Bradley; Science Reporter, Richard W. Munz.

Rev. F. J. O'Hara, C.S.C., of the College of Science faculty, was unanimously voted an honorary member of the Academy.

Following the transportation of the ordinary business, the Moderator gave a few words of advice in regard to the dissemination of scientific knowledge among the general student body of the University.

The Academy of Science is an honorary society, whose members are students of the College of Science, who have completed their Freshman year, and who have maintained a scholastic average of 85 per cent or over.

At the next meeting, which will be held Monday, October 17, Father Albertson will deliver an illustrated lecture on the "Study of *Pseudomonas aerigenosa* (*Bacillus pyocyaneus*). The talk will deal with the isolation of a microorganism, which is the cause of a disease in snakes, and will be based upon the thesis of Mr. R. Sheehan, C.S.C., M.S. '27. This subject should be particularly interesting to students of the College of Science. A cordial invitation is extended to science men to attend the meeting.—R.W.M.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Mark Nevils, the cub-reporter who introduces the genus "undertaker" in "The Realist of Them All," received his diploma last June. His active part in campus interests during his four years and his presidency of the Press Club, 1927-28, caused his selection in the *Dome* as one of the six graduates best exemplifying the Notre Dame man. Mark will get along.

John de Roulet was elected to membership in the Scribblers in May. Poetry is not his only field: last year he wrote "Vanity's Savour," that very funny burlesque on the modern style.

Eugene Farrell is no stranger to SCHOLASTIC readers. You liked his "Remorse," and you probably liked many more of his verses that appeared in Hobnails under various pseudonyms.

J. P. McNamara, who wrote "White Walls" is president of the Wranglers. Perhaps the sense of climax that wins debates helped Joe to handle the time and suspense elements of this story in so unusual and so expert a manner.

Cyril Mullen again attracts our attention and merits our praise. Last week he made his first appearance in these pages with an essay, "On the Male Physique," the cleverness and fluency of which were unusual in a college-paper. His present contribution, "To a Hand," shows the same cleverness and the same fluent expression adapted to the more exacting poetic form. We find it hard to believe that Cy is only a sophomore.

SOPHOMORE COTILLION

Plans for the Sophomore Cotillion were given at the meeting of the Sophomore class held in the gym, Thursday night. The class president, C. J. Donovan, presided and gave the plan for the dance.

The Cotillion is to be held on Friday, October 28, at the Palais Royale ballroom, South Bend, from 9 to 1.

The Cotillion this year is strictly for Sophomores, no upper-classmen being admitted. The Sophomore class, one of the largest on the campus, should be well represented at this affair as the committees are striving to

make this year's affair one of the best in the history of the school.

An added feature for the Cotillion guests will be the attendance at the Notre Dame-Georgia Tech football game in a special reserved section. Then on Saturday night the Sophomores and their guests will attend the Football Victory dance given by the Junior class in the Knights of Columbus ballroom.

The orchestra for this year's Cotillion has not been definitely decided on but negotiations are under way to secure "Doc" Davis and his Drake hotel orchestra of Chicago. The definite orchestra will be announced at a later date.

To insure the presence of every Sophomore at the dance this year a list of all of those eligible to attend, will be placed on the bulletin in the Main building.

The tickets for the affair were placed on sale Monday in the various halls and can be procured from the members of the ticket committee. No tickets will be sold after October 24 so it is advised to secure tickets early. The price this year is three dollars.

The Sophomore class officers are: President, C. J. Donovan; vice-president, William O'Malley; secretary, William Dew; treasurer, Daniel Welchons.

FOOTBALL TICKET SALE

Tickets to the Minnesota game, which will be played on Cartier field November 5, are sold out, according to J. Arthur Haley, business manager of the Athletic Association. The tickets went on sale August 15. Tickets to the Southern California game, which will be played in Chicago November 26, are still available, though they are going fast, he declares.

BAND TO GIVE FIRST DANCE

The University Band will give its first dance of the year on next Friday night, October 15, at the Knights of Columbus ball room. It promises to be a gala affair, with plenty of good music furnished by a local orchestra. Sister Claudia has given her permission for St. Mary's girls to attend. Tickets can be purchased from any member of the band.

FATHER BOLGER MAKES ADDRESS IN WASHINGTON

Father William A. Bolger, professor of economics and politics, outlined a Catholic Economic program before a convention of the National Council of Catholic Women in the Mayflower hotel, Washington, Tuesday, September 27. The Convention was attended by delegates from all organized diocese in the country.



Father Bolger's trip was a marked success and he is now occupying himself in preparing for the coming debating season. Father Bolger who, with the exception of last year, has been the debating coach since 1911, will resume his old post this year. During his coaching regime the record of the debating team has been one of exceptional brilliancy. Father Bolger has been coach of the team for 16 of its 28 years of existence, in the course of which it has won 54 of the 74 contests in which he has been engaged. It is considered doubtful if any college in the country can boast of such a record.

The debating coach was himself a famous debater. Captain of the team in the three years of 1905, 1906, 1907, he and his teammates never tasted defeat. This was during the period extending from 1899, the year the first team was organized, to 1908 when Notre Dame was never bested in a debate. During this time the team won 14 victories out of an equal number of encounters. Father Thomas Crumley, professor of philosophy, piloted the team through two of the years in this period of victory. Many other present members of the faculty are former Notre Dame debaters.

A good debating program is being arranged, according to Father Bolger. A dual meet with De Pauw and a triangle meet, with Franklin, Earlham and Notre Dame contesting, have already been arranged. Other debates are pending. The question for debate during the current season is the following: "Resolved that the Direct Primary

System for nomination of state and federal officers should be repealed."

A meeting of all candidates for the debating team will be held in the near future. All students are eligible and will be given a try out at a date to be announced. A good team is anticipated with a number of the members of last year's team planning to participate in the debating this year.

IOWANS MEET

Last Wednesday the Iowa Club held its first meeting of the year, at which the annual election of officers was held. Those elected were President, Edward McGuire; Vice-President, Claude Toomey; Secretary, Marcellus Wonderlin; Treasurer, Laurence Mason. Following the election, Professor James Kirby of the law school, who is a newcomer to Notre Dame, and a native Iowan, said a few words on the "Spirit of Iowa." Mr. David Campbell of the English department, also a native son, gave a few words of encouragement and commendation to the club. Mr. Harold Klein, an alumnus from Des Moines, outlined the plans of the reception that is to be accorded the team after the Drake game. The Des Moines Alumni will be host at a dinner dance following the game at the Savery Hotel. A number of the club members are planning a trip to the game through the arrangements made by the alumni to entertain its guests. October 11 was the date set for the next meeting, and all Iowans are urged to be present as important business is on hand.

SCHOLARSHIP DANCE HELD

Last Friday night the first Scholarship dance of the season was held at Playland Park and was enthusiastically received. More than 500 couples glided to the music supplied by Art Haeren and his orchestra.

A feature of the dance was the raffling off of a box at Cartier field, donated by Coach Rockne for the football season of 1927. It was won by Mr. J. O'Brien, a student at the University.

Mrs. K. K. Rockne, Mrs. John Worden and the club members are to be congratulated for the successful affair.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By J. F. Mahoney

Extract from an editorial in the Lampoon, student publication of Harvard: "We want no 'Hello Men' on the campus this year." Judging from the success of the 'Hello Week' campaign recently instituted by the S. A. C. on our own campus, the Harvard influence is making itself felt even here.

Subtle humor of a columnist in the Michigan State News:

"Big changes are about to take place in this column according to our French editor, following his conference with a representative of the Irish Free State. We feel that Ireland is becoming more and more a staff power every day. The Irish helped to make America free, so why shouldn't they have room to tell about it in our press? Watch this column!" Note: the editor's name is John Kelly. I think the columnist was referring to him as the French editor.

Plea for the traditional rights of a Freshman at St. Olaf College, in an open letter to the Dean. The letter is enjoyable for its breezy informality. "In a recent lecture (writes the Freshman) you intimated that no Freshman was to . . . conduct himself in undignified manner. Now Dean, isn't that being a little too harsh? No Freshman wants to be deprived of such treasured experiences as playing leap-frog, blacking brogans, adjusting disordered rooms, or singing to such an appreciative audience as the St. Olaf Sophomores." St. Olaf College is at Northfield, Minn.

Minnesota is stealing a march on the other Big Ten schools by being the first school East of the Mississippi to adopt the "silent rooter" system of making living designs. Students wearing vari-colored caps will form huge "M's," blinking gophers, and the initials of the opposing schools.

A prominent University of Chicago professor, whose name is withheld, spent the

summer driving a taxi in New York for his health. It might be healthy to be a taxi driver in New York, but it isn't in Chicago.

Some fun-loving young person ruined most of the University of Arkansas' football equipment by pouring sulphuric acid on all they could find, including suits, tackling dummies, scrimmage machines, etc. These sinister doings are believed to be a result of the friendly rivalry and clean sportsmanship which have been stimulated by football popularity.

A Butler College co-ed was recently forced to stand during a lecture, although there were a great many men sitting down in the crowded class-room. Undoubtedly the young men were so engrossed in the lecture that they didn't see her, although it may have been that she wasn't very good-looking.

A group of fraternity men at Boston University had to canvass several insurance companies before one could be found that would stake its money against the "traditional rough-house tendencies" of college boys in insuring the owner of a private dwelling against the breaking of an expensive chandelier. The company demanded a rate of twelve per cent.

Dean Armstrong of Northwestern is reported to have declared that the present college generation had adjusted itself to the use of the automobile, and that the student accepts and uses the automobile, but does not abuse the privilege. This will be news to some college heads.

It is my desire to give publicity to a movement that seems entirely worthy of support, although its existence has not been brought to my attention before. The Intercollegiate Prohibition association has just completed its conference in Washington, and a Bucknell University man has been re-elected president of the student council. I am heartily in favor of the Intercollegiate Prohibition association.



THE EDITOR'S PAGE

CHEERS AND HANDCLAPS

Saturday's demonstration of the Notre Dame spirit came close to the standard which has always been the tradition here, but which has not always been the reality. Bob Kirby and his assistants worked manfully with the students, and the students responded in a manner that must have been gratifying to Rock, Pat Manion and those others who feel that our cheering has not been all that it should be.

The really notable feature of the students' part in the game was their generous applause for Coe's worn and defeated warriors. Generosity of this type is not difficult in victory, yet the applause was so spontaneous and enthusiastic Saturday that even if catastrophe should in the future overtake the team we can expect that rare phenomenon, a cheer for the victorious opponents.

Concerning the cheering, the critics are right, or were until Saturday. Notre Dame enthusiasm seems to have cooled off to some extent during the past few years. We do not think that admission to be quite as serious as it appears on paper, however. Consider the average Notre Dame man: before he enters the University, he becomes accustomed to headings like "N. D. Whips Army," "Irish Flatten Purple," "Rockmen Twist Tiger's Tail," and so forth, ad infinitum. If he should come across "Nebraska Stops Notre Dame," the game straightway becomes an "upset," i. e. a contest in which the best team lost.

After he matriculates, he continues to see those screaming heads. Wherever he goes, he will hear of the team that represents his alma mater and, even if he be cross-eyed, flat-footed, and neurotic, he will probably be asked by distant relatives and admiring females if he, too, is not a football player.

What is he to think? The prevalent idea is that Notre Dame is invulnerable, and natur-

ally enough he contracts something of this contagious and most complimentary delusion. So he goes to a game and sits quietly in the place assigned him, while a squad of highly trained, spirited athletes fights desperately to attain the record that he anticipates. His overconfident state of mind has probably been a contributory factor to the downfall of several great teams in recent years.

At last, however, this average Notre Dame man seems to be coming to several important conclusions: that our team must battle just as hard as anyone else's for its victories; that our team is composed of human beings who, like others of their race, can make mistakes; that, being human, our team needs the encouragement and the psychological support that a loyal and noisy cheering section can give it.

BERNIE LIVERGOOD

Last Saturday, at the Coe game, one man on the field received no cheers, no handclapping, no recognition of his presence except an occasional weak shout from the stands: "Let's have a cheer for Livergood."

Three years ago, the situation was somewhat different. At that time, Bernie was, with the exception of Elmer Layden, the finest plunging back in school. When Elmer was out of the game because of injuries received at Northwestern, Bernie stepped in between Miller and Crowley and tore Carnegie's plaid to a small pile of vari-colored rags. His plunging, with Harry Stuhldreher's completion of thirteen passes without a miss, gave Notre Dame a 40-19 victory after the score had been 13-13 at half time.

Probably the fact that Livergood had no recognition Saturday was merely an oversight. We hope that, in the future, when one of the old stars comes back, he will at least receive the benefit of a hearty "He's A Man".

—J.A.M.

HOBNAILS

DREAMS

*Paths of shifting lace, I strolled,
Tracery so quaint,
With trees, the dark night's stencils,
And moonlight, golden paint.
I walked amid this shadow lace,
That forded silv'ry streams,
My thoughts rose high, I reached beyond
For beauteous extremes.*

*I saw myself as prince and king,
As lover, artist, too,
I watched myself, a hero bold,
As in my thoughts there grew
Dreams whose bounds rose to the skies,
Where grasping for a star,
I fell to earth, to my own self,
And stooping, plucked a trodden flower.*

—ARTHUR STENIUS.

AH-HA! OLD POISON PEN HIMSELF!

MY DEAR ALLAN-A-DALE:

I trust you are related to the omniverous Aire Dales, for in the well known "West Hall Green" I have observed with no little amazement the manner in which you so efficiently demolish the frugal repast set before you. In case you really are a member of Mr. R. Hood's band (more likely a German Bear Band) I fear you have misled us in regard to your cognomen. As I have previously stated, I have seen you at dinner and reached the conclusion that you must be the Irreverend Friar Tuck, for, I have been given to understand that the good prelate was a lusty trencherman and inclined toward ease.

Please Allen, give me a break this year! Cyrano, "He of the unlovely nose" was too desirous of a means of publication and refused both of my contributions. Prove to me that the same charge cannot be laid at your door, 428 Morrissey.

Look out for all contributions for they will be signed in the same manner as is this.

Sincerely yours,

—THE LUCKLESS LAD.

"And luckless lads will wear them

"When I am dead and gone." A. E. Housman.

SSSSST! CONTRIBS MAKE GOOD PEACE OFFERINGS

Such insolence—biting the hand that you expect to feed you. It's lucky for you, Luckless Lad, that we're still in the pink of condition from the Mission and are still easy enough to return good for evil. Send in your stuff, double L, and we'll let bygones be bygones.

As for these dining-hall charges—there's nothing to them. We live on nothing but ale and song and

puns and contribs, supplemented by a little game from our snipe-shooting in the woods behind Lyons Hall. We can't be Friar Tuck; we measure only a perfect 42.

So much for your malicious slanders, but you want to watch your words in the future. Missions may come and missions may go, but battle-scars last forever; one more crack out of you and, by Gar, you'll be wearing them whether A. E. Housman is dead and gone or not. Poison pens are our meat; we knock the ink out of them.

THE CARELESS TRAVELEF

*I packed my suitcase carefully;
I looked around the room—
A bed, two chairs, a pile of books,
A worn and dirty broom
That I have never used because
I hate to raise the dust,
But nothing of my own I saw
And yet, I knew I must
Have slighted some poor trifle as
I always have before;
I made one final search, and then
I shut and locked the door.*

*I hurried to the station, where
I took the train to find
As whistles blew, that careless I
Had left my heart behind.* —JASPER BRENT.

OH, TO BE IN THE GREENWOOD SHADE!

Up in Badin, Near the Roof.

ALLAN-A-DALE: Sure and I am delighted, old friend, to hear that you are the one to carry on the good work of Cyrano. Remembering those deep woods of ours, a bit of verse runs through this dense head of mine, a bit which somehow has for me the very spirit of the forest—

*A pattering down from branch to bough
Of acorn spilled from chisled urn;
A sudden rustle then and now,
As hanging dead leaves sway and turn;
A ghostly chatter from the oak,
An unsprung twig from you thick bush,
A distant mocking, omened croak,
And then the forest's solemn hush.*

—ONE-OF-THE-GANG.

Verse is raining in like manna; but getting prose is like pulling teeth. We remember that when good children put their pulled teeth under their pillows, they sometimes find a quarter there in the morning. We're going to bed to-night with a lot of these prose-getting teeth under our pillow; we may find a batch of very witty paragraphs there Saturday morning. Wish us luck.

—ALLAN-A-DALE.

LITERARY

White Walls

J. P. McNAMARA

*"'Tis like a child's beloved corse
A father watches, till at last
Beauty is like remembrance cast
From time long past."—SHELLEY.*

HAD Tia Marshelesque opened her eyes at that moment she might have asked, "Is this heaven?" But her brown eyes were sealed to the all-too-white walls of ward 202. She had not regained consciousness since the huge yellow bulk of a packing-house truck had suddenly lumbered into the narrow ways of Arizona Street, and had borne down upon the group of tenement house children playing there.

The driver had literally stood on the brakes. He turned aside. The van's towering sides tipped dizzily. Brakes screamed; the truck stopped. Everyone had gained the sidewalk in time, excepting Tia.

A crowd had gathered instantly. Women called to one another from second- and third-story windows in a babel of Southern European tongues. Finally an ambulance, summoned by a patrolman, screamed its way to the corner. The doctor went upstairs. The motley crowd waited. After some time, the attendant who drove the ambulance appeared, and began making an aisle through the spectators. Next, the big red-faced cop came down, his flat feet taxing the wooden stairway so sorely that it creaked in protest. In his strong arms was the blanched Tia. There was one common thought: to see her. The crowd surged forward as the girl was placed in the ambulance.

Again its siren wailed as it turned the corner and gathered speed on its way to the emergency hospital.

The patrolman wrote something in a small book, which he replaced in his cap. Then he

strolled on down the street. The packing house truck lumbered on toward the garage, the driver white-faced and trembling.

All that had been but an hour ago.

Now Tony Marshelesque sat at the side of the little white bed in ward 202. He was conscious of things only in a far off, dreamy way as if they were happening in another world a thousand years ago—as if he were just remembering them through a fog. He knew that this was the Indianapolis City Hospital. But the medicine-laden air, the white walls, the nurses who moved about so silently, and the still figure on the bed—all seemed a dream, a dream all misty and jumbled.

That this was really his own motherless Tia! The doctors had told him that she had one chance in a thousand to get well. Perhaps it was all true; but it seemed long ago, as if in another life, or maybe a life he hadn't yet lived; and yet—yes, it was true. There were tears in Tony Marshelesque's eyes as he held the tiny hand of the little girl from California Street. It was all rather strange to the little Roumanian from the West End. He could do nothing but sit beside the bed and stare at the white wall.

By and by he heard a great noise, somewhere. It clanged away steadily, steadily, like an army of blacksmiths beating on a thousand anvils. He wondered abstractedly if he could stop it—it was deafening!—for Tia's sake, but he only sat staring. It was the ticking of the wrist watch worn by the ghost-like nurse. Then it changed—just

when, he wasn't certain—to a dull thud, thud, that nearly drove him mad. This, too, seemed to go on for an eternity, never varying. Thud, thud, thud—it was the beating of his own heart. He sat still and stared straight ahead.

It seemed years, before he began to think of the happy days in the two little rooms in the back of the third floor on California Street. Then, how Tia had come home from school one day and asked "what trees really was?" Here he started, stiffened. He had thought little of it then; but now it seemed to tear his soul. He had planned to move outside the city by Wednesday of the next week—away from the shadow of the odorous packing house, away from the cluttered tenements and crowded narrow streets, where Tia could have a tree—two of them, three, a whole forest maybe! All that was to have been next week.

It had been a long day, but Tony was happy. He was working on his own place now. Not large, no, but large enough. It was on a small, almost tiny, truck farm near the city. But it was a paradise for Tony. Everything had turned out fine. He had been able to keep up his payments on the plot of ground regularly; so he was happy, and rightly so, as he walked down the dusty road that late summer evening. The sunset was wonderful. It occurred to Tony that the sun must be a great magician who deals in colors and clouds and tints and who daily puts on a new performance out here.

Or maybe it was as Tia said: that some of the dead artists were using the sky as a canvas on which to paint sunrises and sunsets for the benefit of the Marshelesques. If that were true (and Tony believed it must be, for Tia had said it), this must be a Roumanian artist, he mused. For only once—when a boy in the old country—had he ever seen anything to equal this. Yes, that must be it!

He would hurry and call Tia to see it. Maybe she would know the artist's name—she sometimes did that when they had studied scenes like this in school.

He had come to the little cottage now. It was guarded by rows of silent, sentinel hollyhocks that held aloft chalices of exquisite china, with golden steeples arising from their centers, to catch the dew as it settled. Below these was a bright array of color. There were leering yellow and red snapdragons that laughed as they tried to scare away the friendly forget-me-nots among them; nearby was scarlet sage waving its blooms aloft like battle flags in a dress parade. Bordering these was a grassy yard which from the road looked like velvet. In reality, Tony believed, it was made up of millions on millions of lancers who rode forth in closed formation to the protecting battlements of the hedge. Yes, it was all very wonderful.

But most wonderful of all was his Tia standing in the doorway. Now it seemed many years since she had been in the hospital and Tony had sat by her side, expecting every moment to be her last. Well, that was all over now. He opened the gate. He would call out to her about the sunset—there was no time to lose. Maybe she would know what Roumanian artist had painted it. He would ask her.

Just then the awful tomb-like silence of the hospital was broken, for Tia opened her eyes.

"Papa." Then, "It must be heaven, papa," whispered the little figure, "there are lots of trees and birds here!"

The small form fell back and stiffened. A lump came into Tony Marshelesque's throat. Far off he heard the same thump, thump, thump. Tia was dead.

The white-clad nurse looked at her watch again. Tony Marshelesque had been in the ward just seventeen minutes!



—CYRIL J. MULLEN.



*The Dawn's bright skirts swirl lightly thru the wheat;
The silver-slippered dancers of the mist
Sway slowly in the valleys softly kissed
By dainty imprints of their drifting feet.
The sleeping wind stirs softly in the trees,
As though the Dawn had brought some vague alarms,
And leaps from the green bed and leafy arms
And rushes swiftly past the tossing seas
Of grain with golden, foamy-tinted hair.
The stream reflects the silver, morning sky;
The stars fade out, the grayling mists roll by;
A night bird's note floats faintly thru the air.*

—JOHN DE ROULET.

The Realist Of Them All

Winner of the Meehan Essay Award for 1927

MARK E. NEVILS

DEATH is not an agreeable topic for treatment for any writer, be he playwright, novelist or journalist. The composer of stage dramas, writes for "the crowd" and "the crowd" wants farce, comedy, and melodrama, but little tragedy. The novelist works for a publisher—and the publisher encourages "the happy ending" as a means of satisfying readers. It remains for the journalist, writing under judgment of editor, undertaker and reader, to record the tragedies of life as they are, and to be the realist of all writers.

Why the novice of the news-room—otherwise, the "cub" reporter—should be assigned by an editor to writing obituaries in the primary stage of his newspaper education, is a mystery. Perhaps, it is because the editor wishes to impress upon the aspiring journalist, the seriousness of his profession the necessity for accuracy, speed and completeness in "stories." If such is his aim, he has succeeded, for under the critical eyes of both undertaker and editor, the "cub" reporter reaches a stage in his progress where life is "just one death after another."

While working on an "obit" route or "beat," the "cub" soon cultivates a nose for news. In time he can sense news in the smile of the undertaker, in the eyes of the nurse, or the indifferent attitude of the surgeon. Such facts as may deal with the who, when, why, where, what and how of a death, become easy to obtain. Mastery of these principles of news gathering marks the first stage in the development of the journalist.

Months of writing "obits" soon prove to the "cub" that the editor, the undertaker, the relative and the reader have different demands. The efficient editor stresses facts in the matter written, and admonishes against the use of such terms as "remains," "coffin," "corpse," and other repulsive words; the obliging undertaker strives constantly to have his name inserted in the obituary for

advertising purposes; the grief stricken relative insists that his name be included in the list of survivors. Finally, the curious reader wants an obituary that contains the age of the deceased, the place of his birth, and those surviving with mention of the cause of death, above all things.

Prolonged contact with editors, undertakers, relatives and friends, usually convince the ambitious young reporter that it's impossible to please everyone. He hears a relative who misinformed the undertaker as to the birthplace of the deceased, condemn his newspaper for printing the wrong place, after he had obtained his notes at the funeral chapel. Finally, he may hear the undertaker denounce the newspaper with the relative, and lament on the sins committed in the name of the press.

There is no person whose personal characteristics are more distorted, or whose profession is more misunderstood by the American public than the undertaker. To the average person, he has been, is, and will be an undertaker, whether he be referred to by such titles as funeral director, mortician or sanitarian. A coffin will always be a coffin, and not a casket; a corpse will be a corpse, and not a body; and a grave will be a grave, not a mausoleum, or burial abbey. Certainly no business needs greater educational publicity from the standpoint of the public, than that of the undertaker.

From a casual acquaintanceship with the undertakers—and they are not usually a bad sort—the "cub" may acquire a slight understanding of their business. From looking upon it as a profession, the members of which do business by virtue of God's decrees, he may learn that there are 24,000 funeral directors in the United States; that they have an active organization known as "The National Select Morticians," in addition to "The National Funeral Director's Association," and also an official publication.

If alert, he may hear the up-to-date funeral director define the undertaker as: "A man who waits for somebody to die and then grabs him," and the mortician as: "A trained professional worker who realizes that a certain number of people are bound to die within a given period by the law of average, and prepares himself to give the service that is required, and give it as well as possible." The "cub" may then reason as the funeral director would have him do: that a funeral director becomes a mortician as he increases in wisdom and stature, and increases his standards of service.

Contact with seven undertakers over a period of six months, in a city of approximately 102,000, which has an annual death rate of 10 per 1,000, has given the writer a knowledge of human nature, which is invaluable in newspaper work. At times, undertakers are like ministers. Having become confidential with the novice, they will explain their pet ideas of the world in general—and they won't admit that its people are going to hell either. An individual analysis of the seven undertakers by the "cub" might read like this:

Undertaker No. 1: Is the undertaker of the movies: He conforms to the public's type of a slow, solemn-faced, short-spoken, dignified funeral director. He never refuses a corpse. A single "stiff" may take him an entire day to prepare for burial. On the day following, he may for some unknown reason, decide to let the newspapers, and the public know that John Smith is ready for burial, having died two days previous. He isn't mercenary in his designs, but like the gravedigger of a century ago, still determines the funeral cost by multiplying the price of the casket by "about five."

Undertaker No. 2: Is an up-to-the-minute, go-get-'em type of undertaker. Popularity, he believes, is essential to good business, so he belongs to eight clubs, and is an official in the Masonic Order and a dictator of the F. O. E.—otherwise "just the Eagles." His wife is president of the Women's Club. Next to popularity as a means of getting business, he rates advertising. Consequently, in as many "obits" as possible, he has it stated that the body of the deceased may be viewed

at his chapel. For all emergency cases answered by his ambulance, his instructions are: "Every case, a case of emergency—and the more noise you create in responding to the emergency, the better." A speeding ambulance, with a sounding klaxon—and the name of this undertaker in nickel plates upon its sides—is good advertising, he reasons.

Undertakers No. 3: Are two young men who have ambitions to wake up the dead with their possibilities. They have been in business only a short time, and so do not have many subjects upon which to exhibit their ability. They are agreeable to the "cub" and will call him when an important death occurs, but demand that all obituaries they submit be correct in every detail. It is their habit when reporting over the telephone to inquire which other undertakers have cases, and sometimes to seek information as to the parlor patronized by the relatives of a deceased.

Undertaker No. 4: Deserves recognition for something more than his ability as a mortician. In the first place, he has kept his wife away from women suffrage, and in the second place, has taught her to embalm until she is as able at handling the implements of the profession as he is. Not content with making still flesh presentable for burial, in the "cooler" or preparation room, she maintains a beauty shoppe upstairs, in which she is accustomed to making live flesh attractive. Needless to mention, neither this undertaker, nor his wife are ever lacking for subjects.

Undertaker No. 5: Is an individual who draws his undertaking prestige from his position as a citizen and churchman in his community. He is Hungarian, and lives in a neighborhood composed almost entirely of his countrymen. His relation with these people sponsor an undertaking business which may be reckoned by the law of averages on deaths. One report of his activities stands out: He is said to have a system, by which through the use of friends, he can "spot" a prospective "stiff" before death occurs. Whether this is true of an undertaker who is respected both in community and church, is however, uncertain.

Undertaker No. 6: Is the city's leading burial artist—and he admits it. He has a modern chapel, and only recently installed a reproducing organ for use at funerals. It is significant that not all the player rolls obtained with the organ, were funeral specialties. This undertaker does a large business, and stresses service and satisfaction to the customer. Only recently, his "Satisfaction for the Survivor," extended to the coinage of a new phrase for use in "obits." The new phrase was "best in state," and was to be used instead of that trite expression, "The body may be viewed, etc." A certain "cub" used it once, twice, and then saw the phrase slaughtered by an unappreciative editor,—all because Arlington cemetery wasn't mentioned in connection with it.

Undertaker No. 7: Is a model undertaker, who depends for his business not upon unethical advertising in the street cars, on the streets, or through personal calls, but upon the recommendation of his service—passed from friend to friend. He is always agreeable—not only to the bereaved, but also to the "outsider." He will go out of his way to favor a "cub" with the news of a person's death just before "deadline" and expects no favors from it through publicity of his name in the "obit" column. Finally, he is the kind of an undertaker whose heart and mind are as clean as his collar and the shirt, which he keeps immaculately white at all times.

"Obit" writing is no "snap," as even the editor will admit. For the beginner in the newspaper office, an obituary entails many difficulties. He may get the name of the deceased confused over the telephone, and search a city director in vain for it; he may get the age of a person incorrectly, thus drawing a condemnation upon himself, particularly if the age published, is exaggerated; he may omit the name of an important relative; he may fail to perceive the importance of a deceased and incur the displeasure of an editor, or he may, or may not do, one thousand and one other things forbidden by editorial conductors. Finally,—and this happens but once—he may take an "obit" over the telephone from a stranger, and later discover that it was a joke. Then the fun begins.

It is interesting to note the treatment accorded those of the varied phases of life by the young reporter. He learns to refer to the death of a wealthy bootlegger as "the loss of a prominent business man in this community;" the death of a politician is referred to as "the departure of a public-minded and ever zealous citizen from a people that he loved;" the death of an 85-year old native of the city, is simply treated as "the passage of a pioneer, prominent in the early history of this city;" the death of a minister allows for a flow of such words as, "the farewell of a shepherd, called by his Master from the flock."

The "cub" has his problems too on the "obit beat." He may have difficulty in reconciling himself to the fact that Ignatz is a perfectly proper name used interchangeably for Egbert and Ignatius by the Polish people, that the endings for Polish surnames are determined by the gender, and that a brass band does "popular" on the occasion of death. His greatest difficulty is the supplying of given names to the surviving relatives of the deceased. Often, when pressed for the first name of a relative who lives somewhere in Texas, which name neither the undertaker nor relative can supply, he may use the word, "John" or "Mary," and then experience a thrill in noting that the opposition paper accidentally published the same name.

Often, particularly in the cases of women, the "cub" may recall that a woman who was 32 years of age at the time she was seriously injured in an automobile accident, miraculously attains the age of 45 when the death certificate is filled out upon her death a week later. Constant attention to the causes responsible for death, will point to a fatal condition or state called "complications." To the initiated, "complications" can mean any disease under the sun. It is usually employed as a means of avoiding mention of a loathsome or horrid disease.

In writing the "story of the dead 'un," great or small in his estimation, the novice may "check" on his information by consulting the city directory. If possessed of a trend toward humor, he may even cross out the name of the deceased from the directory page, thus indicating a decrease of one in the

city's population. He may get a surprise when poring through the directory pages in search of the spelling of a minister's name, and the church of which he is pastor, to discover that "Churches" are accorded the last two pages in the directory. A list of city officials, office buildings, department stores, fire stations, public schools and hospitals, precedes a classification of the various churches. This shock can be equalled only by the shock coming from a discovery that in a recent book on etiquette, the chapter on "Funerals" is sandwiched between expositions on "What the Bride Should Wear at a Marriage," and "The Baby's Christening."

Innumerable incidents hinting of drama, which are left out of the "obit" column for obvious reasons, are related over the lunch counter to the remnants of the editorial staff, after the paper has "rolled." In fact, one journalist who apparently went through the ordeal of "working" on an obituary "beat," is reported to have said that it was during those hours when the staff members got together over their coffee cups and hamburger sandwiches, that real life was discussed. One such session for the "cub," and he will readily admit that, "the best stories of a paper are certainly not published."

It is the office of the "cub" to witness a sketch of drama. There is that case in which a mother and father are summoned by police officials to gaze upon the features of a son, whose criminal tendencies influ-

enced him to defy the law with fatal consequences, all of which makes "good sob stuff." There is that instance too, in which the death of an aged man or woman in poverty, discloses the information that they have wealthy sons or daughters who have forgotten them—which fact may not be treated in the newspaper columns because of the libel suits that may result.

That the average mortician cared for 124 funerals a year in 1890, and that the undertaker had only 56 during 1920, are facts over which the "cub" isn't concerned. That 85 per cent of the families wherein death occurs, do not have \$500 in cash, and that the average expense for a modern funeral, including a simple, dignified casket of quality, embalming service, newspaper notices, music, two limousines, and a motor hearse, is from \$200 to \$300, are other facts, over which the "obit" reporter isn't concerned.

So with the same resignation with which the undertaker has accepted the fact that a coffin is a coffin and a hearse is a hearse, after an attempt at the coinage of new artistic words, the "obit" writer goes about his task. The day will come when his obituary will be struck off without impunity by another "cub." And whether his name will get into history as a "big stiff," or into the "obit" columns of a newspaper, as "just a dead 'un," it's up to this realist of all—the "cub." And then: It is to laugh!

Lament

*The lips with which I sing of you
Are neither soft nor red.
There is no beauty in their smile—
They are a knife wound in the dead.*

*The very songs I sing to you
Are neither sweet nor bright—
They are the wails of tortured men
When easing death is not in sight.*

*No more is joy within my heart
But loneliness instead—
Come, Love, and with a single word
Create again the soul now dead.*

—EUGENE FARRELL

SPORT NEWS

Coe Battles Gamely, But Irish Fight Tells; Score 28-7

It is a universal practice among practically all college football teams of major caliber, to open their schedules each season with a much weaker team from a much smaller institution. The reason for this is obvious; to give the coach a line on his material shaping up under fire, a weak flame 'tis true, but flame nevertheless, and also to initiate his men, especially the newcomers, into actual competition.

Notre Dame has not been adverse to this practice for several years. This season, however, there was a departure from the usual order of things. Coe College, from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was scheduled for the inaugural clash of the season. The Kohawks boasted a fighting eleven composed mainly of veterans and were ready to give any aggregation in the country a battle. Their gridiron reputation was not as highly rated of course, as those of the others on this fall's Irish schedule. However, it was impressive enough to inform the clan that they would have an extremely active matinee performance on their hands. And they did—as the 28-7 score on rain-soaked Cartier Field will testify.

The Kohawks fought and played as only a well-drilled eleven can fight and play. They took instant advantage of every smile from Fickle Dame Fortune, and of every Irish miscue. They worried the Irish Terrier for an entire first half, and for a good part of the second. They capitalized on a Notre Dame mistake for a touchdown in the last

twenty seconds of the first half hour, kicked the goal and were tied at seven-all with the Rockmen when the whistle blew at halftime. An extremely rare feat indeed on the home grounds of the Irish. Truly, they were the best type of initial opposition for Coach Rockne's players, making them realize still further that the remaining eight games on the card present a formidable task indeed.

Nor were the Celts lacking in their traditional spirit and fight either. Slow in getting started, particularly in the initial half when they suffered from a mild case of stage fright, the Rockne proteges gathered momentum on their simple football plays gradually as the con-

test progressed, and were hitting on all six cylinders when the game ended. Tied at the half, they came right back with their proverbial dash and vim in the last period and collected a trio of six-pointers with the same number of successful points after touchdown appended thereto. Furthermore, they were but a scant six yards away from another sextet of points when Field Umpire Kerr's gun barked ending the battle.

Scouts from all the schools Notre Dame will oppose later in the season beginning with Detroit tomorrow, were known to be in the stands. Therefore, the Rockmen kept all their secret plays and formations under complete cover. Their attack throughout the game was of the straight football variety. Well executed aerial heaves enlivened the



Flanagan and Dahman

line-plunges, off-tackle smashes and end runs which composd in the main the Irish repertoire of plays.

Coach Rockne started his shock troops, and in spite of being out-kicked they were far from being out-played by the Red and Gold, and more than held their own. They performed but one quarter and then the first team took the field and forthwith showed the Celtic guests just how a touchdown should be manufactured.

The Gaelic parade started on their own twenty yard line when the quarter was but a few minutes old. The whole backfield assisted in the ball toting, and it took but a dozen plays to negotiate the 80 yards to the alien goal and enable Dahman to shoot around end for a touchdown. Incidentally, a beautiful twenty-yard pass from Riley to Dahman assisted materially in annexing these points.

Coe tied the score with less than a minute to play in this same quarter. With the ball on the home eleven yard strip there was a slight mixup in signals. The pass from center grazed the outstretched arms of Shay sub Irish fullback, and rolled and bounced tantalizingly across the Notre Dame goal line where Patschke, husky Iowan guard, fell on it for a touchdown. E. Barrows boot-ed the extra point from placement.

Inspired by the famous Rockne in-between-half oration, doubly inspiring as there was a tie score in this case, the Rockmen received the Coe kick-off at the start of the latter half, tried a line plunge, and then Mr. Christopher Flanagan, familiarly known about the campus as "Chris," and elsewhere, particularly in gridiron circles as "The Texas Phantom," tucked the oval under his protecting wing and was off around left end. When Mr. Flanagan had concluded his fifty-six yard foot-race thru half the visiting team the gentlemen appending devious numbers to the scoreboard, hung up a six, and a moment later changed it to a seven as Mr. Flanagan's teammate, Mr. Dahman, booted the ball squarely between the posts for the extra point.

Touchdown number three was manufactured when the final period was also but a few seconds old. The ball had been rushed

from the Gold and Blue's forty yard line to Coe's thirty-one yard strip with Niemic, Chevigney, and Wynne bearing the brunt of the burden. On the first play of the final fifteen minutes, Niemic tossed a beautiful twenty-yard heave to Voedisch, and the South Bend pride was stopped less than a yard from the enemy goal. Riley went guard on the next play for the score. Niemic made the count twenty-one with a neat place-kick for the extra point.

The reserves collected Notre Dame's final touchdown. Moynihan blocked a Coe punt and recovered the ball on the Kohawk thirty-seven yard line. The Coe line was then battered through for gain after gain by Dew, Chevigney, Niemic, until the first named of this trio plunged across for the tally. Niemic's toe again added one more point.

Bray and Elder, Irish substitutes tore off yard after yard around end in the last few minutes of the battle and it seemed as if their work was to be rewarded with another six points, when the scrap was concluded with the oval less than three yards away from the score.

Frisbee's all around work stood out for Coe, as did the efforts of his teammates Zerrien, Patschke, and Schrader. Flanagan, Niemic, Dahman, Smith, and Miller performed the most notably for the home clan.

Lineup and summary:

NOTRE DAME		COE	
Hurlburt	L.E.	Schrader	
Ransavage	L.T.	Carleton	
Bondi	L.G.	Boles	
Moynihan	C.	Allen	
Murrin	R.G.	Patasche	
McGrath	R.T.	Dewitt	
Benda	R.E.	Calloway	
Morrissey	Q.B.	Johnstone	
Niemic	L.H.	E. Barrows	
Chevigny	R.H.	Smith	
Dew	F.B.	Frisbee	
Notre Dame	0	7	7 14 28
Coe	0	7	0 0 7

Notre Dame substitutions—McKinney for Morrissey, Riley for McKinney, Flanagan for Niemic, Dahman for Chevigny, Wynne for Dew, Walsh for Benda, Polasky for McGrath, Leppig for Murrin, Fredericks for Moynihan, J. Smith for Bondi, Miller for Ransavage, Voedisch for Hurlburt, Shay for Wynne. Coe substitutions—Zerrien for Patasche, Hunter for Zerrien, Jackson for Frisbe, D. Burrows

for Smith. Notre Dame touchdowns, Dahman, Flanagan, Chevigny, Dew; Goals after touchdown—Dahman, 2; Niemic, 2. Coe, touchdown—Patschke. Goal after touchdown—E. Burrows.

Officials: Referee, Barker (Chicago); Umpire, Kerr, (Chicago); Field Judge, Hyland, (Iowa); Head Linesman, Hogan, (Northern Illinois Normal).

CELTS FACE FORMIDABLE DETROIT ELEVEN

Reports emanating from the Automobile city have it that one of the strongest, if not the strongest elevens in Detroit football history will line up against the Irish on Dinan Field tomorrow. And it will be a keyed-up Detroit team.

Tomorrow's battle will be one of the most interesting because it will be a scrap between two combinations that employ virtually the same style of formations and play. Coach Dorais, Jesuit coach is an alumnus of Notre Dame, and one of Rock's best friends.

Detroit stock rose a hundred percent after the gallant but losing fight waged by the Doraismen against the Army last Saturday. Forced to abandon their shift their main offensive weapon, legal in the West but somehow or other illegal in the East, the Blue and White carried the fight to the West Pointers all the way. They were defeated 6-0 but clearly deserved a better fate.

The main reason for their wonderful showing against the Mule was the fact that their forward wall was able so successively to resist the savage Army onslaughts. This line, built around Lardner, a two hundred and twenty pound center, and bulwarked materially by Ryan and Long, two husky tackles weighing close to two hundred each, ranks among the best forward walls in the country and is certain to give the Irish backs much trouble tomorrow. Credit for this powerful group of flankers is due to our own ex-fellow student, "Bud" Boeringer, All-American center, last year.

The home backfield is also expected to prove rather troublesome to Coach Rockne's moleskin performers. Coach Dorais has a pair of clever ball-toters in Brazil and Conell who would be an asset to any backfield. Janowski, Detroit fullback, is a specialist in cracking opposing lines wide open too.

INTERHALL FOOTBALL

The tournament that is to decide the hall football championship begins next Sunday. Spirit is high among the several halls, and each states emphatically that its team is going to emerge the undisputed champion.

In Division I the following games will be played on October 3:

The McGrath and O'Phalen warriors of Walsh are slated to battle Milt Wagner's Off-Campus men. Plenty of thrills are promised.

Joe Abbot and Bob Newbold's Brownson scrappers will clash with Art Evans' Carrollites in what has all the ear-marks of a struggle one would regret missing.

The third game to be played in Division I, is between Johnny Riley's Freshmen and Leo Schroll's Howard boys. Freshman was tied for Inter-Mural Championship with Bardin last year, and the boys say they are going to do even better this year.

F. J. Culhane's Morrissey boys and C. A. Costello's Lyons Tigers will battle for the Championship of the West Coast. Both teams are primed for the fray and the game looks far from being uninteresting from the fan's standpoint.

Ike Voedisch and Joe Morrissey's Sorinites will try to eliminate Ray Mock's Badins, last year's Co-Champions, from this year's competition.

Dave Krembs' he-men from Corby will clash with L. Moxie's Sophomores in what has all the promise of a battle royal.

OUTFIELDERS BATTLE FOR BERTHS IN FALL PRACTICE

Due to excessive rainfall and a muddy field, the baseball squad has participated in but a few days practice in the last week or so, and is being held inactive waiting patiently for at least a couple days of suitable weather.

Coach Father Mooney is making decided progress in the development of a new outfield in spite of the climatic handicap that he is confronted with. Moran has been performing wonders in the outer gardens and it would be nothing unusual to see him land the center field position. The outstanding

factor in Moran's favor is his ability to literally batter down south paw twirlers. George Burns, of Rochester fame, who has been forced to abstain from fall training because of a broken ankle, will doubtlessly be one of the leading aspirants for one of the remaining outfield berths when spring practice draws near. Besides "Slugger" Benton; Nolan, Fieri and Hart look as though they might give Burns a little competition in the struggle to obtain a place in the lineup.

Father Mooney will be presented with additional material in the spring when there are no football games to overshadow diamond activities. Quite a number of men who are out for football just now, will make more than likely prospects for the Blue and Gold nine. Law and Miller, at present two of the leading gridiron candidates, will undoubtedly exhibit as much skill on the diamond as they have been on Cartier field when they are called upon to do so.—R.P.D.

THINLY CLADS PRACTICE FOR ILLINI MEET

As is only natural, the coming of each succeeding week presents the cross country men with a more strenuous routine of conditioning. With their first meet with Illinois only two weeks away, the Celtic harriers are following a schedule that calls for long, vigorous runs and occasional dashes each day. Coach Nicholson may be driving the boys a little hard but they realize that they need that to bring them around to top form and what is more, they know that Mr. Nicholson is a man whom one appreciates working for.

Captain Dick Phelan made a good showing in the last week's training and is proving to his teammates that as a veteran of the cinder path, he is losing none of his former prestige. In a three and a half mile workout held the other day, in which twenty-five entrants participated, Vichules, De Groot, Phelan, the Brown brothers and Schlikert were the leading contenders. At the rate the boys covered that grind their first few contests ought to prove easy victories. Six men are to travel to Urban for the inaugural clash on the twenty-second, five of whom will actually participate in the meet.—R.P.D.

ON THE ENEMY'S TRAIL

Two of the scrappiest aggregations Notre Dame will face this fall staged an individual battle of their own last Saturday and it was some battle! Army and Detroit were the participants, and the former forward-passed itself into a 6-0 triumph over the latter.

Both elevens were about evenly matched. Coach Dorais, borrowing a page from Rockne, started his second team, and it was on these "shock troops" that "Biff" Jones' charges were able to make the score which eventually proved to be the winning points. Born received a forty aerial heave from Cagle to collect the touchdown early in the first period.

Detroit twice had the oval within the home ten yard line, but each time the West Pointers gamely withstood the assaults of the visiting backs, and took possession of the ball on downs.

Bill Ingram's Navy Tars opened their season rather auspiciously at Annapolis, by sinking the good ship Davis-Elkins under a 27-0 score.

Unable to make much headway against the visiting line, the Midshipmen took to the air, and completely swept their opponents off their feet with brilliant plays in this mode of attack.

Coach Alexander's Golden Tornado took Virginia Military Institute into camp by a 7-0 count in a game staged at Atlanta. Both elevens played on about equal terms throughout the engagement, except for a few minutes in the third quarter when the Georgians unleashed a sustained attack which culminated when Barron went through guard for the touchdown.

Southern California ran roughshod over the Santa Clara gridders and tucked away a 57-12 triumph. Most of the Trojan scoring was done in the last half when Adam Walsh's team weakened under the gruelling pace set by their heavier and more experienced rivals.

Edgeworth

makes ladies

prefer

pipe-smokers



STUDENTS ATTENTION

An hour a day will help pay your way. Take orders for Slickers and Rain-coats. Your pay daily. Selling outfit FREE. Capital or experience unnecessary. FISK WARNER, 443 So. Dear-born St., Dept. C. S., Chicago.

REAL OPPORTUNITY

SPARE TIME WORK

Earn \$3.00 per hour in your spare time selling the finest line of personal Xmas Greeting cards. Very moderate prices and we inscribe individual names and monograms or the fraternity Greek letters or crests without any additional charge. 40% commission, paid daily. \$12.00 Sample catalog FREE. You can earn \$600.00 to \$800.00 before Xmas if you have real gumption. Apply HARVARD PRESS, INC., 36 S. STATE ST., CHICAGO.

CLOTHES

Ready-made
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats

Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165



Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165

OFFICE PHONE MAIN 0689
RESIDENCE PHONE MAIN 1162

DR. ROBERT F. LUCAS

Extracting; Diseases and
Surgery of the Mouth
and Jaws

X-RAYS

612 J. M. S. Building

Pat Page's Indiana outfit got off to a winning start also, by drubbing the University of Kentucky with a 21-0 score at Lexington. Off-tackle plays were used consistently by the Hoosiers and resulted in many substantial gains including a pair of touchdowns.

Messieurs Almquist, Nydahl, Barnhart, and Joesting, Minnesota's "ball-carrying fools" staged a track meet at the expense of the University of North Dakota. 57 to 10 was the total of the Gopher debut in 1927 grid-iron circles. Six touchdowns and points after touchdown, not to mention a field-goal by Thomas thrown in for good measure, were scored in the first half.

One of the rarest happenings in football, a postponed game, resulted from the scheduled Drake-Simpson clash at Des Moines. So inclement was the weather and so thick was the mud, that both teams agreed to halt their get-together for the time being, and transfer the contest to October nineteenth.

NEW JERSEY MEN ASSEMBLE

The men hailing from Jersey gathered in Badin "Rec" last Sunday for their first meeting of the year; the new officers, who were elected last spring, capably attended to their duties.

For the present year Russell A. Riley will serve as president; William F. Brown, vice-president; Anthony V. Ceres, treasurer; and Thomas J. Hughes, secretary.

Father Farley, C.S.C., honorary president of the Club, was present and delivered an interesting and entertaining talk.

President Riley told the new members of the activities of the New Jersey Club with which the local campus organization cooperates.

It was decided to hold regular monthly meetings and the last Monday of each month was selected as the date.

Plans were discussed and committees appointed to commence working on the annual Thanksgiving banquet and the Christmas formal.



The Piccadilly

BY

HICKEY-FREEMAN

Moderately conservative in cut, and unusually attractive in the Fabrics.

Carefully fashioned by the *finer tailoring* of Hickey-Freeman, to be a fine looking suit the day you buy it—and for months after.

See it in our windows to-day.

MAX ADLER
COMPANY

ON THE CORNER
MICHIGAN AND WASHINGTON

SAWYER'S

FROG BRAND

SLICKERS



HOW DRY I AM

100% PROTECTION

Do you know that many college men and women keep an extra Sawyer Slicker tucked away in their car or some convenient place to protect their friends' comfort as well as their own?

Remember a Sawyer Frog Brand Slicker costs less than a good umbrella.

Get yours before the rush!

H. M. SAWYER & SON

East Cambridge

Massachusetts

STUDENTS TO INVADE DETROIT

More than five hundred students of the University will begin an invasion of Ford's city, at five o'clock on the morning of Saturday, October eight. The invasion of the cheering Irish is sponsored by the Students' Activities Council. The Wabash railroad, Division Street and Lafayette, has been selected as the vehicle to convey the invaders to Detroit.

The intrepid "five hundred" are scheduled to arrive in Detroit at eleven o'clock in the morning. Then a respite will be granted to them until two-thirty in the afternoon, when their ruthless work of cheering old Notre Dame to victory will commence in earnest. The return trip,—should one say the victorious march back home?—will be made at one o'clock Sunday morning. Those campus chasers of culture unfortunate enough not to be a part of the invasion may expect a peremptory ejection from their beds at five o'clock of the morning.

The committee, in charge of the trip to Detroit, consists of the following men: Louis Carr, chairman; Richard Donaghue, Clarence Donovan, Joseph Jachym and Willard Wagner:

PRESS CLUB ORGANIZES

The senior members of last year's Press Club met in the Journalism room of the Library on Tuesday morning and elected officers and discussed plans for the present year.

Bernard Garber was elected president; Richard Parrish, vice-president; Richard Elpers, secretary; and John McMahon, editor of the Club. All of the officers are seniors in the School of Journalism.

CAMPUS CLUBS, ATTENTION!

The Students' Activities Council has called a meeting of all campus club heads for Monday evening, in the Library, at seven-thirty. It is imperative that the heads of all campus club be present; for matters vital to the continued existence of the clubs will be discussed.

Dr. Frank M. Powers
University Physician

RES., LINCOLN 6741

OFFICE, M. 1130

Dr. Leo J. Quinlan
DENTIST

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Office
Main 0887Residence
Main 3561

Dr. John A. Stoeckley
DENTAL SURGEON

511 J. M. S. Bldg., South Bend, Ind.

PHONE MAIN 0254

Dr. J. M. Singler
Dr. E. A. Probst
DENTISTS

261 ASSOCIATES BUILDING

Two Good Places to Eat
at Home, and at

Smith's Cafeteria

111 East Jefferson Boulevard

Again We Welcome Back the
Men of Notre Dame

The Home of Quality

... We Do Our Own Baking



The Athlete's Friend

IT'S strenuous business for the athlete to keep up with his work and at the same time get the sleep the coaches demand.

Many have discovered a way to do it. They use a Remington Portable for all their writing. It helps them get better marks because of the neatness and legibility of the type-

Easy Payments.

written reports; and the great saving of time as compared with the drudgery of writing by hand is a welcome relief.

Remington Portable is the smallest, lightest, most compact and most dependable portable with standard keyboard. Weighs only 8½ pounds, net. Carrying case only 4 inches high.



Remington Portable

Gerald A. Busch

311 Badin

N. D. Book Store