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## THE WEEK

One half the campus has been named to the Blue Circle; the second half must pay matinee admission to insure the Grid-graph's profitable existence. Two benefits accrue to Blue Circle members—the saving of a quarter a week, and the receipt of a neat forty-nine cent charm at the close of the season. And these glorified freshmen managers have organized officially and pompously. The diminutive chairman called the group to order and said, "Boys, we're going to do big things." The Chairman of the S. A. C. was then called upon and responded nobly by saying, "Boys, I hope you do big things. Your chairman is efficient." Our Blue Circle chairman blushed with charming naivete and replied, "The S. A. C. chairman is efficient, too." Thus ended the first mutual admiration assembly of the season.

The Seniors are about to begin paving their road to heaven with charitable endeavor. The first section of bitulithic pavement will be laid on the night of October 26 when Charlie Chaplin returns to Washington Hall in "Shoulder Arms." The title seems a trifle significant in that the Christian Soldier Seniors are launching the first campaign. Christmas cards for sale will purchase the second block and another "movie" will complete the road laying program.

When the Navy ran away for its touchdown, the boys in the "gym" sighed, gasped, and wondered if Rock had abandoned the team in favor of the luscious oysters in Chesapeake Bay. However, faith was restored when the first string dashed in, caused the scorer to tear

his hair, and collected three of a kind with one boot dragging the score to nineteen. While the veterans were touring Baltimore, Rev. E. Vincent Mooney, C. S. C., Dean of the Department of Physical Education, presided at the opening of the annual inter-hall melee. Two casualties resulted but the prexy of the league, when interviewed, said, "Don't worry about that. Before I took control, every interne from South Bend spent his week-ends on the inter-hall football fields."

Howard Kacey Phalin, ex-lecturer and professor de luxe, is to translate the fraternal talent of which he is monarch into dramatic production. The "Minstrel Chuckles" will be the opus. From the professional company, producers of the show, comes a talent sheet seeking one soubrette who must be "an attractive young lady not too tall. Good solo singing voice. 'Peppy' type." As an added feature, Ponies to the number of twelve must be, "Young ladies, sing and dance. Should be short and 'cute. Not a difficult number." Those who wish to play pony may file application immediately. "Bath House Mike" has been selected to play the gay soubrette, with his own interpretations and variations.

The Scribbler's planned a session for Monday evening but when six, excluding the president arrived the confab was adjourned to a point mid-way between Sorin and Walsh. The boys yodeled for the executive who hibernates in Sorin but he was found wanting, and finally the secretary of the once active organization came from Walsh to express regrets. Plans for cutting off all communication with St. Mary's were discussed and the dot as a mark of punctuation was approved. Layne, Layne, Layne, when art thou coming?

J. T. C.



Father James J. Burns, C.S.C., Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross, left the University last week for Washington, D. C.



## EAST-PENN CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

The East-Penn Club, at its second meeting last Tuesday, elected officers for the year. The men elected are: Leo R. McIntyre, president; Francis (Mickey) Flanagan, senior vice president; Joseph Manning, junior vice president; Peter J. F. (Pete) Gallagher, secretary; A. J. (Jerry) Ransavage, treasurer; John F. McMahon, manager of publicity. Father Patrick Haggerty, C. S. C., is honorary president of the club.

The chairmen of the various committees for the year are: Tom McMahon, executive; Bill Loughran, entertainment; Larry Weniger, membership; Andy Boyle, rules; John Nanovic, publicity; Nick Maureillo, sick; Bob Mulhall, dance.

After the election of officers, the advisability of holding a get-together banquet within a week and a dance during the Christmas holidays was discussed.

## "CASEYS" TO HOLD MINSTREL

Plans have been completed by Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, Knights of Columbus, to stage "Minstrel Chuckles," a futuristic minstrel show, in the gymnasium on the nights of November third and fourth. "Minstrel Chuckles" is the latest minstrel production of John B. Rogers Producing Company of Ohio, well-known directors of amateur theatricals. "Minstrel Chuckles," as its name implies, is one continuous round of hilarity. The show has been staged with great success in sundry cities throughout the United States and reports of it are most enthusiastic.

A cast of sixty-eight persons, including fifteen girls and many campus comedians incomparable, such as "Big John" McManmon, "Jack" Doyle, "Bull" Poliskey, "Joe" Griffin, and others, will take part in the presentation. The girls to play minstrel roles will be selected from among the young women of South Bend and environs.

Grand Knight Howard V. Phalin has announced the committees in charge of arrangements for the minstrel. Phil Quinn is general chairman of the committees. Members of the various committees include Ed

McKeown, William Kearney, Bert Korzeneski, William Dowdall, Michael Ricks, John Dorgan, John Brannan, John McManmon, Al Thomas, Jack Doyle, Louis Buckley, Joe Griffin, Jim McShane, William Coyne, Bill Eastman, William Craig and Leo McIntyre.

The money accrued from the presentation of the minstrel will go to the Council's building fund. This fund was created by the Council a number of years ago for the purpose of erecting a union building on the campus as soon as enough money was amassed to finance a project of this kind. The fund has grown steadily since its inception and it is hoped to commence work on the building during the present year. The building, when erected, will house the Council's meeting and other rooms, and, in addition, will contain rooms which may be used as a recreational center by all students at the University.

## MEETING OF A.S.S.T. IN DETROIT

At the ninth annual convention and industrial exposition of the American Society for Steel Treating, recently held in Detroit, Dr. E. G. Mahin, Professor of Analytical Chemistry and Metallurgy, and Henry J. Dillon, M. S. '27, presented a paper on the "Segregation of Dissolved Elements and Its Influence upon Carbon Distribution in Steel." The talk summarized some of the results of the past year's research in the metallurgical laboratories at Notre Dame.

## WORD FROM FATHER WENNINGER

In an interesting letter received here this week, Father Francis Wenninger, former Dean of the Science School, who is studying at the University of Vienna, relates many experiences.

He has recently visited museums of world fame in Berlin, Dresden and Munich.

Father Wenninger is studying Anthropology under the famous Father Schmitt, the outstanding authority on this subject at the present time.

Under Professor Werner, likewise an outstanding authority in his field, Father Wenninger is taking work in Zoology.



## CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

Doan to *Dome* in three steps—try that on your laddergram. The winner will receive a free copy of the *Dome* of 1928 from its editor-in-chief, Franklyn E. Doan.



FRANKLYN E. DOAN  
Editor of the *Dome*

Frank has given three years to the Notre Dame annual. He has been Freshman associate, Sports Editor the second year, and now Editor-in-chief.

The SCHOLASTIC also has had him as a staff member. For two years he has been writing for the sports department—the latter year as Sports Editor.

The *Juggler* and the publicity department of the University have had Doan one year each; and for two years he has been a member of the Scribblers.

The Keach-Hering prize, awarded annually to the monogram man in each class having the highest scholastic standing, was won in 1926-27, in the sophomore group, by Frank Doan. Frank is a varsity track man having won his monogram in the hurdles.

As chairman of the Publicity committee for the last Cotillion, Doan arranged the clever ads that brightened the campus billboards.

This publications man, who lives with a pen in his hand, is from Lima, Ohio, and a member of the A. B. school. As editor of the *Dome*, his experience at track will be invaluable in rounding up victims for Ruddy.

## FATHER NIEUWLAND LECTURES

Father Julius A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., professor of Organic Chemistry, recently presented a paper on the "Preparation of Ethylene Chloride and Vinyl Chloride," before the Organic Chemistry Division of the American Chemical Society at Detroit. Father Nieuwland is internationally noted for his extensive researches in the fields of Organic Chemistry and Systematic Botany.

## UNIVERSITY THEATER PROGRAM

The University Theater will present four programs in Washington Hall this year, it was tentatively decided at a recent meeting of the executive committee of the Theater. Plans adopted at the meeting call for one production before the Christmas holidays and three programs in 1928.

The policy of presenting "all Notre Dame productions," as inaugurated last year by the University Theater, will be adhered to this year, it was announced. A program consisting of three one-act plays written by Notre Dame students will mark the initial effort of the Theater in the present scholastic year. A similar bill will probably be given at a later date. A full-length play and a historical drama consisting of a cycle of three one-act plays will probably complete the program of the Theater.

Plans calling for the publication and distribution of booklets containing plays written by Notre Dame students are being considered by the executive committee of the Theater. Small collections of plays will be made available for amateur productions in parishes and schools throughout the country. This is in accordance with the established policy of the University Theater, according to Professor Charles Phillips, who is a member of the executive committee.

"From its inception it has been the hope of the University Theater to make the Notre Dame Theater the distributing center for the country," Mr. Phillips declared. "It is our confident belief that in time Notre Dame productions will be presented frequently in parishes, schools and colleges in every section of the country."

A University Theater the equal of any college theater in the country is the aim of the moving spirits behind organized dramatics at Notre Dame, according to Professor Phillips. It is his opinion that the program as outlined for this year will mark a definite step in the advancement of dramatics at Notre Dame.



## INDIANA ACADEMY OF SCIENCE TO MEET HERE

The forty-third annual meeting of the Indiana Academy of Science will be held at Notre Dame on December 1, 2, and 3. This will be an event of considerable importance to the University, as the Academy has never before held such a meeting here, although other colleges and universities of the state have entertained the society upon various occasions.

The Indiana Academy of Science is unlike many of our technical organizations, in the sense that its activities are not restricted to any one branch of science. Its membership includes men of prominence in every field of science.

The program for the winter assembly will begin with the meeting of the Executive Committee on Thursday evening, December 1. The technical sessions will be held in several groups, each group being devoted to some one branch of science. On Friday morning the first general session will be held at the University. At this session the Academy business will be transacted, and the members, and all others who desire to attend, will listen to several papers of general scientific interest. On Friday afternoon the society will meet in divided groups, for the presentation of papers of a more special nature.

The events of Friday evening will be of more than casual importance. The Academy dinner will be held in the University Dining halls, and later in the evening a public lecture will be given in Washington hall. This lecture promises to be one of the outstanding features of the convention. Dr. Wilfred Osgood, head of the department of Zoology at the Field Museum, will lecture upon the subject, "Man and Nature in Abyssinia." The talk will be illustrated with slides and motion pictures. Dr. Osgood is an explorer of note, and has recently returned from an extended collecting trip in Abyssinia.

Saturday morning will be devoted to tours of inspection of points of interest about the University and the city of South Bend. This day will be an important one

to the visitors, as it will give them the opportunity to become acquainted with Notre Dame and its environs.

The Indiana Academy of Science has a membership of nearly seven hundred scientists, of which number forty-five reside at Notre Dame, South Bend, and Mishawaka. If this meeting should draw the attendance which most technical societies customarily attract to similar conventions, we should expect to have a very large group of interested visitors here in December.

The Notre Dame Academy of Science and other campus organizations will assist in making the stay of the visitors at Notre Dame one of their most pleasant memories. All sessions of the convocation will be open to the public. It is hoped that students and faculty members will avail themselves of the opportunity presented by the Academy, to attend as many of the meetings as possible. —R. W. M.

## GRAND RAPIDS CLUB MEETS

The first regular meeting of the Grand Rapids Club was held Wednesday evening, October 12th, in the north room of the Library. Freshman members were given a warm welcome, and plans for a smoker to be held in the near future were discussed.

The Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., was unanimously elected honorary president of the club. The other officers were elected at the last regular meeting in May, and are as follows: Leo Walsh, president; John Withey, vice president; James McDermott, secretary and treasurer.

## LAW COLLEGE CONDITIONAL EXAMINATIONS

Conditional examinations in the College of Law will be given Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 26, at 3 o'clock, it has been announced. Students having a condition for the last semester of the scholastic year 1926-27, are advised to consult at once the professor in charge of the course in which the condition was made, and arrange for taking examination.



## STUDENT DIRECTORY APPEARS

The new student directory for the scholastic year of 1927-1928 appeared on the campus early this week.

The early appearance of the directory has caused considerable comment insofar as this useful little book has never before been published so promptly after registration.

Father Emiel DeWulf, C.S.C., director of studies, announced, however, that due to the early compilation of data for the publication and due to numerous changes since the first weeks of school, a number of corrections will have to be made in the directory.

In view of this, it is planned to issue a supplement to the directory at an early date. This supplement is being prepared at the present time in the office of the registrar.

The directory carries the names of 2685 students. There are at the present time, however, 2862 students attending classes here. The names of students pursuing special courses and the names of those taking graduate work do not appear in this issue of the directory.

The most recent figures show the College of Arts and Letters with the largest enrollment; 1185 students are registered in this college. The College of Commerce comes next with 809 students.

The College of Engineering has registered 437 while the College of Science totals 234. The College of Law comes last with 188 students.

With the exception of the College of Arts and Letters which registered 1196 last year, all of the colleges have increased their registration since last year.

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Student tickets for the Minnesota game, according to football Manager Gus Grams, will be distributed next week in accordance with the policy that held for the distribution of tickets for the Georgia Tech game.

The tickets will be distributed at gate one between the hours of three and five; the days given over to the several classes are: Monday, seniors; Tuesday, juniors; Wednesday, sophomores; Thursday, freshmen. It is imperative that students appear for their tickets at the times designated.

## NEW REGISTRAR APPOINTED

President Father Matthew J. Walsh, C. S. C., has announced that due to ill health, Father Patrick J. McBride, C. S. C., has been forced to relinquish his duties as registrar and that Father William Carey, C. S. C., present rector of Sorin Hall, has been appointed that important office.

The change will officially take place when Father McBride returns from his vacation at the last of the month. Due to the fact that the duties of the office force the Registrar to remain here all Summer it is not until this time of year that that officer may enjoy his vacation.

The change comes as a great surprise to all connected and interested in the University, although it has been known for some time that Father McBride's health has been failing rapidly.

Father Walsh further announced that Father McBride will remain here after his return but will be assigned less rigorous duties.

Father Carey has been rector of Sorin for the past seven years; he was graduated from this University in 1911 and ordained to the priesthood in the Holy Cross Order in 1915.

Father Carey took his Ph. D. degree from Catholic University in Washington in 1918; since then he has been at Notre Dame.

For the past few years Father Carey has served as Assistant Dean of the College of Arts and Letters and as head of the Department of Ancient Languages.

With the appointment to the Office of Registrar Father Carey has the well wishes of a large circle of friends; he is well acquainted in the city, and is unusually popular in alumni circles among the Sorinites who have gone on.

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## SENIORS TO RECEIVE IN BODY

The Senior Class of the University, in accordance with its new plan for assisting the missions, will receive Holy Communion in a body at the seven o'clock Mass, Sunday. The day is Mission Sunday throughout the world.



### SENIORS PLAN FOREIGN MISSION BENEFITS

According to plans formulated by the officers of the Senior class, charities, designed to raise funds for the foreign missions, will come under their patronage during the present scholastic year. Formerly the work had been carried on by Jim Shocknessy with William Kearney as an assistant. However, both members of the Senior class have relinquished their duties in favor of the group activity.

On Wednesday evening, October 26, a moving picture featuring Charles Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms" will be presented in Washington Hall. Two performances, one at 6:30 and the second at 8:00 p. m., have been arranged. A five piece orchestra will furnish music during the film.

As a second activity, the Class of '28 will arrange for the sale of Christmas cards, bearing the seal of Notre Dame and name engraved. The Yuletide greeting will be recognized as the only official Notre Dame card, and other agents will be prevented from coming on the campus.

John Frederick, president of the Senior class announced the appointment of the following men who will serve as members of the Senior Charity Committee: J. Troy Bonner, John Cullinan, Joe Morrissey, Hudson Jeffreys, Jim Shocknessy, William Kearney, Jack Mullen, Fred Evans, Carol Pinkley, and Joseph Kinneary.

### BOSTON U. MAN TO LECTURE HERE

Dallas Lore Sharp, professor of English at Boston University, will lecture on October thirty-first at eight o'clock in Washington Hall. He will deal with his ideas of the qualities of a truly creative mind.

Professor Sharp has been called the natural successor of John Burroughs, and is often considered the Thoreau of our day. He is an authority on the problems of creative writing, and a leading nature essayist, qualities which, combined with his vigorous, interesting, and entertaining personality, will make the lecture one of particular interest to the student body.

### NAVY MAGAZINE HAS SPECIAL NOTRE DAME ISSUE

Notre Dame's football men were the recipients last week of copies of a special Notre Dame number of "The Log," student publication of the United States Naval Academy, a gift of the editor. The magazine is expressive of the friendly spirit which exists between the two schools as a result of the new football alliance which was signed last Saturday by the flying feet of Navy and Notre Dame men on the gridiron at Baltimore.

"The Log" is a Notre Dame number throughout. The Notre Dame spirit and the football team are lauded highly and an undercurrent of admiration for "the Fighting Irish" on the part of the midshipmen runs through the magazine. The cover design pictures Navy and Notre Dame football men shaking hands on the eve of the first meeting of the teams, and the major article of the publication is written by "Rip" Miller, former Notre Dame football star, and present line coach at the Annapolis institution. Miller's article considers "The Human Element" involved in the first meeting of the teams, and he succeeds admirably in his effort to show the close resemblance of the two schools, both in spirit and in organization.

Brief comments by Coaches Rockne and Ingram are contained in the book. Rockne expresses the Notre Dame feeling concerning the Navy when he says: "We feel honored in having a game with the United States Naval Academy, a school of noble traditions and excellent men." The Navy coach makes clear his opinion of the Notre Dame team when he declares: "The crucial moment of the hardest schedule in history is at hand."

J. Edward Moore, senior in Journalism, has been appointed Managing Editor of the *St. Joseph Valley Topics*. Moore made his connection with *Topics* in his junior year as feature and editorial writer. The September issue was dedicated to Notre Dame, and comes out in a cover of gold and blue.



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Robert Tyler's "What of the Children?" strikes a human tone reminiscent of the style of Katherine Mansfield. Bob is a junior in the College of Arts and Letters.

In "Sam, the Accordion Man," Louis Hasley takes to the short-story field a skillful faculty for compression, which he used last year in contributing to Hobnails.

"To Human Memory—and to Indiana" introduces Robert Fogerty, an A. B. senior, a member of the Wranglers, and a citizen of Elwood, Indiana.

Who is Prospero Image, you ask? He is a writer of poems that have the most facile expression, the most striking themes, and the most beautiful phrases that we have discovered in any college poetry.

Jasper Brent's "The Soldier" achieves in its stark economy a power and a finality unusual in a poem so short.

The name of N. Loti should be familiar to you. If you remember that Zane Grey burlesque "Symond Lick," the beautiful pen-drawn frontispiece in the Poetry Number, and the distinctive impressionistic verse in last year's Scholastic—then you know N. Loti.

—R. C. E.

## NEWSSTAND HEAD LAUDS TEAM

"That's a real team we've got out there this year. Did you see the Navy game? Well our team looked plenty good. I don't care how much they howl about the tough schedule we've got; if we get the breaks on the weather, a dry field for every game, that team's going to come through.

The speaker was "Bart" McHugh, the energetic manager of the new newsstand in the "Caf." We were in the process of purchasing our morning paper when the all important subject, "the team," became the topic of discussion.

We have great respect for the author of the above remarks; he handles his job in a pretty thorough fashion—carrying all the latest magazines and sundry periodicals, supplying the campus with between 500 and 600 papers daily, to say nothing of all the little novelties and trinkets dear to the heart of

the undergraduate, and lastly preventing bloodshed and maintaining peace and order about the news stand when the boys come milling in from the dining halls.

"Bart," nevertheless, completely fills the bill and has plenty to spare—and so, although we feel a bit cautious about predicting the score of some of the games yet to be played, we certainly felt buoyed up after listening to McHugh's encouraging discourse.

## NEW SPANISH CLUB ORGANIZES

Students in advanced courses in Spanish met in Science Hall this week and organized what will be henceforth known as the Spanish Club.

Officers were elected for the first semester, it being decided to change officers each term. Joseph Apodaca was elected President and Francis Lahey, Secretary.

The purpose of the club is to promote cultural instruction in Spanish among the advanced students of the language. The club plans to draw up a program of entertainment for the year; the program will include Spanish instruction and lectures.

All the professors of the Spanish are interested in the movement and Professor De Landero has been especially diligent in his efforts to form the club.

Meetings will be held on Wednesday evening of each week in the Law Building and the President wishes to announce that all interested in the movement are cordially invited to present themselves.

## SUNDERLAND ADDRESSES LAW CLUB

Edson R. Sunderland, professor of pleading and procedure in the University of Michigan, gave an address before the members of the Law Club in the Law Building, Monday afternoon, on "English Courts and English Procedure."

Professor Sunderland, who is an internationally known authority on pleading and procedure, and the author of a number of law books, urged the future lawyers to lay special stress on their courses in pleading and procedure, declaring that the court room, rather than the office, presents the best opportunities.



*From the Files of* THE SCHOLASTIC

October, 1890:

"A man may find on hills and coast  
Much recreation, rest and fun;  
But when he needs vacation most  
Is after he's returned from one."

St. Mary's Notes: "Anne Eliza Dennison was the only one who received 100 in lessons last week."

St. Theresa's Literary Society departed from the usual routine at the last meeting. Miss J. Currier read an essay on the subject of literary societies, and Linnie Farwell recited in a most pleasing manner. Her selection was "Bruce of Scotland".

"The palatial residence of Mr. Clem Studebaker was ruined by fire last Tuesday night. The structure was one of the most perfect private dwellings in the United States."

Editorial: "At Notre Dame where discipline and environment tend to inculcate studious habits the question often presents itself: What cause is responsible for the marked difference in scholarship among the students? We believe that some fail of greater success in class work because they lack system and order in preparation for class duties. Order is the first law of Heaven, and it should take high rank in terrestrial codes as well."

October, 1891:

“Boreas, as he passes by  
Sees woods in ruin, and heaves a sigh.  
The oak, once green, and fresh, and strong,  
Does now to nature’s dead belong:  
All things in desolation lie  
In Autumn days.”

"Prof. Maurice Francis Eagan, LL. D., of Notre Dame, spoke before the St. Theresa Literary Society last Tuesday."

Editorial: "In this day and age, when the pride of birth and the produce of wealth are so domineering, it speaks volumes for the manhood of Harvard's Seniors in selecting a negro as class orator. Harvard has been considered a college of "snobs", but the election of Clement G. Morgan, a colored

man, to an honored position refutes the charge. Alone and unaided Mr. Morgan rose from a barber's chair to an honored position in one of America's greatest Universities. "He is a credit to his race. No young man, be his chances and opportunities ever so few, need despair. Honest merit will ever have its reward."

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

To show the sceptics that the Knights of old had nothing upon those of the present, the Knights of Columbus last Tuesday made final arrangements for the minstrel show which they have been contemplating for some time. The production will be in charge of the Rogers Producing Company, while the talent will be supplied by the campus, which, as everyone is cognizant of, contains enough humorous personages to make any show along these lines successful. Because of the large number of people who will be in South Bend for the Minnesota game, it was decided that the gymnasium would have to be used if the visitors were to be given the opportunity of spending the evening previous to the big game with good entertainment.

Oct. 31, Nov. 1 and 2 have been selected as the dates when "Fog" the latest shudder and thrill of thrillers will be the attraction at the Oliver. Those who saw "The Cat and the Canary" when it was giving the country real live mystery will be eager for a chance to see another play of this type from the pen of the same author; while those who missed the former will be more than careful and not miss this.

"The Vagabond King" that highly successful musical version of "If I were King" is due in South Bend on November 10th. The cast is one picked from three different companies which played in the larger cities last year, and will pause here for one night only while making its way to the West Coast to give that theatrical desert something to quench its histrionic thirst.



## THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By J. F. Mahoney

The annual Frosh parade at Oregon University this year is to be marked by kindness and brotherly love. Only forty-five Sophomores with paddles will be present to discipline the Freshmen.

They had a hot time at the Annual Freshman mixer at Ohio University, "thrown" as the college paper would say, by the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. According to reports from the scene, the meeting was favored by the presence of upperclassmen "Wearing iron," who were there for the purpose of looking over the first year men and women, and incidentally, joining in the riotous fun. Those present were entertained by vocal solos and instrumental trios. "The most delightful affair of the kind in a long time," said President Bryan.

The W. C. T. U. has appealed to the Dean of Women at Wisconsin to stop coeds smoking. It is reported that one professor's wife has gone so far as to pass cigarettes to girl students attending a social function at her home, and that new sorority houses have smoking rooms. Alarmed at these conditions, and having the interests of the future motherhood of the nation at heart, the W. C. T. U. has risen in righteous indignation to demand that something be done about it. There ought to be a law.

Patriotism is the motif in the redecoration of the fire station at Indiana University. The rooms and quarters have been painted red, white and blue, by the firemen themselves. It is extremely gratifying to learn that firemen may also be aesthetes.

Learned pronouncement attributed to Dr. Buchanan, vice president of Oklahoma University: "Judas Iscariot would not have made an A average."

Dramatic appreciation at Tulane University, from the Hullabaloo: "Opening

Sunday night with the most pretentious edition of the Ziegfield Follies ever presented in the South, the Tulane Theatre anticipates an enormous attendance by Tulane students."

I take the liberty of reprinting from the Columbia Spectator the following charming piece:

### COUPLET COMMENT

These things I always hope to have—  
New shoes, a girl, a hearty laugh.

And these be three I want to know—  
Me, and God, and Miss Garbo.

To these three I'll turn my back—  
Dreiser, beer, and an old wise crack.

Resourceful students at Princeton have dug into the dead past and brought forth a time-honored method of transportation, now that automobiles are banned they are asking their girls to parties with horse and buggy. Make your own pun.

The campus policeman at Indiana University stopped the weekly dance because the wierd hopping steps were shaking the historic Student building to its foundations. The dances will be held in a stronger building in the future.

Southwestern College, Memphis, Tenn., which employs a selective policy in choosing its Freshmen, because of its limited enrollment, has been well repaid. The Freshmen this year are equal in average intelligence to an army major, if we may believe the results of the intelligence tests. If these reports must come out, it should be to the advantage of the Army to see that they are kept from the public eye.

The movement for kindness to Freshmen in those schools which still cling to the ancient practice of hazing is spreading. At Creighton University and Hastings College, both Nebraska schools, Sophomores may not force Freshmen to walk farther than three miles from automobile rides.





## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

### THE UNOBSERVED TRADITIONS

Two of the local traditions seem to have passed on to the place to which good traditions go when they die, this year. Both have to do with tobacco, and both, in the past, have been observed with as much fidelity as can be expected of the hard-working, hard-smoking, idealistic young men of the University. One would forbid smoking on the quad between the Sacred Heart Statue, the Main Building, Sorin and Washington Halls; the other would call down new and fantastic punishment upon those who use cigarettes, cigars, or pipes on street-cars in which women are riding.

Many universities allow no smoking whatsoever on their campuses. Notre Dame men are privileged with a greater freedom in this regard, and should observe the one restriction placed upon them. The quad, at present, is hardly a thing of beauty, but cigarette butts will not notably improve its appearance. Furthermore, it will be restored before many months have passed, and the tradition must be kept alive until that time so that, in the future, we will have at least one spot on the campus free from the residue of mild satisfaction, throat soothers, and cough prevention.

Refraining from smoking on the street-cars is a somewhat different matter, chiefly because there is no choice connected with it. The use of tobacco in the trolleys is expressly forbidden in South Bend, but allowance is made once more for Notre Dame men. They may smoke, if they do so only when there are no women passengers. There is a pleasure in lighting up as the out-bound car rocks noisily over the ties; unless the students want to lose that pleasure, they will have to douse the smokes more quickly when a woman boards the seven cent "yellows." J. A. M.

### "FAITH WITHOUT"

"Faith without works is dead," says Saint James in writing his epistle to the faithful. "Do you see that by works a man is justified; and not by faith only?" he continues interrogatively. For Catholics there is a wealth of meaning in these divinely inspired observations. Upon them has been laid the foundation of practical charity with which the Church is particularly and ardently identified.

Students, according to popular tradition, are inordinately uncharitable. Whether the tradition is founded on fact or is merely another libel designed to instill humility is of negligible consequence. The time is propitious for that tradition to be obscured by its antithesis, spontaneous charity.

Notre Dame men have been disposed to charity for many years. Prayers sought have been said, alms asked have been given, time requested has been granted.

However it was not until Sunday that a collective interest in the foreign missions was displayed. When the announcement that the Senior class, as a unit, contemplated the raising of funds for missionary work, two conclusions became immediately obvious—Notre Dame students continue in their loyalty, and the class of '28 has established a worth-while precedent in converting its organization to the field of charity.

The first undertaking will be the presentation of a moving picture on October 26; the second will be the sale of Christmas cards, designed especially for Notre Dame students. A laudable undertaking surely. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates the officers of the class and the committee which will assume the responsibilities for the charitable enterprise. It is hoped that no man will permit either friend or stranger to inveigle him into the purchase of Christmas cards which do not represent Notre Dame and its Catholic traditions. J. T. C.



# HOBNAILS

## LOVE SINGS A VIRELAI

*Far beyond the farthest sea  
(Its name is lost to me and thee)  
There lay a mighty, mystic state;  
And in this country, wide and free,  
A highway cut the daisied lea  
Where three beflowered hillocks sate,  
Three maidens, each a joy to see,  
Awaited Love on these hillocks three;  
Each held a crown all aureate.*

*When Love rode past the first maid's gate,  
She crowned herself with the golden weight,  
And summoned him with lofty pride.  
"Climb up to me," she called, "you're late.  
Do you perceive how fortunate  
You are in having me your bride?"  
But Love spoke thus, deliberate:  
"You seek a servant, not a mate,"  
And left the lady humble-eyed.*

*The next maid Love afar espied,  
And hurried down the hillock-side  
To meet him where the broad road lay.  
"O, Love, command my heart," she cried,  
"And wear this lovely crown beside,  
And I will serve you always. Stay!"  
Love turned his head and sadly sighed  
At such abandon; then replied,  
"I want no slave," and rode away.*

*One maid remained. With calm delay  
She came half-down the hill, a gay  
Half-challenge in her level eyes,  
And waited there. Try as he may  
Love had no choice but to obey  
Her silent smile. He climbed the rise,  
And kissed her hand, and heard her say,  
"Suppose we share the crown today."  
Love smiled; he had found Paradise.*

*You lovers, if you would be wise,  
Regard the truth this tale implies,  
For moderation is the key  
To every human enterprise.  
If you are seeking marriage ties,  
Take care to let your manner be  
A diplomatic compromise  
Of give and take—it satisfies;  
At least, it served Maid Three and me.*

—THE TROUBADOUR.

## STRETCH SAFETY NETS

DEAR SIR: HAVE YOU NOTICED THE MANY BIRDS IN THE REFECTORY STOP THIS NATURE STUFF CAN BE CARRIED SO FAR AND THEN IT MUST OF NECESSITY BE DROPPED STOP WHAT CAN BE DONE TO REMEDY THIS

—WILL SCARLET.

## THE CURWOOD KID VS. EAGLE-BEAK: THIRD ROUND.

DEAR AL:

I noticed in the last issue of Hobnails that Cy, the ex. col. con., denied the charge of turning down my contributions. Well, that's my story and I'll stick to it. Remember Homo! He stuck to his guns; and got the last word. I shall do likewise, even though I have to call in help from St. Mary's, for you know you can't stop the Maid Marians.

Also tell Cy to be careful; the "Luckless" represents my inability to collect accident insurance, for, like Jas. Oliver Curwood's heroes, I always get my man.

Well good luck, Al. Since you've been using my stuff, Hobnails has been leaving "footprints on the sands of time."

—THE LUCKLESS LAD.

## STAGNATION

*The stag at eve has drunk his fill.  
He slowly stag-gers up the hill,  
He fills his lungs with bracing air,  
He leans on a post that isn't there,  
And smooths his slightly ruffled hair.  
The stag at eve has not a care  
As slow he stag-gers to the still  
(The stag's old man will get the bill.)*

—THE DEPUTY SHERIFF OF GREATER NOTTINGHAM.

## WE CAN'T HELP—WE'RE MAROONED!

DEAR ALLAN-A-DALE:

It has come to my knowledge that the building committee of the Magna Universitas Nostrae Dominae is contemplating the erection of new cinder paths to the East Campus. Please, Al, will you use your influence and have them put in a few viaducts or bridges, too? I have swum to and from the dining hall so often that I have developed a physique which rivals Gertrude Ederle's.

You know, I don't wear overshoes, even if I did promise mother—for they, Allan (you don't care if I call you by your first name, do you?) are not collegiate—Joe Campus shuns them. I'd rather catch pneumonia, wouldn't you? And furthermore, what good are overshoes—we need hip boots.

—THE SOPHOMORITIC SOPHOMORE.

Oh Man! Maybe Mrs. Malaprop didn't give you a dirty dig the other day. She said, in part: "I don't want to depredate the integument of your Notre Dame men. You are quite proficial in football and such matters of physics; but you lack ventionative in your republications." There! That means fight where we come from, lady or no lady. Crack back at her. Flood 428 Morrissey with contribs, and we'll make her contract her low incinerations.

—ALLAN-A-DALE.



## LITERARY

*What of The Children?**Clara Arens, Hostess, Versus Clara Arens, Mother*

ROBERT TYLER

"I think, myself, we should have a new home. I'll look around for a suitable site, Clara, and we'll see what we can do."

For a long time Clara Arens had felt that the house they lived in was not good enough for her husband's success and her own social position. As a home, of course, it served well enough, but it was far too shabby for entertaining—and Clara wanted to entertain. She had lately joined a fashionable bridge club and had recently submitted her name for approval at the "Sunset Hill Golf and Country Club," so when her husband favorably agreed to her wishes, she saw no reason why she should not rush the plans and build at once.

It was only a few weeks later that the Arens purchased a site in the exclusive Mission Hills district. From that point on, until the first load of dirt was drawn from the excavation, things moved rapidly. Had it not been for the large income Mr. Arens' aristocratic clientele afforded him, he would have objected to some of his wife's rather extravagant ideas. But Hubert Arens was one of those men who are never so happy as when they are pleasing their families.

The plans and specifications filled Clara with pride. She learned a great deal about wood and cement and things that women usually leave to more capable authority. What made her beam with joy was the refreshing bit of envy she was arousing in her neighbors.

"What? You building? Leaving here?" Every time Clara heard this she purred with delight.

The house rose swiftly and Clara went every day to visit it and to offer suggestions to those "unintelligent carpenters." It seemed to those who knew her that Clara lived for this new home and grew more radiant, as it were, in the pleasure of it all.

The time came when the structure had advanced to that stage where Clara might ask her guests to visit it. Mrs. Smith sniffed with jealousy; Mrs. Randolph nearly wept; Mrs. Taylor giggled nervously, but leave it to Mrs. Tucker to express her thoughts.

"Well, it is a nice house, Clara, but never in the world will you be able to keep all these rooms clean."

All this amused Clara immensely. At night she told Hubert about it and they chuckled together.

Clara bought her furniture of "Dano", her draperies from "Keith's" and, that her house might be the last word in correctness, she took lessons in interior decorating. She was having a pink room, a silver and green one, and a gray room upstairs. Downstairs it would be white enamel and mahogany; French doors there would be, and cathedral windows, all of which might serve to lend an atmosphere of coziness.

One day as Clara was entering the house, she heard an unusual commotion. In the hall she found Bobby, her six year old son, and Clara, her eight year old daughter, hilariously engaged in using the staircase for a slide. Starting at the top they bounced to the bottom of the stairs with no little detriment to pants and petticoat.



"Children," Clara exclaimed, aghast with surprise, "what are you doing?"

Paying no heed to their mother's words they fled back upstairs for another descent. Clara ran after them, catching little Clara as she started, but Bobby evaded her grasp.

"You're ruining the varnish, and it's scarcely dry," gasped Clara. "I ought to spank you both."

"But, mother," said little Clara as she swung the curls out of her excited eyes, "this isn't nothin'. You ought to see Billy come down the stair railing."

"Billy? The stair railing?" Billy was eleven and her oldest.

Little Clara nodded.

"Faster'n lightning," she said, "and every day after school." The railing gave convincing evidence of this.

"Come on, I'll show you my cubby hole," put in Bobby, grabbing his mother's hand and leading her to the kitchen. As Mrs. Arens entered the pantry, the door to the cupboard opened and there on the shelf sat her fourth child, Marie, aged nine, with a playmate, contentedly banging their feet while they chewed some chocolate.

"Do you children come here every night like this?" Clara asked.

"Why not? It's going to be our home, isn't it?" Marie was pert. "I guess you can play in your own house, can't you?"

"You mustn't come here again," Clara put in.

"But, mother, we'll live here soon anyway, won't we?" cried Marie.

Clara sat down on the stair step and did some hard thinking. Yes, they would live here soon. Four children, and twice that number coming and going continually. The polished stairs, the shining floors, the gleaming woodwork, the upholstering of the new furniture were never intended for children.

It came to her in a flash—this was a

home for her friends, not for her children. Women in soft silken frocks could use her furniture, but could she imagine Billy doing it without leaving his imprint of grime and dust. High heeled shoes might tread these floors, but when Clara and Bobby ran over them in their thick-soled sandals, either the floors themselves or the children's hearts must suffer.

Clara went quietly back to the dear old house the children cherished; back to this palimpsest of happy days. The davenport where Marie cuddled on winter evenings, Clara's little corner between the book cases, and the long attic where Bobby and Billy played boisterously, all seemed by possession to belong to the children more than to anyone else.

That night as Clara sat, presumably in deep reflection, Marie stole in to sit on the arm of her chair.

"Mother," whispered Marie, "I want to tell you something."

"Well?" Clara looked into the child's honest eyes.

"It's this: I don't like the new house one bit. Why, you can't touch it that—that you don't leave a mark. We have all tried to like it, but we can't. It won't play. It's too nice and new—and—and—shiny."

"What would you do?" Clara asked. "Would you rather go on living here and be crowded and shabby and—just ordinary—or—?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. This is home—we like this house. It's different than the new one."

After all, the Arens never moved into their new house. No one, of course, would accept Clara's explanation. The neighbors thought that, perhaps, Mr. Arens had tasted business reverses. The house, however, sold at once at a good price; in fact, they made money on it. But they went on living in the old comfortable house that was not too good for the children.





## To Human Memory—And To Indiana

*Recollections of the Beauty in the Flat Lands*

ROBERT P. FOGERTY

LEW SARETT once read for me (and the rest of the audience) a poem wherein he demonstrated that he is very human. For men have a strong innate "propensity" to see humankind illustrated in the non-human, the angel, the beast, the plant, the stone, and the vacuum; as did Sarett when he noticed that there are fish whose habits typify the miser, the bully, the high-hatter, and others amongst us, and was bothered enough by his observation to work it through into metered and rhyming words.

I, too, am bothered somewhat; I have noticed a kind of metaphor of which we are realizations, as of a mental image made tangible. It is the kind of metaphor in which one imagines an influence to be passing from one object to another. Illustrated: I see a redwood in a valley flooded with sunset crimson; musing, I recall the tree's rich timber, and suddenly an almost perceptible flash startles me. I have come upon such a metaphor, and if I be a poet I translate it into words: I say that the tree has been "dyed" in the floods of thousands of sunsets. And I am happy, hugely happy if I be a poet, a little less happy if I do not possess the poet's keen sensibilities.

The point that interests me is this: we are little suns pouring into things we meet, the individuating tones of moments remembered.

An old woman will weep at the sight of a chair, one whose exact counterparts come by hundreds from standardized machinery. But that old chair is not identical with any counterpart; for into it is imbued its own individual history. It is as though at every incident of household life into which that chair has entered, the mind of the woman has sent into the very form and wood a distinguishing tone, or, perhaps, veiled the chair with an ethereal

stuff which, later, when she gazed through it upon the chair, made actually visible or nearly so, to her, the retrospect of that incident. And so, as she looks now upon the old arms, and back, and rockers, as she deciphers the cuts upon them (hieroglyphics legible to her), she sees with all the vividness and richness of mental sight—of mental sight fused in with physical vision—her chair playing its part in life stories well known to her. But our explanation is figurative, while the fact is real.

Within a little log cabin by the side of twin lakes in northern Indiana is a bench, every grain of whose wood and every thread of whose cloth covering is saturated with story. The cabin is the "cradle" of our university; and the bench is that upon which the founder, Sorin, used to kneel as he sought God's grace. Even as one kneels upon it now, in the dim, silent little room of altars and twinkling lamps, there spreads out an almost sensible haze, as though a story is there to be perceived but one's eyes cannot focus properly to reveal it; for only a few now living possess the lens of memory.

### II.

The land in which are this bench, this cabin, and this school, presents a case very nearly in point with the power of human memory upon vision. The land of Indiana, save for a portion to the South and West, is prairie-land, monotonous to those used to the hills. Yet men who came here when town streets were mud lanes, and wondered if they could survive in such a place, have regretted the circumstances that, years later, caused them to leave. It was, of course, memory which endeared the place to most of them. But there must have been some who discovered, and came



to love the beauty of the land itself. Tarkington says, "It takes a long time for the full beauty of the flat lands to reach a man's soul; once there, nor hills, nor sea, nor growing fan leaves of palm shall suffice him. It is like the beauty in the word 'Indiana.' It may be that there are people who do not consider 'Indiana' a beautiful word; but once it rings true in your ears it has a richer sound than 'Vallombrosa'."

I have never read far enough into Dante nor into Milton to gather to myself the full meaning and feeling of the word "Vallombrosa." It is otherwise with the name "Indiana," and otherwise with the plains. There is a roll in the prairie-land like a delicate lilt in a smooth sweep of melody. But that lilt may be heard only after the melody is an accustomed one and the soul reproduces it, sending into consciousness the recalled image simultaneously with the orchestra's rendition; and so with the prairie. The comer, new from the hills, will not see what is there; for his attention is strained by the flatness. He will not see the gentle, almost rhythmic swing of land-

scape that curls away, plumed with spots of woodland, to the horizon. He will miss that beauty almost surely, even when it bursts upon him from the crest of a little rise in the open country, even from such a point and at such a time as when sunset nears the shadows and deepened contrast-colors put the whole into relief, and the far dips and swells are fairy glimpses of detached and mystic lands. Rarely does he miss, however, the loveliness of the Indiana moon, serene above the peaceful plains.

The particular-minded will say that the case of the land and its beauty, of a melody and its gentle lilt, is not in point with the case of that peculiar vision given by memory and aroused by familiar objects; for that beauty is not given by the eye, nor that lilt by the ear, but are only perceived by them. This is true; but we plead that that beauty and that lilt are perceived only after time has passed and one has grown accustomed, and then it is as though the mind had caught up and put into consciousness a delicate little pulse of the life it has come to know.

### Amort

*Oh, let me kiss the beauty of your face  
With my cold mouth that withers as I sing,  
This is the last that I shall know of earth,  
The last—and with tomorrow comes the spring,  
The silver spring with dripping hands to touch  
Your curving lips where my cold lips have lain,  
And cleanly wash from them the memory  
Of me who lies beyond the hands of rain.  
Oh, love, before my paling breath is gone,  
Come, let me kiss your mouth with one slow kiss,  
And I shall go without a pang or sigh,  
I shall go calmly, asking only this.  
And when the silver spring tomorrow comes  
With clear, absolving fain in dripping hands,  
I shall be out of sight and memory—  
Beyond the touch of spring, beneath the sands.*

—PROSPERO IMAGE.



## Sam, The Accordion Man

A Short Short Story

LOUIS L. HASLEY

THE source of the gratifying music at the little *Travel Inn* was not in evidence. But everyone knew that behind the curtains near the half-enclosed booths was Sam, pumping rhythmically at his accordion and producing such syncopation as no other could ever hope to draw from one instrument.

Every person who had ever dined at the little inn during the short month that Sam had been playing there, and had listened to his music, either lingered longer than he realized or else wasn't human. Jazz wasn't the only thing in Sam's repertoire; he played sentimental songs even better. So much so, in fact that the *Travel Inn* had become a favorite stopping place for lovers, who might sit undisturbed in the dimly lit room under the spell of Sam's dreamy music as long as they desired.

Among those who frequently came there was a young couple, he, devoted, she, indifferent. From a small opening in the curtains Sam watched them, always with a sad heart, as he played. The man he almost envied, almost despised—and Sam knew it was because this man made love to her.

There came an evening when, at the while of the fascinating music of the accordion, she allowed her escort to slip a ring on her finger. Sam noticed, not without gratification, that there was no kiss forthcoming. He saw also that the suitor peeled a number of bank notes from a heavy roll, which he pressed in her hands despite her somewhat faint protests. And a few minutes later Sam gazed soulfully after them as they strolled, arm in arm, from the inn.

Two nights later, the couple returned to the *Travel Inn*. They leisurely sipped a cocktail, while Sam softly played his accordion. During a particularly sentimental piece, the man leaned appealingly over the little table for a kiss. The girl, reluctantly it seemed, yielded, and Sam's heart hung heavy. He forgot about the tender strains he was play-

ing and drifted into a wild rhapsody of angry cadence. And with it her happy smile vanished like the sun disappearing behind a dark cloud, as if Sam's music held perfect control over her emotion. Deliberately she slipped the ring off and handed it back to her lover!

The music stopped *diminuendo*. Sam could not but listen.

"I do not love you, Fred."

"Don't love me? But, Jean, you just said..." The man broke off incredulously, unable to continue.

"I know, Fred, but that music suddenly made me realize. It was only while hearing soft melodies that I felt that I cared for you. When he began that delirious tumult of harmony it was as if I heard a violent storm rumbling in the distance—some calamity to happen. Oh, Fred, you'll forgive me, won't you, when I say it was the music that fascinated me and made me say that I loved you? Because, Fred, I have found"—here she spoke softer—"that I love Sam."

"Love Sam? That—that—why he's just a low musician," the young man burst out angrily, his face livid.

Behind the curtains, a thousand thoughts flashed through Sam's mind in an instant. To give Fred a sound beating would only be embarrassing for all concerned.

"That's enough, Mr. Bigelet. You may go," Sam heard her say, and her voice cut like a knife.

Fred Bigelet went. After some minutes, Sam stepped from behind the curtains, tall, handsome, debonair. With a slight obeisance he smiled at Jean familiarly. She took his arm and they strolled to the door of the *Travel Inn*. Once outside, Sam breathed a sigh of relief and hastened to ask,

"How much did we get?"

"Five hundred, all told. I was getting sick of love as a business, so I ended it. I'm glad it's over."



"Who's next on your list?" Sam asked with a twinkle in his eye.

The young lady looked doubtfully at her companion.

"Now, Sam, if we two can't settle down now to this writing business and keep the wolfish rejection slips from the door, we had better dissolve partnership."

"Don't worry Jean," Sam laughed. "I don't mean to ever let you in another's arms again. Lord, but that was agony."

Sam didn't see the tears which glistened in her blue eyes.

"And Sam," she almost whispered, "I didn't think you'd mind—I slipped the money back in his pocket as he left."

A lump in Sam's throat prevented a reply; but when he picked her up in his arms and carried her all the way back to their little housekeeping rooms, he knew that she knew he was glad.

## A Romance In Retrospect

N. LOTI

Slowly and tenderly the old cellist draws the bow across the strings.

With a tremor he becomes enveloped in a shroud of mysterious soulful music. Gradually a hazy mist creeps over him so that finally he disappears altogether. Nothing but entrancing music, when . . .

A beautiful woman with outstretched arms pleading, pleading, pleading, . . . with a sob she too softly fades away . . . thunder, a flash

of lightning, the woman, darkness, . . . winds shrieking, fury, rain . . .

A desolate waste of barren land, . . . the woman old, haggard, mourning . . . dying, mourning her lost . . . a sob . . .

Through the haze the musician's head gradually appears and disappears.

For the last time the old musician, worn with emotion, tenderly and slowly draws the bow across the strings. The song is finished.

## The Soldier

*He had brought home medals:  
Little chips of gold,  
Little chips of silver  
Given to the bold.*

*He had brought home ribbons  
That the general gave  
(With their medals haring)  
Only to the brave.*

*He had won the honors  
That the brave achieve:  
He had brought home medals  
And an empty sleeve.*

—JASPER BRENT.



## SPORT NEWS



"BUCKY" DAHMAN,  
who proved a bucking  
broncho uncontrollable  
last Saturday.

## Irish Torpedo Midship- men; Score 19-6



"CHILE" WALSH,  
the alert end, who turned  
Fredrick's feat to good  
advantage.



"CHRISTIE" FLANAGAN,  
Texas Titan, who ran  
the Navy ragged.



JOHN FREDERICK,  
who blocked kick that turned  
tide of victory.

High in the ceiling of magnificent Bancroft Hall, pride of the Annapolis campus, a tattered blue flag is framed. Attached to this faded bit of bunting are still more tattered white letters forming five historical words. They are, "Don't give up the ship." It is the flag of O. H. Perry flown at the battle of Lake Erie. They are the words of Lawrence, the heroic commander of the unfortunate ship "Chesapeake" during the War of 1812. It is an historic flag, and its message is inscribed deep into the hearts of every stalwart son of Uncle Sam's great Naval Academy.

But in some mysterious manner however, last Saturday afternoon under the cloudless skies above the huge Venable Stadium in Baltimore, the courageous import of the message seemed to be deeply inscribed in other hearts besides the Navy's. It was deeply inscribed in the hearts and in the very spirit itself, of a gallant Notre Dame football team.

On the short end of a 6-0 score for the largest part of their first gridiron tangle with the future admirals, they did not give up their ship, in this case, their hopes of victory. On the contrary, with the water of defeat pouring through the great rent in the

hull of their football craft caused by the Navy touchdown, they rallied gamely and with one last terrific bombardment sank the

powerful vessel of their adversaries under a 19-6 score.

The stout-hearted Midshipmen did not give up their ship either, until they had given all that they could, and could give no more. Expending very solid shot in their well-stocked repertoire of gridiron plays, and fighting grimly to the last against their inevitable doom, they went down as brave men with all colors flying, for the first time since 1925.

The battle was a magnificent clash, courageously fought between two very evenly matched elevens. It was an extremely interesting engagement too. Interesting not only from the viewpoint of action of which there was a plenty from beginning to end, but also because both participants are ranked among the outstanding teams of their respective sections. Both were possessed of powerful lines and strong backfields. Both were well-fortified with practically the same type of offense, the aerial game and wide flank sweeps. And both were ready to give their best to achieve a much coveted victory.

Equally matched to such a great extent in



nearly every department of the game, it was Notre Dame's famous driving attack which turned the tide of battle. The one thing which their hosts, try as they did, could not match. After the future admirals had assumed a single touchdown lead, scored at the expense of the Gaelic second team in the first three minutes of play, the Irish attack started functioning. The Tars were on the defensive for the major portion of the remainder of the engagement, content to tenaciously hold to their single touchdown lead over their guests. Notre Dame was not to be denied however, and even before the half was over had seriously threatened to score on a trio of occasions, each time being halted within the Sailors' thirty yard mark by a spirited Navy defense.

With the start of the second half the entire complex of the contest was changed. The Irish tied the score and then set out to push the winning points across. John Frederick and "Chile" Walsh, Celtic dependables, started the attack that turned the tide of battle completely. With the period barely five minutes old Lloyd, husky Navy halfback, stepped back to his own thirty-eight yard line to punt. Frederick tore through the home defense as if it were paper, and blocked the Navy lad's effort. Walsh came in fast, scooped up the bounding pigskin, and behind hastily formed interference was off in a flash for a thirty-two yard run without molestation for the tying points. Dahman attempted point after touchdown was blocked and the score was six all.

Shortly after this, the Eastern invaders secured their second six-pointer which sent them into a lead which was never threatened throughout the remainder of the game. With the oval on Notre Dame's thirty-yard strip, in Irish possession, Flanagan tucked the ball under his protecting wing, and was not pulled down until he had traversed some twenty-seven yards around Navy's left end. Again the "The Texas Phantom" gathered the oval to him and tried the other Middle wing this time. The ball rested on the future admirals' eleven yard line when this second little run was over. A few line

plunges by Wynne, and Riley sneaked across for the touchdown. Dahman's boot for the extra point was again wide.

Niemic scored Notre Dame's third and last sextet of points. Obtaining possession of the ball on downs on the Navy forty-five yard line in the middle of the last quarter, another Celtic parade to the Sailor goal started. With Chevigney and Niemic, alternating carrying the ball through the line and around the end, and with a thirteen yard aerial heave to Walsh thrown in, this last sortie of the Irish culminated in their final touchdown when the elusive Niemic squirmed through tackle for eight yards and the score. He also kicked the extra point.

The Notre Dame eleven deserves unstinted praise for the wonderful exhibition of football they put up throughout the contest. As in the previous Detroit game, the Irish forward wall stacked up against a powerful opposing line, and more than held their own with their much heavier adversaries. The Gaelic defense on the whole, was exceptionally good against an eleven the caliber of the Navy. Except for a few minutes in the opening quarter when the Sailor backs were able to rip through the second string flankers for their touchdown, the Notre Dame defense was like the proverbial stone wall. The home team proved exceptionally troublesome at times by their well-executed aerial attack. Except for a pretty forty-five yard pass from Bauer to Beans, however, in the waning moments of the conflict which came too late to do much damage, the most yardage gained at one time by either side via this aerial route was fifteen yards. Both defenses were too tight to make larger gains possible.

Notre Dame had the edge on their hosts by a big margin in regards to the rushing game. Time after time the Celtic backs would crash through the stout Navy forward wall or dash around the wings for gains. On the other hand the Middle backs could do little against an inspired set of visiting flankers, and secured the major portion of their yardage through effective use of forward passes.

There were no outstanding stars for either



team. There could not be. Each man played his best and gave absolutely the best football that he was capable of.

#### Lineup and summary:

NAVY (6)	NOTRE DAME (19)
Sloane -----	L.L. ----- Hurlburt
Wilson -----	L.T. ----- Ransavage
Eddy -----	L.G. ----- Cannon
Hardin -----	C. ----- Moynihan
Woerner -----	R.G. ----- Bond
Geise -----	R.T. ----- McGrath
Moret -----	R.E. ----- Benda
Hannagan -----	Q.B. ----- Morrissey
Spring -----	L.H. ----- Niemiec
Bauer -----	R.H. ----- Chevigny
Ransford -----	F.B. ----- Wynne

Touchdowns—Notre Dame, Walsh, Riley, Niemiec; Navy, Spring.

Point after touchdown—Niemiec (placement kick.)

Substitutions—Navy: W. A. Taylor for Sloane, Sloane for Taylor, Beans for Sloane, Bagdanovitch for Wilson, Wilson for Bagdanovitch, Pierce for Eddy, Swan for Pierce, Hotchkiss for Swan, Hughes for Hardin, Hardin for Hughes, Burke for Woerner, Woerner for Burke, Haven for Giese, Giese for Haven, Smith for Moret, Millican for Hannagan, Hannagan for Millican, Parish for Hannagan, Lloyd for Spring, Spring for Lloyd, Miller for Spring, Schuber for Bauer, Bauer for Schuber, Ransford for Clifton, Clifton for Ransford, Ransford for Clifton.

Notre Dame—Voedisch for Hurlburt, Ransavage for Miller, Miller for Ransavage, Ransavage for Miller, Moynihan for Frederick, Leppig for Bond, Bond for Leppig, Poliskey for McGrath, Donoghue for Poliskey, Walsh for Benda, Riley for Morrissey, McKenney for Riley, Flanagan for Niemiec, Niemiec for Flanagan, Dahman for Chevigny, Chevigny for Dahman, Collins for Wynne, Dew for Collins.

Referee—W. R. Crowell (Swarthmore). Umpire—John Schommer (Chicago). Head linesman—Fred Gardner (Cornell). Field judge—C. G. Eckles (Washington and Jefferson).

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#### IRISH AT BLOOMINGTON FOR TUSSLE WITH HOOSIERS

The sovereign state of Indiana will have a little football party exclusively its own tomorrow afternoon, when Coach Rockne's Irish from upstate will tangle with Coach Page's Hoosiers from downstate. The game will be played at Bloomington, and judging from all appearances, both past and present, it will be an extremely hot party from all angles. All Hoosierdom, and for that matter, practically the entire Mid West will have an interest in the ensuing festivities, espe-

cially as it will be an unusually interesting attraction between the eleven that tied Minnesota and the aggregation that sank the powerful Navy, on the preceding Saturday.

And Pat Page's moleskin proteges will be rarin' to go. Fresh from an unexpected, but brilliant 14-14 tie with Doc Spear's bone-crushing Gophers, the representatives of the home state will be out to even up old scores by taking a fall out of the gentlemen from South Bend. The Indianan mentor in the comparatively short time that he has been at the coaching reins at the Bloomington institution, has really worked wonders with the promising material on hand, and has turned out a well-balanced, fighting, coordinated eleven. (Ask Minnesota!)

The Hoosiers will be performing on their own home grounds and before their own home folks. Besides they will be keyed up to the proper psychological pitch to do their durndest against a team which has beaten them consistently in past years. That 26-0 setback plastered on them last season by the 1926 Celtic combination still rankles in the breast of every man on the Scarlet team, and they will be out for sweet revenge.

Coach Page has moulded a promising aggregation from a half dozen veterans left from last fall and a group of promising Sophomores. He has two ball-carriers in Bennett and Beyers that would gladden the eyes of any football coach. Harrell, another halfback, Weaver and McCracken ends, and Ringwalt, a guard, are also very apt to give the invaders from upstate trouble.

A large delegation of South Bend fans will be present for the game as well as thousands of people from all over the state.

#### CELTIC HARRIERS TANGLE WITH ILLINI

The Notre Dame cross country squad leaves to-day for its initial meet with Illinois at Urbana. Illinois has always been the stumbling block on the Celtic schedule and according to predictions, this year will furnish no apparent alleviation in so far as stiff competition is concerned.

In the try outs held last Saturday to determine who was to make the trip, the



leading contestants covered the four mile stretch in a little better than twenty-one minutes. If they are able to resume that gait at Urbana, they ought to leave the Illini outfit far behind them. Coach Nicholson is looking favorably upon this year's team and is determined to make his first season as a track mentor at Notre Dame a decidedly victorious one.

Of the thirty-five men out for berths on the squad, the following were chosen to make the Illini contest: Captain Dick Phelan, the two Brown brothers, DeGroot, Schlickert and Vichules. The meet takes place to-morrow morning and a victory over the orange and black harriers will give them the confidence necessary to win the remaining contests. —R. P. D.

#### INTER-HALL ELEVENS OPEN SEASON

The lid is off! The annual Inter-Hall struggle for the football supremacy of the campus began Sunday morning, October 16.

L. Moxley's Sophomores held Dave Krembs' he-men from Corby scoreless for three quarters but during the final stanza Cyrus Metrailer of Corby managed to cross the Sophs' goal line. Score: 6 to 0.

In the first quarter of the game between Johnny Riley's Freshmen and Leo Schrall's Howard boys each side went scoreless. But in the second period a Howard back fumbled and Jerry Hugger scooped up the oval and made the first touchdown. A safety and fumble followed, and a blocked kick in the last quarter accounted for the Freshmen's final score. Koski fell on the ball. Final score: Howard 2, Freshmen 18.

Joe Abbot and Bob Newbold's Brownson scrappers met their equal when they clashed with Art Evans' and George Ullrich's Carrollites. This battle was waged within the hundred yard limit. It ended in a scoreless tie.

The McGrath and O'Phalen warriors of Walsh met and fell before the onslaught of Milt Wagner's Off-Campus men. It was a scoreless tie up to the final quarter. Then the Day-Dogs made their score. Jack Healy

carried the ball across the goal line. The kick was blocked but Referee Gilbert ruled Walsh off-side and awarded the Day-Dogs the extra point. The game ended Off-Campus 7, Walsh 0.

The battle between F. J. Culhane's Morrissey boys and C. A. Costello's Lyons Tigers for the "Championship of the West Coast," was a battle royal. The first period ended with neither side scoring. In the second quarter Purcell, of Morrissey, scored a touchdown which was the only one his side could obtain. At the kick-off of the second half the ball rolled across Morrissey's goal and Roshay, a Lyons man, fell on it. This tied the score.

Badin was awarded a forfeit over Sorin. Sorin will not be represented in the Inter-hall football this season and Father Mooney says he is going to form another team from the "gang" in Freshman.

The officials made it possible for the games to be played without interference from the spectators.

#### RESERVES VICTORIOUS AT WESTERN STATE NORMAL, 18-0

While the first squad was performing at Baltimore last Saturday, the Irish reserves were not idle by any means. Two complete elevens journeyed to Kalamazoo, Michigan, and returned with an 18-0 triumph over the strong Western State Normal outfit. The victory more than atoned for the setback suffered at the hands of the same crew, by last year's reserves.

The Teachers were completely outplayed by the Notre Dame subs at every stage of the game. Brannon swept around the home left flank for thirty yards and the initial Celtic score in the first period. Gebhard duplicated the stunt for almost the same yardage in the third fifteen minutes. Bud Wilhelm passed seventeen yards to Frank Crowe for Notre Dame's final sextet of points in the last period.

A crowd of approximately 8,000 persons witnessed the contest.



