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VOL. LV. 61

NOVEMBER 11, 1927

NO. 8.

1872 = INDEX = 1927

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Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1102, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.

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

THE WEEK

The Rock of Gibraltar has been moved. Joesting, Johnson, Almquist, Bergquist, Oster, and Angwik were but a few of the Swedish irresistible forces which met the immovable body to produce a natural result

—the tie. But it was a beautiful game and the Minnesota rooters insisted that the score was a triumph for the Gophers, proving that a tie against Notre Dame gives the opponents a feeling of superiority. To furnish a typical Indiana setting, the freshmen appeared in the cast-offs of the Klan and made

more noise than the week-end roomers in South Bend hotels. The confetti bombs which were opened at the half were gorgeous affairs. However, someone with a miserable sense of direction ordered the Blue and Gold paper to circulate over the gymnasium and as a result the effect was lost on the snow-bedecked customers. Your correspondent, while eating a dwarfed hot dog at the half, heard the bombs burst in air and claims the distinction of being the only man who saw the confetti start on its non-stop flight to Niles.

Truly, it was a hard afternoon for the scalpers victims. Men ranging from seventy-five years of age down attempted to pass as students. There was little confusion, but one old fellow who tottered in proved his membership in the body Notre Dame when he showed cards admitting him to Boy Guidance 46A. "Shoot if you must this old grey head," cried the feeble pathfinder, "but in the name of the Boy Scouts I must forge on to honor and glory."

"Aye, aye, Cap," replied the gateman: "Vive Boy Guidance and the mal-adjusted child."

And after the Cartier Field struggle came the S.A.C. hop with six ballrooms, two orchestras, and three checkrooms. Joe Doran was so intent upon collecting fares that he failed to open windows and nine people swooned in the first five minutes of play. It is reported that profit a-plenty was made insuring the Blue Circle seventy-nine cent special in charms as opposed to the forty-nine cent numbers of last year, the year before, the year before that, and ad infinitum.

Among the outstanding social events of the week was the Kacey Minstrel, attended by all the high society of the campus. The minstrel proper with its poor jokes, good singing, and better music was very creditable for an amateur production (and that covers a multitude of sins), but the sketch with its setting in the Arctic regions was a rank production. Vince Ducey and Jack Wingerter made far more interesting girls than the original female exhibited, even though she came highly recommended and press-agented as a comedienne extra-ordinaire and blues singer deluxe.

Rudy is back in Badin's bleak basement after a highly illuminating two weeks at St. Mary's-of-the-Woods. With his acquired education in the art of make-up, he promises to do well for the few Seniors who have had neither the courage nor the dollar with which to face his camera. This is absolutely the last chance to be "mugged" (speaking in terms of Bertillion measurements) promise the *Dome* editors, and we think they're serious this time.

Of course you saw the mammoth, extravagant, and powerful bon-fire. Every loose stick of wood in the state was offered as a tribute to the ingenuity of the campus program planners. One weather-beaten farmer drove around Friday morning to retrieve some of his stolen back yard property. But it was too far obscured by old Fords and broom handles. He went home cursing students and the inconveniences of Indiana farm life.

—J.T.C.



JOHN T. CULLINAN,
Writer of the *Week*

FATHER SCHUMACHER ATTENDS DEDICATION

Father Matthew Schumacher C.S.C., head of the Department of Philosophy, represented the University at the dedication of Marygrove College, Detroit, Thursday, November 10.

The Right Rev. Michael James Gallagher D.D., Bishop of Detroit, presided at the dedication which represents the eighty-second anniversary of the foundation of the Congregation. Marygrove College is conducted by the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

THIRTEEN YEAR OLD FOOTBALL FAN VISITS NOTRE DAME

A thirteen year old youth calling himself Wilbur Delph, carrying an extra pair of shoes, and wearing a peculiarly cut jacket and a Frosh cap obtained at the University of Wisconsin, led the rush into the West wing of the dining hall last Monday evening. Scrutinizing the rows of tables, he none-chalantly, as though he were a "Lifer" at Notre Dame, seated himself at Table 104. And before any of the heavy eaters at the head of the table could yell, "Pass the beans!" he attracted the attention of the men there who began to pour questions and insinuations at him.

"Just came down from Madison where I saw Michigan beat Wisconsin, and where I saw my pal Benny Oosterbaan play. I've met lots of stars and now I'm down here to meet Christie Flanagan," he said.

"Did you know 'Red' Grange?"

"Did I? Went to class with him; class in economics. He's a Zeta Psi; founded in New York University, that is the Heights College at 176th street, in 1847; has 29 chapters. I've met 'Moon' Baker. He invited me to have lunch with him at his 'frat' house, and I stayed three weeks."

And then before the same heavy eaters at the head of the table could say, "Pass the beans back!" he enumerated the names of all the fraternities and sororities and their history without letting even a single bean slip from his knife. He had, indeed, the entire table of fellows roaring.

The youth had an uncanny knowledge of Greek letter fraternities; their history and activities. He remembered distinctly the many athletic contests of prominence in the collegiate world; he knew the score, time and place of every Notre Dame football game during the past ten years.

He has met many gridiron stars through his power to push himself, and then keep himself the center of attraction by his wizardry and his ability to dance,—all at the age of thirteen. Hand in hand, with Tom Lavelle, his adopted sponsor during his stay here, he travelled the campus. And his disappearance from here was as mysterious as his entrance. That is, after he had met Christie Flanagan.

FRANK GALLAGHER, '30, DIES

Following an illness of three weeks with ulcers of the stomach Frank Gallagher, a Sophomore in the College of Arts and Letters, died at St. Joseph's hospital, South Bend, on Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock.

His illness and hopes of recovery was a point of interest not only for his class but for the entire University, who had offered prayers and Communion for him from the time of his illness. There was a temporary improvement in his condition Friday, but Monday his condition again became critical and death soon followed.

The funeral Mass was celebrated in St. Clara's Church, Chicago, Ill., this morning at nine o'clock. The university was represented at the funeral by Rev. Michael Mulcaire, C.S.C., rector of Sophomore hall, and members of the Chicago Club, who acted as pallbearers.

Frank Gallagher came to the University in the fall of 1926 after his graduation from Mt. Carmel High School. He participated in athletics and was a most ardent follower of the football team. A genial personality won for him many friends who sincerely mourn his premature death.

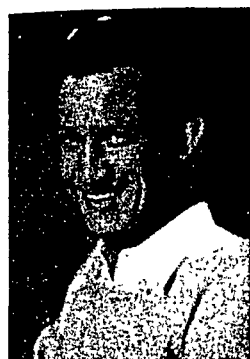
A Mass was celebrated in Sacred Heart Church Thursday morning for the repose of his soul and a spiritual bouquet will be forwarded his bereaved parents in the near future.—*R. I. P.*

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

Richard L. Novak is the one who made the *Dome of 1926 the Dome*—a year-book that stands out from others just as our golden dome dominates the Notre Dame campus.

Three years were given by Novak to work on the annual. He has been freshman editor, sophomore associate-editor and finally editor-in-chief.

Dick, this year, is associate - editor of the *Santa Maria*. He is still an associate - editor of the *Juggler*, a position held also during his Junior year. The SCHOLASTIC too, has had him



RICHARD L. NOVAK,
Editor of the 1927 *Dome*

on its news-staff for one term, a "term" not including a striped suit.

The attractive foot-ball game programs for the present season have been partly due to Dick Novak's efforts. He has aided greatly in the preparation of the football-season reviews for the past two years and is now working on the review for the 1927 season.

Clifton, New Jersey, is Novak's home city; consequently he is a member of the clannish New Jersey Club. Dick idled through last season's holidays as chairman of the N. J. Club's Christmas dance. During the same year he was chairman of the publicity committee for the Junior Prom.

The Senior-Pin committee of last spring contained Novak's name. He was also on the rosters of the Blue Circle and the Press Club, and that triangle has its points A bow from Mr. Novak.

 OLD ALUMNI HERE

Among the visiting alumni here for the game last Saturday were a number of prominent men in public life who attended Notre Dame in the old days.

George Meyers, '88, was one. He is head of a large cigar and cigarette manufacturing house in Dubuque, Iowa. Mr. Meyers was

a varsity baseball player and won his monogram here.

Frank Nestor, '89, a prominent attorney, was also here for the week-end. He was a "Lifer," having attended St. Edward's prep and later finished his academic training in the University.

Judge T. J. McKeon, '87, a member of the first football team who is now located in Duluth, Minn., attended the game and visited with old friends here. He was a classmate of Father James J. Burns, C.S.C., Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

J. R. Fitzgibbons, '92, of Newark, Ohio, spent the day at the University. Mr. Fitzgibbons, now a widely known Ohio attorney, was a great track man during his days at Notre Dame. It was in this activity that he won his monogram.

P. J. Ragan, '97, of Maumee, Ohio, another prominent attorney, was here for the day accompanied by a party of relatives.

F. J. Murphy, '95, Editor of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, one of the foremost papers of the Northwest, was another distinguished alumnus attending the game.

 LAY TRUSTEES MEET

The annual meeting of the board of lay trustees will be held here on Tuesday, November 15, at which time the formal opening of the new lay trustees' dining room will occur.

The meeting will be called to order in the morning and the session will continue throughout the day with an adjournment at noon for a banquet which will be served in the lay trustees' dining room.

The organization is composed of laymen prominent in civic and public life throughout the country. Into their hands is entrusted the responsibilities of holding, investing and administering the endowment funds of the University.

The following are the officers of the board: A. R. Erskine of South Bend, chairman; Rev. Bernard Ill, C.S.C., secretary; and M. W. O'Brien, also of South Bend, treasurer.

BOY GUIDANCE NOTES

A number of questions have been asked regarding the positions being held by the Boy Guidance graduates of June, 1927. Below is listed the location of these men:

Joseph A. Beattie—Franklin St., Settlement, Detroit.

Arthus Bradley Kips Bay Boys Club, New York City.

Leon Furey—New York Boys' Club.

J. J. Greeley—Neighborhood House, Louisville, Kentucky.

Walter McKenna—Boy Scouts of America, Detroit.

William Knowles—Catholic Boys' Club, New York City.

James Kerwin—Boys' Club, Syracuse, New York.

Duncan MacDonald—Henry St. Settlement, New York City.

Frank Olsen—Boy Scouts of America, Pacific Coast.

Basil Stanley—River Falls Normal School, Wisconsin.

With the addition of these men to the members of the first graduating class, the total number of graduates of the course has reached thirty.

The University of Notre Dame has probably trained and sent out during the past two years a larger number of Catholic boy workers than was to be found in the entire field prior to the inception of the course.

Dr. George Fisher, Assistant Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, addressed the Boy Guidance Students and Physical Education men on Thursday morning of last week. He spoke about the ten fundamental points that should be included in any boy work program.

On Tuesday the Boy Guidance men were addressed by Mr. Tracy Strong, Senior Boy Work Secretary of the World Committee of the Y. M. C. A. with headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland. Mr. Strong told of the work being done among European boys for the furtherance of international goodwill.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Making her third and final farewell tour, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the only rival of Sir Harry Lauder as far as final appearances are concerned, appears in concert November 25 at the Palais. The concert is the second of a series offered in South Bend by the Civic Music Association, the first being that which brought Reinald Werrenrath here a short time ago. Although Mme. Schumann-Heink has long ago reached an age which we are apt to associate with inactivity, especially so in the field of music, her voice still contains much of that richness for which she is noted. The program promised is to dispense with all highly dramatic bits, so that we may hear this artist in songs of poignant charm and lightness.

Francois Villon, the French poet of the curb, again held sway of the kingdom for a day. To accomplish such a feat in a little less than three hours is, indeed, something to be wondered about; but such was the accomplishment at the Oliver Theater last night when the musical version of "If I Were King" held the stage. "The Vagabond King" was graciously received, and justly so. As the large chorus shouted the "Song of the Vagabonds" with voices a bit better than those which a road show usually carries, the small theater vibrated with terror; but seemed to relax when the rather sentimental melody of "Only a Rose" drifted from the stage. We only hope that we may see more road shows of the same type during the year.

And in the meanwhile, the management of the Oliver Theater is striving to have the date of "The King's Henchman" changed. At present it is slated for December 27, a date which takes from most of us an opportunity to see and hear this true American opera. Here's hoping.

—A.S.

LAW STUDENTS ADDRESSED

Mr. R. A. Dailey of the West Publishing Co. gave a series of five lectures to law students last week. Mr. Dailey outlined and explained the digest system of ruling case law.

RED CROSS DRIVE HERE

The American Red Cross will hold its annual drive next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at the University. The S. A. C. has approved of the local drive.

Students desiring to contribute to the Red Cross may subscribe for a year by submitting one dollar to the hall rectors, or by dropping their offering into boxes to be placed in the dining halls and in the post-office.

ALUMNI BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEET

The Board of Directors of the Alumni Association of Notre Dame met Saturday morning, November 5, in room 328, Main building. Following the meeting, at which past and future plans and policies of the association were fully discussed, the board members were the guests of the University at a special luncheon in the dining halls.

Reports of the activities of the association to date were made by James Armstrong and Walter Duncan, secretary and treasurer, respectively, at the opening of the meeting. The progress of the alumni organization has been quite favorable, in the opinion of these officers.

Director George Maypole, who is in charge of arrangements for the Southern California game in Chicago, November 26, in discussing his plans declared that the game and its aftermath will be the biggest Notre Dame alumni affairs ever held. That the people of Chicago are interested in the game is indicated by the size of the ticket sale and by the fact that many of the Loop stores and hotels will be extensively decorated for the event.

Plans for the Notre Dame placement bureau which the alumni association is developing were discussed by Director Daniel J. O'Connor. The office of the alumni organization is already handling applications of graduates seeking work, according to James Armstrong, alumni secretary. It is the aim of the bureau to secure openings from employers in all fields of work. Most of the eastern schools have developed their placement bureaus to a fine point, it is pointed

out, and it is to the interest both of graduates and undergraduates of Notre Dame that the local bureau follow suit.

The members of the Board of Directors are Professor Edward L. Maurus, '93, honorary president; John P. Murphy, '12, of Cleveland, president; James F. O'Brien, '13, of Detroit, vice-president; James E. Armstrong, '25, secretary; Walter Duncan, '12, of LaSalle, Ill., treasurer; and the following directors: Edwin E. McHugh, '13, of Cincinnati; Joseph M. Haley, '99, of Ft. Wayne; Alfred C. Ryan, '20, George M. Maypole, '03, and David J. O'Connor, '25, all of Chicago.

ST. MARY'S TO HOLD BRIDGE LUNCHEON

The South Bend St. Mary's Club will hold a bridge luncheon in the parlors and social hall of St. Mary's College on Tuesday evening, November 15.

Tickets for the function may be purchased at St. Mary's at the news stand in the University of Notre Dame cafeteria, or from the rectors of the various halls. The thirteenth of November will be the last day for reservations.

It has been announced that students attending the luncheon may escort friends either from St. Mary's or from South Bend.

The committee in charge is bending every effort to make the evening a social success; a tempting luncheon will be served and valuable table prizes awarded.

The committee is composed of the following members of the South Bend St. Mary's Club: Mrs. D. A. Weir, general chairman; Mrs. E. J. Cauley, Mrs. G. A. Farbaugh and Mrs. J. L. Worden tickets; Miss Marion Candless, St. Mary's, publicity.

OLD STARS VISIT CAMPUS

J. Jimmy Phelan, star of the Notre Dame football team of 1917, was a visitor at Notre Dame Tuesday, November 7. Phelan is at present coach of Purdue University. He was accompanied by Noble Kizer, '25, a member of the Notre Dame football team in 1924, the National Champs; he was also captain of the 1924-25 basket ball team.

M'CREADY HUSTON TO GIVE LECTURE SERIES

The Lecture Committee of the Department of English, working out a plan for the giving of various lectures, is announcing this week a series of talks to be given during the present semester by the novelist, McCreedy Huston. The schedule of the Huston lectures, given below, includes the one Wednesday night of this week. All of the lectures are to be given in Washington Hall.

Mr. Huston scarcely needs an introduction to Notre Dame students, he has been for so long identified with our campus interests. Today one of the foremost fiction writers of Indiana, and living in South Bend, he has for several years taken an active interest in University activities, not only serving as a lecturer in the School of Journalism under Dr. Cooney, but freely giving his time and energies to practically every literary effort on the campus. Of old Pennsylvania stock, and of Irish descent, his grandfather having been born in Ireland, Mr. Huston possesses many qualifications that make for literary expression. He began his career as a teacher, but later took up journalism, and in 1916 was the youngest editorial writer in the state of Pennsylvania. He came to Indiana in 1919, as associate editor of the *South Bend Tribune*.

The success with which Mr. Huston has met as a writer of fiction is phenomenal, and is the best guarantee that his course of lectures here this year will be one of the most valuable ever given at Notre Dame. Practically every magazine of prominence in America has published material from his pen—*Saturday Evening Post*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *Century*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Pictorial Review*, *Red Book*, *Collier's*, *Life*, *College Humor*, *Country Gentleman* and others. He is, besides, author of two novels, "Hulling's Quest" and "The Big Show."

The schedule for the Huston lectures is given below. All lectures are on Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock in Washington Hall except one, that of Tuesday evening, November 22:

Nov. 9. Creative Writing and the Journalist.
Nov. 16. Literature as a Profession.

Nov. 22. Preparation of Short Story Ms. for Market.
Nov. 30. A Survey of the American Magazine Field.
Dec. 7. Some Editors I have Known.
Dec. 14. Contemporary American Story Writers.

JUNIOR PROM COMMITTEES CHOSEN

Friday, February 10, 1928. Juniors, mark well that date! On that night the juniors will promenade either at the Palais Royale or at the University Dining Halls. Negotiations are being carried on to secure a prominent Chicago recording orchestra; all committees have been appointed and the date is set for what promises to be the best Junior Prom in the history of the University. The following men will constitute the Prom committees:

Walter Stanton, general chairman.

Reception—Steve McPartlin, chairman; Jack Elder, Joe Locke, John Colerick.

Programs—Robert Mannix, chairman; Joseph Doutremount, James Bannigan, Elmer Zaff.

Publicity—William F. Craig, chairman; Paul McElroy, Franklyn E. Doan, J. Harrington Noon, John Hinkel.

Favors—Robert Newbold, chairman; John Dorgan, Bud Wilhelmy, Bernard Nalty, Ted Heinlein.

Decorations—William (Red) Loughran, chairman; Robert Tyler, Thomas O'Neil, Joseph Dagnault, James Leyden, Otis Winchester.

Tickets—Thomas Ryan, chairman; Hank Burns, Day Dogs; William Seidenfaden, Badin; Robert Shimberg, Walsh; Peter Brislebeau, Walsh; Joseph O'Brien, Morrissey; Jack Grey, Day Dogs; William McInnany, Lyons; Buck Ahern, Corby.

Music—William O'Connor, chairman; Michael McMahan, Sam Colorruso, George Fitch, Jules Grossman.

Invitations—Albert Sebesta, chairman; J. Hiss, Thomas Hughes.

Arrangements—Spaulding Clements, chairman; Charles DeGroote, George Brautigan, Victor Hart.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

This issue initiates two new contributors to the SCHOLASTIC: Edward P. Walsh and Orville Hough. Both writers are Juniors in the College of Arts and Letters.

"Conrad and Characterization" is written by Arthur Mitiguy, whose name has come to be a guarantee of thorough treatment and careful workmanship. You may remember Art's study of Shakespeare's Desdemona last year.

Of course, you are glad to see Frank Connelly's name again. Frank won a wide popularity last year with his many fine verses, especially "Montana" in the poetry number. "Sonnet Cast Up From the Sea" is the humble work of the undersigned.—R.C.E.

LAY FACULTY IN NEW DINING ROOM

The members of the lay faculty of Notre Dame occupied for the first time Wednesday, November 9, their new dining room on the second floor of the dining halls. The lay faculty dining room is modern in every detail and is a decided improvement over the old quarters in the Main building.

CHICAGO DANCE TICKETS ON SALE

The ticket sale for the party dance to be held in the Grand Ballroom of the new Stevens Hotel on November 26 after the Chicago Club Alumni dinner-dance to the Southern California and Notre Dame football teams will open next Tuesday in each hall. The subscription is three dollars for an evening from ten till two A. M. with Jack Chapman and his Hotel LaSalle Roof Garden orchestra. This arrangement is for the students alone, consequently the ticket sale will close in a week and will not reopen on the evening of the dance.

The local Chicago Club has also arranged with the management of "Yours Truly" and "Hoosiers Abroad" to secure large blocks of main floor seats for the many theater-parties for the evening after the Southern California game. Reservations can be made with Dick Halpin, Lyons Hall upon the depositing of the regular box office price.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS MEET

Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, Knights of Columbus, held its regular semi-monthly meeting Tuesday evening, October eighth, in its chambers in the basement of Walsh Hall. Grand Knight Howard V. Phalin presided at the meeting.

Grand Knight Phalin urged the members of the Council to turn their applications for membership over to him within the next week if they wish to hold a second initiation before the beginning of the Christmas vacation. He announced that "Minstrel Chuckles" had contributed a tidy sum to the fund set aside for the erection of a Knights of Columbus Union Building on the campus.

When the business part of the meeting was ended, Grand Knight Phalin turned the chair over to Lecturer Edward F. McKeown. Lecturer McKeown then produced entertainment that justified the word.

A galaxy of entertainers, including Ed Donovan and R. Zeno Staudt, banjo strummers in comparable, who accompany the University Glee Club on all its trips; "Big Baritone Bill" Eastman, radio broadcaster of popular songs; Fred Raihan, clog dancer of note; Jim McShane, torrid toddler; Jess Wood, piano pounder extraordinary, regaled the Council members with their respective efforts for more than an hour.

During the hour of entertainment sandwiches, coffee and cigarettes were passed around. The meeting terminated with the singing of *The Notre Dame Victory March* at 9:45 P. M.

SENIORS SPONSOR HOP

The Senior Class presents the Army Hop November 12, K. of C. ballroom. This dance, as has been announced, inaugurates a series of winter functions to be sponsored by the Seniors, and is designed as an unofficial celebration of the football victory of Saturday afternoon.

Committees have prepared a novel and entertaining program to make the evening an especially important social occasion. The Indianans have been secured for the music. All other features are being reserved as surprise attractions—for those who attend the Army Hop tomorrow night.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

- - - By J. D. Murphy

This page will be devoted to club news each week. Club secretaries are requested to send all club news or announcements to J. D. Murphy, Club Editor, Room 18, Morrissey hall, so as to reach him by Tuesday noon.

EAST-PENN CLUB

The East-Penn Club met in the south room of Lemmonier Library last Thursday evening. President Les R. McIntyre conducted the meeting.

Father Patrick Haggerty, C.S.C., honorary president of the club, addressed the members. Father Haggerty requested the men to attend the meetings regularly. "Regular attendance at the meetings," said Father Haggerty, "not only encourages the officers to give their best efforts to the club, but also makes for a spirited, active club membership." Father Haggerty urged the men to put all petty differences aside and better the splendid record made by the club last year.

It was decided at last Thursday night's meeting to hold a smoker in the faculty dining room, located in the University dining halls, Wednesday evening, November 16.

FORT WAYNE

The Fort Wayne Club of the University met last Thursday evening for the first time this year. President Edmund Bresnahan presided and made known the plans for the coming year. The club is well-known for the activities it sponsors both on the campus and in Fort Wayne. The officers assisting president Bresnahan are: George Flick, vice president; Raymond Murphy, secretary; Louis Niezer, treasurer.

Several announcements were made that were of interest to all. In addition to the annual Easter Ball, a dance will be held during the Christmas holidays at the new Catholic Community Center. Besides this, the Club will be the guest of the Alumni at a banquet to be held at Christmas time. Plans are being made to bring the University Glee Club to Fort Wayne for a concert and dance. Bernard Kearns heads the committee in charge and he announced February tenth as the probable date for the event.

PRESS CLUB

The Press Club met Tuesday at 12:30 in the Journalism room to develop a program for the coming year. The club has undertaken to furnish Catholic newspapers of the country with Notre Dame news. A special feature of this service is the aim of supplying personal news items to the local papers of students active in university life.

The officers of the Press Club: Bernard Garber, president; Richard Parrish, vice president; Richard Elpers, secretary; John McMahon, editor.

WRANGLERS

Four applicants for membership in the Wranglers Club addressed that organization last Wednesday night. The men were J. J. Walsh, Murray H. Ley, John Hollihan, and Thomas Keegan. These men were the most outstanding speakers in the inter-hall debating league last year.

Next Monday night will find this year's aspirants under way for the Lemmer Cup, the trophy awarded each year by the Wranglers to the hall winning the majority of inter-hall debates.

SCRIBBLERS

The Scribblers met Monday night in the Law Building. Professor Charles Phillips gave a brief talk accepting his new position as honorary president of the club and expressing his hope that this year's organization would be capable of some definite accomplishment in the publication of original work. Two news members, Harry Engel and Cyril Mullen, were introduced.

After the introduction, Richard Elpers read two poems and Barry Mahoney read a short, humorous narrative. Criticisms followed and, after appointing Murray Young and John de Roulet to bring papers next Monday, President Walter Layne adjourned the meeting.

VILLAGERS

The Villagers Club of Notre Dame held its monthly meeting at a dinner in the Knights of Columbus building, South Bend, Monday evening, November seventh.

An address was given by Elmer H. Burnham, recreation director of South Bend and coach of the South Bend High school football team. He stressed the importance of good sportsmanship.

Following the address of Mr. Burnham, a business meeting was held. Burton Toepp, president of the club, conducted the meeting. Plans were discussed for the club's annual Christmas formal to be held in South Bend, December 28.

Plans were also discussed concerning the club's participation in the Red Cross Drive to be held at the University on November 15, 16, 17. William Konop was named chairman of the club's Red Cross Drive Committee.

CHICAGO CLUB

In another column of the SCHOLASTIC, notice can be found concerning the dance which the Chicago Club and the Chicago Alumni are arranging for the evening of the Southern California game. Tickets are to be restricted entirely to students. They may be bought in any of the halls.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By J. F. Mahoney

How to be popular at Ohio University: "Consult the social calendar, find out which sorority or fraternity is holding a dance in the near future, single out one individual in the club who is not dating heavy at the time and thrust yourself in that person's way at every opportunity. After you have made the dance, bid your companion an affectionate good-night, along with some remarks to the effect that, 'I had a wonderful evening,' and, 'I'll be seeing you soon.'"

Heresy reaps a quick reward at Kansas University. The editor of the University Daily Kansan advised freshmen not to submit to upper classmen with a paddle complex, but rather to turn on their oppressors and drop them gently, but firmly, in the nearby lake. Hardly had this utterance been printed when the editor was visited by a mob of upperclassmen, which, burning with righteous zeal, unceremoniously dumped the offender in the lake; the cold waters failed to quench his spirit, for he announced immediately that he intended to continue the campaign against hazing. Whether or not we subscribe to his theories, we should at least admire his persistence.

GEM FROM THE DAILY PRINCETONIAN:

If I were dean you'd see the autos
On the Campus, and the blottos
Would fear no tough proctorial gents.
If I were dean there'd be large tents
Dispensing beer before each dorm,
And you would see the student swarm
To Daily Chapel, for old Dodge
Would house more gin than Dial Lodge.
If I were dean you'd hear no more
Of six month's cut probation nor
Of Chapel pro. Perhaps, I ween,
You'd love this school if I were dean.

The telephone company, collecting nickels from the phones in Northwestern fraternity houses, discovered a good many slugs among the real coins. Here are the high reflections of one student regarding the matter: "At the L station, now, or from the type of peo-

ple that do most of their phoning there, one would expect pretty work like that. But the class of fellows who make up Northwestern really aren't the type that should take pride in putting one over on the company. And the proportion of slugs is just a little bit high, for that class." Perhaps the L station phoners were once brothers.

Good fun at Earlham College, Earlham, Indiana, from the Quaker Quill:

'SENIORS PLAY BUNCO
WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Personally, I prefer Jack-straws.

Gloom at Michigan State when the athletes leave:

ABSENCE OF TEAM FROM CAMPUS
MARKS DERTH OF SOCIETY FUNCTIONS.

Incidentally, I know how to spell that word.

I mentioned before on this page that the authorities at Indiana University were looking for a strong building in which to hold the student dances, because the "grasshopper" steps were endangering the Student building. Apparently the search was unsuccessful, and the Daily Student comments, "The kind of so-called dancing which has been the cause of stopping dances has been a form of athletics rather than of dancing and as such should be done in the wrestling room of the Men's gymnasium or on the cinder track in the Memorial stadium." I've seen other kinds of dancing which might quite properly take place in the wrestling room.

Dorothy Dix, newspaper columnist and advisor, delivered herself of these remarks during a talk at Newcomb College, New Orleans: "Newcomb girls should encourage their friends of the less gentle sex to join the Navy. This, no doubt, is excellent advice for the men, but what, oh what would Newcomb do without the inspiring presence of Tulane!"


 THE EDITOR'S PAGE

THE GAME AND THE CRITICS

Tomorrow afternoon, in the Yankee Stadium at New York city, the Fighting Irish will face the Army in their fourteenth meeting. There will be people from one end of the country to the other interested in the outcome of the battle; some of them so interested that they will undoubtedly bet surprising amounts on the decision. Alumni of the victors will probably celebrate noisily and alumni of the vanquished, in accordance with immemorial custom will try to drown their sorrows just as noisily. If history is really significant, there will be scrambles for tickets at the last possible minute, some trouble with scalpers, and a great squawk afterwards because many will have failed to get the seats they wanted.

The spectacle is not so inspiring as the game itself will be. It is the phenomenon that accompanies almost any important football game, however, and it has been the principal reason for the annual shriek, from those who term themselves intellectual, that football is overemphasized.

The real trouble is that in the eyes of older people, the game is buried in the ballyhoo, blah, and weeping that are likely to come with it. The critics should remember that, in the midst of the nonsense and mumery, at least one thing is worth while: two teams are fighting out a desperate battle before a great crowd; they are fighting for no selfish reason but for the honor that will go to their school if they win; they have worked harder than most men work to earn their positions; and, through their game, they are interesting the public in a sport which develops men both physically and mentally. Few members of the multitudes of the spectators have as yet come to realize these truths.

 GIVE THE GRASS A CHANCE

After every meal in the new Dining Halls, some of the residents of Sophomore and

Freshman Halls cut across the campus from the south corner of Walsh toward the Law Building and Science Hall. There is no path at that particular point but paths are easily made, and the men have blithely gone about the business of wearing down another addition to the present network.

We need no more paths on the main campus. There are enough to take care of the heaviest traffic. Stick to the regular routes and give the lawn a chance to regain its beauty in the spring.

 BEG YOUR PARDON

A number of complaints have been directed lately at the SCHOLASTIC, the staff, and everybody connected with it down to the newest reporter because, in almost every issue, some story or stories treating of the latest meeting of the Enigma, Okla., club, or the New Harmony, Ind., club or the American Association for Recognition of the Irish Republic have been omitted.

We wish to assure the members of any organization who feel that they have been slighted that we bear them no malice. The SCHOLASTIC is a magazine of thirty-two pages, and there is no immediate prospect of an increase in size. Every week, more material is submitted than can possibly be squeezed into the space allowed.

We are sorry that this is the situation, but it is inevitable in a magazine which tries to be an advertising medium, a newspaper, a purveyor of light literature, and a sports almanac simultaneously, and all in the space of thirty-two pages.

In order, however, to give every club a chance during the remainder of the year to achieve some notice in the SCHOLASTIC, the magazine will publish weekly a page of club notes. Hereafter, if Reno, Nev., Club is not mentioned in our columns, we hope that the bricks will be aimed at the head of that organization's secretary, rather than at our own.

—J.A.M.



HOBNAILS

BUTTE AT NIGHT

*A handful of sparks in the darkness,
The ghost of a purple sky,
A clash of wheels in the valley,
As the Olympian crashes by.*

*Sudden, abrupt, unexpected,
Like a friendly face in a crowd,
Memories come swiftly thronging,
And singing aloud.*

*Singing aloud of the romance
And life of a younger age,
Of hours on the plains in the saddle,
Of days in the wind-brown sage.*

*Murmur of tumbleweeds drifting,
The cry of a wolf in the night,
The purple mist of the morning
Shattered by shafts of light.*

*A handful of sparks in the darkness,
The ghost of a purple sky,
A clatter of wheels on the culvert,
As the Olympian crashes by.*

*Westward beyond the mountains
I shall find my dreams again,
Over the Divide, in the valley,
In the hearts of Montana men.*

—FRANK CONNOLLY.

CAGE THAT BIRD; HE'S RAVEN

Eagle-beak, the full-fledged villain, waved the bill in his claws. "O spare, O spare me," cooed the dove-like wren, ducking her swan-like neck. "Two dollars down," the hawk-eyed vulture crowed, "or I shall fly with the ring, dove." "I don't give a hoot," 'owled the beauty, preening her plumes. Then, as he swooped down upon her, she quailed: "Bob-white, bob-white!"

—ENEJ LE REF.

MARGARET

*For only a moment I looked in your eyes,
But oh! that moment they glistened;
For only a moment I heard your voice,
But oh! that moment I listened.
And now though you've gone, I still see the smile
That hid in your eyes so blue,
I still hear your voice as it sings its song;
But who are you singing it to?*

—THE LUCKY LAD.

OH, THAT'S JUST A TOUCH OF NATURE

DEAR AL: Would like to line myself up with Themistocrates or whoever it was that said, "A bird in the bush is worth two in the refectory." 'Pon my rice-pudding, I never saw the like! Yours for a quick migration,

—GILDED CAGE.

AH! SHE LOVES ME!

I Say, Allan, Old Dale: 'Tis written, "when you see the (leaves, weeds, reeds, flowers, birds, corn-fields, etc.—I've forgotten which) wither, then you'll know that Winter is nigh."

Incidentally this annual withering process is in operation at present. In event you haven't noticed it, you and all your motley crew may get left out there in that fool woods of yours holding the sack in snow waist deep.

I suggest you betake yourself and all your infernal howling pack, to "warmer climates" for the winter. Thoughtfully

—CYNICAL SUE.

P. S. I predict a late Spring; so don't hurry back.

BECAUSE OF YOU

*Because of you my heart is breaking,
All my dreams and plans have fallen;
Every hope I had is faded
Because of you.*

*Because of you the days are dreary,
The skies are gray and winds are sad;
Paths once easy now are harder
Because of you.*

*Because of you my life is useless,
My work is dull, ambition lost;
All my joy is turned to sorrow
Because of you.*

—JOHN NANOVIC.

SOME PEOPLE JUST WON'T STAY HOME

Undertaker and Wife Ride
Through Flood in Coffins

—(Chi. Trib. Headline)

LINES AFTER READING EDITH SITWELL

*The jungle's picadillo
Is the bony armadillo
Who desports with the negrillos
In the tangle of the woods.
And the native punchinello
Strums a giddy ritornello
For the niggers salternello
Hidden by nigressent hoods.
Rushing toward the ruddy altar
Leading cattle by a halter
Come the negroid punchinellos
Singing sacred ritornellos
Thru the tangle of the woods.*

—THE LUCKLESS LAD.

"All things come to him who waits," they say. Well, that may work out for the junk-man, but we've been waiting for two months, and there are a lot of things that haven't come yet. WHERE ARE THOSE CONTRIBS, MEN OF NOTRE DAME?

—ALLAN-A-DALE.

LITERARY

*Mulligan's Ghost**The Last Word in Alibis*

EDWARD P. WALSH

TO begin with, I utterly contradict the statement made by my father that what happened was the result of meddling with the gold-fish (a 20th-century term for booze). I will defend my ghost against any slander made by my suspicious father. He was a real ghost, the first I ever saw, and I refuse to allow anyone to malign him. My father insists that if there was a ghost, which he doubts, it must have been an optical illusion on my part. But I know there was a ghost because I saw him, and he was too materialistic to be a mere delusion. However, my father informs me that I have no imagination.

I don't know exactly where I was that night; most likely at the Elks. I remember arriving home at about a quarter of twelve (my father says it was three o'clock, but that doesn't change it, because three is a quarter of twelve anyway.)

"Ghosts don't walk the streets at three in the morning as we fellows do" says my father. This statement leads me to the story of my ghost.

I had just sneaked into bed, (I remember undressing in the dark), when the most fiendish sounds that ever broke the peace of my home assailed my ears. It reminded me of the time when the ladder tilted as I was helping to hang a picture, and I fell to the floor, crashing an expensive set of chinaware. But I was not frightened when I heard this noise. I thought it was a burglar; so I buried myself in the blankets, because I had once heard that burglars, like lions, never harm anyone they think dead.

I was buried under the blankets for about five minutes, when a tirade of profanity cleaved its way through the three inch layer

covering me. It lasted for sometime, because when the profanity ceased, I had learned about four hundred words which Webster did not include in his dictionary (however, he may have been familiar with them). I kept my head beneath the blankets, because I feared to face the intruder.

Suddenly I felt someone in my room. "Felt" I say, because I could not see. I could feel a pair of eyes boring into my back. Then a hand, as cold as ice, slid down my neck and drove a sharp chill up and down my spine. I trembled. Then a hollow and muffled voice struck my ears and bade me come from my hiding. I did.

There, standing against the door, which I could dimly see through him, stood a pallid, half-translucent figure of a man. He was dressed in flowing white robes as transparent as himself, and he stood on one foot, holding the other in both hands. If he were alive I would have judged that he had stubbed his toe, because he showed all the symptoms of it. When I looked at him he dropped his foot and looked at me with the most fiendish expression I have ever seen. Finally I gathered enough courage to ask him if he had made all that noise. His face fell with embarrassment. He apologized, saying that he had fallen down the stairs.

How did you do that?" I asked.

"Well, you see," said the ghost, "I'm a novice at the game; so I tripped on this robe and bumped into the bowl of goldfish that stood at the head of the stairs, and stubbed my toe badly."

I said that it was all right, because it would save me the trouble of feeding them, which was true, since goldfish eat more than their weight in gold. So the ghost sat down

on the bed, pulled out a ghost cigar, and began to smoke, only there was no smoke—just round rings of, something that looked like the stuff he was made of. I know he was smoking (my father said *I* was) because he burned a hole in the blanket by dropping his ashes on it.

"I have come to haunt you," he said.

This remark was unnecessary, since he would hardly come for any other purpose. Some people never give others any credit for a little intelligence. However, I kept this remark to myself.

"I have been ordered to do so because of certain things in your life of which you must repent. I suppose you are aware of them."

I professed ignorance. Besides having nothing of which to repent, twelve o'clock at night is not a time for repentance. I told him so.

"Don't interrupt me," he said sharply, "you are a terrible sinner and you must repent. I have a list of your sins here in my pocket."

I couldn't see any pockets in the robe he wore, but he reached somewhere about him and brought forth a paper. It was divided into two parts by a red line, like a page of a ledger. The ghost pulled out a pair of tortoise-rimmed glasses that made him look ridiculous, (who ever heard of a bespectacled ghost?) and balanced them on the tip of his nose.

"You are a student," he said reading from the paper.

I admitted the charge.

"You try to write stories," he continued.

I admitted it again.

"And everything you write is terrible."

I denied this vehemently.

"Keep quiet," he shouted. "This is down on the left side of the column and it must be so."

I kept quiet.

"Well," said my visitor, "I shall teach you the errors of your ways. Are you ready to listen?"

I confessed myself ready. I would have confessed anything because he was a nuisance and I craved sleep. It isn't in human nature to listen to a list of your faults, particularly about midnight. I would have

cussed him to the lower region, but I was not certain that he wasn't there already, so there was no use wasting breath. I suppose he had become too much of a pest, so they gave him his job of haunting to get rid of him. Some people could be a nuisance even in hell. I began to have a greater respect for the Devil. There are limits even to his patience, I suppose.

The ghost readjusted his glasses, looked over them, squinted under them, smoothed out his gown, and commenced to list my errors in the literary line. I wondered what business it was of his; but I never argue with a ghost.

"Now," said the visitor, "I shall attempt to correct your faults so that you will be a sadder and a wiser student hereafter. Are you contented?"

I admitted I was obliged to him for his trouble and attempted to bow.

"You have written a story," he said, "which is called, I believe, the 'Elastic Garter.'" The best thing I can do is to find out its faults, and attempt to point out some means of improvement."

"Wait," I said, "I'll get the story itself, and we can analyze it thoroughly while we are here."

Just then the hall clock announced the department hours and struck one. The ghost looked at me sorrowfully, rose from the bed and said that he was due at another house in five minutes, but would return. I asked if the man of that house was a student of the short story.

"No," he replied, "he killed his lover, and I am commissioned to see that the blood stains on the floor are kept bright and fresh until the court makes him a ghost. Adios."

As he left, I saw that he carried a derby hat in his hand. I fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept when I heard strange noises. I opened my eyes slowly and found that my critic had returned. He sat down on the bed, and I prepared myself for a cross-examination.

"May I ask what you are writing for?" he demanded, once he had made himself comfortable.

I looked at him in amazement.

"I mean," he said, "why do you write?"

I told him that the idea of a motive had never occurred to me, and that there was no reason at all, or rather the same reason that hens have for laying eggs.

"Are you writing for literature or for marks?" continued the ghost.

"Marks," I replied.

"You are a fool," he shouted, "a specimen of the mule race."

I was amazed. No one had ever called me that before, not even my father or my girl friend.

"You are a fool," he repeated. "If you write for marks you get nothing out of your endeavors, but if you write for literature you derive fame and fortune."

I told him that this was no business of his. He had no right to look into my affairs. He was so human, he made me mad.

"Now take that story of yours; it is more romantic than a Romanticist would dare to write. You don't know even the principles of good English."

The ghost rose from his chair and stamped angrily up and down the floor, waving his arms excitedly.

"And that's not all. You students seem to think that life is one sex problem after another. If life is the way you paint it, there never were any saints."

Suddenly he turned toward me.

"Is—have you a rooster in the house?"

"A what?" I asked.

"A rooster," he replied. "I have to disappear at a cock's crow, you know."

"But we don't keep one."

"My fishbones!" he whispered. "I can't disappear, and who ever heard of a ghost in the daytime. What shall I do?"

I said I would hunt a rooster. I searched every market that was open, until I finally caught one in Budgit Murphy's yard. I bundled him up in my coat and carried him home. As I crossed the hall he let out a loud crow, which must have awakened my father, because he was waiting for me at the door; anger in his eyes, fury on his tongue. He glanced at me and my bundle.

"Where have you been all night? This is a fine time for a young man to come home. What are you doing with that rooster, you drunken fool?"

I tried to explain all about it but he wouldn't listen; nevertheless, this is true even if my father says it is a poor excuse for staying out late. Well, I don't care much about that, but I'm worried about my story and I hope the ghost returns some day to finish his criticism. The rooster crowed too soon.

Sonnet Cast Up From The Sea

*Before the sun comes up, I shall be dead.
 Condemned I am—condemned to die, and hear
 The crazing waves beat slow upon my ear
 The hammering of grave-drums in my head.
 The sun I saw at dusk was bloody red;
 Three birds flew screaming, black across it—queer,
 There are no birds in mid-sea. Did I hear
 Black madness cry from my tense throat, instead?
 I know I shall not see another dawn,
 Nor hear another sound except the din
 Of my own reason crashing. I have drawn
 The last sane word from that debris within,
 And now I have but madness and the sea.
 O, you who know my last thoughts, think of me—*

—RICHARD ELPERS.

Conrad and Characterization

"This Is Life"

ARTHUR A. MITIGUY

EVERYONE will admit, I believe, that character portrayal of the highest order is one of the first essentials to lasting fiction. The reason seems too obvious to mention, since no one will deny that it is a true and vivid representation of life that makes fiction an art. Character and life are synonymous because character is life. True, it is the life of an individual; but the life of an individual is that of a spirit incarnate, of a spirit eternal; it is the life of the human world, for are not all individuals fundamentally the same, and differentiated only by heredity and environment? To interpret character in its fullest sense is to interpret life in its artistic and interesting sense. Joseph Conrad is an artist who interprets the many sides of a hectic world through character, and his interpretation is so true we are unable to restrain our wonder, but must speak in what appears to be the detestable jargon of a dilettante. We exclaim, "This is Life."

That little sentence of three simple words is the keynote to Conrad's artistic faith, his creed, his religion of art. His sincerity in depicting what he sees and believes to be true is undeniable, and it is his sincerity that makes him the great master that he is. It is this sincerity that has given us his great characters; his men, his women, his civilized urbanites, and his savage Malayans. We may not think them all true to our conception of human nature; we may not call them realistic (abominable word); but we cannot but believe that they are true to his conception of humanity, laughing or crying, ecstatic or stoically cold in the situations he has placed them. They work out their destiny as only a Shakespearian character can work out his "earthly turmoil."

It is this cold logic of action proceeding from character, influencing character but still dependent upon it, situation after situation grinding and grinding until it has pro-

duced the complete form of individual, controlling yet controlled by circumstances, that lends a stern reality to Willems, to Lingard, to Almayer, to any character Conrad has portrayed. He barely escapes fatalism; but it is because he realizes how exacting a dominant environment can be over even a strong man. The escape, however, from this philosophy that can lead but to despair is a realization of the triumph of mind over brute; it is the self-same escape of MacWhirr from the greediest of storms, the typhoon. Conrad's characters never lose themselves, they never despair. No, not even does Willems, the outcast of his people, despair when death from any hand but his own would be sweet. Never do his characters let their surroundings conquer them no matter how great the temptation; but always when entering into the situations planned for them by Conrad, do they follow a path, up or down, that is consistent with their character, as the artist has created it.

As an illustration of a little Conradian technique, as well as of the logicity of his characters' growth, consider for a moment the character of Willems in *The Outcast of the Islands*. In the first three chapters Conrad introduces Willems and definitely draws his character upon which the whole plot is dependent. It is an act of Willems that makes him an outcast; it is because he is an outcast that the whole chain of circumstances which follow is at all possible. From the minute Willems becomes an outcast until the time of his tragic death there is not one act of his that cannot be fully accounted for in the character Conrad has drawn in the first three chapters. Even Willems' infatuation, although unexpected, can be clearly understood from our earlier knowledge of his character. He is pictured as strong when successful, overbearing, conceited, and patronizing. He thrives on the good opinion of his associates. His one aim of life is to remain in a position

that will allow him to maintain the patronizing attitude of a great man. When he becomes an outcast he loses everything that he sees worthwhile in life. He considers his banishment as an insult to a great man. He suffers from the loss of the usual attention accorded him by his fellowmen, and when Aissa glides into his path he loses his head completely because once more has he found attention if only that of a half-savage girl. His satisfied vanity, coupled with passion, gives him the courage to wish for revenge. The psychology is almost identical with that of a spoiled child who receives the greatest care at home and expects it elsewhere. If it is not forthcoming from some source, he forgets the way of sanity and does anything at all to get recognition and consideration. His nature has been bred upon attention and he cannot live without it. This is the real tragedy of *The Outcast of the Islands*. It is not Willems' crime, his hard life as an outcast, or even his death which is so dramatically portrayed. The book is tragic from chapter four on, and is so because Willems is just what the title states, an outcast. Every chapter brings further emphasis of this fact, of this tragic ostracism of a character whose happiness and peace of mind are dependent upon his friends' solicitude, their praise, their recognition.

Willems is one of Conrad's great psychological portrayals of character; but there is another character that is as masterful and even more artistically drawn. It is "the Commanding Officer" in *The Tale*. Conrad does not even give this character a name; he does not give a sentence, of physical description; he does not directly describe him in any way; yet we feel upon finishing this short story that we are intimately acquainted with him. It is an exemplification of Conrad's great word power and his ability to create atmosphere not only for its own sake but for the purpose of bringing out more clearly the characters of the story. In this case Conrad wants us to see a man, stern, loyal to duty, experienced in the ways of the sea, and above all, an enemy of any form of duplicity. That is exactly what anyone will see whether he will or no. He will see many other things worth admiring, but that which he will not fail to see nor be able to forget is "the Commanding Officer's" hatred of falsehood.

The Tale is not only a concrete example of a fictitious character's love for the truth; it is also the embodiment of Conrad's philosophy of fiction, of art, of life. Conrad strove always to give us the truth. He strove to show us life in its various moods, but always life as he saw it.

Memory

Tamalpais dreaming

Distant and dim,

Ultramarine

On the sky's blue rim—

Streams like silver ribbons

In the grasses' hair—

The cool breath of evening

Everywhere—

Chimes from St. Mary's—

The slow death of day—

Berkeley and Oakland

And 'Frisco Bay.

—FRANK CONNOLLY.

The Perpetual Infant

A Study in Environment

ORVILLE LOUIS HOUGH

FROM his birth until the present time, Booth Tarkington has undergone those normal physical changes which mark the evolution of baby to adult; but he is still in full possession of the infant complex noted usually in adolescents. Seldom do we find a man who, throughout his entire life, holds on to all those ideals and ideas of modesty, integrity and wholesomeness that he held when an innocent lad. Tarkington's tenacity in these virtues of childhood may be due to one of two things, or both. Either that part of his brain which controls the ageing of spirit (if there be such a control) has remained undeveloped for fifty years, or else his environment has caused such virtues to be permanently imbedded in his mind.

Judging from his biography, Tarkington was very readily influenced by his environment. Anyone who has been a temporary resident of Indiana knows what a retarding influence the state can hold over an individual; this influence is supported by the example of Booth Tarkington. It was in Indiana that he went through the primary grades, and at that time he was considered what we today would call a "dumb Hoosier." However, he left the old home state for Phillips Exeter Academy "because it was a good preparatory school for Harvard." Like Donald Ogden Stuart, he never went to Harvard, but lapsed back into Indiana, furthering his education at Purdue; but later he again broke away from the depressing influence of Indiana to go to Princeton. At Exeter, the very moment he reached the new environment, he became a changed man. Not that his ideals changed, but Booth became, in his wholesome, modest way, a jolly good fellow, established a reputation as such, and has lived since then on that reputation.

Today he winters in Indiana, because it is said he is a loyal Hoosier and loves his Hoosier home; but it certainly should be a

point of note that when he is in Indianapolis, he keeps himself under voluntary imprisonment. Why? At his summer home in Maine he is less of a recluse; but then, Maine isn't such a bad place. The ever-blue skies of Italy, which enchanted him on his visits to the Isle of Capri, also had a certain amount of constructive influence, especially on his sense of beauty.

Despite the different environments under which Tarkington labored, however, he seems to remember each of them distinctly. The more or less realistic "Gentleman from Indiana" was written with his mind on his early environment. Those ideals he had learned in Indiana remained with him with his "realistic" novels, for, as Booth himself said: "You don't have to mention spittoons to be realistic." "The Flirt" and "Seventeen" were probably based on his Exeter-Princeton days—the time of the second, freer, environment.

Moral training received in Indiana, was the only good result of his first environment. At present, Tarkington is a total abstainer, though he very probably used to indulge a little with the boys at Princeton. Nor does he write sex stories. "A mere love story isn't considered as having sex interest unless the author goes out of his way to call a Spade a Spade when there's no occasion to refer to a spade at all," are Tarkington's own words, and express his ideas on the matter very concisely.

His sparkling personality was probably developed at Exeter, where he became "one of the boys." He is described: "an unrelenting pressure of environment on a personality endowed with most exceptional talent." It seems, therefore, that Tarkington's personality can be directly traced to environment, and that, consequently his success as a very pleasant author is due mainly to his environment, or, better still, to the changes in his environment.

SPORT NEWS

Irish-Gophers Battle to Draw; Score 7-7

A tie, 7-7!—The consummation of the most stirring, the bitterest clash Cartier Field has ever witnessed! 7-7!—The culmination of the hopes, the prayers, the fight of two mighty elevens! 7-7!—The story of *the*



JOHN NIEMIEC

gridiron battle of the year! The titanic, soul-stirring struggle of two all-powerful, with a friendly rivals, the golden-jerseyed Gophers of Minnesota, and the blue-jerseyed Irish of Notre Dame — And thereby hangs a tale!

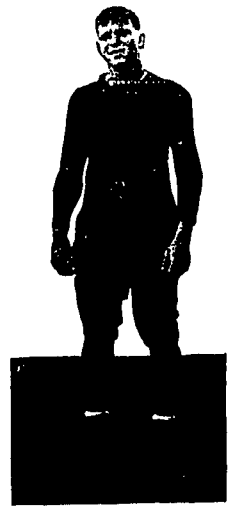
Reams of paper have and will be written about this epochal deadlock. Rivers of ink have and will be spilled concerning the score. But the fact remains that the score is only a dead issue. We are not concerned with it now. We were—before, and during the engagement—but now since it has been definitely settled beyond change or revocation, it is but a memory. We *are* concerned though, with the magnificent display of courage, spirit, and fight exhibited by the two elevens throughout sixty minutes of heart-breaking, breath-taking football, because it was these attributes which, in spite of extremely adverse weather conditions, stamped the attraction as preeminently the best-played battle thus far this year on any collegiate gridiron.

It was absolutely fitting that the game should end with neither team having the advantage. Notre Dame's desire to triumph was equalled only by the same wish on the part of Minnesota. Neither was victor—yet, both were. They were victors in the sense that they both never quit for one second, never hesitated, never faltered in playing absolutely the best brand of football that

they were capable of. Both elevens fought to their best ability on the wind-swept gridiron. Numbed with the cold they each gave until they could give no more, in battling each other to a standstill.

The Gophers secured more first downs than did the Irish. Notre Dame gained more yardage than did Minnesota. Lady Luck smiled upon both with equal consideration. Each took advantage of the evenly distributed breaks which came their way. Defensively, and offensively, in physical stamina, in indomitable fight, and in sheer courage the rivals could not have been more evenly matched. To declare one eleven deserved to win would be absolutely contrary to fact. Neither deserved to triumph.—They were both too equal in all respects.

Notre Dame outplayed Minnesota in the first half and Minnesota came back to outplay Notre Dame in the second half. The powerful Gopher backfield led by the brilliant Joesting, and acclaimed one of the nation's best, subjected the Irish line to a terrific hammering in each of the four quarters. Yet, the Celtic flankers more than held their own against the Maroon and Gold, especially when they made serious bids to score. Similarly, the versatile Notre Dame ball-toters met an inspired group of Gopher linemen, and they too could not maintain a sustained assault through this visiting line. Except for the heave which gave Minnesota their touchdown, neither team employed the forward pass for any substantial gains.



CHRIS FLANAGAN

The home crew inaugurated the scoring late in the first period. Hovde, Gopher quarter, fumbled Niemiec's boot on his own sixteen yard line and Captain Smith recovered for Notre Dame. Niemiec skirted left end on the very next play for a touchdown, and immediately afterwards proceeded to kick the ball squarely between the post for the extra point.

The Celts clung tenaciously to this lead until with the final gun barely three minutes away Joesting and Company managed to shove across the tying points. With the oval deep in Irish territory, Notre Dame fumbled on a fourth down, and Nagurski fell on the ball for Minnesota on the Blue and Gold's fifteen yard strip. Three line plays gained barely four yards through a determined Notre Dame defense and then Joesting pulled the unexpected by passing eleven yards over the goal line to Walsh in the end zone for the Gopher six-pointer. Pharmer's attempt for the extra point was good and the score was tied.

The game was the cynosure of the eyes of the gridiron fans throughout the length and breadth of the football world, particularly, the Middle West. Its ending, except to a few followers of each team as it is natural to be expected, meets with the approbation of all in the long run when all things are taken into consideration.

There were, as to be expected in a contest of this type, no outstanding stars on either team. Each man was but one of the eleven important cogs constituting his machine, and played accordingly.

Lineup and summary:

NOTRE DAME (7)		MINNESOTA (7)	
Voedisch	-----L.E.	-----	Blustin
Miller	-----L.T.	-----	Kaminski
Fredericks	-----C.	-----	Pulkrobek
Leppig	-----R.G.	-----	Walsh
Polisky	-----R.T.	-----	Johnson
Walsh	-----R.E.	-----	Haycraft
McKinney	-----Q.B.	-----	Hovde
Niemiec	-----L.H.	-----	Pharmer
Chevigny	-----R.H.	-----	Barnhart
Wynne	-----F.B.	-----	Matchan

Touchdown:—Walsh, Niemiec. Point after touch-down—Niemiec, Pharmer.

Substitutions: Notre Dame—Riley for McKinney, Collins for Wynne, Flanagan for Niemiec, Dahman for Chevigny, Colerick for Voedisch, Wynne for Collins, Doarn for Polisky, Chevigny for Dahman.

Minnesota—Joesting for Matchan, Almquist for Hovde, Nydahl for Pharmer, Riddell for Barnhart, Tanner for Walsh, Gary for Ukkelbery, Gibson for McGuid, Hanson for Kaminsky, Magnasky for Maeder, Walsh for Tanner, Pharmer for Nydahl, Riddell for Barnhart.

Referee: Magdisohn (Michigan). Umpire: Reid (Michigan). Head linesman: Lipp (Chicago). Field judge: Hackett (West Point).

NOTRE DAME-ARMY RESUME ANNUAL GRID FEUD TOMORROW

Beat the Army! And as usual, Notre Dame will have a mighty tough time trying to accomplish this little trick. Tomorrow's Irish-West Point clash will mark the fourteenth annual get-together of the two teams since the beginning of the feud way back in 1913. As the years have rolled on since that memorable fall day when the combination of Dorais and Rockne forward-passed the West Pointers to their first defeat in the initial tangle of this personal argument, the game has gradually assumed such proportions that it is now classed as one of the outstanding intersectional gridiron tangles each fall. Yearly the two elevens have met to fight it out, and yearly one of the hardest fought, most brilliantly played contests of the season results.

The battle tomorrow in the huge Yankee Stadium at New York City before a vast outpouring of fans, will be no exception to this long unbroken series of mighty football games between two of the outstanding moleskin aggregations of the nation. Notre Dame, the invader to the blase East, has yet to be defeated in half a dozen games so far this season, although the memorable tie with Minnesota last Saturday spots this record slightly. Army, coached by Biff Jones, one of the smartest and most proficient mentors in the coaching business today, has participated in one more attraction than the Irish. Six of the seven games played have been chalked up on the winning side of the ledger, while a single 10-6 setback at the hands of

bination which made the playing conditions as bad as possible.

Scribes from all over the country made an overflow crowd in the press-box. Scouts from the Army, Drake, and Southern California also were present in full force. They got little for their afternoon though, as Notre Dame stuck to the same old conservative plays that every coach is familiar with.

The marching maneuvers of the band, which enlivened the intermission at the half, were especially well-executed. Resplendent in their new capes which added materially to their appearance, the Irish bandmen deserve unlimited praise for the fine showing they made, especially in the formation of the human M. and N. D.

The Irish hold a big edge over the Army in regards to the number of engagements won since the Notre Dame-West point annual gridiron tangles were inaugurated in 1913. Out of thirteen games played since that time the Celts have won nine, the soldiers three, and one has resulted in a draw.

Statistics compiled recently give the average weight of each man on the West Point aggregation as 180 pounds, and the average height six feet.

The Army record thus far this present season follows:

Army—13	Boston—0
Army— 6	Detroit—0
Army—21	Marquette—12
Army—27	Davis-Elkins—6

Army— 6	Yale—10
Army—34	Bucknell—0
Army—45	Franklin-Marshall—0

After tomorrow's battle it is our hope and prediction that the following may be appended to the above list:

Army—0	Notre Dame—13
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FRESHMAN AND LYONS LEAD INTER-HALL LELEVENS

With the interhall football season nearly completed, one team in each division has already climbed to the championship of its section. Freshman Hall leads Division I with four victories in four games, and Lyons heads Division II with three wins and a tie. Although each team still has one game to play, the results will not affect the championship race. Neither Howard nor Off-Campus can overtake Freshman in Division I; in Division II, Badin and Corby each with two defeats are also eliminated.

Results of Sunday's games:

Division I

Freshman19	Brownson 0
Howard 6	Off-Campus 6
Walsh12	Carroll0

Division II

Corby6	Badin0
Sophomore6	Morrissey0
Lyons2	Phys. Ed. (forfeit)	0

Standing:

Division I

		W	L	T
Freshman	4	0	0
Howard	2	1	1
Off-Campus	2	1	1
Walsh	2	2	0
Brownson	0	2	2
Carroll	0	2	2

Division II

Lyons	3	0	1
Badin	2	2	0
Corby	2	2	0
Morrissey	1	2	1
Sophomore	1	2	1
Phys. Ed.	0	3	1