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



When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes

I all alone beweep my outcast state

And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries

## And look upon myself and curse my fate-

I turn to the somewhat dangerous occupation of writing the Week. Examinations and the force of circumstances have prevented Mr. Cullinan from making his weekly appearance; he has been so kind as to ask me to play the part of the shock troops for one issue. When I declined the honor with profuse thanks, he threatened to spread the news around the campus that I was one of those who eat dinner at the Oliver in "tuxes," whereupon I fell on my knees and begged his forgiveness for my rash refusal. Consequently, I find myself on the first page with no place to go and no manner of getting there.

Winter and the Juggler are almost upon us again. There have been times during the past week when it was possible to see breath; there were also times when it was possible to smell it. This latter fact has nothing to do with the trips to the Army game. But to continue with the weather (after a brief and unnecessary interruption) the residents of Badin are praying for a prolonged cold spell. They are lacking the sympathy of the other halls, but even I, who have no more to do with Badin than is absolutely necessary, can see some reason for their surprising hopes. The truth is that the Badinites are weary of paddling gondolas to and from classes, and are ambitious to get out the shiny new ice-skates that their respective Aunt Mary's gave them for Christmas last year. Ice-skates should be very effective on the Badin Chain-o-Lakes.

I mentioned the *Juggler*, junior contemporary of the SCHOLASTIC among campus publications. It will make another of those long, long anticipated appearances next week. Do your *Juggler* shopping early; the magazine was a complete sell-out last issue. At least, that is what the advertisement says and advertisements are proverbially truthful.

For those who yearn to push the hoof around the polished floor in the arms of South Bend maidens, I am privileged to announce two events this week-end. The first. tonight, is one of those Scholarship affairs that have nothing, so far as I am able to see, to do with scholarship. It will be held in the Oliver hotel (scene of the recent demonstration against the He Manner) which fact, in itself, should make the dance attractive. The second blow-out will be held tomorrow evening in the familiar K. of C. hall, South Bend. The Monogram Club will do the honors and, despite the absence of some of their most prominent members at Des Moines, expect to make the affair an enjoyable one for all those who are capable of enjoying themselves before eleven-thirty.

Examinations have played havoc with club meetings during the last few days. Unfortunately, they did not confine their wrecking tendencies to club meetings. Some of the students, it is rumored, have felt the cold hand of flunking on the back of their necks, and the SCHOLASTIC nearly went completely on the rocks. Whether or not its non-appearance would have been noticed is a question that will probably never be settled except by popular vote.

No, that poor fellow that they took downtown in a strait-jacket was not a congenital mad-man. He was merely a senior who had just seen his cap and gown picture.

-JASPER BRENT.

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- Friday, November 18 Scholarship Club Dance—Oliver hotel—8:30 P. M.
- Saturday—University of Notre Dame vs. Drake at Des Moines—Gridgraph, gymnasium—2:00 P. M.

Dance, under the auspices of the Monogram Club-Knights of Columbus ballroom-8:30 P. M.

Sunday—Masses in the Sacred Heart Church —6:00, 7:00, 8:00,—Students' Mass, and 10:15 A. M.—Parish Mass.

Lyons and Freshman in Championship Contest—Cartier Field—2:00 P. M.

Monday-Meeting of the Scribblers-Courtroom of Hoynes Hall-8:00 P. M.

Meeting of the Wisconsin Club—Hoynes Hall—7:45. Interhall debates.

Tuesday—12:00 A. M.—Deadline for all contributions to *The Thanksgiving Number of* THE SCHOLASTIC.

Meeting of Le Cercle Francais—Hoynes Hall—6:30 P. M.

Lecture by McCready Huston—"Preparation of Short Story Manuscript for Market"—Washington Hall—8:00 P. M.

Wednesday—Smoker of THE EAST-PENN CLUB—Faculty dining room of the University Dining Halls—8:00 P. M.

Wranglers-Library-7:30 P. M.

Spanish Club—Hoynes Hall—7:30 P.M.

- Thursday—THANKSGIVING No classes. Mass—Sacred Heart Church, 8:30 A.M. Meeting of the German Club—Hoynes Hall— 6:45 P. M.
- Saturday Student Trip to Chicago starts officially at 10:00 A. M.
  - University of Notre Dame vs. University of Southern California-Soldiers' Field, Chicago-1:30 P. M.
  - Chicago Club Dance-Grand ballroom of Stevens hotel-10:00 P. M.

## SPECIAL NUMBER OF "ALUMNUS"

A special dining hall edition of the Notre Dame *Alumnus* will appear Friday, Nov. 25, it is announced by James Armstrong, editor of the magazine.

Special articles and pictures featuring the new dining hall will appear in the special issue, which will contain ninety-six pages, three times the normal number. Extra copies of the periodical will be printed and they may be secured in the office of the alumni secretary on the third floor of the Main building.

## NEW PREFECTS ANNOUNCED

The Rev. James H. Gallagan, C.S.C., rector of Badin hall, has been transferred to Sorin hall, where he will act in a similar capacity. Father Gallagan takes the place of the Rev. William A. Carey, C.S.C., who was recently appointed registrar. Father John Devers, C.S.C| has been assigned to the post in Badin hall which Father Gallagan vacates.

Father Gallagan and Father Devers are popularly known figures on the Notre Dame campus. Father Gallagan, who was at one time prefect of discipline, has acted as rector of Sophomore and Badin halls for the past several years. He is an associate professor of Politics and holds degrees from Notre Dame and from the Catholic University at Washington.

Father Devers is supervisor of University maintenance and for some time has been a prefect in Badin hall. Formerly he was rector of Carroll hall. He is a graduate of Notre Dame.

#### ALUMNI MARRIAGES

During the past week announcements of the marriages of two Notre Dame alumni came to the University. Mr. J. Farrell Johnston of Dayton, Ohio, was united in marriage with Dorthy Doyle, Saturday, October 8. Miss Mary Dorothea Maloney became the bride of Mr. George F. McSorley, Tuesday, November 22, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, Pa.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

Last Thursday evening in the small St. Peter's Evangelical Church, Wilhelm Middelschulte, the eminent organist, was heard in recital by a crowd which found its outer edge on the sidewalk. Such an audience proves in itself the ability of this artist, and the one regrettable feature of the evening was the noise and discomfort which necessarily ensued when a great number of people were forced to stand during the Mr. Middelschulte is not entire recital. the type of an organist who depends upon volume for power, for his greatness lies in his ability to draw a tone to such fineness that a listener wonders if he is hearing the original tone or its echo as it slips into To have a child cry or talk at silence. such a moment is to destroy in large part the beauty of the music, and such was too otten the case last Thursday evening.

But in spite of such conditions, the recital was highly enjoyable: enjoyment which was partly due to the fine program There was the old and the presented. new, the classical and the modernistic. There was music in which notes held for several seconds blended into other tones with such beauty that one can only compare it to a sunset where colors gradually drift into different hues, with each new snade more beautiful than the one from which it came. There was music which was sharp and which called for the greatest display of technique, the most notable being "Perpetuum Mobile," wherein Middelschulte, in this creation of his own, plays the entire bit with pedals alone. Notre Dame can truly congratulate itself upon having such an artist among its summer faculty members.

Next Friday evening the Glee Club once more broadcasts from the Brunswick studio at station WCFL in Chicago. Just what the program will consist of has not, as yet, been announced, but perhaps again the Club will make such an impression that a couple of new records will be recorded by them in the future. Certainly, the two recorded last spring were successfully received. —A. S.

#### OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

If you like the sincerity and humanness of Stephen Sherry's story "Camphor" as well as we did, you will be sorry to hear that Steve has not returned to school this year. He was a student in the College of Arts and Letters, and would have been graduated in 1928.

"Graveyard" is our own work; receive it kindly.

"The Tourists' Guide" is the newest of Cyril Mullen's essays. Our judgment of Cy's merit was confirmed in the recent Scribblers' elections, when he was admitted to membership in that select body.

John de Roulet is also a Scribbler. His "Willow Tree" in this issue has the same grace that won for his "Pale Dancer" the third prize in last year's poetry contest.

R. C. E.

#### SISTER M. CECELIA DIES

Sister M. Cecelia, faithful nurse in the University Infirmary for 34 years, died at the Sisters infirmary Sunday evening due to complications.

Sister Cecelia was 72 years old at the time of her death and her leaving the infirmary on the first of October of this year was due to failure of health. She entered the sisterhood in 1884 and spent most of her time in hospital work.

Sister Cecelia was loved by all the students who knew her, on account of her perseverance and humility, and it was a very common thing for many old grads to come and visit her at Homecoming. During her untiring work in the infirmary she cared for many students in time of illness.

Funeral services were held Tuesday morning from the Sisters' chapel at St. Marys and the burial was in the community cemetery.—R. I. P.

John G. Donaghue, freshman, a member of the Off-Campus football team, sustained a broken shoulder in the Off-Campus-Carroll football game Sunday. He was taken to St. Joseph's hospital but was released later in the week.

## STADIUM COMMITTEE APPOINTED

The appointment of Albert R. Erskine, chairman of the Board of Lay Trustees of the University, of a sub-committee to consider the feasibility of constructing a modern stadium at Notre Dame was an important feature of the meeting of the board which was held Tuesday, Nov. 15, in the Lay Trustees' room in the new dining hall.

The sub-committee is composed of Frank Hering of South Bend, chairman; the Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, president of the University; the Very Rev. James A. Burns, provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross; Edward N. Hurley and Byron Kanaley, both of Chicago.

Various plans for the financing of a stadium were discussed at the meeting, but nothing definite, besides the appointment of the committee, was determined on. Business matters pertaining to the University, such as the administration of the endowment funds, were taken under consideration by the board. The meeting was adjourned at noon for a banquet which was held in the board dining-room.

The officers of the board are as follows: Albert R. Erskine, president; Edwin N. Hurley, vice-president; Brother Florence, secretary; and Miles W. O'Brien treasurer.

### FATHER CARROLL HAS ARTICLE IN "AMERICA"

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An article on Catholic writers and Catholic readers, written by the Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C., vice-president of the University, was published in a recent issue of *America*, nationally known weekly. The article has received favorable comment in a number of the Catholic newspapers.

In his paper, "Readers for Catholic Writers," Father Carroll considers the question, "Does the Catholic writer develop the Catholic reader or does the Catholic reader make possible the Catholic writer?" Father Carroll defines a Catholic writer as "any Catholic who writes with understanding and certain distinction of style on Catholic themes, giving Catholic interpretation and point of view."

Stal Mr.

The Catholic writer and the Catholic reader must grow together, in the opinion of Father Carroll. The writer and the reader influence each other considerably, he believes, the one developing the taste of the other, and the reader encouraging the creative impulse of the writer.

## MISS ANGLIN SEES ARMY GAME

Notre Dame's 1927 Laetare Medalist, the celebrated actress Margaret Anglin, was a guest at the Army game last Saturday. She appeared, with Notre Dame colors flying, half hidden behind floral greetings sent to her by the Team and by the Metropolitan Club. After the game Miss Anglin wired the following message to the Team:

Good work Boys—gallant fight—get ready for the next victory, there are many ahead. Keep the Blue and Gold flying. I am proud to wear them. Love and thanks for my beautiful flowers.

-MARGARET ANGLIN.

## CHICAGO CLUB DANCE NEXT WEEK

The ticket sale for the Notre Dame-Southern California informal dance opened Tuesday night in all the halls. Since the local Chicago Club received but a small allotment of these tickets from the Alumni in Chicago it is advisable to purchase your ducat immediately as the sale closes next Tuesday. The tickets worth three dollars each are for the students alone and will not be for sale the evening of the celebration.

There is a correction regarding the blocks og main floor seats for the two shows in Chicago. Instead of "Yours Truly" and "Hoosiers Abroad" which will not be in the city on the evening of Nov. 26, the "Desert Song" and "Hit the Deck" have been selected. Reservations for these performances will close next Monday with Dick Halpin, 213 Lyons Hall.

The Oliver Hotel ball rooms well be the scene of another Scholarship dance to be held Friday, November 18. Girls, as usual, will be furnished by the chaperones, to all who are unable or unwilling to escort a date. Admission will be by ticket at \$1.25 each.

## CHICAGO PREPARES FOR U. S. C. GAME

The importance of the University of Notre Dame's game with the University of Southern California in Chicago on November 26 can be gauged by the following set of resolutions which were passed by the Council of the City of Chicago. The article appeared in the Chicago American.

"King Ka-nute Rockne, monarch of South Bend and other points, will receive a royal welcome befitting one of his station when he brings his Notre Dame huskies here this Fall. The city council, absorbed as it is in the matter of widening streets, paving alleys and getting good fight tickets, found time the other day to draft a set of resolutions extending the freedom of the loop, etc., to the Notre Dame and Southern California football teams when they come here on November 26 for a game in the Grant Park stadium.

"The action was the result of a motion by the eighth Ward. Alderman Maypole pointed out that the game is comparable in importance to the Army-Navy affair, which it probably will be in a football way. But the bands and the bright uniforms won't be there, which may be an obstacle hard to overcome in the minds of those who go to places just to 'be there.'

"The resolutions, in part, follow:

"WHEREAS, This game is comparable in the public interest it commands to the Army-Navy game which was played in Chicago last Fall, and will attract many thousands of visitors to our city, among whom will be his excellency, the governor of California: and

"WHEREAS, Under the contract between the University of Notre Dame and the University of California this game was to be played on the athletic field of the University of Notre Dame at South Bend, Indiana, but yielding to the desires of the Notre Dame alumni in Chicago and to the public in general, the University of Notre Dame consented to transfer the game to Chicago, where more of the public can be accommodated, therefore, be it

"RESOLVED, That the city council of Chicago hereby extends to the University of Notre Dame the appreciation of the people

of Chicago of their action in transferring a game of such great interest to our city: and be it further

"RESOLVED, That the mayor appoint a committee of three members of the city council to co-operate in the arrangements for this game and in the reception and entertainment of the respective teams and distinguished visitors."

### NOTED ALUMNUS VISITS CAMPUS

William P. Breen, '77, LL.D., donor of the Breen Medal for Oratory and prominent Fort Wayne attorney, visited the campus this week.

Mr. Breen was here to attend the meeting of the board of lay trustees which was held on Tuesday and spent sometime visiting with Father Hutchinson, C.S.C., Father John W. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., and Father James J. Burns, C.S.C., Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross.

Mr. Breen is President of the Fort Wayne Notre Dame club and an enthusiastic alumnus.

## STUDENTS WELCOME RETURNING TEAM

Monday morning, a large part of the student body marched down to the Grand Trunk station in South Bend to greet the football team returning from New York. The train came into the station shortly after seven o'clock and the students, standing in a heavy rain, gave the fighting grid men an enthusiastic and noisy welcome. There were cheers for Notre Dame, for "Rock," for the members of the team. The scene recalled the welcoming of the eleven last year when it returned to South Bend after a successful invasion of the East.

Following the arrival of the train and the welcome proper the men returned to the University after a short march on Michigan street.

#### SCHOLASTIC ANNOUNCEMENT

Because of the holiday on next Thursday, all material for publication in the SCHOLAS-TIC must be in the hands of the editors before Tuesday noon, Members of the staff will please move their schedules up one day.

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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.

#### CALIFORNIA CLUB

The California Club met Wednesday evening, November 9th, in the new lounge of the University dining halls. Reports of the various committeemen, concerning the prospective plans for a Christmas dance, and a banquet late in November, were heard and discussed by the members. Following the conclusion of the regular meeting refreshments were served and a "pep" talk by Mr. R. Dockweiler terminated the evenings gathering.

#### SCRIBBLERS

Because of the examinations this week the Scribblers did not meet. The next meeting will be held Monday of next week in the Law Building at 8 o'clock.

#### WISCONŞIN CLUB

The next meeting of the Wisconsin Club will be held Monday at 7:45 P. M. All members are requested to be present as the final arrangements for the Christmas Dance, to be held in Milwaukee on January 2nd, will be discussed.

### BUFFALO CLUB

The Buffalo Club will dine Saturday Evening at the LaSalle hotel. Plans for the annual Christmas dance will be completed. According to indications the dance will be held in the Buffalo K. of C. home on Delaware avenue. All Notre Dame men in the vicinity of Buffalo are cordially invited to attend this affair.

#### ENGINEERS CLUB

The Engineers held their annual initiation and welcome for their new men in the gymnasium Wednesday, November 9th. Due to the efforts of President Greene and the members of the initiation committee the affair was a big success. Between fifty and sixty freshmen of the Schools of Engineering joined the society. The devices used in the initiation were contributed by the members of the different schools of engineering. After the initiation refreshments were served and the new members were addressed by Father Steiner, Assistant Dean of the Engineering School, and Professor Hafel of the Electrical department on the advantages of belonging to the organization.

#### EAST-PENN CLUB

The East-Penn Club at the University will hold a smoker in the faculty dining room of the University Dining Halls, Wednesday evening, November twenty-third at eight o'clock, it was decided at a meeting of the club Thursday, November tenth.

The club's new president, Leo R. McIntyre, promises that the smoker will be enhanced with noted campus speakers and entertainers. Father Patrick Haggerty, C.S.C., honorary president of the club, will be one of the speakers. Professor Charles Phillips, of the University's English department, is expected to attend.

"Big Baritone Bill" Eastman, radio broadcaster of popular songs; Fred Raihan, clog dancer of note; Jess Wood, piano pounder extraordinary; Ed Donovan and R. Zeno Staudt, banjo strummers who accompany the University Glee Club on all its trips, all have promised to regale the members of the East-Penn-Club in the faculty dining room on the night of November twenty-third.

Mr. R. H. Borland, managar of the University Dining Halls, has assured the committee in charge of the smoker that plenty of smokes, sandwiches, coffee, ice cream and cake will be available.

The club at its meeting last Thursday evening, held in the south room of the Library, decided to hold its Christmas dance in Scranton on the evening of December thirtieth.

## "WRITER" AROUSES VERSATILITY CONTEST

In order to prove the versatility of their readers in writing various brief prose torms, so much in demand in current magazines and newspapers, *The Writer* offers a series of prizes for the best contribution received each month in any one of the following:

- The Brief Familiar Essay (500-1000 words)
- The Informal Personal Sketch (300-600 words)
- The Tabloid Book Review (50-100 words)
- The Humorous or Satirical Sketch (100-. 300 words)
- The Sonnet (14 lines)
- The Rondeau (13 lines)
- The Triolet ( 8 lines)
- Humorous Verse (not more than 20 lines; not free verse)

The following prizes will be awarded:

- \$25.00 for the best prose or verse contribution each month, for January, February, and March, 1928. A subscription (new or renewal) to *The Writer* for each contribution published.
- \$50.00 will be awarded as a final prize at the end of the contest, April 1, 1928, to the writer who has shown general excellence in both verse and prose writing in the forms outlined above.

The Rules are:

1. Each manuscript must be signed with a pen name and be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the author's real name, address, and occupation, as, for instance: John Smith, Cambridge, Mass., Student. 2. There is no limit to the number of manuscripts which one person may submit. Send your manuscripts to Contest Editor, 311 College House, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.

3. Manuscripts received before the 5th of each month will be considered for inclusion in the following issue: i. e. manuscripts received before December 5 will be considered for the January issue. All manuscripts, whether printed or not, will be con-

sidered for the Final Prize to be awarded at the close of the contest April 1, 1928.

4. All entries accompanied by a stamped return envelope will be returned at the close of the contest, April 1, 1928.

The contest is now open to everyone and all readers of *The Writer* are cordially urged to participate. *Entries for the January contest must be received by December 5.* 

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"Last Saturday the Rose Poly team met an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the varsity on Cartier Field, Captain Edwards men piling up a total of sixty points to eleven for the down state boys. Miller with four touchdowns and Vaughan with three, led the attack. Oh that line, the best in the West!"

"Last Tuesday, Walsh Hall had forty-five occupants. Nearly all the rooms had radiators in them and every blue face has disappeared. Hurza was the last Brownsonite to enter the new hall."

#### "HAPPINESS"

A little sunshine on the way, A little music all the day, A little looking for the right, A little slumber in the night, That is happiness. A little friendship with the good,

A little mingling with boyhood, A little helping of the low, A little pushing of the slow, That is happiness.

"The football season opened Thursday with one of the most spectacular games seen on the local gridiron. D'orais, Rockne and McGrath of last year's squad were very much in evidence. The first touchdown came as a result of a perfect forty-yard pass, Dorias to Rockne, which brought the ball inside Ohio Northern's ten yard line. Berger then crossed the goal on the next play. Score, N. D. 32, Ohio Northern 6."

 $f_{\mu}$  THE COLLEGE PARADE -:- By J. F. Mahoney for the second second

Midst a world of partiality and prejudice in sport writeups, it is a delight to read the exact account of the Notre Dame-Minnesota game in the Minnesota Daily. Here are some of the high spots:

> "VICTORY" OVER N. D. BRINGS SPEARSMEN NATIONAL PRESTIGE

Gophers Outplay Irish; 7-7 Tie Considered As Good As Winning.

## JOESTING UNSTOPPED: FLANAGAN IS HALTED

#### Ball In Rockne Territory All But Five Minutes of Entire Game.

"Last Saturday, Minnesota defeated Notre Dame, 7-7. Doubt it not. It was a victory for Minnesota in every sense, morally, psychologically, offensively, and defensively; and equally a defeat for Notre Dame's "Smartest team in America" on ancient Cartier Field where for 20 years no Irish eleven has been either defeated or tied. If ever there was a long end to a score, that end was Minnesota's last Saturday. And today Minnesota is the most talked-of team in the nation." I'll bet those boys do some writing when they win a game up there.

Activities of a sterling character at St. Mary's College, Winona, Minn., from the Nexus:

"When anything happens among the students that does not speak well for the good of St. Mary's you can bet your sweet life that someone is due for a dragging over the coals if Jay Kiley ever finds it out."

Classified advertisement in the Franklin of Franklin College:

"Wanted—a dancing instructor for 15 Phi Delt Freshmen. Large salary. Call Lawrence Reeve, phone 555." Alumni are endeavoring to make the University of Virginia a non-co-educational school, because they believe co-education responsible for low moral standards. Professor O'Shea of Wisconsin, who has been making an investigation of the educational system in Virginia, said, "There is no stealing, lying, or cheating at the University of Virginia." This *Parade* has long been in need of a *bull*.

Higher education in Georgia:

Douglas, Ga., (IP) The student body of the state Junior College at Douglas is doing most of the work on the new dining hall being erected there, the students even making the bricks.

Keeping abreast with the times at Wisconsin:

"Saturday nights from 7 to 11 are reserved for student roller skating and the teaching of new steps in dancing."

Pessimism in the De Paulia of De Paul of Chicago:

"The student body of De Paul seems to have developed a feeling of inferiority. Attend a Notre Dame-Chicago Club dance, for instance. The writer has been present at many of them, and he has found that the very same people who scoff at the idea of paying a certain sum to attend a De Paul affair will gladly pay five dollars to participate in a party that would gladden the heart . of many a thriving bootlegger; of course, the young ladies present receive a dollar thirtyfive compact with the crest of a large school upon it . . . . De Paul has several school songs, but a gambler would lose no money if he were to wager that the De Paul students could sing the anthem of South Bend better than their own songs. Students of De Paul, . something is wrong."



#### COMPENSATION

If you will turn to Barry Mahoney's *College Parade*, you will find an item that should be interesting to any Notre Dame man and that is certainly interesting, if a bit disconcerting, to the SCHOLASTIC. You will learn that Minnesota defeated Notre Dame a week ago Saturday by the unique score of 7-7. The Minnesota Daily has spoken, and that probably settles the matter.

The SCHOLASTIC has a word or two to say on the subject, however. Two weeks ago, we went to a great deal of trouble to put out a SCHOLASTIC which would be a genuine greeting to the Gophers when they came to Notre Dame. There were articles on the University of Minnesota and its innumerable virtues, pictures of its coach and captain, an editorial of welcome.

Then in last week's issue, John Hinkel, our sports editor, wrote a story of the contest that gave Minnesota, which gained tewer yards than Notre Dame, excellent and favorable comment. Yet the Minnesota Daily says: "It was a victory for Minnesota in every sense, morally, psychologically, offensively, and defensively.

We wonder that they have no alibi's explaining why the score was not at least 44 to 3.

#### THE LITERARY CONTESTS

During the last few weeks, announcements of prize literary contests have appeared regularly in the SCHOLASTIC. Still another, held this time by *The Writer*, is made known today in the news section. Unlike most of the others, which cover particular forms, this new contest will give prizes to the best work in eight different types of writing.

There is now some competition in progress in almost every imaginable field of literary work. The United Feature Service has offered prizes for newspaper feature stories; the Culver contest will reward short-story

writers, playwrights, poets, scenario writers and essayists; the Boston Repertory Theatre and the Catholic Theatre Guild are searching for three-act plays; Witter Bynner and his magazine *Palms* want poetry down in New Mexico; and even here on the campus, the Scribblers hold an annual poetry contest which, it is whispered, may this year be broadened to include other products of the writer's pen.

One of the significant things about this present day popularity of literary competitions is the comparative ease with which a young and unknown author is able to attract attention to himself. There has always been some prejudice against writing as a profession or even as an avocation among practicalminded people because of the traditional and, to some extent, truthful picture that is usually painted of the young writer's struggles for recognition. Even geniuses have nearly starved for lack of publicity.

There is no reason now why anyone with the skill and ability required for the production of meritorious work should not be able to get his name before the reading public. He needs only a sufficient number of stamps, a manila envelope, sympathetic judges, and the effort expended in mailing a manuscript.

#### HE MAN TRADITION, R.I. P.

Many years ago, when the present seniors were callow frosh, one of the mooted questions for discussion was the He Manner of Notre Dame. Students wore clothes which, if not quite suited to the delicate aesthetic tastes of some of them, were at least characteristic of the place.

But the old tradition passeth. Each year finds a smaller proportion of corduroy trousers and lumber-jack shirts. And now some of our most prominent citizens are dining in dinner jackets in mute protest to the recumbent corpse of He Mannerism. Who will be the first to wear a tux to an engineering class? —J.A.M.



#### FRAGMENTS

I grasp at fragments of the past To hold them to the heart of mc: The wave-balabored rocks of shore, The sumsets on a jar-off sea.

I wrap my hourt in memories Of childhood plans, and of the lud Who was with me alone content And who alone could make me glad.

For now the future beckons with A ghastly grin meant for a smile: But you, once gone, can not return: Oh Past! Please linger for a while.

-CYRIL 'MULLEN.

#### SEE NOTTINGHAM AND DIE

Holmails Inc.,

Mr. Allan A. Dale.

MY DEAR MR. DALL :--

It was only today that our Mr. Sheriff remarked to me that you, as a former resident of this metropolis, would be glad of an opportunity to help us in our greater Nottingham campaign which we, as members of the Greater Nottingham Chamber of Commerce, are sponsoring.

You are of course aware of the great historic and scenic value of Nottingham, or as it was called in the olden days, Notting-on-Ham, for it fronts on historic old Ham River, so called because it was to this stream that all amateur actors with Shakespearean tendencies were hastened.

Greenwood Forest, now well within the city limits of Notingham, also has its own peculiar value. Named after two young students who formerly made it their inditat-they were mamed wood, and yes, they were Freshmen-ti has never lagged in the production of pine trees, pine cones, beetles, ants, mosquitoes and kindred ailments.

Hoping that you will be able to aid us with a little guiblicity, I am

Yours for a Greater Nottingham,

LOVE LETTERS

Dear, I love your rippling "m's," Xour graceful carring "l's;" Of your disposition sweet, Your writing surely tells.

Your Add Stearrow like a gliding bird, Your Adds' drawn ont like sight; But dear, the thing I like the most, Is the way you mile those eyes.

--- HONNIE.

## LINED?-YOU MEAN BLOCKADED

DEAR ALLAN (O'THE DALE: We (editorial) admire the finesse of the landscape artist who plants bushes in the ways that the negligent students are wont to trod. Won't Notre Dame be a lovely place when all the paths are lined with proses?

-THE BAHSY -KID.

#### WATER'S CRY

I like to watch the water pass In giddy whirlpools, after rain. Has heaved the rivers high and wide And made them hurry on their way, For in its haste I hear it ery, As it swiftly passes by And its ripples touch the shore, I'll it seems to me I see In every drop of spray, a tear. And that every wave's a sigh As it goes hurrying by.

----WAZMUS

#### NOW, JOHN, DON'T BE VULGAH

DEAR AL: J see that there is going to be one of these here bridge parties thrown at a neighboring institution. That in itself is all right, but how comes it that they advertise on our compute?

ON READING ALDOUS HUXLEY

I saw a dream world Of drab gray print;
I saw a silver line Of ice and mint
Glittering through it, Ironicul, fine,
Flashing and bitter,
A pagan line.

#### -THE LUCKLESS DAD.

WHO'S TOUGHER RED OR THE JUDGE? DEAR ALLAN: The boys over in (Corby have a new popular song. It goes like this, "Red Leach, Kiss My Blues Away." I wouldn't violent the copyright statues for anything, but if I have, I know a man who is an imminent judge in the Supreme Cult, who

## will acquaint me of the charge.

(Come, gather round, ye wits, and sing) Ye jesters, nuise the welkin ring With tunes and tales and gay flin-flam, With your and fun and spigram. (Come, gather round. Let manifit prevail To hide your light from



## Camphor

A Story of Conservatism and a Young Radical

STEPHEN E. SHERRY

"A FTER all," said the Detestable Aunt, her horsey face alive with interest in Dill, "you young literary boys don't know nothing about life. Now, you know you don't, Dill. Why, you aren't even dry behind the ears yet."

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They all chuckled at that; Dad, and the Complacent Uncle, who dealt in real estate, and Russ. Even mother smiled. Dill leaned back in his chair and tried a good-natured grin. But the fury he felt at their mature superiority made it hard to grin.

"You ignorant, dowdy, smug fools!" he cried within himself.

The elders were now recovering from their genial ridicule. They were relapsing into jovial sympathy and comfort for Dill, and the Complacent Uncle said in a sporting way: "That's all right, Dill. You younger fellows will be putting us on the shelf before long. The young people of today can take care of themselves now, believe me." He nodded sagely at the elders and all but Russ, Dill's brother, said: "Yes, you bet they can."

It was on occasions such as this that Dill would decide to get out of Akron immediately. It was impossible to endure the lack of appreciation he met with here at home. He would not live here and be smothered into dullness. On some days he told himself a thousand times that he was sick of it and that he would get out. He was a fool for staying around here—an awful fool. Tomorrow, perhaps, he would drop a line to Williams in New York. He might land a newspaper job in New York.

The Complacent Uncle suggested a card game which Dill detested above almost everything else. Later lemonade was served and Dill "volunteered" to pass the cakes. He used to make little pleasantries about being "the head waiter around here," but he wasn't going to be head waiter much longer.

When the Detestable Aunt said she wanted to start home because "she had a lot of work to do in the morning," and mother, half protestingly, said "Why what's your hurry?" they finally did leave after a round of "Now you folks come over soon," and a chorus from father and mother: "Oh, we will."

In bed, Dill continued to mull over his grievances. When Russ came to bed Dill asked him whether he knew any newspaper men in Chicago. Russ did not. "Be fine if you could get a job up there," he said with some enthusiasm.

"Yes, I was thinking of that," Gill ventured. And then came the inevitable from Russ:

"But of course you'd like to stay around the folks. That 'ud take you away from them."

Dill was about to utter the supreme blasphemy in the Tancred family. Mentally he shouted: "Hell with staying around the folks. I'm crazy to get away from this place."

But he didn't say it. Russ would never understand, that was sure. Russ was a chemical engineer home on a short vacation. He was the type of man who would never understand how one could be dissatisfied when he had a job in the home town and got home-cooked meals and could play golf all summer for a small membership fee. Russ was always trying to get nearer home, but Chicago seemed to be the best bet at present. He was to start back tomorrow.

The more Dill thought of the Detestable Aunt and her omniscience regarding life the more indignant he became. Life! "You young literary boys really don't know nothing about life!" What the Detestable Aunt meant when she said young people didn't know life was that they didn't know how Madge Burtis felt at twenty-nine, when most of the eligible men had chosen wives and it was getting tiresome to make up her face so much. Or how the widow Simpson died and she had to go to the poorhouse. Or how the neighborhood was galvanized with a sort of sultry electricity when "that Welton woman" was visited by two policemen one evening after supper, and everybody out on their porches taking it in. That was "life!"

Dill knew nothing about marital difficulties, about divorces coming near to him, about the horrid way in which the Randolphs papered their upstairs room. Dill "never had a hard day in his life." Therefore, it was impossible that he should know anything about life.

Of course the Detestable Aunt was right if she meant that he didn't know *all* about life. Neither did she for that matter. But many young fellows had written excellent novels, plays and short-stories without knowing any more about life than Dill.

The next day when the city editor sent him to get a story about a robbery in North Akron he plunged into the thing with such gusto that the editor complimented him on the result. "Tancred, you're beginning to sling words around in good style. Stop trying to be literary and get us more stories like that. The "stop trying to be literary" referred to an incident of about three weeks ago. The editor had noticed that Dill was doing some work on something about fivethirty. He came over to nose around and observed Dill's scenario in the typewriter. Dill explained jokingly that he was writing "something fresh and crisp for the stage." "Fresh and crisp" was the editor's favorite way of describing the ideal reporter's style. He thought too much of Dill to call him a fool. Then too, there was no reason why he should open up his own wounds. He had thrown away his own plays just two years ago.

The dull evening: Dad had changed to his second best suit of which the only vestige of former importance was the odor of camphor clinging to it. Every evening for hundreds of evenings Dad had methodically changed to a second best suit, eaten supper, and then read the paper until nine-thirty.

Dill pored over the advertisements of new books. He noted that Harper's was announcing a new anthology of British plays. The reviews were enthusiastic and the writers' magazines were heralding its arrival with promises of "an altogether unusual and very readable book." Four dollars was the price of the limited first edition. Dill clipped the coupon from the magazine, fished his check book from his coat pocket and wrote a check for four dollars. Sealing the envelope he stuck it into his coat pocket in order not to forget it in the morning.

He could feel the covert attention being given him when he clipped the coupon. Mother was far more subtle and adept in observing than father. Dad lifted his head.

"Buying another book, Dill?" he asked quietly.

"Uh huh!"

"Aw-uh, what kind is it . . . Dill?"

"Oh, just a book," shortly.

In a moment: "Any articles of yours in the paper tonight, Dill?"

"I got the story on the North Side robbery."

"That so?" ruminatingly. "Quite a holdup, seems."

Mother lifted her head and listened as she always did. But they didn't ask further questions and Dill was no conversationalist, so he resumed his reading. He read two stories and had a notion to do some work on the play. But his brother came in while he hesitated; he had been visiting some old classmates at Akron College. Dill could never understand how Russ could see so many people and yet be back by ten o'clock, or eleven at the very latest. Mother regarded Russ as being reliable and steady. Russ knew something of life, you bet! Not even the Detestable Aunt would question that. But Russ was always the same; steady and unassuming. Dill half envied his poise and Russ was different all right-basiccalm.

ally different. One conldn't imagine Russ being stirred by reading Swinburne or Coventry Patmore! He had no nuances, thought Dill; no more nuances than Dad.

When Dill retired, Russ was already in bed sleeping soundly. Dill regarded him half contemptuously, half enviously. Russ, it seemed, never had disturbing thoughts. Russ was too big, too magnanimous to lie awake for an hour mulling over and hating the camphor smell that pervaded Dad's clothes. The odor choked Dill; Russ never noticed it. Russ rarely had a disagreement with Dad. The two of them discussed politics, the new buildings in Akron, professional football and the wonders of Chicago to which Dad listened eagerly. They made contact better, that was all.

Russ left in the morning and the few days of change were over. Dill was brought back to Dad and mother, the lawn, the eventless evenings. That was one advantage Russ had: he didn't have to live with the folks day in and day out.

Dill regarded his relations with his parents in the light of a rapidly approaching explosion. His feelings were confined like the gas in a toy balloon. He had been feeling unnaturally restrained from the first day he lived at home after graduation. It was a great deal worse than during vacation. Then, there had always been the prospect of having those few months over with and . . . back to college where his set could understand something besides taxes, the latest referendum, or the new preacher. What could be more delightful than to be in his room with the "lit" bunch around discussing novels and the difficulty of handling dialogue in a short-story.

His hatred of things at home began to crystalize and form themselves into definite objects of dislike. Shot through all the dullness and misunderstanding was the odor of camphor which permeated the house like an invisible cloud. The odor was everywhere, it seemed. Dill fought at it mentally and choked at it physically.

It is a peculiar thing about odor, that it is strongly significant and revealing. Hospitals have characteristic odors-grocery stores, libraries, theatres—all are indelibly marked with an odor.

To Dill the odor of camphor became the sign of uninteresting puritanical respectability. Camphor frowned upon flights of fancy. Camphor dulled the eagerness of enthusiasms; became the synonym of conservatism. It closed in upon Dill like a cloud of poison gas and he fought back at it furiously, fretfully. He felt like an exasperated child. Oh, he must break into a run for the clean, fresh air where he could breathe breathe.

Dill wrote to Williams with whom he had gone to school at State. Williams was beginning his "starvation years" as a lawyer in New York. New York seemed the epitome of all that Dill hoped for and loved. Being there would bring him near to everything that he wanted most: expert guidance and contact with the very best in a literary way. He knew Williams would do his best for him. They had always been great chums at State.

Williams came across handsomely. He wrote a short note. "Dear Dill: I was talking to Snyder, editor of the Service Weekly and he says he could use a man like you, if you could get up here within a few weeks. It isn't such a big job, but I think I know what you want—something to do while you wait your chance at the big papers and your chosen work. Let me know—"

Williams understood all right. He was a practical hard working lawyer himself, but he seemed to get the right idea. Well, he was young and that made the difference.

The occasion for departure came sooner than Dill expected. Still, it had always been imminent. The only thing he could have wished was that it might have been carried off more calmly and with less of temper. But then—we're human, he reasoned. It was over in a second.

Dad and mother were preparing to spend the evening with the Cliftons. Would Dill come along?

"And play cards all night? Dill rasped ir ritably.

"Oh, you might be agreeable for a change," Dad retorted.

Dill flared up instantly. Before he realized it he had made several unfeeling remarks.

"Then stay home."

When they returned he was gone.

II.

Williams brought him to Snyder to see about the promised job. Snyder was a black-haired, black-eyed man of about sixty. He regarded Dill with a hawk-like glance when he made known his purpose.

"Know anything about circulation?" he challenged.

Dill confessed he knew nothing about circulation except what he had learned at college. Snyder snorted at this.

"If you c'n forget everything you learned at college and are willing to learn something worth while here, why come in tomorrow mornin'."

Dill came in the morning and tried to learn. At least this was a start. It was living where he wanted to live; within striking distance of the things his heart desired. He resolved to see about the playwriting courses at Columbia as soon as possible.

He spent the evening in unpacking. Williams expressed amazement at the large library Dill had collected. As for Dill he revelled in the sight and feel of the familiar volumes. He must get into that Anthology of British plays. He had brought it from home, but he hadn't read a line of it yet. He was busily erecting the old barriers to protect himself from the real world. It was his first evening of peace. He settled back in a chair with a contented sigh. Well, it had been better after all. This was life as he wished to live it.

"Satisfied?" queried Williams paternally.

"Perfectly, Gene; this is what I want. By the way, do you know anything about the extension courses at Columbia?"

"I'm perfectly satisfied to sit right here and do some reading."

"Still as bad as ever, aren't you?" Gene chided. "I really don't see why you wanted to get up here in a noisy city like this, Dill. What was wrong with Akron?"

"Better shows here," Dill evaded.

"But you said you don't care for most shows."

"Well, bigger city, you know."

"And more distractions, too, I happen to know." Williams nodded sagely.

"Well, you see, Gene, I'll meet literary people up here."

"Yes you will."

"I'll tell you the real reason then. The folks never made the slightest effort to understand the things I care for-books and so forth. I did everything in my power to get their viewpoint. I played their stupid card games. I trimmed the lawn. I helped entertain tiresome neighbors. I discussed taxes and the city high school teams. I tell you I did everything I could. But they never understood. . . they were just so damned set in their ways that they thought all my ideas were mental aberrations. Why man, neither of them made the slightest attempt to understand . . . I'd . . . why, I'd never left if they understood."

"What did you expect them to do?" Gene asked, drawing on his overcoat, preparing to leave.

"Well, they might have done something... might have read a little themselves . . . they might have tried to understand what I saw in my books and magazines. But they never did, Gene."

"Ah, too bad," Gene soothed with a grin. Dill reached for the new Anthology. He paged through it...idly, lovingly. What was that in the leaves? Cigar ashes! Why ...? He held the book closer. The odor? Was it...?

Gene was leaving.

"Gene, Gene," he called weakly, a sick feeling coming over him; his heart hurting him suddenly with the violent surge it had given. "Gene, what kind of an odor do you notice in this book." He got up and brought the book over to Gene.

"Smells like camphor, I think...yeh, its camphor, all right," Gene decided as he turned to leave. He did not notice how pale Dill was when he staggered back to his chair.

## The Tourists' Guide

Heroes Are Made, Not Born

CYRIL J. MULLEN

FTER intensive search and expenditure of effort in libraries, employment agencies, unions, worker's societies, various correspondence schools, and orders of benevolence for the protection of something, I have been forced to, the conclusion that there is at least one noble vocation that has never received its just deserts. I speak of the art of tourist-guiding. At a time when "Altruism and service to society" is the slogan of our selfless civilization; when restaurant owners go bankrupt rather than neglect the hungry, and real estate men sell non-existant land so that the meek will not want, it is surprising to find such a service. able long-suffering member of society as the tourists' guide ignored. Certainly there was never a man with so great a need for all the Christian virtues and a considerable number of pagan ones besides.

Many romantic blubberings have been committed over the railroad engineer and the precious souls given to his keeping. But I have heard not so much as a thoughtful sneeze in regard to the tourists' bus-driver. The latter's job, which reaches its most artistic development at the Grand Canyon of Colorado is much more harassing. He has not only to deliver the precious souls entrusted to him, but must also keep these precious souls amused en route. From the time that his senile four-cylinder White rumbles away from the hotel, until its return, he is exposed to all danger: physical, spiritual, and mental. The physical danger lies not so much in the proximity of the road to the edge of the Canyon, as in the umbrella of the nervous lady who is always one of his company. This lady, whose heart, biologically speaking, is in the right place, starts out the trip with the heroic decision to be very brave at all costs. But she is unwilling to let her indifference to death go unnoticed. She cannot help remarking, roguishly, as she steps in the bus:

"Now I hope he won't drive us all over the side." And, as a happy afterthought, she continues with the usual feminine subtility, "But I'm sure he won't. He's so strong and sensible-looking."

Her husband groans inwardly. Already his heart has gone out to Bill, the driver. The latter looks speculatively into the canyou, stipple a naturally red-colored rock tobacco-brown, and climbs into the car. He knows from experience what is before him.

Fifteen minutes later, the driver, somewhat the worse for umbrella-proddings, pulls up the creaky conveyance with a jerk and turns "barker." Natural wonders, it seems, along with circus freaks and Florida real estate, must have ballyhooers so that the tourist will know beauty when he sees it After getting out of the car, a few of the company seat themselves gingerly upon the rocks; must of them, however, stand—the springs of the car have been somewhat unyielding.

"That rock over there, that looks like a mallet, is called Thor's Hammer" says Bill without visible emotion. "Thor," he continues, "was an old Indian thunder-god." Two sad-looking young men show interest at this new angle of the Nordic theory, but most of the party break into ohs and ahs of recognition and understanding, drowning out the rest of Bill's little piece. As a discreet invitation to get under way again, Bill returns Immediately to crank the wheezy White. the nervous lady looks to her umbrella; the inquisitive old man in knickerbockers looks for a softer seat; and the party, with a few murmured "wonderfuls," re-embarks for further explorations.

At the next stop, some half-hour later, the strain of the trip is beginning to show on the driver. The nervous lady has at last resigned her soul to heaven, but the young stenographer from Kansas City, who is seeing the continent in ten days, has become ro-

mantic. Amorous stenographers are a greater danger to Bill's spiritual well-being, than nervous ladies with umbrellas are to his physical health. All he can hope to do is jolt the romantic tendencies out of them by hitting every run in the road. But even greater hazards threaten; this time, mental. The eyes of the gentleman in knickcrs have a fanatical glow.

"How wide," inquires that worthy, "is the Colorado River down there at the bottom of the canyon?"

"About a hundred yards," replies Bill.

"A hundred yards? Huh, doesn't look like more'n a little stream, does it?"

"Nope, just like a little stream."

"Well, uh," continues the gentleman, "How far is it from that camp down there to the river?"

"Three miles or thereabouts."

"Well, now, I don't think so. I'm a pretty good judge of distance myself. Why, when my wife and I were in the Alps ...."

After five minutes the inquisitive one re-

sumes: "Say, how far is it from here to that big rock west of us?"

"Guess around ten miles; don't know for sure."

"It looks much closer, don't it."

"Yea, much closer."

"But I would say," continues he of the knickerbockers "that in reality it is anywhere from fifteen to twenty miles."

For a moment Bill loses control. He glares at his inquisitor, mutters "aw he'l," and returns to the bus.

The trip is over. With a great deal of gesticulations the lady of the umbrella is complaining to the management. The old gentleman who wears knickers and who has travelled, is telling the members of his family of his superiority over the guide in matters of calculation. And the stenographer from Kansas City is expressing bitter disappointment to a girl friend about these silent outdoor men. In the meantime Bill, with a glass of near-beer and a ham sandwich, is refortifying his physical, mental, and spiritual self for another afternoon of service.

## Willow Tree

Bright nets of gold across the waters flare And in their meshes seem to catch the moon That dances lightly on the dark lagoon. The scent of water-lilies fills the air. All sorrowing, a willow standing there With drooping leaves conceals her tearful face Behind a veil of leafy patterned lace, And in the water hangs her limpid hair.

The willow weeps beneath the velvet sky With sorrow cloquent in her soft sigh As somberly she moves through banks of thyme.

Symbolic image there she stands, for I Know well the end will come and all will die—

The Spring, the flowers, the willow, life in time.

-JOHN DE ROULET.

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## Graveyard

## I. THE STOIC

My grave will have a splendid view, A lofty marble monument, And fresh bouquets throughout the year. The dead must find it pleasant here Among the rich and prominent. Some day I may enjoy it, too.

#### II.

#### THE CYNIC

They lie with all the flesh gone from their bones.

Their lipless grinning mocks the pompous tones

Of Requiem that doom another clod To rot with them and learn there is no God. The clumps of grave-dirt thunder as they fall:

The corpse returns to earth, and that is all.

#### III.

#### THE MYSTIC

There is snow upon the grave-hill's side; But, no, not snow—

A spirit flood, a white still tide,

A shadow flow

Of souls, new-dead, with shining plaits Of fragrant hair

To wipe the feet of One Who waits, Forgiving there.

-RICHARD ELPERS.

## Gestures

To Wit: Actions Speak Louder, Etc.

#### JOE SAPPINGTON

I HOLD that, as a nation, we are prone to disregard the important gestures, and that by so doing, we waste a good deal of time and language in explaining situations the gist of which we might easily convey with a simple gesture. I have room for only a few examples, but these will be enough to convince the reader of the truth of my contention.

Once I crawled under a circus tent, with the intention of seeing the show without the outlay of capital customary in such cases Just when I was safely within the tent, I noticed coming in my direction a large, most unpleasant-looking man, with the unmistakable look of one who sees his duty, and intends to perform it. He said not a word, and I was determined to hold my ground, with perhaps an appeal to the man's finer nature, when he made a gesture which caused me to abandon my plan: he brandished an enormous foot, and I gathered from this gesture that he wished me to return whence I had come, with all speed. This I did, although with some loss to my dignity. (It might have been called more than a gesture—it came perilously near to hastening the parting guest.) This gesture made such an impression on me that I often use it effectively on newsboys and small dogs.

I know a girl who thinks very little of me, strangely. However, she seldom expresses her dislike in so many words; instead, whenever she sees me, she makes a little gesture performed by holding the nose with the thumb and first finger. The meaning of this gesture is a little secret that is shared only by us two, although I have occasionally seen other witnesses smile when she made it (of course, they are pretending to know what she implies by it.) Don't you see how much better it is that she make some little motion like that, than to have her say, whenever we meet, "I have a great and lasting aversion to you, young man, and not only that, I think you're terrible—please leave me at once?" In my dark moments I sometimes think that the gesture has a deeper significance, but these thoughts pass.

There is a gesture that people sometimes make at me which consists in tilting the head back, holding the hand near the mouth as if clutching something, and making gurgling noises with the throat. This gesture I usually obey with alacrity, and it never fails to enliven and invigorate me.

Persons in authority have at times made the gesture of striking the nearest table with the clenched fist, or if there be no table, the palm of the other hand. This gesture I take to mean, in the case of my father, that he is sick and tired of whatever it is I've been doing, and that he wishes to Heaven I'd get a job; in the case of my employer, I interprit it as a sign he thinks my talents might be better exercised in some other position, or that he can't see his way clear to increase my salary; and in the case of my teacher, I gather that my grade is to stay at the low mark which was first announced.

In certain games of chance, the other players often make a gesture toward the money which indicates that I have not been favored with a seven, or that my bluff has been called, and found wanting. This is a most disheartening gesture.

Beautiful ladies in the movies, filled with an inexpressible longing, always gesture toward the handsome hero with both arms outstretched, and with a sly, if come-hither, jerk of the head. I think that this gesture has no rival for pure aesthetic appeal, and I am waiting for someone to make it at me. One did once, but she was selling tags for the Orphans' Home, and I have distrusted it since.

)RT NEWS



Great Backs Spell Defeat for Irish—Soldiers Held Inside Ten Yard Stripe

VOEDISCH

Football players are only human after all. Like the rest of us they are made of vulnerable bone and muscle. Like the rest of us they have their faults and weaknesses, because no man is perfect. So, necessarily no team is perfect. It is a physical and a mental impossibility. Therefore, every eleven, even if it be one of the most powerful and best-drilled of machines, suffers defeat occasionally. Rare is the gridiron combination which can attempt such an exceedingly difficult schedule as Notre Dame's this fall, and come through with a spotless, undefeated record. They are extremely scarce indeed. Five important victories over strong opponents and one memorable deadlock with a team equal in strength, marked the Celtic card for the first half dozen games. But this consistently sustained brilliant pace proved too much for the Gold and Blue, and when the West Point Cadets were met last Saturday in Yankee Stadium the Rockmen cracked but did not break from the terrific strain. and the Army dealt the weary Irish an unexpected 18-0 drubbing.

Before this epochal football clash, featured as one of the really important intersectional classics of the year, Notre Dame was hailed by critics as one of the oustanding teams of the nation. They were beaten by an aggregation which played better football than they did throughout the major portion of the battle. Yet, the national prestige of the "Fighting Irish" did not suffer a great deal from the loss. They are still ranked among the gridiron elite of the country. And why?---Because, first of all, football partisans throughout the length and breath of these broad United States are brought home to a further realization of the fact that the Rockne-coached combination is not invulnerable They are of the same flesh and to defeat. blood as other teams, and like other and all elevens, they can be trounced. Then, secondly, they knew that Notre Dame gave their all in a highly courageous but fruitless effort to stave off a setback at the hands of one of the mightiest elevens in the nation.

POLISKEY

Notre Dame desired to win and did its very best to do so. But its efforts were in vain against an inspired Army team, and the Celts proceeded to absorb their first setback of the season. It was a cleancut, well-earned victory that the proteges of "Biff" Jones earned over their annual visiters from the West. The Cadets played such excellent football that they couldn't help winning. The "Fighting Irish" lived up to the very letter of their reputation as gallant fighters, but the West Pointers were not to be denied in achieving a sweet

revenge for last year's Notre Dame victory secured against practically the same eleven.

The Soldiers won, primarily because they immediately capitalized on every break which came their way. Led by their elusive left half-back, Cagle, they seized upon every smile from Dame Fortune and converted it either into substantial yardage or a touchdown. Long runs scored each of the Army's trio of six-pointers. Cagle slipped around end, when the contest was barely three minutes old, for a forty-nine vard trip to a touchdown. Nave, diminutive Black and Gold quarterback, intercepted a Notre Dame heave in the opening minutes of the third period and did not stop until he had traversed some sixty vards of greensward for the second tally of the future generals. Cagle called a halt on further scoring when he took a long pass from Murrell on the Hoosiers' fifteen yard stripe early in the final quarter, and continued the remainder of the way for the final Cadet touchdown. Attempted placement-kicks for the extra point after each of the six-pointers were blocked.

The score does not tell the real story of the engagement. It does not tell the heroic fight put up by the green-jersied Gold and Blue from the first second of play to the last. But try as they did Notre Dame never did quite succeed in pushing a touchdown through a powerful Army defense. Employing a puzzling forward passing attack as their main weapon of offense, the Irish were within striking distance of the Military Academy goal several times. A brilliant aerial act, with the strongarmed Niemiec throwing and the lanky Colerick receiving, had placed the oval within three yards of theWest Point goal line when the engagement was terminated. Once before, in the second period, Notre Dame had rushed the ball to the Soldier's seven yard line only to lose the pigskin on downs. Numerous fumbles and off-side penalties were especially damaging to the Irish cause during the entire sixty minutes of play.

Offensively and defensively, both elevens were well-matched, with perhaps the Cadets shading their opponents a trifle. There was little to chose between the two friendly rivals. However, it was the grim determination and sustained alertness of the Army which was, in the main, responsible for the Celtic defeat.

Outweighed, but far from being outclassed by the Eastern line, the Notre Dame nankers put up a stiff defensive exhibition throughout the entire battle. Twice the Military Academy ball-carriers were within four yards of the Gold and Blue goal line, but each time a spirited Irish defense repulsed the alien attack and forced the Soldiers to surrender the ball on downs, once when the oval was barely six inches from a touchdown.

Each man on the Notre Dame eleven played like a true "Fighting Irishman," while Cagle, Wilson, Murrell, and Seeman performed brilliantly for the West Pointers.

Lineup and summary:

ARMY		NOTRE DAME -
Harbold	L.E	Benda
Sprague	L.T	Doarn
Hammack	L.G	Law
Hall	C	Moynihan
Seeman	R.G	Locke
Perry	R.T	Ransavage
Born		
Nave		
Wilson (C.)		
Cagle		
Murrell		

Touchdowns-Cagle (2), Nave.

Substitutions: Notre Dame—Frederick for Moynihan, Leppig for Locke, Miller for Ransavage, Voedisch for Collerick, Walsh for Benda, Smith for Law, Polisky for Doarn, Riley for McKinney, Dahman for Niemiec, Flanagan for Chevigny, Collins for Wynne. For Army—Meehan for Nave, Landen for Wilson, O'Donnell for Landen, Piper for O'Donnell.

Referee—E. J. O'Brien (Tufts). Umpire—W. H. Eckersall (Chicago). Head linesman—Jay Wyatt (Missouri). Field judge—A. C. Tyler (Princeton).

## IRISH OPPOSE DRAKE AT DES MOINES TOMORROW

Two elevens, determined to atone for past defeats, will collide at Des Moines, Iowa, tomorrow afternoon, when a fighting Irish Terrier will tangle with a scrappy Drake Bulldog. Notre Dame, with the memory of the Army setback still fresh in its mind, will endeavor to make up for lost ground by decisively trouncing Coach Ossie Solem's moleskin outfit. The Blue and White will have something to say about this contemplated whipping however, especially so, since they realize that a win over the Celts will just about transform their very disastrous football season into a howling success.

Drake has been playing in hard luck all fall. This partially accounts for the fact that the Bulldog has been on the short end of the score in the majority of their games thus far. The Iowans have an excellent coach, are possessed of promising material, and are imbued with a fine spirit. Yet, defeat has been their lot almost since the beginning of the season. The Missouri Valley Conference contender is by far a better team than its record shows.

The Iowans have shown their real power in only one game, that with Grinnell. In this engagement the Bulldog crushed their opponents under a 26-6 score. Since then, Drake has retained its full stride and is certain of giving the visiting Irish a terrific fight tomorrow before their own home folks. The 1926 Notre Dame Homecoming when the Blue and White were a 21-0 sacrifice at the hands of the Celtic clan, is still unusually fresh in the minds of the Iowans and they will be out to make amends.

Coach Solem has turned out a nicelybalanced eleven in all respects. He has retained practically intact the same line which gave Notre Dame such a battle last year on Cartier Field. Simpson, a center, and Holliday, a tackle, are two of the outstanding flankers of the Middle West. Meyers, Johnson, Cockayne, and Cook compose a versatile backfield. Cook, a fullback, and Meyers, a quarter, especially have been making some nice yardage in every Drake game this fall, and together with the rest of their mates should give the Irish plenty of trouble.

If comparative scores mean anything, then Notre Dame already has the battle tucked safely away as a victory. Navy, a combination which the Celts have already beaten, secured a 35-6 triumph over the Bulldog earlier in the season, and Minnesota, who tied with Notre Dame several weeks ago, drubbed the Iowans with a 27-6 score only last Saturday. However, comparative scores mean very little. In fact, they are often misleading, so Coach Rockne has disregarded them altogether, and has been carefully pointing his men all week for the clash.

# RESERVES TROUNCE ST. AMBROSE

Armistice Day was celebrated rather auspiciously by the Irish reserves who journied to Davenport, Iowa, and proceeded to show the St. Ambrose College gridders just how football is played at Notre Dame. An interesting matinee performance was indulged in, and at its conclusion the Celts were on the long end of an 18-0 score.

The Irish reserves held the light but scrappy Iowans in complete check the whole route. Only once did St. Ambrose threaten the Celtic goal. This occurred in the last quarter when Farrell intercepted an Irish pass on Notre Dame's forty-one yard line and did not stop until he was pulled down on the Celtic five-yard mark. Thereupon the Blue and White threat died as suddenly as it had been born when four line plunges failed to gain through a stonewall Gaelic defense.

The Celts lost no time in getting down to serious business, scoring two touchdowns in the first five minutes of play. On the third play of the game, Elder swept around right end, and wormed and twisted 60 yards through half the St. Ambrose team for the initial Notre Dame points. Several minutes later Bill Byrne grabbed a 28-yard aerial toss from Crowe, and continued 15 yards unmolested to the home goal for the second tally. Elder also scored the final touchdown for the Celts when he got off on another beautiful 50-yard sprint for a six-pointer early in the third period.

## LYONS AND FRESHMAN IN CHAM-PIONSHIP BATTLE, SUNDAY

Sunday's championship contest between "Sticks" Rielly's Freshman Hallers and Cy Costello's Lyonites will bring to a close the most successful season, without a doubt, in the history of interhall football.

It was a season marked by excellent coaching and clean, hard football—things that were lacking to some degree in former years. Father Mooney, head of the Boy Guidance Department, the coaches. of the various teams, and the varsity men who officiated at the games deserve a world of praise for this change.

Every team showed the results of its really efficient coaching and its faithful adherence to the practice routine, throughout the season. The death knell has been sounded by Father Mooney to the desultory interhall football of other years.

The final contest, which will decide who will be the possessor of the Championship Cup, will be played on Cartier field, Sunday, at 2 P. M. It will bring together Freshman, the survivors of Division I, and Lyons, the chosen ones of Division II. The heavier aggregation from the Gold Coast has a very slight edge on the lighter lads from the Pasteboard Palace. But this has been a season of football upsets, gentlemen, and anything may be expected in this battle—D.W.S.

The results of Sunday's games:

#### DIVISION I.

Off-Campus 20	Carroll 0
Freshman 13	Walsh 0
Howard 12	Brownson 0

#### DIVISION II.

Lyons 13	Corby 0
Morrissey 2	
Sophomore 2	

## The final standing:

DIVISION 1.	W	$\mathbf{L}$	Т
Freshman	5	0	0
Howard	3	1	1
Off-Campus	3	1	1
Walsh		3	0
Brownson		3	2
Carroll		3	2

DIVISION II.	W	$\mathbf{L}$	Т
Lyons	4	0	1
Corby		2	Ô
Morrissey	2	$\overline{2}$	ĩ
Sophomore	2	2	1
Badin		3	ō
Phys. Ed.	0	4	ĩ
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# IRISH HARRIERS CLOSE SEASON WITH 21-34 DEFEAT BY MICHIGAN STATE.

The Notre Dame cross country team encountered its strongest opponent of the season last Saturday when they dropped the concluding number on the schedule to Michigan State by a score of 21-34. Of the three Browns running in the meet, two were representatives of our Hoosier institution, but the third, a Michigan state man, conquered first place. The state schoel had a well balanced team and Brown is one of the leading contestants for honors in Western university cross country circles.

Vaichulis of Notre Dame placed third, with John Brown pressing him closely for the honor. The four and a half mile course was a stream of mud all along the way and consequently not much attention was paid to time, although the distance was negotiated in 27 min. and 7 seconds.

The Celtic trackmen broke training after the meet and will remain idle until further orders from Coach Nicholson will usher them forth again in an attempt to add still further laurels to the Gold and Blue in this particular field of athletic endeavor. —R. P. D.

#### PLAN FOOTBALL BANQUET

Plans for the annual football banquet were discussed at a meeting of the St. Joseph Alumni association held Tuesday noon, November 15, in South Bend.

The banquet will be held on December 8, in the new dining hall of the University. Frank E. Hering, South Bend, star quarterback and captain of the 1899 football team, will preside as toastmaster.

Addresses will be delivered by Coach K. K. Rockne; Dr. Clarence Spears of the Uni-

versity of Minnesota, Richard Hanley, Coach of Northwestern, The Very Rev. Matthew 'J. Walsh, president of the University and Rev. P. J. Carroll, vice-president and head of the athletic board of the University. Many prominent sports writers throughout the United States will also be in attendance, including: Westbrook Pegler. The Chicago Tribune; Warren Brown, Sports Editor of the Chicago Examiner, and Jimmy Corcoran of the Chicago American.

At this meeting the captain for 1928 will be chosen by the monogram winners for this season.

This banquet is an annual testimonial dinner given for the football squad by members of the alumni of St. Joseph Valley.

#### DAHMAN SIGNS AS COACH

Ray Dahman, star right halfback of this year's football team and star running guard on the Western basketball champions for the last two years, has been signed as coach at the Niles, Mich., High school for the coming year. Dahman will assume his duties on December 1 at the close of the present football season, when he will take charge of the basket-ball team.

It is expected that Bucky will raise the standard of basketball at the Michigan institution, as he was named on many All-West. ern basket ball teams during the last two years.

Dahman comes from Youngstown, Ohio, nas been a member of the football and basketball teams for two years, and will receive his degree in Law this June.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TICKETS DISTRIBUTED

Tickets for the game with the University of California were distributed during the first of the week. One dollar was paid in addition to the athletic book. It has been announced that there would be no Freshman cheering section at the game.

