

THE SCHOLASTIC STAFF

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

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

NEWS

JOSEPH MURPHY DAVID SAXON WILLIAM CRAIG JOHN DEROULET
 JOHN BREGAN RICHARD PARRISH BERNARD GARBER RAYMOND DRYMALSKI

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E. A. O'BRIEN, - - Local Adv. Mgr.
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BUSINESS

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

VOL. ~~LVI~~ ⁶¹

DECEMBER 2, 1927

NO. 11.

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Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 2, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.

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

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 THE WEEK

What a whale of a difference just one point makes. That seemed to be the Sabbatical observation for every sport writer from Bangor, Maine, to the San Joaquin Valley. It is unnecessary for us in our inadequate way to elucidate or moralize upon the greater or lesser moments of Saturday's game. For those to whom bull fests are an unending source of consolation we reserve this privilege. However, on behalf of Chicago's South Park Board we wish to condole with the many who missed the decisive end runs, forward passes, touchdowns, and goals when their taxis were delayed somewhere between the Congress Hotel and the field. Rock, though, has agreed never again to permit scoring in the first few minutes of play, because he has a deep regard for the tardy customers.

Statisticians have estimated that the 55,000 girls arrived on Michigan Boulevard within one hour after the gun had cracked its last feeble crack. We say feeble, because if you sat where we did, even a shot from Al Capone's cannon would have sounded just about as promising as the confetti bomb which burst over Cartier Field during the Minnesota game.

But to return to the boulevard—a silent tribute to the art of municipal decorators. For George Maypole, the aldermanic council, and the Notre Dame alumni of Chicago, we might order a rising vote. Their labor, ingenuity, and thoughtfulness made possible a reception which bore the University trade mark in its simplicity, ardor, and spontaneity. Surely there must be that indefinable something about a school which is able to attract 110,000 well-wishers when no title or championship is on trial. What Tex Rickard or C. C. Pyle wouldn't give for that pay-as-you-move delegation!

The Week wishes, with the editorial page of this magazine, to go on record as opposed to the singing of "The Victory March" in every cabaret where twenty followers of Notre Dame gather to guzzle gin.

To the S.A.C. an appeal is made "to add another service to its long list of good works by consulting with University executives and then giving some regulations about the time and place for singing the 'Victory March.'" Upon the students, this singing casts a reflection when, as a matter of fact, those who yelp loudest and longest turn out to be salesmen from some obscure haberdashery. We thought that the playing of the song by the half-baked band from Freshman Hall during the altercation between Father Mooney's proteges and the lionized Lyonites was the height of something or other. But a post-football cabaret session proves there can be a point beyond this superlative.

While many drifted about Chicago on Friday night, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink entertained the stay-at-homes with her final farewell concert. Library clerks, associate library clerks, private secretaries, and school teachers flocked to the Palais Royal for the good judgement.

The ideal gift for sisters, sweethearts, et als., is the offering of the Senior Class in the form of pillow tops. A house to house canvas has been promised by Joe Kinneary, the grand exalted entrepreneur, who is determined to eliminate the Christmas shopping heartaches for the small price of \$3.50 (war, income, and corporation taxes included). A pillow top a man will have its results in the biggest, finest, largest, grandest, best, and most pretentious Senior Ball in the long history of long dances.

Despite the fact that the *Chicago Tribune* sees Notre Dame as producer of quarterbacks and halfbacks rather than oboe players, the University Band has been and will continue to be a decided asset in the winning of football games. While there is not the grandeur and splendor so characteristic of larger bands, still there is honest effort, little sham, and satisfactory melody. To one Chicago writer, *The Week* replies, "a noble aim, faithfully kept, is a noble deed."

—J.T.C.

GLEE CLUB BROADCASTS IN CHICAGO

The Notre Dame Glee Club, forty strong, broadcasted over WCFL, at the Brunswick Recording Studios in Chicago, from 8 to 9 P. M., Friday, Nov. 25. The Quartette, Anthony J. Kopecky, soloist, and Messrs Staudt and Donovan, banjoists, contributed to the program.

Glee Club members and their friends were the guests of Mark Fisher at the Oriental theatre, following the radio program. The Club sang the "Victory March" and the "Hike Song" and Anthony J. Kopecky sang some numbers with Paul Ash's orchestra, with which Mr. Kopecky was connected during the summer months.

Joseph Lyons, manager of the recording department of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company of Chicago, made arrangements for the radio program and for the entertainment that followed. Mr. Lyons recently presented the Notre Dame School of Music with a Console Talking Machine.

 FIRST UNIVERSITY THEATRE PROGRAM, DEC. 15

Three one-act plays, all written by members of Professor Charles Phillips' playwriting class, will be presented Thursday evening, Dec. 15, as the initial program of the University Theatre for the current school year. The plays are now in rehearsal.

The plays to be presented are: "Norma With an 'N'," a crook play, by Linus Maloney; "Fireflies," a tragedy, by Richard Parish; and "Ham and Eggs," a comedy, by Lyle Maloney. The authors are seniors in the A. B. school.

The casts of the three plays, which were selected by Frank Kelly, a member of the executive committee of the Theatre, are made up of the following persons: "Norma With an 'N'"—Miss Ruth Carmody, John Cavanaugh, and one other character not yet selected; "Fireflies"—Miss Margaret Moist, John Leddy, Russell Kuehl, and Miss Edna Knutson; "Ham and Eggs"—Miss Helen Shank, Roscoe Boney, and three others to be chosen. With the exception of the women, who are residents of South Bend and Mish-

awaka, all the cast members are Notre Dame students.

Professors Phillips and Kelly have charge of the productions. Mr. Phillips devotes the most of his time to the scripts, while Mr. Kelly is interested chiefly in the staging of the plays. The student authors have been attending rehearsals in order to learn something of the production of plays.

A University Theatre library, one of the dreams of the members of the executive committee of the theatre, is to become a reality, according to a letter received recently by Professor Kelly from the Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, prefect of discipline and chairman of the committee. The letter announces that plays written by Notre Dame students will be published by the University. The plays will be published separately and will be available for dramatic clubs in parishes, schools and colleges in all parts of the country.

 NIEMIEC AND POLISKY FETED

John Niemiec and John Polisky, Notre Dame football stars, were honor guests at a testimonial luncheon in Chicago, Monday, Nov. 28. The luncheon was given by Chicago citizens of Polish descent and twenty Notre Dame students of Polish parentage, besides Niemiec and Polisky, were present. Following the affair, the two football men were presented with wrist watches.

About 130 guests attended the luncheon, which is the first in a movement of Chicago citizens of Polish extraction to interest their youth in higher education.

Coach Knute Rockne, who was one of the speakers, declared that Notre Dame needs more Polish men on her teams. "Polish boys are smart, fearless players," he said, eulogizing the guests of honor.

Among the Notre Dame students who attended the banquet were: L. Chester Francowiak, Eugene A. Smogor, M. J. Bazmierowski, Frank Perlowski, Adam J. Cesarz, Stephen S. Ryckowski, Stanley Nowotarski, Alvin Kolski, Richard N. Konkowski, Romuald J. Walczyk, Stanley M. Wozniak, Edward M. Majewski, Joseph J. Wozniak, Frank E. Siudzinski, Raymond P. Drymalski and Stephen J. Wozniak.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By J. D. Murphy

METROPOLITAN CLUB

The Metropolitan Club held its regular November meeting last Wednesday in the North Room of Lemmonier Library, to conclude plans for the Christmas Formal and the Annual December Get-Together.

Jack Lavelle, president of the club turned the meeting over to Harley L. McDevitt, Chairman of the Xmas Formal, who announced that the dance was to be held at the Biltmore Hotel, the evening of December 28 with music by Roger Wolfe Kahn.

The meeting was closed with the announcement that the December banquet would be held at the Joan Tea Room, December the third at 6 o'clock. This banquet is expected to be the largest ever given by a campus club and the officers have promised a splendid dinner for all attending.

LOUISIANA-MISSISSIPPI CLUB

The members of the Louisiana-Mississippi Club gathered together in the Law Building at eight o'clock last Monday night. This was decided to be the final meeting before the Xmas holidays, for plans for an ante-Xmas banquet were discussed.

The banquet is set now for the night of Tuesday, December 6, at the LaSalle Hotel, at 7 o'clock. It is urged that every member be there, and make the final social get-together before the holidays a big success. Prof. Manion, honorary member of the club, and another speaker will be present, and plans for alumni Xmas cards and for the return trip to school after the holidays will be discussed.

SCRIBBLERS

The campus writers will meet next Monday at 8 P. M. in the Law Building. No meeting was held this week because of the Thanksgiving Holiday and the Student Trip. Papers will be read by Jack Mulen and Harry Engel.

EAST-PENN CLUB

The East-Penn Club held a smoker-luncheon Wednesday evening, November twenty-third, in the faculty dining room of the University Dining Halls. President Leo R. McIntyre presided as toastmaster.

Father Patrick J. Haggerty, C.S.C., honorary president of the club, was the first speaker introduced by McIntyre. Father Haggerty urged the members of the club to become active in their respective communities, to acquaint the members of these communities with the real facts about Notre Dame. He pointed out that Notre Dame is usually thought of strictly as a football school. He demonstrated the fallacy of this supposition. "Notre

Dame," said Father Haggerty, "for years turned out debating teams which held an inter-collegiate record for victories surpassed by no other university in America. Notre Dame has an art gallery that is among the best in the land. Notre Dame has men on her faculty, such as Father Carroll, Charles Phillips, Father Crumley, Father Miltner, Father Nieuwland, and Father Hudson, who are known to Catholics all over the United States for their literary efforts."

Professor Charles Phillips of the University's English department, the second and last speaker, spoke on the necessity of organization and harmony in a club. Professor Phillips declared that no club could long exist unless its members were as one man in everything. The professor stressed the importance of attending meetings regularly and of getting behind in a wholehearted fashion everything the club sponsored.

The members were regaled during the evening by the following entertainers: "Big Baritone Bill" Eastman, singer, who has since become a member of the Orpheum Vaudeville Circuit of Chicago; Bill O'Day, piano pounder; R. Zeno Staudt and Ed. Donovan, banjo strummers who accompany the University's Glee Club on all its trips; Fred J. Rahaim, clog dancer.

Cake, ice cream, coffee, sandwiches of all kinds, and cigarettes were passed around throughout the two hours of entertainment.

PITTSBURGH CLUB

The Smoky City boys will hold their annual holiday ball at the Pittsburgh Field Monday evening, January 2, 1928. Arrangements for the music and favors have been made and within the next week all plans for an enjoyable evening will be completed. The officers of the Pittsburg club for this year are as follows: D. M. Meinert, president; James Harrigan; vice-president; R. T. Strickel, secretary; and James Dodson, treasurer.

WISCONSIN CLUB

All men from the Badger state are requested to meet in the Law Building Monday evening, December 5, at 7:45 P. M. Final plans for the Christmas dance, to be held in Milwaukee, will be discussed.

The SCHOLASTIC joins with the Notre Dame student body in hoping for the recovery of Mr. George Keogan's brother who is, at the present time, seriously ill.

NOVEMBER ISSUE OF THE ALUMNUS APPEARS

The November issue of *The Notre Dame Alumnus*, termed by its editor James E. Armstrong "Dining Hall Edition," is out. This November *Alumnus*, which contains ninety-six pages, is the largest issue ever dispatched through the mails to the members of the Notre Dame Alumni Association for their mental consumption and delectation. The *Alumnus* ordinarily carries thirty-two pages of printed matter.

"Dining Hall Edition" is replete with articles, half tones and advertisements, all in accordance with the title of the issue. Some of the more important articles are the following: "History, Tradition and the New Dining Hall," presumably by editor Armstrong since the name of the author is not mentioned; "The New Dining Hall Architecturally," by head of the department of Architecture at the University; "Federal Education and the Constitution," by William F. Montavon, '98; "Lemonade and Fours," by Edward J. McCormack, '28, a member of the School of Journalism at the University; "A Meal in the New Dining Hall" and "Notre Dame Spirit and the New Dining Halls" by Jack Mullen, '28, editor-in-chief of THE SCHOLASTIC, likewise enrolled in the University's School of Journalism; "Progress of the Notre Dame Expansion Plan," by John Rickord, '28; "What is This Notre Dame," and "This Man Rockne," unsigned articles, beyond doubt, from the pen of the editor.

In addition to the many interesting and well-written articles, other interesting features, including the editorial page, athletics, the work of John V. Hinkel, '29, section devoted to news about the alumni, appear in this issue of *The Alumnus*.

Now that winter is here some student is minus his sheepskin. The same has been found and will be returned to its proper owner on application to Brother Alphonsus in Brownson hall.

POST OFFICE DOES RECORD BUSINESS

During the week of November 20 to 26 the Notre Dame Post Office, according to Brother Theogene, C.S.C., local Post Master, transacted the largest volume of business in its history.

Although the mails are unusually heavy just prior to Thanksgiving, this year the registered letters carrying tickets for the California game increased the volume of local business tremendously.

On the days preceding Thanksgiving approximately 1500 packages were handled in the local office; 900 Special Delivery letters, and for the month of November some 150,000 letters were handled.

During the football season approximately 100,000 registered letters were handled in the local office.

All mail destined for St. Mary's and leaving that institution is sorted in the Notre Dame Post Office. Mail arrives at the local office three times daily by motor truck from South Bend.

Outgoing mail is made up in pouches here direct for trains on the New York Central, the Canadian National and for a number of roads running West out of Chicago.

Ten publications are published at Notre Dame and mailed out through the local office, approximately 85,000 pounds or more than 40 tons of these publications are handled here quarterly.

K. C. MEET

At the regular meeting of the local Knights of Columbus council, held in the Walsh chambers on Tuesday evening, the members were treated to some class entertainment and some tasty food.

Grand Knight Phalin announced plans for future degrees and urged all members to lend their support. Pat O'Day, a regular Orpheum circuit entertainer was present and succeeded in keeping all present in an uproar with the narration of his humorous jokes.

Refreshments were served and the meeting adjourned after the singing of the Victory March.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By J. F. Mahoney

I have here two letters from staunch supporters of my column. They come as a surprise, because I haven't received any fan mail heretofore. I find it very heartening to get fan mail. One is from a person signing herself Miss Minnesota, and follows in part:

Dear Mr. Mahoney:

Your attack on Minnesota's writeup of the Notre Dame game was unjustified, unfair, unreasonable, ungrammatical and improper. I have been following your page at intervals, and I can only say that you are not so smart as you think you are. The trouble with you fellows at Notre Dame is that you think that you can do anything you want, just because you are so far from everything, and there aren't any girls. (There follows a paragraph of personal remarks in which you wouldn't be interested.)

* * *

If you are any kind of a gentleman, which I doubt, you will at once apologize for the statement you made, and kindly oblige,

(Signed)

Miss Minnesota.

I reply with my customary vigor:

Dear Miss Minn.:

The trouble with you, Minnie, is that you are holding fast to a number of archaic beliefs, and that you are prejudiced by your affiliation with the great University you so nobly defend. In the first place, we are not far from anything. We are very close to Mishawaka, the seat of culture, and practically neighbors with South Bend, a charming city, whose peaceful inhabitants love us very much. In the second, there are lots of girls around here; there are two blondes in the cafeteria and there is a picture of a girl on every desk in Howard Hall.

I don't see my way clear to reply to your statement that I'm not so smart. You know

well, Minn, that you are in no position to decide a matter of such delicacy. I don't think you're so clever, either, but I wouldn't say so—at least, not here where everybody can see it.

I'm not in the mood to apologize right now, and so I must disregard your request. If you write me again, please enclose a picture. I like to know whom I'm dealing with.

Yours,

J. F. Mahoney.

The second letter is less polite, and displays symptoms of anger unbounded. I don't know why people take things so seriously.

Mr. Mahoney:

You're quite a wisecracker, aren't you? (We thank you) I don't know what you look like, or who you are, but if I ever find out, goodbye. You men down there are lucky Minnesota didn't beat you by two touchdowns. (Here, in his haste, the writer misspells a word.) You know we had a superior team, and the next time we play you we'll prove it. Remember, if I ever find you, good-by!

—A Greek.

Mr. Greek:

I greek you with kindest regards. If you would write more carefully, you might make it easier for your correspondents to read your letters. You display more enthusiasm than discernment, but we can pass that over. I am not qualified to judge the merits of your team, but I think I have never seen a superior team so elated at a tie.

I applaud your spirit of revenge and your pride in your ancestry, but I can't say much for your handwriting. If this is a sample of your best penmanship, I suggest that you take your time; if, however, you were attempting to disguise your identity, you have succeeded admirably.

Good-by,

J. F. Mahoney.


 THE EDITOR'S PAGE

CURTAIN FOR A GREAT TEAM

Flo Ziegfeld has his Follies, George White his Scandals, Greenwich Village its Follies, all good revues as revues go; but Knute K. Rockne and Notre Dame have their Football Revue which towers over all these revues, both from the standpoint of quality of presentation and of drawing power, as Mount Everest over a hillock. Rockne's Football Review for 1927, a sparkling, spectacular, stirring show in nine acts and six scenes, terminated Saturday afternoon, November twenty-sixth, in Chicago before a house of 117,000 people, the greatest multitude that ever congregated to witness a revue of any category from the time of the Grecian Olympics to the present day, when mammoth crowds at revues are as unusual and as plentiful as Fords at a chatauqua, or, for that matter, shoes in Holland.

In fact *The Football Revue*,—an appellation by which the world has come to think of the Football Revue of Rockne and of Notre Dame,—in its performances this fall, all matinees, has invariably played before audiences that caused the several theaters favored with the show to bulge out. This was true of the huge house in New York City; of the one in Detroit; of the theater in Baltimore; of the one at Notre Dame; of the one in Des Moines; of the vast theater in Chicago. "S. R. O." signs, the fetich of success in the theatrical world, were yanked out of the limbo of cobwebs, dusted off and put into use at everyone of these theaters.

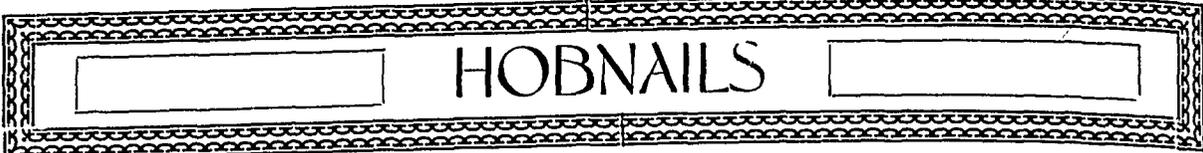
The 1927 Football Review, in nine acts and six scenes, did not achieve its great success because of a plethora of daring costumes or a lack of costumes altogether, which is so often the case in a successful revue. No, the

actors' garb had nothing to do with the success of *The Football Revue*. The success of the Rockne and the Notre Dame Revue of 1927 may indisputably be attributed to the grace, the celerity, the cleverness, the aggressiveness, and the hard-working traits of the players.

The multitudes milled and mauled at the doors of the various theaters where *The Football Revue* was showing, not because it wanted to see costumes or the effect produced by the lack of them, but because it desired to see eleven players, eleven players and their understudies, who always gave their best efforts at every performance, whether it were well or poorly attended, whether it were the third or the thirteenth; a group of players who ever executed their particular roles in impeccable fashion, who ever were the quintessence of grace as they moved about on the green, chalk-ribbed stage; a group of players who ever played as if they were still trying to make good.

Yes, it is to be regretted that the 1927 Football Revue has been throttled by the cold, potent hands of Graduation. Many of the men who played star roles in the 1927 Revue will never appear in another Rockne and Notre Dame Revue. When the curtain was pulled down on the last great performance of the 1927 Revue, Saturday afternoon, November twenty-sixth, it concealed John Smith, John Frederick, Chris Flanagan, Ray Dahman, Charles Riley, George Leppig, Elmer Wynne, John Voedisch, John Poliskey, Charles Walsh, Joseph Prelli, William Hurley, George Murrin, Thomas Byrne and Joseph Benda forever from the view of intercollegiate audiences. 117,000 human beings may roar, dance and applaud for more of the 1927 Football Revue to their hearts' content but the company will never again appear for a bow in its entirety. Director Rockne sits back-stage fuming and mopping his brow. CURTAIN!

—L. R. M.



HOBNAILS

REPROACH

*Come, enough of tragic whispers,
And of dull words, sad and slow.
Let's be off to cheery singing,
Dipping meadows, winds to blow—*

*Winds to blow the hair of lovers;
Winds to blow a maiden's skirts,
And to dry, in some dark city,
Working people's colored shirts.*

*There is more in you than sadness;
Loose the dull words from your brain.
Words that sing like nightingales
Have come back to you again.*

—CYRANO.

DON'T BE A FOOL; \$2.25 IS \$2.25

DEAR ALLAN: Comfort me; I am in despair. After three and one-half years in this community I have learned that I could have been on the Glee Club all the time. You see, I once won \$2.25 in a yodeling contest and like a high-minded young man I thought the loss of my amateur standing rendered me ineligible. O comfort me! —BRANSOME JEWK.

IN THE CANEBRAKES

*Somewhere in the canebrakes
beneath a butter-yellow moon
darkies softly, slowly croon
songs that leave deep heart-aches.*

—HEJAS.

MAYBE; HOW BIG IS THE BET?

SAY AL: I bet a fellow I could make this colyum twice the same week. Do I?

—MR. JOE SAPPINGTON.

A SCREAM IN THE NIGHT

*A royal old lady of Pariz,
France, went for a ride on a ferriz-
wheel. Gone was her shy-
ness. Shouted her high-
ness, "Gee, but thiz air iz the berriz!"*

—HARRY CHEST.

O MY, THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND QUIPS

AL: It's going to be tough on the "Fighting Irish" if they start calling us the Greeks, but we beat the Trojans, didn't we?

—HELEN OF TROY.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES—I

The man with the hat, amid boos and hisses: "Really prof, I don't procrastinate. You begin class anachronistically."

—BRIAN BORU

REBELLION

*I'm happy, world; will you not understand
That all souls do not fit a single mould,
That life for some is love, for others gold,
Or moon's white rays across the cooling sand?*

*Then do not try to take me by the hand
And tell me what to do and what to be,
And where to tread, or how to shun or see;
I will not live according to your plan.*

*The road you point can lead but to one land.
I seek not that, but mountains; what's to bar
My knowing from their peaks some strange new
star?*

I'm happy, world; will you not understand?

—CYRIL MULLEN

AH, BUT THERE'S MONEY IN CATTLE

A-A-D: Sometime ago your fellow columnist, RHL of the "Line" in wgn, carried a crack about the fellows in the class to study "Care and Management of Dairy Cattle" having it all over those in classes for Short Story or Playwriting.

Yet, you can learn to "throw the bull" in any of them; so what's the difference? —THE PUP.

SPENDTHRIFT

*I am a foolish spendthrift bold,
I play with all my soul,
I plunge to win or lose the whole;
Turn down my empty bowl.*

—C. E. MIKE.

NO; THAT'S STILL WORSE

HEY ALLAN-A: Thimmy was all wrong. It should have been "How Blue One Circle can make a week."

—BRIAN BORU.

MOTUS CONSTANS

*There was an old lion at the zoo;
In his cage he had nothing to do.
When tired by the woe
Of going to and fro'
He'd reverse it and go fro' and to.*

—J. EUSTACE TEWKSBURY

Well, now you've been home and it stands to reason that you didn't spend all your time eating. You looked up the boys and heard all their new stories; you looked up the girl friends and told them all your old ones. Come contribs, let us in on what Pete told the traffic cop, and unburden yourselves about the girl that spilled the gin on her dress. The Hobnails clearing-house is now open. Give us some business.

—ALLAN-A-DALE.

LITERARY

*Orange Peelings**Wherein Cupid Skids—on Fruit Skins*

RICHARD SULLIVAN

JIMMY BOYLE, flushed and panting from his run to the train, hurried into the smoker. His blue eyes were excited, and his glance moved exultingly about the car. He stretched to toss his tan Gladstone upon the rack overhead, then plopped into the seat beneath, unbuttoned his coat and lit a cigarette. Squirming restlessly, he puffed away for a few minutes, and spilled ashes on his vest. Finally he threw away his half-smoked cigarette, took off his hat, and glanced at his wrist watch.

"Son of a gun!" he muttered. It was a quarter past two—time to get going.

The smoker was sticky-hot and full of perspiring men. A fat, lazy fly crawled over Jimmy's hand. He shook it off and watched it go buzzing away and light on the creased neck of the man across the aisle from him. When a dozen more of its clan swarmed upon the man's ears, a moment later, he beat at them fiercely with his hand. Then he jumped up.

"Mind if I sit here?" he asked. "Flies are simply fierce over there. Somebody scattered orange peelings all over the floor." And as the train jerked into a start, he dropped into the seat beside Jimmy.

"That's a dumb stunt—leaving fruit and stuff around like that," he continued. "Flies love it."

Jimmy needed company. This fellow looked all right—at least he would be somebody to talk to.

"That's right," replied Jimmy. "They ought to stop 'em all from eating oranges on trains in the summer time. It is a dumb stunt."

The man lit a black cigar, opened a "Western Story Magazine" at the place where he

had held a moist forefinger, and turned his attention from his newly acquired companion. Jimmy looked out the window. Then inspired, he pried it open. The cool wind felt good, blowing through his wavy brown hair.

"That too cold for you?" he asked.

"No," the man replied without looking up.

Jimmy again gazed out the window, the suggestion of a frown on his thin eyebrows, and his narrow lips pressed together. This bird that had come over to escape the orange peelings wasn't over-sociable, he mentally soliloquized; oh well, in an hour he'd be with Cora anyhow—if her plans had worked out. Then the deuce with these uncongenial fellows. His eyes shone. One hour! Cora would be there waiting. She'd get away all right.

"Tickets!" cried the conductor.

—And he'd walk manfully up to her. She'd like this new suit; it looked plenty collegiate. And with his narrow-brimmed hat cocked back on his head—Gee! Cora in that yellow outfit, with her smooth black hair, and big brown eyes, would look like a lovely little gypsy. She'd be bubbling over with joy to tell him how she had got out to meet him.

Jimmy pulled a mangled letter out of his pocket, and turned without looking at the rest, to the third page:

"And you catch the 2:15 out of Chicago, Jimmy. That will be the best for me, because Mother will be busy with her hair-dresser after three o'clock. Jimmy, luck is with us. Papa will be in Chicago that Friday on business. We can be together all afternoon. But then you'll have to leave me for school, and I hate to think of you leaving me. I'm so thrilled that you're coming

to Waukegan. If only my parents weren't so silly about my seeing you."

"Jimmy dear" looked up with a far-away glint in his eyes. His jaw was set determinately.

"Damn these narrow-minded parents," he thought. "If I could just get her father by the neck, I'd—"

"Hey, look out!" warned the man seated beside Jimmy, whose elbow, intent upon the demolition of Cora's father, had knocked the magazine from the man's hand.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" apologized the too imaginative young man. "I guess I must have been asleep and dreaming." He leaned over to recover the "Western Story Magazine." "I guess there are some pretty good yarns in this magazine, aren't there?"

"Yeh," replied the man. "Thanks."

He paused; then hesitatingly continued:

"This one I'm reading is sure a pip. Tells about a cowboy riding sixty miles every night to see a girl that lived on another ranch."

"Sounds interesting," Jimmy commented. "And the funny thing, I'm riding fifty miles right now to see a girl." And he smiled. This bird was coming to, talking fine.

"Waukegan?" asked the man.

"Yes," answered Jimmy. "You live there?"

"I'm getting off there," the man replied.

"Do you know the Wadsworths there?" Jimmy asked casually.

"Yeh," the man responded. "Know 'em well. That's the old man back there."

Jimmy gasped. His eyes opened wide, and he followed the other's nod.

"You mean that little old duck—that one right there?"

"Yeh, that's him."

Jimmy stared at Cora's father a couple of rows back on the other side. Old Man Wadsworth sat erect in his seat, his short legs crossed. Pince-nez gripped his straight nose, and his mouth dropped forbiddingly. His hair was white and fine. A straight pipe stuck out from his clenched yellow teeth. His black necktie met his huge collar nicely in the middle, and in the exact center of the knot gleamed a single pearl. He was precise, minute.

Jimmy turned to his companion.

"So you know the Wadsworth family real well?"

"Sure, I've known the old gent ever since we were kids."

Jimmy hesitated. When he had carefully lit a cigarette, he spoke slowly:

"Well, I'll tell you something. I'll tell you the way I'm fixed right now. You know the Wadsworths; and you can advise me. You see, Cora's foks are death on her going with me. They've never seen me, but they—well, to be perfectly frank about it, they wanted her to marry some rich young duke in Evanston. She told them a long time ago that she wouldn't, because she thought too much of me. Well, her folks don't know I'm coming now; we had it all arranged. She'll be in the station waiting for me. But now if her father should see her—phew!"

He looked out the window.

"Wau-kee-gan!" yelled the conductor.

"Oh, lord!" cried Jimmy. "You know all about it. What shall I do?"

"Well," said his seat-mate, "I don't just know. It's a funny case."

"Listen," Jimmy hesitatingly continued, would it be asking—say, would you do something for me? I mean if you're not in a hurry or anything, of course. But if you don't mind, would you just as soon go in and tell Cora all about it? Tell her to get out of the way somewhere for about five minutes. I'll kind of hold up her father here—stand in front of him or something. If you could—I'd go in myself, but this old Mr. Wadsworth might catch us together. If he even sees her at the train, he might be suspicious of something."

Jimmy waited, his face anxious. The man looked at the floor, then back at Mr. Wadsworth putting on his top coat. He laughed

"All right," he promised, "I'll help you out. Good joke on the old man. Where will Cora be?"

"She'll be right inside the door. Probably she'll have on a yellow dress. Oh, you'll know her all right." Jimmy's features relaxed.

"Well, I'll be going ahead then," the man continued. "And you better get your grip down so you can cut off old Wadsworth." He smiled good-naturedly, and strode to the end

of the car. Jimmy waited. He'd get out of this hole yet. Son of a gun!

The brakes screeched. Jimmy watched the prim little man behind him, now rapping the ashes from his pipe upon the heel of his shiny black shoe when he arose, Jimmy jumped up. Coming forward in the car was Wadsworth preceded by two other men. Jimmy waited until all but his quarry had passed. Then he dropped his big suit-case in the aisle. As he leaned over to pick it up, it slipped from his fingers, and somehow became entangled in his feet. Wadsworth glared down at him.

"Sorry," murmured Jimmy, and grabbed the bag firmly.

"Boo-o-ard!" sang out the conductor.

It was all working fine. Jimmy ran to the platform, the fussy little man taking quick steps behind him. As the train pulled out, they both jumped off together.

Jimmy glanced swiftly toward the windows of the station, then sauntered slowly off around the side, watching the quick-moving man ahead of him.

Then he stopped short.

"Oh Jimmy! Papa!

Cora was leaning from the window of a low-hung Nash sedan, her face twisted with disappointment and grief. And beside her, engrossed in a "Western Story Magazine" sat the man who had been with Jimmy in the smoker. He looked up. For a moment a sardonic smile played upon his face. Then he waved to the chauffeur, and the car rolled magnificently away.

Jimmy stood, eyes blank, mouth open suitcase fallen. A great sigh came from him, and he turned back to the station. In his path lay a mess of orange peelings, covered with fat, lazy flies.

How To Be Popular--II

Latest Steps for Social Climbers

N. LOTI

WHEN one knows how, becoming popular with the not-so-gentle sex is as easy as crossing the Pacific Ocean in a row boat with one oar. Nothing to it.

It is needless to say that when dealing with the hard sex, tactics employed in the previous lesson should be laid aside. In seeking to charm these not-so-weak individuals, it is better to substitute liquor for perfume and cast aside languid poetry for the more manly contents of Queen Bess' *Thesaurus of Effective Vituperation*. Monogrammed handkerchiefs and bedsheets may be dispensed with. The windows of your chamber (room) should be draped in heavy Louis XIV curtains; artistic hosiery "ads" should adorn the walls. The lounging corner of the room should be piled with at least four feet of soft, downy, taffeta pillows. Especial stress must be laid on the fact that all who enter the sanctity of this corner must remove their hobnails and corduroys and adorn themselves

in vari-colored futuristic silk pajamas especially designed and provided for the maintenance of the colorful atmosphere of the chamber (room).

The nearby Louis XIV buffet should always be plentifully stocked with cream puffs, lady fingers (cakes) and aspirin tablets. Ash trays and cuspidors are not necessary because the boys usually have so much trouble in locating these articles that it becomes very annoying. A Persian rug of sufficient thickness and absorbing quality will effectively replace them. Incense, which has a tendency to sooth ruffled minds and tame vicious football men, should be kept burning at all times. Under no circumstances should books of any description enter the sacred portals of your room. It would indeed be bad form to be caught studying for this would be indicative of either an effeminate character or a paucity of matter above the medulla oblongata. Avoid it by all means.

One seldom realizes the importance and effectiveness of cleverly arranged lights. The psychology of their arrangement is quite simple. When everyone feels moody and sentimental the lights should automatically become dim and low; when laughter holds sway, they should fall in accordance with the pervading spirit by becoming bright and gay. Care should be taken to have everyone in the same mood or else the result might be disastrous to the delicate mechanism controlling the lights. And now that your stage is all set you are ready to have your first "coming to" party.

If you manage to live through this first party, success will be just a few jumps ahead. If you fail, your popularity will be assured funereally; but this is not the kind of popularity that we are here concerned with. It is quite difficult at first to cover premonitory symptoms of excitement with a veteran's mask of sophistication and boredom, but after the flush of our first victory it will not demand an Herculean effort to gracefully yawn during a rib-tickling joke or to pronounce an effectual "deah me" in registering glee or pleasant surprise.

The hand engraved invitations for your party should read: *In the year of our Lord 19— I, John Inlaid Saphead (this name always insures a good attendance because it never fails to excite the curiosity and arouse the desire of the potential guests to see the physiognomy and nature of the owner of such an unique appellation) do hereby swear and request the pleasure of —'s attendance at 7:30 o'clock P. M. on Saturday at his suite in Knock-Out-Arms. Professor Pooflesnoffle, the eminent neurotic and dog fancier, will deliver the coming-out oration and act as chaperon. Souvenirs, refreshments and a good time assured to all. Do not miss this affair.* Your guest list should include not only students, but also the football men who never fail to add poise, grace, and other things to a gathering.

While the crowds are coming, the early arrivals should be amused with such games as drop the handkerchief, tiddly-winks, find the toddy, swallow the highball, and various other games of intellectual value. The boys

are sure to immediately make themselves at home by spitting on the rug and throwing cream puffs and pillows around the room. All this enthusiasm is a sign that a hit is being made.

After the arrival of the last guest you must, with the aid of a little subterfuge, or anything else that you may find handy, obtain a little order so that Professor Pooflesnoffle may deliver the oration. The speech is always greeted with screams and shrieks of enthusiasm, often interspersed with well-directed ladyfingers or an occasional cream-puff. The professor who is always quick to appreciate these little acts of entertainment should always manage by hook or otherwise, to finish his harangue. By this time the punch bowl and its numerous refillers will have been emptied. The guests are now in the proper spirits to appreciate your party. Most of them will have reached a speechless stage and as a mark of tenderness will try to kill or kiss you. By acknowledging and returning the affection you will make lifelong friends. Your party has now reached its apex, when it is ready to be declared a success by all those assembled. This usually takes form in wild attempts to smash down doors or lifting the ceiling from its innocent rafters.

When fatigued and on the point of collapse the guests will begin to pull themselves together in preparation for the struggle homeward. Invariably they will not all be satisfied with the toy whistle souvenirs. Amicably they proceed to remove all your curtains, pictures, pennants, lamps, pillows, furniture, in fact everything that appeals to their sense of the aesthetic. No heed should be given to them during the stripping process because they always mean to return your stuff at the end of the year.

You are now well launched on your path to popularity—and if you have heeded well the instructions contained in this paper there is no reason why you cannot become by popular approval president of the United States or attain that equally popular office of chief muck-a-muck of the *I Ama Hotsy* Fraternity.

A Thin Watch

A Story of Futile Revolt

BAYARD KURTH

HE had been very properly brought up; there was no doubt about that. In his early childhood he had been sheltered from other boys and from rough games and from things that had not been considered proper. When he became a little older he had been sent to a very correct private school. From there he had gone to a strict military academy which was rated as quite the thing. There had been no ball games in the street, no caves dug in vacant lots, no juvenile organization known as the "gang." All his life had been filled with restrictions. But do not think he had taken kindly to them. He had fought them at every turn, losing always to an adoring but over-zealous mother. Knowing this, you will be able to understand him better and to see why he so fully enjoyed his freedom when it came.

How they ever happened to send him to such a democratic college, I do not know. Perhaps it was due to their acquaintance with some of the members of the faculty; more probably it was because his father was an alumnus of this institution and had for once overruled his wife. Be that as it may, Edward Gerard came here to school. There was a hungry look in his eyes when he arrived, but the golden dome seemed to cast rays of sunshine upon him and under its genial light he expanded like an opening flower. At first a little bit reticent and quiet, perhaps a little distrustful of his good fortune, he grasped his freedom like a starving man reaching for food. It was not so much freedom from discipline as the release from the petty conventions and social absurdities that he had always hated. It seemed there was no one that enjoyed a game of touch-football so much as he—it was so different from his recreation of the past—

and even the plebian game of pool entranced him.

If there was one thing more than any other that had symbolized to him his slavery, it was the fine thin gold-encased watch that he had been obliged to carry at home. It symbolized dressing for dinner at six; it symbolized social engagements that he could not avoid under the domestic matriarchy; it symbolized the tea dances to which he took his sister and which inexpressibly bored him. The first step of his revolt was on a day after his arrival at college. He put the watch in his desk drawer, and it stayed there all year, forgotten.

And if the watch had symbolized his slavery, so also going without it symbolized his freedom; freedom from dull teas, from calls, bridges, and dances when his young heart cried out for action, when he longed to thrill to the purr of a powerful car on an empty road, when he longed to feel the cool, silvery depths of a lake close over him as he sped down in a graceful arc from the spring board, when he longed to hear the sharp crack of a bat and see the ball soar to the outfield. At other times he wanted only peace, only to lie on the grass in the warm sun, free from care, free from artificiality.

How he enjoyed these four years at college! How he enjoyed all those little expeditions of ours. I never saw anyone take such keen delight in crashing the gate at a dance, not that he didn't have plenty of money, Lord knows he had that; he did it just for the fun and excitement that had been missing in his earlier days. Perhaps he went to extremes, but we all took pleasure in seeing how much he enjoyed himself.

At the end of four years when he had finished his course, he dropped from sight.

He went back to his home in Detroit, and I went back to Oklahoma.

I was mighty busy after I arrived home. First I had to raise some money before I could start in business. I got a good job in a garage and finally had saved enough to strike out for myself when I fell in love and got married. Starting the little home took a lot of money, and when the kids came, that meant more and more expense.

It was six years later that I went up to Detroit on business. I remember that trip; I had my pocket picked and my watch stolen on the train, the only time anything like that ever happened to me. The man I was to see had his office in the Book-Tower. I had just come down and was

walking out of the building, noticing the sun on the grass in the park, wishing I could lie down out there and look at the blue sky as we used to do at school, but knowing that I had to rush for my train, when I saw pass me a somehow familiar figure. He turned and smiled. It was Ed.

"Hello, Ed," I said; "how are you? What have you been doing? I'd like to talk to you, but I've got a train to catch at 3:50, and I know I haven't long. Have you got the time?"

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a thin, white gold-encased watch. "It's twenty minutes of four. You have just ten minutes to make it. Good bye, old man, drop me a line some time."

◆◆◆

From the Poems of Phlebus The Pheonician

IX.

*I remember you
pale in your long robe of green silk,
descending the dark curve of the stair,
or sitting vaguely in the twilight;
shattering suddenly the evening hush
with the Chinese music of your laughter.*

XXX.

*Reach your hands
towards the moon,
impossibly green
on the thin horizon;
and cry down the long sad scale
of your voice
a deep cry.
Then I shall know,
(hid in the dusk's ambiguous shadows),
and come to you on swift feet.*

V.

*Leaning across the music
(that flows in a shining stream
through the darkness),
I see your eyes
gazing upon impalpable cities
through whose gates I may not enter.
Oh, turn from those cities;
reach through this music,
touch me,
letting me know that you are there.*

The Spirit of Thomas Hardy

An Analysis of the Wessex Fatalist

WILLIAM J. O'NEILL

THE ghost of the Victorian era in English literature is still alive today in our greatest living English novelist, Thomas Hardy. He has characteristics which recall Dickens, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold and tendencies that point to Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth and Keats. A particular friend of George Meredith and influenced by the same Germanic philosophy, still he lives to see such men as Kipling, Stevenson, Bennett, Galsworthy and Conrad.

Some call him a Victorian outreaching his age and writing of modern times; others call him a modern still writing with a Victorian "accent." But for all of this, he is the grand old man of letters bridging the charm between the great Victorian novelists and what we hope will be an even greater group of modern writers.

Thomas Hardy, like every truly great author, sees the universal in the particular; he is endowed with a degree of experience and suffering unknown to most of his fellow men; he has the ability to express himself; and he has been fully able to comprehend that period of history that produced him. Besides this he has done what few other authors ever did, that is, he has obtained the admiration and appreciation both of his contemporaries and of his successors. By these, who are best able to judge he has been universally acclaimed as the greatest outstanding English novelist of contemporary times.

Many people call him a pagan but this is not literally true. No one will deny that he is a fatalist, but this fact does not necessarily condemn him as a pagan. When we speak of pagans we picture godless men who think mostly of filling the chalice of life to the very brim of death with the sweetest pleasures of body and of mind. Such were the Epicureans who held to the theory of eat, drink and be merry, but whose politeness demanded that the clause "tomorrow we die," be relegated to the deepest dungeon in the

brain. To them happiness was for today: tomorrow might never come.

He would be a fool who claims that there was any general belief among the pagans, that happiness was but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain, as Hardy contends. Pagans made pain the exception in a general drama of happiness.

Hardy has a God. It is not the indifferent, sensuous, remote Deity of the pagan nor yet the loving Father of Christianity. His God is a stern, avenging God without pity and inaccessible to intercession. This corruption of the Most High is closely related to the God of our "Mayflower" Puritans.

The most representative novels of this author are tinged with tragedy. This is not due so much to the person himself, what he does or what he omits, but rather it is accounted for by an external and uncontrollable fate. The innocent and the guilty suffer alike by a fate that is closely connected with nature. If Hardy were writing of characters in the recent Mississippi flood zone, the hero as well as the villain would be swallowed up by the same force of Nature. His Nature is not a beneficent one. It destroys all before it regardless of their merits or demerits. It is a law in operation, not an intellect in judgment.

According to Hardy, all phenomena are controlled by an imminent will that is in its very essence unmoral and impersonal. It is not logical nor is it conscious of its own aims as it unravels the cloth of life of its puppet creatures.

Mr. Hardy is a fatalist. The characters in his novels are the playthings of a mad Fate. Everything is preordained by it and there is no power over it. It rules without charity. It is angry, severe, unjust and indifferent to the welfare of humanity. This Fate has no feeling; it destroys without a qualm of conscience and punishes both those who deserve and those who do not deserve

punishment with the same unrelenting hand. It is unreasonable and lawless.

Because of this the author's books are steeped in a gloom that would be unendurable depressive if it were not for many of Hardy's other redeeming qualities. The personal virtues of sincerity, pity and charity found in his works are the buoys that keep his readers from drowning in a sea of pessimism.

Like Schopenhauer and other of the better fatalistic philosophers, Hardy seeks to escape from the logical consequences of his philosophy. Even though this will is unreasonable, his characters strive to be more than mere puppets in so far as they pity and exercise charity towards others. If this will always prevails against ours then there is no reason for living; but if our better feelings are to have their way, if only occasionally, then there is a dim purpose to this thwarted purposing, and life holds out some real meaning.

The greatest gift to the novel given by Thomas Hardy is his pessimism. He is intent on announcing to the world his discovery that mankind is fallible, helpless, unhappy and doomed to a preordained end which they are unable to change through their own power. His whole concept of life is darkened with the blackness of this pessimism. His characters are an insignificant part of the world struggling with a power that it is impossible for them to conquer. They are doomed to the will of this greater force from the beginning and are given no chance to be masters even of themselves. Hope, the beautiful virtue that makes life bearable even in its most trying moments, is foreign to him. The world is a miserable place and there is no bright star leading to a happy future. Hardy's days are sunless, his nights starless, all existence is a twilight of gloom. His analysis of human existence leads but to a stoical endurance and finally to the bitterest melancholy.

- In his earlier novels Hardy is rather mellow than hard but as time passes him by, he solidifies to a point where his own bitterness tears him asunder. He even forces Nature's dazzling dress of beauty and buoyancy to a

garb of grey with pitiless rain-clouds, barren heat and lonesome moorland, in order that she might fit in with the dismal soul of his many stories.

Wessex is the setting for his fiction. This primitive life of his native soil he describes with marvelous power and completeness. Among these people who live close to the earth, he seems to find the elemental truths of human society. He justifies this limitation of scene to Wessex by saying: "I consider that our magnificent heritage from the Greeks in dramatic literature found sufficient room for a large proportion of its action in an extent of their country not much larger than the half-dozen counties here united under the old name of Wessex, that the domestic emotions have throbbled in Wessex nooks with as much intensity as in the palaces of Europe, and that, anyhow, there was quite enough human nature in Wessex for one man's literary purpose."

Hardy is a fine realist in spirit as well as in fact. He pictures faithfully the habits and manners of people with whom he is thoroughly familiar. He also has humor and admits it in his chronicles. Life is generally put forth in his works just as we see it in every-day life. The good as well as the bad impulses are shown. True, a pessimistic viewpoint is mostly in the limelight, but there is much gloom in reality. Personally I see the world as a place where contentment may be found sometimes, joy found only in sparks, and gloom burying most of our personalities.

Hardy illustrates the growing intellectual spirit of the English novel. Problems of character and fate are discussed as they affected the late nineteenth century. The gentleman is one of the most influential of psychological novelists. He insists upon the scientific conception of life. His works point to the future. A rich sense of integral character persisting in some of the lowliest of the earth's denizens is found here. A method of writing which is squarely, solidly and traditionally English, and a philosophical outlook that is strikingly individual and modern—all these point to the spirit of Thomas Hardy.

SPORT NEWS



CAPTAIN JOHN "CLIPPER"
SMITH, Left Guard

117,000 See Notre Dame Defeat U. S. C.---7-6.

*Flanagan and Drury in Individual Duel—
Captain Smith Stars*



"FREDDY" COLLINS
Fullback

They came! They saw! But they did not conquer! They tried hard enough, but thanks to the efforts of Captain "Clipper" Smith and the rest of his indomitable mates they simply could not, try as they did, turn an Irish victory into an Irish defeat. So, the Southern California Trojans, premier gridiron outfit of the Pacific Coast, journeyed over 2,500 miles across continent to Soldier's Field, Chicago, saw and met a real "Fighting Irish" football team last Saturday afternoon and returned to the land of sunshine and oranges on the short end of a 7-6 score.

History had repeated itself to a great extent at the conclusion of the battle. As in the thrilling contest of last season in the huge Los Angeles Coliseum, the Trojans lost out from a tie by the margin of a single marker, an unsuccessful point after touch-down. Numerically, the single point means very little in comparative ability between the two aggregations. But actually, it stands as an imperishable monument to a Notre Dame team which could not, and would not admit defeat. An eleven which was composed by far, of veterans who were wearing their Notre Dame moleskins for the last time. A combination which was absolutely determined to close their season in a blaze of glory. A machine which fought, and fought, and fought with everything they pos-

sessed until the final gun assured them of a well-earned, clean-cut victory.

Notre Dame has every reason in the world to be proud of the men who wore her colors before the largest audience to ever witness a football game. Hard-fighting, but clean, hard-pressed, but game, the gridiron warriors of Our Lady climaxed their season with a battle which will go down in football history as one of the most stirring, most bitterly-fought on record. Featured as the greatest intersectional conflict of the year, the game was a magnificent, brilliantly fought engagement between two elevens who rarely meet their masters in the gridiron world.

It was a decisive triumph that the Rockmen achieved. Both combinations were exceptionally well matched in nearly all respects. However, it was the fighting spirit of the "Fighting Irish" which carried them through sixty minutes of gruelling football to their epochal victory. It was this fighting spirit which enabled the Celts to earn eleven first downs to eight for their visitors, and to outpass, outgain, and outfight the scrappy warriors from Troy.

The Trojans died hard. Led by their scintillating captain, Morley Drury, who alone collected almost three-quarters of the yardage manufactured by his team, the Californians went down curageously for a first time

this year. Coach Jones' pupils well-nigh exhausted nearly every ounce of their strength and opened to the widest their bag of gridiron plays in a vain, but nevertheless, glorious attempt to achieve a much coveted triumph. The one point defeat was a bitter dose for them to take, but they took it as only the best of sports can—as real gentlemen.

Each machine flashed an outstanding star who scintillated throughout the engagement. Drury was the heart and soul of the U.S.C. play. Time after time this Trojan All-American would plough through the Notre Dame line or skirt the Gold and Blue ends for numerous yardage. It was Drury who advanced the ball thirty-two yards in three plays during the first quarter to put the oval within ten yards of the Notre Dame goal. It was Drury who passed to a teammate for the Southern California points in this same period. It was Drury who inspired his mates throughout the game to threaten the Celtic goal line on other occasions, and to courageously rise to great heights when the Irish threatened their own goal.

Christy Flanagan was the Drury of Notre Dame. The "Texas Phantom" plunged, ran, passed, and tackled almost faultlessly, in giving perhaps the best exhibition of his entire career. He seemed almost unstoppable in crashing through the Trojan forward wall or sweeping around the visiting wingmen, for gain after gain. In fact, he played so well that he outgained Drury in yardage secured, and on a fewer number of attempts. Flanagan would not have gone so good probably if it wasn't for the fact that his teammates were behind him to a man. It was their blocking, interfering, and coordinated team work which made his splendid gains possible.

From beginning to end the battle pulsed and literally teemed with sparkling runs, splendid tackles, well-executed plays and other gridiron affectations which only a game of this magnitude can bring forth. Singularly enough each team scored its points during the initial period. Southern California tallied first. Receiving possession of the ball for the first time on Notre Dame's forty yard line largely by virtue of an Irish

punt which went outside on that mark, Drury in three plays carried the oval thirty-two yards to a point within the Celtic ten yard strip. Three line plunges gained but a few yards through a determined Notre Dame defense. On the fourth down the Methodist leader crossed the dope by tossing a pass to Saunders who stepped across the Gold and Blue's goal line for the first and last sextet of Trojan points. Drury's attempt to add the point after touchdown via the place-kick route was blocked when the Irish forwards charged in to spoil the try.

The lead of the Far Western visitors was short-lived however, as five minutes later the Rockmen had tied the score and assumed a one point lead. An exchange of punts shortly after the California touchdown found Notre Dame in possession of the ball on the Trojan forty-eight yard line. The Irish were quick to grasp their opportunity. Flanagan reeled off nineteen yards in three successive plays; Collins added another five yards through the line; and the stage was all set for Riley to slip back a few paces and send the pigskin whistling through the air to nestle in the arms of Dahman behind the Methodist goal line. Dahman's boot for the extra point could not have been improved upon and the Irish went in to the lead, never to be headed.

Several times thereafter, U. S. C. made serious bids to score. Once in the second quarter the Trojans penetrated Notre Dame territory as far as the thirteen yard mark where they were halted by a spirited Irish defense when an attempted forward pass was grounded behind the Celtic goal line for a touchback. Again in the third period Southern California had the ball on Notre Dame's twenty-five yard line. Two line plays were hurled back by a stout Irish forward wall and on the next play another Trojan pass was grounded behind the Notre Dame goal after strenuous efforts by McCaslin of the visitors and Riley of the Celts to retrieve the pigskin proved unavailing.

Notre Dame had the oval within the visiting thirty yard line on no less than three occasions after their touchdown. They were held for downs once, fumble once, and the

third time the game ended with the ball less than sixteen yards from another six-pointer.

Finis has been sadly written across the career of one of the cleverest, gamest, and most powerful elevens which had ever worn the Blue and Gold of Notre Dame on many a football field. Smith, Flanagan, Wynne, and the others who graduate have played their last game for the "Fighting Irish." But the magnificent display of courage, game-ness, and fight that each and every one of them put up throughout the final battle of their collegiate careers, together with those teammates who do not leave in June, cements forever their names in the ever-growing list of players who have performed valiantly for Notre Dame. They will graduate but they will not be forgotten. They are REAL "Fighting Irish" in every sense of the word, and REAL "Fighting Irish" are NEVER forgotten.

Lineup and summary:

SO. CALIFORNIA (6)	NOTRE DAME (7)
McCaslin ----- L.E.	Voedisch
Hibbs ----- L.T.	Miller
Anthony ----- L.G.	Smith (C.)
Barragar ----- C.	Frederick
Heiser ----- R.G.	Leppig
Scheving ----- R.T.	Poliskey
Tappan ----- R.E.	Walsh
Drury (C.) ----- Q.B.	Brady
L. Thomas ----- L.H.	Elder
Saunders ----- R.H.	Chevigny
Edelson ----- F.B.	Collins

Touchdowns—Saunders, Dahman, Goal from touchdown—Dahman.

Substitutions—Southern California: Don Moses for Edelson, Roff for Scheving, Elliott for Don Moses, Galloway for Anthony, Stepovich for Tappan, Krieger for McCaslin, Schaub for Heiser, Kemp for Elliott. Notre Dame: Dahman for Chevigny, Flanagan for Elder, Wynne for Collins, Riley for Brady, Colerick for Voedisch, Law for Leppig, Moynihan for Frederick.

Referee—George Varnell (Chicago.) Umpire — John Schommer (Chicago.) Field judge—Pinkey Griffith (Iowa). Head linesman—Walter Eckersall (Chicago.)

IRISH HOLD BIG EDGE OVER TROJANS IN YARDAGE GAINED

Statistics of the Southern Cal.-Irish embroglio reveal the fact that the Notre Dame ball-toters manufactured more yardage than

did their visitors from the Pacific Coast. The Rockmen collected a total of 190 yards gained from scrimmage, for an average of 3.11 yards per man. The Trojans on the other hand reeled off 138 yards through the line and around the ends for an individual percentage of 2.87 yards per man.

Complete statistics of the backfield artists for both elevens follow:

NOTRE DAME			
Player—	CB.	Yds.	Av.
Flanagan -----	26	135	5.12
Dahman -----	12	19	1.46
Wynne -----	12	29	2.42
Niemiec -----	0	0	0.00
Brady -----	0	0	0.00
Elder -----	2	1	0.50
Chevigny -----	0	0	0.00
F. Collins -----	2	7	3.50
Riley -----	6	11	1.83
Totals -----	61	190	3.11

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA			
Player—	CB.	Yds.	Av.
Drury -----	30	102	3.40
Edelson -----	4	12	3.00
Saunders -----	3	6	2.00
L. Thomas -----	2	0	0.00
Moses -----	9	18	2.00
Elliott -----	0	0	0.00
Kemp -----	0	0	0.00
Totals -----	48	138	2.87

	N.D.	S.C.
First downs -----	11	8
Forward passes attempted -----	3	10
Forward passes completed -----	2	3
Forward passes intercepted -----	0	1
Yards gained via Forward passes -----	29	18
Average yardage per kick -----	42	45

HOWARD HALL DEFEATS RIVER FOREST, 13-7

Coach "Dutch" Schrall's Howard hall team won the annual Turkey Day clash with the River Forest Dodgers in Chicago 13-7. It was the first defeat in four years for the strong River Forest club, coached by Wickhorst, former Navy tackle. A record crowd of 8,000 were on hand to watch one of the hardest fought games of the year.

Although outweighed, Howard hall out-fought the opponents and put over two touchdowns in the fourth quarter to win. Due to a heavy field, both teams were unable

to do much with the running game, so took to the air. Schrall's aerial attack proved too much for River Forest. O'Connell, Leahy and Lynch were the outstanding performers for Howard hall, while Girard was the Big Gun for River Forest.

The whole Howard hall line played a great game.

PROSPECTS BRIGHT FOR SUCCESSFUL CAGE SEASON

The King is dead, long live the King! O' King Football died amid a blaze of glory at Chicago last week and the new ruler, Basketball, is about ready to go on the throne.

The basketeers are holding strenuous practice sessions over in the Gym every day, getting ready for one of the toughest seasons that Notre Dame has ever had to face. A proposed schedule calls for games with Drake, Northwestern, Minnesota, Illinois Wesleyan, Wabash, Butler,—the cream of the mid-west. Princeton makes an invasion during the Christmas holidays. Notre Dame will probably clash with Penn, Pitt, Carnegie Tech, and some others equally as prominent when the Irish go to the East. The official schedule will be announced shortly.

Coach George Keogan has been unable to be with his team for the last several days, being at the bedside of his brother who is seriously ill in Minneapolis. Captain Joe Jachym has been in charge during his absence.

Johnny Nyikos, one of the mainstays of last year's championship five, may come out to help with the coaching until Keogan's return.

The manner in which the players are bearing down, even while the coach is away, is a sure indication that their opponents will know that they are facing a typical, fighting Notre Dame team this season. As yet there can be no forecast as to who will fill the places made vacant by last year's graduation. Every position is wide open and the man who gets it will have to prove that he is the best of the lot. Bray, Colerick, Moynihan, and Gebert, all of whom received their baptism of fire last season, are taking a few day's rest after a rather strenuous football campaign.

They are expected to don the rubber-soles in a day or two however.

At the forward position Captain Jachym is living up to the reputation he made last year of being a dead shot and a thorn in the side of the opposition. Newbold, Crowe, Victoryn, and Hurley are waging a red-hot battle for the other forward position. Gebert will make it still hotter when he comes out.

At center Vogelwede and Hamilton were having it out until Hamilton injured his finger. Colerick is expected to make the going still tougher when he makes his debut. There is a promising batch of material striving for the two guard berths with Smith, Kizer, Donovan, Dew, Lenihan, O'Neil, Daley, and Logan looking better at each practice.

The wealth of prospects makes it certain that the Varsity will be backed up by a powerful reserve aggregation. The Sophomore members of the club need only a few finishing touches and a little experience to put them up there with the best of them. The players will try their best to come somewhere near the record of last year's cagemen, and from the stuff that they have been showing in the last week or so it appears that they will.

—D.W.S.

SOPHOMORE HALL 32, KENOSHA 12

After allowing their Kenosha opponents two touchdowns in the first half, the Sophomore Hall Wildcats turned upon the Moose and demonstrated with amazing thoroughness their ability to reverse a respectable score into a massacre. The first twelve points Thanksgiving afternoon were scored by Kenosha via the air route. After that it was all the other way. With O'Connor and Stephane leading a smashing, twisting running attack made possible by a hard charging line, the Notre Dame boys soon piled up thirty-two points. It was a characteristic exhibition of Sophomore Hall fight.

After the game, the Kenosha boys showed that although they might be out-done at football, they couldn't be beat at hospitality. The Sophomore team appreciates the fine time that was given them during their friendly invasion.



Oxford Grays have won their "letter"

There are Oxford Grays and Grayhound Grays—and anything in between—many enlivened with bright colored stripes, singly or in groups of two, three or four. The thing is, these oxfords pack the punch young fellows want. So do the styles—short coats, low button spacing, 20-inch trousers; authentic details, as every college man knows. The price? Very reasonable, too.

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