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



A Christmas Wish

*I wish you nothing more of anything, if more
Should crowd out any of your sympathy.
Nor pray one single mite be added to your
store,
If when bestowed you feel less tenderly.*

*Rather I wish you less, if having less
You are richer grown, when this Christ-
mas day has smiled,
In love, in faith, in the wise foolishness
That follows the leading of the Little Child.*

—P. J. C.

THE WEEK

My dear dear Santa Claus:—We're all going home next Tuesday—at least those of us who don't relish being cut to pieces. But before the club-sponsored specials begin to pull out, won't you please come around with these gifts? Everybody has been awfully good this year—we've won football games, gone to church, been faithful to the Palace, and studied like real gentlemen. So do come in your new Erskine, Santa, and we'll have Father DeWulf in the observatory ready to spread the alarm.

Dr. D. O'Grady, Philosophy professor: three books of round trip tickets from South Bend to Ottawa. You might toss in a little grey home in the west, if there is room.

John Smith, football captain: positions on nine more All-American teams.

Dr. C. Phillips, English professor: a workshop full of playwrights who playwrite.

Rev. Raymond Murray, Sociology professor: a new aboriginal tribe full of delinquent children and laws.

Dr. B. Confrey, English professor: a neat, hand-carved guillotine for all objectionable Frenchmen.

Rev. Patrick Carroll, vice-president: chairman of the Athletic Board: chairman of the Board of Publications: increased sales of his many books and plays, and campus editors who are amenable to reason.

Rev. J. Farley, Off-campus Director: a few more privates in his ranks because there are too many high colonels now.

K. K. Rockne, no occupation: two cases of Ed Pinaud's hair restorer and you might throw in a comb and brush. He may be lucky.

Dr. P. I. Fenlon, English professor: someone to darn his socks and keep the buttons on his shirts.

Dr. John Brennan, English professor:

bigger and better vehicles for the other Barrymores.

Rev. J. H. O'Donnell, Prefect of Discipline: a group picture of all who have appeared before the Board since 1923, when he assumed office.

Franklyn Doan, *Dome* editor: a magic sponge which will completely blur from the pages of the campus epic all pictures of predecessors who think that the great *Dome* heritage rests in a certain dome.

William Krieg, junior class president: chairmanship of the next S. A. C., *Deo volente*.

Rev. Vincent Mooney, physical culture professor: about five hundred new baseball diamonds for the Inter-hall league.

Joe Doran, chairman of the S. A. C.: a new bushel basket full of activity for 1928 so that he'll be saved from middle-aged obesity.

Dorotheus Meinert, Blue Circle chairman: a smoke screen to eliminate the grime of the Pittsburgh Club dance, of which Dot is boss.

Rev. J. Ryan, rector deluxe: a set of pass keys for student professors, and a new button for his very chic and all-enveloping cape.

The Scribblers, a body: a new mentor who will hold regular meetings Monday evening rather than Sunday afternoons.

Paul R. Byrne, Librarian: one contemporary novel.

Rev. W. Carey, Registrar: a trip to Hollywood to satisfy his cinema instinct, and roller skates to slide around his exotic new office.

Jack Mullen, SCHOLASTIC editor: a rising vote of thanks from the whole university.

The Week, disturber of the peace: a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year for all Notre Dame men who have tolerated our 1927 performances. —J.T.C.

Editor's Note—Be it known that in the future Week manuscripts will be kept under lock and key.

PROF. PHILLIPS TO LECTURE ON
COAST

While in San Francisco Professor Phillips will also address the California Writers club on "Charles Warren Stoddard," a California poet and former professor of poetry at Notre Dame.

After leaving San Francisco, Professor Phillips will go to Los Angeles where he will deliver another lecture on "Mexico" before the local Knights of Columbus.

Professor Phillips made a tour of Mexico in 1925, and has made lectures throughout the Middle West on the conditions existing in Mexico during the past year.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR OUT

The Notre Dame calendar for 1928 was put on sale in the Cafeteria and in Room 14, Lyons Sub last week by Tom Byrne and Ray "Bucky" Dahman, its sponsors. It is distinctly new in form, and embraces several ideas not previously included in campus calendars.

The cover is a dark blue one of heavy, rough paper, with border, decorations, title, and seal in gold. Each page has an illustration, a four line verse by Professor Charles Phillips, and a calendar of the month.

The pictures are well-chosen campus scenes, each one appropriate to the month recorded. In his verses, Professor Phillips has succeeded in catching something of the spirit of the campus as it varies from month to month. The best, albeit a sad one for many Notre Dame men, is that which typifies June:

*A quiet comes, presageful of those hours
When hearts that beat today by Sorin's walls
Will ride by other roads, take other towers
Of challenged venture, answer other calls.*

Saturday—Movies—Washington hall—6:30 and 8:30 P. M.

Sunday—Masses—Sacred Heart Church — 6:00, 7:00, 8:30,—Students' Mass; 10:15, Parish Mass.

**Interhall Lightweight basketball games —
Gymnasium—10:00 A. M. and 2:00 P. M.**

Meeting of the Buffalo Club—Lemmon-
ier Library, south room—11:00 A. M.

Monday—Meeting of the Scribblers—Hoynes hall— 8:00 P. M.

Tuesday, December Twentieth—Christmas Vacation begins at Noon, terminating January 4 at 8:00 A. M.

Basketball—U. of Notre Dame versus
Northwestern U.—Gymnasium—8 P. M.

N. B.—The next issue of THE SCHOLASTIC, number fourteen, will appear on the campus January 13, 1928.

In the issue of December ninth, the last part of *Next Week's Events*, starting under German Club meeting, was inadvertently omitted.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW
YEAR!

CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR STAY-AT-HOMES

Through the courtesy of Mr. Robert Borland, Manager of the Dining Halls, students remaining at the University during the holidays may obtain a Christmas Dinner at Notre Dame, this year. The dinner will be served at noon on Christmas, and will have all the furnishings that are usually considered typical of the yule-tide. There will be turkey, and other food which, Mr. Borland promises, will be especially delicious.

Any student wishing to partake in the University's Christmas Dinner should notify either Mr. Borland or Mr. Thomas Owen, Chief Head Waiter. Mr. Borland's office is located in the basement of the East wing of the Dining Hall.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

It is almost Christmas and "we" are going home to rest after weeks of strenuous study. But look at the picture in this column—that is Harley L. McDevitt.



HARLEY L. McDEVITT,
Business Manager of
THE SCHOLASTIC

Think of Harley's vacation. He is business manager of THE SCHOLASTIC, and the new year is almost here. Add the two together and the answer is Work. That ought to satisfy those teachers who insist one cannot add three pears and two apples.

Think too of the
Christmas Formal

of the Metropolitan Club to be held at the Biltmore Hotel, December 28. Harley is chairman of this dance committee and has arranged for music by Roger Wolfe Kahn.

McDevitt has worked three years on THE SCHOLASTIC staff. He was local advertising manager during his Sophomore year and now, as a Junior, is business manager. He has had also one year each on the business staffs of the *Juggler* and the *Dome*.

The New Jersey Club and the Metropolitan Club have Harley as a member. And speaking of clubs, he was a student manager in football for two years.

Harley is a student in the College of Commerce. His home is in Passaic, N. J.—an excellent statement with which to end this write-up. While at Notre Dame he lives in 425 Walsh hall, so slip all mosquito and murder-case questions under that door.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS MEET

Grand Knight Howard V. Phalin and his Knights of Columbus met Tuesday evening, December 13, in their chambers in Walsh hall. Father Matthew Schumacher, C.S.C., dean of Philosophy at the University, addressed the Knights on "The Spirit of Christmas."

UNIVERSITY INSTALLS PERSONNEL BUREAU

Distribution of questionnaires to students this week served as the initial step in the installation of a personnel Bureau at the University. The Bureau, which is concerned with the past record and future welfare of the student, is similar to personnel organizations at leading colleges, universities and business houses throughout the country.

The Personnel Bureau will contain a complete register of the significant facts in the life of each student from the high school period through college. The reason given for the formation of the Bureau are as follows:

The necessity of a complete biographical record of all students enrolled at the University, as recommended by the North Central Association of Colleges; the practical importance of such a Bureau, in filling in questionnaires sent regularly by business organizations and insurance companies; the opportunity afforded University officials to observe closely the development of students from the day of enrollment.

The questionnaire which students were required to fill out, is divided into eight parts. The first and second sections are concerned with the student's home and parents and his standing at Notre Dame. The next two parts of the questionnaire have to do with the early education of the student, with particular stress laid on his achievements.

The latter half of the questionnaire refers to the extra-curricular activities of the student while at the University. Questions relating to campus activities and membership in organizations are asked. Lastly, students are required to note how much they have earned during the school year to meet their various expenses.

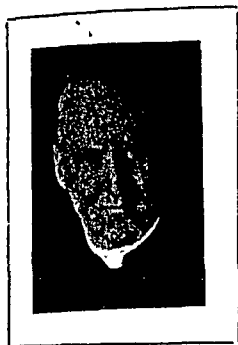
The Personnel Bureau is being installed at the instance of the University Council. Students are urged to cooperate wholeheartedly in order that the Bureau may be a success.

NEXT SCHOLASTIC OUT ON JANUARY
 THIRTEENTH

The next SCHOLASTIC, number fourteen, will appear on the campus January 13, 1928. Staff members are requested to begin work on this issue immediately after vacation.

SEASON'S PREMIERE OF UNIVERSITY THEATRE

The University Theatre, founded a year ago for the purpose of amalgamating all the dramatical activities on the campus, began its second season Thursday evening, Dec. 15, with the production of three one-act plays at Washington Hall. The



REV. J. HUGH O'DONNELL
Chairman of the University Theatre

aim of the University Theatre being to encourage and develop talent for playwriting as well as for production and acting, all of the plays were from the pens of student authors, members of the English 25 class. With the exception of the ladies in the various casts, the acting was also exclu-

sively campus talent, all of the actors being members of "The Notre Dame Players," while the staging was done by students of Professor F. W. Kelly's Play Production Class.

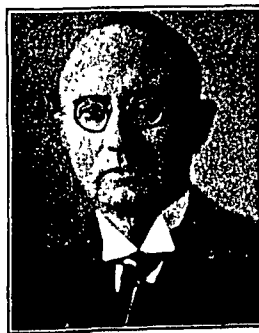
"Norma With An N" by Linus Maloney, the first upon the program, found its value more in the unexpected twist of its ending than the plot as a whole. As a crook comedy, it was cleverly worked out, there being enough action to carry the conversation and yet suspense was kept until the last. The play's value was enhanced by the acting of Miss Ruth Carmody and John Cavanaugh, for such lengthy conversation accompanied with so little physical action surely would have failed in the hands of two actors of less experience. Mr. Cavanaugh was especially good in his role, and demonstrated, after his work of last year, that he has capacities equal to almost any kind of a role.

The second play "Ham and Eggs," by Lyle Maloney, a comedy, gives us a touch of local color, for with the scene a certain section of a hospital, no one can miss the identity of one of the rooms in St. Joseph's. Throughout, the play was entertaining, but never did it reach that point where one finds the action to be silly, and that in itself is an accomplishment. Miss Helen Shank in the

role of a nurse leaves little to be desired, while Roscoe Bonjean, as the willing patient, gives us a character with action in spite of the fact that his part is played as a bedridden individual. John Cullinan was splendid as the doctor. He successfully avoided that bromidic long-faced individual which we have come to expect in the portrayal of a physician. The two visitors, William Kearney and William O'Neill, are typical campus men.

The bill was concluded by "Fireflies," a character drama of Richard B. Parrish. Compactly knit, rising steadily to an inevitable climax, it told a grim story of the complete breakup of a family victimized by the dominant nature of a scheming woman. Miss Margaret Moist as this woman, "Harriet Sturm," gave a strong and compelling portrayal of the ambitious and unscrupulous mother. As "Anne," the gentle natured daughter of this stern mother, Miss Edna Knudson was appealing and pathetic. The "Dave Sturm" of Russell C. Kuehl was done with ease and conviction, bringing out with striking suggestions the contrast between the slow voiced peace loving father and the quick moving determined mother. Finally, the dramatic thrill of the evening came from John Leddy when, as "Dave" the son of

"Harriet," he rose up at last in outspoken rebellion against his mother, denouncing her with low ringing voice and leaving her with a cry of hate.



PROFESSOR CHARLES PHILLIPS
In Whose Class the Plays
Were Written

Throughout the three plays there is noted a bit of reaction from last year's production, for only in the case of the last presentation do we find that call for dramatic outbursts which permeated the plays of the first season of the University Theatre. Mental struggles, highly emotional climaxes and the like are difficult enough when carried out by the professional, but when the amateur attempts them, there is too often creation of action which carries away the play.

DOMES OF '27 AWARDED PRIZE

Word has been received here by Kirwin J. Williams, Business Manager of the *Dome* of '27, announcing that last year's publication has been awarded first prize in the annual Art Craft Guild contest which has just closed in Chicago.



RICHARD L. NOVAK

The contest, which has extended over a period of six months is divided into two sections and serves a two-fold purpose. It selects the best College Annual of the year and also selects the Annual showing the greatest improvement

over the previous issue.

Last year's *Dome* received first prize in the latter contest, being adjudged as the Year Book showing the greatest general improvement over its issue over the year previous.

The first prize consists of a costly trophy upon which is engraved the name of the contest and the name of the publication and University winning the prize.

The Chicago branch of the Art Crafts Guild, which is located on Dearborn street, conducts the contest each year in which the Annuals of all the leading Colleges and Universities of the country are entered and are given careful individual inspection and consideration.

The award of the trophy to the *Dome* of '27 is a distinct honor to that publication and to the University at large. It is a tribute to the capabilities of the Editor, Richard L. Novak and the Business Manager, Kirwin J. Williams, and to the entire staff.

FATHER MURRAY HONORED BY PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

"THE DELINQUENT CHILD AND THE LAW," Rev. Raymond Murray, C.S.C. A bulletin issued by the United States government.

Advanced to an authoritative position as a leader in the nation's sociological research fields, Dr. Raymond Murray, C.S.C., head of the sociology department here, recently received special recognition from President

Coolidge when, at the request of the Chief Executive, a dissertation prepared by the Notre Dame professor was ordered printed by Congress as a public document.

What is believed to be the most thorough study of a juvenile court ever made in the United States has been incorporated in Father Murray's, "The Delinquent Child And The Law." It covers the work of the juvenile court of the District of Columbia during the entire period of its existence from 1906 to June 30, 1926.

In the preface Dr. Murray points out that though the juvenile court has been regarded as a social agency, and even as a clinic, yet the fact remains that above all it is and must remain a legal institution. The establishment of the juvenile court was considered not at all epochal. The principal improvement which the juvenile court act made was to emphasize further the fact that juvenile offenders are in a separate class and as such are to be treated in a place entirely removed from adult hearings and by a judge free from the attitudes required while trying adult offenders.

Father Murray notes three hopeful trends in the juvenile court field. One is the development of private agencies to aid the court. A second is assisting parents in solving problems of child behavior without recourse to the State. And the third is the marked tendency to discover cases of potential delinquency in the schools and to deal with them immediately through the spiritual and material recourses of the community.

The treatise prepared by Dr. Murray was the completion of prescribed work as ordered by the Catholic University before its awarding of a Doctor of Philosophy degree to the Notre Dame man. Recognition as ordered by President Coolidge distinguished Dr. Murray and singles him from the large group of Catholic sociologists, particularly those interested in the fields of criminology coupled with child welfare.

Through the training which he received as a law student at Notre Dame, Dr. Murray was enabled to proceed with the work fully equipped and keenly aware of the legal technicalities which face the juvenile court problem.

—J.T.C.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The younger generation cannot be entirely bad. Here are the sophomores, one after another, taking up the scholastic torch from the hands of its doddering senior bearers Robert Macdonald, with his story "Error," is the latest example of the influx of young blood, and there are other names for the new year. It is a prospect that does our old heart good.

"On Being Red-Headed" was written by Alex Mackey, a sophomore in the College of Commerce. It is regrettable that there are not more contributions to the SCHOLASTIC from students in colleges other than that of Arts and Letters.

The author of the essay "On Being Different" wished his contribution to appear anonymously.

—R.C.E.

ACADEMY MEETS

The Notre Dame Academy of Science met on Monday evening, December 12, at 8:00 P.M. in Science hall. Two student members of the society presented papers. Mr. George J. McDonnell, a junior Pre-Medical student, in his talk on "Lister, as a Physiologist," received the work of Lister and other physiologists on the theories pertaining to blood coagulation. Mr. Gerald A. Sheibley, a senior in the Pharmacy School, discussed "Diabetes and Insulin," treating in orderly fashion the history, symptoms, diagnosis, as well as the treatment of this well known disease with Insulin.

WYNNE TO PLAY ON COAST

Elmer Wynne, fullback on this year's varsity has been made a member of the "All Eastern team" that will play the All-Western team in an intersectional conflict at San Francisco, December 26.

Wynne in company with Charles Walsh, another member of the team, left the University Wednesday for Chicago, Ill., where they will join the rest of the party and thence proceed to the coast city. The Athletic Board had given official permission.

CLUB NEWS

METROPOLITAN CLUB

The Metropolitan Club held its annual fall banquet last Saturday evening in the Joan Tea Room. Some sixty members attended making it the most successful dinner ever given by the club.

Father James Gallagan, chaplain of the club was the guest of honor and presented the history of the club in a short talk.

Following Father Gallagan's talk Edward Cunningham, Chairman of the Bids Committee for the Christmas Dance, distributed the bids to those members who were present. Everything is in readiness for the Christmas Formal to be held at the Biltmore Hotel on the evening of December 28th. The music is to be furnished by Roger Wolfe Kahn.

Jess Wood entertained during the dinner with his usual virtuosity. The meeting was closed with a rising vote of thanks for Jack Lavelle and Harley McDevitt, chairman of the dinner.

MISSOURI CLUB

The sons of the "show me" state met for the first time Monday evening and organized for the coming year. Election of officers was held and plans for the future were discussed. Henry, Massman presided at the meeting and after all business was settled entertainment was presented and refreshments were served to the members. The officers for the coming year are: John Schmetz, president; John Sider, vice-president; Charles Homer, secretary; and Francis Quinn, treasurer.

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB

The boys from the Hoosier capital met Sunday morning in the north room of the Library. The annual election of officers was held and the following men were chosen: Joseph P. McNamara, president; Thomas Markey, vice-president; John Rocap, secretary; and George Mangan, treasurer. The club decided to accept the invitation of the Notre Dame Alumni club of Indianapolis to attend a luncheon December 28, in the Chamber of Commerce Building. A committee was appointed to arrange for a vacation dance.

EAST-PENN CLUB

Final plans have been completed by the East-Penn club for its formal dance at the Hotel Casey, Scranton, on the evening of the December thirtieth. Leo R. McIntyre, president of the club, has announced the following chairman for the affair:

R. A. Mulhall, general chairman; Arrangement, Joseph F. Manning, chairman; Reception, Francis M. Flanagan, chairman; Tickets, Peter J. Gallagher, chairman; Invitation, A. J. Ransavage, chairman; Decorations, Bill Burns, chairman; Publicity, John McMahon, chairman; Accommodations, Charles P. O'Malley, chairman.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By J. D. Murphy

CHICAGO CLUB

The Chicago club held its final pre-holiday meeting last Friday night in the Lay Faculty Room of the Dining Hall. After reports from the treasurer and the executive committee, President Dick Halpin began a discussion of the Christmas Formal which, according to the announcement, will take place on January 2, 1928, in the Gold Room and adjoining rooms of the Congress Hotel.

The arrangements made known by the president would indicate that the affair will probably be the most enjoyable of a long series that the Chicago Club has held. In the Gold Room of the Congress, Halpin has obtained a ballroom conceded to be the finest in the city. The orchestra is Ben Pollack's melodious Victor Records, known throughout the Windy City for the varied and well-played programs which they have been giving at the Blackhawk Night Club. The favors are unquestionably the most attractive that the Chicagoans have ever offered.

Automobiles may be parked at the Wabash-Harrison Garage, 606 S. Wabash Avenue, where students can obtain a special rate on displaying meal-tickets or other identifying matter.

Those wishing to reserve tables may do so by mailing their reservations, naming all those expected to sit at the table, to the Chicago Club of Notre Dame, Congress Hotel, Chicago.

BUFFALO CLUB

The Buffalo club met Sunday in the south basement of the Library. After calling the meeting to order President Ryan called upon George Doyle, general chairman of the dance committees, to take charge. Mr. Doyle is being assisted by the following members of the club: Bob Moore, music; Benny Di Pasquale favors; Henry Burns, programs; Marty Travers, patrons; J. Cotter, decorations; and Frank O'Mara, publicity.

All arrangements for the dance have been completed and chairman Doyle promises a most enjoyable time to all who attend the affair. The final meeting before the Christmas vacation will be held Sunday morning, December 11, at ten o'clock in the south room of the Library. All members are requested to attend.

CINCINNATI CLUB

Invitations have been issued by the Cincinnati club at the University announcing that its first annual Christmas formal will be held on January 2, 1928. This affair will be held in the Gold Room of the Cincinnati club with Jack Carr and his Collegians playing until the midnight hour, after which Ray Miller and his Brunswick Recording Orchestra will hold sway.

The various committees under the direction of

President Joe Kinneary have spared no effort to make this affair a worthy counterpart of the other Notre Dame holiday dances. Students residing in Cincinnati and environs are urged to make reservations with Bart McHugh, 119 Sorin hall, as this affair will be limited to alumni and undergraduates of the University.

TRI-STATE CLUB

The men from Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico met Monday evening in the Journalism room of the Library and formed what will henceforth be known as the Tri-State club.

Joseph Apodaca acted as chairman; the meeting was called to order and officers were elected with the following results: Kirwin J. Williams, San Antonio, Texas, was chosen President; James Mathews, Laredo, Texas, Vice-President and Joseph Apodaca, Las Cruces, N. M., Secretary and Treasurer.

The constitution was drawn up and approved by all members and was presented to the S. A. C. on Tuesday.

With insufficient members for any one of the states to form a separate club, it was decided that the three states should band themselves together into a Tri-State club with the purpose of promoting good fellowship and activity both here and at home.

AKRON CLUB

At a meeting of the Akron club in the Library, the final arrangements for the club's Christmas formal dance were completed. Tickets and invitations were distributed among the members. The plans have been progressing quietly under the leadership of President Charles McGuckin. His assistants for this year are Joseph Wozniak, Vice-President; Harold Bair, Secretary; Virgin P. Cline, Treasurer.

The dance will be held December 28 in the new Knights of Columbus ballroom in Akron. In view of the way all the members cooperated in the arrangements, this year's dance promises to be the most successful one in the history of the club. The Akron club wishes to take this opportunity to extend a hearty invitation to all Notre Dame men in the vicinity of Akron to attend the dance.

A. I. E. E.

The regular business meeting was opened by President C. G. Topping. Following this a talk was given by G. P. Kennedy on "Condensers in Radio Circuits." C. G. Kustner, of the Chicago branch of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) gave a talk on "Development and Manufacturing of Lubricating Oils." Mr. Kustner used three reels of motion pictures to illustrate his talk, showing the processes in the oil industry. Refreshments were served after the meeting. Seventy-five members were present.



THE EDITOR'S PAGE

IT WON'T BE LONG UNTIL XMAS

Every year it is the same old story. Freshmen begin to count the days; sophomores and juniors pray for the time to go faster; and seniors, being now full grown (in their own opinion), just swell around the campus, gloating in their new-found superiority (that divine rise from nothingness to a senior pin) and do not care whether the days move or stand still.

To those who are desirous of a speedy four months of school, that Christmas may come, there can be only one word of advice. In the whole English vocabulary there is only one thing which will make the days seem to go faster. That one word, and one thing, is study! A mind engaged in the pursuit of knowledge is a mind well occupied. One busy at work does not notice the monotonous trend of the days.

But Notre Dame always has a percentage of social young men who loaf their way through college, just counting the hours and days until they will be back with the folks and females. They are merely marking time. They do not study and their grades tumble. When Christmas does arrive they do not find it as interesting as they had expected because of a habit which the University has of sending the grades to the parent just before the student reaches home. The parents of the students all have their own little habits and dispositions. And the latter run on parallel lines with the grades; if son Willie has good marks he is due for a most enjoyable vacation, if his marks are poor he is about as comfortable as a Waterman pen in a Parker factory.

We prefer to view this Christmas joke from a more serious angle. The more mature senior is doing plenty of reflecting these days. This will be his last winter on the campus; the onrushing days are bringing him to his last scholastic Christmas. It means that this will be his final trip home as an undergraduate. If he sees his parents in

the June he will be an alumnus, fresh from college, and bent on making a living from an unfriendly world. It means the climax of sixteen years of school work, preparing himself for the future. And many a senior is wondering whether those sixteen years have been wasted.

Whether we wish it or not, time is going on at its breakneck speed, and vacation will be with us before we are prepared for it. The surest indication is the slickers and traveling bags of the freshmen. They are completely adorned with pennants and monograms, bent on letting the world know that they come from Notre Dame. Verily, Rollo, It Won't Be Long Until Christmas.—S.A.D.

AND THE SEASON'S GREETINGS TO EVERYBODY

THE SCHOLASTIC comes out once a week. And once a week someone is slighted. Either the Ypsilanti, Mich., club is not getting enough publicity, or there was a typographical error in the Music and Drama write-up, or some reporter failed to print the name of the gentleman who had given him his information.

To make amends, as far as possible, for past misdeeds and future mishaps, THE SCHOLASTIC wishes to extend to every one of its readers the Merriest of Christmases and the Most Happy New Year; to the faculty, particularly to those members who are unfortunate enough to have THE SCHOLASTIC or any portion thereof in class; to the administration; to all the rectors, prefects, and directors; to the students, including friends, enemies, and club secretaries; to those business establishments which have seen fit to honor THE SCHOLASTIC with advertising; and, a little more specifically, to each man who has done anything toward helping THE SCHOLASTIC to be a respectable college magazine. If there is anyone omitted by the above list, let him be forever included. J.A.M.



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Every year it is the same old story. Freshmen begin to count the days; sophomores and juniors pray for the time to go faster; and seniors, being now full grown (in their own opinion), just swell around the campus, gloating in their new-found superiority (that divine rise from nothingness to a senior pin) and do not care whether the days move or stand still.

To those who are desirous of a speedy four months of school, that Christmas may come, there can be only one word of advice. In the whole English vocabulary there is only one thing which will make the days seem to go faster. That one word, and one thing, is study! A mind engaged in the pursuit of knowledge is a mind well occupied. One busy at work does not notice the monotonous trend of the days.

But Notre Dame always has a percentage of social young men who loaf their way through college, just counting the hours and days until they will be back with the folks and females. They are merely marking time. They do not study and their grades tumble. When Christmas does arrive they do not find it as interesting as they had expected because of a habit which the University has of sending the grades to the parent just before the student reaches home. The parents of the students all have their own little habits and dispositions. And the latter run on parallel lines with the grades; if son Willie has good marks he is due for a most enjoyable vacation, if his marks are poor he is about as comfortable as a Waterman pen in a Parker factory.

We prefer to view this Christmas joke from a more serious angle. The more mature senior is doing plenty of reflecting these days. This will be his last winter on the campus; the onrushing days are bringing him to his last scholastic Christmas. It means that this will be his final trip home as an undergraduate. If he sees his parents in

the June he will be an alumnus, fresh from college, and bent on making a living from an unfriendly world. It means the climax of sixteen years of school work, preparing himself for the future. And many a senior is wondering whether those sixteen years have been wasted.

Whether we wish it or not, time is going on at its breakneck speed, and vacation will be with us before we are prepared for it. The surest indication is the slickers and traveling bags of the freshmen. They are completely adorned with pennants and monograms, bent on letting the world know that they come from Notre Dame. Verily, Rollo, It Won't Be Long Until Christmas.—S.A.D.

AND THE SEASON'S GREETINGS TO EVERYBODY

THE SCHOLASTIC comes out once a week. And once a week someone is slighted. Either the Ypsilanti, Mich., club is not getting enough publicity, or there was a typographical error in the Music and Drama write-up, or some reporter failed to print the name of the gentleman who had given him his information.

To make amends, as far as possible, for past misdeeds and future mishaps, THE SCHOLASTIC wishes to extend to every one of its readers the Merriest of Christmases and the Most Happy New Year; to the faculty, particularly to those members who are unfortunate enough to have THE SCHOLASTIC or any portion thereof in class; to the administration; to all the rectors, prefects, and directors; to the students, including friends, enemies, and club secretaries; to those business establishments which have seen fit to honor THE SCHOLASTIC with advertising; and, a little more specifically, to each man who has done anything toward helping THE SCHOLASTIC to be a respectable college magazine. If there is anyone omitted by the above list, let him be forever included. J A.M.

HOBNAILS

LIGHT OF LOVE

*I have lighted a candle for you
Deep in the shrine of my heart;
May its flame burn strong and true
Until Death comes to tear us apart.
Then it may flicker and wane,
But soon with a steadier light,
You will know it is burning again
By a new star shining at night.*

*If while I live it should falter
I beg of you not to despair;
But kneeling at Love's golden altar
With the aid of the simplest prayer
Trim the wick of the flickering taper
Till it burns once again bright and fair.*

—DENNIS OF PALESTINE

WHAT'S THE GIRL GETTING OUT OF IT?

Dear Al. Please correct Mr. J. F. Mahoney. In his College Parade, he stated that there is a picture of a girl on every desk in Howard Hall. Inform him through Hobnails that there is ONE room in Howard that has NO feminine portrait. BUT, J. F. will be right after Christmas. —JED

HOBNAILS—SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC

Dear Al: Will you help me? Some dear lad of the University has borrowed my "Death Comes for the Archbishop" and I can't remember who it is. Please ask him to return it post haste. Merry Xmas to the Vamp.

—CYRANO.

INCONSTANCY

*There is no crown of bluer metal,
Or foreign stones to fret the eye,
Than a fresh garland of lover's kisses,
Or aureole of a lover's sigh.*

*This gay gown, give to a neighbor?
Glad in it twice? Wear it again!
This heart is deep in its gold tradition!
Am I, you say, innocent, then?*

—STRATTON O'IERNE.

AND IF WE DIDN'T PUT THIS IN, YOU'D HAVE NOTHING BUT THE TOBACCO HABIT

Dear Sir: Yeh, send in contributions to Hobnails and make a big hit with the folks. That's what *you* say, but what I say is: Wotinell happened to all the wise-cracks and poetry that I been sending for the last month! If you had given me a little space, I'd be all set for a brand new pipe for Christmas. Now I probably won't get anything but a pipe-cleaner.

—NICK BOTTOM.

THE JOYOUS MULE-TIDE

13,701 college men will be ejected forcibly from night clubs by bouncers. 001 will succeed in getting back in to take a poke at the big bum.

1457 will shout Boo! when they get turkey hash the day after Christmas.

312 Freshmen will display 936 Notre Dame stickers on their bags.

782 co-eds will be asked why they didn't write oftener and who the fraternity pin belongs to.

24 college men will stay at home New Year's Eve. 75,000 will wish they had stayed home.

"Blue Heaven" will be sung 5000 times—with the right words, once.

Members of the glee club, if they kept their promises, would write 409 girls in one-night stops.

Two (2) people will read this.

—JEFF.

GO ON, YOU'RE ALL WET

Dear Hobnails: The neighborhood of Badin Hall reminds us of a sound argument—both hold water.

—HAM & EGGS

TO A EMU

*Australian bird! Whereunto art thou come.
Thy native land's too small for thee?
And must thou seek for some
New land to grow and thrive?*

One way alone canst thou atone:

Just leave us cross-word bugs alone!

—J. EUSTACE TEWKSBURY

CONSULT STUDENT DIRECTORY, A TO Z, FOR FIRST TEAM

DEAR ALLAN: The campus is looking forward eagerly to your "All St. Joe County Gripping Team" selections and I hope you will consider Notre Dame. Though the gripping season is a bit early this year, our stars have rounded into February form. In view of all the favorable conditions, the indications point to a championship squad of Gripers for the winter season. It is respectfully that I beg that we be considered in the All St. Joe selections.

—LEPRECAUN, '28

And what do you think, you brats—Santa Claus has been talking to Papa! And Santa Claus said, "Al, you old jollier," he says, "there's going to be a nice surprise laid away in your little leggin', and there's a lot of keen-somethings hanging in all the contribs' socks, every one of them. BUT, by the Aurora Borealis, I ain't goin' to bring a goldarned thing to them as was too lazy to write in a nifty now and then." See, Santy's been peeking and HE knows. So it looks as if you silent partners aren't going to get much except an invitation to come through next year, and this good old, hearty old "Merry Christmas!" from —ALLAN-A-DALE.

LITERARY

*Error**A Story of False Judgments*

ROBERT R. MACDONALD

“AND then he says to me, ‘Young man, you’re intoxicated.’ And he shakes me so hard that he almost knocks the flask out of my hip pocket. Then, he turns me around sorta slow like, and fixes me with the hardest stare I’ve had since the time I tried to flirt with that woman on the street car. Remember her? But how was I to know that the guy sittin’ beside her was her husband. She was pretty, though, pretty as a picture. Too bad she was married. But as I was sayin’, he fixes me with that stare of his and says to me in a low voice—you know how the minister says, ‘May he rest in peace’, well, ‘Doc’ says, ‘Mr. O’Rourke, report to my office at nine o’clock on Tuesday morning’. When he says that, I felt so sober I coulda’ cried. Not that I mind gettin’ thrown out of school so much. You know me better than that, Chris. But I’m afraid of the old man. He’ll raise a riot and that’s one thing he can do better than any one else I know. And I’m sure to get thrown out. Why, look at George Brady that got thrown out last week. He had a swell record up until then, and on his first spree he gets himself caught and thrown out. He had a good record behind him; what will I get with my record?”

“Yeh, George told me all about his case.”

“Chris, we gotta’ do something, and do it quick. You’re the one for the job. You gotta convince ‘Doc’ that he’s wrong. Use psychology, or something.”

“Yeh. Psychology. That gives me an idea.”

On Tuesday morning at eight fifteen, Albert Tuft, A.B., Ph.D., better known as “Doc” Tuft, Prefect of Discipline at Rox University, entered his office. A tall well-

built man of about forty-five years, his appearance gave one the impression of a prince, who must rule his province with dignity, and with power. Indeed, on this particular morning his firm chin and knitted brows were apt to give the impression of power to the ‘nth degree.

His mail lay in a neat pile on his desk, where it had been left by his secretary earlier in the morning. Three letters. Not very many, he mused, for a morning mail. Methodically he picked up the letter, slit it open with his finger, glanced at the contents, and flung envelope and all into the waste basket at his side. An ad. Why wouldn’t they quit sending him ads? He picked up the next letter and slit it open in the same manner as he had the first. It was a rather thick letter. Typewritten, he noticed. He glanced at the first paragraph; looked at it again, more sharply; eased himself back in his swivel chair, and read it:

“Dear Sir: Two years ago a small backward boy, poorly developed for his eighteen years, entered Rox University. Never away from home before, he came to Rox in the hope that he might be imbued with the keen thought, the manliness, the sportsmanship, so characteristic of a real Rox man.

“I knew him; I had known him since he first came to Rox. As a freshman he toiled and slaved at his studies; he wanted to show that old couple back in Georgia that they had made no mistake in sending their son to Rox. He was poor, desperately poor. He had a job in a down-town clothing store. He used to go down there at night and sweep out the sales room, dust the counters, and arrange the merchandise. Then, when he finished his work, he would return to his room and

study until all hours of the morning. One couldn't exactly call him shy, but he was backward. And, because of this backwardness, he had few friends on the campus. He became known and despised as a 'greasy grind.' Rich men's sons in his classes laughed at him. They couldn't understand; they couldn't picture poverty so extreme that one must work as he worked. His sophomore year at Rox was the same routine.

"His parents, as I have said, lived in a small town in Georgia. Mother and Father, they were proud of their only son who was making such a fine scholastic record in college. The father was an inventor who had produced a few trivial things, the royalties from which were barely enough to keep the couple alive. The mother, a slight, grey-haired little woman, had sacrificed the luxury and comfort of her father's great home when she had married. They loved their son; they prayed for him; they prayed that he would always be good and faithful to the standards they had taught him. They prayed that he would be a success in his chosen profession; that he would always lead a happy life; that he would be a real man, a man among men, loved and respected by his colleagues.

"When he returned home in June after his sophomore year, his parents welcomed him with open arms. They had a surprise for him. It seems that the father had invented some sort of appliance for electric sweepers, and that the patent had been bought by some large eastern concern. They hadn't paid him much, but they had paid him enough to send his son through college.

"This year, his junior year, I met him at the station when he arrived. He had written to me and told me of his good fortune, and I was there to be the first one to congratulate him. He was joyous. He wouldn't have to grind any more. He wouldn't have to work after school. He was free; he could be a regular fellow.

"It didn't work out so well; he wasn't used to this easier life. He studied intensely; he was nervous, restless. The rest of the fellows, remembering how he had been before, were slow in making friends with him. He didn't drink; he didn't run around; he

took no pleasure in seeing a sensational movie; he had been a grind, and that's all he ever would be. He was worried. He tried so hard to be popular, to justify his parent's pride in his ability, and here he was, disregarded by every one, a 'greasy grind.'

"He was in this melancholy state of mind one night when he happened into another fellow's room and was offered a drink. He was desperate and he took it. The fellows present looked rather amazed; then, their faces took on an expression of good-fellowship. They respected him, he thought, so he drank more. It wasn't long until he was in a stupor. Then, when he was so drunk that he could hardly stand alone, these supposed friends, these good fellows, these 'popular fellows' as he had imagined them, these 'friends' of his, threw him out of the room—out upon the campus. You found him there.

"Discipline must be preserved. He didn't have a chance. He came to me and told me his fate, and he cried, cried like a baby. He was sorry, not so much for himself but for that little old couple who were praying for him back home.

"When he arrived home they were surprised, then heart-broken when they learned the cause. They tried to stand up under the shock; they stood by their son. But the disappointment was too much; the mother took a stroke and died within forty-eight hours. Your judgment has made a penitent wreck of George Brady, has killed his mother and has made a walking corpse of his father.

Sincerely,

A Classmate of George Brady."

When "Doc" Tuft looked up from the letter, there was a peculiar expression on his face. "I didn't know much about his history," he said to himself, and sighed—a sort of penitent sigh.

His secretary entered the office. "It's nine o'clock, and Mr. O'Rourke is waiting in the outer office, sir."

"Doc" Tuft, who had been lost in thought, turned to his secretary and did a strange thing, that is, it was a strange thing for "Doc" Tuft to do. He smiled, a rather sheepish sort of smile, like one who is

ashamed of himself. "Christopher," he said, "Some times we are rash in our judgments; sometimes we sacrifice too much for discipline. Tell Mr. O'Rourke that his case has been dismissed." The secretary left the room. As for "Doc" Tuft, he turned back to the letter which he held in his hand, and carefully folding it he returned it to its envelope and placed it in his vest pocket. Then, like one who has accomplished his work well, he turned to the remaining letter on his desk. He opened it, read it, and read it again. The mist which had been in his eyes was brushed away by a flinty gleam. Furi-ously he tore the first letter out of his vest, scanned its contents, and examined the envelope. Like a madman he turned to the button at the side of his desk, and pressed it, calling for his secretary. When Christopher Morley Adams, the secretary, entered the office, "Doc" Tuft was well composed. There was an awful silence as Christopher walked over to his superior's desk. "Doc" Tuft looked at him. He looked at everything, and nothing in particular. Then: "Christopher."

"Yes, sir."

"Deceit is an awful thing."

"Yes, sir." The secretary's face was red.

"Christopher."

"Yes, sir."

"Small errors are sometimes costly."

"Yes, sir."

"Christopher, what is your school address?"

"232 East Hall, sir."

"Doc" Tuft picked up an envelope from the desk and showed it to Christopher. The envelope had been sent to "Doc" Tuft. In the upper left hand corner, showing faintly through a patch of dried ink, were the words:

232 East Hall

Rox University.

"Christopher, when one writes anonymous letters it is a bad policy to put a return address on the envelope."

"But, sir, I don't know what you mean."

"Tut-tut, you tried to deceive me but I happened to know the full details in the George Brady case. In fact, I recognized the deception at once. A man of my position

and standing must be thus mentally equipped, you know."

"Er-uh—yes, sir." Christopher was so weak that he could hardly maintain his balance. The desk, the chairs, the walls, everything in the room seemed to be revolving.

"Christopher, deceit or agents of deceit are unwanted at this University."

"Ye-es."

"To be precise, you may consider yourself expelled from the University as an undesirable. I will write to your parents and explain the case. You have twenty-four hours in which to leave the campus."

Christopher's throat was so parched that he couldn't speak. Without a word he turned and left the room.

"Doc" Tuft turned back to the third letter and read it again:

"Dear Mr. Tuft: We are writing this to inform you that we are perfectly satisfied with your action in expelling George from school. Rox University is the third school from which he has been expelled, and we are thoroughly disgusted with him. We have put him to work on one of his father's plantations in the hope that it may make a man out of him. With best of wishes, we remain,
Yours truly,

Mr. and Mrs. James Brady."

Albert Tuft, A.B., Ph.D., smiled.

Chris found O'Rourke at eight o'clock that evening, at the car station. "O'Rourke, he caught me. I don't know how he did it, but he knew all the time that the letter was a fake. He knew that there wasn't a word of truth in it, and worst of all, he knew that I wrote it. The man's knowledge is uncanny."

"No foolin',"

"You're right, no foolin'. He expelled me, and it's your turn now. You've got to help me somehow." He was clutching like a drowning man at O'Rourke's arm.

"Let go, Chris. What can I do? Nothing. And any way I've gotta date tonight. Remember the married "bim" that gave me the cold shoulder on the car that time? Well, I met her down-town this afternoon. Her husband kicked off. She's a widow now, and more sociable. Plenty nice. Well, I've gotta get this car. So long."

On Being Red-Headed

A Colorful Essay on a Colorful Subject

ALEX MACKEY

IF a boy is born with red hair, his parents might just as well dispense with the formality of naming him, for really his name was born with him. No matter whether he is christened Thomas, or Richard, or Henry, Al Smith, or Babe Ruth, or Charles Borromeo, to the gang his cranial adornment will determine his name; and what he is to the gang, he will be to the world. Try as he may, he cannot elude this fateful appellation. It will cling to him like a burr, until, perhaps, kindly old age turns the copper threads to silver.

As the red-headed infant grows into boyhood, his tribulations would make Job's sound like a Syd Chaplin comedy. In the first place, a continual run of questions disturbs his mind. Will the fellows make fun of his red hair? Will they call him "carrot-top," or "Fire," or "Red-headed Gingerbread?" Of course they will. He knows his doom. Still he hopes the hopeless hope of the desperate. Just plain "Red" wouldn't be so bad, but oh, those other names! It's impossible! Thus the poor red-head slinks along in shame, with his hat pulled down over his eyes and ears, fearful that someone will recognize him and twit him about his hair.

One of the first characteristics that a red-head is accused of possessing is a hot temper. Ignorant people seem to think that the red hair is the cause of this fiery disposition. I will admit that often the red-head is far from lamb-like, once he is aroused; but his temper is an acquired trait, not born with him as are his red hair and his name. The poor fellow is hot-tempered because he has to be, as a matter of self-defense. He is abused so much that he needs some protective shield, else his tribe would soon become extinct. And what a loss to the "wise-crackers" a red-head-less world would be!

The red-head has not been given his just deserts. Until recent years, he has not had

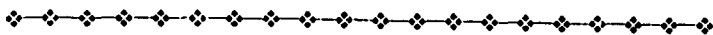
a chance to show what he can do. Of course, there have been, throughout the ages, a few scattered red-heads who rose to fame in spite of fate. Look back at Barbarossa, the red-headed Turk who enlivened history for the Spaniards; and Elizabeth, with her auburn locks, who was the greatest queen England ever had. Nearer to this modern age, consider Bobby Burns, whose red hair surely helped to warm his love songs.

But the rusty sorrel-top is gradually coming to the front. See how he takes the lead in athletics. Wasn't it just some three years ago that we were cheering the Galloping Ghost from Illinois? It is not necessary to mention his name. All I need to say is that he had red hair. Another football player of All-American caliber is "Brick" Mueller of California, who early developed his fighting spirit, no doubt, avenging slurs on his red hair. Then there is "Red" Faber, one of the greatest pitchers that fans have ever watched.

The stage and screen have their red-haired artists too—Olga Petrova, for example, and the prettiest of the Duncan sisters, whose blazing curls take the place of stage illumination when she makes her appearance. And we cannot overlook Clara Bow, the fiery sorrel-top who put the first two letters in "It." No one has red hair like hers. Furthermore, it is well known that Flo Ziegfeld is *the* great judge of feminine beauty, and that he selects his Follies girls for a variety of qualities. But when Flo decided to settle down with a life-long partner, he chose Billie Burke, whose flaming hair would make the sun go behind a cloud for shame.

The American people, however, have been slow to realize the greatness that inheres in red hair. For a hundred and forty-seven years they struggled along without the aid of a red-head to guide them. Not until after the World War, when crises had to be met, did a red-head come into the highest power,

ly, if he should choose to run. This silent man of Washington was, no doubt, called "Red" before he was out of rompers. But I wonder if he held his tongue when he was called "Carrot-top," or "Red-head Ginger Bread?" I have my doubts.



Modern Standardization and Its Bitterness

centrated "hokum" and crude jests of a "bull session," another "modern" youth remarks to the assembled "sages," "Look at those damn fools. What are they getting out of that? I wouldn't go through what they do if I were paid."

High in the building which houses the laboratories of a great university, a medical student pores over his quantitative analysis. The lights flash a warning and he knows the building is about to close. He must leave his problem unsolved until tomorrow. He wends his way to his hall and passes an open door from whence stream smoke and the banter of many tongues. "There goes that grind again, getting back from 'lab' at this ungodly hour. What does he get out of it?"

And so it goes. Let a man differ from his fellows and their scornful laughter is his reward. Everything is becoming standardized, and slowly but surely those who would differ are being forced to comply to these standards. Individuality is disappearing.

And so, be different, you who have rhinoceros hides. Be different, you who fear not the jibes and jests of your fellow men. Be different, you who would rise to high places. Be different, you who want honor, fame, glory. Yes, be different, and be a failure, a "dud," a "queer." Be different, and see the world go by your door. Most assuredly, be different, and when you die some kind person will say: "Well, he wasn't such a bad fellow; but he was a bit out of the ordinary, you know—different from most people."

Outside on a muddy road the cross-country men plod past. The wind is tinged with snow; the puddles have a thin skin of ice over them. It breaks through when stepped on. The sky is gloomy and a few scattered snowflakes are falling, but this hardy crew trudges onward. They are being different. And in a warm room whence issues the con-

SPORT NEWS

Irish Outspeed Hawkeyes: Score 23-20

Colerick and Crowe Lead in Scoring

Three times within the same number of years Hawkeye and Irish have done battle upon the hardwood. Three times have the Celts courageously risen to the occasion to defeat one of the Big Ten's best. Three times has one of the fastest, closest, most brilliantly fought basketball games resulted from these meetings. Twice before Notre Dame turned back the Iowans by the margin of a single point, but this year the Gold and Blue cagers added a field-goal to this slim margin to lick the Hawkeyes in their own gym at Iowa City last Monday evening by a 23-20 score.

Merely the names, Notre Dame and Iowa, and the score 23-20, would be sufficient to inform the average fan around this section of the country that a mighty basketball battle had raged. Meeting the stiffest opposition that they have encountered thus far in their comparatively young season, the one veteran of last year's Mid-Western champions, three substitutes of the same quint, and one brand new recruit playing his first year on the Celtic varsity, performed in real "Fightin' Irish" style to cop the winning verdict. They had to, because the Hawkeyes were firmly bent upon revenging themselves on their visitors for the two previous defeats suffered at the hands of Notre Dame, and played accordingly.

It was anybody's game throughout, the type of contest which is a real basketball battle in every sense of the word. Except for a short time in the early minutes of the opening period when they were finding themselves, and banishing their stage fright to overcome a four-point Iowa lead, the Irish led throughout with a score from one to seven points ahead of their desperately battling hosts. Time after time the home quin-

tet threatened to overcome this lead but the Celtic five averted the threatened danger with splendid rallies on each occasion.

Two minutes had barely ticked away on the timekeeper's watch at the start of the hostilities, when Captain Twogood of the Big Ten combination sent the ball whistling through the net twice in quick succession to send his team into a short-lived lead. Colerick's two-pointer, after both aggregations had scored via the foul strip, was the signal for a concerted Irish attack on the alien iron hoops, the Celts soon overtaking and passing their hard-working opponents. At half time Notre Dame was on the long end of a 12-10 count.

The second thirty minutes of play was faster and even more exciting than the first. Both teams fought hard, but clean, in a desperate effort to put the contest beyond reach of their opponents. The Gold and Blue players seemed to have done this with barely five minutes of playing time left when baskets by Crowe and Colerick gave them a seven point lead. Successive double-deckers by Twogood, Kinnan and Wilcox, of the home talent cut down the Celtic lead to a lone marker though, in comparatively few minutes. The Irish with victory within sight would not be denied however, and tightened their defense so perceptibly during the last two minutes of play that the Iowans did not come anywhere near the basket. Jim Bray cinched the game for Notre Dame with a beautiful under-the-basket shot after dribbling through the entire Hawkeye defense.

Coach Nyikos, who guided the team on the trip, did not make a substitution throughout the battle. He did not have to, as each man on the Celtic quint performed at his very best.

Colerick led the scoring for both teams with a quartet of two-pointers and a trio of successful foul tries. His guarding during each half was also meritorious. Captain Joe Jachym was the soul of the Irish team, and the man who kept his mates on edge at all times. Held scoreless from the floor, he more than made up for his lack of points by exhibiting a brilliant brand of all-around play, defensively especially. Frank Crowe paired up with Jachym in fine style at the other forward berth, turning in a trio of baskets, in addition to a sparkling all-around floor game too, as his share of the night's work. Jim Bray, and Ed Smith, the guards, played as nice a game as anybody would want, repulsing numerous would-be Hawkeye scoring threats with their splendid guarding.

Captain Twogood and Wilcox were the satellites for the Iowans, and were the ones who did the most damage offensively and defensively against the Irish.

Lineup and summary:

Notre Dame (23)			Iowa (20)		
G. F. T.			G. F. T.		
Crowe, rf	3	1 7	Twogood, rf	3	2 8
Jachym, lf	0	1 1	Lawson, lf	1	0 2
Colerick, c	4	3 11	Wilcox, c	2	2 6
Bray, rg	1	2 4	Kinnan, rg	2	0 4
Smith, lg	0	0 0	Harrison, lg	0	0 0
	—	— —	Johnston, lf	0	0 0
Totals	8	7 23	David, rg	0	0 0
			Totals	8	4 20

Referee—Nick Kearns, DePaul. Umpire—Fred Young, Illinois Wesleyan.

Score at half—Notre Dame 12, Iowa 10.

INTERHALL BASKETBALL GAMES POSTPONED UNTIL AFTER VACATION

The Varsity basketball team was practicing Sunday morning and the newly-chosen Monogram Club members were riding the goat in the afternoon, so the interhall basketball games had to be postponed until after Xmas vacation.

However, next Sunday, in practice games, Carroll will meet Brownson at ten o'clock and Freshman will oppose Howard at eleven. After dinner, Sophomore will engage the Off-Campus cagers at one-thirty followed by

Walsh and Badin who take the floor at two-thirty. An hour later Lyons and Morrissey will pair off. The neightcap affair, starting at four-thirty, will see Corby and Sorin in action.

It was the original intention to have the Minor League, composed of players under 145 pounds, play a short season just before Xmas, and after the vacation to let the Major League take the spotlight. But now it is planned to have both leagues play at the same time after the Yuletide respite, thus permitting each Hall to put two teams on the floor. In other words, causing two players to grow where but one grew before. Each team has an eleven-game schedule. There will not be a league for the upperclassmen and another for the lowerclassmen as was had in interhall football.

The facilities for practice have been greatly increased this year for the aspirants to fame on the hardwood. The Varsity floor will be available every night for practice and for the Major League games. The Carroll Gym is being repaired for the use of the basketeers both in brushing up on their team play and for the Minor League games. Baskets are being placed in the Apparatus Room of the Gym and even the Minims' floor has been called into service. This gives each team one hour practice session each day whereas last year each team was only given two hours a week to rub off the rough edges.

The quality of the coaches announced for the various aggregations makes it certain that the critics who are up in the spectators' section won't have many chances to parade their talents. "Stacks" Reilly and Ryan will be back over at Freshman. "Butch" Niemiec will take over the reins at Howard and Dailley will do the same at Sophomore. Evans and Ullrich will be at Carroll; Newbold and Abbott at Brownson; Griffin and Costello at Lyons; Culhane at Morrissey; while Hamilton and McGrath will handle the whiplash in Walsh. Crowe will be the mentor of Badin; Krembs of Corby; Wagner of Off-Campus; while Sorin will look to Ike Voedisch to uphold its traditions.

Members of the Varsity reserves will be called upon to officiate at all the games. D.W.S.

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NOTRE DAME CRUSHES ILLINOIS WESLEYAN, 40-23

Illinois Wesleyan, one of the premier quintets of the Little Nineteen Conference, put up a game battle in the Notre Dame gymnasium last Friday night in a courageous but fruitless effort to stave off a 40-23 defeat at the hands of their Celtic hosts.

Minus the services of Coach Keogan who was called to Minneapolis by the death of his brother, and with Mike Nyikos luminary of the 1925-1926 aggregation at the helm, the Irish stepped out and mowed their visitors down under an avalanche of field-goals. The gentlemen from Bloomington, Illinois were held in complete check virtually the whole distance, especially the first half, while the Gold and Blue basketeurs were running up a huge score, which more than assured them of victory.

A marked improvement in passing, dribbling, and all-around play was manifested in the battle by the Notre Dame performers, in comparison with their efforts a few nights

before in the Armour Tech attraction. Although ragged at times, the type of play was all that could and should be expected of the hardwood artists in the second game of the season. At times, flashes of mid-season form was demonstrated which augurs well for potential strength in furious cage embroglios yet to come.

Captain Joe Jachym, participating in his first contest this season, was the main cog of the Irish machine. Paired with the eagle-eyed Crowe at the forward position, he displayed his ability to a high degree of proficiency. His teammate Crowe was, in addition, high-point man for the evening's festivities sending no less than an even half-dozen two-pointers looping through the mesh, plus a trio of successful charity heaves. Jachym was close upon Crowe's heels with five-double-deckers and a single completed heave from the foul strip.

Lindquist, of the Green and White inaugurated the scoring for the battle, by successfully negotiating a foul shot. Jachym came

back a few seconds later with a pretty two-pointer from near the fifteen foot mark to send his team into a lead which was never relinquished thereafter. From then on it was just a question as to how large the final Irish score would be. Notre Dame led at the intermission 26-11.

Wesleyan flashed its best game in the second half. The Illinoisans came back with a rush and successive baskets by Baker, Lindquist, and Walker made things interesting for a while. The Gold and Blue net-snippers soon called a sustained halt on this scoring however, and held their guests to a lone field-goal and a quartet of single pointers the rest of the way.

Coach Nyikos used thirteen men in accomplishing the victory, and practically every man on the Irish squad was given a chance to display his wares at one time or other during the conflict.

The offensive and defensive efforts of both Jachym and Crowe, with the defensive work of Smith, featured the Notre Dame play, while Baker with a quartet of field goals and a trio of free throws to his credit, played a splendid game for Wesleyan, as did his teammate Lindquist.

TRACK PRACTICE CONTINUES

The second week of indoor track practice and pre-holiday conditioning draws to a close tomorrow. A number of new aspirants have taken their places beside the veterans of the cinder path to atone in some way for the losses encountered by last years' commencement exercises.

In spite of the stiff schedule confronting his squad this season, Coach Nicholson has been working his disciples but lightly and does not intend to resort to more forceful, or more strenuous exercises until after the vacation period.

Those who have serious intentions of obtaining a berth on the team and have failed to report either this week or last, need not attempt to procure a uniform upon their return to the University in January. Football and cross country men qualifying for a position are required to be present for practice immediately after the holidays.—R.P.D.

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"FIGHTING IRISH" HONORED

More than nine hundred men attended the "civic testimonial banquet," honoring *The Fighting Irish* football team, held Thursday evening, December 8, in the East hall of the University Dining Halls. The affair was arranged by the St. Joseph Valley Alumni Club of the University.

The food, the University Band, the University Glee club, Tomy Kopecky and Irv Corcoran all served to put the "merry 900" in a favorable mood for the imminent demonstration of the speaker's art. Michael Donahue, president of the St. Joseph Valley Alumni Club, introduced Frank E. Hering, editor of the Eagles' magazine, founder of Mothers' Day, alumnus of and quondam football coach at the University,—as toastmaster. Toastmaster Hering called upon the following men for talks: Father Matthew J. Walsh, C.S.C., president of the University; Father Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C., vice-president of the University and chairman of the University's athletic board; Jimmy Cor-

coran, sports columnist on *The Chicago Evening American*; Hartley Anderson, assistant coach of *The Fighting Irish*; Coach Knute K. Rockne, director of athletics at the University; Nick Kearns, football and basketball official; Warren K. Brown, sports editor of *The Chicago Herald Examiner*. All the speakers responded to the toastmaster's introduction with spontaneous, humorous, succinct remarks.

The "civic testimonial banquet," in honor of one of the most fighting, plucky constellations of *The Fighting Irish* ever to represent the University in the football firmament, terminated at eleven-fifteen o'clock with the singing of the Victory March.

The religious body, members of the faculty, and the entire student body at Notre Dame extend their most heartfelt sympathy to Dr. George Keogan, coach of the varsity basketball team on the death of his brother, Mr. Irwin Keogan, last week, at the Misericordia Hospital, Minneapolis.



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