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

THE WEEK

Whoopie! Lots of whoopie! We're back: It's 1928. It's Leap Year. To date over nine hundred report having turned in duties labelled, January 1927, but the dear, good, long-suffering professors have agreed to extend a month for the reorganization of the corporation. If, by February, you aren't conscious that it's 1928 there is something radically wrong and we suggest and advise a visit to the family or prescription physician. Too, if, by February, every man on the lot hasn't had at least one Leap Year proposal he may count himself a rank and dismal failure in the social scale. Already one Sorin Hall Senior boasts of 56 offers, 40 of which came New Year's Eve at one minute after twelve. But after discounting the 40, because it was New Year's Eve, we should say that the surviving sixteen offer a neat batting average. So fall to and too because you won't get another Leap Year until 1932 (cries of "remarkable mathematics" from the audience) and by that time everyone will have been graduated, everyone will be quite antique, and the novelty of Leap year will have perished with that rapidity and facility which so characterizes Indiana in its collection of snow and slush.

Of course you had a charming vacation. You received at least six cigarette lighters, no one of which is working at this moment. Aunt Annie crashed through with her own interpretation of "hot" socks, and Uncle Peter thought it would be mighty decent to present a two dollar and a half gold piece "to put in the bank, because it'll come in handy when you get through school." You stormed and sweated over the advisability of sending dear, dear Rosie, flowers, candy, or writing paper and compromised on a twenty-five cent greeting card bearing this inscription: "May this Christmas bring you health, happiness, and prosperity." With the prosperity you wished her, you hoped she would buy her own flowers, candy, and writing paper. Oi! Sech cheap skates come from dem colleges.

Further statistics which have just arrived show that seventy-five attempted to crash Notre Dame dances in their home towns or in municipalities to which they emigrated for the evening. Every artifice in the catalogue was resorted to, and those who performed the One-Eyed Connolly act in Cleveland came to look the town over as a possible site for the Democratic convention; while those who came to the Metropolitan club formal offered friendship with Jimmy Walker, position as substitute dramatic critic for *Life*, or the *Juggler*, and countless other excuses which might save a five dollar bill. All in all, though, the crashing was a bit weak and amateurish, despite the fact that the seventy-five crossed the line unsung and uninjured.

While you were out the basketball team called to say that everything was under control and that there would be a performance tonight in the gymnasium. Triumph after triumph is the report of the Glee Club members who are spending a hectic vacation in long jumps from Denver to Los Angeles to San Francisco and back to Cairo and Elgin, Illinois. But speaking of triumphs, the Scandinavian Bell Ringers performed last evening at the Palais Royal, doing everything from "Marcheta" to "Up in the Clouds." Many of the students attended, and when one of the bells with the metallic ring of the Notre Dame trolley car gongs was struck, somebody yelled, "Hold that car."

For those who heard McCready Huston in his series of lectures delivered just before the holidays, *The Week* suggests the purchase of the current issues of *College Humor* and *The Pictorial Review*. In these magazines, the South Bend man has given a practical application to his short-story writing principles in the form of two short stories. "Face the Front, Please" the *College Humor* story, seems to have been lifted from the hotel and theatrical life of our busy little city (that sounds like the Chamber of Commerce bulletin.)

Pay your Christmas bills.

—J.T.C.

Friday, January 13 — Basketball — Notre Dame vs. Franklin College—at gym—8:00 P. M.

Movies—Washington Hall—6:30 P. M.

Sunday—Masses in Sacred Heart Church at 6:00, 7:00, and 8:30 A. M., student's Masses—10:15, Parish Mass.

Monday—Dome Pictures—La.-Miss. Club—
12:30 P. M.; Akron Club—12:40 P. M.;
New Jersey Club—12:50 P. M.

Scribblers Meeting—8:00 P. M.—Publications Office.

Tuesday—*Dome Pictures*—Villagers Club—12:30 P. M.; Cleveland Club—12:40 P. M.; Tennessee Club—12:50 P. M.; Indianapolis Club—12:55 P. M.

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

Basketball—Notre Dame vs. Wabash
College—gymnasium—8:00 P. M.

Wednesday—Dome Pictures—Iowa Club —
12:30 P. M.; Detroit Club—12:40 P. M.;
East-Penn Club—12:50 P. M.

Meeting of Wranglers—Library—7:45
P. M.

Meeting of Spanish Club—7:30 P. M.—
Hoynes Hall.

Thursday—Dome Pictures—California Club
12:30 P. M.; Youngstown Club—12:40
P. M.; Missouri Club—12:50 P. M.

Meeting of Chicago Club—7:45 P. M.—
Faculty Dining Room.

Friday—Dome Pictures—Wisconsin Club—12:30 P. M.; Pittsburgh Club—12:40 P. M.; West Virginia Club—12:50 P. M.; East Penn Club—7:15 P. M.—South Room of Library.

Saturday—Track — Northwestern vs. Notre Dame—gymnasium.

Basketball—Notre Dame vs. Drake University at Des Moines.

"Johnny" Smith, all-American guard and captain of the University's 1927 football team, was tendered a testimonial banquet

Wednesday evening, December twenty-eighth, by five hundred fellow townsmen in the ball room of the Hotel Bond, Hartford, Connecticut. Smith, following the banquet was presented with a scroll wishing him well and one thousand dollars in gold. Among those who came to honor "Johnny" were Governor Trumbull of the state; Knute Rockne, director of athletics at the University; Norman Stevens, Hartford's mayor; "Lou" Gehrig, home-run specialist.

Varsity Debate Finals will begin tonight and end next Wednesday evening. Father William Bolger, head of the department of economics and politics is in charge of the team this year. There are several veterans out for the team this year. They are Joseph P. McNamara, James C. Roy, Arnold Williams, George Courey, James McShane, William F. Craig, James Keating, Clarence Buckley, Walter Stanton, and Pierce O'Connor. Some fifty men are endeavoring to wrangle for Notre Dame this season. Debates have been arranged to date with Earlham College, DePauw, Purdue and Franklin. Several others are pending.

The schedule:

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13

James McShane	James Roy
James Walsh	Harry Wall
John Roulihan	John Blanda

SUNDAY, JANUARY 15

William Craig	Frank McCreal
Pierce O'Connor	James Keating
Timothy Bonitz	Donald Coleman

MONDAY, JANUARY 16

Arnold Williams	Thomas Keogan
John McGinty	Walter Stanton
Mark Graham	George Coury

TUESDAY, JANUARY 17

John O'Keefe	Jos. McNamara
Leo Dolan	Arthur Stenius
Walter Bernard	Raymond Doyle

Debates take place at 7:30 P. M., Main Building, Room 327.



UNIVERSITY BAND ACTIVE

The military band terminated a very successful season with a smoker given in the Faculty Dining Halls just before the Christmas vacation.

It was the common opinion of the speakers of the evening that the band of this year was the best in the annals of the University.

A brief resume of the year:

The band organized the second week of school, and over seventy candidates were given try-outs. It was decided that forty-eight pieces would make an ideal band, both from the viewpoint of instrumentation and mobility. The organization was blessed with three baritones, whereas in former years there had not been even one. The full tones of the band were due in a great measure to these instruments. The final personnel was picked the week preceding the first football game, and suits were issued to fifty men, forty-eight players, the director and the drum major.

Each and every man is responsible for the splendid showing made by the organization, but the bulk of the credit resides in two men who organized and moulded these individuals into a harmonious whole. Professor Joseph Casasanta, director of the band for the past five years, was responsible for the quality of the music, and "Jerry" Bigge for the quality of the marching. Many intricate formations were worked out this year and it was due to Mr. Bigge's direction that these were possible. For the first time in the history of the University, the band formed the initials of the opposing schools; the difficult marching N. D. at the Southern California game was the apex of the band's functioning ability.

Another feature which added to the splendor of the band's appearance, was the acquisition of the blue-and-gold capes. These capes came as the result of the untiring efforts of the officers.

The band made two football trips during the season: One to Detroit and one to Chicago. The improvement made between the first and last appearance was tremendous, and 117,000 people at Chicago were loud in their praises of the organization.

The band's season has just begun. Concert programs are being prepared, and from all accounts the concert band will maintain the high standards of the military band. Several concerts are being arranged for out-of-town appearances, and negotiations are pending for others.

With John Robinson, the hard-working president, behind the band, there is no reason why the organization should not continue to reflect credit upon itself and the University for the remainder of the year.

 "CASEYS" HOLD MEETING

Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, Knight of Columbus, held its first meeting of the New Year in its chambers in Walsh hall, Tuesday evening, January tenth. Grand Knight Howard V. Phalin presided at the meeting.

Following the execution of regular business, the Council listened to talks delivered by Supreme Agent Butler, of the Knights of Columbus and Ray E. Hoyer, director of the K. C. Boy Guidance department at the University. Both speakers were well received; they were introduced by Lecturer Edward McKeown. Professor Antonio Joseph Provost of the University, a member of the Council, gave an impromptu talk at Lecturer McKeown's request.

When the various speakers had been heard, the Council's orchestra rendered several popular musical selections. Ice cream and cake were distributed by Bernard J. Korzeneski and his committee. Chaplain Father James H. Gallagan, C.S.C., terminated the meeting with prayer at 10:00 P. M.

 STAY-AT-HOMES ENJOY CHRISTMAS DINNER

More than one hundred students of the University partook of the Christmas dinner, the first to be served in the University Dining Halls, at noon of December twenty-fifth, 1927. The dinner was arranged for by Mr. Robert H. Borland, manager of the Halls. The menu, in harmony with the Yuletide season, included chicken cream soup, cranberry sauce, celery, nuts, roast turkey, Christmas cake and ice cream.

DOME ANNOUNCEMENT

Other clubs may arrange to have pictures taken by seeing Frank Doan, 309 Walsh Hall.

EAST-PENN CLUB FORMAL SUCCESS

More than seventy couples danced to the music manufactured by "Eddie Gilligan and his orchestra of Wilkes-Barre, reputed to be the best manufacturers of jazz in Northeastern Pennsylvania. Guests were present at the dance from all the towns, cities and villages of Eastern Pennsylvania, from Binghamton, and New York City.

The crystal ballroom was attractively decorated in the University's colors, blue and gold, set off by N. D. blankets and suspended pennants, representative of the universities with whom Notre Dame competes in athletics. The orchestra booth was intermittently concealed from the terpsichoreans' view by a curtain composed of N. D. banners which regularly rose and fell. The lights were covered with gold and blue crepe paper.

The dance committees were headed by Robert A. Mulhall. The officers of the club. Leo R. McIntyre, Francis M. Flanagan, Joseph F. Manning, A. J. Ransavage, Peter J. Gallagher, John F. McMahon, Father Patrick J. Haggerty, C.S.C., and many others, including Larry Weniger, Tom McMahon, Nick Maureillo, Bill Moran, Bill Burns, Pete Casterline, John O'Donnell, Charles O'Malley, Art Lesch, Joe O'Hora, Jack Boland, Joe McHugh, constituted the committees.

"*Germaine and Josef*" is taken from Vince Engels' text for an opera "*Germaine of Gascony*." The lyric simplicity of this passage has the same strength and spirit that Edna St. Vincent Millay achieved in "*The King's Henchman*." You will remember that Vince wrote the libretto for the operetta "*Lord Byron*," presented by the University Theatre in 1926.

In his story "Sam, the Accordion Man," Louis Hasley first exercised his qualities of naturalness and sympathy. His present story shows that he has acquired an impressionistic sense that adds greatly to the force of his style.

Frank Connolly has done a very finished piece of work in his essay "Three Poets." A poet of frequent appearance in the SCHOLASTIC, Frank brings to his composition a sincere enthusiasm for his subject, a warm understanding of the three poets he considers. Literary essays or merit have a pre-eminent place in the SCHOLASTIC; there will be more of them in the future.

Please do not shy off, as we at first did, from reading "Down to a Science" because its author's name has "C.S.C." after it. The friendliness of this essay proves that true humor has nothing to do with prejudices or the initials after authors' names. —R C.E.

He received the bachelor of science degree in chemical engineering and was editor of the *Catalyzer* for two years. He was also a contributor to various literary magazines at the University by his poems and plays. At graduation he was given the "Maxima Cum Laude." At the present time he is a student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By J. D. Murphy

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

ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

The regular meeting of the Notre Dame Academy of Science was held Monday evening, January 9, in Science Hall. The entire period was devoted to the presentation of a paper on "Study of Opium and its derivatives," by Mr. Francis Meyer. Following the discussion of the properties of Opium and its derivative alkaloids, Mr. Meyer demonstrated the action of Morphine Sulphate upon a dog. The paper was not only practical and instructive but also carried a moral lesson to the members of the society.

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB

Members of the Indianapolis Club were guests of the Notre Dame Alumni of Indianapolis at a banquet during the holidays. An Easter Dinner-Dance was planned and a committee appointed. It consists of John Harrington, chairman, William Boles, William Krieg and William Craig. The affair will be held at the Highland Country Club on Monday, April 9th.

The Indianapolis Club is the first of any city clubs on the campus to adopt a club paper. It will be issued once a month. J. P. McNamara, Arnold William and William F. Craig are its editors, William H. Krieg is business manager and John Rocap circulation manager.

CHICAGO CLUB

President Dick Halpin and his fellow club members from the Windy City celebrated their annual Christmas Holiday formal in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel, Monday, January second. To the lingering tunes produced by Ben Pollack's Blackhawk gang, the members and their guests passed a warm evening, in spite of the zero breezes that were blowing from Lake Michigan. Ben was in his best form; he played hot music that needed asbestos instruments, and the sweet kind sweet enough to make Cal Coolidge look sentimental. Favors in the form of leather encased bridge sets embossed with the seal of the Chicago Club were presented to the guests. Above the orchestra, a large Chicago Club banner, recently purchased by the organization, was resplendent in Gold and Blue seals of the University of the club.

According to Halpin, the dance was the most successful that has been held, and according to those present, he was right. The members look forward to more and bigger affairs arranged by their efficient president.

Several days before the dance, on December 27, the Chicago Clubs of Notre Dame and St. Mary's held a tea at the entral Plaza Hotel, Chicago. Miss Irma Thompson, president of the St. Mary's organization, acted as hostess to the fifty couples which were present.

The Chicago Club will meet next Thursday evening in the Faculty Dining Room at 7:45 P. M. One of the principal matters for discussion will be the Mass at 6:20 A. M., Saturday, January 21st, in Sorin Hall chapel, at which Mass the club will receive communion in a body for the repose of the soul of deceased members and deceased relatives of present members.

PROM TICKETS NOW ON SALE

Tickets for the Junior Prom of 1928 were placed on sale last Saturday afternoon. The ticket sale is in charge of Thomas A. Ryan.

The Prom will be held at the Palais Royale. The music will be furnished by either Guy Lombardo, Fred Hamm, Jack Chapman, or Ben Pollack.

Tickets may be purchased from William Seidenfaden, Badin; Herb. Shimberg, Walsh; Pete Brysselbout, Walsh; Joe O'Brien, Morrissey; Jack Grey and Hank Burns, Off-Campus; Buck Ahern, Corby; W. McInnany, Lyons; and Bernard Nalty, Morrissey.

Walter Stanton of Gary, Indiana, is general chairman of the Prom. From all present indications this year's Prom will be the best staged at the Palais Royale in a score of years.

PROM SIGNS APPEAR

Of the twenty announcement signs put up on the campus by the Prom publicity committee last Tuesday, nineteen had been removed at Wednesday noon. Similar mysterious disappearances have occurred at intervals all year. The Prom committee requests that in the future, when signs are put up, those who consider said signs lawful prey and appropriate wall decorations will leave them up at least until their term of usefulness as publicity has expired.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By J. F. Mahoney

Up in Vermont, where the President of the United States does his whittling, there is a girls' college. This college harbors some very aggressive girls. These girls found a copy of the Religious Survey for 1925-26, and immediately sat themselves down and took pen in hand to register some complaints; of course, they couldn't know, away up there, that the same complaints had been made by indignant girls from the rock-ribbed shores of Maine to the sunny—well, from all over this great land—and had remained unanswered because no one had bothered with them. The letter was sent to a Notre Dame student, whose name will remain undisclosed, but addressed to the whole student body. Here is your letter, with some unimportant features omitted:

"To come to the point:

"My name is Miss M. McGovern—address, Trinity College, Burlington, Vermont—occupation, student. The remainder of the pedigree I will postpone for the present. The subject of this missal is—*In Defense of The Modern Girl.*"

"Recently . . . a few of my classmates and I miraculously came across an object which curiously enough attracted our instant attention—What was it? The *Religious Survey* of Notre Dame for the years 1925-26. It held us spell-bound. And how? It is a sad story to tell, but we determined to steel ourselves against the inevitable and bravely answer the call of duty by breaking the news to you. (Ed. Note: Heavens! Will these girls never stop answering the call of duty?) . . . Who was the guy who said, 'Never judge a book by its cover?' He sure said a mouthful. Sour grapes, what a deception! And we had pictured Notre Dame as such a Haven of Angels. (Ed. Note: Make no mistake, Madam.) What opinions you poor children do have! My word!

"Of course you know by now that we were studying the questionnaires. Yes, in the al-

coves of learning we were doing a bit of research work. The one subject which was the most popular among our humble circle was entitled: What is wrong with the modern girl?

"To make a long story short, let me say: you sure have your opinions, but, prithee listen to a few of ours. We won't be too long. However, we feel compelled to correct some of the outstanding errors that seem to have taken root in that great Middle West expanse."

(Here Miss McGovern and her cronies proceed to uproot some of the "outstanding errors." For three pages they attack and counter attack, they argue and upbraid in a grand fashion—the like was never seen before, here or elsewhere. The Defenders of the Modern Girl conclude):

"I'm sorry, Mr.—, for taking so much of your valuable time. But it was absolutely necessary. Positively! Of course you know I have not directed all these charges at you—they are for whom they concern. But, judging that every Notre Dame man counts loyalty to his college as one of his outstanding characteristics, I felt that, in behalf of your honorable institute, you would perhaps appreciate the opinions of others concerning the inconsiderate statements made by your buddies.

"If you should care to defend yourselves, we would be willing to hear your plea. You'll find we have ammunition enough for all charges made against us.

"I found your name in the . . . *New York Times*. That is how I picked on you. Congratulations for your lucky strikes. Am I exonerated? Say 'Yes.' Yours for Merry Christmas and the Modern Girl."

Very well, Miss McGovern, your application has been placed on file, and will be answered as soon as our Dep't. For Replying to Defenders of the Modern Girl can get around to it. I am informed that your number is 9,468. Merry Christmas!

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

PATRIOTISM AND WOMEN'S CLUBS

A letter to the SCHOLASTIC, enclosing a clipping concerning the recent proposal of the New Jersey Federation of Women's Clubs to abolish all patriotic songs of martial character deplores the fact that "the confounded women's clubs" have already done too much campaigning against patriotism. In addition, the writer sends clippings stating that Great Britain is building eleven new cruisers, that the United States needs a large air fleet, and that we are at present in a lamentable state of unpreparedness. He neglects to mention that students at the University of Wisconsin have recently rebelled against military training, a matter that seems neither insignificant nor irrelevant in a period of loud and windy debate between jingoism and pacificism.

Ordinarily, matters of international or even of national policy are nothing to the SCHOLASTIC. In this case, however, the many contemporaneous outbursts of student opinion against war, jingoism, preparedness, battleships and shooting galleries makes a statement of views justifiable and even advisable.

There are, in these United States, a number of persons who are against war. Fine! They would sink the fleet. Noble! They would put the ludicrously small army to digging ditches or other constructive endeavor. Admirable! They say that war is foolish, futile, a great waste of life and property, a blot upon the otherwise (we suppose) unsullied history of man.

War is all of the evils mentioned above; granted. But there appears to be no cure for the world's recurrent ailment. The Societies for the Prevention of War, the Societies for the Destruction of Fleets; and the Societies for the Abolition of the Sale of Pop-guns to Little Children propose that the world lay down its arms. The results from such a procedure might be gratifying, but the procedure will never be accomplished. Men are not like that; they are too envious, too,

jealous, too bent on self-aggrandizement to give up fighting over the dry lentils of the world. And nations are composed largely of men.

From the above, a reader might come to think that we loved war. Not so. War is to be hated, forever and unalterably. There were probably men who hated war among those who enlisted in wholesale lots from Notre Dame in 1917. There were probably men who hated war among the numerous chaplains that the University furnished. There are probably men who hated war among those commemorated on the side door of Sacred Heart Church. And we feel much as they must have felt: that while terrible in itself, war would come, nothing could prevent it, and fighting was the only way to end it.

There really is not anything to be alarmed about. Let the jingos shout and the pacifists rave: war will neither be thrust on the weary world until it has at least partly recuperated from the late burst of insanity, nor will its coming be prevented by college students who dislike military training. As for the women's clubs: it is a traditional fact, handed down from father to son for umpty-ump centuries, that the first women's association passed a resolution that men leave off carrying clubs because of the damage that said clubs might do to the poor, starving saber-toothed tigers.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

When the above named feature of THE SCHOLASTIC was first run last September, the staff hoped to make it a complete list of all future occurrences from week to week. Unfortunately, some organizations and news sources have not given the names and dates of their particular functions. The column is consequently not so complete as we should like to have it, and we will be glad to publish any more weekly meetings, conferences, or smokers that the organizations care to announce.

—J.A.M.

HOBNAILS

NEMESIS OF LOVE

A maiden speaks:

O Cupid! I dreamed a dream last night,
A haunting, spectral dream:
It seems that I had held your empty bow
Within my hand a year. HIS heart had healed
Around an arrow; and when I turned away,
HIS flesh was torn by some mystic string;
The blood streamed out upon the ground, and
there HE lay

Expiring. And so I ran, afraid,
A bloody arrow trailing in the dust!
O Cupid! Where can I find HIM
That I may repent and be forgiven?

Cupid replies:

Too late! It is no dream! Your destiny was fixed
When you drew out my quiver from its hiding,
And bow therewith. In fun avowed
You pierced his heart,
And left the arrow deep embedded.
(And still in fun you healed the flesh around it.)
Now you have turned from him and danced away,
And taken his life's blood with you.
Bah! It is to scorn!
What mortal dare to judge such infidelity?
What punishment can I provide
Except to say:

"YOU DIE; HIS SOUL SHALL GO ON LIV-
ING."

—LOUIS L. HASLEY.

HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE THIS

DEAR ALLAN: Here's the hand you requested for
the little girl across the way. The kid has tact.
Vampire used her head when she substituted letters
for words, when she said "s. s. and g. convent girls,"
for she undoubtedly meant, "(p)seudo-sophisticated
and gawdy." Now give me your "pretty" for you
know what she means.

"For all men kill the thing they love." They
should.

—CYNIC.

THAT IS A QUEAH ENIGMAR

DEAR ALLAN: "Why yes," says my English prof,
"We will now study the drammar; a man from
South Bend, Indianar, will lecture; by the way, is
anyone in the class studying Lawr?" I don't get
the idear.

—JEFF.

TO AN CIGARETTE

Tobacco from an ancient land
Where Moslems bend their morning prayer;
Immaculate paper; cool and sweet;
I lie and smoke without a care.

—J. EUSTACE TEWKSBURY

NO, NO; THE WORDS WERE "WAITER, A HORSE'S NECK"

DEAR SIR DALE: When contributions become slack,
and original ideas fail, why don't you tell the boys
about some of your experiences in Sherwood Forest,
and the vicinity?

For instance, I know they're all dying to learn
about the time that Robin caught you with Maid
Marion in "Ye Sherwood Inn."

You know they all figured that you should have
been canned from the club for that trick, because
Friar Tuck said he distinctly heard you say, "Let's
Neck," to the Maid—but I guess she was too par-
ticular—anyhow, maybe that's the reason Bob didn't
give you the gate. Then, again, perhaps you have
something on "The Hood," and that is the thing in
which we really are interested, because after all,
what's a maid or two among friends?

So you'd better come across with the dope, Al,
'cause we know you.

Yours for cleaner politics,

—THE SASSY KID.

CONFESSION

You ask me why I love!
Know, then, that she is fine
From the finger of her glove
To the lips, like rich old wine.

But—

No, it isn't that.
She's beautiful and gay,
She wears a bright green hat
On curls gone astray.
She's witty and shes' keen
And she's more things than I've said

But—

I love her (I'll come clean)
For the toss of her proud head.

—NICK BOTTOM.

IT'S A SYNONYM FOR APPLE-SAUCE

DEAR AL: Have you ever noticed the signature
of the guy that signs The Editor's Page? Are those
initials straight or does he sign himself that way
just because he's always in one? —JOE CAMPUS.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of
the year." Ah, there go the brainy boys yelling
"Fraud! Yeh, Alan-A's a fraud! Them lines mean
autumn, and he's using 'em at New Year's!" Hush
your mouth, brats. There are seventeen more issues
of Hobnails, and each issue means two columns, and
so far the usually-swelling Hobnails mail has con-
tained exactly two contribs. Ah me, hope is blotto,
and "the melancholy days are come, the saddest of
the year."

—ALLAN-A-DALE.

LITERARY

*In Search of the Sea**A Fantasy of the East.*

JASPER BRENT.

ONE morning, a traveler came to the walls of the great city of Kaphut Thom. He approached along the road that the caravans from the East have followed, and as he neared the Gate of the Rising Sun, he paused often to absorb the beauty of Kaphut Thom, her temples and her palaces. For there were mosques of marble with golden domes and marble minarets like the spears of the old heroes pointing to the sky; there were temples of marble (built by those who were not followers of the Prophet) rising step on step, all carved with masks of strange men and of animals that no man has seen; there were hundreds of palaces of the rich merchants, designed and decorated according to the faith of those who lived within, but all built of rare stone and rich woods that had been brought over the mountains from the lands to the eastward. And the wall around the city was not the least of its beauties; it was of great strength and thickness, but along its length watch towers had been constructed high above the battlements, carved to represent the victories of a hundred kings. The roofs and towers flashed and glittered like a jeweled crown in the sun of early morning.

When the traveler reached the Gate of the Rising Sun, the iron valves swung outward to admit him, and a guard of soldiers in gilded armor marched into the opening. The captain of the guard saluted the traveler and said:

"It is not the season of the caravans; it is not the season of the pilgrims to the Celestial Shrine; it is not even the season in which our enemies send spies, whom we detect and put to death with exquisite torture. Why have you come to Kaphut Thom, the Mighty?"

To which the traveler replied: "I have come in search of the Sea."

At first the captain was angered at this absurd answer, but he saw that the traveler had the look of one searching. He said:

"Never before has a man come to Kaphut Thom, the Mighty," and he bowed his head, "in search of the Sea. Men have come to admire the beauty of the city before they die."

"But in a far off country, I have been told that the Sea lies to the westward of Kaphut Thom but a short distance," said the traveler.

"Then pass on, madman. I warn you that you have blasphemed Kaphura, the great god who sits in the Sacred Shrine; you have come without wishing to see his city. If evil follow you through the streets, it is because Kaphura is angered at your infidelity."

But the traveler was not frightened at the words of the captain, and he walked on past the guard with gilded armor and through the great swinging valves toward the markets of Kaphut Thom.

There he saw the riches and the merchandise of the East. Merchants were bargaining for fine and delicate silks of brilliant colors; others quarrelled over precious stones; still others bought and sold splendid camels, and the sturdy horses of Tibet. The traveler approached one of the merchants and said:

"I have come over mountains and deserts; I have crossed the River of the Color of Sand during the flood season."

And the merchant, a courteous man, asked: "Why have you done these things?"

"Because," said the traveler, "I am searching for the Sea."

"I have never heard of the Sea," returned

the merchant, taking up his bargaining once more.

Another merchant told the traveler that perhaps a priest of Kaphura could direct him to the Sea. So he went to the Temple of the Celestial Shrine, which was the tallest and most beautiful building in all the city, and when he entered he almost forgot the Sea, so sweet were the incenses and the music of Kaphura's worshipers. But remembering, he asked of a priest in silken robes with gold and silver ornaments: "I have traveled far in search of the Sea; how can I find it from Kaphut Thom?" To which the priest answered:

"I am very old, and very wise. When I was young, and had the wisdom of a donkey that has not lived a year, I was told that to the westward of Kaphut Thom is a country called the Sea, which is more beautiful than even Kaphut Thom, the Mighty." And he bowed his head, as had the captain of the guard. "But although I was young in years and in wisdom," he continued, "I knew that to the westward of Kaphut Thom was only a country of howling beasts, and I knew that nothing in the world could be more beautiful than our city. So I did not believe the false tale, and I reported the liar and blasphemer to the Sublime Master of the Temple, who had him executed. Kaphura has rewarded me by making me the successor of that Sublime Master."

The traveller turned to go, but the priest called to him that he return, and asked: "Why do you go in search of the Sea?"

"I go," answered the traveller, "because it has been told to me that the Sea is a great body of water, and that it is the home of the goddess Beauty."

"Go then," said the priest. "I have never heard of the goddess Beauty. She must indeed be one of the minor deities, for it is well-known that Kaphura rules the earth and the heavens. If you find her, bring her back, that she may do homage to Kaphura."

So the traveller went forth once more upon his search. He asked the merchants and he asked the priests if they could show him the Sea; at last, he began to ask the same question of every passer-by. But the priests were all too busy with their gods,

and the merchants with their merchandise. Some of the others gave no answer; some had heard of the Sea but could not remember its location; many answered that there could be no goddess outside the walls of Kaphut Thom, the Mighty, for all other gods were false gods. And many thought him mad.

But the traveller persevered. Some said: "Ah, yes, the Sea. It is by the Gate of the Unchanging Star." And others: "It is by the Gate of the Warm Wind." And still others: "It is far away across the mountains, and it is a strange land where all men have heads like camels, and feet like those of dogs." But none would lead him to the Sea, and none had heard of the goddess, Beauty.

And at last, wandering into a street that was poorer than the rest, he saw, coming toward him a tall young man clad in a coat of many beautiful colors. Although the colors were still brilliant, the coat was torn and had the look of great age and of poverty. The young man's face was lean and hungry but there was a light in his eye as though the stars had shone often into them. And the traveler said:

"I have come over mountains and deserts; have crossed the River of the Color of Sand during the flood season."

"You are searching for the Sea!" said the young man.

"But how did you know?" asked the traveller, wondering.

"Because I am a poet, and have long wished for the Sea in this accursed city. But the priests alone can tell of its location, and they will not, for it is said that the Sea is the home of the goddess Beauty, who is greater even than Kaphura, whom they worship. It is said further that the Sea is to the westward of Kaphut Thom, but the priests forbid men to climb the western wall and no one dares disobey them. They have killed my father, and they shall some day kill me, for they do not love poets. A curse upon them and upon their god, Kaphura." The young man walked onward down the street that was poorer than the rest.

So the traveler made his way to the Gate of the Setting Sun, thinking that there he would find a way to the place which he sought. The great gate was barred and

and later killed a man for not offering her his seat in a chariot.

Well, the amazing thing about this devastating mystery possessed by all womankind, lies not in the fact that it has survived as a myth in a book, but in the way it is venerated as a fact in practice. For it is only a myth, like culture among college men, the innate virtue of the poor, and the consumption of fish for brain power. According to Baron Haldeman-Julius, W. S. George, and Doctor Erskine—the staunch admirers and loyal portrayers of women through the ages—popular gals from Eve on down have used “mystery” on their fat military or political boy-friends. Whether the ladies recognized the thing as a lovely lie, or believed in it as sincerely as the men they so efficiently turned into clowns, I do not know. But if you don’t believe that the tradition exists, read the ancient, medieval, or modern poets. For example, Mr. Kipling, who has had literature imputed to him, has flapped a great deal about it. Even the most extreme of our modern writers, who deal in ash-cans and like containers, tell us about contemporary ladies with all sorts of mystic mental processes that are far beyond the understanding of uninstructed males. And if you have ever known a young man in love, recall his idiotic utterances about *her* mysterious glances, her mysterious sayings, and her mysterious this - that - and - the-other-thing. Better yet, consider the methods of the sweet young lasses that have hypnotized *you* into delusions of grandeur.

Let us, with great reverence and open minds, ponder over some of the more common symptoms of “mystery.” A young author is going on a date. After applying a due amount of hair-slickum, adjusting his tie, and rejuvenating his shoes with his other shirt, he tows the girl forth to a select movie-house. Coming out, the girl starts to speak,

hesitates, and in answer to her escort’s oh-how-I-desire to serve glance, murmurs, resignedly:

“Oh, well, it doesn’t matter.”

“But what were you going to say?” he inquires. And he spends the rest of the evening trying to draw out a thought that didn’t exist in the first place.

Or take a college man, put him in a fur coat and a Vauxhall (I have read that nearly all college men wear fur coats and drive Vauxhalls), and listen to his conversation as he drives with a girl friend.

“What are you thinking about?”

“I’ll never tell,” she replies, thinking most likely of exactly nothing.

If the deluded boy persists, he will probably get vague, ethereal stares, and intermittent incoherences such as: “You wouldn’t understand, I know,” “I’ll tell you some other time,” and last, perhaps most effective, “I feel it in my bones.”

If you have ever noticed, women have a different nervous system, which unfortunately, allows them to “feel in their bones.” Scientists, who are notorious for their neglect of really vital things, have failed to cast any light on this bone-sense of women. In fact, except for a few gaudy trance-flitters and fortune-tellers, scientists have neglected the Female Mystery Phenomenon altogether. Only one scientific man that I know has given us any information that sounds at all plausible.

Doctor Griffin, that untiring inquirer, has deduced in his treatise on the subject, that as the skull of the female is smaller than the skull of the male, and as the smaller the skull of a given woman the more mysterious she seems to become, “it is not illogical to believe that the degree of mystery varies inversely with the size of the skull.” This, as the doctor admits, is only a theory. Still, it is one well worth pondering.



Song of Germaine and Josef

From "Germaine of Gascony"

Germaine:

"O my beloved,

*This is an hour of sadness; we must part!
Heaven and earth were never meant as one,
And I, who am of earth, can only reach
And cry for thee, who, from thy distant throne,
Hath deigned a slight smile of thy mouth to me,
And christened here with tears my own, one hour
More slender than the rest, but deeper far
And dearer in its treasure of thy love.
A single hour hast thou given me
To know thy love; now must I go the chain
Of endless days only in memory?
They will be walked beneath thy shadow, love,
And I will pray for thee and think thy name
Till this eternity shall fade away
To let another find me praying still.
So this, the hour of retribution come,
I gladly go to empty at thy feet
The flooding purses of my heart, to give
To thy sweet heritage a golden moment
Of a golden hour; and this shall be
The crest of memory, the cadenced song
Of life, and love, and death!"*

Josef:

"Germaine!"

Germaine:

"Beloved,

*The skies are ridden hard by clouds today,
And one has cast its darkness on your name.
I am afraid, remembering these words,
'I'll kill him first, then you—gypsy—.'*"

Josef:

"Kill you?"

*Kill me because my God has given me
A poet's heart and beggar's lips; a soul
To love you with, a gypsy's arms? Germaine,
God would not have it so! Though your Michel*
Is bound to you by flesh and blood, and I
Only by stars and moon, and poetry
And song; by the wind that whispers in the night,
And the warm south streams that suckle from the earth.
Yes, he is flesh and blood to you, and I,
The wind that blows a song across the sky."*

—NORBERT ENGELS

* Her brother who plots against Josef.

Down To A Science

With Emphasis on the Word "Down"

ROBERT WOODWARD, C. S. C.

NO doubt you have many times heard it said that "they" have such and such a thing down to a science. I am not so sure what people mean by that. Many take it that all the difficulties and doubts in connection with a certain matter have all been cleared away, that science has spoken and the case is finished. But is it finished? Aye, there's the rub. Science has its limitations and it might be good for us to recognize them. As long as scientists are human, there will be blunders. There is nothing wrong with science itself. I mean that truth coming from scientific study will never conflict with truth coming from any other source. Truth is one just as God is one. But there are some difficulties and obstacles science can never overcome. Mistakes now and then will occur. This is always true where the human element enters in. No machine is fool-proof if the man operating it is a fool. He is bound to stick his fingers into the cogs, forget to turn it off or flip a cigarette into the gas tank. Maybe I could make myself clearer by giving some concrete instances.

Not so long ago I went to have my eyes examined. They had been bothering me for some time and had caused me no slight headaches. After the examination the doctor said I would have to wear glasses. He had all sorts of machines in his shop and he tried them all. I looked through long black telescopes, stared with dripping eyes into a blaze of light, and read the alphabet hanging on the opposite wall. The test came out well. The doctor said he had his finger right on the difficulty, and he told me to return in a few days and try on the glasses. I did. But something went wrong. My headache increased by compound interest. I couldn't see well enough to walk down the street. The man of science told me when I put on the glasses that it would

take some time before I would get used to them. He "said a mouthful."

The outcome of the matter was that the lens tested for the left eye was placed in my right eye, and vice versa. I have heard, since that time, of numerous other cases of this same nature. Some of them were so serious that they compelled men to change their professions.

I know a case of a young man who was troubled with severe headaches. They were so severe as to make him an absolute invalid. He was examined by the doctor, and underwent a sinus operation. His suffering became worse instead of better. At last the doctors discovered the real cause of the malady: the man had had a tooth filled and the dentist had inadvertently left a piece of cotton packed up against a nerve.

All this reminds me of the story in the gospel about the woman that asked Our Lord to cure her. I can never read the text without smiling to myself. The Evangelist puts it something like this: "There was a woman troubled with an issue of blood. She had spent all her substance on the physicians and instead of becoming better was rather worse." Human nature is pretty much the same now as it was in those days. Men, no matter how careful they be, seem bound to blunder. Really, we should not expect perfect action or movement in an imperfect machine. Some one has compared man to a cracked violin; I think the comparison is a good one. We know better than to expect perfect melody from poor instruments, and none of us is perfect. I was going to say that some of us are more cracked than others, but that would be vile. Our attitude toward scientists should be one of moderate scepticism. Of course all scientists are not to be regarded in the same light. But in particular cases let me give the advice of St. Bernard, "let every man abound in his own sense."

The Spirit Lives

A Short Short Story

LOUIS L. HASLEY

IT was Homecoming at Milton University. But to Rowley, '02, it was more than that; it was the last time he would ever see the Blue and Gold in action—and he knew it.

It was well that no one recognized him, he reflected as he made his solitary way around the campus; for Captain Rowley of the National Championship Team of '01, as it was generally known, should even then be in the Lakeside Sanitarium with but a short time to live. At that moment, Rowley knew that the officials of the sanitarium were frantically searching for the occupant of room No. 127. But he would return that night—to die.

There was a great desire in Rowley's mind to see the undefeated Milton team play, but his real aim was to vindicate his hope that the true, the genuine, spirit of the University of old lived on in the hearts of his alma mater. Were not these magnificent buildings and facilities being held too lightly, unappreciated? Were not the unrivaled successes of Milton in intercollegiate activities being taken too much for granted? The old place had changed in the fifteen years since he had seen it—the grim fifteen years in the yet grimmer sanitarium. It was hard to believe that the spirit might have vanished, but to *know* that it lived meant peace to Rowley.

The day was full of events and passed quickly. Darkness had fallen. Except for the gay lights and the few happy voices of scattered groups on the campus, the Homecoming spirit had nearly subsided.

Rowley walked slowly and somewhat laboriously. His heart swelled as he recalled the events of the day. He had seen a Milton team pushed back by the superb line smashing of the visitors; he had seen a Milton

team outplayed—yes, outscored—but he had not seen a Milton team *outfought*.

As he continued walking aimlessly on the campus his steps became slower and more toilsome. He tried to recall how the Milton stands had risen and in spite of defeat had sung their victory song. But his memory was a haze, there was a mist before his eyes and he found himself against some object. A wall, he guessed it was. And there was a light overhead and a paper tacked to the wall with printing on it!

But things were getting darker. He wanted to read that paper. He'd try it anyhow.

"Religious—blur—Bulletin." No use that light, it was too dim. His eyes fell shut. "Mustn't go to sleep; not until the medicine—medicine—" But the lights seemed to brighten momentarily, and near the bottom of the paper certain words took form, and he read on.

"Prayers (what's that blur for?) requested for—poor printing anyhow—Row, Rowley, ROWLEY? Probably some student." Other words took form. "Rowley who—Lakeside—; why that's me! ME! Not expected to—live."

He felt faint and his head whirled. A tear trickled down his face as he reeled and crumpled. He would have sprawled on the walk, but for the unexpected arms that came out of the darkness to check his fall. The haze grew deeper and thicker, and the lights grew dimmer, dimmer—

The two students who caught him, saw the flicker of the last spark. They, too, bending close, felt the pulse of the sentiment of Milton's loyal grads in Rowley's faint whisper, "The spirit—lives."

His body became rigid, then suddenly relaxed.

Three Poets

Their batteries black with battle hold the bridgeheads of the Marne.

—G. K. Chesterton, *Ballad of St. Barbara.*

FRANK CONNOLLY

THIS article is intended to be a brief portrayal of three great poets whose genius was extinguished by the World War almost before it had been fully kindled. I refer to that great triad of heroic men, Alan Seeger, Rupert Brooke, and Joyce Kilmer.

To anyone who reads the poetry of these men a certain characteristic of their writings must manifest itself. It is this, the beauty in the poetry of Seeger and of Brooke is essentially Grecian. In the case of Kilmer it is distinctly Hebraic. Whereas Seeger and Brooke had merely a philosophy, Kilmer had also a religion.

The effect of this divergence upon the poetry of these three men is always very much in evidence. The result is that the poems of Seeger and Brooke have only a natural beauty while those of Kilmer have in addition a supernatural beauty.

It is not surprising, however, that, although these men had different philosophies, they should all three be led, inevitably it would seem, to pour out, in communion, their blood as a peace offering, on the fields of France. They understood only the principle at stake in the conflict. They saw only war, the juggernaut, outraging beauty, violating sanctities, shattering ideals. All three heard the challenge. They girded on their swords.

*These laid the world away! poured out the red
Rich wine of youth: gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhop'd serene
That men call age: and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave their immortality.*

Brooke was a Cambridge man. Born at Rugby in 1887, in September 1914 he received a commission in the Royal Division. He saw service at Antwerp and in the Dardanelles campaign wherein he died.

Lascelles Abercrombie writing in the *Morning Post*, of London, says of him: "No

one ever loved life more wholly or more minutely—and then came 1914 and his passion for life had suddenly to face the thought of voluntary death. But there was no struggle: for instantly the passion for life became one with the will to die."

"It is not only because he died young and died in Greece that he reminds one of Byron," writes H. W. Nevenson in the *Nation*. "He was possessed by the same exuberant and adventurous spirit, and the same protesting passion for revolt and also the same delight in real existence."

Perhaps it is because of this "protesting passion of revolt" that Brooke has been accused of having a 'love of the ugly, the distorted, and the decadent.' Certainly Brooke had nothing in common with decadence. Vigor and freshness are characteristic of all his writings. "Rupert Brooke," as the *Chicago Evening Post* observed, looked for sterner aspects of life than the conventionally esthetic, the drawing room circumscribed and the literary."

"Brooke seemed to feel by instinct that he would die," says the *London Spectator*, "but he let his mind hover joyously and quietly about the sacrifice."

*"If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed.
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam
A body of England's breathing, breathing English
air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home."*

Of Brooke it has been written, "War made him a symbol and, as such, an immortal—an immortal in spite of the fact that he was a poet who wrote a few great poems, rather than a great poet. And eternal first of all because he satisfied the world's old craving for heroic figures: for the poet turned patriot

—the hero that leaves his songs for the sword and goes singing down to death."

Joyce Kilmer thus writes in memory of his friend:

*"In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
His body lies that was so fair and young
His mouth is stopped, with half his songs unsung;
His arm is still, that struck to make men free.
But let no lamentation be
Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung,
We keep the echoes of his golden tongue
We keep the vision of his chivalry.*

*So Israel's joy, the loveliest of kings,
Smote now his harp, and now the hostile horde.
Today the starry roof of heaven rings
With psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord;
And David rests beneath eternal wings,
Song on his lips, and in his hand a sword."*

Alan Seeger was of a somewhat different type. Whereas Brooke's philosophy was essentially materialistic, that of Seeger was basically fatalistic. In a letter to a friend he writes, "In this universe strife and sternness play as big a part as love and tenderness, and cannot be shirked by one whose will it is to rule his life in accordance with the cosmic forces he sees in play about him."

Seeger was born in New York, on the 22nd of June, 1888. He was graduated from Harvard in 1919, and two years later he left New York for Paris, where he settled down at once in the Latin quarter. Here he gave himself over completely to the life and beauty of the throbbing city. He loved Paris intensely.

In the gay metropolis he found youth and love and poetry. These he fed upon, steeping his soul in the evanescent beauty and nebulous romance of a Bohemian existence.

*"Come out into the evening streets. The
green light lessens in the West
The city laughs and liveliest her fervid
pulse of pleasure beats."*

Seeger's principles were plain. He writes in one of his sonnets.

*"My creed is simple! that the world is fair
And beauty the best thing to worship there."*

That his code of natural virtue was a power in keeping his ideals high is evident from another of his sonnets:

*Sidney in whom the heyday of Romance
Came to its precious and most perfect flower,
Whether you tourneyed with victorious lance
Or brought sweet roundelays to Stella's bower,
I give myself some credit for the way
I have kept clean of what enslaves and lowers
Shunned the ideals of our present day
And studied those that were esteemed in yours:
For, turning from the mob that buys success
By sacrificing all Life's better part
Down the free roads of human happiness
I frolicked, poor of purse, but light of heart,
And lived in strict devotion all along
To my three idols—Love and Arms and Song.*

The outstanding features of Seeger's life are his passionate love for the ideal and his disgust at the banalities of every day life. "By temperament I am not interested in trivial talk," he remarked quite naturally to a friend who expressed some surprise at his inattention during a certain club meeting.

The war was only three weeks old when Seeger enlisted in the Foreign Legion. Love and Song had ceased to satisfy him. The gay life had grown suddenly drab and insignificant. A fierce desire for the hard and virile shock of battle had taken possession of his spirit. He seems from the beginning to have been confident of death. "Alan unceasingly reiterated his presentiment that he would be killed in battle," a companion writes of him,— "he felt absolutely sure that he would be killed in action." "He was enamored of death," says Henry Morton Robinson, "not because he loved life less but because he loved glory more."

His love for his comrades of the Legion and his faith in their lofty purpose is well expressed in a sonnet he wrote upon his return to the front from Paris after leave.

*Apart sweet women (for whom Heaven be blessed)
Comrades, you cannot think how thin and blue
Look the leftovers of mankind that rest
Now that the cream has been skimmed off in you,
War has its horrors, but has this of good—
That its sure processes sort out and bind
Brave hearts in one intrepid brotherhood
And leave the shams and imbeciles behind."*

Seeger fell as he charged into the shell-swept town of Belloy-en-Santerre in April, 1915. He died in the teeth of a withering blast of steel. Rif Baer, an Egyptian and Seeger's best friend in the Legion, thus de-

scribes that last charge: "I caught sight of Seeger and called to him—He answered with a smile—How pale he was! His tall silhouette stood out against the green of the cornfield—I saw him running forward with bayonet fixed—that was the last."

Alan Seeger had gone to keep that rendezvous of which he sings in his best known poem:

*I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.*

*It may be he sha'l take my hand
And lead me into 'his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.*

*God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I have a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.*

Joyce Kilmer became a member of the Catholic Church in 1913. It is very natural that a man who felt his religion as vitally as did Kilmer should give in his poems evidence of strong religious emotion.

Kilmer, like Francis Thompson, expresses in his poetry that close and personal touch with divine things which borders almost on intimacy. This characteristic indeed is outstanding in all the Catholic poets whose hearts have been kindled with the flame of divine love. Thus Gilbert K. Chesterton writes in *Lepanto*:

*"And Christian hateth Mary
That God kissed in Galilee."*

We find Kilmer expressing practically the same simplicity in his poem *Folly*:

*"Lord, crush our knowledge utterly
And make us humble, simple men."*

Joyce Kilmer was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, on December the 6th, 1886. He was graduated from Columbia in 1906. While still a sophomore, he became engaged to Aline Murray and immediately after graduation he was married. When America entered the war he went over to France with the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth," of New York, and was killed in action on the 30th of July, 1918. He left behind him a wife and four small children.

Kilmer was essentially a fighting man. "Of course, I am going," he wrote to a friend, as soon as our country had entered the war. And this in spite of the fact that he was not included in the draft. In one of his letters he writes that he is seriously considering the habit of chewing tobacco with a view to acquiring it. He had a real affection for the Irish boys in his regiment and was himself extremely popular. His *Rouge Bouquet* dedicated to those of them who died during a certain engagement is a rosary of heartthrobs and tears.

*There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes*

On this new-come band.

*St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
And he sees them stand saluting there,*

His stalwart sons;

*And Patrick, Bridgid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The Gae's blood runs,*

*And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of bugle notes*

That softly say:

"Farewell!

Farewell!

*Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning-star.*

Brave and dear,

Shield us here,

Farewell!"

Humanity is Kilmer's greatest characteristic. "Had his poems no other quality, they would continue to be read for that alone,"

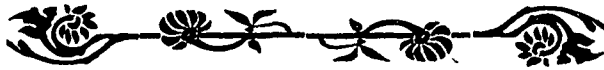
writes Richard Le Gallienne in the *Bookman*.
 "He was a many-sided genius of great nobility of character and definite spiritual ideals. Kindness was a creed and fidelity the breath of his soul."

The following tribute to Kilmer is by Joseph Bernard Rethy.

*He loved the songs of nature and of art;
 He heard enchanting voices everywhere;
 The sight of trees, against the sunlit air,
 And fields of flowers, filled with joy his heart.
 He knew the romance of the busy mart,
 The magic of Manhattan's throbbing life,
 And sensed the glory of the poorman's strife,
 And humbly walked with Jesus Christ apart.*

*All kindly things were brother to his soul;
 Evil he scorned and hated every wrong;
 Gentle—another's wound often wounded him
 But when his country called the freedman's roll,
 Forthwith he laid aside his wondrous song
 And joined in Flanders, God's own Cherubim.*

"Unless the grain of seed cast into the ground die," says Saint Paul, "itself remaineth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." And so, Kilmer, Brooke, and Seeger will go on down the ages, an inspiration and a bright light to all who esteem valor and high purpose. Their sacrifice is just another exaltation of the spirit over mere flesh and blood. And this because flesh and blood shrink from pain but the spirit goes ever onward undaunted, not counting the cost.



Sonnet

*His song is one of love, and things of mirth
 And fantasies he fondles in his mind
 That live alone for those who are not blind
 With blindness come from living on this
 earth.*

*He thinks the fantasies and things of mirth
 That he keeps in a casket golden-lined—
 Locked with a key that he alone can find—
 Will not be stained by hands of lesser worth.*

*But they who cannot find his treasure's key,
 For blindness come from living on the earth,
 Will draw their sharpened knives and to him
 crawl*

*And putting out his eyes, with jealous glee
 Will laugh, to hear his cries, and know that he
 Is beating out his life against a wall.*

—CYRIL J. MULLEN.

SPORT NEWS

Penn Humbled in Brilliant Victory; Score 30-28

The traditional fighting spirit which has characterized Notre Dame athletic teams from the time athletics first came into vogue at the University, transformed an imminent basketball defeat into a magnificent basketball victory over a stalwart University of Pennsylvania five last Saturday evening in the Quakers' own court in their beautiful Palastra at Philadelphia. The 30-28 score which assured the Keoganites of a well-earned, clean-cut triumph over one of the premier quints of the East, more than tells the story of the terrific cage battle by itself,—a battle which will go down in Penn court history as perhaps the most thrilling, desperately-fought basketball engagements ever waged in their spacious Palastra.

Outscored, but far from being outplayed during the waning moments of the contest, a 26-23 count with the Red and Black on the long end seemed to spell disaster to the Notre Dame cause, especially as there remained barely a minute of playing time. The Gold and Blue was undaunted however and summoning up every bit of ability and fight they possessed, in one last desperate, courageous attack shoved Ed Smith into the breach, and it was his successful charity heave coupled with a stirring, breath-taking, two-pointer from near the foul strip a few moments later, that stemmed the tide of defeat for Notre Dame and sent the game into an extra period. This extra five minutes was as dramatic as the conclusion of the regular playing time, and the 10,000 or so spectators present to see two of the nation's outstanding cage crews do battle, were kept in thrilling doubt as to the ultimate outcome until the final gun sounded.

Play seasawed up and down the floor for the first few minutes of this extra period, until Donovan, Notre Dame guard, brought the huge assemblage to its feet with a beautiful one-handed toss through the iron hoops

to send his mates into the lead. The Quakers, with defeat staring them in the face, fought back desperately and once more deadlocked the score when Schaaf sank a sensational two-pointer from near mid-court. But once tasting victory, Notre Dame was not to be denied and once more with barely a minute to play, McCarthy, sub-forward, sent the ball whistling through the net for the points which assured the Westerners a hard-won triumph.

Spirited play also marked the efforts of both quints during the first half, and the second too up to the sizzling finish. Crowe, Bray, and Colerick bore the brunt of the invader's attack during the first two periods and it was largely through their efforts, coupled with the work of Jachym and Smith, that Notre Dame enjoyed a 16-15 lead at half-time. The Quakers were kept in the running this initial twenty minutes by the masterful shooting of Lobley, star Red and Blue forward, who proved a continual thorn in the side of the Westerners throughout the entire play with no less than five field-goals, and a lone foul toss to his credit to capture the high-point scoring honors for the evening.

Notre Dame's defense cracked slightly during the second half, but enough to enable Pennsylvania to gradually assume a very small lead which was overcome by a gallant Gold and Blue finish as narrated before.

The Easterners pitted their long passing game against their visitors' short passes throughout the whole engagement, and each type of play seemed to meet with equal success.

The Quakers demonstrated just why they are rated among the elite of their sectional collegiate basketball heap by their good sportsmanship and fine all around play throughout. Notre Dame was extremely proficient in passing and teamwork, but was unfortunate

enough to miss many easy shots which should have gone through the iron hoops.

There were no outstanding performers for the Keoganites. Each man contributed his level best to make the first Eastern invasion of his school an auspicious success.

Lobley and Schaaf stood out for Pennsylvania.

Lineup and summary:

NOTRE DAME (30)			PENN (28)		
G. F. T.			G. F. T.		
Crowe, f	3	1 7	Lobley, f	5	1 11
Jachym, f	0	2 2	Hartnett, f	2	0 4
Colerick, c	1	2 4	Connell, c	0	0 0
Bray, g	2	1 5	Schaaf, g	2	6 10
Smith, g	2	1 5	Lazar, g	0	0 0
Newbold, f	1	0 2	Herbst, f	1	1 2
Donovan, g	1	0 2			
McCarthy, f	1	1 3	Totals	10	8 28
Totals	11	8 30			

Referee—Young, Illinois Wesleyan. Umpire — Rumsey, Princeton.

SUMMARY OF BASKETBALL GAMES PLAYED DURING VACATION

NOTRE DAME 28—NORTHWESTERN 22

Led by Donovan, who found the wicker for three goals, and by Newbold, who bucketed two from the field, the Irish trimmed Northwestern December 20, after being held to a tie for the first half.

Some idea of the closeness of the conflict may be gained from the fact that the lead changed hands nine times during the early part of the game. But the Keoganites began functioning at the beginning of the second period and gradually asserted their superiority.

The outstanding star of the Big Ten five, Waldo Fisher of the Wildcats, was unable to do a thing due to the smothering blanket laid upon him by Colerick and Fran Crowe. The sterling work of these two kept the Evanston satellite practically out of the play for the entire game.

The Notre Dame team, as a whole, showed the results of the tutelage of Coach George Keogan by a fifty per cent improvement over the play of the previous game.

NOTRE DAME 26—MINNESOTA 18

In their third victory over Big Ten teams this year, the local aggregation came from behind to win from Minnesota on the Notre Dame floor December 23.

Both teams got off to a rather slow start in the first half, but Coach Keogan must have employed some of Rockne's psychology between periods for the Irish came back like a house afire. Colerick led the scoring with ten points to his credit when the final gun was fired. Otterness showed up well for the visiting Swedes.

Jachym was held scoreless throughout the game, a feature somewhat surprising to the followers of the local quintet. When the Notre Dame captain is kept out of the scoring column his opponents certainly don't need anyone to tell them that they have been in a basketball game. But Jachym's ability to break up plays of his adversaries refused to be kept out of the limelight, as Minnesota knows by this time.

NORTHWESTERN 25—NOTRE DAME 23

Notre Dame tasted defeat for the first time this season in a game with Northwestern played at Evanston the night of December 29. The affair was one of the fiercest ever recorded, turning into a near football contest in the final period. During the last eight minutes of play there was not a single point scored by either side, neither fouls nor field goals.

Captain Joe Jachym and Fran Crowe were tied for the scoring honors with six points each to their credit. These two played their usual heads-up game and were the stars of the contest.

Colerick, one of the mainstays of the Notre Dame quint, received an injured eye during the course of the evening.

The Keoganites led at half time by three points but their lead was gradually cut down by a desperate Wildcat quint attempting to halt the Purple's cage losing streak to Notre Dame which had reached nine consecutive games.

NOTRE DAME 35—PRINCETON 24

Two days after the Northwestern contest the Irish came to their own stamping-

grounds and registered a win over Princeton. Donovan, with four baskets from the field, and Newbold, who scored five consecutive free throws, led the attack.

The players from the East presented a typical Eastern team, relying on long passes to bring victory to their Alma Mater. But they seemed to lack the coordination to insure a victory.

Both quintets were somewhat ragged in their play, but the small crowd of six hundred who witnessed the affair seemed to go away satisfied that their money was well spent.

Old Nassau got away to a good start but could not maintain a sustained attack against Dr. Keogan's proteges, who were steadfastly intent to inaugurate another long winning streak.

—D.W.S.

1927-1928 BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

The 1927-1928 Basketball schedule for Notre Dame with the results to date follows:

	OPPONENTS	NOTRE DAME
Dec. 5—	Armour Institute 12	at Notre Dame 37
Dec. 9—	Illinois Wesleyan U. 23	at Notre Dame 40
Dec. 12—	University of Iowa 20	at Iowa City 23
Dec. 20—	Northwestern U. 22	at Notre Dame 28
Dec. 23—	U. of Minnesota 18	at Minneapolis 26
Dec. 29—	Northwestern U. 25	at Evanston 23
Dec. 31—	Princeton Univer. 24	at Notre Dame 35
Jan. 7—	U. of Pennsylvania 28	at Philadelphia 30
Jan. 13—	Franklin College	at Notre Dame
Jan. 17—	Wabash College	at Notre Dame
Jan. 21—	Drake University	at Des Moines
Jan. 28—	Michigan State	at Notre Dame
Fer. 3—	Michigan State	at E. Lansing
Feb. 7—	U. of Wisconsin	at Madison
Feb. 11—	Butler University	at Notre Dame
Feb. 17—	Carnegie Tech.	at Pittsburgh
Feb. 18—	U. of Pittsburgh	at Pittsburgh
Feb. 19—	Marquette U.	at Milwaukee
Feb. 25—	Drake University	at Notre Dame
Feb. 29—	Wabash College	at Crawfordsville
Mar. 3—	Marquette U.	at Notre Dame
Mar. 7—	Butler University	at Indianapolis

FUTURE MEETS SPUR HARRIERS TO GREATER EFFORTS

Stiff muscles and sore tendons have marked the track team's post-festive resuming of conditioning activities in the gymnasium. With the Northwestern meet looming ahead a week from tomorrow, all work has resolved itself into the most steadfast seriousness. Coach Nicholson has been bringing his proteges around into shape slowly but surely, and the Wildcats and other powerful cinder squads to be met later on by the Gold and Blue trackmen will find a determined aggregation of Notre Dame spike artists to stack up against.

Despite the lean amount of available material with which he has been favored, and a number of unfortunate injuries which have been sustained by some of the most promising Sophomores, Coach Nicholson hopes to make a strong bid for the Central Intercollegiate and Indiana State Collegiate Conference crowns. The Notre Dame mentor is blessed with only a few veterans from last year's combination, but with these men as a nucleus he will endeavor to mould a team from new and as yet untried material. Perhaps the three strongest elements composing the squad this year are the mile relay men, sprinters, and field event performers. In the former division, McGawley, Kelly, Abbott, and Quigley constitute a four which is destined to be heard from in the matches to come. O'Rourke, Elder, Chevigney, and Morrissey in the sprints seem to have the edge on the other aspirants in that division thus far. LaValle, Repetti, and McSweeney in the field events are all veterans and much is expected as a result of their efforts.

Captain Joe Griffin in the hurdles is perhaps Notre Dame's best bet in that event. Griffin has all the requisites for a splendid hurdler and under the guidance of Coach Nicholson should blossom forth this year as one of the best in collegiate ranks. Frank Doan and Vince Stace, another pair of veterans should give Griffin plenty of competition.

Bill Brown, Charles Schlickert, and Bob Brennan, should be able to collect quite a few points for Notre Dame in the mile run this

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season. Brown in particular, a monogram man from last year, should break into the charmed circle of stars. John Brown, and Vaichules, in the two mile run appear to be Coach Nicholson's best bets in that event. Tom Bov in the pole vault is also more than likely to be heard from. Abbott, Dayton, and several others have been performing in the half mile, and have shown up fairly well so far considering the length of the season. Kelly, Reidy, McKinney, McGawley, Abbott, and Quigley have been showing up extremely well in the quarter also.

Coach Nicholson stresses the importance of having freshmen come out for track in their initial years at school here. The loss of one year of training may mean a lot to any youth who has any potential track abilities in him. As an incentive to the frosh, tilts have been scheduled with Culver and Lake Forest Academy in addition to a number of interhall relay races which are to be run off shortly after the season opens.

A Blue and Gold meet is to take place on the indoor track in the gym tomorrow and a Frosh-Varsity tangle has been planned for February 4.—R.P.D.

The Schedule:

Northwestern at Notre Dame.....	Jan. 21
Marquette at Notre Dame	Feb. 11
Ames at the I.A.C., Chicago.....	Feb. 10
Illinois at Champaigne	Feb. 18
Wisconsin at Notre Dame	Feb. 25
Central Intercollegiate at N. D.	March 3
Illinois Relays at Champaigne.....	March 17
Georgia Tech Relays at Atlanta.....	April 7
Kansas Relays at Kansas	April 21
Drake Relays at Des Moines	April 28

Outdoor Meets

Illinois at Notre Dame	May 5
Michigan State at Kalamazoo	May 12
State Meet at Purdue	May 19
I. C. A. A. at Boston	May 26
Central Intercollegiate Conference at Milwaukee	June 1

NOTRE DAME GRADUATES RECEIVE COACHING RECOGNITION

The Southern Intercollegiate Conference already possessed of a goodly number of Notre Dame alumni as football coaches welcomes another Notre Dame graduate as an addition to the coaching family, and witnesses the elevation of still another Gold and Blue player of a few years abck to the head mentorship of one of the outstanding teams in the nation last season.

Charles Bachman, until recently head coach at Kansas State has accepted a position of like capacity with the University of Florida, and Harry Mehre, up to the present time Head Coach Woodruff's right hand man at the University of Georgia will assume the head coaching reins next fall as a result of Coach Woodruff's resignation to devote all his time to business affairs.

Bachman, a 1917 graduate of Notre Dame, has been coach at the Lawrence, Kansas institution for the past eight years after a several year span as coach of Northwestern. His acquisition by Florida is considered a ten strike for the Gator school as the Notre Dame alumnus, who ranks with the best linesmen ever turned out by his alma mater, has taken a very dominant part in the rapid rise of the Kansas Aggies in the athletic world, especially in the affairs of the powerful Missouri Valley Conference.

Mehre, while at Notre Dame was also a sterling linesman. He was a teammate of the late George Gipp and was accorded all-Western honors at center for several years. Graduating in 1922 he immediately accepted the job as assistant to Head Coach Woodruff at the institution located at Athens, Georgia. His five years of labor at that place culminated with the splendid eleven he helped turn out last year, a team which occupied a prominent niche in the nation's outstanding gridiron elite. Incidentally Coach Mehre will have as his chief assistant no other a personage than another Notre Dame man whose name is very prominently inscribed in the list of the notable football players of this country, Jimmy Crowley of 1924 Four

Horsemen fame who will instruct the backs.

Chet Wynne, a graduate of '22 and one of the greatest fullbacks that has ever graced the Cartier Field gridiron, has been coaching football and track at Creighton University, Iowa, and seems to be making an undisputed success of it. Wynne, one of the most versatile athletics ever developed at the home of the "Fighting Irish," was declared by the well known football expert, Lawrence Perry, to be the best running back of 1921, and in addition was prominently mentioned for all-American honors by several other experts.

Creighton "U," through Wynne's five years of devoted efforts was brought from a relatively obscure position in football to a first class eleven, and this season has proved itself victor over some of the country's foremost gridiron squads. Wynne, with his Rockne system of coaching, has had little trouble in defeating such teams as the University of Utah, Oklahoma, St. Louis, Marquette and the University of North and South Dakota. Only one defeat spoils this splendid record and that was a setback at the hands of the Oklahoma Aggies.

At present negotiations are under way to obtain Wynne as a coach at the Kansas Aggies institution but nothing definite has been settled as yet.

The other disciple of the Rockne school whose work as a gridiron mentor demands attention is Wilbur S. Eaton. Eaton went to St. Charles College, Helena, Montana in 1926, after one year's coaching experience as Freshman mentor at Notre Dame in 1925, and with what meager material he had to begin with this year, he evolved a team which held Washington State to a 6 to 6 tie, lost 8 to 0 to Montana University, defeated Montana Mines 60 to 6, to win the Montana Collegiate Conference crown; beat Gonzaga University of Spokane 21 to 0, and amassed 153 points against Montana State Normal in one game.

Eaton was a former end on Notre Dame's 1924 National Championship eleven and is also a strict advocate of Rockne's system of coaching.

—R.P.D.



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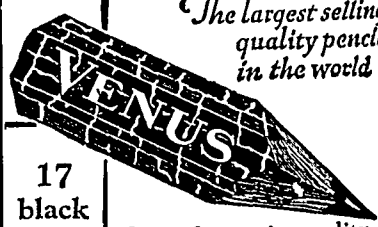
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