

THE SCHOLASTIC STAFF

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

LEO McINTYRE, - - - News Editor
 RICHARD PARRISH, Asst. News Editor
 RICHARD ELPERS, - Literary Editor
 JOHN V. HINKEL, - - Sports Editor

J. F. MAHONEY, - - - The Week
 CYRIL J. MULLEN, The College Parade
 ARTHUR STENIUS, - Music and Drama
 JOHN BERGAN, - - - Club Editor

NEWS

WILLIAM CRAIG DAVID SAXON R. W. MUNZ JOHN DEROULET
 BERNARD GARBER GEORGE McNALLY GEORGE A. KIENER RAYMOND DRYMALSKI

ADVERTISING

J. T. BONNER, - - Local Adv. Mgr.
 H. J. NOON, - Local Circulation Mgr.
 D. M. MEINERT, - Foreign Adv. Mgr.

BUSINESS

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

VOL. LVI.

MAY 4, 1928

No. 27

1872

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1928

The Week	J. F. Mahoney	838
Next Week's Events		839
Music and Drama	Arthur Stenius	844
The Campus Clubs	John' Bergan	846
The College Parade	Cyril J. Mullen	845
Hobnails	Allan-a-Dale	847
The Impending (A Story)	Friedley A. Rous	848
"Whom the Gods Love"	Frank Connelly	852
Time's Food (A Poem)	Murray Young	853
Ukeleles	Louis L. Hasley	854
Sport News		855-860

THE SCHOLASTIC is published weekly at the University of Notre Dame. Manuscripts may be addressed to THE SCHOLASTIC or to rooms 334 or 423 Morrissey Hall.

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.

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

THE WEEK

We have had the pleasure, during the week, of entertaining Mr. John T. Frederick of Iowa, author, editor and literary critic. Mr. Frederick lectured Monday night in Washington hall, spoke Tuesday and Wednesday in the English classes, and conversed informally Tuesday night with the Scribblers. On this last occasion he was subjected to a rigid cross-examination: he delivered himself of some sound literary criticism, answered to the best of his ability the questions asked him, and spoke off-handedly of his conversations with Ruth Suckow and Carl Van Doren. Wednesday morning Mr. Phillips' class in playwriting was crowded to the ceiling with students eager to hear Mr. Frederick discuss Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." When a man devoted to literary pursuits is accorded such a welcome we take it as a direct sign that the profession of letters will not be allowed to stagnate at Notre Dame.

The preparations for the Senior Ball go on unabated. Under the able direction of Jim Shocknessy, the committees perform their several functions, and their activity leads us to predict the Ball this year will surpass any known in the past. This prophecy has, we suspect, been made before, and will doubtless be made again, but it represents our honest opinion, an opinion formed after an exhaustive review of former orchestras, senior classes, chairmen and committees.

The Knights of Columbus are flourishing, are growing prosperous and in number. They recently established a chapter record by initiating the third class of the year. Last Friday night they acted as hosts at their annual Spring Formal, which was one of the best dances of the year, numerically and musically. Dissension arose among the musicians during the evening: one of the artists threw a chair, another wept, presumably at the decadence of modern music, and the pianist played for a time with his feet perched upon the rack (though it seems to us that

this posture would restrict his operations on the keyboard to some extent). Joe Langton, who saw most of the entertainment, failed to assign any reason for these antics, but we feel safe in laying them at the feet of the illness known as temperament among artists, also called a churlish disposition when displayed by less noble persons. What continues to mystify us is how a conductor named Mullaney could produce any music with a background of outlandish costumes like those of the band. Long experience with Russian movies has led us to believe that those blue shirts are the fireside attire of Cossacks and Grand Dukes after a particularly bloody day with the proletariat, and were never intended as concert dress for saxophonists from Southern Europe.

We have been reading of late about the prevalence of gripe and its accompanying disorders throughout the country, but have paid little attention to the reports, as being of no concern to us. However, when the epidemic reaches the campus it becomes a matter of intimate speculation. The upper floor of Sophomore hall seems to be the center of the contagion, and several of the residents have been removed to the infirmary. There is little cause for worry, because Dr. Powers has taken the necessary steps to check the disease, which is not uncommon at this time of year.

The Board of Publications has appointed the editorial and business staffs of the campus publications for the next year. The Week congratulates Joe McNamara, Frank Doan and Tom Keogan, and commends the Board of Publications for its decisions.

Headline in the *News-Times*, far-famed for the purity of its language:

SOUTH BEND MAN

KILLS AGRARIAN

Agrarians are rare these days, and it ill behooves anyone to be killing them. —J.F.M.

CLASS NOMINATIONS HELD

The nominations of this year's freshman, sophomore, and junior classes for next year's class officers were made Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. A great deal of interest was shown in the primaries and each class voted almost to a man. The results of the nominations follow:

FRESHMAN CLASS—President, Thomas Conley and Vernon Knox; vice-president, James P. Doyle and James Barr; secretary, Paul McEvoy and Joseph T. Strong; treasurer, Frank McCullough and Bernard Leahy; S. A. C. representative, Bourke Motsett and Frank Carrideo.

SOPHOMORE CLASS—Because of the ineligibility of some of the men nominated as candidates for next year's Junior offices, the final results cannot be given as yet. D. M. Meiner, chairman of the S. A. C., will call a special sophomore election tomorrow, Saturday, May 5, in the gymnasium. He will also announce the candidates in those offices in which elections have been completed.

JUNIOR CLASS—President, John Law and H. Manford Vezie; vice-president, Anthony Kopecky and Paul Hemmy; secretary, Thomas McDougall and James O'Connor; treasurer, Joseph Nash and Robert Tyler.

Nominations for the Senior S. A. C. representatives were held today. The Off-Campus S. A. C. senior representative will be nominated and elected Monday, May 7, in the south room of the Library.

Final elections of all class officers and S. A. C. representatives will be held Wednesday, May 9, in the gymnasium from 9 A. M. until 4:30 P. M.

ALUMNUS HONORED BY PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

Nicholas J. Sinnott, '92, for the last eight terms a representative from Oregon in Congress, has been appointed by President Coolidge to the United States Court of Claims. When Mr. Sinnott attended the University, he was a great all-around athlete, and was valedictorian of his class at graduation.

SENIOR BALL OF 1928 PROGRAM ANNOUNCED BY CHAIRMAN

The most extensive and comprehensive Senior Ball program in some years was given out this week by Jim Shocknessy, chairman of the Ball of '28. Special features



dining hall.

Shocknessy also made formal announcement of the patrons and patronesses for the affair. They include Dean Thomas F. Konop of the Law College, and Mrs. Konop; Coach Knute K. Rockne, athletic director of the University, and Mrs. Rockne; Judge Dudley G. Wooten of the Law College, and Mrs. Wooten; Dr. John M. Cooney, head of the School of Journalism, and Mrs. Cooney; Dr. Edward G. Mahin of the chemistry department, and Mrs. Mahin; Professor David A. Weir of the College of Commerce, and Mrs. Weir; Dr. Clarence P. Manion of the Law College; Pro-

fessor Charles Phillips of the College of Arts and Letters; and Professor Vincent Engels, also of the College of Arts and Letters. Dean James E. McCarthy of the College of Commerce and Mrs. McCarthy; Mr. Paul Byrne, Fenlon of the College of Arts and Letters, and Mr. Paul Byrne, University Librarian, will be present as guests. Messrs. McCarthy, Fenlon and Byrne constitute the faculty dance committee.

BREAKFAST RESERVATIONS REQUIRED

All seniors planning to attend the special May morning breakfast which is to be served in the Lay Faculty dining room should make reservations with Jack Wingerter in Sorin hall. The charge for two will be one dollar and fifty cents.

Arrangements for the decoration of the Palais Royale, on the evening of May 11, have also been completed. The motif of the designs is to be black and white superimposed on designs *argent*. W. Hudson Jefferys was in charge of the decorations committee.

REFRESHMENTS AT TEA DANCE

Music for both the Tea Dance and the informal on Saturday night will be furnished by the Coral Gables Bob-o-Links. The Tea Dance is to be held at the Chain o' Lakes country club, west of South Bend. Refreshments will be served to the guests, and the country club grill will be open. John Chevigny is chairman of the committee.

Shocknessy has requested that seniors observe special care in driving to the Tea Dance. A dangerous triple railroad crossing must be passed on the road.

Requests for musical numbers to be played on the night of the Ball have already been turned over to the Coon-Sanders Night-Hawks, which orchestra will play for the last formal dance of the year.

BOARD OF PUBLICATIONS BANQUET

A banquet for the staffs of the SCHOLASTIC, the *Juggler* and the *Dome* will be given on next Tuesday evening at 6:30 P. M. in the Lay Faculty dining room. Rev. P. J. Carroll, C.S.C., will act as toastmaster. All staff members are invited.

THE BALL PROGRAM

Friday morning, May 11—Arrival of Senior Domes

Friday evening—THE BALL, from 10 to 3

Saturday, 1:00 P. M.—Spring Football Game

Saturday, 2:30 to 5:30—Tea Dance at Chain o' Lakes Country Club

Saturday, 8:30—Informal Dance at K. of C. Ballroom

Sunday, 9:30—Mass in Morrissey Hall Chapel

Sunday, 10:00—May morning Breakfast, Lay Faculty Dining Room

JOHN FREDERICK, EDITOR OF MIDLAND, VISITS UNIVERSITY

Mr. John T. Frederick, editor of *Midland*, critic, lecturer, and novelist, greatly increased the already enthusiastic interest in literature and creative writing at Notre Dame, when he visited the University this week. Fortunately Mr. Frederick was able to extend his stay from Monday until Wednesday evening. During this time he lectured to the University at large on "American Literature In The Middle West," met the various classes in narrative and dramatic technique, and held numerous private conferences with the students of fiction writing.

In his lecture in Washington hall on Monday evening, Mr. Frederick traced the history and importance of provincialism in American literature, showing how a writer's greatest strength lies in his ability to reflect his environment. Mr. Frederick lamented the fact that modern inventions are tending to destroy sectionalism in American letters. His conception of literature as the reflection of the life of a people was particularly exemplified by the writings of middle western poets and novelists. The illustrations chosen were not only manifestations of the lecturer's fine appreciation of the beautiful in literary art, but his presentation uncovered an aptitude for reading that was recognized immediately and with pleasure.

Mr. Frederick was not unaware of the possibilities Notre Dame has as a literary center. He pointed out his most impressive observation as the delightful as well as profitable contact that exists here between teacher and pupil. Humour, precision, graphic illustration, and excellent delivery, as well as interesting and instructive organization of material, characterized this hour in Washington hall.

ADDRESSES SHORT STORY CLASS

Mr. Frederick's talk to the students of Professor Fenlon's course, "Writing The Short Story," though more informal, proved equal to the Washington hall lecture. The editor of the *Midland* spoke to the group on the history of the American magazine, showing how the short story has been injured or benefited by the commercialization and spe-

cialization in that form of literary publication. Starting with a treatment of the *Atlantic Monthly* of William Dean Howells as an example of the family magazine of thirty or forty years ago, Mr. Frederick brought the discussion up to the present day magazine, devoted to lucrative advertising and scientific division of interests. At this point, he defined the editorial policy of the *Midland*, and traced step by step the treatment a manuscript receives in his offices at Iowa City. The criteria of criticism laid down by Mr. Frederick proved encouraging in a special way to the local short-story writers who have artistry rather than marketing of their product as a goal.

The class in Playwriting, conducted by Professor Charles Phillips, happily received the services of the author of "Druidia." Mr. Frederick devoted the main part of the hour to a discussion of Eugene O'Neill's play, "Strange Interlude." His comments, though unfavorable to this work of the American dramatist, were very favorable to the future of the American theatre. They proved highly stimulating to Mr. Phillips' potential actors, managers, and producers, as well as playwrights.

SCRIBBLERS HOLD INFORMAL MEETING

The "Scribblers" were the most fortunate recipients of the erudition and judgment of Mr. Frederick, for it was at their meeting on Tuesday evening that he adopted a discursive and more personal attitude with the group. The meeting was thrown open to a forum, the matter under discussion being contemporary literature in general, national and international. Mr. Frederick manifested a wide and varied knowledge of authors and works, both obscure and prominent. His comparisons and opinions will no doubt effect an interest in many writers that have been heretofore seldom read at Notre Dame. His personal accounts of contacts with literary men and women provided that touch which so often leads people to read an author. He showed himself to be a man of many profitable acquaintances and preferences in the fiction world. Wednesday morning and afternoon were devoted to personal conferences with student writers.

HISTORY OF "THE DOME" ONE OF CONTINUOUS IMPROVEMENT

By GEORGE McNALLY

A study in contrasts is offered by the *Dome* of 1906, the first year book of Notre Dame University, and the *Dome* of 1927, the prize annual which won a recognized leadership among College and University publications throughout the country. Twenty-two years ago the first annual record of activities at Notre Dame was fostered by the then senior class. The precedent set, other classes followed in their turn and the yearly record book of Notre Dame now holds an enviable place among student annuals.

The student enrollment at the time of the first issue was in the neighborhood of only eight hundred but activities were many and enthusiasm and elbow grease evidently supplied all demands. The first volume was nothing if not unpretentious. It was about eight by ten inches and without the covers barely an inch thick. The cover was cloth and in two-tone blue and gold with a large '06 in the center. Pictures of the campus are plentiful throughout the book; they show that even twenty-two years ago the campus was one of distinguished beauty.

ACTIVITIES

Glancing through the first *Dome*, several unusual organizations are noticed. Among them long since extinct are the Latin Club of Mexico, the Philippine Government Students Club and the Boat Club, the latter under the direction of the Reverend M. J. Regan, C.S.C. In addition to these we see a very imposing military band of forty pieces under the direction of J. Ludwig Frank and an orchestra (not of the jazz variety) of twenty-one pieces directed by Professor Petersen.

The entire faculty and senior class members have their pictures in this first book in addition to the numerous clubs and teams. Among the former is that of H. J. MacGlen, director of athletics and football coach, one of the men who helped make football history at Notre Dame. Poetry and humor follow the groups and the book concludes with a burlesque "Who's Who," in which the private

affairs of various members of the departing class and of several campus personalities are set forth.

IMPROVEMENT

The first substantial change in the *Dome* came in 1911 under the editorship of Arthur J. Hughes. The book is dedicated to the Reverend Martin J. Ryan, C.S.C., A.M., director of discipline, and besides being somewhat larger is more advanced in presentation. In 1913 the cloth binding was dropped, evidently for good, and a suede leather cover substituted. 1916 saw the 1913 volume practically doubled in size. The issue of 1923 decreased slightly in size in comparison with its predecessors, but the quality of the work done in arranging and editing the work places it well ahead of any others. The next big advance comes with the 1927 annual. This volume, triple the size of its fellows, was edited by Richard L. Novak and was done with professional skill. The binding is a heavy grained leather and the paper is of very fine quality. Aside from this the contents are such it can easily be imagined that many long hard hours were spent by the staff to round the raw material into the finished product presented there. This volume could hardly be described in a few words. The material is much the same in nature as that in the *Dome* of 1906 but the presentation is vastly different and therein lies the secret of success. Needless to say, if the *Dome* continues on the way it has evidently set itself, it must soon reach first place and—we feel safe in saying—rightly so.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT AND DANCE MONDAY NIGHT

The University Glee Club will appear in a spring concert at the Palais Royale, Monday night, under the auspices of the South Bend-St. Mary's club and the Notre Dame alumni of St. Joseph Valley. Following the concert, a dance will be held. Permission has been secured for the attendance of St. Mary's girls.

BEG YOUR PARDON!

Sister Mary Aquinas is a member of the Ursuline community of Toledo, Ohio, and not of the S. N. D., as reported in last week's SCHOLASTIC.

EDITORS AND BUSINESS MANAGERS APPOINTED FOR NEXT YEAR

Franklyn E. Doan, editor of the *Dome* of 1928, has been appointed to succeed Jack Mullen as editor of next year's SCHOLASTIC by the Board of Publications. Harley L. McDevitt, present business manager of the SCHOLASTIC, will again hold that position in 1928-29.

The Board has also announced the appointment of Joseph P. McNamara as editor of the *Juggler*, the monthly humorous magazine, and of Thomas Keogan as editor of the *Dome*, the University annual. Charles S. Gass and Robert J. Kuhn will be the respective business managers.

Doan and McNamara have both been sports editors of the SCHOLASTIC, and McNamara is at present editing the *Notre Dame Lawyer*. Keogan is a member of the *Dome* staff.

—R.C.E.

CASTS FOR COMMENCEMENT PLAYS BEING CHOSEN

The three one-act plays to be given by the University Theatre in Washington hall the evening of Friday, June 1, as part of the Commencement program, have been selected, it is announced by the Theatre committee.

Casting of the plays, which were written by members of Professor Phillips' course in Playwriting, is now under way under the direction of Professor Frank W. Kelly. Rehearsals will begin within a short time. A declamatory contest will be held during the intermissions of the theatre program.

Mr. Armstrong has recently returned from a trip in the East where he attended several meetings of the alumni. He was a speaker at the New Jersey club celebration of Universal Notre Dame Night, held at Newark. He also attended regular alumni meetings in Toledo and Washington and lunched with the officers of clubs in Philadelphia and Cleveland.

John F. McMahon, chairman of the Cap and Gown Committee, urges all members of the lay faculty and graduate students who desire to secure appropriate caps and gowns for commencement to communicate with him in his room in Sorin hall. Mr. McMahon wishes to know the type of gown desired as well as the hat and coat size.

COMMENCEMENT COMMITTEE FOR: MULATES PLANS AT MEETING

The first meeting of the general Commencement committee of the University was held Friday, April 27, in the Main building. The traditional commencement program will be in vogue this year, it was decided, and preliminary work for the occasion was assigned.

A formal meeting of the alumni and the graduates following the alumni banquet Saturday evening, June 2, will be a feature of the commencement program. Reports from the various alumni organizations indicate that the alumni representation this year will be the largest in the history of Notre Dame. The graduates will be given an opportunity to meet the alumni of the University, particularly those men who live in the same section of the country as the graduate.

The new dining halls will serve as a social center during the commencement activities. The parents, friends and guests here for the occasion will be welcomed in the dining halls.

John P. Murphy, president of the National Alumni Association of Notre Dame, will be a speaker at the next meeting of the Commencement committee which will be held about the middle of this month. Mr. Murphy will discuss plans for incorporating the graduates into the national body. Reports will be made at this meeting by the various committee heads.

The Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., prefect of discipline, is chairman of the Commencement committee. Other members of the committee are the Rev. Thomas A. Steiner, C.S.C., the Rev. George Albertson, C.S.C., the Rev. William H. Molony, C.S.C., the Rev. Emiel F. DeWulf, C.S.C., the Rev. James H. Gallagan, C.S.C., the Rev. E. Vincent Mooney, C.S.C., the Rev. Joseph H. Heiser, C.S.C., Professor Joseph Casasanta, and James Armstrong.

„Seniors should make reservations for the May Morning Breakfast, held next Sunday morning, with Jack Wingerter, in Sorin hall.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By Cyril J. Mullen

It would seem that college publications are at their best when they confine themselves to news; at their worst when they get into the more varied and intricate shades of things literary. The style of news writing is certainly no worse than that of the average small daily, and of the two, the college product contains less bawdy sensationalism. As Barry Mahoney pointed out earlier this year, the most snooze inducing section of a college paper is almost invariably the editorial page; a condition caused by the editorial staffs attempt to write half a dozen editorials a day when there is hardly enough material to warrant half a dozen editorials a week.

It is not strange, on the other hand, that the more difficult works of the literary monthly should be of a relatively lower grade. In these the short stories, although occasionally outstanding, are usually of an expected mediocrity, while the poetry is almost universally poor. All of the monthlies I receive are from sectarian schools. Half of the verse in these monthlies, deals, time after time, with religious sentiment, done so badly that one finds oneself thinking in terms of religious verse—poor verse. Besides choosing a subject difficult to handle without saying what has been said hundreds of times before, the embryo poets elect to view it in exactly the same way it has been viewed before. I am not speaking of form or meter, but of imaginary, emotional appeal, and strength. Religion, however, lends a dignity to some of the verse, that the love lyrics and sonnets of the same grade lack; consequently most of the latter gurgle a little, and then collapse in a heap of sticky sentimentalism and goo. They are not all without atmosphere and beauty; but even these die young for want of strength.

Inevitably, I suppose, much of the humor of college papers consists of two line cracks of the he and she, ed and coed variety. As humor, it is satisfying filler—leaving blank spaces here and there upon a paper would be against journalistic ethics. The nearest thing to humorous essays that I have been

able to find are after the tradition started by Eve when she first viewed the garden of Eden. She began it something like this: "When I first entered the garden of Eden I was both surprised and delighted to find it such a lovely place. . . ." Now, except that they have to do with sororities, campuses or dining halls, the essays are substantially the same as Eve's first blurb. Of the various types of writing claiming humor, the columns of contribution and comment are the most amusing. The only real fault to be found with them—and it is incidental—is that they vary too little from college to college. There are few humorous features that are peculiar to their paper, as *The Week*, for example is peculiar to THE SCHOLASTIC, or *The Antidote* is peculiar to *The Fordham Monthly*.

It is the viewpoint of the average college paper that is most interesting. Whatever that viewpoint happens to be is of little consequence. The fact that it is expressed strongly and logically as is generally the case, without any axe to grind but the individual axes of the editor and his contributors; and not made to conform to the views of a half-educated city population or lately imported politicians, makes the college daily more representative of the best student thought, than a city paper is representative of the best citizen thought. This freshness and originality of viewpoint, however, is present only in the more liberal publications. Some of the papers, especially those from strictly supervised colleges, or the glorified refining works known as select finishing schools, produce nothing but saccharine platitudes and trite lessons in self exorcism. It is precisely the sort of nonsense one expects to hear from an eighth-grade elocutionist spouting his dear teacher's ideas. It is the little boy practicing table-manners for the edification of visitors, because he has received a parental kick under the table. The avoidance of this sort of ham-strung virtue gives the best college papers at least one claim to superiority over their older brother, the city daily.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By John Bergan

VILLAGERS CLUB

The final meeting of the Villagers for the year was held Monday evening, April 30 in the Lay Faculty room of the Dining Hall at a banquet. Burton E. Toepp, retiring president of the club conducted the meeting and introduced the Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., Prefect of Discipline at the University who gave a short talk congratulating the club on the excellent work done by them during the scholastic year.

Following Father O'Donnell's talk, Francis Jones, treasurer of the club gave the financial report for the year showing a marked increase in the treasury over last year. Final plans for the distribution of tickets for the Glee Club concert were also made known.

Other business decided at the meeting was the nominations of officers for next year. The election will be held on Tuesday, May 15 in the Off Campus office from 8:30 to 3:30. The new officers of the club will be introduced at the Spring dinner dance which will be held on May 31 in the South Bend Country Club. The committee assisting the officers in arranging for the affair includes William Konop, Robert Holmes and John Marcus. At the conclusion of the meeting a rising vote of thanks was given the outgoing officers.

PEORIA CLUB

The Peoria Club, an organization composed of students living in the vicinity of Peoria, Illinois, held their regular meeting Sunday morning in the University library. Bourke Motsett, chairman of the Easter Dance committee announced that the dance was the most successful affair ever given by the club in Peoria. Plans were also discussed for a banquet which will be held sometime before the end of school.

SCRIBBLERS

The regular weekly meeting of the Scribblers was held Tuesday evening in the Scribbler room of the Board of Publications building. President Walter Layne conducted the meeting at which an informal conference with Mr. John Frederick, professor of English at the University of Iowa was held. Fathers Leo Ward, C.S.C., and James Conner-ton, C.S.C., were guests at the meeting.

Plans were also announced for the Bengal Mission Benefit which will be given under the auspices of the Scribblers May 13.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY CLUB

The Annual Banquet of the Connecticut Valley Club will be held at the Green Parrot tea room, Sat., May 5, at 7:00 P. M. It is expected that several

men prominent in the affairs of the University will speak. Entertainment will be furnished by campus talent. Tickets may be obtained from members of the club.

MONOGRAM CLUB

The Monogram Club will hold a meeting tonight at 8:00 in the South room of the University Library. It is imperative that all members be present at this time as final plans for the "Monogram Club Formal" will be announced. Friday, May 25, has been selected as the tentative date for this affair. Nominations for next years officers will also take place at this meeting.

CHEMIST CLUB

The Chemist Club held an informal get-together and smoker Friday evening in the Lay Faculty Dining Hall. Thirty members were present. Charles Williams, president of the club acted as toastmaster and introduced the various speakers.

The next scheduled meeting of the club will take place on May 16 in Chemistry hall, at this meeting officers for the year 1928-1929 will be elected.

MISSOURI CLUB

The final meeting of the year for the Missouri Club was held at a banquet in the Lay Faculty Dining Hall Tuesday evening. Joe Schwartz, the clubs president, acted as toastmaster and introduced the various speakers. Mr. Pat Manion, professor in the Hoynes College of Law gave a very interesting talk on the subject, "Missouri, the Show Me State." He pointed out the wealth of great men turned out by the state and told of a number of humorous stories. A Lester Pierce, of the Department of Physical Education, also entertained the audience by a demonstration of "Hypnotism." Music for the occasion was rendered by Bill Eastman, Jess Wood and by "Bob's Hunchbacks."

The meeting terminated with the election of the officers for next year, they include: President, Charlie Meyers; vice-president, Jess Wood; secretary, Joe Yoch and treasurer, Frank Quinn.

The committee in charge of arranging the affair included, Joe Schwartz, John Seiter, Henry Massman and Charlie Meyers.

NEW JERSEY CLUB

The New Jersey Club will meet in the South room of the University Library, Sunday morning, May 5. The meeting will be called at ten thirty o'clock and President Russ Riley urges all members to be there as it will be the final meeting of the year. Plans for the annual banquet which will be held in South Bend and the June Dance which will be held in Newark will be discussed. Election of next year's officers will also take place at this meeting.

HOBNAILS

SONNET

*A pale mauve mist lay far beneath my feet
And slow, like phantom oceans, rose and rolled,
While through the fog faint lights sped swift and
fleet*

*As a bright necklace chained with beads of gold.
And from the street below came happy cries
Like ghostly laughter rising through the gloom;
It seemed as though old lovers told their lies
And moved in faded visions in the room.
The soft spring wind with cool lips touched my face
And laid her fingers on my hungering eyes
That missed the beauty in the fog's slow grace
And found but sadness in the moon's slow rise.
I saw you, and the world then seemed aflame
With beauty borrowed from you, when you came.*

—THE LUCKLESS LAD

THE PECULIAR PRESCIENCE OF CROWS

(After the manner of Marianne Moore)

*Oh
The perspicacious crow
externally
so
preposterous
reiterates "with a voice like a succession of split
grace notes"
the evening psalms of his "Ecclesiastical appearing
tribe."*

*Know-
ing with such exquisitely appropriate
though
faintly appreciated knowledge
how darkness like a negroid shad-
ow
comes with predatory hands to crush the
flow
of his crepuscular improvisations.
Can we not learn from him
"Snow
is not black,"
"Low
is not high,"
and "death only night extended," and
go
therefore with this knowledge as with
"now is the time for all good men to come to the aid
of their party,"
conveniently epitaphed
as bread with butter,
"disdaining the unascetic sweetness of jam"
singing our song as the crow
neither fast, "temp-
o
being merely the agitation of the nerves"
nor slow.*

—INTAGLIO

GOD IN THE DUNES

*At night in the dunes of the Mission,
(A garden of greasewood and burrs,
And sandhills in solemn procession
Like carriages following their hearse.)*

*When the sun has long left the horizon,
Bereaving the sand of its glare;
And the moon—a pale globule—has risen
To breathe on the hills of soft prayer.*

*The whisper of sand softly sifting;
Of sand being quietly stirred
By breezes perpetually shifting,
Adds silence to silence unheard.*

*And 'tis said God forgot this dead wasteland
And left it all desolate and bare,
But to me, as I roam through the wasteland,
I feel God most easily there.*

—NUMBER 55

WHAT D'YA MEAN—"VACATION, ETC."

DEAR ALLAN: What's this I see in the April 20th number of the SCHOLASTIC? In *The Week* some comment appeared to the effect that "gradually, the student body recovers from the illusions of grandeur that Easter vacation usually brings." Huh, I guess the SCHOLASTIC Staff is included in this too. Want proof of it? Well, just grab your SCHOLASTIC and look at *Next Week's Events*. See it? Yea, "Friday, March 20." Here's hoping that the Staff soon recovers from the effects of its Easter vacation, etc.

—J. "OTTO" W.

MY DEAR

*My dear, I've sacrificed a lot
Since I confessed to you
The love that's burned within my heart;
The love that's held me true.*

*I never go to dances;
I seldom see a show.
For you I gave up dating
The other girls I know.*

*My dear, I've sacrificed a lot,
And now my life's a wreck.
I would that you were here tonight;
If you were I'd . . . break your neck.*

—ALIOTH-ALCOR.

WANTED:—Job of column-conducting with all modern conveniences, including apartment, servant, private car, extended vacations, music during working hours. Satisfaction must be guaranteed. Apply without delay to

—ALLAN-A-DALE

LITERARY

The Impending

A Life, A Mood and A Climax

FREDLEY A. ROUS

THE sea was running high. The top-heavy ship tossed and jerked its way across the crest of the waves with a heavy lumbering gait.

Out to the west a stormy yellow sun was setting behind a high piled mass of blue clouds. The iron walls of the ship reflected the yellow rays of the sun in curious contrast to the long black plume of smoke that billowed from its funnel, and the somberness of the sky behind it.

There was something impending about the whole scene. The storm had passed but the sense of tenseness remained.

The lone figure at the short port rail of the vessel stirred, and with a reflective motion took the cigar from his mouth. He was clad in a wrinkled palm beach suit. A panama hat was drawn low over his eyes to protect them from the sun. His eyes were wide and deep and hazel. A light blond mustache surmounted a firm mouth. The face was broad and marked with square lines that bespoke Teutonic blood. About the mouth a thousand smiles had left their mark, and between the eyebrows a thousand perplexed frowns had set three little lines.

A blue coated figure issued from the depths of a door that opened onto the deck. He stood a minute and then, as if spying the figure by the rail, crossed to his side with the assurance of a seaman.

The man at the rail looked up from the cigar that he had been fondling.

"Seems to have cleared up a bit, Chief."

"Yep, that storm's over with, Consul, but I don't like the feel of the air." The Chief paused; "Captain says the b'rometer

is still low." The consul twisted his head around and cocked one eye.

"Another storm following?"

"Hope not; but you never can tell what the gulf is goin' to do."

It was hard talking against the wind. Both men lapsed into silence. The hawk-like, blue eyes of the mate followed the drift of the waves. The kind, hazel ones of the man at his side gloried in the rich coloring of the sky.

Slowly a change passed over the consul's face, and he seemed to become impervious by degrees to the beauty before him. A perplexed look took the place of the one of rapture, and a vaguely haunted expression appeared in the droop and set of his mouth. An unwilling frown touched his eyebrows. He regarded with a certain sadness the dead cigar, opened his fingers slowly and let the little roll of tobacco fall to the surging and slipping waves below.

"Chief, are you an American?" The question came as a surprise to the mate.

"You said it—and always have been—folks were. Old Grandpa Zuerck, though, was a New York Dutchman. Was a chandler over in Brooklyn."

"Have you ever thought of becoming anything else?"

"Else what—than American? Hell no! Was in love with a Mex once, but greasers,——"

The wind and the slap of the waves against the side lost the rest of the sentence.

The touch of surprise returned to the mate's eyes while his lips were still moving.

"Your people were German?" he asked.

The wind dropped slightly and the consul's reply came clearly.

"Yes, I was born a German, but naturalized;" then with an abrupt change of subject the consul continued, "Isn't the wind beginning to shift a bit?"

The mate held up a moistened finger.

"Sure enough. That means she'll die down in a little while. Guess I'd better go below and see about the cargo. Rough sea will be along shortly and that manganese is awful stuff in heavy weather."

Dropping his hands by his side, he turned from the rail and made his way steadily to the forward stairway. The consul, both hands clasped across the rail and one foot on the gutter-plate, watched him go. When the mate's head had disappeared below the level of the deck, he turned again towards the sunset. The racing clouds and the path of the ship had conspired to keep the yellow ball of sun poised on the edge of the cloud bank. It appeared as if hesitating in the act of setting; as if waiting for something to happen.

The tincture of perplexity drifted back on the consul's face from which it had been routed by the mate's departure. He studied the scene before him all unconscious of its very existence, its import, unaware of the motion of the ship, or of the wild dip and sway of the horizon. Slowly, he created from the scene around him a new world of memory. On the tossing sea before him there rode pictures of an earlier life—his boyhood. He seemed to see again that pleasant home in Alsace, the old man, his father, proudly German, reading Montesquieu,—strange irony—in his uniform. The old man had been very proud in a rough way of his command. But no, the philosophers and uniforms had never agreed; and, Bismarck and Montesquieu least of all! He had never really lost his command, there had been more polite ways——.

Then education had done it. Die vater had been ambitious, he had wanted his son

to go up to the Bonn, the university of emperors. And to the Bonn he had gone, young, sure, strong in his faith in the philosophers. Rousseau, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Carlyle, they had been heroes to him in those years. Then had come Marx to join the group—and the hectic days. Crowds, speeches, riots, fun with a purpose.

The consul shifted his foot from the rail and touched a hand, cool and moist, to his brow. The wind had dropped somewhat. The trough between the waves had deepened and lengthened. The ship had assumed a little more noticeable roll, but its motion was not as jerky as it had been.

It was funny how youngsters went off so hastily for an idea. The court with its pompous magistrate and even the sentence had been unreal. Banished from the Empire? It couldn't be! He was a German! Then at home had come the realization. The old man—how stiff he had been—had received him with tears in his eyes.

The trip across the border and the wild days of forgetfulness in Paris were dim in his memory. Shadows. Then had come—what was his name?—Gus—speaking in broken German and he replying in broken English. Urging, urging. "No true German would remain long in France." Gus' father had been, was, a German. America, the land of Montesquieu!

Some few weeks later he had arrived in America, at Philadelphia. There had been three years of work, with a canker at his heart, as cashier and interpreter to the German employees. He had studied English diligently, and become naturalized. How had he ever met Gomez, the Portuguese? Languages had always interested him. He had found himself metamorphosing his French into "Luzitano."

The sun had finally caught up with the clouds, and now its rays were gone from the ship. Only the heavens reflected its light in all the beauty of the rainbow. The wind had dropped now almost to a zephyr. The waves were beginning to run high indeed. Their steady slap-slap against the sides had given away to a more powerful

booming. The intenseness of the afternoon had saddened into a more melancholic patience.

The consul reached into his breast-pocket and fished out a cigar, bit off its end, and, becoming cognizant of the gathering dusk, put it back again.

"Damn warfare," he muttered. He shifted his position uncertainly, then stood back from the rail a little, his hands clasped behind his back, and his body erect, stolidly swaying with the motion of the ship. The glow of the western sky lighted up his face. The look of abstraction crept back across his face.

Then, had come his chance. Languages had always been easy for him, even chaotic English. Men were needed for the consular service. He had gone to Washington and applied with the hope of a German post. Men were plentiful for the European posts, and his past record—"Not acceptable to the Emperor's government," he had been told. There were, however, openings for ambitious young men in the South American service. He knew some Portuguese? Good, it would be Brazil if he wished. He had not known what to do. Then had come the news of his father's death. After a week of grief, he had made his decision.

The man's face cleared. The now red sky gave hint of a better day on the morrow. The ship plowed its rolling way into a deepening dusk.

Then had come happy days. It was at Porto Alegre that he had met, wooed and married Katarina. Rudolph had been born shortly after his transfer to Santos. Katarina had died three years later at Victoria. Almost thirteen years ago! Ai; and Rudolph was such a fine big boy. His mother's people had treated him well. They had made him, though, almost a Brazilian.

The last trace of red was fading from the sky. With the death of the wind long serried ranks of combers had begun to come in from the north. The ship no longer rolled with its old vigor, but the forward pitch and lift was dizzying. The man, no-

ting the change in motion, shifted his position several times.

Out of the gloom forward, a dark figure appeared, only the white of face and hands showing. It was not until the latter was close that the consul spoke.

"How's the cargo doing?"

"Not ridin' so well as I'd like." It was the chief mate again. "We're having some pretty rough buffetin', but I guess she'll hold. Thought I'd come up for some air. That damned dust's the limit."

Both men were quiet for a while. The mate drew in a deep breath of air. His face was turned towards the stern.

The consul reopened the conversation.

"When do you suppose we'll get to Philadelphia?"

"Don't know. We ought to dock about Friday of next week."

Again there was a lapse in the conversation. Then the mate spoke.

"S a funny thing, the way the air feels tonight. Like something was about to happen. I remember something like it once before, only that time it was in the early morning. That was when Mount Pelee snuffed the life out of Saint Pierre. We were about fifty miles by Martinique at the time. Most of the day we had to fight tidal waves."

"Have they ever re-settled St. Pierre?" The consul was only idly curious. His face, a faint blotch in the twilight, was turned towards the sea. "Or is Pelee still active?"

"No, Pelee's dead again; but the natives have never gone back to St. Pierre. Too many earthquakes."

"Do we sight Martinique this trip?"

"No, I think the Captain's keeping pretty clear. We should have been abreast the island about two o'clock in the afternoon." He spat over the rail.

The light in the west had almost entirely faded. The sea was a tumbled mass of drifting shapes. A scattering of stars shown from a shadowy sky. The impending quality of the afternoon had faded somewhat.

"Are we going to have our usual game tonight, Chief?"

"Sure, if you want to play. I'll go below, clean up a bit, and see if I can rout out the chief engineer and the radio 'op'."

The mate disappeared through the door. The consul turned as if to say something. He hesitated a moment, and then set out at a steady pace to circle the deck, his head bowed and his hands still clasped behind him. His interrupted reverie was resumed.

Thirteen years, ah, thirteen years. Time had flown! He had gotten out of touch with the world in those years. Only the little eddies of life had ever disturbed the port where he labored conscientiously for a people he hardly knew. Pride in his linguistic ability had kept his English pure, but he had often found himself thinking as a Brazilian in those last few years. And after all, was he not one? Almost half his life he had spent in the "terra adorada" and come to love it. Had those three years in Philadelphia and a legal act made him an American at heart? Had not Rudy been right when informed that he, his father, was leaving to fight for a country which the youngster had never known? His exclamation—"Why should you, father? You are no Americano. You are more German than that!"—had been close to the truth.

Rudy would surely become a Brazilian some day. Why should a father leave his son to go fight for a people whom he only slightly knew? Fight against his own kinsmen! Yes, too, break his principles, for he had been a pacifist in those ardent days of youth.

Perhaps it had been his stubborn Teutonic sense of duty that had kept him to his course, despite his son's entreaties. Certainly, "his" country—the old possessive spirit acquired in the three short years still remained—had given him freedom and paid him well for his services. It had given him prestige; still, it was only a

sense of duty. He felt old and full of years before the problem. Oh, for a way out!

His short jerky strides had carried him twice around the deck, and the consul found himself facing the stern from the afterdeck.

A wan moon like an inverted cup rode the sky over the starboard side. The rudder house and the stern deck with its poised life boats showed in silvery relief. The sea, a silvery gray under the sky, reflected the moon's light in a thousand impermanent glints. The stern, now cutting capers with some passing cloud, now flirting with the yawning mouth of the ocean, appeared alive. There was a livingness to the scene that did not escape the man's eye.

Something had jerked the consul's thoughts without himself. A silvery gleam stronger than the rest perhaps, a passing wave a little larger than its fellows. He turned to resume his walk. Slow! There it was again. The scudding cloud that had momentarily darkened the face of the moon passed on. A scant few feet from the stern, its precipitous sides gleaming in the moonlight, rode a mountainous wave, advancing with a steady pace of a juggernaut. The gamboling stern seemed to cease its play, and lay quiet for the blow. Suddenly, up, up, up, it went, and when it could go no higher the welter of water broke upon the decks. Under foot there was the rumbling and crashing of a long restrained cargo breaking loose. The stern finding itself free of the water shot higher and higher—

When the giant had passed, the lesser waves resumed their dance, glinting and slapping under the moon. The rest of the ship's black hulk slipped steadily, with a prodigious bubbling, under the water. The impending had arrived. The decision was made.



"Whom the Gods Love"

*They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn.*

(Inscription on the Forster Memorial at Barking, England.)

FRANK CONNELLY

MODERN warfare has done one thing. It has restored the single combat. It has done this by introducing aerial warfare. It is only in this field indeed that the single combat survives. In every other phase of military encounter the long range gun, poison gas, and liquid fire have almost if not completely suppressed every note of individuality in war. These have taken the place of the cold steel which dripped with blood at Balaklava and Austerlitz, at Khartum and Port Arthur. It was indeed the single combat that gave birth to such heroes as King Arthur, Richard Coeur de Leon, King Alfred, and Cucuhlain.

Just as in the olden days the occasion made the hero, so in the World War the newer phase of battle, in the air, produced many daring and valorous deeds of individual men. It is not perhaps too much to say that the aerial service produced more heroes between the years 1914 and 1918 than were ever before produced in any crisis in any age. The reason for this lies in the very nature of air fighting. It is easily the most hazardous and most uncertain kind of warfare.

It was the French, I think, who fixed the age limit for aviators, "Not younger than nineteen, and not older than twenty-five," they said, "because younger they are too bold and older they are too prudent." It is well for us to remember, therefore, that the men who served in the air during the World War were in reality mere boys. It is only with a thorough understanding of this fact that we may realize the utter abandon and magnificent recklessness that characterized every aerial engagement. These young men were drunk with inspiration. There was no chance they would not take. In their quest for a glorious death they were not restrained by love of life.

Perhaps no other aviator caught the imag-

ination of the world as did Guynemer of France. If ever there was a spirit held captive by the bonds of flesh and blood, that was Guynemer. He was but twenty when in 1915 he entered the air for the first time. His was a striking presence. The exquisite whiteness of his face was lighted up by the glow of his large, dark eyes. He was a man with a mission, vibrant as a young seer of Hebraic legends. He made both his friends and his enemies gasp at his extraordinary daring. In two and a half years Guynemer had brought down forty-five German planes. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Repeatedly he returned to his own lines with his plane riddled with bullets and his clothes shot through. The French people came to believe that he could not be killed.

In the gray dawn of a September morning in 1917 Lieutenant Guynemer flew off towards the German lines. A few days before, he had attended Mass and received Holy Communion at the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot. He had lingered in the Sactuary for a few minutes to talk with the priests. "Hodie mihi, cras tibi," he said smilingly as they assured him he would go safely; "I cannot escape. I will certainly be killed." It was on September 15 that Richt-hofen flying low over the Allied lines dropped this message: "Guynemer killed in an air fight over Poelcapelle." The Swiss Red Cross verified his death. He had been ambushed by forty planes and had crashed to the ground when the fingers of his left hand were shot away.

The World War produced many other famous airmen. At a time when the whir of wings and the drone of motors filled the air over the battlefields of France one did not need to look back to the days of knighthood for chivalry and valor. Every country had some famous unit in the air. A group of

young Americans had already organized the famous Escadrille Lafayette and were in the French army. In this outfit was Lufbery, the captain, twenty-three years old, killed May 19, 1918. There were also Campbell, twenty-two years of age, and Eddie Rickenbacker from Indiana. There were the three Harvard men, Victor Chapman, Norman Prince, and Kiffen Rockwell, who were all three killed in action. There was Stuart Walcott, of Princeton, killed in 1917, Captain J. Norman Hall, of Grinnell College, Miller, the great football man of Yale, killed in an engagement with a German plane, and there were many others. Germany had Richthofen and his famous Flying Circus, which had a record of twice as many victories as any single unit of the Allies. We find also such great aces as Boelcke, Immelmann, and Wissemann. England had the R. F. C. Squad No. 1, commanded by Fullard, which brought down two hundred planes in six months. Britain boasted also of such great aces as Bishop, who had seventy-two planes to his credit, Hawker, Mannock, McCudden with fifty-four planes, Ball, and Trollope, who in spite of his youth (he was only twenty) distinguished himself by bringing down six planes in one day. France has

Guynemer, Navarre, Nungesser, and René Fonck.

Von Richthofen was perhaps the most feared of all aviators. He was known as "The Red Knight of Germany." His plane 'the red devil' inspired terror. The famous "Flying Circus" which he organized was so called from its maneuvers when engaging an enemy. Richthofen was only twenty-three and was credited with having brought down eighty planes before he himself crashed to the earth with a bullet through his heart. He was killed in April of 1918.

The World War proved, among other things, that with men of valor and chivalry there is 'neither border, nor breed, nor birth.' Of Richthofen the British said: "He was hard and relentless in a fight but he played the game clean." And again, "He was a gallant and daring enemy."

The glorious dead will shine on when the last barbed wire and shell have rusted into dust. The fervent spirits that fiercely ranged the wide spaces of the skies, now, on eternal wings, flame across infinite dawns. They drank deeply of the wine of life and went out smilingly into the still silence of the night. Thus lightly to die is the privilege of youth, the chivalrous gesture, the *beau geste*.

Time's Food

*At times the mind is filled with thoughts of how
Beneath the chiseled requiem of stone
Cold Time will feed upon the brittle brain
And leave the senseless structure of the bone.*

*And yet by it alone do we exist—
This swift interpreter of fleeing sense,
By it alone we know the maze-like day,
And how so suddenly and so intense*

*Can fall the light into its anguished depths
Enkindling hunger like a thirsty flame
For things that lie beyond Time's eager hands,
For things unknown of passing form or name.*

*Yet with a darkness all of this will close,
And on the empty shell cold Time will feed,
And from the skeleton beneath the stone
Will rise no flowers from the vanguished seed.*

—MURRAY YOUNG

Ukeleles

With Ziss-Boom-Ah Accompaniment

LOUIS L. HASLEY

THE ukelele was invented by an Hawaiian in a moment of weakness; and its notoriety, somewhat after the manner of Topsy, "just grewed." The island of Hawaii, it seems, soon began to feel the baneful effects of this instrument, and, like Christian, sought to throw off the burden. But where to throw it? A little reflection sufficed. What could be better than to wish it on the American college? There it would find a hearty reception, and the students, poor fools, would be none the wiser—might even enjoy their self-inflicted torture. This is the theory that I have developed in explanation of this modern evil. Subject it to stormy criticism if you will—I hold it to be weather-proof (Indiana condition excepted.)

I do not consider that any student is a college man in the true sense unless he owns (or can easily borrow) a set of golf clubs, a pipe, and a ukelele. All the students who do not own ukeleles pretend to detest them; but it is my belief that jealousy prompts this dislike. Do not mistake me—I do not own one. But if a uke's thrumming notes come to my ear when I am merely idling away my time, I join in lustily with a resonant baritone, or if I have a cold, with a doubtful bass.

To many, the thought of my trying to sing is terrifying enough, but, paradoxical as it may seem, that is not the worst conceivable sensation. Whenever I attempt to do a little religious reading, some non-essential neighbor is sure to begin strumming the *Varsity Drag* with vocal accompaniment in his hasn't-cracked-yet tenor. Then I feel certain that, were I deliberately to dismember the offender, no jury in the land would convict me. I am further annoyed by the persistent thought

that my tormentor firmly believes that he is sacrificing a brilliant career in vaudeville to attend college and expose himself to culture.

The ukelele holds a prominent position in another type of comedy aside from college life. The vaudeville actress often carries one. But what purpose it serves, I cannot hazard a guess. If she is pleasing to the eye, and her song delightful to the ear, she needs no instrument. But if she is neither pretty nor entertaining, powerful Katrinka herself could not rescue the act, much less could a cigar box strung with catgut.

I am told by an inside authority (and in strict confidence) that if the general popularity of the ukelele continues to grow, life insurance companies are planning to list the playing of this instrument as one of the hazardous occupations. They are being forced to this action, I surmise, through the rapidly increasing number of lives lost at the hands of peaceful citizens who feel they are acting for the common good in exterminating these parlor bolshevists.

Personally, I have no aversion for ukelele music, provided that it is administered in small doses of highly concentrated quality. But taken too liberally, it becomes a laxative for pent-up feelings; and in consequence someone is sure to suffer. Yet whatever our attitude, we cannot but admit the modern collegiate tendency, which can best be shown by distorting (with humble apologies) a quatrain of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam*:

A book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou.
So far, so good; but changing taste requires
A youth to have a ukelele now.



SPORT NEWS

Minnesota Overwhelmed in 7-2 Victory

JACHYM PITCHES EFFECTIVE BALL

FOUR HITS FOR MORAN

Coach Tommy Mills' Blue and Gold diamond proteges annexed their seventh consecutive win last Tuesday afternoon on Cartier Field, when they decisively outhit, outfielded, and outplayed the Minnesota baseball machine to score a well-earned 7-2 victory over their scrappy visitors.

Joe Jachym went the whole route for Notre Dame, and except for one bad inning, the third, when the Gophers found his slants to their liking for two runs, hurled a beautiful game. Walking but one man, whiffing nine, and receiving excellent assistance from his supporting cast, he was in serious trouble but rarely throughout the battle and clearly deserved his triumph.

Led by John Moran who had a perfect batting average for the day with three singles and a triple in four trips to the rubber, the Blue and Gold batters chased Redding, Minnesota's starting pitcher, off the hill in the eighth, and necessitated the advent of Langenberg from right field. In addition they rapped out a quartet of extra-base blows during the engagement, including three-baggers by Jachym and Moran and a pair of doubles from the war club of Schrall.

Coach "Dutch" Bergman's players held Notre Dame in check for just one inning, the first, and in the second the hosts proceeded to ring up a two run advantage on Moran's safe liner to left, Jachym's lusty triple to left center, and Stark's bobble of Schrall's roller.

The Scarlet and Gold got these markers back in the third, however, one-basers by Ross, Bolstad, and Stark cramming the baserocks with two down and setting the stage for Nydahl to rap another safety to center to enable Ross and Bolstad to cross the plate unmolested with the tying runs.

Notre Dame assumed another two run lead in the fourth which was never relinquished

thereafter, when Moran deposited one of Redding's fast balls for a three-bagger and scored when Ross erred on Lordi's loft. Schrall then tallied Lordi with a pretty two-cushion sock down the third base line.

The Blue and Gold's final trio of markers came in the eighth on Feehery's walk, Moran's fourth straight hit, Griffin's infield safety, Schrall's second double, an error, and a sacrifice fly.

The hitting of Moran, and the hitting and fielding of Schrall, were high-lights in the Notre Dame play.

Nydahl was the outstanding performer for Minnesota, while Ross and Balstad also Played exceptionally well.

BOX SCORE

NOTRE DAME (7)	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Schrall, ss	5	0	3	1	4	0
Sullivan, 2b	5	0	0	1	3	1
Niemiec, 3b	4	0	0	1	2	0
E. Walsh, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Feehery, 1b	3	1	0	11	0	0
Moran, cf	4	3	4	1	0	0
Griffin, rf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Lordi, c	2	0	0	11	2	0
Jachym, p	4	2	1	0	2	0
Totals	33	7	9	27	13	1
MINNESOTA (2)	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Ross, lf	4	1	2	1	0	1
Bolstad, 2b	4	1	1	3	2	0
Stark, ss	3	0	1	0	3	0
Nydahl, cf	3	0	2	4	0	0
*Langenberg, rf-p	4	0	0	1	0	0
Tanner, c	3	0	0	6	2	2
Rigg, 1b	4	0	0	7	0	0
**Davidson, 3b-ss	4	0	1	2	1	0
Redding, p	3	0	0	1	0	0
Lundquist rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
***Hinderman, 3b	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	2	7	24	9	3

*Relieved by Redding in eighth.

**Replaced by Stack in sixth.

***Replaced by Davidson at third in sixth.

Scores by innings:

Minnesota	-----002	000	000—2
Notre Dame	-----020	200	03x—7

Summary: Struck out—By Jachym, 8; By Redding 6. Bases on balls—Off Jachym 1; off Redding 2. Hit by pitcher—Griffin, by Redding; Lordi, by Redding; Tanner by Jachym. Three base hits—Jachym, Moran. Two base hits—Schrall (2) Sacrifice hit—Lordi. Stolen bases—Schrall (2). Griffin, Nydahl. Passed ball—Lordi. Wild pitch—Redding. Umpires—Daily and Day.

RUST GIVES WABASH THREE HITS: NOTRE DAME WINS 7-1

Charming the bats of the Little Giants so effectively that they could secure but three scattered safeties off his delivery, Oskar Rust, Blue and Gold pitcher, hurled a brilliant game last Friday at Crawfordsville, while his mates pounded out a 7-1 decision over a scrappy Wabash ball club. Rust's performance is all the more commendable when the facts are taken into consideration that he toiled in cold weather not at all conducive to good baseball, issued but a single pass, struck out nine, and would have secured a shutout if his previous air-tight support had not cracked slightly in the last inning to allow Coffell to score Wabash's only run of the fray.

Coach Mills shook up his regular outfield somewhat, playing Moran, Benton, and Feehery in the outer pastures. That the change was beneficial, however, was attested by the fact that each member of this trio performed in fine style, and together led the Blue and Gold attack on Bennett, Little Giant pitcher.

Notre Dame inaugurated the scoring in the second round. Moran's free ticket to first, Feehery's sharp crack to left center, and sacrifices by Benton and Lordi, coupled with Feehery's sensational steal of home, giving the Blue and Gold a two run lead. One-basers by Moran, Feehery, and Lordi increased this total to three in the fourth session.

Further scoring was averted until the ninth when another batting rally practically cinched the battle for Notre Dame. Moran opened the festivities with a single over second, and then Feehery's sacrifice blow, Benton's hot liner to left, errors by Taylor and Bennett, Schrall's Texas-Leaguer to left, and

Sullivan's single to the same place all coming in rapid succession, chased Moran, Benton, Lordi, and Schrall across the registering block with a quartet of tallies.

The Wabash players, hitherto rather passive under the pitching spell cast over them by Rust, came to life in their last time at bat, and errors by Niemiec and Sullivan cashed the marker which averted a shutout for the home team.

Ed Feehery led the Blue and Gold attack with a pair of safe raps in three chances at the tee, while Sullivan, Benton, and Schrall featured in the field.

Weist and Casey were the Little Giants who gave Notre Dame the most trouble.

BUTLER CRUSHED IN 9-2 TRIUMPH

Two big innings, the third and the sixth, coupled with the sterling pitching of Ed Walsh, gave Notre Dame a well-deserved 9-2 triumph over Butler University at the Washington American Association Baseball Park in Indianapolis, Saturday, April 28.

Walsh let the Bulldogs down with but a half dozen hits, fanned twelve, and did not issue a single pass the entire nine innings he worked. In addition, he also cracked a four-bagger in the sixth when his liner to center struck Nulf in the knee and bounced away for a homer.

After Hildebrand had weathered a threatening scoring attempt in the first round successfully, Notre Dame finally got to him in the third, scoring three runs on Schrall's triple to the right field score board, Sullivan's walk, Fromenthe's error on Colerick's hot grasser, Caskey's miscue on Cain's attempted assist on Moran's grounder, and several stolen bases.

The Blue and Gold's big inning was the sixth, when a sextet of runs were propelled across the counting block by a savage base hit bombardment. Colerick strolled to start the trouble. Then singles in rapid order by Moran, Feehery, Benton and Lordi, interspersed with several thefts of second, and climaxed with Ed Walsh's unmolested trip around the sacks, increased the Notre Dame total to nine before the side was retired.

Butler tallied in the third also, when Mey-

ers' double cashed Hildebrand who had previously singled. The Bulldogs' final run came in the next frame, the fourth, when two hits and an error gave them a marker.

Feehery continued his sensational work of the day before, and together with Lordi led the Blue and Gold batting attack with a pair of safeties.

Collyer and Chadd were the individual stars for Butler.

GEORGIA TECH TRIPS WISCONSIN 13-0 —TWO WAY TIE FOR FIRST PLACE

GEORGIA TECH 13—WISCONSIN 0

After having risen to great heights previously to defeat the Army and snatch first place, the Badgers slumped and permitted the fruits of their victory to be taken from them with scarcely a struggle. Tech scored early on a recovered fumble which was followed by a ninety yard sprint, and again in the last quarter when a long pass fell in to the waiting hands of a Yellowjacket end who stepped across the goal line with the score that made Tech's margin safe.

WISCONSIN 14—NAVY 6

The vast amount of reserve power which the Badgers have a faculty of producing when needed, was again brought into play in the battle. Scoring early in the first quarter Wisconsin was never troubled as the Navy's lone six pointer in the third quarter was immediately followed by the second Badger score. Outclassing their opponents from the opening whistle to the end Wisconsin won even more decisively than the score indicates.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA 9—GEORGIA TECH 6

With the game apparently hopelessly deadlocked and the final quarter rapidly approaching its end, Carideo's toe saved the day for the Trojans when his thirty yard boot went squarely between the crossbars and gave the Trojans the long end of the score. Evenly matched until this goal, a recovered fumble and several line smashes put the ball within scoring position for Southern California.

WISCONSIN 18—ARMY 14

Entering the second quarter with the Army on the long end of a 14-0 score, Wis-

consin cuts loose a varied aerial attack that so completely baffled the Cadets that the Badgers were able to collect three touchdowns. From the first quarter onward every other Badger play was a pass; enough of which were completed to assure Wisconsin the victory that meant first place in the league.

CARNEGIE TECH 6—SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA 3

Scoring early in the first quarter on Carideo's twenty yard boot, Southern California loafed along on its margin until Tech's touchdown in the waning moments of the third frame aroused the Trojans to life again. But they had waited too long, for Tech with victory in its grasp, fought so sturdily that it turned back the best efforts of Southern California for a further score.

GEORGIA TECH 6—NAVY 6

Too evenly matched for either to gain more than a momentary advantage, both teams spent the second half in a vain attempt to add to the six pointers they had garnered in the first quarter. Their best efforts unavailing and their strength spent, both drifted rather listlessly through the last ten minutes.

THE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Tied
Army	3	1	0
Wisconsin	3	1	1
Southern California	2	1	1
Carnegie Tech	1	2	1
Georgia Tech	1	2	2
Navy	0	3	1

—J. H. ZUBER

ELDER TAKES 100; TWO MILE QUARTET FOURTH IN DRAKE RELAYS

Outclassing a strong field which numbered many of the outstanding collegiate sprinters of the country, Jack Elder, Notre Dame's brilliant speed merchant, advanced one more step toward the right to wear the colors of the United States in the Olympic games at Amsterdam next summer, by capturing the 100 yard dash at the Drake Relays held in Des Moines, Iowa, Saturday, April 28. Elder raced the century in ten seconds flat, which was exceptionally fast time considering he had to buck a strong head wind the whole distance.

Hester, Michigan track ace, pressed the winner throughout the entire race, finishing less than a foot behind the Blue and Gold star at the tape for second honors. Parks of Drake was third, and Larson of Wisconsin ran fourth. Incidentally the triumph was particularly sweet to Elder, inasmuch as Hester had decisively trimmed him the last time the two had met in the 1927 Penn Relays.

Elder bettered his winning time in the qualifying trial heats of the day before when he negotiated the distance in 9 and 4-5 seconds. Had weather conditions been more ideal the day of the finals, it is thought that he would have equalled, if not surpassed, this exceptionally fast time.

Notre Dame was also represented in the relay events by 440, one mile, and two mile teams. The two mile four was the only combination to place, however, finishing fourth in a close race which was won by Illinois. Stephan, Quigley, Bill Brown, and Abbott composed this quartet.

TENNIS TEAM TRAVELS TO TWO THRILLING TRIUMPHS

Northwestern Bested 4-3—Drake
Whitewashed 6-0

The Blue and Gold net squad, in opening what is predicted to be its most promising season, invaded Evanston last Thursday and in a brilliant, hard-fought engagement defeated the Northwestern racqueteers by a score of 4 matches to 3. Certain victory was suspended until the seventh match when Markey and Ruckelhaus came from behind in courageous fashion to down Phillips and Nord of the Purple in a doubles encounter. Ted Griffin, also a veteran member of the Irish tennis team, added considerably to the victory by his prowess in the singles matches.

Summary:

Markey defeated Phillips 6-4 and 6-3 in the opening contest. Griffin took two out of three sets from Nord with scores of 6-2, 6-3, and 6-2. Rooney of Northwestern turned the tables on O'Conner and conquered 6-3, and 6-2. Burns lost to Sharrit of the Purple net players 6-3, 10-8, and 6-3. Ruckelhaus bowed to Hoane 6-2 and 6-3. Markey and

Ruckelhaus brought in 3-6, 6-2, and 7-5 in their doubles with Nord and Phillips. Burns and Griffin added the final points by defeating Hoane and Martin of the Purple by scores of 6-3, 2-6, and 6-4.

Decisively outclassed the strong Drake net squad Captain Markey and his men annexed another splendid victory by a 6-0 score, Saturday, April 28. The match was played at Des Moines and attracted many spectators present for the Drake Relays. The Blue and Gold played consistently brilliant tennis to score their shut out over the Blue-Devils.

Griffin met a stiff contestant in Thomas of Drake but managed to come out on top. The Celtic doubles duet, Burns and Ruckelhaus defeated Bowes and Miller, and Captain Markel of Notre Dame downed Captain Herriott of Drake with comparative ease in the feature matches of the encounter.

THE RESULTS

Singles:

Markey (ND) defeated Herriott (D) 6-3: 6-4.
Griffin (ND) defeated Thomas (D) 4-6: 6-3: 6-3.
Ruckelhaus (ND) defeated Cook (D) 6-1: 6-4.
Burns (ND) defeated Miller (D) 8:6:6-2.

Doubles:

Markey and Griffin (ND) defeated Herriott and Thomas (D) 6-4: 7-5.
Ruckelhaus and Burns (ND) defeated Bowes and Miller (D) 6-1: 4-6: 6-1.

—R.P.D.

INTERHALL BASEBALL OPENS

With the advent of warmer weather the long awaited interhall season got under way with nearly all the teams playing. Last week's games:

BADIN 13—SORIN 5

Hitting ability plus an almost air tight defense spelled disaster for the Seniors when they clashed with the Badinites last Sunday. The Chain o' Lakes club hit hard, often, and in bunches to so completely demoralize the Sorin aggregation that the game was in the bag after the third inning. It was at this time that the Badinites bunched eight hits to tally five runs; McDougal, Casey, and Crowe doubling. Badin in all collected seventeen hits while Wagner was holding Sorin to seven.

HOWARD 18—CARROLL 3

Representing a massacre more than a ball game Howard had an easy time taking over the Main building outfit in their seven inning tussle. Hitting was not so plentiful but the Carroll boys donated fifteen errors to swe'll the Howard score and make their victory easy. The Gold Coasters used three pitchers Malin, Swint, and Schmidt, and each showed a degree of class far above that necessary. Given fine support none were touched for more than two hits; one of Carroll's run coming in on an error. Cleary behind the bat for Howard and Perry at short for Carroll turned in the best performance on their respective teams.

MORRISSEY 2—SOPHOMORE 0

A pitching duel that was broken up by five well bunched hits sent the two year olds down in defeat in one of the best games of the day. Perfectly matched until the fifth Morrissey cut loose to get their two tallies and incidently provide the only real action of the game.

OFF CAMPUS 11—FRESHMAN 8

A free slugging contest that was won only in the last inning by a determined Day Dog assault provided plenty of thrills for players and spectators alike. The playing was rather loose but was about equal on both sides so that it served to provide interest rather than spoil the tussel.

WALSH 11—BROWNSON 8

An early lead that Brownson's superior playing in the last few innings could not overcome gave Walsh a clean-cut victory. The hitting on both teams was about even but Walsh bunched their safeties better and cashed in on all but one. Refensively Brownson had the edge; the box score crediting Walsh with three errors against one for the Arabs.

—J. H. ZUBER.

NOTICE—All team managers in the Playground League are urgently requested to communicate the scores to Ray Mock, Badin hall immediately after the conclusion of each game.

SENIORS OF NOTRE DAME

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW
FOR THE BALL WEEK-END

THE

OLIVER HOTEL

"SOUTH BEND'S LEADING HOSTELRY"

STANDINGS
STATE CLUB LEAGUE
Division A

	W.	L.	Pct.
Law	4	1	.800
New Jersey	4	1	.800
Tennessee	4	1	.800
Band	3	1	.750
Monogram	3	1	.750
Calumet	3	1	.750
Cincinnati	2	1	.666
Akron	3	2	.600
Buffalo	3	2	.600
Iowa	1	3	.250
Metropolitan	1	4	.200
Rochester	1	4	.200
Pittsburgh	0	5	.000
Minnesota	0	5	.000

Division B

	W.	L.	Pct.
Connecticut	4	1	.800
Toledo	4	1	.800
Cleveland	3	2	.600

East Penn	2	3	.400
California	3	2	.600
Detroit	3	2	.600
Indianapolis	3	2	.600
Grand Rapids	3	2	.600
Engineers	2	3	.400
Missouri	2	3	.400
Boston	3	2	.600
Badger	2	3	.400
K. of C.	1	4	.200
Memphis	0	5	.200

CHICAGO CLUB LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Pct.
Corby-Sorin	3	0	1000
Badin	3	0	1000
Morrissey	2	0	1000
Lyons	2	1	.666
Sophomore	1	1	.500
Freshman	1	1	.500
Walsh	1	2	.333
Howard	0	3	.000
Off-Campus	0	2	.000
Carroll-Brownson	0	3	.000

TOWER'S



Fish Brand Varsity Slicker *An Honor Graduate*

Comfort . . A
Style . . . A
Durability . A
Economy . . A
Protection . A

A. J. TOWER CO.
BOSTON, MASS.



Office: 3-6978
Residence: 2-6741

Dr. Leo J. Quinlan
DENTIST

SOUTH BEND
INDIANA

