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THE WEEK

We have come to the end of another year. The end of any school year is always greeted with a mixture of emotions, and this is no exception. This rapidly approaching end is being greeted by laughter and sorrow, by gaiety and stark tragedy, by triumph and defeat. Virtue and luck are victorious; vice and the fact that one is conspicuous bring bitter tears, parental and filial. Justice stalks abroad. There is no justice. Seize the day, for we all must be seniors too soon.

The most we can keep of any year is a meager store of memories. If undue preference is given any particular memory in this brief review, remember that reminiscences are sometimes frail, that they are sometimes guilty, and that they are quite often damning. Right now I can think of a number of things that impressed me at the time, the memories of which continue to impress me, when they are not oppressing me. My first sight of the new dining halls, for example. I was late in completing my registration, due to an aversion to standing in line, and I was assigned to a table which fed eleven of the heartiest eaters in the Middle West. I was at the end—the wrong end—and I spent the first three days in admiring the silverware and the temporary doors. At the end of that time I summoned the courage to ask the waiter to bring a crust of bread and a glass of water to a starving man. He brought two crusts, but explained that no one else on the table wanted water, so I'd have to content myself with milk, which I should have been willing to do, had there been any milk. When the changes in seating were made, I was transferred to a table which fed ten of the next heartiest eaters in the Middle West, and Harry Engel.

My memory of the Minnesota game is vague, but I can recall standing faithfully in a pouring rain to watch the bonfire that night. I remember going to Chicago to watch a game with Southern California, when all the world moved for a time up and down

Michigan Avenue. There was a dance at the Stevens that night, and half the world was trying to dance there. People were making similarly unsuccessful attempts to dance other places the same night, but one can't be expected to remember everything. As far as I could see, no one was really disappointed to discover that he couldn't dance, because he always found something better to do, anyway.

I remember returning in a cold dawn from Christmas vacation, sleeping through two classes, and arising with a profound disgust for everything, including food. I remember Lent, and Father O'Hara's cards, and eating in the cafeteria, when in funds, on Friday nights. There was the Junior Prom, which was good, and the week-end following, which Bill Dowdall thought very good. Came Easter, as they say in the movies, and the Chicago Club dance at the Congress. (Funny how I've remembered two Chicago Club dances. If there'd been any more, I probably would have remembered them, too.) I shall always remember my efforts to liquidate the debts incurred at Easter.

I remember the publication banquet, which was as well-attended as a Blue Circle meeting, Father Carroll's witty (despite his protests) sallies, Father Leo Ward's sprightly address, and Father Cavanaugh's faultless speech. I remember the faint suggestion of strife hovering over the assembled company that night and the militant speeches of the three retiring editors, Mullen, Doan and Layne.

I remember the Senior Ball, not as a participant but as an interested, and innocent, onlooker. I remember hearing someone say that the gals from the Woods cer'n'ly did show up the ones from across the road, and someone else saying no, that is not so. Last of all I remember that the *Dome* made its 1928 appearance, an artistic book, doubtless, but one containing some reGRETtable errors.

—J.F.M.

"DOME" OF 1928 DISTRIBUTED AMONG STUDENT BODY

The *Dome* of 1928 appeared on the campus this week resplendent in its blue embossed cover. Truly the *Dome* stands out "like a good deed in a naughty world," but like most good deeds somewhat less attractive than its less pure predecessors. We understand that the *Dome* staff labored under difficulties such as appropriation cuts and illness among its contributors, but this does not explain the carelessness evident in the editing of the volume.

The *Dome* is the Juniors' tribute to the graduating class—a sort of farewell toast. In this instance we feel that the goblet from which the toast is drunk far exceeds the quality of the wine, for the manner in which the volume is bound cannot be criticized, nor can we find fault with the Notre Dame de Paris theme which is carried out with such good taste.

The chief faults in the annual lie not so much in the matter as in the form. There are the customary number of campus scenes, class pictures, and feature sections. So far, we cannot complain! Unfortunately, however, the cuts used do not flatter the university grounds, nor are the pictures of the students tactful in portraying the unfortunates about to graduate. On one page, we found that St. Edward, under an alias of course, is about to be graduated. We also learned that the Baccalaureate Degree is to be conferred upon some shady nook about the campus. Mistakes such as these, however, are rare, and perhaps it is because of their infrequency that they are noticeable.

The good taste of the editor seems to have prevailed excepts in a few instances in the Humor Section where the quips drop to the burlesque or "slap-stick" level.

The dedication of the volume to Professor Charles Phillips, the arrangement of the sections, and the art work all bespeak the excellence of the editors' judgment. It is unfortunate that a few errors of omission and commission were so noticeable, for they detracted greatly from the general excellence of the *Dome* of 1928.

SCRIBBLERS ELECT OFFICERS AND MEMBERS FOR '28

The Scribblers met Monday evening in the Scribbler room of the Board of Publications building. The annual election of club officers was held, in which Barry Mahoney was elected president and Cyril Mullen secretary-treasurer for the coming year. Mr. Layne and Mr. Roy, the past president and secretary respectively, retired; Mahoney and Mullen immediately assuming office. The club then proceeded with the spring election. Out of six candidates, John Nanovic and Arnold Williams were admitted as new members.

Plans for the farewell banquet were discussed, and it was decided to hold the affair at the Oliver Hotel, May 19. With the closing of the year, the Scribbler's lose some of their most talented members. Jack Mullen, leading campus poet and editor of THE SCHOLASTIC, Leo McIntyre, news editor of THE SCHOLASTIC and editor of *The Santa Maria*, Dick Elpers, poet and literary editor of THE SCHOLASTIC, and Walter Layne, retiring president of the Scribblers and editor of *The Juggler*, are among the more prominent members that are graduating.

FRESHMAN MANAGERS AWARDED NUMERALS

Twenty-five Freshman managers received their numerals Saturday for their work during the year in athletics. The managers were engaged in every form of athletics during the year, assisting the eight sophomore managers and the three junior managers in arranging for every athletic team of the year.

The recipients of numerals were: Cannon, Strong, Balfe, Blanda, Halpin, Roehl, McVean, Ashe, Weiss, Bowers, Konop, Rich, Zell, Motsett, Whitman, Hall, Boyland, Saunders, Lauerman, Belton, Dolan, Dittoe, Meitzler, Chawgo and Hughes.

The Sophomore managers for next year, together with the managerial appointments for the various sports will be announced on May 24.

CULVER LITERARY FIELD DAY CONTEST ANNOUNCED

Announcement of the contests and prizes for the Fourth Indiana Literary Field Day, to be held August 4, 1928, were read in the English classes this week.

The objective of the Literary Field Day is to stimulate interest in the fine arts among the boys and the girls of Indiana and to encourage them to greater efforts in these fields.

The winners in all the Contests will be guests of honor at the Literary Day exercises on August 4, the opening day of Founder's Week, commemorating the birthday of Mr. Henry Harrison Culver, founder of Culver Military Academy, which occurred on August 9.

Rules governing the 1928 Collegiate Contests:

I. DRAWING. For most meritorious study from life or nature, in black and white, done entirely without aid or criticism of any instructor. All drawings must be 20x24 inches in size, including the mount, and must be mounted on building board or heavy card-board. (They should not be framed). Open to all residents of Indiana under 24 years of age who are not professional artists.

First Prize: \$75. Second Prize: \$50. Third Prize: \$25. All cash awards.

The contest shall close July 1, 1928. No contestant may submit more than two pictures. Drawings should be sent to Literary Day Committee, Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind.

Attached to each picture must be the name, age, school (if any) and address of the artist, but this must be done so that identity of the artist will not be revealed until after the decision of the judges is reached. The identification required should be placed in a sealed envelope and the envelope pasted or otherwise firmly attached to the back of the mounting. Pictures will be returned "express collect."

II. ONE-ACT PLAY. Must be capable of production in 25 or 30 minutes and must not require change of scene or lowering of curtain to show lapse of time. (Indiana locale and characters preferred but not required.) Open to all undergraduate students of Indiana colleges.

First Prize: \$75. Second Prize: \$50. Third Prize: \$25. All cash awards.

The contest shall close June 15, 1928. Mss. must

be sent to Secretary, Literary Day Committee, Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind., and must be marked on envelope, "For One-Act Play Contest." The identity of the author should not be revealed on the Ms., but his name, age, school attended, and address should be placed in a sealed envelope securely attached to the Ms. Mss. should be typewritten and should be mailed flat, not rolled. No contestant may submit more than two manuscripts. If their return is expected, a self-addressed and stamped envelope should be placed in the sealed envelope containing the identification of the student.

III. SHORT STORY. From 2,500 to 5,000 words. Open to all undergraduate students of Indiana colleges and to Indiana residents of college age (over 18 and under 24 years.)

First Prize: \$75. Second Prize: \$50. Third Prize: \$25. All cash awards.

The contest shall close June 15, 1928. Mss. must be sent to the Secretary, Literary Day Committee, Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind., and must be marked on envelope, "For Short Story Contest." The identity of the author must not be revealed on the Ms., but his name, age, school attended (if any), and address should be placed in a sealed envelope which should be securely attached to the Ms. Mss. should be typewritten and should be mailed flat, not rolled. No contestant may submit more than two Mss. If their return is expected a self-addressed and stamped envelope should be placed in the sealed envelope containing the identification of the author:

VI. POEM. Not over thirty lines. On any theme. Open to undergraduate students of Indiana colleges, to students of Indiana high schools and academies of secondary rank, and to all other residents of Indiana over 13 and under 24 years of age.

First Prize: \$35. Second Prize: \$25. Third Prize: \$15. All cash awards.

The contest shall close June 15, 1928. It shall have two stages conducted under the same rules established for Contest IV. The provisions for the elimination contest (first stage) applying to the secondary schools shall likewise apply to the colleges, and each college may submit one Ms. for each 100 students enrolled.

All Mss. forwarded for the consideration of the final judges should be directed to the Secretary, Literary Day Committee, Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind. with a statement from the judge or judges that the author is eligible for the contest. On the mailing envelope should be written, "For Poetry Contest." The identity of the author must not be revealed on the Ms., but his name, age, school attended (if any), and address should be placed in a sealed envelope and securely attached to the Ms. Mss. will not be returned. The authors are advised to retain copies. The Mss. should be typewritten.

UNIVERSITY THEATRE TO PRODUCE PLAYS

Three one-act plays will be produced Friday evening, June first, at 8 o'clock in Washington hall, for the edification of Commencement visitors under the auspices of the University Theatre. The plays are the work of students and will be managed, directed, staged and acted by university undergraduates and faculty members.

The three plays selected for the June productions all are from the pens of members of THE SCHOLASTIC staff. "Son Patrick," a clever treatment of life in Chicago, is the opus of Jack Mullen, editor of THE SCHOLASTIC. "Mexico," a tragedy, laid in revolution-ment Mexico, comes from the fertile brain of Richard Parrish, THE SCHOLASTIC'S assistant news editor. "Gallery Gods," a farce of funny—bone tickling proportions, had its inception in the mind of Richard Elpers, conductor of *Hobnails* and literary editor of THE SCHOLASTIC.

The lead in "Son Patrick" will be played by Albert Doyle, who so capably portrayed Lincoln in "The Good Man," the work of Orville Murch in the University Theatre's production held March 17, 1928, in Washington hall.

The June productions will mark the sixth time the theatre has delighted university students. The three plays will make fourteen that the Theatre has produced in the past two years. Much of the success of the venture, and it has been highly successful, is due to the efforts of the faculty committee in charge of the University Theatre.

CELEBRITIES NUMBER OF SANTA MARIA OUT SOON

Leo R. McIntyre, editor of the *Santa Maria*, quarterly publication of the local Knights of Columbus, Council No. 1477, promises that his new "Celebrities Number" will appear within a short time.

The coming issue of the *Santa Maria* bids fair to outdo any other campus publication of the year 1927-28. It will contain work of Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., assistant superior general of the Congregation of Holy Cross, and one of the country's leading poets; Willa Cather, prominent novelist; a play by Knute K. Rockne, Notre Dame's

great football coach; Ring Lardner and O. O. McIntyre, two famous humorists and commentators on humanity; J. P. McEvoy, playwright and humorist; Charles Phillips, novelist, poet, and professor of English at Notre Dame; Joseph Scott, K. S. G., noted California lawyer; Albert Russel Erskine, president of the Studebaker Corporation; J. A. McGuire, the publisher; Warren Brown, sports editor of the *Chicago Herald-Examiner*; Hugh A. O'Donnell, business manager of the *New York Times*, and others.

LOCAL STUDENT HONORED

At the State Convention of the Knights of Columbus, held at Gary, Ind., last Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Howard V. Phalin, Grand Knight of Notre Dame Council was elected delegate to the K. of C. National Convention. The Convention will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, in the latter part of August. This is the first time in the history of the Notre Dame Council that one of its members has been elected to the highly coveted position of national delegate.

Edward McKeown, lecturer, Thomas C. Mahon, financial secretary, and George Brautigan, treasurer of the Notre Dame Council accompanied Mr. Phalin to the State Convention at Gary.

The K. of C. annual picnic was held last Wednesday afternoon at Christiana Lake. About two hundred Knights attended. The new Christiana Golf Course was opened that day.

A noon luncheon, swimming, games, and an evening chicken dinner were included in the outing.

LAY FACULTY AND GRADUATE STUDENTS ANNOUNCEMENT

All members of the lay faculty and graduate students who desire to secure appropriate caps and gowns for Commencement should communicate with John F. McMahan, chairman of the Cap and Gown Committee, in his room in Sorin hall no later than tomorrow. Those students who retained their caps and gowns following the Washington Birthday Exercises are advised to see Mr. McMahan at once.

RESULTS OF CLASS ELECTIONS

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

Freshman Class—President, Thomas Conley; vice-president, James P. Doyle; secretary, Paul McAvoy; treasurer, Bernard Leahy; S. A. C. representative, Bourke Motsett.

Sophomore Class—President, Robert Hellrung; vice-president, John Moran; secretary, Don Welchons; treasurer, Bernard Conroy. One year S. A. C. representative, Tom Kassis. Two year S. A. C. representatives, Fran Kerjez and Oliver Fields.

Junior Class—President, H. M. Vezie; vice-president, Anthony Kopecky; secretary, Thomas McDougall; treasurer, Robert Tyler.

S. A. C. representatives and their colleges are: Tom Ryan, College of Arts and Letters; Larry Moore, College of Commerce; Jack Flanagan, College of Law; John Nash, College of Engineering; Phil Tompkins, College of Science and Emmet McCabe, Off Campus.

The S. A. C. committee, composed of William Leahy, chairman; D. M. Meinert, Jerome De Clercq, Jack Elder and Louis Carr, were in charge of the elections.

 SPANISH CLUB HOLDS BANQUET

The Spanish Club held its first annual banquet last Tuesday evening in the Lay Faculty Dining hall with Professor Pedro de Landero acting as toastmaster.

The affair was attended by a representative gathering of the members and it was adjudged by all present as a most successful evening. The principal speaker of the evening was Dean James E. McCarthy of the College of Commerce, who delivered an interesting and inspiring talk on the advantages of a knowledge of Spanish in the business world.

Other speakers of the evening were: Professors Antonio Provost, Gilbert J. Coty, José Corona, Philip Riley, Father Frederick McKeon and Father Francis Maher, chaplain and the club's president, Edward Freitas.

NEW MEMBERS ON COMMERCE
ADVISORY BOARD

Six new members have been appointed to the advisory board of the College of Commerce of Notre Dame, it is announced by Dean James E. McCarthy. The board is now made up of 13 members, each of whom is a leader in his own field of work.

Edwin N. Hurley, president of the Hurley Machine company of Chicago, and a member of the United States Debt Funding commission, is chairman of the board. Under the leadership of Mr. Hurley, this group of men cooperates closely with the faculty of the College of Commerce.

The new members of the board are B. H. Kroger, Cincinnati, O., president of the Kroger Stores; Col. Walter J. Riley, president of the First Calumet Trust and Savings Bank, East Chicago, Ind.; W. J. Burke, Portsmouth, O., president of the Vulcan Last company; Ernest R. Graham, nationally famous architect and a member of the firm of Graham, Anderson, Probst and White, Chicago, Ill.; W. E. Donohue, manager of local displaying advertising for the *Chicago Tribune*; and Augustus F. Meehan, Chattanooga, Tenn., scientist and inventor president of the Meehan Foundries.

Besides Mr. Hurley the other members of the advisory board are E. L. Doheny, president of the Doheny Oil company; Angus A. McDonald, president of the southern division of the Southern Pacific railroad; Samuel Insull, public utilities magnate; Admiral W. S. Benson, United States Shipping Board Commissioner; G. A. O'Reilly, vice-president of the Irving Trust-Columbia National bank, New York, and an authority on foreign trade and investments; and M. J. Connell, Los Angeles, prominent in industrial and public utilities promotion in the West.

 ORATORICAL CONTESTS HELD
NEXT WEEK

Two oratorical contests will be held next week in Washington hall. The preliminaries for the University Theatre award for dramatic reading will be held Thursday, May 23, and the finals in the class public speaking contests will be held Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 21, 22 and 23.

Eighty-fourth Annual Commencement

The complete program for the eighty-fourth annual Notre Dame Commencement was made known this week by the general Commencement committee. The Commencement exercises will be held Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 1 and 3.

The program is as follows:

FRIDAY, JUNE 1

- All Day Registration of Alumni, Alumni Office, Main Floor, Main Building.
- 6:30 P. M. Concert, University Band.
- 7:00 P. M. Dinner, Class of '23, Fifth Year Reunion.
- 7:00 P. M. Dinner, Classes of '05-'06-'07-'08, Dix Group Reunion.
- 8:00 P. M. One-act Plays, University Theatre, Washington Hall.
- 10:00 P. M. Commencement Dance, St. Joe Valley Club, University Dining Hall.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2

- 8:00 A. M. Solemn Requiem Mass for Deceased Alumni, Sacred Heart Church.
- 9:30 A. M. Senior Last Visit, Sacred Heart Church (Class Only).
- 10:00 A. M. Class Day Exercises, Washington Hall.
- 12:00 M. Luncheon for Alumni and Guests, Cafeteria New Dining Hall.
- 3:00 P. M. Baseball Game, N. D. vs. Michigan State.
- 6:00 P. M. Annual Alumni Banquet, University Dining Hall.
- 7:00 P. M. Concert. Studebaker Band, Main Quadrangle.
- 8:00 P. M. Alumni Carnival and Reception to Graduating Class. New Dining Hall.
- 8:30 P. M. Concert, University Musical Organizations, Washington Hall, (for other guests).

SUNDAY, JUNE 3

- 8:30 A. M. Academic Procession, Main Building to Sacred Heart Church.
- 9:00 A. M. Solemn Pontifical Mass, Sacred Heart Church. Celebrant—Rt. Rev. George J. Finnigan, C.S.C., D.D., Bishop of Helena, Mont.
Baccalaureate Sermon—Rev. Wm. B. Martin, D.D., Rector Church of the Holy Family, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Music—Moreau Seminary Choir and University Glee Club.
Blessing of Senior Flag.
- 11:00 A. M. Senior Flag Raising Exercises, Main Quadrangle.
- 12:00 M. Reunion or Group Luncheons, University Dining Hall.
- 2:00 P. M. Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association, Washington Hall.
- 5:00 P. M. Awarding of Degrees to Graduates, University Gymnasium.
Commencement Address—Col. William Donovan, 165th Inf., (old 69th, N. Y.)

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By John Bergan

AKRON CLUB

The Akron Club held its final meeting of the year at a banquet in the Morningside Club, South Bend, Thursday evening, May 10. Charles McGuckin, club prexy, conducted the meeting and introduced Professor de Landero of the language department of the University who gave a very interesting talk.

Preceding Professor de Landero's talk the new officers for next year were elected. These include: President, Virgil Cline; vice-president, Paul Bertch; secretary, Lawrence Haulter and treasurer, Andy Snyder.

The Akron Club will hold its final meeting Tuesday night, May 22, in the Library at 7:30. Plans for the summer will be announced at this meeting.

SPANISH CLUB

The final meeting of the Spanish Club for this year was held Tuesday evening in Hoynes hall.

The club was honored with the presence of the Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, president of the University, who gave an inspiring talk and congratulated the members on their splendid work.

Senor Carlos De Landero, father of the faculty adviser of the club, Professor de Landero, read an interesting paper and expressed his hearty approval of the club's activities.

Other speakers included the past presidents of the club, Joseph Apodoca, William Roach, Frederick Cunningham and members of the Spanish Colony of South Bend.

DETROIT CLUB

The Detroit Club's election of officers for next year took place on last Monday evening, May 7, in the North room of the Library. Those elected to office are: John Stackpoole, president; James Carroll, vice-president; Edward Nebel, secretary; James Sullivan, treasurer, and Carl Moeller, sergeant at arms.

The Detroit Club is sponsoring a dinner dance to be given on Monday, June 11, in Arabian dining room of the Hotel Tuller.

BUFFALO CLUB

The Buffalo Club met Sunday morning at the Library. The following men were elected to guide the destinies of the club during the school year 1928-29: President, Hank Burns; vice-president, George Doyle; secretary, Pinkey Cotter; treasurer, Rocco Perone. Plans for the summer vacation were discussed and these plans will be completed at the final meeting of the year which is to be held Sunday morning, May 20. Prexy Ryan urges all members to be there.

MINNESOTA CLUB

The Minnesota Club held a banquet in the La Salle hotel Thursday evening. Among the several honored guests was Mr. Gilbert J. Coty the principal speaker of the evening. Next year's officers were elected as follows: Louis Regan, president; Robert D. Sullivan, vice-president; John Eldredge, secretary; and Lionel G. Theissen, treasurer. The main subject of the evening was that motioned by Mr. Coty in regard to a banquet in the Twin Cities during the Christmas holidays. This motion was seconded and much enthusiasm was shown by the several members who were present at the banquet. The last meeting of the club was held Tuesday evening in the south room of the library. A greater part of this meeting was taken up by farewell speeches given by the graduating seniors of this coming June. The meeting was concluded with a definite date set for a luncheon which is to be held during the summer months in order to secure cooperation from the alumni.

CALIFORNIA CLUB

The members of the California Club met Monday evening, May 14, in the South room of the University Library. Ed Cunningham, retiring president conducted the meeting at which initial plans were made for the club's participation in the Notre Dame-California Alumni dance which will be held in Los Angeles the latter part of August. Plans were also announced for the arrangements in going home and returning to school in September.

At the conclusion of the meeting, officers were elected for next year. These are: President, William Seidenfaden; vice-president, Joe Hiss; secretary, Ted Strong; treasurer, Larry Moone and sergeant-at-arms, Ed England.

EAST-PENN CLUB

The East-Penn Club elected its officers for the year 1928-1929, Thursday evening, May 10. J. F. Manning was elected president; Thomas Quigley, senior vice-president; Robert Mulhall, junior vice-president; W. Loughran, secretary; A. J. (Jerry) Ransavage, treasurer; and William H. Burns, manager of publicity. Although the attendance was the smallest at an election since the club's founding, much enthusiasm was manifested by the club members.

Leo R. McIntyre, the clubs' president, conducted the meeting. After the election, Mr. McIntyre called on the outgoing seniors and men active in the club's affairs during the year for remarks. All responded with short talks, commending the great work of the officers this year and wishing success to next year's officers.

A farewell banquet for the departing seniors will be held by the club sometime before the close of school.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By Cyril J. Mullen

Once upon a time—last semester to be exact—I scoffed at the idea of women having any mysterious qualities other than those affected for the benefit of their male friends. I now admit that my judgment may have been too hasty. The following quotation from *The Daily Trojan* seems to prove that the way of the lady is rather inscrutable, after all: "Commerce women will hold their annual banquet in the social store of the Student Union tonight. Although no explanation was offered, it was stated that the banquet will take the form of an airplane dinner. The banquet room will be decorated so as to carry out the uniform theme of the gathering. The general topic: Women's place in the business world, will be discussed—"

Penn State University has a traditional "poverty parade" each spring, in which freshmen are allowed to wear in class, whatever apparel they wish. It is a tradition, to judge by accounts, that is immensely popular with the Frosh, but frowned upon by the instructors that have to lecture that day. Many of the freshmen show a decided preference for extreme simplicity and comfort. When, as on "poverty parade" day they are given a choice, they immediately revert as near as possible to the glory of their original birth-day garment.

An editor of *The Daily Cardinal* had occasion to take issue in an editorial, with one phase of Prof. Meiklejohn's educational methods. No expulsions or demotions followed. Professor Meiklejohn in a courteous, logical letter replied to the editor, setting forth his policy in such a way that it could hardly be misunderstood. He opens his letter: "Your argument seems to me so generous in attitude, as well as so fundamentally sound in its presupposition, that I hasten to reply. We who are in the college. . . . welcome gladly your friendly and searching criticism."

At a University where the student is not only permitted, but encouraged to set forth an honest opinion, which in turn is answered

fairly by a nationally-recognized member of the faculty, there is little chance that student thought will die through suffocation.

A few weeks ago, a tendency among the more platitudinous college papers toward "sweet lessons in self-exorcism," was noted in *The Parade*. Here is a perfect example. It is under the caption, "Spring Fever vs. Character Building." Such a lovely little thing should have died at birth; it is too honey-laden for our sordid world. It smacks of golden harps and the anti-saloon league; of future husbands descending to the basement to smoke; of a virtuous land with every one in jail. The editorial, after quite seriously outlining the evils that accompany spring fever, winds up as follows: "There is only one remedy for conquering the spring fever—retire early, eat a carefully selected diet, strive to keep mentally alert, and besides keeping up a healthy vigorous physique, we should avail ourselves of the opportunity to strengthen our character by exercising our will power against the debilitation of our feelings." Woof!

A University daily reports a contest held in England to decide which young woman of a certain village had the most beautiful ankles. A curtain was dropped to within a foot of the floor, and the contestants walked back and forth behind the curtain. Finally, after elimination, only three contestants remained. When the curtain was raised to reveal the identity of the shapely ones, two of the "girls" were men, with their feet duly clad in silk stockings and high-heeled shoes. Three conclusions may be drawn from the story: The English have a hitherto undiscovered sense of humor; Englishmen have good ankles; or—this from the ladies—the girls in the contest must have been affected with elephantiasis.

The Michigan State News says: "High School Band to Read Music at Sight."

Ah me, how quickly the little eye and the little brain develop.

HOBNAILS

SPRING RAIN

*This noon it rained,
Long wept bleak skies in anguish,
Washing sungold a livid gray
In all the fields. Sodden was the earth,
And in the trees wee buds gave birth
To tiny leaves. Lika wetted powder lay
The dust along the road; and overhead
A lowering sky seeped gray in dreariness.*

*And yet not all of nature succumbed to gloom.
Rain bathed lustrous the verdant cloth
Upon the lawn. Rich, like deep emerald shone its
green,
And from the sod rose odors, fresh and clean,
Of rejuvenated earth. And lo, even more came forth
A talisman of awakened Spring!*

—ATTACHE.

WHAT ARE YOU—A POST-GRAD?

DEAR ALLAN: The other night while in a cogent mood, I came to the following conclusion. I was trying to classify each of the four classes in college.

First of all the FRSHMAN. They can do any thing they want and get away with it because they are dumb, pitifully dumb.

Then come the SOPHOMORES. They have quite an exalted opinion of themselves. Owing to the fact that they have been in school for two years it is their first belief that they are quite the thing.

Now the JUNIORS. They are away past that sophisticated age characteristic of the former class. They think that there is a relationship existing between the Junior class and the Diety.

And last but not least, the dignified SENIORS. (No offense) All I can say for the Seniors is that they are not like the Juniors in so much that they think there is a connection between themselves and the Diety. No; far be it from me to say that. THEY KNOW IT.

—ROBIN HOOD II.

WHEN I AM QUALIFIED

I will not die.

*When I, as other men, have sweat
My share, and dug my furrow
In progress' row, then down I'll set
This fleshy instrument; and die.*

*If some remorseful soul is closed
To mirth and peace forever,
And by some homely charm reposed
I leave it; then I'll gladly die.*

*Or when I find a lover's heart
In shreds, and with tissues
From my own mend each severed part
That it may love again; I'll die.*

—VIRGINORE HUGHES

LYRIC LUNATIQUE

*A fair, sea-faring fairy
Ferried across the stream
To her lovely, loving lover;
Love-stricken it may seem.*

*He was a coarse, hoarse horseman,
And of course a horse had he.
So together their garb they gathered,
And gallantly galloped the three.*

*They rode the road to a roadhouse
On the roan no rogue could ride.
Then there upon the threshold
They threw their things inside.*

*A mild and mannerly minister
Administered the marital mold.
Now they're rushing 'round in Russia
Raising Russians I am told.*

—NUMBER 55

THAT "LAUGHTER" HAS A DIRTY RING

DEAR ALLAN-A-DALE: Tell me—is not this song "After My Laughter Came Tears" a month or so early? 'Tis said, you see, that it was dedicated to the N. D. Boys by the Bucolic Belles of South Bend. Is't so?

—ALI BOOBOO

CONSCIENCE SPEAKS

Midnight hovers to.

Fellows sleep while you—

*Sleepless; fiendish—pitch, and wait
For coming dawn.*

Bell's in creaking tower

Laugh—and count the hour;

*Laugh and shriek in tones of hate,
And then—are gone.*

Self-love; failure; strife

Tell thy wretched life.

Miserable existence—that is thine;

Deep in the bog;

Sinking in the mire—

Shrinking from the fire

Kindled for thee, filthy swine!

Ungrateful dog.

—NUMBER 55

*And now that Spring, all green and good,
Is walking in the woods all day,
I think me strong of Robin Hood
And cannot put the thought away.*

*My trick is turned, my stint is done,
And you have heard my prettiest tale.
So God bear with you, every one,
As you have borne with*

—ALLAN-A-DALE.

LITERARY

Old Archer

A Character Story

RICHARD W. RICE, JR.

DOWN there in Mell street old Archer was holding out in the jewelry business between a barker's window and a fish stand that sought the dark shadows of the elevated tracks to protect its wares from a dusty sunshine. In these warm afternoons of Indian Summer, Archer tilted his chair before his doorway and sunned himself in the soft soot and cinders that, falling from the tracks, danced in the dying sun.

Overhead the rumble increased as more people came into the street. The regular and rapid whirl of the tollgates mingled their metallic count with the angry, bold cry of the newsboys.

Archer watched the wife of the fish merchant wrap her wide-mouthed and glassy-eyed wares into a strange newspaper. It amused him to see her angry disappointment each time she failed to interest a customer in some of the large sea-bass that she was intent on selling out. But she sold a few fish to nearly everyone who stopped and before night she had slipped a great deal of change into the large, open money bag she wore under her apron.

The women who came from the factories two blocks to the west were stopping to buy the bread for their suppers. Always saying something pleasant to those they had come to know, the baker and his daughter were trying to supply each of these customers.

In the street before him a row of cross-town cars had become involved in a jam that did not thin out until the noises of the afternoon rush were gradually giving way to the normal hushed melancholy of the street. A few clattering horse drays, hurrying toward the fruit wharves, followed the last crowded car. Evening shadows erased the yellow

beams that had found their way to Archer's doorway. When the keeper of the newsstand had paid off the last street boy who had helped him during the rush, Archer made his windows safe for the night. Religiously he tested the iron grating that he had let down in front of the glass. Slowly he tilted the pipe ashes from the chair seat, picked up the chair, and painfully, with soft steps, set it inside the door. After he had closed the door, the baker and the fish people would not see him until the next warm afternoon.

Archer had a mattress under the counter, and every night he would pull this out on the floor to sleep on. In this mattress he was hiding a great many valuable jewels and several bags of money that had been paid to him by uptown dealers. He had been hiding some of the jewels a long time. Uptown jewelers took few risks; so Archer aged the jewels in his mattress and slept on them every night.

To-night he was setting a wonderful blue diamond into an antique ivory that had lain in the mattress for several years. It was a rather well-known piece, but so skillful were the hands and so fine was the eye of old Archer that not even the most experienced collector would recognize the worked-over jewel. Tomorrow he would take it to an uptown jeweler.

One night a young girl came into Archer's shop and showed him a very old rosary—little beads of yellow amber, grey agate, black onyx, and dancing bubbles of silver, all spun into a chain that was more beautiful than any that Archer had ever seen. He knew that he wanted them very much. He thought of the price that he could demand from some uptown dealer. After, of course,

he had let them age for awhile in his mattress.

Archer winked at the story that the girl told about having to go to the mountains to get her health back. She did not want to let the beads go at the price he offered her. But Archer drove a good bargain and got them very low. She never redeemed them as she had promised to do.

Because these beads were so beautiful, Archer wrapped them in a chamois skin and carried them in his pocket. A hundred times a day he held them dangling and sparking in the sun. In his pocket he would rest his hand on the crucifix that he had found to be of the purest gold. He fingered the beads, estimating the decades; and calculating, through the chamois, which were the beads of onyx, which were of agate, and which of them were amber.

When the warm fall sun was passing, old Archer would bring his chair in earlier each day. Newsboys cashed up long after the evening shadows had come down the street and the bread and the fish were being sold indoors.

In October he told the man who collected the rents that he could not afford to pay the extra charge for steam. It was very shrewd of Archer to do this, because everybody thought that his business was poor. But, of course, it was not the collector's building and since he could act only according to orders, he turned off the steam in Archer's store.

One night, however, the cold sea wind blew the snow and ice over the island, and Archer, sleeping on the mattress, caught a cold. In the morning he had no appetite, and by night he was too ill to make his meal. Outside the iron-grated windows he heard the slushing feet in the five o'clock rush. He watched the shadows again blot out the day, as they crept over the floor and finally lay on the mattress with him and his gold. Sometimes he slept feverishly. Then the cold night air, creeping through the packing under the door, would chill his feet and back.

Early in the new day he would hear the street-cleaning engines and the gangs of men who were cleaning the snow off the streets.

The storm had continued for several days, and old Archer's sickness grew on him. He felt quite secure, however, until the night he lost the beads in the darkness. Hastily he ran his white fingers through the shadows of his coat and under the mattress. He tore a hole in the mattress cover and pawed out the jumbled jewels. He felt his hands soft masses of sweating flesh by which he was scarcely able to distinguish the hair of the torn mattress from his own gold pieces. In his fever drops of warm water seemed to freeze on his dizzy temples.

When the search had exhausted him he fell back on the mattress. On the shelves above his head the old watchmaker heard his arch-enemy, time, being measured off in a brown mantel clock. The ticking became a trumpet in his ears that bellowed with every beat of his heart. He could see the clock, no matter how he stretched the burning lids of his eyes. It was there in the dark and he who had made many clocks had no way of controlling this one. It did not even stop when he threw a handful of hair and gold pieces toward the sound.

He was not going to have time to sell the rosary to an uptown jeweler after all. Again he lay back on the mattress quite tired of the fight. The ticking had become a faint, sweet song in his ears when his tired hands found the rosary. He ran his fingers slowly over the decades.

He counted the Joys and Sorrows to be about equal, and only the Mysteries of Life had a balance. But even then the rosary might have been of pinchbeck and brass, for the fever was driving the old blood out of his heart.

The baker and the fish people were very much surprised to find that the old watchmaker had been wealthy, but they were glad to find him so resigned and happy in his death.



Along With Dead Languages

A Sigh for the Late M. Brillat-Savarin

GEORGE J. M'NALLY

EATING as an art is on the wane. Nay, it is to all practical purposes and intents extinct. The day of the lusty trencherman, the gourmand, the epicure, is passing. Gastronomic achievement is no longer something to be desired, its intricacies and subtleties no longer to be mastered and boasted of. Records are neglected for lack of competitive interest.

Time was when the slightest provocation was sufficient to cause a feast of respectable proportions. The mere calling of one neighbor upon another became the occasion of a banquet which would last for days. Celebrations following wars very often lasted, we are given to believe, until the next war, vast quantities of food being consumed meanwhile.

Quantitative eating was a recognized factor of daily life during the Roman era. Caesar, the "Noblest eater of them all," has a regular complex which developed into a practice of making remarks on the subject in public. In those days if you didn't hold at least one eating record made under official supervision you just didn't belong. Of course the artistic side of this long-distance mastication was left practically until the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, which saw the gradual development of this popular indoor sport. Under close supervision it assumed grace and character until it was universally recognized by all authorities as an art and as such encouraged, the way to still greater results made smooth.

But the "Glory that was eating's" was short lived. Eating is now being regarded by an increasingly large number of people every year, not as an art but merely as a necessity. The cause of this deplorable condition is civilization: a civilization which defeats itself. It seems that one of the main purposes of any self-respecting social order should be not only business and commercial

development, the material things of life, but the aesthetic as well. Who is qualified to decide that the art of eating is not deserving of consideration? Why should its development be neglected?

Modern civilization says, "Speed, my boy; we must waste no time in eating." So the modern youth, instead of tying on his apron of apprenticeship and studying in a serious way the methods and capacities of a few of the world's most famous gastronomers, dashes into a "one-arm" lunch room and hastily gulps down a sandwich and a cup of coffee and shortly thereafter completes his cycle by dying of acute indigestion. Shades of those whose gallant efforts brought eating to the prominence it once enjoyed!

Regarding the feminine of the species, the change, if less pronounced, is none the less effective. "Diet, diet, diet," is their chant, and meals are measured not by courses but by calories. "Obsequies before obesity" is the watchword. While there is no mention in history of female gourmets, there is sufficient ground for the belief that they held their own. In fact it is not outside the memory of many men when a woman partook generously of a ten-course dinner and liked it. Now most of them shy at a potato, become restive at the sight of sugar and go into hysterics when served pudding.

What the world needs is a leader. A man with the appetite of the late "Diamond Jim" Brady, the taste and appreciation of Rector, Sherry or Delmonico, and the faith and courage of Napoleon. With such a man at the head, it would be quite possible for an organization composed of those who believe in eating as an art, to organize a very successful campaign to foster the idea among the thousands of hapless victims of the great god civilization, and thus to restore eating to its rightful place among the activities of the world.

"With Lokkes Crulle"

You Too Can Be Sleek, Well-Groomed—Bah!

JOHN LARISON

IN any family, regardless of size, it seems that there is always one unlucky child. If the household chances to be blessed with a dozen daughters and a solitary male heir, the ill luck is almost sure to crop out on the son's head in the form of a mop of crinkly ringlets that are his mother's pride, his father's shame, and the envy of his twelve sleek-haired sisters. The boy's own feeling toward his wavy crest is entirely unprintable.

A curly-headed baby boy is one of the greatest of unfortunates. His doting mother will invariably let his hair grow to most unmanly lengths. So darling 'tis, 'twould be a shame to let the scissors get within a block of the soft, silken ripples. As a result of this material vanity, visits to the photographers come to be as periodic as the phases of the moon; and little Willie is snapped in poses as varied as those of a movie queen, always with his curls displayed to shameful advantage. In future years, these photographs have a propensity for manifesting themselves at the most inopportune times, as tiny framed miniatures on Cousin Alice's piano, or as life-size enlargements on Aunt Susie's parlor wall.

For the first few years of Willie's life, his misfortune gives him little worry, but as soon as some of his four-year-old masculine seniors begin to bombard him with prating epithets of "Curly," "Kinks," and "Wooly," he forthwith determines to get rid of the offending luxuriance at the earliest opportunity; but with hopes for the reverse effects of Samson's famous bob.

Finally, after months of persuasion on Willie's part, his mother tearfully consents to his getting a real man's hair-cut; and Willie now feels that his tonsorial troubles are ended forever. But, to his supreme regret, he soon learns that nothing short of a prison clip will completely subdue his rippling locks. They must be kept mowed down as ruthlessly

as backyard weeds; and they grow up just as fast and start creeping over Willie's head in spiral coils, like the tendrils of a grape vine.

All through his school days, Willie is the butt of every taunt that his fellows can devise about tumble weeds, sage brush, or "nigger's wool." "Where do you buy your kid curlers?" "Does the marceller give you special rates?" "It's a shame such lovely hair wasn't on a dog." These and a thousand others are some of the would-be jests that the unfortunate fuzzy-top must endure until the jesters wear themselves out from sheer exhaustion.

His high school years seem to offer some hope for the solution of the problem, and the boy looks forward to them as a possible means of relief. But the world has not yet finished its cruelty to Willie. His freshman year is a complete failure with Betty, just because straight-haired Bob comes along smelling of stacomb; and he fares even worse during the three ensuing years, as far as the ladies are concerned.

Throughout the whole period of his youth, he is subjected to well-meant, but unwelcome compliments about his hair. Only the other day a sweet young thing innocently consoled me, a sufferer of the affliction I bewail, with a "How I wish I had your hair! It takes the curling iron so admirably." Having no weapon at hand with which to commit manslaughter, I was forced to ignore the brazen effrontery. The laws of the country, to my knowledge, have on record no case in which the party accused of murder gave as an alibi his presence at the hair-dresser's; nor does the public realize how close it came to reading in the morning papers of a curly-haired moron who had committed such a brutal crime. Nor was that the worst. Perhaps the depth of my degradation was sounded when Minnie, our mulatto cook, gave me her flattering opinion that she had "never seen

a beautifuller haid of hair offen a cullud boy.

My foregoing presentation, I believe, is an accurate picture of any curly-haired boy's suffering. I speak from experience. Oh, those nights spent with a skull cap clamped tightly on my head! Nights filled with the agony of suspense! To bed with an inane hope, only to have all dashed to despair with the coming of dawn! Why must some of us be subjected to all this misfortune while others blithely tread the path of life with straight hair? A toupee is an ever-ready alternative for a bald head; red hair may be dyed; chins may be lifted, and noses straightened; but a crinkly scalp-lock remains triumphantly a something over which mortal man is helpless. During my four years in high school the oil industries flourished at my expense. Vaseline, hairstick, pompalay,

olive oil, brilliantine—everything from axle grease to the daintiest of French pomade has had its bit of limelight in my quest for straight hair. But, the object of my search has ever been as elusive as the haze on the distant horizon.

But now the battle is over. Long have I fought, and well. Be not too disdainful of my valor, though I did surrender to the enemy. It was not without a gallant struggle for two long, dreary decades. And the last fond hope of a war-worn soldier is that the youth of my country whom fate has cursed with the insidious monstrosity, curly hair, may take courage in the remembrance of my devotion to a noble, though lost cause; and that they may reverberate, down through the ages, the echo of my once lusty battle cry, "Slick and Slimy Hair!"

Baldness

Going! Going! Gone!

WILLIAM CARNEY BROWN

"YOU needn't go on losing hair," reads the advertisement set forth by the company that makes Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Like a kite in a storm, or, as is sometimes said, a boy in his youth, man's great claim to attractiveness, his hair, is an uncertain thing. While the misfortune, or catastrophe, does not readily cause consternation to the individual, it causes grave concern among his friends.

The first few hairs on the comb, the first-noticed thinning of the hair—and the war on the scalp is on. Oh, yes indeed, falling hair can be checked! There is no one process to be used, but hundreds of them. There are processes of every description imaginable, and if you are dissatisfied with one, why, try another. One friend will tell you to wear a hat to protect the hair; another will insist that you go bareheaded, as the natural sunlight is the only cure.

Still another will advise you to wash the hair nightly in salt water, to be contradicted at once by one who suggests only a weekly washing. Some will tell you that

Herpicide will rejuvenate the hair, while others—who are probably not your best friends—believe in Listerine. Then, also, there are those old-fashioned persons who advise that certain animal soaps are the purest and strongest opponents of baldness. You will be told to wash your hair in rain water; to use vegetable soaps, instead of tar soaps; to massage the scalp gently, not vigorously; to singe the hair, not cut it; to keep it moist, not dry; to use oil on it, not grease; do this, not that.

Besides this you will read all the advertisements in magazines and put to trial every sort of hair-growing device, from Liquid Arvon to Glostora. They all guarantee to grow hair in thirty days, or your money will be refunded. These trials of the different brands of "sure-cure" are very educational. They enlighten the individual; that is, to the fact that he is one in a thousand who is not benefited by these appliances.

After you have exhausted all the ordinary means and most of the patent processes of restoring your hair, you will in your per-

plexity at the situation, grope around in the dark, and as a final and desperate attempt, turn to science for a ray of hope. You may be fortunate enough to find some measure that is slightly effective, but you will also find that your father and grandfather were both bald, and you will prepare yourself to experience the same un-

pleasantness.

Yes, I repeat, you will be wiser—you will realize that contrary to all advertisements, slightly-thin hair is alarming. So you resolve yourself to your fate and patiently await the inevitable plight of a bald-headed man and the sting of an accurate peashooter.



I Have A Brown Leaf

*I have a brown leaf for your hair,
A petal of rose for your lips;
I have a violet for your eyes,
And fern for your finger-tips.*

*Fragile remembrances these, I know,
Dusty and faded tomorrow,
Yet in a little box I hoard
Something away from sorrow.*

*Far in a corner of this dark room,
And locked with a secret key,
Hidden away from an idiot world
My little box shall be.*

*Here I shall come, when night's dragoons
Ride from the sleeping east,
To offer the hunger of my heart
A beggar's paltry feast.*

*But what shall I do, love, when the lock
Falls into fragments of rust,
The rose and the violet fade to brown,
The leaf and the fern are dust?*

—JACK MULLEN

SPORT NEWS

Michigan State Falls, 64-62 in Close Meet

HALF MILE RUN DECIDES—ELDER
AND ABBOTT HIGH POINT MEN

Coach Nicholson's Notre Dame trackmen achieved sweet revenge for the ten point licking handed them last year on Cartier Field when they nosed out the strong Michigan State cinder representatives last Saturday afternoon at East Lansing. The final score was 64-62 and just about tells the difference of superiority between two exceptionally well matched track teams.

The Blue and Gold were forced to come from behind to win, as the home team was leading 59-58 before the last event on the program, the half mile affair, was run off. Abbott and Stephan of Notre Dame came through in brilliant style with a first and a third respectively, though, in this race, which provided the Irish contingent with the necessary points for a close triumph. Abbott and Hackney of the Green and White staged a thrilling battle the whole distance before the Notre Dame ace called on his reserve power in the last ten yards and passed his opponent to breast the tape winner by two feet. Abbott's time was 1 min. 59 sec.

Three Michigan State field records were broken during the course of the meet, all by Aggie performers. Captain Wylie hung up a new record of 4:24.2 sec., in the mile; McAtee, Michigan A. A. champ, raised himself 13 feet over the bar in the pole vault to eclipse his old mark of 12 ft. 9 in., and Willmarth of the hosts stepped the two miles in 9 min. 42.7 sec., for a new record in that event.

Both teams broke even in securing first places, each collecting seven. However, a slight superiority in the annexation of second and thirds provided the small winning margin of the Irish.

Elder and Abbott with two firsts apiece

were the individual stars for Notre Dame although Conlin, Welchons, and Enright also looked good. Elder was hardly extended to capture both 100 and 220 yard dashes, but Abbott was forced to the limit to secure his victories in the 440 and 880.

The Blue and Gold also scored the only clean sweep of the meet when Conlin, Griffin and Stace of Notre Dame finished in the order named in the 120 yard high hurdles. Conlin ran a splendid race to finish in 16.6 sec.

Enright of Notre Dame was not forced to extend himself in the broad jump, a leap of 20 ft. 10 inches being good enough to defeat Potter of State, and Cullen of the Irish, who finished second and third respectively.

Welchons and Captain Griffin of Notre Dame staged a pretty competition in the high jump before the former was able to triumph by several inches over his teammate. Welchons negotiated 5 ft. 9 3/8 in. to secure his victory.

Stace of the visitors forced Kenyon of State to the limit before the Green and White hurdler was able to defeat the Notre Dame representative by inches in the 220 yard low hurdles and the performances of Bov and Johnson in the polee vault and Labelle in javelin provided the remaining Blue and Gold features of the meet.

Summaries of the meet follow:

100 yards—Elder (ND) first; Henson (MSC) second; and Lang (MSC) third. Time 10:1.

One mile—Wylie (MSC) first; Clark (MSC) second; and W. Brown (MSC) third. Time 4:24.2 (Meet record.)

220 yards—Elder (ND) first; Henson (MSC) first; McCracken (ND) second; and McSweeney (ND) third.

Pole vault—McAtee (MSC) first; Bov (ND) second; and Johnson (ND) third. Height 13 feet. (New meet record.)

120 yard high hurdles—Conlin (ND) first; Griffin (ND) second; and Stace (ND) third. Time 16.6.

440 yard—Abbott (ND) first; Kroll (MSC) second; and Quigley (ND) third. Time 50.4.

High jump—Welchons (ND) first; Griffin (ND) second; and Baldin (MSC) third. Height five feet nine and 3-8 inches.

Shot put—Smith (MSC) first; Tillison (MSC) second and Repetti (ND) third. Distance 41 feet 10 3-4 inches.

Two miles—Willmarth (MSC) first; Brown (MSC) second and J. Brown (ND) third. Time 9:42.7.

220 low hurdles—Kenyon (MSC) first; Stace, (ND) second; and Griffin, (ND) third. Time 26.8.

Broad jump—Enright (ND) first; Potter (MSC) second; and Cullen (ND) third. Distance 20 feet, 10 inches.

Javelin—Hayden (MSC) first; Lavelle, (ND) second; and McCracken (ND) third. Distance 182 feet, one and one third.

880 yards—Abbott (ND) first; Hackney (MSC) second; and Stephan (ND) third. Time 1:59.9.

WISCONSIN BEATS SO. CAL. FOR TITLE —SCORE 12-6

Displaying a superior offensive during the last twenty minutes of play after a poor start and several bad breaks had apparently put them at a tremendous disadvantage, Coach Hurlburt's Wisconsin eleven decisively defeated Coach Prelli's So. California outfit to secure a well-deserved 12-6 victory Wednesday, May 9, at Cartier Field. The triumph cinched the Round Robin spring football championship for the Badger machine and earned them the coveted steals dinner at the Oliver Hotel last Saturday night as the guests of Coach Rockne.

The game was exceptionally well played throughout and it was hard for the numerous spectators in attendance to realize that the contest was taking place in May, instead of

November, such commendable football was displayed during the sixty minutes of play.

The action started early in the first quarter. Wisconsin after receiving the kick-off fumbled on the second play and a Trojan linesman recovered on Wisconsin's forty yard line. When three plays availed the Westerners nothing they tried a long pass that fell incomplete in the end zone. The Badgers immediately punted out of danger but the kicker was rushed and the ball fell dead on the Wisconsin forty yard line. Three line plunges gaining less than a yard, the Trojans punted sidewise across the field to the thirty yard line. On the first play a Wisconsin half fumbled again and a Trojan linesman scooped up the ball, and behind a perfect screen of interference swept down the field for a score. The failure of Carideo's place kick ended all scoring proclivities until the third quarter, the remainder of the time finding the ball see-sawing back and forth.

The second half opened much as had the first, all the action being packed in the first few moments. This time the Trojans received the kick-off and fumbled on the first attempted play, Culver recovering for Wisconsin and racing thirty yards with the tying score. Morrissey's attempted kick was blocked, however.

Toward the end of the third quarter Wisconsin again had a chance to score when Nichols grabbed Morrissey's pass out of the air and travelled to the Trojan twenty yard line before being brought down by the safety man. Here the stone wall defense of the Westerners stopped all advances and the end of the quarter found the ball in midfield.

Wisconsin opened the Fourth quarter with a vengeance. Securing the ball on their own thirty yard line, when the Trojans were forced to punt, a pass Morrissey to O'Brien netted them thirty-five yards. A line play gave five and then another pass Morrissey to O'Brien netted the needed touchdown. The kick went wide.

With defeat staring them in the face and only a few moments left to play, Southern California turned loose a barrage of passes which all fell incomplete the game ending

with Wisconsin in possession of the ball on California's twenty yard line.

The lineup:

Conley	R. E.	Walters
Mahoney	R. T.	Twomey
Metzger	R. G.	Herwith
Moynihan	C.	Prendergast
Cannon	L. G.	Leppig
Culver	L. T.	Ransavage
O'Brien	L. E.	Curgis
Nichols	Q. B.	Carideo
Fitch	R. H. B.	Cannon
Morrissey	L. H. B.	Acers
Keeler	F. B.	Conway

Substitutions—Southern California — O'Brien for Walters; Brady for Carideo, Chevingney for Cannon. —J. H. ZUBER

IRISH DROP TWO OUT OF THREE ON IOWA TRIP

LUTHER 5—NOTRE DAME 4

Notre Dame's ten game winning streak came to an abrupt termination Thursday, May 10, at Decorah, Iowa, when a powerful Luther College ball club took them into camp with a 5-4 score. It was a hard game for Coach Mill's proteges to lose as they outit their hosts, and held a slight playing advantage over them throughout the whole game. Several costly errors occuring at critical times enabled the Iowans to score the most of their markers.

The Blue and Gold batters nicked Ratke, Luther pitcher, for eleven safe blows, but the Decorah hurler bore down in the pinches and tightened up to allow the Irish but a quartet of runs.

Jachym on the mound for Notre Dame pitched a fairly good game allowing the home team but seven safeties, but the issuance of too many free tickets to first base spelled his ultimate defeat. In justice to Jachym, though, errors by his mates behind him also proved especially damaging.

Notre Dame scored in the first when Schrall walked, Sullivan clouted a two-bagger, and Feehery also hit for two bases, scoring both Schrall and Sullivan. This ended the run-getting for both teams until the fourth when Luther came back with a ven-

geance counting a quartet of tallies on an error, two walks, and four hits.

Notre Dame came to life again in the eighth when Bray greeted Ratke with a rousing three-bagger to left center, to count a moment later when Jachym laid down a neat sacrifice in front of the plate which the Luther catcher could not handle in time to catch the Irish outfielder.

The Blue and Gold then proceeded to deadlock matters in their last turn at bat when Colerick walked, was sacrificed to second by Niemiec, to score when Moran crashed a long triple to center.

The battle seemed slated for extra innings until a Notre Dame error allowed the winning run to trickle across the registering block in Luther's half of the same frame, to nullify the desperate efforts of Captain Sullivan and his crew to avert a defeat.

NOTRE DAME 7—COE 5

Heavy opposition hitting supplemented by almost errorless baseball spelled disaster for the Coe nine when they met the Gold and Blue Friday, May 11, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and the Kohawks were bested 7 to 5. Donahue on the mound for Notre Dame, allowed only five hits till the eighth frame when an error, a double, and two singles compelled him to retire in favor of Rust. The Irish nicked Moeller, star Coe pitcher, for fourteen hits in all; seven going for extra bases.

Notre Dame started the scoring in the second when Niemiec singled, was sacrificed to second, and scored on Brays double. Schrall then singled Bray home with a second tally. The third inning produced another marker in the form of a donation. Lordi got to first on an infield error, stole second, advanced to third on another error, and scored when Moran grounded to short.

In the fourth Bray doubled to center field and counted on Donahue's long single to right. This ended the Irish scoring until the eighth when Notre Dame again tallied twice on two baggers by Feehery and Moran, and Lordi's single. It was this same inning that Donahue's blowup allowed three Coe men to cross the plate causing his removal.

The ninth saw the last Gold and Blue score

when Sullivan singled, stole second, and came home on a long sacrifice fly to center.

Schrall and Sullivan in the field and Lordi and Bray at bat, turned in the best performances for the Irish.

IOWA 6—NOTRE DAME 5

Although Oscar Rust, Notre Dame pitcher, held the Haykeys to but five scattered hits and in general turned in a very fine account of himself, faulty umpiring coupled with inability to solve Mulreany, Iowa hurler, when hits meant runs gave the Big Ten nine a close 6-5 decision over the Blue and Gold in a contest staged at Iowa City, Iowa, Saturday, May 12. Rust clearly deserved a better fate as his mates backed him up in fine style, and although on the short end of the final score, outplayed their hosts in nearly every department of the game.

Walsh's two-bagger and Lordi's single gave Notre Dame a run in the second to inaugurate the scoring for both aggregations. Iowa retaliated shortly after with the tying marker in the third when Hintle after doubling, counted when Terreri poked a single to left field.

The Irish assumed a short-lived lead in the fifth when safeties by Rust, Sullivan, and Walsh, coupled with Schrall's sacrificial demise, sent three runs across the plate. Iowa came right back in the next inning and a single, a two-base hit, two hit batsmen, and an unfortunate decision rang up a quartet of tallies for the home team.

Notre Dame tied the count in the seventh when Schrall cracked a one-baser to left center, was sacrificed to second by Sullivan, and registered on Lordi's three-base crash to the scoreboard. Niemiec tripled in the eighth but was called out by Umpire Campbell after he had trotted home on Moran's long sacrifice fly to deep center, who said that he did not touch the plate. The decision was made when Niemiec was half way to the bench.

The Hawkeyes secured their winning marker in the ninth when a single and an error resulted in the final tally.

Rust, Feehery, Schrall, and Sullivan played the best ball for Notre Dame, while Hintle and Mulreany shone for Iowa.

SPRING FOOTBALL PRACTICE CONCLUDED

Spring football practice at Notre Dame was wound up with the annual Freshman-Varsity gridiron embroglio staged last Saturday afternoon on Cartier Field for the edification of some 2,000 students, townspeople, and senior ball guests.

The engagement was rather interesting, inasmuch as it demonstrated that Coach Rockne, as usual, will not lack for seasoned material next year, numerous men having been developed during the course of the six weeks practice to fill in the gaps caused by the graduation of nine of last fall's first-string eleven.

No accurate score was kept of the numerous touchdowns scored by the varsity, but as usual the yearlings were outclassed in every department of play, both offensively and defensively. However, unstinted credit must be given the first-year men for the gallant and courageous struggle they put up against their more experienced opponents.

The battle concluded one of the most successful seasons of spring training Notre Dame has ever enjoyed.

TRACKMEN ENTRAIN FOR STATE MEET AT PURDUE

Coach Nicholson and twenty-five members of the track team will leave this afternoon to participate in the Indiana Intercollegiate Track and Field championship to be held tomorrow afternoon at Purdue University, in Lafayette.

Approximately fifteen colleges and universities scattered throughout the length and breadth of Hossierdom have entered teams in the meet and some stiff competition is looked for. Barring any "dark-horses," though, the reigning favorites to capture initial honors are Indiana, Purdue, DePauw and Notre Dame.

The State championships have been in existence fourteen years, with Blue and Gold cinder aggregations capturing first honors thirteen times. Last year Indiana won the competition for the first time in a meet which was so close that it took the last event, the javelin throw, to give the Crimson a one-point triumph over Notre Dame.

NOTRE DAME WALLOPS BRADLEY, 5-4

The Bradley Polytechnical Institute nine from Peoria, Illinois, boasting one of the strongest baseball clubs in the Middle West paid their respects to the Irish on Cartier Field last Tuesday and for a time looked as though they were going to ruin Notre Dame's clean slate for home games thus far this season.

Captain Sullivan and his mates were not to be denied though, in annexing the scalp of their visitors and came from behind no less than three times in the early stages of the battle to deadlock the proceedings each time, and in the sixth scored a marker which eventually proved to be the deciding tally of a 5-4 decision in their favor.

In spite of the closeness of the score the contest was listlessly played throughout. Jachym hurling for the Blue and Gold gave up but a half dozen hits and struck out the ten, and except for a few occasions in the first half of the engagement had things well under control. In the meantime his supporting cast gave him fine support both afield and at bat, and he coasted along under raps to achieve his well-merited win.

The Tech pitcher, Gibson, also hurled a commendable game, and had he been rendered better assistance by his team, especially the outer gardeners, would have made things much more interesting for Notre Dame.

After both teams had scored once in the inaugural frame on a judicious mixture of a two-base hit, a single, and an error, which gave each nine a single marker, Bradley annexed two more counters in the third on several hits, a stolen base, and a well-executed sacrifice hit.

Notre Dame got these tallies back in the fourth, a walk to Feehery, Lordi's sacrifice, and one-basers by Niemiec and Moran accomplishing the trick.

The visitors' final run was manufactured in the fifth on safe raps by Noble and Konop. Feehery evened things up for the home team in the Blue and Gold's half of the same round when he brought Sullivan home with a clean double to left center, his second of the fray.

Notre Dame scored in the next session

when Niemiec met one of Gibson's fast ones for a lusty two-play smack to the left to count a moment later when Moran came through with his third hit of the battle. From this point on, both pitchers hurled almost hitless ball to avert any further scoring by both sides.

Moran with three safeties out of four attempts and Feehery with a pair of double to his credits out of three trips to the pan, easily carried off the hitting honors for the Irish, with Niemiec not far behind. Colerick and Sullivan looked good in the field.

Knoop, Bradley second-sacker, was the outstanding performer for the Illinois outfit with three hits in five official times at bat. Together with Duke, Tech shortstop, he also carried off the fielding honors for the visitors.

UNIVERSITY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY IN FULL SWING

The annual University Golf Championship is now being played over the Niles and Erskine courses. Charies Totten, the present title holder, came through a winner in his first match by the scant margin of one up, although his opponent O'Hanley had a 78 which was one stroke better than Totten's. If he is successful in defending his title this year he will be the winner for the second year in succession of the Championship trophy donated annually. In the other matches of the first sixteen McCabe defeated R. Totten on the eighteenth green, R. Beaupre won over Slavin 2 up, Boyce beat Halpin 8 and 7, while Austin unfortunately had to default to Redmond. In the quarter finals, which should be played by Friday, May 18, Boyce will play the winner of the Moeller-Sheedy match, the winner of the Fitzgeralds-Siedensticker match will meet the victor of the Switzer-Wilhelmy encounter, Redmond will play Beaupre and McCabe will meet C. Totten.

According to schedule the semi-finals are to be played off by Wednesday, May 23 and the final match is to be completed by Sunday, May 27. It is essential to the efficient staging of the tournament that all matches be played at the earliest time and that all results be turned in to Dan Halpin, 113 Freshman hall.