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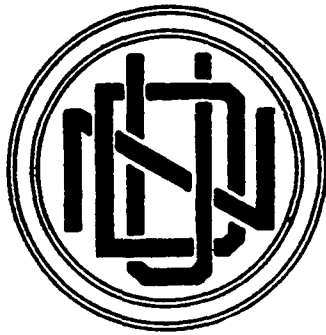
Notre Dame Scholastic



VOL. LVII.

OCTOBER 5, 1928.

No. 3



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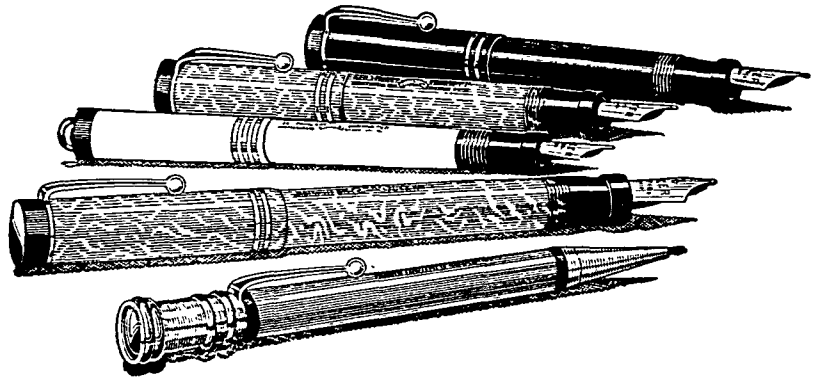
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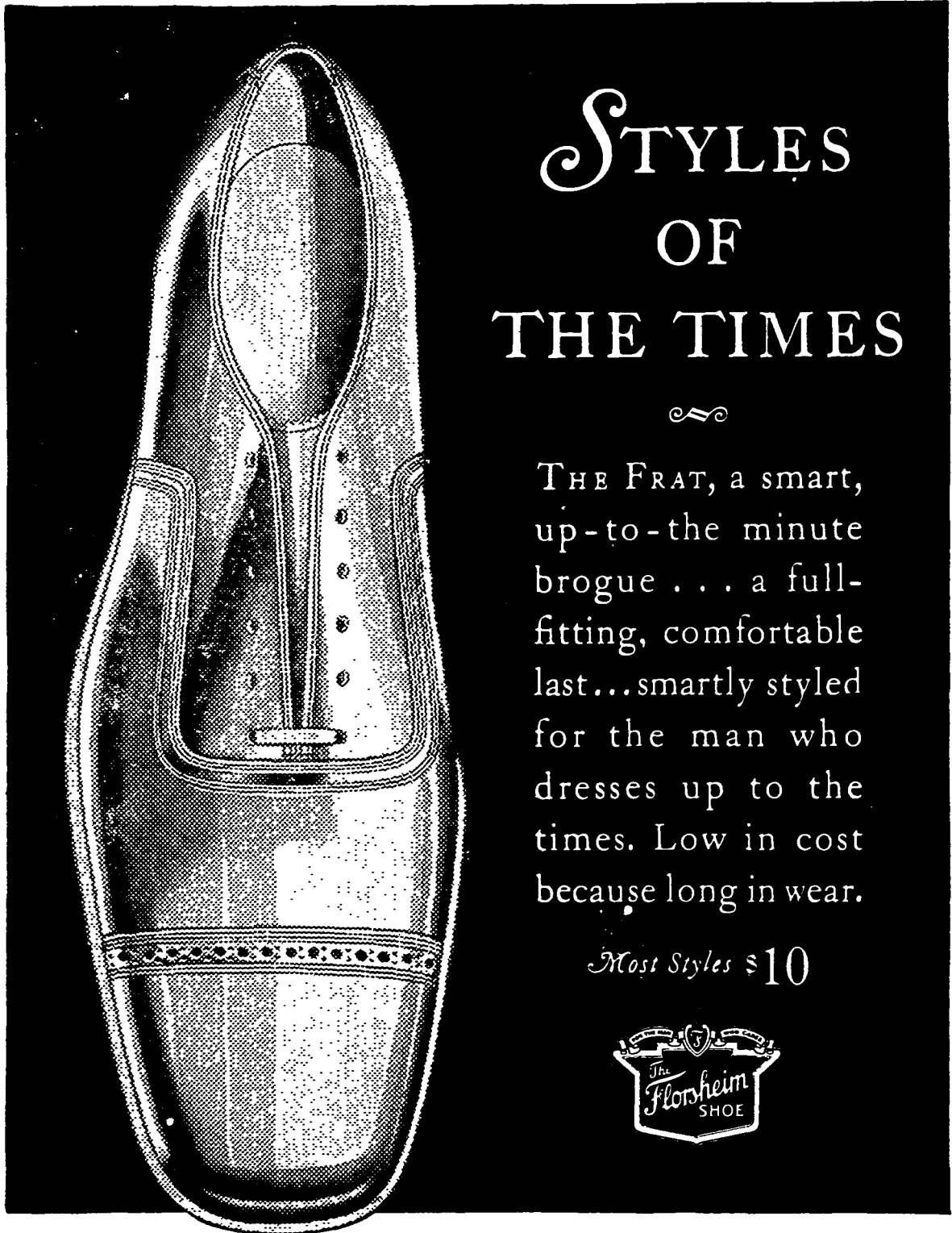
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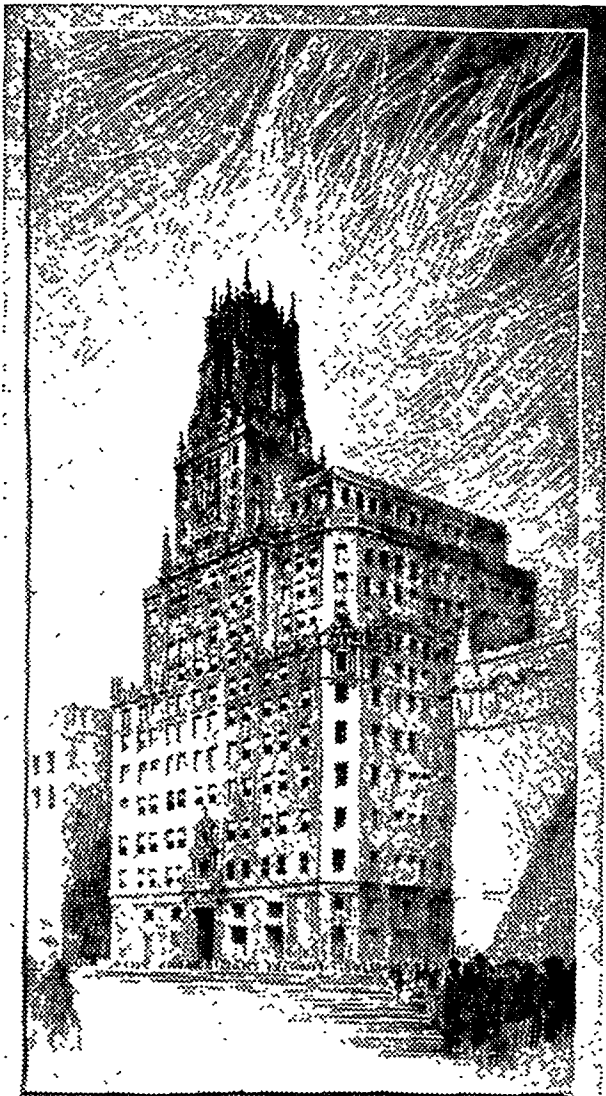
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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men



THE WEEK

As a measure of self-defense it is necessary to state the obvious fact, that the *Week* could more aptly be termed *The Semester*, or at least, *The Month*. Because of certain mechanical limitations *The Week* is usually, by the time of publication, as out of date as a three day old death-notice. If the events treated herein have an aged or mildewed atmosphere clinging about them, console yourself with the thought that reading it is good memory practice.

The campus has been shaken to its very foundation, and the students have been cut to their respective quicks, because of the preference shown for freshmen by the maids behind the iron fence. After consulting the files of the SCHOLASTIC, we find this to be the first year since the Dome was gilded that St. Mary's has had a Sunday afternoon tea dance for the purpose of welcoming back their platonic boy friends. That the invitations should be issued only to freshmen, after the year that juniors and seniors have spent in paying good-will calls on Sunday afternoon is thought to be very irregular; something worthy of an appeal to the S.A.C. Exact details are meagre. All we know is that the favored few, after having their invitations and prancing a bit, left and returned. They have, ever since, been as secretive and hurt-looking as an aggregation of victims to the seal of Confession about to be hanged.

Normalcy is never really attained on the campus until after the annual Freshman-Varsity game of tag, Hello-Week, and the Mission are over. As is usually the case the Freshmen showed "promise", particularly a high stepping person named Brill, who has a talent for whacking prospective tacklers on the head. And as is also usual, the regulars displayed a good sense of humor. We suspect that Walter Eckersall that idol of all Notre Dame men, was the unconscious cause

of a lot of ragged football. He must, as a conscientious sport writer, find himself befuddled. For reports of the Freshmen-Varsity game always have it that Notre Dame has the poorest material in years; that the campus is in gloom, and that Rockne is sobbing himself to sleep every night. Then a month later, the same team without any sense of proper decency proceeds to wallop some of Walter's pets.

"Hello Week" was notable for its lack of hellos. If one may use the term without running the risk of being called an eleven-letter man, it is an interesting view of campus psychology. The campus boys would almost rather be accused of being intelligent than of being docile. Consequently when the "Hello" signs go up, the students go self-conscious. The more optimistic start a greeting, hesitate and finish with a weak gurgle. And the intended recipient either frowns at the ground or displays an interest in the horizon. Even roommates are said to experience some embarrassment in greeting each other with the usual boyish gusto.

Stiff necks and nervous disorders followed the last week-end. You can look at some of the girls all of the time, and at all of the girls some of the time, but you can't look at all of the girls all of the time. At least, not at a football game. We admit a crick in the neck but on excusable grounds. We saw a classic blonde munching a redhot.

The game, of course, accounts for the nervous disorders. Not until Butch Niemic plunged over the line with a nonchalance becoming to Butch, was there any sign of something in the stands and then it was a dazed sort of sanity. But even after the impossible finale, it was hard to forget that Freddy Collins, classiest of classy fullbacks, is out with a broken arm.

K. OF C. INSTALLS OFFICERS.

At a meeting held last Tuesday in the Council chambers in Walsh Hall, the newly elected and appointed officers for the present year were duly installed



VERNON J. KNOX

by the District Deputy. After the impressive ceremony of installation, the officers of the new regime made known the plans for the ensuing year. They expressed the absolute necessity of co-operation in order that their endeavors might not be futile.

Their first big plan is to bring John Philip Sousa and his Band to give a concert at the University on December the fourth. This undertaking should be of interest to everyone whether he be a Knight or not as it is bringing into our midst a nationally known bandmaster with music that is not surpassed by any other organization of its kind in the country. The Concert will be held both in the afternoon and evening with a different program at each session.

Plans were also discussed for the erection of the Union Building which is to be built by the Knights of Columbus for the general welfare of the entire student body. The materialization of these plans is but in the offing and active work in the construction of the building should begin in a comparatively short time.

The officers that are appointed by the Grand Knight were introduced for the first time, as officers, to the members of the Council. They are Vernon J. Knox, who fills the important post of Financial Secretary. John Dorgan succeeds Edward McKeown as Lecturer. And the Rev. Eugene Burke, C. S. C., who fills the office of Chaplain, which was left vacant by Father Galagan since his removal to St. Thomas.

All Canadian students are requested to send in their names and addresses to Walter Stanford, 305 Walsh, for the formation of a Canadian club at Notre Dame.

STUDENT TRIP PLANS ANNOUNCED

The Notre Dame-Navy game at Chicago, Saturday, October 13, has been designated as the official student trip by the S. A. C., acting with full approval of the University officials.

A special train will leave the New York Central station in South Bend at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, returning about midnight the same day. Prices for the trip will be \$3.65 round trip for Saturday only, or \$4.25 round trip for the week-end. The \$4.25 tickets will be honored on any N. Y. C. train leaving Chicago for South Bend any time Saturday or Sunday. Tickets will be sold Wednesday and Thursday, October 10 and 11, respectively, at the candy store opposite Science hall, from 1 to 5:30 p. m.

Only those students residing in Chicago may obtain their week-end permissions in the regular way. Students who live elsewhere than in Chicago, and desire to stay over until Sunday night, should confer with their Rectors immediately concerning regulations governing such actions. Students must present to the Rectors, game and railroad tickets, at the time permission is requested. All week-end permissions begin Saturday morning and end Sunday at midnight; all students must be in their respective residences at that time.

MURRAY YOUNG HEADS
SCRIBBLERS

Murray Young, a senior in the A.B. School of the University and a prominent campus writer, was elected president of the Scribblers for the present year, at a meeting held last Monday night. During the course of the evening the feasibility of running a literary quarterly was discussed. Papers were also assigned to Murray Hickey Ley, Arnold Williams, and John de Roulet.

The Scribblers wish to announce that writers desirous of entering the organization must send their names and qualifications to Secretary Cyril Mullen, 308 Lyons. An election of new members will be held on October 15.

LAW COLLEGE NOTES

The enrollment in the College of Law is larger this year than ever before, according to Dean Thomas F. Konop. In 1927 the total registration was 188, this year the college has 223 students, an increase of 18%. The freshman class has 119 embryo lawyers in it; the second year class numbers 51; and there are 53 in the third year class.



Judge Dudley Wooten will be unable to expound Torts and Legal Ethics to his budding barristers for three or four weeks. The judge is ill and is confined to his home. Dean Konop and Professor Clarence Manion have taken charge of his classes.



Due to an unintentional oversight on the part of the SCHOLASTIC the name of Dean Konop was not mentioned last week in the list of Notre Dame faculty members who have been honored by "Who's Who." The Dean made the select circle of the few who have been listed in the book about eighteen years ago.



NEW STAFF CHOSEN FOR NOTRE DAME "LAWYER"

Thomas Hopper, of Dayton, Ohio, has been chosen Editor-in-Chief of the Notre Dame Lawyer, the magazine of the College of Law. Robert Eggeman, of Fort Wayne, is Business Manager. The staff has been organized and Judge Wooten, Professor Clarence Manion, and Professor Elton E. Richter have been designated as the faculty board of advisors.

There will be eight issues of the Lawyer, the first number appearing some time in the middle of this month. It will contain a notable article by Mr. Obenchain, a prominent barrister of South Bend, and a member of the law firm of Jones and Obenchain. His article will be entitled "Liberties of all Liberties" and will prove exceptionally interesting as it will treat of a subject that is of vital interest to every voter and citizen, the injection of religion into the present political campaign.

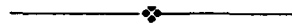
LOYOLA HOP SUCCESS

Approximately two hundred couples attended the first football dance of the season given Saturday evening in the Knights of Columbus ballroom in honor of the Loyola and Notre Dame teams.

The dance which was sponsored by the Junior class proved to be most enjoyable and the committee in charge report that the dance was financially a success.

The music for the dance was furnished by Art Haeren and his Cotton Pickers.

The officers of the Junior class are: President, Robert Hellrung; vice-president, John Moran; secretary, Dan Welchons and treasurer, Bernard Conroy.



STUDENT DIRECTORY OUT SOON

The Student Directory for 1928-29 will be released within the next few days. The directory this year contains the name of every student in the University, his home address, school address and classification.

The more prominent names on the campus this year, according to the directory are: Murphy, O'Brien, Smith and Collins. The directory will be on sale at the newstand and the cigar counter of the University cafeteria.



IS YOUR DAD AN N. D. MAN?

Sons or brothers of men who have been graduated from Notre Dame are asked to stop in at the Alumni Office, next door to the book store, and leave their names with James E. Armstrong, Alumni Secretary.

The November issue of the Notre Dame Alumnus will contain a list of the names. The Alumni Office knows of many such men on the campus and asks the cooperation of the students in making the list complete. Don't leave your father or your brother out. Stop any time during the next week or so. The classmates of your father and brother will get a kick out of your name.



SOPHOMORE MEETING HELD

The Sophomore Class held its initial meeting of the year, Tuesday noon in the gymnasium, for the purpose of discussing plans for the Cotillion.

The meeting was in charge of Ted Huebsch, general chairman of the committees. The date for the dance was announced as October 26, the night before the Drake game, at the Palais Royale.

Frank McGreal, ticket chairman, announced that the ticket sale opens tomorrow and all sophomores planning to attend are urged to secure their tickets as soon as possible from one of the following members of the committee in the various halls:

John Raleigh in Walsh hall; Gordon Salmon and Joseph Munizzo in Morrissey hall; W. J. Taylor, Frank McCullough, and Nordhoff Hoffman in Sophomore hall; and Michael O'Brien and Matthew O'Brien in Lyons hall.

All off-campus sophomores may secure tickets from Frank McGreal, 112 Sophomore hall. The ticket committee urges all off-campus men to obtain their ducats as early as possible.

The sophomore class officers are: Thomas Conley, president; James Doyle, vice-president; Paul McEvoy, secretary; Bernard Leahy, treasurer.

POLICEMAN DALY KILLED BY STREET CAR

Apparently struck and instantly killed by a street car, William Daly, aged 30, a member of the Notre Dame police force, was found dead beside the car tracks on Notre Dame avenue near Cedar Grove cemetery, early Tuesday morning.

The body was found by J. F. Bell, motorman on the first car out that morning. Identification was established by Chief James Kennedy of the Notre Dame police force.

Coroner Carl C. Reifeis of St. Joseph county conducted an immediate inquest and found that death resulted from a fractured skull sustained when the victim was struck by the street car, whose operator was probably unaware that an accident had occurred. It was also determined at the inquest, that

Daly, when found, had been dead at least six hours.

Daly, before his appointment to the police force, was formerly janitor of Morrissey and Walsh halls. He had a large coterie of friends among the faculty and student body, and his loss will be keenly felt.

A Requiem High Mass was celebrated for the deceased yesterday morning in Sacred Heart church. The Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., was the celebrant and members of the Notre Dame police force in full uniform acted as pallbearers. Burial was in Cedar Grove cemetery.—*R. I. P.*

ARMSTRONG AGAIN HONORED

James E. Armstrong, Alumni Secretary, has been appointed to take charge of the program for the members' banquet of the American Alumni Council, to be held next summer in Canada. Mr. Armstrong is vice-president of the council, which is composed of alumni secretaries and magazine editors from the United States and Canada. He is also Director of District Five of the Council.

CUT SYSTEM TO BE STRICTLY ENFORCED

Students, hereafter, will find, as many already have, that the system of recording cuts is not the same as in past years. The Academic Council has decided to keep an immediate check on the absences from class.

A series of cuts in any class or an abundance of them in several of the courses will result in the instant calling of the student before the Council. Those who have been cutting classes with little or no regard as to the consequences will find it difficult to explain when they are summoned before this Council.

The first smoker of the year was held Monday night, October 1, in the Faculty Dining hall, by the Law Club. Dean Konop and Professor Kirby addressed the meeting, which was well attended. The matter of a benefit dance for the "Lawyer" was discussed, while the subject of an emblem or charm for the members of the Law Club was also brought up.

SOPHOMORE COTILLION PLANS

The Sophomore Cotillion, the first formal class dance of the year will be held Friday evening, October 26, in the Palais Royale ballroom of South Bend. Negotiations are being carried on with several of the leading dance orchestras of Chicago to play for the affair.

President Thomas Conley has appointed the committees and the date is set for what promises to be the best Sophomore Cotillion in the history of the University. The Sophomore class numbers more than 700 students and a good attendance is expected.

The Cotillion, in many respects will be one of the most colorful dances held at Notre Dame this year. Dancing will be from nine to one. Due to a decision of the faculty dance committee, all upper-classmen will be excluded from the dance and only sophomores in good standing will be allowed to attend.

According to initial plans the Sophomores and their guests will occupy a special section at the Drake vs. Notre Dame football game on the Saturday following the dance.

Tickets for the affair will be placed on sale Monday in the various halls and can be procured from any member of the ticket committee. No tickets will be sold after October 23 so it is advised to secure the pasteboards early. The price this year is three dollars.

The following men will constitute the Cotillion committees:

Ted Huebsch, general chairman.

Tickets—Francis J. McGreal, chairman; John Raleigh, W. Jeffrey Taylor, F. Sherman McCollough, Norduff Hoffmann, Gordon Salmon, Michael O'Brien, Joseph Munizzo and Matthew O'Brien.

Publicity—John Bergan, chairman; Raymond Conners, Thomas A. Cannon, Don A. Beaton, Arnold Beibel and Arthur H. Knoblock.

Music—William Felvey, chairman; Vincent Bush, Arthur Wallace and William Kerrigan.

Programs — Carl Waltman, chairman; Lawrence P. Kral and Ray Manix.

Floor—Jack McNerney, chairman; Jack Hughes, Albert Maloney and Sidley Craine.

Decorations—Robert L. Baer, chairman; Phillip Angsten, Joseph Kirby, Francis J. Chambers, Joseph Vertasnik, Ronald Zudeck, Howard W. Moloney, Gerald J. Desmond, Joseph Keough, Edward Phelan, and William Cassidy.

FRACTURED WRIST KEEPS FREDDIE COLLINS OUT OF LINEUP

The condition of Freddie Collins, who suffered a fractured wrist after playing only a few minutes in the Loyola game, is reported by attaches of the St. Joseph hospital, as good, but the injury will keep him from further playing during the next few weeks.

Collins' collegiate career which had been one of the most promising of the entire football squad is thus halted for the second time since he first donned the Irish uniform. Two years ago at Minneapolis against Minnesota Freddie suffered a broken jaw which removed him for the remainder of that season. Last year a knee injury kept him out for a short time.

His loss to the squad will be keenly felt and his presence in the lineup again is hoped for very shortly by the students.

LIBRARY ACQUIRES SHERIDAN LETTER

The Lemmonier Library is now in possession of a letter written by General Phil H. Sheridan, while he was a cadet at West Point in 1849, to his sister Margaret. This original document was procured by the Reverend Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C. former vice-president of the University, this summer when he was in Somerset, Ohio.

It is very evident that this letter was never meant for publication because he mentions the fact that he is in debt to the extent of nineteen dollars and doesn't expect to get out of it.

Anyone desiring to read this letter may do so by getting in touch with Mr. Byrne, the librarian.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By Daniel D. Halpin

PHYSICAL EDUCATION MEN

With a prospective enrollment of 90 men who are majoring in Physical Education, the Notre Dame Phy Eds met Tuesday evening for the purpose of organization. A Constitution was introduced and accepted, also the Club voted to become affiliated with the American Education Federation.

New quarters for the men are being outfitted in the Carroll Gymnasium Building. Throughout the year men prominent in Physical Education and Athletics will address the members.

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB SESSION

The Indianapolis Club held its first meeting of the year Sept. 26 in the Badin Hall Rec room. The following were installed as officers for the coming year: William O'Connor, president, William Craig, vice-president, Robert Marshall, secretary and Wilfred Habing, treasurer. After the transaction of routine business the Christmas Dance committee was appointed by President O'Connor.

THE BOSTON CLUB

The second meeting of the Boston Club was held Sunday. President Gerald Crowley announced the appointment of Mr. Charles Colton, class of '28, as chairman of the Dance Committee. The committees have been chosen, and plans for the first annual dance to be held in the Copley Plaza during the Christmas Holidays have been formulated.

WISCONSIN FORMAL

Wisconsin men met Tuesday, October 2, in the Law Building to consider plans for the Annual Christmas Formal. Details will be announced in the immediate future. This year's officers are: J. La Boule, president; William Brown, vice-president; A. Baldabini, treasurer; and Henry Porter, secretary.

AKRON CLUB

Among the more popular social events held in Akron during the summer months was a series of informal dances sponsored by the Akron Club of Notre Dame at the Brookside Country Club. Chairman of arrangements, Claude Horning, and his assistants were especially successful in obtaining some of Akron's best known orchestras for these enjoyable parties. The widespread popularity of the Club dances was justly indicated by the large number of out-of-town guests who were present at each affair.

After completing such a successful vacation program, the officers of the Club wish to announce that the inaugural meeting will be held in the Badin Hall Rec. room, Monday, October 8, at 7:30 P. M. All members of the Club are urged to be present and to encourage all new men from Akron and adjoining cities to attend. At this meeting plans will

be made in anticipation of a banquet to be held in the Faculty Dining Room, accompanied with the pleasure of hearing some prominent campus speaker. Committees for the Annual Christmas Formal will be appointed and details concerning this affair will be discussed.

The officers of the Rubber City organization are: Virgil P. Cline, president; Paul Berthsch, vice-president; Andrew Snyder, treasurer; and Lawrence H. Halter, secretary.

VILLAGERS MEET

The first dinner meeting of the Villagers Club was held Monday evening, October 1, in the College Inn of the Hotel LaSalle. Francis Jones, the club president, conducted the meeting at which there was an attendance of sixty members.

A new plan has been adopted by the club this year in presenting a prominent member of the Notre Dame faculty and also a member of the Notre Dame Club of the St. Joseph Valley Alumni Association. The Rev. E. Vincent Mooney, Dean of the Department of Physical Education represented the University. He delivered a very excellent talk, and in particular, stressed the importance of aiding the Freshmen who are living off campus. Mr. A. Livingston, president of the Alumni group gave an interesting talk on college life during his school days here in 1884.

Committees for the various activities were appointed for the year. Entertainment by the Dolly Dancing Trio and Jay Walz, pianist, marked the termination of this very successful gathering. November 5 was announced as the date of the next meeting of the South Bend group.

PITTSBURGH INAUGURAL

Possibilities for a reception to the Carnegie Tech rooters were discussed at the first meeting of the Smoky City boys, held on Monday evening in Badin Hall. The officers who will guide the destinies of the club for 1928-29 year are president, Bernard Conroy; vice-president, John Kissane; secretary, Hugh Gallagher; and treasurer, Richard O'Donnell.

MINNESOTA CLUB

Three meetings have already been held to date by the Minnesota men. Arrangements are being completed for the annual Christmas Formal to be held in Minneapolis this year. The Alumni group, whose invaluable aid made the club's Summer affair so successful, has assured the club that they will gladly co-operate in making this year's dance the most outstanding of holiday gatherings in that section of the country. Thomas Donovan, John Flahey, Albert McKay and John Eldredge were named to serve on the favor and program committees for the affair.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

It was edifying to note the generous applause the students gave the Loyola team on Cartier field last Saturday. We may be sure that the men from Loyola appreciate it. There was a noticeable absence of booing and hissing when opponents got the "breaks", and there was enough balance to the cheering to show that Notre Dame is a generous opponent.

In a week, there will be a general departure for Chicago for the Navy game. Probably the majority of the student body will attend the clash. There will be over a hundred thousand people there, which proves that Notre Dame is a great crowd getter. These spectators will not only carry away impressions of the game with them, but they will also have some comment on the behavior of the Notre Dame student body. Give the crowd a good impression.

Chicago likes Notre Dame. Our teams have been modest in victory and generous to the defeated opponent. We have also learned to take defeat with a smile, and we can congratulate the victors as readily as their own rooters.

If the game develops any questionable decisions, spare the booing for some other day, and replace it with a courteous silence. Give each eleven your best cheers, and help them both along. Let the Navy team know that we admire them, and let our own team know that we are fighting for them. If we can do that, we will have proved to the world that Notre Dame is capable of scoring off the football field as well as on it.

STUDENT COOPERATION AND THE S. A. C.

For many years the Student Activities Council of the University has served as a medium for effecting student government. This organization is composed of nineteen

representatives elected from the various classes and colleges of the University. The duties of the committee are to better student life and exercise supervision over campus activities.

The success of the Student Activities Council in former years was due to the whole-hearted cooperation given it by both faculty and student body. The purposes set forth in its constitution best explain the reason for its establishment. (1) To provide an effective channel of communication between the undergraduate body and the University authorities; (2) to exercise a general supervision over student activities, organizations, traditions, and customs; (3) to encourage sane undergraduate opinion. Now these aims can only be achieved by the realization on the part of the students, that this council is acting for the good of the University as a whole. Without the full confidence of the undergraduates the success of student government is impossible.

The idea that the S. A. C. is an organization to represent the student body as a bargaining union against the faculty must not be entertained. The chairman is making an appeal for constructive criticism, confidence, and cooperation, in the hope that the student body will respond willingly. It is up to them whether or not the Student Activities Council shall successfully perform the functions for which it was established.

SMOKING

Within the next few days, the S.A.C. will have signs placed on the quadrangle requesting the students not to smoke on that particular section of the campus. One of the oldest traditions of the university prohibits smoking on the quadrangle, and the students are requested to observe the tradition and wait until they are past the limits before "lighting up."


 LITERARY

The Broken Doll

A Crisis and Its Passing

JAMES L. CALLAHAN

TIM MCCARTHY felt weak as he closed the door of the construction shanty. He leaned against the small guard fence and watched the men crawling around like ants as they worked in the deep foundation pit of the new Union Terminal. His ears still rang with, "No, Tim, I can't use you now. I'll call you when we start the construction, but I can't say when that will be."

Inside the office Bull Walsh, chief of the iron workers, laid down the blue print he was reading. He turned to the chief engineer, "That fellow's a good man," he said, "a hard worker and a square shooter. I would put him on right now if there was anything to do. Best man I had on the last job."

Tired of watching the busy workers while he himself had to be idle, Tim turned away and walked down Euclid avenue. Where would he go? What would he do? He hated to go home and face his wife and kiddies, to tell them that he failed again; but there was nothing else to do. There was no work. If there was, he would have found it long ago. Hadn't he tramped the city dozens of times? Wasn't his name on application blanks in all the shops and factories? What else could he do? A rasping horn startled him; a strong arm pulled him back into the crowd, and a loud voice demanded:

"Say, are you blind? Can't you read? D'ya wanta get killed?"

Tim looked up at a burly policeman.

"I'm sorry," he said.

He waited until the signal light flashed and then walked across the street. He stepped out of the crowd and leaned against a building. Hundreds of shoppers and office workers rushed by him, but he saw none of them.

This rush, this noise, this very air annoyed him. He wanted to get away from it all, and yet he seemed helpless in his circumstance. He was frightened because he was out of place, and he knew it. He longed to be where he belonged; high above the crowds. He was safer, much safer, on the twentieth story of a steel skeleton building, where the air was fresh and the only sounds were the rhythmic poundings of rivet machines, the regular clicking of pulleys as huge beams were being hoisted, and the merry laughter of the men as they worked.

At the sound of the noon-day whistles he shouldered into the crowd. He was going to eat, but he didn't know where. He would not go home. As he walked along, someone bumped him. He moved over. He was bumped again, this time almost pushing over a woman and child. He turned angrily.

"Say!" he demanded, but he broke off quickly. "Why, Jack Trainer! You old buzzard, how are you?" he exclaimed as he recognized an old pal.

"Well, Tim! What's news?"

They shook hands in the middle of the street.

"Nothing much. Where were you headed for in such a hurry?"

"Going to eat? I'm near starved."

"So am I."

"Well, come on along. I know a swell place just around the corner. We can talk there in peace. We're holding up the procession here."

The two hurried away and in a short time were at the restaurant. It was a clean place, Tim reflected as they entered. It was crowded with the noon-day rush, so Tim prepared

to wait until a table was vacated.

"Come on," called his companion as he weaved his way between the tables. Tim followed. They stopped before the last of the booths that lined the wall and Jack pushed aside the curtains and motioned for Tim to enter. "My private room," he explained as they slipped off their overcoats. "I eat here every day."

They took places at either side of the table.

"Well, let's see what they have today," Jack said as he picked up the menu. Then, in answer to the waiter's query, he said, "Make mine veal cutlet. What will you have Tim? Same? All right—make it two of veal, and lots of rye bread and butter."

After the waiter left, Trainer leaned back in his chair.

"What have you been doing, Tim? Still punching hot rivets?"

"Not now, Jack. I'm loafing. Been out of work since last spring."

"What? You've been out of work all that while? That's tough! How'd you manage to keep going?"

"I didn't. I had a couple of odd jobs, but they petered out. Marie managed things pretty well, but I'm in debt up to my neck. I——"

"Not much building?"

"Not a darn bit, Jack. I thought I could find something down at the depot, but they haven't started the steel yet. God! I'd do anything to get a job."

Jack studied him for a moment. He started to speak, but stopped when the waiter entered with their food. The two men ate in silence for a moment.

"Say, Jack, you haven't said a thing about yourself. What are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm still with the same bunch. You know, the old gang you were raised with."

"That crowd—they still——" Tim hesitated, his cheeks colored, "—they still running around together?" he managed to say.

Jack smiled.

"Yes, the same old bunch, doing the same tricks, only we have a real organization now. We've been running booze all year, but occasionally we do a big job." He paused a minute, then leaned over the table and said in a

low tone, "Listen, Tim, you said before, you would do anything. Will you——"

"I said anything to get a job," Tim broke in.

"Well, this is a job, a real job. It's——"

"No, Jack, it's useless. You know we argued that out once before."

"Oh, come off your horse," retorted Jack, "it's the old gang—Lefty, Burke, Christman, Leonard—you know them all. They'd be glad——"

Tim jumped up. "Listen, Trainer, you know that I don't do that sort of thing. I'm no dirty——"

The other paled; then an angry flush covered his face. He rose quickly and reached for his pocket. He hesitated. The color slowly left his cheeks and his lips fell again into that formal smile. Taking Tim by the shoulders, he forced him gently to his seat.

"Sit down, Tim," he said slowly. "You're nervous. Cool off and finish your meal. Then we'll talk."

Tim slumped down in the chair. What had he done? What had he said? Wasn't Jack an old friend of his? Weren't they raised together, and didn't they lead the old gang together? Wasn't that the same bunch Jack wanted him to go with now? He needed money—needed it desperately. Money would pay off his bills: the groceries, the rent, the insurance—everything. It would hold him until he found another job. Wasn't Jack trying to help him? Why had he hurt him? All these thoughts raced through Tim's troubled mind as he mechanically finished his meal. After he had eaten, he hesitated to look up. Jack was watching him closely, he knew. He could feel the piercing gaze of his eyes. A few moments passed. Finally he looked up. He tried to say something to break the tension, but the words stuck in his throat.

Jack smiled. "Forget it, Tim," he assured him. "Don't let a little thing like that bother you."

"Thanks, Jack, but——"

"Never mind. You just sit still and listen to me. Now, we've been pals for years, Tim, so I'll speak straight from the shoulder. You need money, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You need it in a bad way, and you need it quick?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, you need money and I need a man; a man like yourself. I need him just as bad as you need money, and, I—am—willing—to—pay — big — money — for — that—man."

"I suppose, but I'm not—"

"Wait until I finish, then you can have your say. Here's the dope. We are going to take over the American Manufacturing Company. They pay the day after tomorrow; their payroll averages about \$300,000, and—they—pay—in—cash! That money will be brought in tomorrow about five-thirty, in the company armored car. They transfer it to the safe, where it will remain until eight o'clock, when they make up the payroll. That's where we come in."

"But how?" broke in Tim before he could check himself.

"That's easy," Jack continued. "There is only one man on guard while the others are out. It's easy to put one out of the way."

"How will you get in the building?"

"I'm coming to that now. Lefty is driving for them; he has the late turn and is always the last one in. Tomorrow night we will hide under the canvas in the back of his truck. There will be Burke, Christman, Leonard, myself, and—and one other. After Lefty drives in, the night watchman locks up. We can get the watchman by surprise. He'll never know what happened. His keys will let us through the entire office and shop. The office building is just across the alley-way from the garage. Once in the office, we are sitting pretty. The guard will not expect anything, so we can get him easily. Their safe is a standing joke. We will have an hour to work on the tin box. If Christman can't make the tumblers click, then we will have to burn the hinges. I have a handy acetylene gun with quarter size tanks. One man can carry the whole outfit easily. That's where I need you, because you can handle a torch better than any man I know, and speed is what we'll need if we can't work the lock. After we break the box and get the dough, we leave by the back way. Their mill room

is working overtime, and we can mingle with the workers when they leave at 7:30. We can grab any card to punch the clock, and Lefty will be waiting for us across the street in a car. We will take the acetylene gun with us; it is small enough to slip in your pocket. The hose and tanks we will leave there; they can't be traced. We split even and it's all over. The whole thing won't take more than an hour, and it's safer than buying Liberty bonds."

He sat back in his chair, lit a cigar and said, "What do you think of it?"

Tim hesitated. The plan fascinated him. He could not pick a flaw in it. He smiled to himself when he thought of the torch. Certainly he could handle it. Wasn't he one of the best in the city? After a few minutes he said, "Well, it sounds good."

Jack swelled.

"Of course it's good. All my plans are. They work, too. But how about you handling the torch?"

Tim couldn't face his friend. "I— I—you see —" he stammered, "Marie wouldn't—"

"Say, you're in a bad fix. You've admitted that. Your wife and kiddies can't wait forever for you to find work."

"I know I need the money, but—"

"But what? If you would only use your head you would have around \$50,000 tomorrow night to tuck away. I could pick up fifty fellows who—"

"Why don't you?"

"Why don't I? Because you are a square-shooter and can hold your tongue. Besides, I would like to help you out of your trouble. You're a plain fool to turn down my offer."

"Are you sure it will work?"

"I know it will. I'm engineering it."

"How about the night watchman and guard—won't they be armed?"

"Sure, but Burke, Christman and Leonard can handle them—those boys know their stuff. Listen, Tim, I'm not asking you to join us; it's just for this job. You will help me as much as I help you."

"Well—all right—I will, but—"

"That's fine. I knew you could see it my way. Now I've got to see the boys. I'll call

you around eleven tomorrow and you can come over to my place to look over the gun." He slipped into his coat. "Don't forget! Tomorrow around eleven. So long." The curtain parted and he was gone.

A half hour afterwards, Tim rose slowly and put on his coat. What had he done? What if they were caught? What would Marie think? He shuddered. They couldn't be caught! Marie must never know!

That evening after supper Tim tried to appear as unconcerned as possible. He studied his little family. His wife sat on the davenport opposite him. She was busy mending the children's clothes. Tim watched her closely. Her hair was carefully done up; her housedress was spotless. She was a good wife, he reflected. Hadn't she stuck by him through all his troubles? But they wouldn't have to worry now. Tomorrow night he would have enough money for all their needs. He watched the children. Junior was playing on the floor with his train; Betty was trying to cut out a new dress for her doll. He smiled. They would have more toys now. His little family would be happy. They would never know—they would never know.

Tim slouched down in his chair. Methodically he reached for his pipe, filled the bowl, lit it, propped his legs on the footstool and picked up the evening paper. He glanced at the first page. Murders, robberies, divorces—black heads stared out at him. He shuddered and rapidly paged through the paper to the "Help Wanted" section. He scanned the columns of ads. There was no demand for iron workers. He sighed. It was no use. Half-heartedly he made a note of several other ads that he intended to follow up. Then, nervously, he threw the paper aside. Marie looked up; she watched him a minute.

"Please don't worry so, Tim," she said anxiously. "I know things will turn out all right. I just feel that something will happen tomorrow."

"I hope so," he replied weakly. "If she only knew," he thought to himself as he picked up a magazine.

"Junior, dear, turn on the radio for mother" she said to her son. As he did, a

voice sounded from the loudspeaker: "This is WTAM speaking. We are taking time out from our regular program to announce that the Eddy Road branch of the Savings and Loan was held up today and \$25,000 was taken. The following is a description of the five men who took part in the robbery. Anyone who can give any information—"

Tim jumped up and shut off the station.

"Why did you do that?" asked his wife.

"Oh, I—I thought I would try some other station for a change," he replied as he fumbled with the dials. She watched him.

"You are nervous tonight, Tim. What is the trouble?"

"It's nothing, Mother, only I'm getting so tired of doing nothing. I've got to find work. I can't stand this idleness any longer."

"Would you care to go to a movie?"

"No."

"Or go over to see the O'Briens?"

"No—not tonight. I don't feel—"

Then why don't you slip in bed and get a good night's sleep?"

"I believe I will." He kissed his wife and left the room.

The next day Tim was up early. He started to work around the house. He cleared the snow off the walks, put away the screens, cleared the basement, and did several other small jobs to occupy his time. After the work he felt better. He bathed, and had just finished dressing when Betty came running to him. She was crying and in her arms she carried her Mamma doll, its head broken.

"Look, Daddy," she sobbed, "see what Junie did?"

"Let Daddy have it," he asked. "Now you run and get Junior. Tell him I want to see him."

When the children entered the room, Tim was sitting on the bed, still holding the broken doll. He looked up. The boy hung his head and shifted from one foot to the other.

"Junior," said Tim, "why did you break Betty's doll? Haven't I told you many times to leave her things alone?"

"Gee Dad, I didn't mean to, honest. We were playing in the front room, I was a robber and I knocked the doll over when I was

trying to get away from the cops.”

Tim paled slightly; the doll nearly slipped from his hands.

“You were playing robber?—You knocked it over, making your escape?”

“Yes, Dad.”

“Well, be careful. You will knock the house down some day. Now tell Betty you are sorry; that you hope she will get—”

The phone rang. Tim put the doll down. As he stepped into the hall to answer the phone he glanced at the clock. It was five minutes to eleven. He picked up the receiver.

“Hello Yes. . . . Right away?. . . . All right.”

He set the phone down slowly.

“Junior,” he called, “where’s Mother?”

“She went to the store.”

“Then run and get daddy a pencil and paper while he puts on his coat.”

Tim sat down and wrote hurriedly—
“Dear Mother,

“Just had an important phone call. Don’t wait supper for me. I will probably be late.

“Tim.”

Leaving the note on the table, he kissed Betty, waved “goodbye” to Junior, and went out.

It was after nine when Tim returned that night. He was excited when he entered the house. His overcoat bulged from the package he was carrying inside.

“Everything is O. K., Mother,” he shouted as he fairly lifted his wife out of the chair to kiss her. “We needn’t worry any more.”

“What is it, Tim.”

“I have a job,” he replied as he slipped off his coat and tossed the package to Betty. “My old boss, Walsh, called me this morning while you were away. I am to be a gang foreman. I have been studying the blue prints until now so we can start work tomorrow.”

“Oh, look Junie!” Betty exclaimed, “Daddy fixed my broken doll.”



“ If I Might Live Again ”

If I might live again, and having once
*Been dead, I should be wiser than my kind
 Is wont to be. I—having known the hunts
 In cool, green woods and granite hills—should find
 More joy in living than I sought before;
 More happiness in watching with the wise
 Than racing with the swift, the young. Nor
 Would I dream of old loves and young eyes
 As once I dreamed. Nor would I match my speed
 With time, and learn how sad it is to fail,
 To feel my swift limbs weaken and to need
 A younger arm than mine, a hand less frail,
 To point the path before my dimming eyes—
 For having twice been young, I might be wise.*

—JOHN N. de ROULET.

SPORT NEWS

Wolfpack Battles Gamely In 12-6 Defeat

Back to the South the Wolfpack goes, still defiant, still proud. It came near accomplishing what a generation of great teams have failed to do—lick the Irish terrier on his home lot.

It almost succeeded but not quite. It shook the lofty throne of tradition and almost toppled it in the dust; and many were the times when the men of Notre Dame knew not whether to cheer or pray, and compromised by doing both. The Southerners led at the half 6-0, but the Gold and Blue led at the end 12-6.

When the Maroon wolves took the field it was evident that the reports of their size had not been exaggerated, and when the game began it was also evident that the stories of their prowess were altogether true. For it was a great team that Clark Shaughnessy put on the hallowed turf of Cartier, great as individuals; almost as great as a team. Big, fast, and powerful, they rambled from the opening kickoff to the closing gun.

It was early in the game when the Gold and Blue first learned the mettle of the men opposed to them. A slashing Irish offensive had carried the ball deep into Maroon territory. The pigskin changed hands twice on breaks and it was the Rockmen's ball on Loyola's six-yard line. Four plays the Irish flung at a stonelike Maroon line and four times they were stopped, although once, a five

yard penalty aided the men from the Southland. Loyola then punted out of danger.

By now the Irish were aroused and with Elder and Shay doing most of the ball carrying twice came down the field deep into Maroon territory only to lose the pigskin, once

on downs and once on a fumble. Only the lack of a sustained attack prevented the Gold and Blue from scoring.

The tide of fortune shifted suddenly and an exchange of punts gave Loyola the ball on the Irish 45 yard line. Failing to gain through the line Lopez hurled a beautiful 35 yard pass to Drouilhet who was

playing at end on this particular play. Three downs put the ball on the Notre Dame one yard line, and on the next play Lopez took it over. The try for point failed and Loyola led 6 to 0 as the gun ended the half.

The Irish came out for the second half with blood in their eyes. Loyola received the kickoff but found the Rockmen impregnable and were forced to punt. Drouilhet's kick went out of bounds on his own 45 yard line. Two plays gained five yards for the Irish, when Mr. Elder, the Kentucky Colonel, took it into his head that the time to ramble and ramble fast had arrived. Tucking the ball under his arm he headed for the sideline only to cut in sharply off tackle and breeze past the line of scrimmage like a frightened antelope. In a flash he broke



CAPT. MILLER



FRED COLLINS

toward the side line again as two very earnest, maroon-clad tacklers loomed before him, only to cut back again towards the center. On he sped to the ten yard stripe where the Wolves' safety man awaited him. Abruptly he reversed his field and started for the opposite side line on a long diagonal to finally plant the ball in the end zone for the tying score.

The ball seesawed back and forth with Loyola threatening several times. Once a fumbled punt gave them the ball on the Irish 12 yard line but Captain Miller and his mates displayed the same sterling defense which has characterized Notre Dame goal line stands in the past and averted what looked like a certain score.

About the middle of the last quarter it really began to look as though the Maroon would score a moral victory by tying the Irish. Late in the game Rockne inserted that veteran tosser of passes, Johnny Niemic. John O'Brien, the sandpaper-fingered Californian playing his first game for the Gold and Blue went in at left end shortly after and promptly snagged a pair of Niemic's deft tosses to place the ball deep in Loyola territory. After two running plays had failed to score a third pass over the goal line was batted into the field of play by a Loyola man thus averting a touchback and costing the Gold and Blue only a down instead of the loss of the ball. It was fourth down and about two yards to go to score. The reliable Niemic rose to the occasion and slid through a small hole off right tackle for the winning touchdown as the Irish stands hit the sky. Shortly after the game ended with Loyola punting in the shadow of its own goal posts.

Although the Maroon was strong in almost every position it was her hard-bitten center trio led by the stocky Jaubert who were outstanding. Jaubert played the full game and caused plenty of trouble as did his side partners, Galle and Ritchey.

Leppig and Miller's fine play in the line, Elder's flashy running. Niemic's accurate passing and Chevigny's excellent all-around play featured the Irish victory.

The Gold and Blue did not escape entirely unscathed for Freddie Collins, the hard-driving first string fullback, snapped his wrist breaking up a Loyola pass play. He will be out of the lineup indefinitely. He seems to be the original hard-luck boy. Two years ago he broke his jaw in the second game of the season with Minnesota and was out for the year.

It was possibly the hardest opening game that a Notre Dame team has ever played. Many a more highly-touted eleven has failed to give any such battle as did these men from the sunny South. Notre Dame men may rest assured that another great team bears the banner of Gold and Blue, for only a great team could have beaten the "Wolfpack" last Saturday.

The lineup:

NOTRE DAME	LOYOLA
E. Collins.....	L. E..... Miller
Miller [C.].....	L. T..... Pronithet
Leppig.....	L. G..... Galle
Moynihan.....	C. Jaubert
Law.....	R. G..... Ritchey
Twomey.....	R. T..... Sehrt
Vezie.....	R. E..... Allen
Carideo.....	Q. B..... Lopez
Mullins.....	L. H..... Budge
Dew.....	R. H..... Moore
Shay.....	F. B..... Maitland

Substitutes: Notre Dame—Brady for Carideo, Elder for Mullins, Chevigny for Dew, F. Collins for Shay, Listzwan for F. Collins, Donoghue for Twomey, J. Cannon for Law, Niemic for Elder, Nash for Moynihan, Morrissey for Brady, Colerick for E. Collins, Doran for Donoghue, Murphy for Vezie, O'Brien for Colerick, Ransavage for Miller, Christianson for Carideo, Leahy for Christianson, Conley for Murphy.

Loyola—Cooper for Galle, Tetlow for Budge, Bonura for Drouilhet, Maitland for Weddle, Decell for Tetlow, Keiffer for Ritchey, Blasi for Allen.

Summary: Passes attempted: Notre Dame, 18—5 completed, 2 intercepted. Loyola, 3—2 completed, 1 intercepted.

Yardage gained by passes—Notre Dame, 39; Loyola, 2.

Touchdowns—Lopez, Elder, Niemic.

Officials: Eckersall [Chicago], referee. Schommer, Chicago, umpire. Daniels, Loyola [Chicago], headlinesman. Kearns, DePaul, field judge.

THE BADGER THREAT

It certainly appears as though the intelligensia of sport, in forcasting the prospects of the leading elevens of the country, have failed to pay due consideration to the big, powerful Wisconsin team. Perhaps the most underrated aggregation in the Western Conference, but surely one of the most dangerous, the Badgers will take the field at Madison to-morrow, determined to kick the fighting Irish off the field, over the fence, and out of the park. For many weeks the Cardinal huskies have been working out strenuously at historic Camp Randall, priming themselves for this opening contest.

In many respects the Badgers will have a decided advantage over their guests. They will enjoy great superiority in weight, having a team which tips the scales in the neighborhood of 190 pounds per man. That their backfield men are fast and shifty is a known fact which is causing enemy coaches in the Big Ten considerable worry these days. And then of course, the game will be played on Wisconsin's home field in the presence of howling rooters, inspiring coeds, and other influences which have come to be associated with the great American game of football.

The Badger squad this year is the largest in the history of the university, eighty-five men reporting for practice. Of this miniature army, eighteen are lettermen from last year's team, and a very large percentage of the remainder saw active service as members of last season's reserve and freshman teams. It is apparent, therefore, that the Wisconsin coaching staff, which almost rivals the squad itself in point of view of numbers, has a wealth of material to work with. The Badgers will be led this year by Rube Wagner, a veteran tackle, who won his way to the captaincy by his hard, smashing, line-play. This gentleman may be responsible for much of the hard, determined resistance which the Badgers are determined to offer their opponents tomorrow. Another player who will bear close watching is Smith, who, according to whispers in conference circles, ought to develop into another Joesting in a short time.

The Wisconsin coach, Glenn Thistlewaite, is a man whose name has always been respected in the annals of Notre Dame football history. Thistlewaite will long be remembered as the mentor who elevated Northwestern to the heights of its gridiron ambitions, the championship of the Western Conference. Last season, his initial one at the Madison institution, he encountered but a fair degree of success; but this year, with the whole-hearted support of the players and student body behind him, he is expected to produce wonders. He is ably assisted by Tom Lieb, the old Notre Dame star, whose name will always bear an honored place in athletics at this university.

This game should be a thriller in all respects. It will furnish conclusive proof as to the innate ability of Rockne's 1928 eleven, whose fighting qualities were unquestionably demonstrated last Saturday against Loyola. The contest will attract nation-wide interest, for it will be the most important fray of the week-end.

—J. G. P.

POTENTIAL STRENGTH SHOWN AS TEAMS PRACTICE; INTERHALL OUTLOOK BRIGHT.

With the preliminary practice games over, the various coaches have a week to whip their teams into shape for the official opening of the Interhall grid season to take place Sunday, October 7. The prospects seem rosy to many of the hall mentors and equally dark to others, for the openers brought out some very fine and some extremely poor football. The upperclass halls of Division II. naturally showed up better, for while they have had no longer to prepare, they are accustomed to Interhall tactics and, in the case of several teams, the men composing the squad had played together the previous year. Lyons has several of last year's Morrissey squad fighting for a place on its team; the present Morrissey squad is, in the essence, the team that carried Howard's colors last season; while Sophomore's Maroon eleven has drawn its personnel almost entirely from the championship squad put on the field by Freshman Hall. These teams stand head and shoulders above the rest on the merits



“--and, Dad,

that last quarter was a thriller. With only a minute left to play our big right half broke loose and ran thirty yards for the touchdown that won the game.”

“Son, that must have been great. I can almost see it, you make it so realistic. I do enjoy your telephone calls.”

There is no need to lose intimate touch with folks at home while you are away. They are interested in everything you do, so telephone home every week. The rates are low and charges may be reversed.

*Begin today—
make telephoning home
a major sport.*



**INDIANA
BELL TELEPHONE
COMPANY**

of their showing Sunday and, while it is a bit early for predictions, look like the real class of Division II.

The play of the Division I teams brought out some real football but the greenness of the material was painfully apparent. Unlike the more experienced teams of Division II co-ordination and teamwork were sadly lacking and most of the games were affairs of individual effort. Another week will probably reverse the story though for the potential strength displayed can, under skillful coaching, be easily turned into football machines of note.

Next week's games and the fields on which they are to be played follow:

- 10:00 Lyons-Corby—Varsity Practice Field.
- 10:00 Bronson-Howard—South of Gymnasium.
- 10:00 Freshman-Walsh—Minim Field.
- 2:00 Badin-Morrissey—South of Gymnasium.
- 2:00 Sophomore-Off Campus II.—Minim Field.
- 2:00 Carroll-Off Campus I.—Varsity Practice Field.

A short resume of the practice games follow:

LYONS, 12—FRESHMAN, 0

Displaying a nice running attack and occasional flashes of a deadly aerial game the Gold Coasters romped at will over the defenses of the yearling outfit to win just about as they chose. The Lyons team was working exceptionally smooth for so early in the season and looked like a good bet for a top position in its division.

MORRISSEY, 18—BROWNSON, 6

A smashing line attack that quickly wilted the light line of the Arabs was the deciding factor of the Scholars' one-sided victory over the Main Building outfit. Coming to life after a pass and two line smashes had put them on the short end of a 6-0 score, Morrissey let her steam roller loose to rapidly roll up three touchdowns and cinch the game.

CORBY, 6—HOWARD, 0

The reserve strength of the He-Men proved too much for Howard and they succeeded in shoving over the needed six points late in the third quarter when the yearlings' defenses first weakened. Howard came back strong in the fourth quarter but the stubborn defense of the Corbyites thwarted their best efforts.

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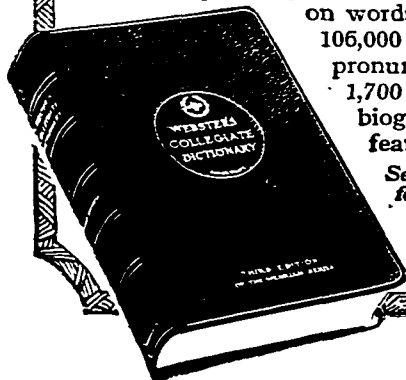
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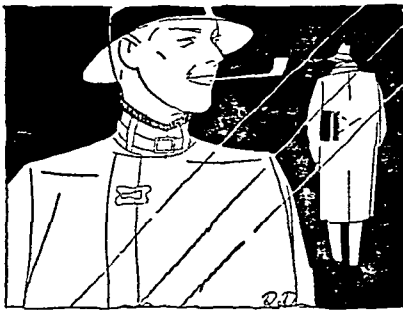
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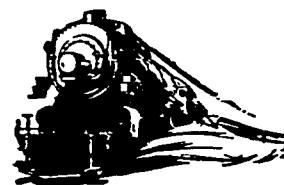
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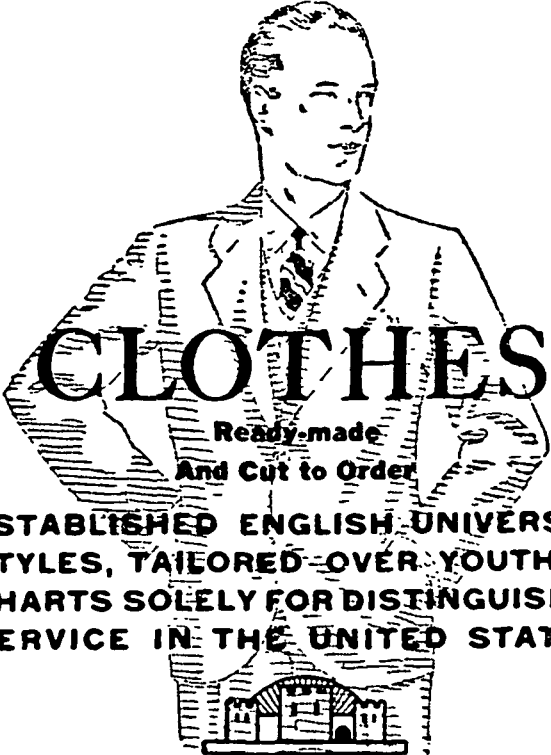
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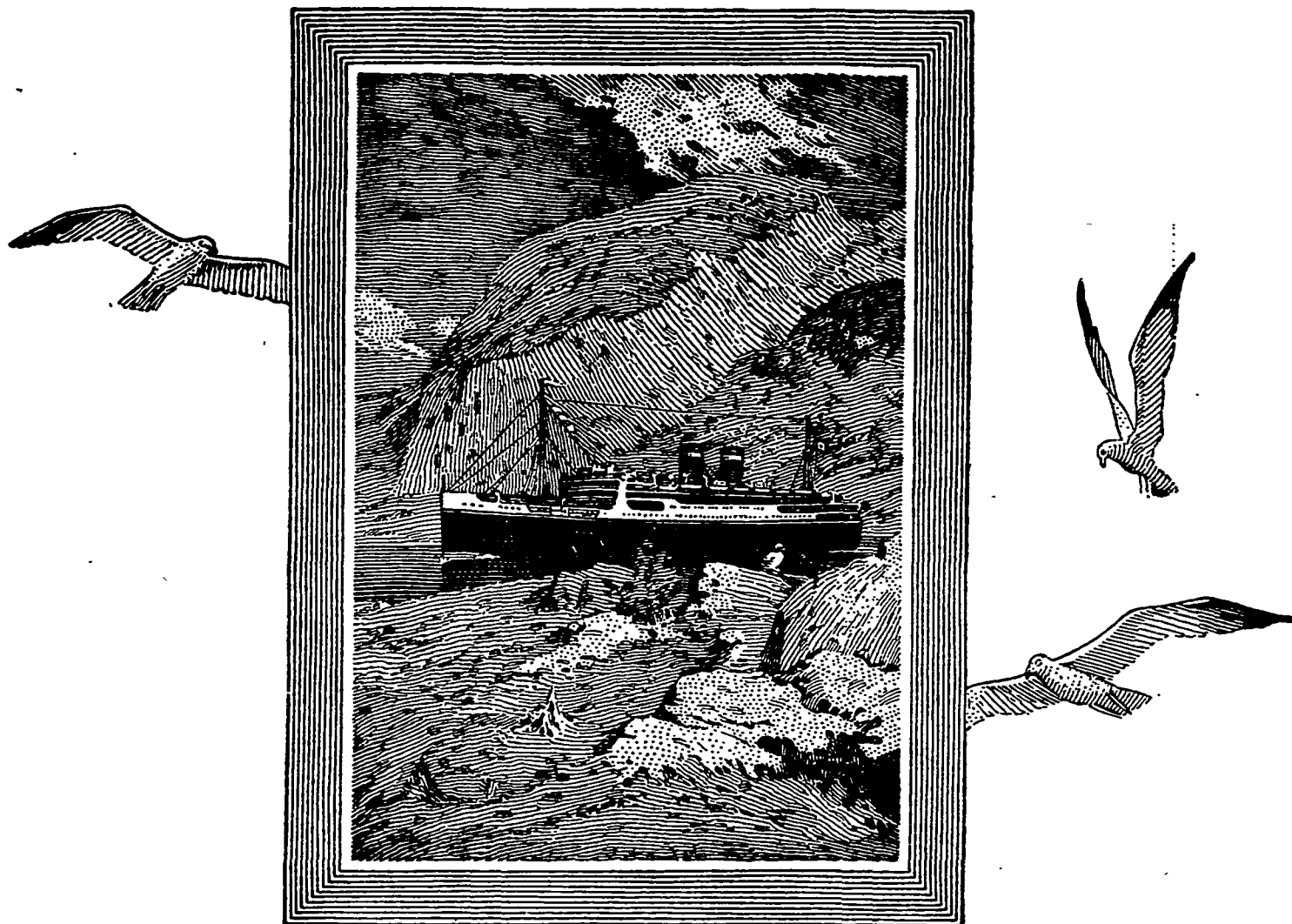
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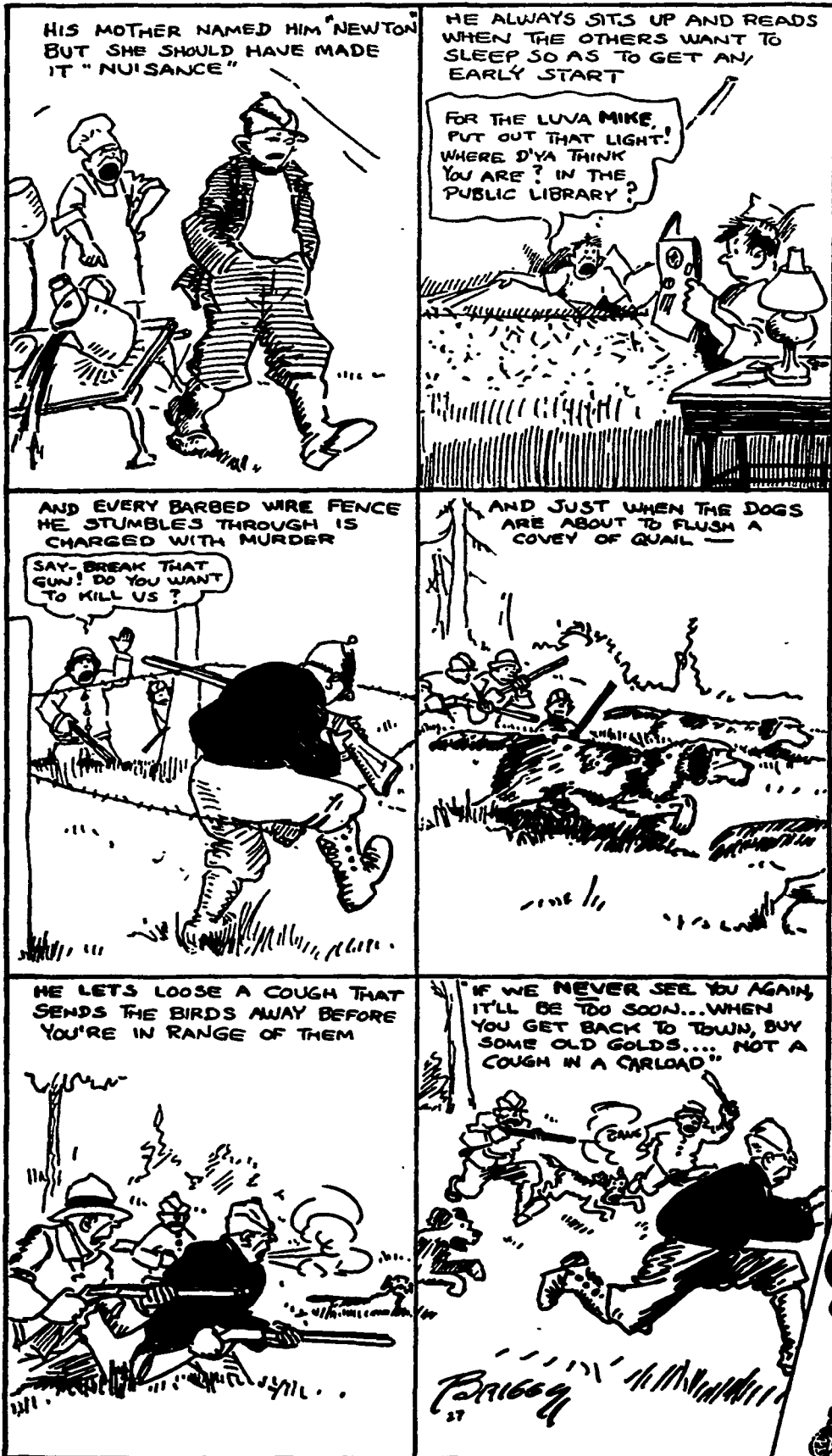
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