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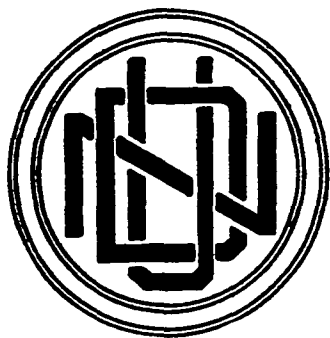
# Notre Dame Scholastic

VOL. LVII.

OCTOBER 26, 1928

No. 6

## *Sophomore Cotillion Number*



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



WASHINGTON HALL



## THE WEEK

It would be unscientific to make prophecies about the success of the Sophomore Cotillion by consulting only campus opinion, because there are vital factors involved that cannot be controlled by our great big family. For example, the contours of the parental wallet, and the problem of not asking Susie until you are sure that Eloise can't go. Having Eloise decide to go, when, after the fashion of the drowning man, you have induced Susie to accept the questionable position of a straw, is enough to spoil a normal, cheerful boy's outlook on life. To all intents and purposes, it has the same effect as reading H. S. Mencken.

Well, we can't investigate each individual sophomore's love problems—it is taken for granted that he will be able to borrow someone's studs and learn how to tie a bow before the great event—but earlier in the week there were ominous murmurings from some of his love problems in the group. The major part of an adjacent feminine group as early as a week ago, had pronounced the Cotillion quite dead. It seems that bids had, up to that time, been rather slow in arriving. The absence of the usual number of bait dances is another very bad sign. How, we should like to inquire, can a Cotillion survive for many of its would-be supporters with only one bait dance preceding it? It demands at least two.

The honorable Mr. Davis, one of Al Smith's colleagues in humor, honored South Bend with his rhetoric for an hour and forty-five minutes Tuesday night. It was something of a concession when one considers that Indiana is, so far as the Democratic party is concerned, not even a forlorn hope. It is a lost cause. But speaking before a lost cause, Mr. Davis seemed to think, has its compensations. Under such circumstances, the audience gets humor and even

occasional truths, a refreshing change from the usual political patent ointment.

Ever solicitous for the good name of the student body, it was with feelings of indignation and shame that the boys noticed the altitude of the *Dome* posters. Except those in halls, they are entirely out of reach. Although the *Dome* staff showed a profound understanding of the student passion for signs to give their rooms a homey atmosphere, they fell short of their purpose by not burning all the ladders in the county. But it was not this that caused the indignation. A sign placed at the top of a tree is an aspersion upon student honor, comparable to locking your room when you leave it, and will have a tendency, we fear, to blast the innocent idealism peculiar to our campus. "We must keep our idealism," a junior said the other day, "even if it necessitates the loss of all the signs in this whole great world of ours." At the same time, there may still be time to burn the ladders.

Freshmen students of English, who always write about the simple, every-day happenings around them as the sure way to literary success, because G. K. Chesterton once wrote an essay on a piece of chalk, have switched from expositions of the customs, manners and morals in the dining halls, to the Indiana weather. The seniors are beginning to put their hands out the windows, mutter, and state that they look forward to graduation as a liberation from Indiana weather. Everybody is re-hashing the Indiana weather. It is a depressing symptom. It means that we will have weather, and talk about weather until next May, and we don't know which is the worse.

Father Charles L. O'Donnell's *Rimes of the Rood* has made its appearance. This is about as much as we are capable of saying. It is *poetry*; the sort of singing that transcends months and years.

—C. J. M.







### TEAM WELCOMED AT STATION SUNDAY

In response to the bulletins distributed by the S. A. C. and Blue Circle last Sunday, a large proportion of the student body was present at the Pennsylvania station that afternoon to greet the team upon its return from Georgia Tech.

The crowd was orderly, though large, and Cheerleader Bob Manix was able to extract some vociferous yells. Those in charge of the reception were pleased with the turn-out of freshmen, for whom it was the first experience of the kind, and also by the many seniors, but remarked of the noticeable absence of many juniors and sophs.

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### FIRST ISSUE OF "LAWYER" UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS

Notre Dame's youngest publication, *The Notre Dame Lawyer*, official organ of the College of Law, made its initial appearance last week. This first number leaves nothing to be desired; being interesting and informative throughout, not only to the potential barristers, but also to the average layman little versed in legal procedure. The dignity and incisive clearness of the articles reflect credit on the discrimination and editorial ability of Editor-in-Chief Thomas V. Happer.

Of special worth is an article by Mr. Roland Obenchain, a practicing lawyer of South Bend, entitled "The Liberty Above All Liberties." In this article Mr. Obenchain traces the rise of human liberty "to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience" in the United States and other countries by showing its gradual rise from the savage intolerance and persecution of early times. Easily the most vital and compelling article in the issue, "Liberty Above All Liberties" shows painstaking research coupled with a spirit of true tolerance on the part of the author.

Other featured articles are "The Right of the Senate to Exclude a Senator-Elect," by Reuben Momsen, a graduate of the Notre Dame College of Law; and "Service Charge in Rate Making," by William A. McInerny, a member of the South Bend law firm of

McInerny and McInerny, and one of the foremost authorities on public utilities in the middle west. Both articles show a keen insight into the subject treated.

The editorial comments were pithy and to the point, though slightly over-emphatic. Occasionally the writer allows his feeling to run away with his calmer judgment. "Notes on Recent Cases" and "Curiosities of the Law" are both very instructive and interesting. "Anti-Fence Legislation" is a strong indictment of a crying evil; the weakness of statutes against the "fence" or receiver of stolen goods.

From cover to cover, the *Lawyer* is well worth reading, comparing favorably with many professional organs, and Editor Happer is to be commended for the unqualified success of his first effort. —E. T.

---

### SENIOR CLASS SPONSORS DRAKE DANCE TOMORROW NIGHT

Arrangements have been completed for the Drake Dance which will be held in the Knights of Columbus ballroom, South Bend, tomorrow night, according to William Loughran, general chairman of the affair. The dance will be sponsored by the senior class of the University, and members of the Drake University football team will be the guests of honor.

Art Haerens and his Cotton Pickers, one of the best known and best liked of Notre Dame orchestras, have been selected to play for the dance. Decorations will be in keeping with the football and fall spirit, and several unique features altogether new in the way of dance entertainment, will be offered by the Dance committee.

Tickets for the affair will be one dollar for "stags" and one dollar and a half per couple. All the halls on the campus will be canvassed by members of the senior ticket committee. In addition, tickets may be secured at the door the night of the dance.

The affair will be the first activity sponsored so far by the senior class. Besides Loughran, who is handling the general arrangements for the dance, Al Sebesta is in charge of the ticket sales, and James C. Roy is taking care of publicity.

### BROWNSON HALL SMOKER TO BE HELD NEXT MONTH

Former Brownson men from all over the campus will meet again at the Brownson Smoker next month, according to plans being made now by Brother Alphonsus, C.S.C., rector of the hall. The affair this year has been designated as a Brownson reunion and efforts will be made to welcome back all those who have ever lived in this hall. The smoker will be held in the Brownson Recreation room.



BRO. ALPHONSUS, C.S.C.  
Rector of Brownson Hall

The date has not been definitely set but arrangements for an attractive program are now under way with the intention of holding the affair about the middle of November. Several boxing matches, specialty dances, vocal and instrumental music, dialogues and recitations will comprise the entertainment. Brownson's new novelty orchestra will also make its first appearance at the smoker.

The interest and work shown by the Rector and the students this year indicate that the affair will be as successful as it has been in past years. Although it is known as a "Brownson Reunion," all students of the University are invited to attend. Tickets will soon be ready for distribution in the various halls.

### NOTED EDITOR OF CATHOLIC WEEKLY VISITS UNIVERSITY

One of the most welcome visitors to the University during the past few days was the Reverend Francis J. Healy, of Garden City, L. I. Father Healy is the editor of the "Brooklyn Tablet," a weekly, which is recognized as one of the outstanding Catholic newspapers in the United States.

Father Healy was accompanied on his visit by Father John A. McNamara, '97, of New York City. Father McNamara is the chaplain of the Notre Dame Alumni Club of New York City and is an ardent supporter of all Notre Dame athletic teams.

During his visit Father Healy spoke to the

Journalism classes of the University, narrating many interesting anecdotes and giving many valuable pointers to the Journalists.

Not all of Father Healy's time is devoted to supervising the editorial work on the "Brooklyn Tablet," however, for he is also rector of the Church of St. Joseph's in Garden City, L. I. He also took an active part in making a huge success of the concert given by the Notre Dame Glee Club in New York City last season.

Father McNamara was introduced to the students at the pep meeting prior to the Navy game. He was very much impressed by the splendid spirit shown during the meeting and remarked that it brought back pleasant memories of the days when he was a student at Notre Dame.

### ACADEMY OF SCIENCE MEETS

The Academy of Science held its second meeting Monday night, Oct. 15. Papers were presented by P. Heil and R. Schulze.

Mr. Heil outlined the life work of Negouchi, the noted Japanese bacteriologist, who died recently. "Rejuvenation" was the topic of R. Schulze. He described the methods of various attempts made along this line. Lengthy discussions were held after each paper and much interest was shown by the members of the Academy.

The officers are: Father G. W. Albertson, moderator; R. J. Schulze, president; P. A. Heil, vice-president; W. P. Lahey, secretary-treasurer.

### MANNING ELECTED DEPUTY GRAND KNIGHT OF K. C.

John Manning, a Senior in the College of Arts and Letters, was elected Deputy Grand Knight of the Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus, to fill the office vacated by George Brautigan, who has recently left the University. In the election held Monday night in the Council chambers Mr. Manning was closely pressed by Joseph Scales, present Advocate, but won out by a slight margin.

After the business session of the meeting, Joe Casasanta's Notre Dame Jugglers, the University orchestra, entertained the Knights with a musical program.

## SOPHOMORE COTILLION TAKES PLACE TONIGHT

More than two hundred and fifty couples are expected to attend the Sophomore Cotillion of 1928, the first formal class dance of



TED HUEBSCH  
General Chairman  
Sophomore Cotillion

the year, which will be held in the Palais Royale ballroom, South Bend, tonight. Visitors from South Bend, from Saint Mary's and Chicago, — from Powder River, Wyoming, and Columbia, South Carolina, — from Detroit, Michigan, and Louisville, Kentucky, in short from all parts of the United States, will be present as guests of the

class of '31. A list of these guests will be found on another page of the SCHOLASTIC.

The Seattle Harmony Kings will furnish the music for the affair. This orchestra has broadcasted over radio stations KGO and WEBH, Chicago. It is quite well known in and about Chicago, having played at the Cinderella ballroom for the past three months, and the dance committee is very fortunate in securing it.

The ballroom will be decorated in the form of a garden with an arch in the center, covered with a foliage of autumn leaves. The school colors of blue and gold will also cover the interior. Overstuffed suites of furniture and lamps will be on the outside of the ballroom proper.

Dancing will be from nine to one, as all sophomores will be due in their places of residence by 2 a. m. At 10:30 o'clock the grand march will take place, being led by the general chairman, Francis Huebsch, who will have as his guest, Miss Margaret Garrity of Chicago.

A program of blue suede with a gold seal of the University in the upper left corner will be given to each couple. This will take the place of a favor, as favors are forbidden by a faculty ruling.

The guests of the class at the Cotillion this year include: John V. Hinkel, editor, and Harley McDevitt, business manager of the SCHOLASTIC; Joseph P. McNamara, editor, and Charles Gass, business manager of the *Juggler*; Thomas Keegan, editor, and Robert Kuhn, business manager of the *Dome*; William Krieg, chairman of the S. A. C.; Manny Vezie, president of the Senior Class; Thomas Ryan, chairman of the S. A. C. dance committee; Robert Hellrung, president of the Junior Class; Edward P. McKeown, Grand Knight, K. of C., and William Craig, editor of the *Santa Maria*.

The patrons and patronesses of the Cotillion this year includes: Professor Joseph Plante of the department of Modern Languages and Mrs. Plante, Professor Joseph Casasanta, director of the department of Music, and Mrs. Casasanta, and Professor Andrew Smithberger of the department of English.

Dean James E. McCarthy of the College of Commerce, and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. Paul Fenlon of the College of Arts and Letters, and Mr. Paul Byrne, University Librarian, will be present as chaperons.

Tomorrow afternoon the sophomores and their guests will be seated in a special section at the Notre Dame vs. Drake football game on Cartier field. In the evening they will attend the Drake dance given under the auspices of the Senior class in the Knights of Columbus ballroom, South Bend.

The following chairmen have assisted Francis Huebsch, general chairman, in his work for the Sophomore Cotillion:

Tickets—Francis J. McGreal.

Publicity—John Bergan.

Music—William Felvey.

Programs—Carl Waltman.

Floor—Jack McNerney.

Decorations—Robert L. Baer.

According to the faculty ruling on formal class dances, Sophomores will be allowed the use of automobiles over the week-end, providing they notify the rectors of their respective halls.

## A Partial List Of Sophomore Cotillion Guests

- Margaret Ross, South Bend, Ind.  
 Marian J. Shamo, Mishawaka, Ind.  
 Vera Rogers, Mt. Carmel, Ill.  
 Jean Brady, Winfield, Kan.  
 Mae Lynch, St. Marys' of the Wds.  
 Jean Morgan, South Bend, Ind.  
 Jeanette Hess, South Bend, Ind.  
 Virginia Fling, Chicago, Ill.  
 Bethel Wilson, Bloomington, Ind.  
 Clara Herrel, Logansport, Ind.  
 Virginia Gray, Mishawaka, Ind.  
 Ruth Downey, St. Mary's College  
 Jane Hartrech, St. Mary's College  
 Frances L. Grisez, Laporte, Ind.  
 Katherine Quinn, Laporte, Ind.  
 Joan Sherritt, Miami, Fla.  
 Hazel Coshy, Winnetla, Ill.  
 Jean Brown, Chicago, Ill.  
 Cecelia Bickle, South Bend, Ind.  
 Mary McCarthy, St. Mary's College  
 Mary E. Dacey, Duluth, Minn.  
 Lucille Blake, St. Mary's College  
 Thelma Keyser, Elkhart, Ind.  
 Margaret Angus, South Bend, Ind.  
 Antoinette Fredrico, St. Mary's Col.  
 Marie O'Leary, Peru, Ind.  
 Carolyn Shelton, South Bend, Ind.  
 Ruth McBride, St. Mary's College.  
 Eloise Northcott, Chicago, Ill.  
 Marjorie Wood, Oak Park, Ill.  
 Helen Dolwick, Mishawaka, Ind.  
 Mildred Parke, Elkhart, Ind.  
 Joan Nichols, Hammond, Ind.  
 LaVercia Upjohn, Whiting, Ind.  
 Josephine Clouse, Chicago, Ill.  
 Elizabeth Snider, Chicago, Ill.  
 Lucille Hosteder, South Bend, Ind.  
 Dorthea Rand, Detroit, Mich.  
 Eleanor Wall, Urbana, Ill.  
 Helen Hinkle, Evansville, Ind.  
 Marjorie Donahue, St. Mary's Col.  
 Margaret Hall, St. Marys' College.  
 Marie Erhardt, South Bend, Ind.  
 Sue Hawkins, Kendalville, Ind.  
 Rose Pearson, Chicago, Ill.  
 Famie Favara, St. Mary's College.  
 Lillian Lotka, Chicago, Ill.  
 Agnes Kanaley, Chicago, Ill.  
 Effie Firestone, Akron, Ohio.  
 Marguerite Frederick, Ft. Wayne.  
 Virginia Olsen, Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Virginia Horust, Danville, Ill.  
 Willmea Knox, Danville, Ill.  
 Ethel M. Frederick, Ft. Wayne.  
 Olive Kinnone, Madison, Wis.  
 Bernice Fretz, San Francisco, Cal.  
 Geraldine Halpin, Elyria, Ohio.  
 Margaret Jones, Hot Springs, Ark.  
 Josephine Lotka, Chicago, Ill.  
 Christy Hallen, Altoona, Pa.  
 Josephine Woltman, So. Bend, Ind.  
 Anne Welten, Chicago, Ill.  
 Margaret Lalibente, Chicago, Ill.  
 Betty O'Hara, Chicago, Ill.  
 Beatrice Crissman, Richmond, Ind.  
 Jane Bringman, Cleveland, Ohio.  
 Helen Tobin, Powder River, Wyo.  
 Phyllis Baer, South Bend, Ind.  
 Virginia Coates, Bluffton, Ind.  
 Bernice Mourer, South Bend, Ind.  
 Patricia Marks, Lexington, Ky.
- Marie Louise Van Etten, Chicago.  
 Anna May Goddard, Covington, Ky.  
 Frances O'Neil, Columbus, Ohio.  
 Mary E. Antle, Mishawaka, Ind.  
 Ruth Griner, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Edith McCarthy, Benton Harbor.  
 Elizabeth Proctor, Elkhart, Ind.  
 Genevieve Harden, So. Bend, Ind.  
 Mary Louise McCarren, Chicago.  
 Anne Rodecap, Quincy, Ill.  
 Nancy Hart, South Bend, Ind.  
 Mabel Edgar, Mishawaka, Ind.  
 Nedra Lewellyn, Niles, Mich.  
 Thelma Whiteman, Benton Harbor.  
 Alice Johnson, Chicago, Ill.  
 Rita McQue, Chicago, Ill.  
 Catherine Grant, South Bend, Ind.  
 Jean Cross, South Bend, Ind.  
 Mercedes Biter, Gallitzin, Pa.  
 Mary Borah, Chicago, Ill.  
 Jane Heath, Chicago, Ill.  
 Thelma Whealen, Dyersville, Iowa.  
 Martha Wilkinson, Peru, Ind.  
 Annabelle Mahon, St. Mary's Col.  
 Alice Moore, South Bend, Ind.  
 Dorothy Sullivan, St. Mary's Col.  
 Alice Murphy, LaCrosse, Wis.  
 Mary Krausmonn, Detroit, Mich.  
 Charlotte Dariwell, Chicago, Ill.  
 Eileen Twohey, St. Mary's College.  
 June Hoene, St. Mary's College.  
 Ethel Miller, Niles, Mich.  
 Martha Wheeler, Kankakee, Ill.  
 Margaret Ellerman, Elwood, Ind.  
 Edith Slattery, St. Mary's College.  
 Helen Sala, St. Mary's College.  
 Zita Mae Scheliden, St. Marys' Col.  
 Mary Bauer, St. Mary's College.  
 Alma Munsen, Chicago, Ill.  
 Eleanor Dvieborg, Grand Rapids.  
 Elizabeth Sproul, Grand Rapids.  
 Helen Gast, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
 Pauline Driscoll, Toledo, Ohio.  
 Elizabeth Downey, Saginaw, Mich.  
 Margaret Bernback, St. Marys' of  
 the Woods.  
 Mary Raiwen, St. Mary's of the  
 Woods.  
 Jean Corbett, Springfield, Ill.  
 Isabel Edelen, Muskogee, Okla.  
 Martha Grove, Gary, Ind.  
 Agnes Whelan, St. Marys' College.  
 Doris Browman, St. Mary's College.  
 Edna Rauch, St. Mary's College.  
 Mildred Ternus, Humphrey, Neb.  
 Burnace D'Armond, Wabash, Ind.  
 Virginia Desmond, Chicago, Ill.  
 Marie Lenehen, Chicago, Ill.  
 Mary Alice Coen, St. Mary's Col.  
 Jane McDonald, Flint, Mich.  
 Margaret Mulligan, Champaign, Ill.  
 Madeline Smith, Garrett, Ind.  
 Cecelia A. Cleason, St. Mary's Col.  
 Dorothy Sullivan, St. Mary's Col.  
 Marybelle Donovan, Chicago, Ill.  
 Charlotte Rapp, Bloomington, Ind.  
 Sally Crawford, Detroit, Mich.  
 Margaret Glesner, Swayzee, Ind.  
 Elizabeth Sproul, Marywood, Mich.  
 Frances Swinhart, So. Bend, Ind.  
 Virginia Cronin, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Vera Dorney, Detroit, Mich.  
 Ann Cotten, Chicago, Ill.  
 Mary Ellen Trent, Chicago, Ill.  
 Rose Northopp, Cedar Rapids, Ia.  
 Katherine Hodgson, St. Mary's.  
 Charlotte Miller, St. Mary's Col.  
 Margaret Hall, St. Mary's College.  
 Dorothy Gore, Oak Park, Ill.  
 Elizabeth Staunton, St. Marys' Col.  
 Jane Wilder, St. Mary's College.  
 Dorothy Hoban, San Francisco, Cal.  
 Ceil Hoban, Daytona, Florida.  
 Frances Butler, Lockport, N. Y.  
 Dorothy Hoban, Chicago, Ill.  
 Cecelia Hoban, Chicago, Ill.  
 Helen O'Donnell, St. Mary's Col.  
 Marie Donahue, Iowa City, Iowa.  
 Margaret Bergan, St. Mary's Col.  
 Virginia Crawford, Greencastle.  
 Dorothy Leslie, Laramie, Wyo.  
 Helen Martin, Benton Harbor.  
 Jean Sullivan, Wanatah, Ind.  
 Cecelia Cooney, Ann Arbor, Mich.  
 Frances Drew, Evanston, Ill.  
 Ruth Taylor, South Bend, Ind.  
 Marian Deneen, Dubuque, Iowa.  
 Vivian Hardy, Niles, Mich.  
 Margaret Ann Casey, Adrian, Mich.  
 Phyllis Kearney, Massilion, Ohio.  
 Louise Dawson, Michigan City, Ind.  
 Helen Hanley, St. Mary's College.  
 Mary Price, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Evelyn Haney, South Bend, Ind.  
 Elizabeth Cochrane, St. Mary's.  
 Phoebe Dean, Lafayette, Ind.  
 Thelma O'Brien, Conneaut, Ohio.  
 Jane Jolson, Evanston, Ill.  
 Mary McAlpine, Marygrove Col.  
 Sarah Garvey, Evanston, Ill.  
 Mildred Cooke, Marygrove College.  
 Arlita Inman, Chicago, Ill.  
 Mary Long, Auburn, N. Y.  
 Katherine Groesbeck, St. Mary's.  
 Katherine Luci, Ashtabula, Ohio.  
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 Mary J. Collins, St. Mary's Col.  
 Juanita Metz, South Bend, Ind.  
 Margaret Kavanaugh, Bay City.  
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 Virginia L. Dunlap, Savannah, Ga.  
 Christy Haller, Altoona, Pa.  
 Margaret Tobin, Cheyenne, Wyo.  
 Helen Salzwedel, South Bend, Ind.  
 Florence Wiley, Omaha, Nebr.  
 Marian McMahon, Los Angeles,  
 Anna Mae Suly, Chicago, Ill.  
 Ann Hayes, St. Mary's College.  
 Thelma Julian, Chicago, Ill.  
 Denise Frankel, South Bend, Ind.  
 Mary Helen Hagerty, South Bend.  
 Margaret Lowman, Mishawaka.  
 Helen Rausch, Mishawaka, Ind.



?????

In our own naive manner we are registering delight. Imagine our amazement when we found on our desk a letter addressed to The Luckless Lad! So unreal, so fragile it seemed lying alone and unchaperoned that we feared to touch it, lest it dissolve into space. It must be an illusion! We had never seen a contribution, so how were we to know. But illusions don't have pictures of George Washington pasted on the upper right-hand corner; so summoning our courage, we stretched out our hand. An envelope? We tore it open . . . . But why go into detail? We really can't talk about the shock! So, ladies and gentlemen, (in the manner of Bill Shakespeare with alarums and fanfare without) we take pleasure in presenting our first contribution:—

#### STUDENT'S ABADE

*Awakening from a frenzied dream,  
(Oh what would Freud say!)  
I throw the tangled covers back  
And step into the day.  
Denuded now of sleeping clothes,  
(Pajamas, wild in hue!)  
I turn my eyes toward the sky—  
Poetically, the blue—  
Then go into my exercise.  
Dalcrose and Walter Camp  
Are mingled so that one might think  
Me victimized by cramp.  
The shower, then the bloody shave;  
(Oh lucky Hottentot!)  
The razor has a fancy edge;  
The water's never hot.  
Arrayed at last in smart attire  
(Where Bond and State Street mix)  
I listen to the falling strokes  
And know that it is six.  
With classes lasting up till three,  
A seminar at eight,  
The thought is like a long-dead fly  
Upon my breakfast plate.  
The coffee and the cigarette  
Are finished at the bell;  
Obediently I rise and go—  
And envy those in hell.*

—INTALGIO.

\* \* \*

(Ed. Note.—We fear that Intalgio must have conducted, at one time, a column dedicated to student wit and song. At any rate, the Luckless Lad heartily agrees with the sentiment expressed in the last line of his "morning song.")

#### THE ENQUIRING REPORTER

Question: "Have you a cigarette?"

Place asked: Rockefeller Hall—Scribblers' Meeting.

*Cy Mullen*:—"Yeah! Thank's just the same." (The scribe then retired in confusion.)

*Murray Young*:—"No. I smoke Chesterfields."

*Arnold Williams*:—"Thrusting satiric essay on the big activity man into his pocket) "Just a minute; I gotta see Joe Mac, old man."

*John Nanovic*:—"Why bring that up."

Here the scribe reached for his pocket, drew a revolver, fired three shots, all fatal, and then he nonchalantly lighted a Murad.

\* \* \*

#### QUESTIONNAIRE

*Have you ever helped an orphan;  
Have you ever sung a ballad;  
Have you ever known true love;  
Do you always order salad?  
Have you ever felt real pity,  
Consuming passion—nothing less?  
Well, if you have, why don't you  
Help an orphan in distress?*

Little Emo wants to know how the Interhall Champions will be able to use a "Loving Cup"—when even he was chased from St. Mary's.

(Answer: The rectors must be kept happy, and the Morrissey lounge needs some decorations.)

\* \* \*

"The doctor informed him that his blood would only be good for transfusion into a sick horse"—SCHOLASTIC news story.

Lets' keep our pages free from vivisection.

"EIGHT-BALL."

\* \* \*

Or if you would prefer a prose version! Gentlemen, we aim to please! So far only two names have been suggested for our nameless column. That is two names which we found printable. The first name, "Safety Valve," the second, "Hobnails." Neither is satisfactory: the former because it is too distant from the traditions of the University, and the latter because it is far too intimate. The vote remains deadlocked, one being cast for each name. Gentlemen, we rest our case! Let the people decide! Our column, our little orphan shall be named according to the wishes of its N. D. foster parents.

\* \* \*

And that's that until next Friday! In the meantime, don't forget—  
—THE LUCKLESS LAD.

## *A Poet of the Supernatural*

A RIME OF THE ROOD AND OTHER POEMS.—

By Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. Longmans,  
Green and Company, New York.

Father O'Donnell's delicately executed book—delicate in print, binding and general physical appearance; delicate in shading and finishing of thought—is come to our desk. We cannot pretend to give you what magazine editors call a book review, for only the casually-minded would attempt to review a collection of lyric poems. Poems are to be read and not written about; to be kept and enjoyed in memory and affection rather than to be discussed in public forum as one discusses child labor or living wage.

Father O'Donnell is referred by native sons as a Hoosier poet, they hoping, perhaps, to add somewhat to whatever of state pride has been left within these borders. But in this book one is not able to discern Indiana even remotely. Father O'Donnell is not, in fact, a poet of locality or country. He is a poet of spiritual visioning, of mystical adventuring, of those elevated moods that arise not out of land or sea, but out of the contemplation of those invisible, spiritual realities which by his imaging he makes visible and tangible for us.

"A Rime of the Rood", that exalted spiritual ballad from which the book takes its name, is a grand vision in which the Divine Son speaks in the eternal present of those momentous events assembled around the sufferings and death of Jesus. The theme is of epic proportions; and the treatment, though in the briefer ballad form, is not less than epic. It is surely a difficult task to present in the language of poetry so theological a subject as Redemption, about which theologians are so meticulous in their use of words; yet this poet is successful in expressing rhetoric as theology and theology as rhetoric.

Thus on the choosing of the Cross as the instrument for the great atonement we have theology and poetry wedded everlastingly.

Before a foot was on the earth  
Or any earth to tread,  
God chose Himself a deathbed  
And God was dead.

The ancient shame of the great symbol is not less happily presented.

And time came down to a little span  
When men contrived these bars  
Known as a cross, esteemed a curse,  
An insult to the stars.

Then the glorification by divine exaltation:

Because before there was any thing  
Or any one but He,  
God for His own Name's glory  
Put His Name on the tree.

And when the trump of doom shall blow  
To strike the living dumb,  
The King in His beauty shall appear  
And His Kingdom come.

Then shall the top of heaven  
And the last deep be spanned  
By the bridge the Roman soldiers built  
With its sign in Pilate's hand.

A bridge, a throne, a doorway,  
A banner, a reward,  
Adorable as no other thing:  
The Cross of the Lord.

There is a delicate use of imagery and compressed metaphor to clarify and elevate. One example must suffice. The Cross:

This is that terrible garment  
He could alone conceive—  
A stiff red cloak of wood and iron  
His hand nailed to His sleeve.

In practically every poem in this volume there is a line one wants to keep. It is not epigram which may often be more pointed than true, nor aphorism which may mean much or little.

Thus in "Consequences," the last line will not be forgotten.

It is important that You came and died;  
You might have paid our debt in Nazareth  
And gone away, and rested satisfied  
*To leave us our monopoly of death.*

In "The Carpenter" there is a divine daring which arrests.



The shop he kept as carpenter  
*Was swept by seraphim,*  
*Almost, the Son of God*  
*Was lackey to him .*

The last stanza of "Harvest" you will want to keep, it is so fitting a finish to humble pleading,

I only know, there is nothing in my garden  
 That will grow, to the grave;  
 I shall bring Him at last only my sorrow,  
 All that my life could save.

Practically all of Father O'Donnell's themes are religious. This by purpose and plan certainly. For one cannot doubt that this poet feels his mission is to exalt and glorify religious faith; and so everywhere he seeks mystery, doctrine and practice to clothe in poetic vesture. And he has the resourcefulness to express abstract doctrine and mystery in images that are supremely felicitous. True there are secular subjects, and exquisitely well done they are too. Read "At Tivoli," "The Chartered Skies," "At Notre Dame" and experience quieter artistic emotion. And there are others which you will come upon. But they are all briefer respites in the world of sense, before the inevitable return to the world invisible. Yet another thing. This poet is economical of word and phrase. There are no trailing clouds to his heavens, no great wave lengths to his seas, no smiling daffodils to his gardens, no flowing trains to his vesturing. He presents an image clearly marked as if an image in a coin, only this coin image is stepping on the very heels of perfection. His desire for compression makes him thrifty—a great virtue in any poet.

This poet, when he has the Blessed Virgin speak for us, can not escape his Gaelic forebears. The Blessed Mother is a Gaelic Blessed Mother, and very wonderful she is, and very proud we are of her.

At Cana when your words  
 Hurried His coming hour,  
 You saw?—I saw His hands,  
 Beautiful, with power.

Oh, and when at the last  
 He was slain by the crowd?  
 Never of my dear Son  
 Was I so fond, so proud.

Then, when His cheek to yours  
 Lay lifeless and cold  
 I thought how never now  
 Would my Son grow old.

St. Joseph also has a poetic apologist in this poet priest; and considering how much the saint has suffered from hymning rimers the poet has come none too soon.

The shop he kept as carpenter  
 Was swept by seraphim,  
 Almost, the Son of God  
 Was lackey to him.

An eagle on Patmos  
 Soaring, saw and heard  
 The secret things that Joseph knew  
 Who never said a word.

Most blessed, baffling man,  
 History's one sphinx—  
 It must be heaven is  
 What Joseph thinks.

One must call your attention to the very excellent sonnets in the book: two on Saint Joseph, many others, mostly on religious subjects, and especially a sequence of eight on the Presence of God. To attempt analysis or to set down detached lines from these finished poems would not serve the purpose of enlightened appreciation. They must be read in their complete context.

Now, to come to an end, whatever Father O'Donnell has done in the past in creative work, and whatever he may do in the future, this volume will stand by itself on its own merits. It needs no antecedent to foster it; nor may you set it down as a promise and a hope. It is not planting nor a flowering, but a rich, ripe fruitage. Father O'Donnell, to change the figure, is a distinct voice in the assemblage of American singers.

And today when poetry is forced into places unholy to minister to the wants of strange and forbidding quests, it is heartening surely to every lover of the wise and the beautiful to witness her invited by this poet to minister to Jesus, Mary and Joseph at the Crib and at the Cross, and to angels and saints in glory. Father O'Donnell has given us in this his latest offering what one of our old Gaelic hedge poets calls "the comfort of great songs."

—P. J. C.

## THE CAMPUS CLUBS - - - By Thomas A. Cannon

### CONNECTICUT VALLEY CLUB MEETING

There will be a special meeting of the Connecticut Valley Club held in the Badin "Rec." room Sunday, Oct. 28, at 10 a. m. Several important matters including the Christmas dance will be discussed and all members are requested to attend the meeting.

### DETROIT CLUB NOTICE

The Detroit Club will hold its second meeting of the year Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 6:30 p. m., in the Badin Hall "Rec." room. All members are urged to be present as plans will be made for a banquet which is to be held Wednesday evening, Nov. 14.

### KENTUCKY CLUB REVIVED

Thirty men attended the revival meeting of the Kentucky Club, which was held Thursday evening, Oct. 18. The Kentucky Club was one of the first clubs organized on the campus, and in former years it held the distinction of being the most active. It has been inactive for the past four years, chiefly because of the lack of membership. The number of men that turned out for the first meeting was very promising and each man displayed an active interest in the club, which is an indication that the reorganization will prove successful.

Father Doherty, C.S.C., formerly of Louisville, Ky., was chosen sponsor of the club. A committee was appointed to draw up a new constitution for the club and at the next meeting, which will be held Thursday evening, Nov. 1, in the Badin Hall "Rec." room, an election of officers will be held. All men living within the state of Kentucky are cordially invited to join the club.

### INDIANAPOLIS CLUB MEETS

The regular meeting of the Indianapolis Club was held Wednesday night, October 17. Several men who live within a fifty mile radius of Indianapolis responded to the invitation of the club and attended the meeting. It is hoped that many more will follow suit.

President O'Connor announced that John Rocab had been appointed as chairman of the Christmas Dinner Dance. He also appointed the chairmen and members of the various committees. It was decided to hold the dance on the night of December 27. After an interesting discussion concerning the dance, in which each member heartily took part, the meeting adjourned.

The next meeting of the club will be held on Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 7:45 p. m. in the Law Building.

### PITTSBURGH CLUB

At the second meeting of the Pittsburgh Club, which was held on Tuesday, Oct. 23, Rev. Vincent Mooney, C.S.C., was elected Honorary President.

Plans were discussed regarding the Christmas ball and it was definitely decided to hold the dance on January 1. Jim Dodson was appointed general chairman of the ball. The chairmen of the various committees are: Phil Walsh, music; Dick O'Toole, patrons; Bill Margarrall, tickets; Dave Nash, publicity; and Ed Slick, arrangements.

Plans for the Carnegie Tech game were made and John Roney was placed in charge of a committee to arrange for the reception of the visiting Pittsburghers.

### NEW JERSEY CLUB

The New Jersey Club held its second meeting of the year, Wednesday evening, October 24. After the club officers for this year were introduced to the new members, plans for the annual Christmas dance were formulated. The Newark Athletic Club was chosen as the ideal place to hold the dance, after a lively discussion. President Reilly appointed Joseph Abbott as general chairman of the dance and also named the chairmen of the other committees who will work under Abbott.

Plans for a banquet, which will be held in the Lay Faculty Dining Hall within the next month, were also made.

### AKRON CLUB MEETS

On Monday evening, October 15, the Akron Club held its inaugural meeting. At this season new members from Akron and adjoining cities were taken into the organization and plans for the Club's Fifth Annual Christmas Dance were discussed.

The dance will be held at the Knights of Columbus Ballroom in Akron on the tentative date of December 28. Claude Horning was selected as General Chairman for the affair and the auxiliary committee chairmen who were selected are as follows: Ivan Wolf, music; Harold Bair, decorations; Arthur Erra, reception; Tom Clark, favors, and Joseph Krakker, publicity.

### A. I. E. E.

The Electrical Engineers met at their regular bi-weekly meeting Monday, October 22. Mr. Elmo Moyer of the Senior Class explained the function of the Neon tube as used in Television. Mr. Conroy of the Junior Class gave a glimpse of traveling first-class on board ship as a radio operator. The principle speaker of the evening was Mr. Hieronimus of Twin Branch. His discussion outlined the basic principles employed at Twin Branch from the coal car to the transmission tower. An interesting phase of the discussion was the explanation of the Chicago to Boston tie-up of super-power stations.

## THE COLLEGE PARADE    :-    By Bernard A. Walsh

Among the house rules for the men's dormitory at Valparaiso University are:

"The doors are to be used for regular entrance and exit. Anyone using other means will be dealt with severely."

"No pranks are to be played during quiet hours."

There, you prankers and second-story men, that will hold you.

From the *Southern California Daily Trojan*: "Reports from the British Isles show that English universities and colleges have their cherished traditions the same as American institutions of higher learning. Among them is Winchester College, Winchester, England, where the men students in a body have climbed St. Catherine's Hill, 500 feet high, twice annually ever since 1844."

That takes the cake for something or other; or, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, as Caesar would have said it.

"Northwestern for her pretty girls," runs the song. In a few weeks we will view those fair maids on the silver sheet. The occasion? Here it is:

"Northwestern will take orders from a hard-boiled movie director next Wednesday night when the Granada theatre shoots the scenario of Wildcat life as acted by Northwestern's own prominent figures and its body. The scene of action is the joint, annual get-together party sponsored by the Y. M. and Y. W. every year at Patten gym." —*Daily Northwestern*.

Two beauty queens are in charge of the *Washburn Review* at Washburn College this year.

Looks as though the old gag about beautiful but dumb won't hold any more.

According to English newspapers, Oxford University women students are committing shocking breaches of etiquette by talking on the street to Oxford men students."—*S. M. U. Campus*.

Oxford is certainly no place for American women.

Sidelights from life at Southern Cal.:

"Impelled by a rumor that perhaps as many as six members of the Bachelor club had departed from the straight and narrow path of rectitude, and had presented some member of the opposite sex with their fraternity pins, Bill Harvey, vice-president of the organization devoted to the maintenance of single-blessedness, appointed an investigating committee to discover the culprits.

"The Bachelor club is composed of university men that have foresworn feminine companionship, engagement to marry, or anything thereto leading. For violation of the isolation pledge, the guilty member is sentenced to giving a dinner or dance in honor of the other, more sacrosanct members. Owing to the unusual number of members involved in the present situation it was suggested that they be made to give a dinner dance at the Biltmore or some other similar place."—*S. C. Daily Trojan*.

*The Columbia Spectator*, in a column called "The Off-Hour," gives us this view of undergraduate life: "College Life — Cafeteria — Pawnbroker — Class — Phone call — Shave — Massage — Haircut — Shine — Date — Taxi — Theatre — Pawnbroker — Cafeteria."

"Drop Dad a Line" advises a headline in *The Green and White*, student organ of Ohio University.

Now is that advice necessary?

## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

### EXTROVERTS

The leading paragraph in one of Father O'Hara's bulletins recently introduced a new type of student at Notre Dame. The new class is known as the "extroverts." Since this sensational exposure, the word has become a popular invective in the vocabularies of those students whose favorite sport is "kidding" and "goofing."

The same students who gleefully mis-interpret the word, are doubtless the models of inspiration that led Father O'Hara to make the announcement in the Religious Bulletin. These men are evidently inclined to regard the Bulletin in the same way they regard the comic strips of the Sunday papers.

Notre Dame has no room for these men. In the first place they are responsible for a lot of good but weak students "flunking" out of the University. Secondly, they are themselves a class of students who by some accident chose Notre Dame instead of a co-educational school as a place for their "ready smiles, love of sports, and ready tongues." They are wasting their talents on the "desert air" because we have no co-eds here to gush over them, and to swallow their "line." Besides, the usual offering from South Bend would probably be an insult upon their sense of fitness and beauty.

The man who comes to Notre Dame primarily for a good time, is committing a grave offense against himself and his parents. Besides, if he knew better, he would go to a co-educational school where good times may be had in copious quantities. Notre Dame cannot offer the kind of entertainment that these characters would appreciate, because we have no sorority girls and "frat" dances to offer them by way of variety.

There are two courses that the "extroverts" may follow. They may settle down to

business, or they may go to another school where their doubtful merits will be appreciated. The first suggestion is heartily recommended; but if it comes to the worst, no one will grieve when the last of this strange species leaves the campus for good.

—T. V. M.

### CAMPUS SIGNS

Eighty "Hello Week" signs which disappeared within two days; fifteen Sophomore Cotillion placards which vanished three days after they had been put up—two examples of the devotion to art entertained by some Notre Dame students.

Of course, the artists and the sign-makers could take it as a very flattering compliment to have their handiwork appropriated so quickly. But the fact of the matter is that they don't. Neither do those who have had these announcements made take it as a tacit acknowledgment of the superiority of their taste.

It should be needless to say that these notices were put up with a definite purpose in view, that they have some particular function to perform. And the mural decoration of students' rooms doesn't happen to fall within the scope of that function, strange though it may seem.

But it seems necessary to say just that. It is essential to remind these over-zealous art collectors that they should leave the signs alone until the event they are heralding is passed. At that the enthusiasm of the collectors would have to be curtailed for only a week or two at the most.

This is all that is asked of them. Just permit the signs to remain where they are until their usefulness has passed and then take them with the best wishes of everyone concerned.

—D. W. S.

## LITERARY

*Egg Shells*

JAMES RICHARD SHAHAN

THE sun shot its last rays across the horizon, making one last, gallant effort to stop the onrush of night. The swelling seas of the South Pacific caught the dying light and held it momentarily, reflecting the dying ember of the great fire just below the western horizon. Slowly, laboriously, a liner plowed through red-tipped waves and cut through the beauty with the same matter-of-factness and unconcernedness which marked two of the passengers strolling along the promenade deck.

"Do you claim, Johnson, that there never was a perfect crime?" asked Henderson, the chief of a great detective agency in the States.

"Yes, and any man who says that there is such a thing knows nothing about crime. Now I have been in the Service for five years and have always found a loop-hole in every crime."

"I suppose you never heard of the 'Sea Gull Case.' It was before your time, but at that, you should have heard it. But if you never have, I'll just repeat it for your benefit and for the benefit of a few of our fellow passengers who may not believe in perfect crimes, either," said Henderson, a well-built man of about sixty years. His companion was not quite half his age, and had seen but a few years in the service. These two had been seriously wounded in a shooting affair a year before and now were travelling for their health. This evening, like every evening, they were surrounded by eager passengers ever waiting for a tale of adventure or some sort of reminiscence.

"It was back in the late nineties when news was brought to the world that the 'Sea Gull' had been found, a deserted death-ship

carrying its ghastly load wherever the currents sent it.

"I was on the 'Gray Dawn,' a Sydney-bound passenger vessel, when one morning just before day-break an old object floated past our bow. It was a ship without riding lights or any other lights on board. We narrowly missed hitting her, although our Captain was hailing her for all he was worth. However, as he received no answer, he decided to investigate.

"We turned about and drew up along side her. All was quiet and dark on deck. A faint smoke came from her funnels, and although she seemed to drift, she made little advancement.

"Suppose every one is drunk on board; the officers with the rest,' said the mate. 'But we'll have to board her to see if we can't awaken them and get this menace out of the way.'

"Acting on these words, the captain sent the mate and a handful of sailors to see 'what was up'; but they were back in short order. With strained, white faces they looked up at us from the boat.

"My God, Cap'n, the whole blooming outfit is dead!" shouted the mate to those on deck.

"Dead? What do you mean? Hey you men, pull yourselves together and let's hear what you have to say. Speak up, Mister,' replied the Captain when the sailors had been brought on deck.

"By this time, the mate, who had steadied himself with a few stiff drinks, told his tale. 'We climbed to the decks and spread out in a search for the men, I starting for the pilot house. I had just about reached it when I heard a cry behind me. I looked around and saw each man running, as if the devil was

behind him, up to where our boat was fastened. Wondering what had started this retreat, I ran down and stopped them before they were able to leave. Then they told me what happened. They had entered the saloon and there they found all the men dead. Wondering whether my men were seeing things, I went into the saloon. Cap'n, they were dead, and their last meal is still waiting for them. That was enough for me. Gimme another drink.'

"The captain quickly manned a boat for a personal investigation. Knowing my connection with the service, they asked me to accompany the boarding crew.

"We found things just as the mate said. The 'Sea Gull's' crew was seated around the table, each one bent forward. The men were in various positions, some were holding silverware, others were just slumped in a heap. One fellow had most likely come in late, for his position showed that he was just pulling up his chair when death struck. Food was on the table, but untouched. The room itself did not reveal any clues as to what had gone on there.

"We then made a complete search of the ship. The cook was found sprawled on the floor of the galley with a tray of food on the table ready to be carried out to the men. In the pilot house we found the man at the wheel dead at his post. Going down to the engine-room we found the same tale repeated. Each man was found with the tool used when death came either in his hands or beside him. The only odd thing we discovered here was a dead monkey, surrounded by pieces of broken egg shells. He looked as if he had fallen from the deck above, for we found a large bruise on his body.

"It certainly was terrible; whatever killed them was quick, silent and sure, and caused the death of almost the entire crew simultaneously.

"The captain took some of his sailors and manned the deathship. I received permission to go on with the 'Sea Gull' and see if I could find a solution to the mystery. Under my orders, the dead were left in their places for a time and everything was kept as when we first came aboard.

"I made a quick check-up of all the men, and, according to the Captain's papers, every man was accounted for. I uncovered the captain's private diary in his cabin. The last entry was dated the day before we manned his ship. It was written just before he went to his evening meal—a meal that was never to be eaten. Part of it read: 'I have a feeling that all is not well. Found a dead rat in the cabin that retained all the appearances of life except that it had no movement. There was a peculiar scent in the cabin. Where did that egg shell come from? There is something wrong, and I feel as if the men will never reach port. I have always felt that men know when they are about to play their cards.'

"Then I made a rapid survey of the immediate vicinity, of every place where death struck. Here I made a peculiar discovery. In every room where there was a dead man I found fragments of what seemed to be egg shells. In one instance I was fortunate enough to find a large piece that seemed to be part of a glass, egg-shaped globe. This, however, was all I found.

"During the two weeks it took us to reach port, I was unsuccessful in my hunt for clues. Every man of the 'Sea Gull' was accounted for, all victims of that unknown death. Further investigation by government authorities failed to reveal anything. The secret of their death went down with those sailors who are now at the bottom of the South Pacific."

"You say that the murderer was never found? Couldn't one of the men possibly have done it and have perished with his victims?" enquired Johnson.

"No, the murderer has never been found and never will be."

"How do you know this? Is he dead?"

"Here is the answer," replied Henderson as he handed to Johnson a dirty letter much worn with handling. "I have saved this because it proves my point. You can read it aloud for the benefit of those around us."

The Letter read as follows:

"Detective Henderson: I have always said that a perfect crime could be committed if one knew how to go about it. I have studied for years and have eventually evolved one



aged somewhat, Isabel's father, filled with remorse over his hasty second marriage could but watch the sorcerer gain ascendancy over his daughter. He was too hen-pecked to revolt. The jealous step-mamma saw the daughter ripen into lovely womanhood, and knew that other things were ripe too. One day while at the edge of a sea-cliff, where the step-mamma had lured Isabel to admire the in-washing waves, the scheming old witch pushed the girl over the precipice, and poor Isabel fell bewitched into Craigy's sea, a mermaid of ugly mien, strong halitoxic breath and long, stringy hair. The step-mamma laughing raucously, cast a spell over her saying:

"Lie there, young lady, till Kemp O'Wynne comes to free you with three kisses. And that he'll never do, if I know my Kemp."

So with her long hair twisted three times around a sea-shore tree, and growing uglier every day, Isabel made the best of her new situation by calmly flopping her fins, blowing bubbles, and watching them gurgle upward to the surface of the sea. Still this grew irksome. If she had known how famous she had suddenly become in the extra-marine world, she might have taken some consolation. For her said plight was the gossip of court and hovel.

In time her notoriety reached the ears of Sir Kemp O'Wynne of Arthur's court, and being a knight who doted on all quests in which maltreated ladies were concerned, hastened to investigate the strange case.

When this gallant Celt appeared, Isabel mental-telepathically sensed who he was, and immediately inveigled him with a royal belt.

"A kiss, Sir Knight, from thee, and this glittering belt is thine, and as long as you wear it, yours will be a charmed life. But be careful in kissing me, not to slip on the

slimy rocks and touch my tail and fin, for they are deadly."

The knight, nothing daunted, stepped in, crushed his lips upon hers, and withdrew. Her hair became untangled by one loop. But Isabel was not yet done with her osculatory business.

"Here is a royal ring, which too will charm you, but its price is another kiss. One more Kemp! Are you willing?"

"You know me, Belle," he grinned, leaping into the water.

Another smack, and her hair untwined one more circle. Kemp decided to hang around. He was making this kissing proposition pay.

"Anything else, Isabel?" He stammered indecisively.

"Just one more, and this royal sword is yours, and it will keep you intact from your fiercest foes."

Kemp eagerly stepped in, gave her a resounding kiss—number three and came out with the sword.

He hesitated a moment. Then his face became more serious.

"It's the woman who always pays," he mused thoughtfully, to himself, looking first at his newly-gotten gift, then towards the cold watery prison of the poor fish.

But WAS he surprised when the hitherto ugly creature, completely disentangled from the sea, proved fair enough for Arthur himself.

"I'm not quite so ugly after all, eh, Kemp?"

"No, not quite," he replied abstractedly, because Kemp was thinking fast, "but where is the nearest license bureau," he continued nervously. "We've got to get this thing all cinched before Art and his gang get wind of it. You don't know how obnoxious they can make themselves, especially if they're a wee bit jealous."





## “Love is Blind—and Deaf”

JOHN NANOVIC

IF there is anything most typical of the American small town, it is its perfect, early evening calm. It is after supper that the small town falls into its philosophic lethargy, while the father, home from a day's work, surveys the news of the day and passes judgment upon it to his neighbor; and the mother, housework finished, chatters of inconsequentialities over the back yard fence. Within the home the daughter has just put away the supper dishes and half listlessly prepares for an evening with some ordinary friend, while her brother, by a ridiculously long method of selection chooses from his scanty wardrobe the apparel for the evening.

But this evening Bob was not so calm, and the process of selecting his evening clothing was as painstakingly careful as haste would allow. Len had called up a few minutes earlier to tell him that Helen had come home from school for the week-end, and——— But Bob did not wait to hear him complete his story. He bounded to his room to be ready as soon as possible. He knew what Len was going to say: Helen had brought with her Ruth, her room-mate, and the four of them would have a great week-end together.

Bob almost forgave Len for being the cause of that date about a month ago when he acted as escort to Catherine, Helen's cousin, who lived in a nearby town. Bob, as a good friend, served nobly, though unwillingly, when Helen could get no other date for Catherine. But he hated Catherine now more than ever. The only pleasant thing about the whole date was Helen, who reminded Bob so much of Ruth that he almost felt Ruth herself was there.

So he dressed carefully for Ruth. The shoes were glistening. They were big shoes, he noticed, as he mentally compared them to the tiny flashes that had followed over the dance floor a precious half-dozen times. His

rough, scarred hands he compared to Ruth's dainty skin, and he tried to tame his own unruly hair he visioned Ruth's brilliant wavy hair that always reminded him of the long, drooping weeping willow branches trimmed short. And her eyes—as blue as the open sky, and as mysterious in their depths. Her lips—always smiling.

He adjusted his tie again, so that the broad purple stripe formed a perfect mortise with the knot and flowed in a continuous stream of warmth upon a cold green field. He always wore that tie for Ruth because, somehow, he knew that inevitable touch of purple would be on her. Perhaps it would be a plait on her dress, or just a narrow trim. Perhaps it might even be the ribbon that bound her hair close to her head, and partly hid a pretty forehead. No one could wear that band as Ruth could. He had seen it on others—Catherine!—Oh, silly, ridiculous, childish Catherine . . . foolish, vain and banal Catherine . . . trite Catherine . . . boresome, tiresome Catherine. He'd never go out with her again, even if Len begged him to. Even if Helen would beg him to. He couldn't. He'd scream. He'd run. He'd do anything—die, even—to keep away from Catherine.

He wouldn't even think of Catherine now, for tonight it would be Ruth. He looked in the mirror once more—just to be certain. He hurried through the three blocks to Helen's home, where Len would be waiting. There was no light in Helen's window, so he knew they were waiting for him. He hurried to the door and was met by Helen with her cheery greeting. Len was looking at a paper, he noticed. There was no one else in the room. He looked around again, and then turned to Helen.

“Oh, I forgot, Bob,” she said. “Ruth couldn't come as she had planned, but Catherine is upstairs and will be ready in a minute.”

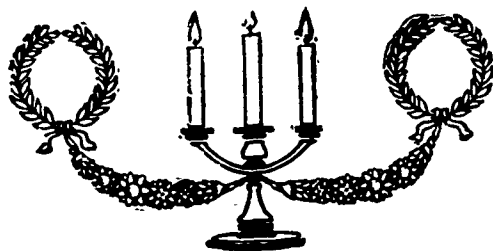
## Fantasy

JACK DEMPSEY

HE SAW a prowler enter his room. He made no move indicating that he was aware of the man's presence. His regular breathing continued. He did not open his eyes any more than was necessary for clear vision. He watched the man walk stealthily across the room to his bed. He closed his eyes as the man bent over him to search his face more closely for any signs of consciousness. He felt the man's warm breath on his cheek. He could feel the coolness of the man's automatic near his temple. Still he gave no sign that he was aware of the man's presence—perhaps *Death's* presence! His breathing remained steady. His eyelids did not flicker nor contract. He knew that if he controlled his muscles and remained quiet he might prevent murder from being added to the robbery—if that was the man's motive!

He opened his eyes. He saw the reflection of light against the wall. Had he been dreaming? Or was there something to this sub-conscious mind stuff after all! He was sure there was a man in the room! He remembered his dream. He tried to force himself to act as he had in his dream. But his head was facing the wall. He could not see his intruder. The muscles of his body became tense. Try as he would he could not prevent his breathing from becoming excited. Surely the prowler could see he was not asleep!

A board creaked! He felt the man's breath—or was it the gentle breeze from the open window?—on his cheek! Why didn't the man shoot him? Why didn't he knock him senseless with his gun? Why didn't he order him to remain silent or he would kill him? Why didn't *something* happen. He heard the ticking of a watch. The man's? His? The suspense was terrible! He could not control himself much longer! He *had* to see his intruder! But how? He would surely be killed if he cried out and surprised the man! What to do? He had to do something and do it immediately! He could not force his head to roll over! It would only move a few inches and then back! He gave a slight moan! Nothing happened! He forced a cough! No other sound! He could not force himself to open his eyes! He gave a little toss! A board creaked! He could feel the bullet strike his brain! He could feel fingers clutch his throat, choking out his life! He was dying! Oh, *God*, why hadn't he led a better life! He heard no report! He felt no fingers! Fantasy? Now for the supreme effort! His muscles became more tense—as if that were possible! His nerves were at the point of snapping! He must *force* himself to look at his murderer! He called upon his reserve will to force his muscles to respond! A supreme effort opened his eyes and rolled his body over! He saw no intruder. It was six o'clock.



## SPORT NEWS

TIM MOYNIHAN, *Center*

## Notre Dame Bows Before Golden Tornado

SCORE, 13-0—POWERFUL TECH LINE  
HOLDS IRISH—INTERCEPTED  
PASSES COSTLY

MANFORD VEZIE, *R. End*

Taking full advantage of every break, and battling with the desperation of men who see their long looked for goal in sight, the Golden Tornado that is Georgia Tech, swept to a 13-0 victory over a fighting Notre Dame team for the first time in history last Saturday afternoon on Grant Field, in Atlanta. It was the Yellowjackets first triumph in seven starts against the Gold and Blue. As is usually the case the Irish rolled up more first downs than their opponents, but lack of scoring punch within the ten-yard line spelled defeat for them.

Tech scored with the game less than five minutes old. A fumble by the Georgians gave Notre Dame the ball on its own forty-five-yard line, Law recovered, but on the next play the Irish fumbled and Holland fell on the pigskin for the Southerners. A long pass from Durant to Mitchell placed the ball on the Rockmen's sixteen-yard line, and a second pass from Durant to Thomason brought the pigskin to the three-yard mark. Randolph gained a yard through tackle, and Mizell went through center for the first score on the next play.

The Gold and Blue then made its most determined bid for a touchdown. Combining passes and sweeps off-tackle, the Irish marched from their own twenty-five-yard line to Tech's five yard line where the

Southerners stonewall defense held them for downs. A second chance to score came in the third period when Dunlap, standing behind his own goal line, fumbled while attempting to punt, but managed to bat the ball into the playing field where Chevigny fell on it on the nine yard line. Tech's defense was again airtight, however, and two line plunges followed by a pair of passes failed to score.

All during the second half the Irish threatened with passes, the Niemic to Colrick combination functioning several times for big yardage, but always the Southerners defense tightened when the Irish had penetrated into their territory. Toward the close of the battle, the Georgian backs were laying for passes, Lumpkin intercepting two and Dunlap one. The last intercepted pass resulted in the Golden Tornado's second score. With but a few minutes left to play, Lumpkin intercepted a pass and raced to the Irish three-yard line from where he went over for a touchdown after Randolph had plunged for a yard. Mizell kicked goal.

As has been the case all season, ability to gain at will in midfield and a lack of ability to gain within the ten-yard line characterized the Rockmen's attack. Most of the ground made was made through the air and outside the tackles. Gains inside

the tackles were seldom and small. A corresponding let-down in forward pass defense also was apparent.

The wearers of the Old Gold fought hard and played well and they deserve their first victory over Notre Dame. For six long years Tech has had perfect and near perfect seasons spoiled by defeat from Notre Dame. Last fall they would have had a clear claim to the mythical national football championship but for their 26-7 defeat by the Irish.

Tech's line played an inspired game, especially on defense, with Captain Peter Pund, the huge center, outstanding. Mizell and Thomason gave a splendid exhibition of half-back play, and Durant's ambidextrous passing was phenomenal.

Chevigny played his usual fine all-around game, and Niemic's passing was exceptionally good, as was Colrick's receiving. Law played fine, "heads-up" football until he was removed because of injuries; and Moynihan, while not reaching the heights he reached in the Navy contest, played a consistently steady game.

#### The lineup:

GEORGIA TECH:	NOTRE DAME:
Holland . . . . . L. E. . . . .	Colerick
Maree . . . . . L. T. . . . . (Capt.)	Miller
Westbrook . . . . . L. G. . . . .	Law
Pund (Capt.) . . . . . Center . . . . .	Moynihan
Speer . . . . . R. G. . . . .	Twomey
Waddey . . . . . R. T. . . . .	Leppig
Dreenan . . . . . R. E. . . . .	Vezie
Durant . . . . . Q. B. . . . .	Carideo
Mizell . . . . . L. H. . . . .	Mullin
Thomason . . . . . R. H. . . . .	Montroy
Randolph . . . . . F. B. . . . .	Shay

Touchdowns—(Georgia Tech.) Mizell, Randolph. Points after touchdoyn—Mizell (place kick). Substitutions—(Georgia Tech.) Jones for Holland, Herron for Waddey, Thrass for Maree, Lumpkin for Randolph, Dunlap for Mizell, Mizell for Dunlap, Dunlap for Mizell, Waddey for Herron, Mizell for Dunlap, Randolph for Thomason, Watkins for Speer, Holland for Jones, Edward for Westbrook, Brooks for Dreenan; (Notre Dame) Cannon for Law, Niemic for Montroy, Brady for Corideo, Chevigny for Mullin, Colerick for Collins, Murphy for Vezie, Dew for Shay, Morrissey for Brady, O'Brien for Colerick, Brady for Morrissey, Cannon for Law, Nash for Moynihan, Collins for Colerick, Bondy for

Cannon, Montroy for Chevigny. Referee—Birch (Earlham). Umpire—Powell (Wisconsin). Field judge—Striet (Auburn). Head linesman—Wyatt (Chicago.)

#### DRAKE GAME

Smarting under two successive shut-outs at the hands of the Irish, the Drake bulldogs will prowl about the confines of Cartier Field tomorrow, intent upon masticating the old tradition that Notre Dame cannot be beaten on her home field. The Iowans have already acquired the scalps of three worthy opponents, Simpson, Marquette and Grinnell.

The opening contest against Simpson proved to be little more than a practice session, the bulldogs accumulating a score of 40-6. In the following game, Marquette afforded some stiff opposition, but the Hill-toppers were buried under a 26 to 7 count. Then last week, the vicious canines played their first Missouri Valley Conference game against Grinnell, the conquerors of Iowa State. The final score, 19-7, is a fair indication of Drake's true scoring power.

Last Saturday's fray lent added encouragement to Coach Solem's hopes in that it uncovered a new backfield ace in the person of Van Koten, a Sophomore who is reputed never to have played football before matriculating at the Des Moines institution. This young gentleman was responsible for most of Drake's nineteen points.

The veteran Zvacek will also romp about as one of Drake's four horsemen. Captain Holliday, at tackle, is Drake's main reliance in the line. Holliday took an active part in both of the melees with the Irish during the past two years. As a whole, the Drake team is a strong, determined outfit with plenty of fighting spirit, probably enjoying a slight advantage over their opponents in weight.

However, Drake is not especially to be feared tomorrow. Certain it is that the game should be highly interesting and closely fought from start to finish. A high score, such as the 32-0 total piled up against the Bulldogs last year, is hardly to be expected; but a victory seems to be practically assured for Notre Dame.

—J. G. P.

CLOSE BATTLE MARKS INTER-  
HALL PLAY

BROWNSON, 6; FRESHMAN, 6

Exhibiting an unexpected flash of power in the third quarter the Arabs equalled Freshman's first period marker and knotted the count at 6-6 when a pass, Graham to Murray, sent the latter scurrying over the goal line after a twenty yard sprint. The weak forward walls of both teams made it an offensive rather than a defensive game, with the ground gaining efforts of Orint and Consulati of the Main Building eleven matched by the off-tackle drives of Durcott and Georgio for Freshman.

—P. H.

HOWARD, 6; CARROLL, 6

In a closely fought battle, the final outcome of which was determined only by the gun, Howard battled the Main Building outfit to a standstill in one of the best games of the day. Howard scored first, early in the first quarter, when Williams fought his way through the whole Carroll team for the score, which climaxed a forty yard drive down the field. Carroll was not to be outdone and retaliated by a march of their own that was stopped only when the ball lay between the goal posts. Carroll scored again that quarter on a beautiful sixty yard run by Murphy, but the ball was called back and Carroll penalized five yards for offside play.

M. C.

LYONS, 37; OFF-CAMPUS II, 0

The old, old story of an irresistible force and a movable object. Blasting the Day Dogs to pieces before their powerful offense early in the opening stanza, Lyons ran wild to score just about at will, tallying twice in the opening quarter, twice in the second, and once during each quarter of the second half. The Gold Coasters displayed a beautiful offense mixing passes and runs to completely bewilder the Down Towners.

SOPHOMORE, 8; BADIN, 0

With Pappas and Citro carrying the brunt of the attack, the two-year-olds scored early in the second quarter on a pass and then again in the fourth period when a Badin half, punting behind his own goal line, was smoth-

ered by the whole Maroon line before he got a chance to kick. Badin made desperate attempts in the second half to score, but were turned back by the superior power of the Sophomore line.

WALSH, 14; OFF-CAMPUS I, 6

Staging a great comeback after a poor start, Walsh triumphed after a hard fight. Running wild after the first and only Day Dog tally, Father Stack's boys ripped and tore their way through demoralized defenses of the Off-Campusites to cinch the game with two touchdowns and two points after touchdowns.

CORBY, 20; MORRISSEY, 0

Unable to get either offense or defense functioning smoothly, the Scholars fell easy prey to the vicious onslaughts of the He-Men. With Gallagher, Kane, and Kczak ripping their line to shreds the Morrissey boys never got started and went out at the third quarter on the short end of a 14-0 score.

—❖—

Games scheduled for next Sunday: 9:30—Brownson vs. Walsh, Minims field; Lyons vs. Badin, south of Gym; Sophomore vs. Morrissey, Varsity practice field. 2:00—Howard vs. Off-Campus I, Varsity practice field; Corby vs. Off-Campus II, Minims field; Freshman vs. Carroll, south of Gym.

HARRIERS BEAT ILLINI IN CLOSE  
MEET, SCORE 27-28

Notre Dame's cross-country team wrote a new page in the athletic annals of the school last Saturday when for the first time in history, they triumphed over the University of Illinois harrier squad on the Illini's own course at Champaign. The margin of victory was a single point, the score being 27 to 28. The four mile course was run in the fast time of 21:34.

The Irish harriers were led to the finish by John Brown, who trailed Dave Abbot, Illinois Olympic star, by 200 yards. The other Blue and Gold runners finished as follows: Vaichulis, fourth; Captain Bill Brown, fifth; Brennan, seventh; Biggins, ninth; Quigley, twelfth, and Conners, thirteenth.



Programme  
Week of  
October 28th

## PALACE

SUN., MON., TUES., WED.

Sixth Anniversary Week, featuring

### JOE DALY

with Helen Lewis and Co-eds  
And Four Other Keith-Albee-Orpheum  
Vaudeville Acts.

Photoplay

### "THE CIRCUS KID"

with Joe Brown and Frankie Darro.

## GRANADA

WHERE THE STARS SHINE

SUN., MON., TUES.

### Bebe Daniels

Neil Hamilton in

### "TAKE ME HOME"

WED., THURS., FRI., SAT.

### RICHARD DIX

with RUTH ELDER, famous aviatrix, in  
"Moran of the Marines"

## ORPHEUM

SUN., MON., TUES.

Lawrence Gray, Louise Lorraine and  
Flash, the Wonder Dog

in the new mystery drama

### "SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT"

WED., THURS., FRI., SAT.

William Boyd in "POWER"

## FALL HANDICAP TRACK MEET HELD

The annual fall handicap track meet sponsored by track coach John P. Nicholson, and open to all comers, was held last Friday afternoon on Cartier field. The semi-finals were run off on Thursday. On both days rain caused a heavy track, making the time in some of the events the more remarkable, considering the conditions.

Wilson's victories in both the 220 yd. dash and the half mile run against fast fields, Howery's triumph in the mile; and close finishes in every race, featured the meet.

Gold, silver, and bronze medals were awarded to the first three finishers in each event. The summary follows:

Mile Run—Howery, first—scratch; Phillips, second—handicap, 120 yards; Powell, B., third—100 yards handicap. Time 4.42 3-5.

Half Mile Run—Wilson, first—scratch; McConville, second—40 yards handicap; Feinburg, third—65 yds. handicap. Time 1.55 1-5.

Quarter Mile Run—Miller, first; Quigley, second; Scanlon, third. Time .53.

Low Hurdles—Weisbrecher, first; Duncan, second; Hollback, third. Time .15 1-5.

High Hurdles—Vaughn, first; Weisbrecher, second; Conlin, third. Time .10 4-5.

220 Yard Dash—Wilson, first; McCormick, second; Trandell, third. Time .22 4-5.

100 Yd. Dash, Finals—Crawford, first; Trandell, second; O'Malley, third. Time .10 3-5.

Javelin—McDonald, first—scratch, 149 ft. 7 in.; Kenny, second—15 ft. handicap, 133 ft.; Rigney, third—15 ft. handicap, 130 ft. 7 in.

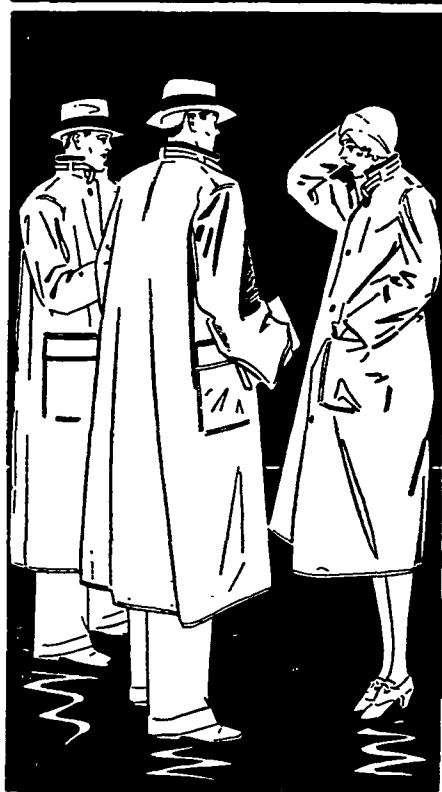
Discus—Rigney, first—5 ft. handicap, 120 ft. 8 in.; Sweeney, second—4 ft. handicap, 115 ft. 10 in.; Hoffman, third—scratch, 114 ft. 6 in.

Shot Put—Hoffman, first—1 ft. handicap, 40 ft. 8 in.; Herwitt, second—3 ft. handicap, 40 ft. 6 in.; Morteson, third—scratch, 40 ft.

Jump—Darling, first—1 in. handicap, 5 ft. 10 in.; Vaughn, second—4 in. handicap, 5 ft. 8 in.; tie for third, Duncan, 2 in. handicap, 5 ft. 6 in.; Conlin, 6 in. handicap, 5 ft. 6 in.; Kenny, 2 in. handicap, 5 ft. 6 in.

Broad Jump—McDonald, first, scratch, 20 ft. 4 in.; Rigney, second, scratch, 20 ft. 3 1-2 in.; Kuhn, third, 1 ft. handicap, 19 ft. 9 in.

Pole Vault—Slattery, scratch, 11 ft. 6 in.; Proctor, second, 3 in. handicap, 10 ft. 9 in.; Molander, third, 3 in. handicap, 10 ft. 3 in.



## Get Into A FROG BRAND SLICKER

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◆ TRAIL ◆  
◆ J. G. P. ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

All of Notre Dame's opponents-to-be engaged in important contests last Saturday. Who wouldn't walk a mile to see a fracas between the Army and Harvard, Penn and Penn State, Carnegie Tech and W. & J., Drake and Grinnell, or California and U. S. C.?

\* \* \*

Up at Cambridge the Army mule set Harvard down to a 15 to 0 defeat. Favored by an unusually strong backfield, the Crimson had been conceded more than a fighting chance of winning against the cadets; but it seems that Cagle, Sprague & Company performed entirely too well for the sons of fair Harvard. Biff Jones is now busily pointing his charges for the Yale game of tomorrow. A victory over the New Haven eleven will give the Army national acclaim in the realm of football.

\* \* \*

Penn State suffered her second consecutive defeat on the turf of historic Franklin Field, Philadelphia, at the hands of Lou Young's Quakers, 14-0. Scull, of the Red and Blue, ran 70 yards for a touchdown to furnish the high spot of the engagement. The Nittany Lions had the ball within close scoring distance on several occasions, but each time were held for downs.

\* \* \*

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**JAMES McALLISTER, Prop.**

tion," scored a sensational 19-7 triumph over Grinnell, a strong Missouri Valley Conference eleven. Coach Ossie Solem's proteges clearly demonstrated their superiority in every stage of the game over their scrappy opponents.

\* \* \*

A determined Washington and Jefferson outfit, burning with humiliation over a defeat at the hands of Duquesne, journeyed to Pittsburgh to secure vengeance at the expense of Carnegie Tech. But the Presidents returned home that evening, buried under a 19-0 score. This incident is but another proof of the power of the gigantic Tartan clan.

\* \* \*

California's Golden Bears battled Southern California to a scoreless tie at Berkeley. However, U. S. C. remains undefeated on the Pacific coast. Tomorrow the Trojans will scrimmage against Occidental College by way of preparation for the annual Stanford game which graces the U. S. C. bill-of-fare the following week-end.

INTERHALL STANDING

*Interhall Division I*

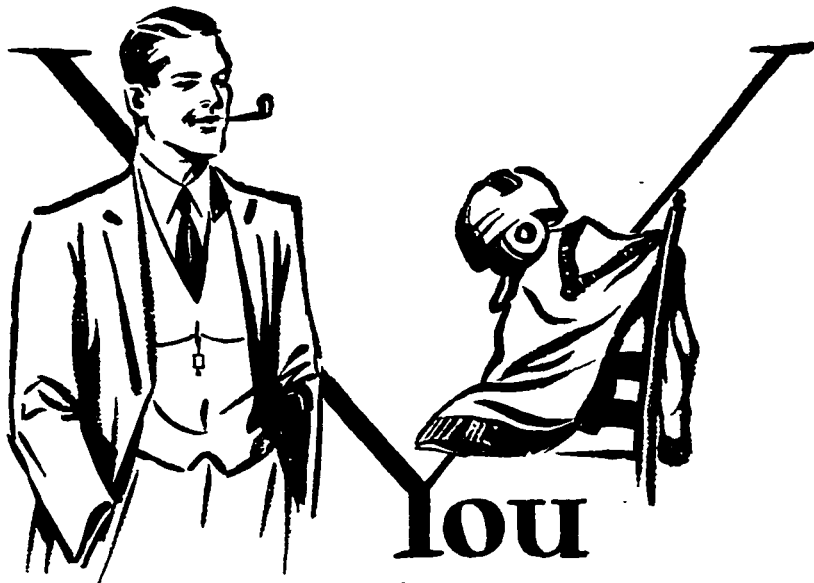
	Won	Lost	Tied
Howard .....	1	0	1
Freshman .....	1	0	1
Walsh .....	1	1	0
Off-Campus I .....	1	1	0
Carroll .....	0	1	1
Brownson .....	0	1	1

*Interhall Division II*

	Won	Lost	Tied
Lyons .....	2	0	0
Sophomore .....	2	0	0
Corby .....	1	1	0
Badin .....	1	1	0
Off-Campus II .....	0	2	0
Morrissey .....	0	2	0

—J. H. Z.

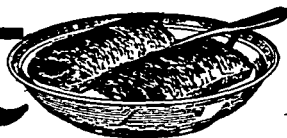




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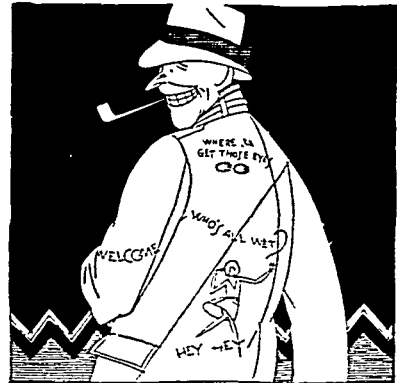
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Incidentally, on a trip through England and later through Ireland, I was surprised to find the wide distribution and ready sale of Edgeworth in Great Britain. A frequent and familiar sign in Dublin, Cork and other cities in Ireland was a white streamer announcing a new shipment of Edgeworth. To make such a conquest in the home of smoking tobacco must be very gratifying to your house.

Sincerely,

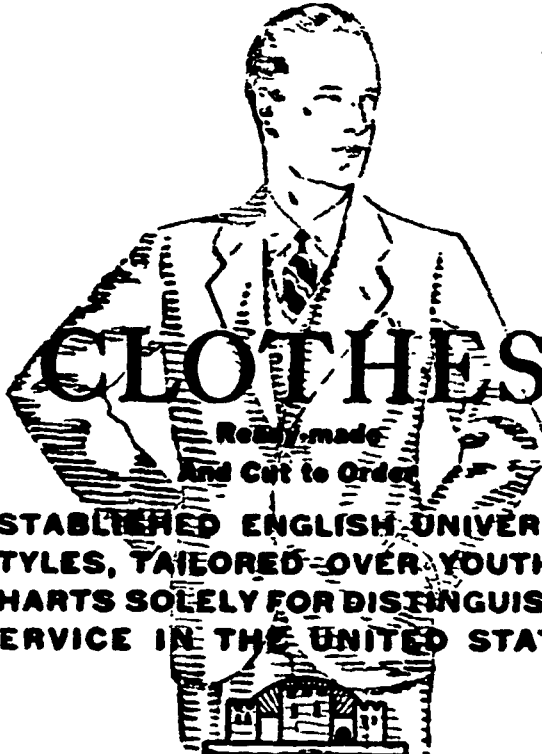
J. B. Kelly

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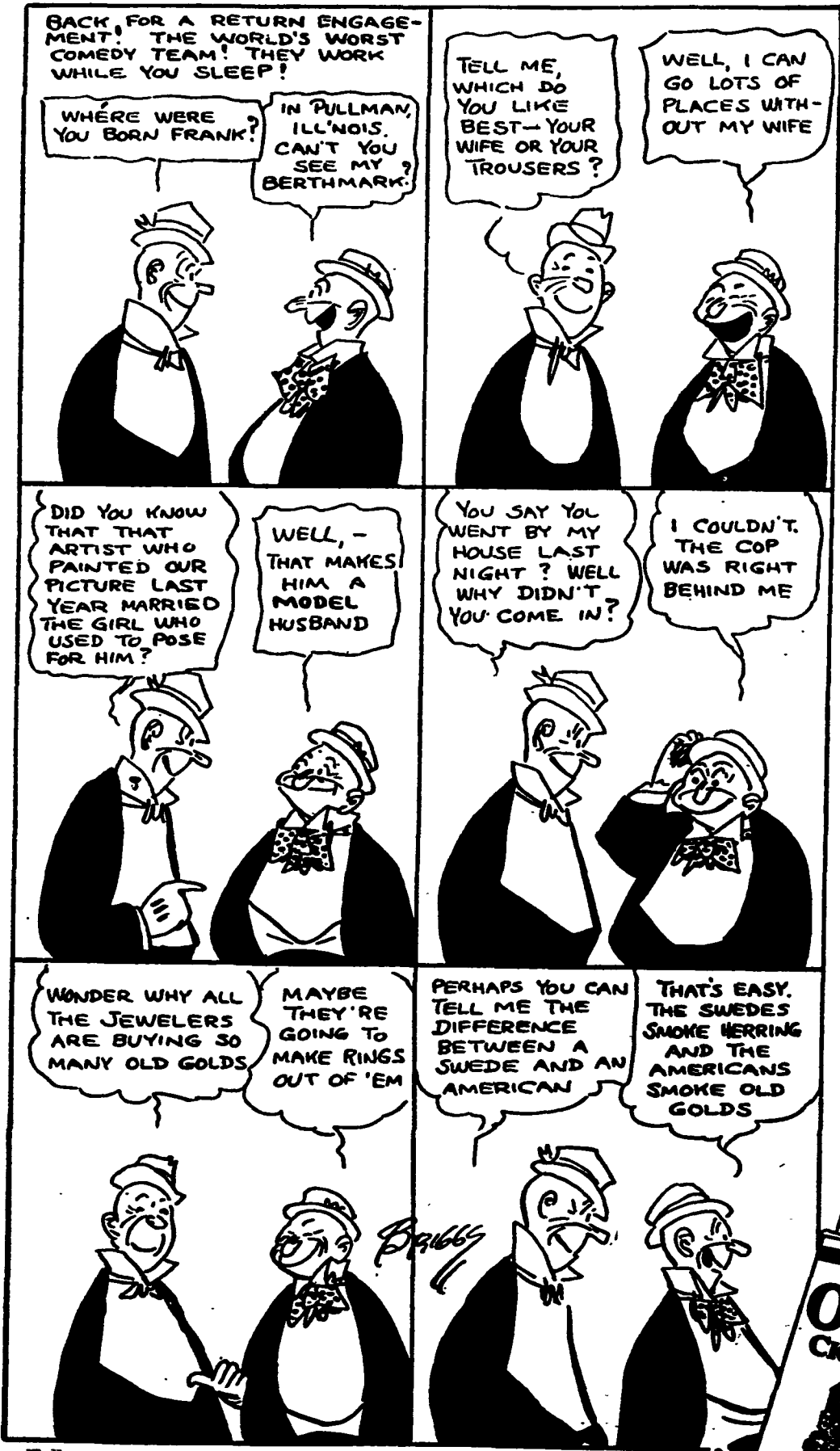
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