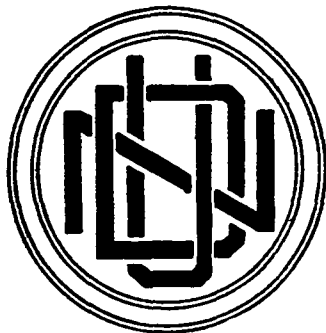


Notre Dame Scholastic

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NOVEMBER 23, 1928

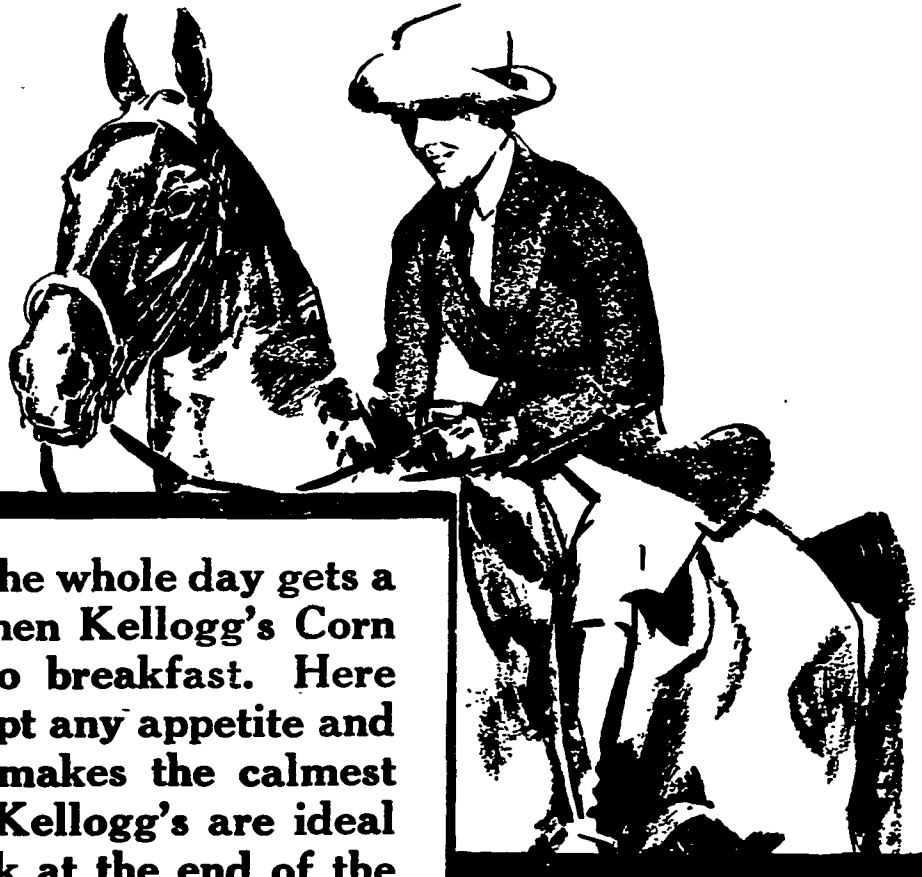
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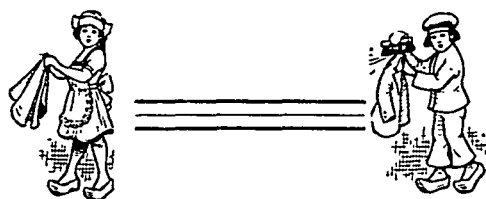
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VOL. LVII

NOVEMBER 23, 1928

No. 10.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Week	<i>T. Vincent McIntire</i>	292
Next Week's Events.....		293
The Campus Clubs.....	<i>Thomas A. Cannon</i>	300
The College Parade.....	<i>Bernard A. Walsh</i>	301
? ? ? ? ?.....		302
The Editor's Page.....		303
Thou Swell	<i>David S. Lehman</i>	304
Simon Meets Peter.....	<i>Richard Sullivan</i>	307
Hats	<i>John L. Nanovic</i>	310
Weather Optimists	<i>Cyril J. Mullen</i>	311
Aubade (Poem)	<i>Murray Young</i>	312
Sport News	<i>Harry A. Sylvester, Jr.</i>	313
Splinters From the Press Box.....		319

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

THE WEEK

Gloom—deep and foreboding—tragedy on every face—rain—a swampy gridiron—mud soaked players—20-0—the half—the kilties on parade—Notre Dame's own—The Victory March—cheers—3rd quarter—our one and only—inspired cheering—a defiant team—hoping against hope for something to happen—4th quarter—Elder breaks away—high hopes—shattered—a minute to play—“Notre Dame! Let's go!”—“Please keep your seats after the game for the singing of the Victory March!”—the gun—“Game's over!”—Mighty chorus singing the Victory March—“Come on, fellows, they're taking the goal posts”—the surging crowd—defiant students—“Come on you Scotch, chicken?”—“Try and get them”—“Take that will you?”—the bands file off the field—Tech surrounded by admirers—mud—slime—final score.—“Gosh! What a beating I'll take when I go home Christmas”—“Nice going, Freddie boy”—“You did your best fellows, we're backing you every minute”—“Gosh, who'd believe we'd lost today?”—“The heavens are weeping for somebody. Yeah”—“Wonder what Father O'Hara will have to say in the bulletin Monday?”—post mortems—“Just wait until we play Southern Cal!”—and so on.

* * *

A pleasant surprise was in store for the men at the pep meeting Friday night. Van Wallace, a former student who suffered a serious injury a few years ago was back to help put pep into the boys. His example should be a lesson to all of us. It certainly was good to see Van back again after so long an absence. Now that he is rapidly recovering, it is safe to say that Van had plenty of Notre Dame's fighting spirit.

It seems that we shall realize our ambition at last. The annual rumor is again about that we will have a new stadium. Let us hope that this is true. However, since the snow has started to fall, more than one mind has turned to thoughts of a street car waiting

room. For years the street car company has turned a deaf ear to our pleas and now is the time for some sort of unified action. Maybe the Lay Board of Trustees will use their influence to perform the miraculous.

Tuesday morning the rabid democrats had the chance to hear Mr. Wile tell us that the country is still safe, even if most of us did suffer disappointment in the recent elections. The lecture was clear, concise and highly instructive and the reception accorded him proved that he will be welcome to speak to us again. Let us hope that he has not made his last visit to the university.

The week-end was certainly the first cousin to a W. C. T. U. convention. The usual gaiety of a homecoming was gone entirely and the canny Scotch had sense enough to be verra verra cautious while celebrating in the stronghold of the enemy, especially when so many students were aching for a chance to wade in and throw a real Irish party. Yes, all in all it was quite dull.

* * *

The lawyers, it seems, will be the first to break out of mourning when they hold their annual informal ball tonight. It is belief that the only reason for the dance is to impress the femmes with high minded legal phrases, to wit: “E Pluribus Unum,” “Status Quo,” “Quod erat Demonstratum,” et cetera. The purpose we may infer is the reward when *it* replies, “Oh Jack, you're so wonderful.” Who said that lawyers were not human? Tonight will show whether or not the present nucleus of embryo barristers will meet the standards left by their departed brethren in technicalities. However, the lawyers seem sincere in promising a good time tonight. The logical sequence is that lawyers make politicians; politicians make promises; Ergo, the lawyers are making political promises, which calls for a bit of legal phraseology. Quod erat faciendum.

—T.V.M.

Mr. Robert Borland, director of the dining hall, is busy at present completing plans for the St. Joe Valley Alumni banquet on Tuesday, December 6. Many prominent personages will be guests at this affair.

HARRY M'GUIRE WINS COLORADO PLAYWRITING CONTEST

Harry McGuire, '25, is the author of the best long play and the best one-act play submitted in Colorado for the annual competition of the Drama League of America.



HARRY M'GUIRE

The plays will be forwarded by the Colorado committee to the Drama League for final competition against the winners in other states and will also be published.

McGuire's long play was, "Mary Smith, or the Honorable Estate," a domestic drama. His one-act play, "To the Ladies" is a light comedy.

While at Notre Dame McGuire was the first President of the Scribblers, a Breen medal man, and a prominent campus writer.

NOVEMBER "ALUMNUS" REFLECTS ABILITY OF EDITOR ARMSTRONG

We greeted the November *Alumnus* with our tongue in our editorial cheek since we had no idea that Mr. Armstrong could equal last month's issue. However, much to our agreeable surprise, we found the issue to be even a little better than the splendid issue for October. The frontispiece will undoubtedly remind the alumni of a more or less pleasant week-end spent in Chicago for the Navy game.

We note that "the President's Page" is again present with a very interesting comment on the question of the endowment. The page is probably meant as a complement of Francis Hayes' article on the Living Endowment. Undoubtedly, if Notre Dame is to equal its more wealthy colleagues in the future the alumni will have to get busy.

The bright spot for us was Father Cavanaugh's page. You will understand what we mean when we quote from the brief comment on James Stephens' "Etched in Moonlight." "They (the pastels and idylls) are as small, as finely flavored and as stimulating as the post-prandial Chartreuse of Benedictine of the days of civilization." Clever, witty com-

ments are the backbone of the page and if students don't seek out copies of this month's *Alumnus*, Notre Dame needs a new registration.

There is a list of new faculty men, the young prodigies of the new year. We understand that many of the commerce men were glad to learn, finally, just who it is that teaches them advertising. The review of Father Charles O'Donnell's new book is by far the best critique we have yet read of it.

John Rickord's Athletics page is undoubtedly one of the finest, perhaps, if not the finest we have seen on the campus in any publication. Interesting comments and extremely interesting pictures. If you wonder why so-and-so came to Notre Dame look in the *Alumnus* and see if he had a brother or father here in "xx". To finish off this issue there are thirteen pages of interesting gossip which should keep the alumni busy and doubting until next month with, "Who'd-athoughtit's."

"DOME" PHOTOGRAPHER CONCLUDES WORK TOMORROW

Seniors and juniors who have not as yet presented themselves to be photographed for the *Dome* have their last opportunity today and tomorrow. Business Manager Robert Kuhn of the *Dome* urges all those who have not been photographed to present themselves as the photographer, Russell of Chicago, will be gone after Saturday.

Editor-in-Chief Thomas J. Keegan also wishes to announce that starting this week, the *Dome* will pay five dollars each month for the best pictures submitted to it of some campus activity. In this way the yearbook will really reflect student life and should be of vital interest to every under-graduate. All material should be submitted to Hadrian Manske, 212 Walsh Hall.

"BATHHOUSE" MIKE RETIRES

Michael Esch, familiarly known among the students as "Bathhouse" Mike has retired, having left the University last Thursday. Mike had been custodian of the natorium for the past fifteen years.

HIGH SCHOOL BAND COMPETITION TO FEATURE SOUSA CONCERTS

The Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus, which is sponsoring the concerts to be given by the internationally fa-



LIEUT. COMMANDER JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

mous band master, Lieutenant Commander John Philip Sousa, on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, December 4th, in the Notre Dame Gymnasium, has added another attractive feature to the musical program for the day.

High school bands of Northern Indiana will meet in an elimination contest on the morning of the Sousa concerts, and a loving cup, presented by the former Marine Band leader himself, will be given to the winning organization during the intermission of the evening performance. The bands, whose names have been placed on the invitation list thus far, are those of South Bend, Mishawaka, Goshen, Elkhart, Laporte, Michigan City, Plymouth, Niles and St. Joseph.

According to tentative arrangements made by John F. Robinson, chairman of the contest, and president of last year's Notre Dame band, the secondary school groups will enter into competition Tuesday morning, each band playing two numbers, one their "prize" number, and then they have a choice of playing either one of the three recognized Notre Dame songs, "The Victory March," "The Hike Song," or "On Down the Line." The

two surviving bands are to play during the afternoon performance of the Sousa Concert, and the best band will be selected during this matinee exhibition. The winning band will render its final and winning marches in the evening during the intermission of the main performance, with Commander Sousa directing.

The judges chosen for the elimination contests are: Joseph Casasanta, Director of Music at the University, and Charles Parreant, Professor of Music at Notre Dame. All participants in the band elimination contest will be guests at the matinee performance.

This musical program, involving the entire day's procedure, is one of the most pretentious events ever to be presented at Notre Dame, according to Grand Knight Edward McKeown, general chairman of the concerts. Lieutenant Commander Sousa's appearance alone is sufficient to warrant of a few hours' pleasant entertainment, besides the attraction of the high school band contest.

Sousa has never appeared before an audience in this part of the country, and is reaching Notre Dame at the height of his triumphal career. He has a worthy program of marches and other musical numbers, besides many novelties and soloists to place before his audiences.

Tickets for the Concerts are now on sale at Elbel's music store in South Bend, or in any residence hall on the campus. Due to the fact that Sousa is to spend only one day at the University, and that the number of seats available in the gymnasium is very limited, students are advised to secure their tickets at the earliest possible moment.

CAMPUS RED CROSS DRIVE INAUGURATED

A concentrated effort to obtain subscriptions to the Red Cross fund from the students at the University, was started during the past week. The S. A. C. was asked by Red Cross officials to co-operate in making the drive and explaining the cause.

The drive is an annual occurrence and usually meets with success when the campus is reminded of the work accomplished by the Red Cross.

DR. JAMES J. WALSH SPEAKS ON PRESENT CONDITIONS IN MEXICO

Doctor James J. Walsh, of New York City, speaking in Washington Hall Thursday evening on "Mexico," declared that the present political condition existing in that country arises from the fact that Mexico was not prepared for its independence in 1821.

He said that the same condition would arise in the Phillipines if they were to receive their freedom. In his lecture Doctor Walsh declared, "Soon after Mexico was freed the United States investigated the conditions in the Phillipines and declared it not ready for their independence, and even one year ago the Phillipines were considered not prepared."

He asserted that had Mexico continued under the control of Spain for a longer time it would have developed into a much greater country, rivaling the present world powers.

Mexico was far more learned than any other English-American country until the beginning of the nineteenth century, Doctor Walsh said, and that the first college ever to be organized was that in Mexico City in 1535. In 1551 the University of Mexico was given its charter and in 1578 the medical school, the first in North America, was opened.

The proposed visit of President-elect Herbert Hoover to Mexico in his tour of the Latin-American countries, Dr. Walsh believes, will do much to alleviate the condition in that country and restore the good feelings between Mexico and the United States.

* * *

The next lecture to be given in Washington Hall will be an illustrated travelog, "Pike's Peak," by Gilbert McClurg on next Friday evening, November 30. Mr. McClurg is well known to the students of Notre Dame, having appeared here several years ago.

MOTORCYCLISTS PERFORM DARING FEATS FOR STUDENTS

The Mexican Motorcycle Cossacks, members of the police force of Mexico, entertained students and faculty with a novelty act Wednesday afternoon in the gymnasium. The group has been appearing at the Palace theater this week. The motorcycle corps at-

tended the Notre Dame-Carnegie Tech game last Saturday and intended to do some fancy riding for the benefit of the crowd, but the rain prevented their exhibition.

The group is under the command of Col. Rey Bowes, a Mexican government man and a graduate of Notre Dame of the class of 1910. They are making a tour of the United States at the present time.

MANY ATTEND BROWNSON SMOKER

From the welcoming address of Bro. Alphonsus, C.S.C., rector of Brownson Hall, until the final selections by the orchestra, the Reunion Smoker held Wednesday evening, Nov. 14, was a typical Brownson event. Over three hundred, including many of the former men of that hall, attended the smoker, which was held in the Brownson "Rec." room.

The program was opened by Bro. Alphonsus, who extended a welcome to the ex-Brownsonites and to all the other students. Father Eugene Burke, C.S.C., led the audience in mass singing and followed this by three selections of his own composition, written for a musical comedy while he was a student at Notre Dame.

Jack Chevigny, a former Brownson man, gave a short talk about his days in Brownson Hall. Andrew Hayes and Ron Zudeck harmonized in several popular numbers, followed by Thomas Kerrigan, who sang "I Love You Now as I Loved You Then" and "Mother Machree." The Brownson orchestra, under the direction of Virgilius Phillips, played four groups of popular and old-time songs during the program.

Eleven rounds of boxing featured the entertainment. In the main event, Tom Duffy of Brownson and George Kelly of Carroll, battled for four rounds at 135 pounds. In the preliminaries, Roy Catizone mixed with Louis Godoy at 145 pounds, Jerry Duwan and Paul Cahill at 165, and Tom Misterly and Jerry Seccareccio at 126. No decisions were given in any of the bouts. John Carberry was referee.

The smoker, which was under the supervision of Bro. Alphonsus, was completely successful, warranting another later in the year.

SPLENDID PERFORMANCE OF BAND NOTED AT GAME SATURDAY

Perhaps the greatest exhibition of showmanship by the University Band was its



JOSEPH KEEFE,
President of the Band

performance during the halves of the game with Carnegie Tech last Saturday afternoon. It marked the final appearance of the band during the present football season.

The members of the band, under the direction of Joseph Casasanta, vy-

ing with the Kiltie Band of Carnegie, generally regarded as one of the best in the country, showed themselves to be on a par with their visitors. The formation of the letters, "CIT" during the half by the Notre Dame Band was an impressive sight.

VILLAGERS TO HOLD THANKSGIVING DANCE

The Villagers Club of Notre Dame will hold their first dance of the season in the Palais Royale ballroom of South Bend, Tuesday, November 27. Music for dancing will be furnished from nine to one by the Campus Serenaders of Indianapolis, Ind., an orchestra that is known throughout the state for good music.

All students of the University are cordially invited to attend the dance which will be in the form of a Thanksgiving frolic, and may obtain tickets at the door of the ballroom. In the past the dances sponsored by the Villagers have always been very well attended by the student body and as the dance this year will be on the same order as last, a large attendance is expected. The committee on arrangements includes: Norman Hartzler, chairman; Tim Benitz, Robert Holmes and Louis Chapleau.

PALAIS ROYALE SCENE OF LAW CLUB INFORMAL TONIGHT

What promises to be one of the best fall dances of the season to be presented by a Notre Dame organization, will be held tonight from nine to twelve o'clock at the Palais Royale Ballroom when the Notre Dame Law Club holds its Fall Informal.

The Dixie Blue Chasers of Chicago, a negro orchestra of high repute, has been secured to furnish the music. This orchestra is well known for its presentation of "Down by the River," which has become very popular lately. Several interesting novelties will also be offered between dances.

For the past several weeks tickets have been on sale in the various halls on the campus. Those who have as yet not obtained their ducats may do so at 130 Sorin Hall. Tickets have been going rapidly and only a few remain at this late date.

Several prominent members of the St. Joseph County Bar Association will be guests of the Law Club. St. Mary's girls have been granted permission to attend and there will be twelve-thirty "pers" for all Notre Dame men attending.

FATHER WENNINGER WINS HIGH HONORS AT VIENNA

Word has been received that Father Francis Wenninger, C.S.C., Dean of the College of Science, has passed his examinations for the Doctorate in Philosophy, Maxima Cum Laude, at the University of Vienna, receiving the highest honors of all candidates for doctor's degrees in the university.

Father Wenninger has spent the past two years in special study and research work in Vienna, and last summer accompanied a party of scientists on a research expedition to the Orient. He will return to the University of Notre Dame next fall to resume his duties as Professor and Dean of the College of Science.

Officers of Campus Clubs, particularly presidents and secretaries, are requested to communicate with James Armstrong, Alumni secretary, at the Alumni office.

LIVINGSTON'S WINS VILLAGERS WINDOW DISPLAY CONTEST

The Livingston Clothing store on South Michigan St., South Bend, was declared the winner of the window display contest, sponsored by the Villagers Club of the University, held in connection with the game last Saturday. The prize, a football autographed by Coach Rockne and the members of the team was the award presented to the store.

The winning display window was in the form of a miniature football field showing pictures of the Notre Dame team of 1928, former stars including the "Four Horsemen" and a stand filled with cheering students in the background. This photo showed very clearly many students and was photographed during the Loyola game of this year.

Much interest was displayed in the contest and practically every merchant in the downtown district of South Bend had very suitable decorations for the occasion. Favorable comment was voiced in favor of the store decorations by visitors and homecoming alumni. The Villagers also aided numerous visitors to find lodging for the night after the hotels had been filled.

The judges for the window contest consisted of newspaper and professional men of South Bend, and the Rev. Allan Heiser, C. S. C., director of Off-Campus students of the University.

DR. BAKER ADDRESSES ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

Monday evening, November 19, Dr. Walter H. Baker, head of the South Bend Clinic, spoke before a large audience in Science hall. Dr. Baker selected for his subject: "The Study of Posture in Human Mechanics."

Incorrect posture and the evils which result from such abnormalities were thoroughly discussed. Pictures of some of the Doctor's patients were projected to illustrate certain cases. Statistics were given showing that almost two-thirds of the patients in the group tested were suffering from the effects of habitual improper posture.

It was clearly demonstrated that incorrect positions of the human body cause a marked weakening of the muscles which hold the body erect and a consequent visceral displacement.

Important matters were discussed by the members after the lecture and plans for the winter months were discussed. President Robert J. Schulze of the Academy was the presiding chairman.

FRESHMAN DEFEATS BROWNSON IN INTERHALL DEBATE INAUGURAL

The first of the dual debates in the inter-hall debating league conducted under the auspices of the Wranglers was held last Tuesday evening in the Law building. Teams from Brownson and Freshman halls met to decide the question: "Resolved, that the direct primary as a means of nominating state and federal officials should be replaced by the several states." The judges were Professors James Hines and William E. Farrell of the department of history at the University.

The debates were exceptionally well presented, both teams giving evidence of serious preparation, and a thorough knowledge of the subject under discussion. In the opinion of judges, the affirmative and negative teams of Freshman hall had a little the better of the argument and so were awarded the decision. By winning both sides of this dual debate, Freshman has gained a substantial hold on the Lemmer Trophy which the Wranglers present each year to the most successful hall in the league.

The remaining debates as announced by Chairman Keegan will be as follows:

- Freshman vs. Howard, Tuesday, Nov. 27.
- Brownson vs. Carroll, Thursday, Nov. 29.
- Brownson vs. Howard, Thursday, Dec. 6.
- Freshman vs. Carroll, Dec. 11.

All these debates will be held in the Law building at 6:30 P. M. precisely. Everyone who is interested in this form of activity is urged to attend.

K. OF C. EXEMPLIFY FIRST DEGREE

The first degree was exemplified to more than forty candidates by the officers of the Notre Dame Council 1477, Knights of Columbus, Tuesday evening, November 20, in the South Bend chambers. Grand Knight Edward P. McKeown of the local council, following the exemplification, stated that the second and third degrees would be held at the same place Sunday afternoon, November 25th, starting at 1:00 p. m. Following the degree work the new members will be the guests of the Council at a banquet at which a number of prominent speakers are scheduled to talk.

FATHER BURKE AND PROFESSOR
MANION ADDRESS STUDENT RALLY

A monstrous pep meeting was held in the gym last Friday night, the evening before the Carnegie Tech game. Preceding the meeting, a torchlight procession from each hall led to the postoffice, where the assembled student body gave the team a rousing send-off as it left the campus to spend the night in a Niles hotel. Speeches were made at the rally by the Reverend Eugene Burke, C.S.C., Professor of Philosophy at Notre Dame, and Professor Clarence Manion of the College of Law.

Immediately after the meeting, an entertainment was presented in Washington hall, consisting of five vaudeville acts arranged by Louis Regan. Moving picture reels showing Notre Dame games of former years were also exhibited.

BOARD OF LAY TRUSTEES
HOLDS GENERAL MEETING

The Board of Lay Trustees of the University met in the Main building last Monday and discussed general business concerning the interests of the University. The Board meets but once this year and the next meeting is scheduled for November, 1929. The Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University, was chairman of the meeting, which was the first one he has attended.

The board is made up of members of the Holy Cross order, alumni and members at

large. Those who attended the meeting were A. R. Erskine, chairman; Brother Florence, member ex-officio; Miles O'Brien, treasurer. The members ex-officio are the Reverend James Burns, provincial of the Holy Cross order; the Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University; the Reverend Bernard Ill, C.S.C., treasurer of the University. Alumni members are: William P. Breen, Fort Wayne; Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Mich.; Clement C. Mitchell, Chicago; Francis E. Hering, South Bend. Members-at-large are: A. R. Erskine, South Bend; Edward N. Hurley, Chicago; Miles W. O'Brien, South Bend and James J. Phelan, Boston, Mass.

FREDERICK WILLIAM WILE IN WASHINGTON HALL ADDRESS

One of the finest speeches ever delivered in Washington hall was given by Dr. Frederic William Wile, noted political writer of Washington, D. C., before a large audience of faculty and students last Tuesday morning.

Dr. Wile, whose political news column "Washington Observations," is syndicated among many outstanding newspapers of the country, and who is also noted for his radio talks on national topics, scored a distinct hit with his random observations of the past, present, and future political situations. Intimate glimpses of figures prominent in national affairs, which Dr. Wile secured through personal contact and observation also proved exceptionally interesting.

Dr. Wile is a native of LaPorte, Indiana, and was at a time a student at Notre Dame. He was also the recipient of an honorary LL.D. degree in 1924 from the University.

SENIOR CONCESSION COMMITTEE
CHOSEN

President Manford Vezie of the Senior class has announced the members of the committee for the Senior class concessions. The committee consists of: Otis Winchester, chairman; Reginald Bittner, William Clark, Tom Ferriter, Joe Friel, John Harrington, Donald Hogan, Thomas Jorden, John Moran, Norman McLeod, Cletus Schneider, Thomas Shea and John L. Sullivan.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By Thomas A. Cannon

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB

There will be a short meeting of the Indianapolis Club tonight at 6:30 p. m. in Badin Hall "Rec." room. All members are urged to be present because at this time final arrangements for the Christmas dinner dance will be announced.

DETROIT CLUB BANQUET

Forty members attended the Detroit Club banquet held Wednesday evening, November 14, at the Hotel LaSalle. President Jack Stackpoole acted as toastmaster for the evening. Mr. Norbert Engels of the English department, and Professor Daniel O'Grady of the Philosophy department of the University each gave interesting talks which were well received by the members of the club. The officers of the club also gave short talks. Anthony Kopecky, assisted by John Beljon, furnished the entertainment, which consisted of a few well selected songs. Following the banquet the regular business routine was followed.

The next regular meeting of the club will be held Tuesday evening, December 4, in Badin Hall "Rec." room. At this meeting final arrangements for the annual Christmas dance will be completed.

NEW JERSEY CLUB

Members of the New Jersey Club entertained at a smoker in the Faculty Dining hall Wednesday evening, November 14. The program which was in charge of Jack Reilly was enjoyed by all present. After the entertainment, business of the club was discussed. It was decided to give a banquet Thursday evening, November 29, in the Hotel LaSalle. Plans for the Christmas Dance, which is to be held at the Newark Athletic Club on the night of December 26, were also discussed.

GRAND RAPIDS CLUB

At a recent meeting of the Grand Rapids Club final plans for their annual Christmas dance were completed. The dance is to be held at the Pantlind ballroom in Grand Rapids on the night of December 28. Earl Leach is the general chairman in charge of the dance. The chairmen of the respective committees assisting him are: Joe Deeb, tickets; Maynard Sullivan, programs; Joe Baylon, music; and Lon Krem, publicity and decorations. One hundred patrons have been selected for the dance and five hundred special invitations mailed.

On November 28 a smoker will be held by the members of the club in the Faculty Dining hall. Joe Deeb, Frank Thrall, and James McDermott are in charge of the arrangements for the affair. They have arranged an excellent program and all members are requested to be present.

ENGINEERS' CLUB

The Engineers' Club met Wednesday evening, November 21, in Washington Hall. The feature of the evening was a lecture and motion picture given by Mr. P. C. Poss, assistant advertising manager of the Timkin Roller Bearing Co., of Canton, Ohio. Wednesday morning the club members attended Mass and received Holy Communion in a body. Mass and Holy Communion was offered for the repose of the soul of Fr. Molony's father, and for the recovery of Mr. Van Wallace.

CALUMET DISTRICT CLUB

The Calumet District Club met Thursday evening, November 15, to discuss plans for the Christmas holiday dance. President John Chevigny appointed the chairmen of the various committees, with Bob Schulze as general chairman. It was decided to place all freshmen members of the club on the decorating committee to stimulate interest among the first year men.

CLEVELAND CLUB MEETS

At a meeting of the Cleveland Club last Tuesday evening in the Badin "Rec." rooms the completed plans for the Christmas dance were announced by Otis Winchester, president.

Ed Day and his Bedford Glen's orchestra have been engaged to play at the dance to be held in the Mid-day Club on Friday, December 28. The next meeting of the club is scheduled for December 3.

WISCONSIN CLUB

On Thursday evening, November 15, the Wisconsin Club honored its most distinguished member, Captain Fred Miller, at a dinner in the Lay Faculty Dining hall. Professor Clarence "Pat" Manion acted as toastmaster. Captain Miller gave a brief talk in which he thanked the club for the honor they paid him. He was followed on the program by two of the most distinguished men on the campus, Knute K. Rockne and Dean Thomas F. Konop, each of whom gave very interesting and entertaining talks. Professor Joe Casasanta's twelve jugglers furnished music throughout the dinner.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY CLUB

Final arrangements for the annual fall smoker of the Connecticut Valley Club, to be held Monday, December 2, were made at a recent meeting of the club. Tim J. Toomey has been appointed chairman of the committee in charge. Several men prominent in campus affairs will address the members. Entertainment and refreshments also will aid in making the affair a success. Tickets will be issued shortly.

All members are requested to secure their allotment of bids for the Christmas dance and to make their nominations for patrons immediately.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:- By Bernard A. Walsh

Editorial headline in *The Daily Texan*:

"How's Your Pocketbook?"

Perhaps the following from the Dads' Day issue of the *Oregon Daily Emerald* answers that question:

"From now on we're going to call this the University of Iowa.

"Iowa late payment fine, Iowa a room deposit, Iowa a board bill, Iowa a change of course fee, and Iowa a lot for books.)"

Nuff said, eh what, Dads?

* * *

In trying to speed up practice during a heavy rain recently, a N. Y. U. coach told his backfield men they could go through their formations without getting wet if they were fast enough. Connor, Strong, and their buddies proved him right—they got umbrellas.

* * *

Here's how they make better men out of fraternity pledges at M. I. T., according to the *Tech*:

"Fourteen samples of wooden paddles which will be made to order for students' use are on display in the woodworking shop in building 30.

"The sizes vary from short, squat, ping-pong paddles, to long curving baseball bats. Holes punched to order in the paddle blades guarantee to raise blisters to fit the size of the victim. The paddles are made of straight grained wood to prevent splitting when subjected to sudden strain. Some are made with long handles to allow two hands to be used to increase the leverage. Many fraternities burn their initials into the paddle blades in order to leave the desired impression."

How long until the Monogram club initiation?

* * *

The Purdue Exponent bewails the latest fashions at Bryn Mawr in this manner:

"At last the day which we had feared would arrive has dawned at Bryn Mawr college. Girls have come to regard cigarettes as merely a passing fad and have ceased to

smoke them. They have reformed to the extent of smoking pipes.

"The article quotes the *Milwaukee Journal* as stating, 'If you offer a Bryn Mawr student a cigarette these times she accepts it; but she is as apt as not to produce a pipe from the depths of her slicker, ask you for another cigarette or two, and squeeze the tobacco from this collection into the pipe bowl.'

"As justification of such apparently unfeminine act, the Bryn Mawr girl cites the case of Amy Lowell, sister of President Lowell of Harvard, who is reputed to have smoked a cigar with one hand while writing poetry with the other."

* * *

From *The Daily Northwestern*:

"One could find it in one's heart to ask the men not to warble so entrancingly in front of Willard hall. A woman fell from a third-story fire escape at Chapin last week when the singers hit a sour note, and she's still in the infirmary."

When these Northwestern women fall for a fellow, they don't fool.

* * *

The Denver Clarion, in stimulating interest in a "Hello Day" at the University of Denver, printed an editorial which contained this paragraph:

"With the backing of 'Leap Year' and 'Hello Day' any and every co-ed may gurgle a girlish 'Hello' at that handsomest stranger who is too bashful to start things. All the fellows may disregard their 'Mrs. Post's' and venture a hello at the unknown adored one, and a 'hello' preceeds a conversation, a conversation—a date, a date—well say HELLO and find out!"

We'll bet that "Hello Day" was a success.

* * *

Headline in *Columbia Spectator*:

"Battle to be Speaker Tonight as Institute Year Commences."

Think of all the fellows you know who would battle to avoid being speaker.

?????

And again, the Luckless Lad offers you this page of student wit and satire, dedicated to the proposition that the man-power at this hyar university can contribute occasionally, if the proper approach is used. As yet, we fear, that we have not discovered the secret! Pleas and persuasions, prayers and polemics, boasts and banalities—all, alas, all have failed! But the Luckless Lad and Youth are ever hopeful; every cloud has a sterling silver lining (but clouds are so high as to be quite out of reach!) and a stitch in time saves nine, as my old gran' pap used to say. Now come on, fellas, an' give the kid a hand; help him find the silver lining; and do a little stitching for yourselves! And above all, help the very Luckless Lad!

* * *

Sonnet Atomic

*Due
To
Too
Few
Untrue
Jews,
Few
Do
Undo
True
Jews*

—Number 55.

(But who want to undo anybody. Yoo Hoo, Melisande! My Stays!)

* * *

INQUIRING REPORTER

Place asked: Howard Hall.

Question asked:—"What did you think of the Football Juggler?"

Answers:—

First Frosh:—"I don't think. What do you think I am, a Literari?"

Second Frosh:—"I haven't been to the Palace this week."

Third Frosh:—"That's no way to talk about the opposing players."

Fourth Frosh:—"Who is he?"

Anonymous:—"Great! Finest publication on the campus By the way, did you like that crack on page twenty-three?"

—NEURESTHENIC NICK.

(Ed. Note:—We are led to believe that anonymous individual is a member of the Juggler Staff. Watson, the needle!)

OOOO! IT HURTS!

The Luckless Lad:

Say, what do you mean taking advice from a girl—that Baltimore Lassie! You won't get anywhere at all turning down us He-Men, like me, and taking advice from a babe from Baltimore. Anybody that conducts a column is pretty dumb to begin with, but I always thought they had better sense than to let a girl tell them how to run a column.

So you're going to be mean and tough just to please her, huh? Well, go ahead, an' see if it helps you any! But you won't get any contributions from me! I'm mad now—so there! Anyway, you've hurt the feelings of

—Bill from Badin.

(Ed. Note:—O Tempora! O Mores! Isn't there anybody here to say: "Nice-goin'-in-there-pal-you're-turnin' - out - a - great - column - ol'-boy-thas-ol'-fight!?)

* * *

**MINNIE, HOW CYNICAL! I'M SURPRISED
ENTREATY TO MYSELF**

*Oh, please forgive, bruised heart, of course she lied!
You love her true. She said 'twas you alone,
But when another sought her for his bride
Your seeds of love had fallen on a stone.
But let not sorrow aggravate your plight,
Dry now those tears, sing tenderly a song.
Though her two wrongs can never make a right,
Another right for you cannot be wrong!*

*Lift up those eyes. I know a maid who knows
Another maid who has a lovely friend.
Farewell, all nights and mornings lachrymose!
For just to know her will mean sorrow's end.
Remember only this (and you'll forgive)
There's always someone else for whom to live!*

—MINNIE SINGER.

* * *

Say, by the way, and any other introductory expression you may care for—have we a title as yet. Honestly we have been afraid to look, and consequently we do not know. The Luckless Lad guarantees that he knows nothing about the column which he conducts, and for that matter, about almost any other subject you might care for nothing. The Delphic Oracle and the Board of Publications may be able to inform you as to our name, but we (editorial use, not Charles Lindberg) absolutely can not—on our honor, sirrah! If we have a name, write and tell us about it; if such is not the case, we trust you will bear with us a while. In the meantime, help

—THE LUCKLESS LAD.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

"BATH-HOUSE MIKE"

Michael McInnis, or "Bath-House Mike" as he was familiarly known to most of the students, has retired. Fifteen years of faithful service in the interests of the University have at last earned him a well-deserved rest. Through the years he has assisted numerous students in his capacity as caretaker of the natatorium and the Carroll and Brownson locker rooms.

But old Mike will not be forgotten by the students. They will always remember him as a short, stocky, rheumatic old man, with a bullet-shaped, close-cropped head. They will always remember his habitual taciturnity, his rarely-ruffled, complacent demeanor, and his ever-willing, kindly nature. They will always remember him as a fixture about the natatorium—a fixture which seemed as much a part of the 'nat' as the swimming pool itself. And remembering, they will wish him many long and happy years of retirement. For certainly a servant who has withstood student vicissitudes for fifteen years, and in such a humble and good-natured way as old Mike has, is more than deserving of a rest.

—J. V. H.

UNDERGRADUATE AND ALUMNI CO-OPERATION

Practically all campus clubs are planning Christmas dances and other social affairs in all sections of the country. Since the beginning of school in September, club officers have been perfecting plans to make the Christmas formal of their particular organization the best ever sponsored or attempted by any club at Notre Dame. But aside from the opportunity of welding each club membership the tighter by holding an affair or affairs in which the entire club is vitally interested, club officers are more and more coming to realize that there is another advantage resultant from these dances—an advantage which is by far the most important

that arises from these functions. It is the fact that these dances offer the undergraduates and alumni a splendid opportunity to meet each other and to unite their efforts towards the better promotion of Notre Dame interests in their particular community.

Alumni have the immediate and diverting necessity of making a living, and for the most part welcome undergraduate aid and initiative in promoting these get-togethers. They are glad to patronize them; glad to attend any function which is connected with their alma mater; glad to meet the fellows who have taken their places as undergraduates. Their aid is more far-reaching than the immediate cover-charge. So their co-operation should be invited; their friendship treasured.

Campus clubs seem to be realizing their possibilities in co-operating with the Alumni. Members of these clubs will in a very short time join the membership of some of the Alumni organizations that dot the country in increasing numbers. The campus club members will be the backbone of the Alumni groups of the future. There is no line of cleavage between the student and the graduate organization. The old saying, "Once a Notre Dame man, always a Notre Dame man," is more than true in this respect.

Co-operation between campus club and Alumni organization is made infinitely the harder and almost impossible, without the intervention or assistance of some intermediate factor. The intermediate factor in this case is the Alumni Office which is maintained here on the campus under the able direction of Mr. James Armstrong. This office is ready at any time to help foster and sustain this co-operation between undergraduates and Alumni by furnishing club and Alumni officers a means to become more familiar with each other, and therefore more cognizant of what is best for the mutual interests of both.

J.V.H.

LITERARY

Thou Swell

(*Being the Second Sketch of These
Pernicious People.*)

MUCH has been, is being, and will be said for Merle Weaver. Said for what he did to Rick Flemming, when Rick was broke one time. Said for what he did to Chet Johnson, when Chet needed a fourth for bridge. Said for what he did to me, when I had a manuscript turned down by the SCHOLASTIC. But all of these things would be said without much bearing, if indeed any, on the strange case of Miss Corin Carter

Merle Weaver was a liar. He lied about, —well, he lied about everything lacking rhyme or reason, he lied about anything every time, every season. He was a misstater of facts. He had never met Messer Truth,—or, if he had, the presentation couldn't have impressed him greatly. Merle Weaver was a liar.

If you happen to be lolling along Fifth Avenue some day If you happen to be strolling by Forty-fourth street If you happen to happily notice that your shoes have gone the way of all soles; then, by all manner of means, hip off Fifth Avenue, and hop on Forty-fourth Street. Turn to your right, and scamper into the first smart shop for gentlemen's boots (by appointment, if you please, to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales) and you will see Merle Weaver.

Merle Weaver, shoe salesman, liar!

That's what I did. I was rolling along Fifth Avenue, bowling along by Forty-fourth Street, and I noticed that my shoes did not do justice to my socks, which were, as my socks invariably are, flamingly flamboyant. So, I shook off Fifth Avenue, took on Forty-fourth Street, entered the gentlemen's boot shop, and saw Merle Weaver.

He sold me a pair of shoes because anybody can sell me anything. And then he sold me another pair. After that, I realized that I should have gone to Frank's—where I usually buy—in the first place.

While he sold me the first pair, he told me quite a bit about myself that I had never known. That was like Merle Weaver. He knew things about people that people never thought about. He shouldn't have been a shoe salesman,—he should have been a psychiatrist,—or maybe a Republican. Possibly he should have been strangled at birth; unfortunately, he wasn't. But he was a spiked-awful liar.

"You'd better have tan oxfords," said Merle Weaver.

"No, no, I don't think I'd better have tan oxfords," said I.

"Not at all," said Merle, and he slipped on some tan ones.

"But they spoil and spot," said I.

"Not at all. Look at them. They look splendid on your feet," Merle said.

After I bought the tan oxfords, I looked at some black ones.

"How's Rick getting on?" asked Merle Weaver.

"Who cares?" said I.

"Is he still engaged to Corin?"

"Who can tell?" said I.

"These shoes look splendid on your feet. How about some socks?"

"They look all right. No socks."

Merle asked: "Don't you like Corin?"

I replied: "Certainly, she's a nice girl . . ."

". . . And good to her mother, eh?"

"Pooh. Pooh." said I.

"I thought that you had a yen for her." Merle, seeking, seeking.

Merle could drive a man frantic. Merle did.

"No." I said. "I'm madly in love with Gloria Swanson."

"I'd get you a date," said Merle seriously, "but she's not in town."

Merle was like that. Merle Weaver!

"How much do I owe you?" I asked.

"Never mind. You'd never pay me."

"I mean for the shoes," I explained, "and besides, I don't owe you a darned cent."

"No," Merle agreed, "but you would if you could. Shall I charge the shoes?"

"Of course."

"Where are you going to eat tonite?" asked Merle.

"Up at the Oliver Cromwell. I'm dining with Chet."

"Mind if I join you?"

"No," I said. What else could I have said?

"About seven, then?"

"Check."

"Be seeing you. Thanks, a lot, Charlie."

I boiled. That's what I did. Merle knows my name as well as he knows that Al Jolson did not write *King Lear*, but he invariably does things like that to make people boil, and he invariably succeeds. Imagine. Me. Calling me "Charlie." The dumbguard.

I left the bootery, and walked over Forty-fourth toward Madison Avenue, to cruise down to Fritz's office at 292. I was passing the Ritz, and just happened to think of that line from the "Five O'Clock Girl." Do you remember where Shaw and Lee are doing their pitter-patter, and it goes like this:

"Lee: 'I saw you outside the Ritz yesterday.'

"Shaw: 'That's where I'm living now.'

"Lee: 'Where?'

"Shaw: 'Outside the Ritz.'"

Well, I was walking along, thinking of that line from the "Five O'Clock Girl," and thinking once of this thing, and twice of that thing,—when somebody socked me on the back, and told me to stop laughing at, to, or with myself. It was Rick Flemming. The

constant contractor of debts, colds, and love affairs.

"Well, well, Rick." I greeted.

"Heigh-ho." Rick said.

"I'm on my way to Fritz's," I told him.

"That's quite all right with me," he said.

"Want to come?" I invited.

"Nope. Got a date with my funny face."

"Where you going with yourself?" I laughed.

"Don't be idiotic. I'm going to meet Corin."

I envied him. Corin Carter, whose eyes are altogether like sweet milk chocolate drops frosted about with cold clear sugar ice. Her lips are mostly like scarlet crimson jets of flame; the upper as a bow, the lower straight as an arrow.

"Too bad," said I.

"Too bad,—nothing. Awful nice, I say."

"Oh, of course. You know what I meant, Rick."

"I'm eating alone, though," Rick said. "Corin's got to meet an aunt from Lima, Ohio,—or some other beanery."

"Meet us at the Cromwell at seven," I said, "Chet and that Merle Weaver fellow and myself."

"Don't want to meet Merle," said Rick.

"I do. He just sold me some shoes. I want him to pay for the dinner."

"You should," said Rick. "They look terrible. Such a ghastly shade of tan I have never seen!"

"They are pretty deadly," I said.

"Here's Fritz's," Rick said. "See you at seven. Cromwell."

"Check."

I saw Fritz for a while, and we fooled around. But then he had to work for a while. Great guy, Fritz, great! Then I went up to the Raleigh to dress for dinner.

As I dressed, I thought of Merle and Rick. They should have been left to freeze in the dead of winter in the city park by a lovelorn nursemaid for a persistent policeman. I thought of lots and lots of things that might have happened to Merle and Rick which might have gone toward making our world a brighter place to live in.

This intriguing reverie was disturbed by the phone. It was Merle. Merle told me

that he couldn't meet us for dinner. Would we excuse him? We would. It seems that a great big magnate or something or other was taking him out to discuss the possibilities of his (Merle's) having the time to take over the general management of this magnate's business.

Such a line! Why, the fellow was probably going over to Child's with the office help, and had to work that evening on inventory.

I was just as happy. As a matter of record, I was happier as I walked up Seventy-second toward Central Park, toward the Oliver Cromwell.

Rick and Chet were waiting for me, and, as we checked our outfits, we congratulated each other on being rid of the town's worst nuisance.

We ordered dinner. At the Cromwell it is always a good idea to order the complete dinner. At least, I have always thought it was a fairly good idea to order the dinner.

Soup came. The soup at the Cromwell is good soup. Soup went.

We had time to murder, so we ate slowly, smoking between courses, discussing the all-around advisability of camel's-hair topcoats.

"Personally," said Chet, "I like them."

"They're nifty," said I, "but they're like tan shoes. They soil."

"I wish they had music in this place," Rick said.

As though in answer to the prayer, a lady's voice popped forth from behind the pillar, separating our table from hers. She sang slowly, softly,—the song was obviously intended for her companion, but we heard it, and it was superb. It was one of my favorite numbers. And she had a voice, that lady at the table behind that unfortunate, enormous affair of a pillar. She sang:

"Thou swell, thou witty, thou sweet, thou grand—

Wouldst kiss me, pretty? Wouldst hold my hand?

Oh, thine eyes are cute,—and what they do to me—

Hear me holler to you, the sweet lalapa-looza indeed.

I'd feel so rich in a hut for two

Two rooms and kitchen I'm sure would do

Give me just a plot of not a lot of land

Then, thou swell, thou witty, thou grand."

We flapped silent applause to the invisible lady. We flipped away our cigarettes, and finished our coffee.

We paid the check. That is, Chet and I paid the check. Rick, ever on the lookout, paid the tip. Oh, well . . .

We arose. We passed the pillar.

As we passed that pillar, the gentleman overlaid the lady's hand with his, and murmured: "Oh, thou swell, oh!"

The gentlemen,—and I am a gentleman or I would not term him as such,—was Merle Weaver. That lady, and there was a lady, of that you may be assured, was Corin Carter.

I choked. Chet gasped. Rick—poor Rick—poor, poor Rick . . .

Merle looked at us, and bowed. That fellow. So innocently did he bow. Corin looked at us, gasped, looked at Rick, made a movement . . .

But Merle detained her,—by her hand,—and murmured again, did murmur: "Thou swell . . ."

—BY DAVID S. LEHMAN.

With Mistful, With Wistful Eyes.



Simon Meets Peter

RICHARD SULLIVAN

SIMON himself once told me this story. And because we were dining in the very restaurant where his adventure had transpired, his words were full of rich and vivid color; although the place had been many years remodelled and the waiters and the clientele had long since changed, Simon, none the less, pointed out for me the locations of his tale. As he progressed in the recital, I knew somehow—perhaps from the gentleness of his smile—that the memory which he told was close and tender.

"It happened when I was very, very young," was the way that he began, "when I was a student at the Art Institute, you know. . . ."

Although often he had scraped and skimmed for the wherewithal to eat, the soul of young Simon was enamored of life, and he exulted in his very living. Upon the night when he had earned his first commission, when there was wadded in his waistcoat pocket behind a pack of cigarettes that compact bulge of paper dollars which spelled his first success—upon that night the rejoicing mood of Simon could bear with no customary meal of roast pork hash and coffee. So Simon hied him off for adventures unforeseen and delights that were undreamed of. To a hidden restaurant in a remote corner of the city did he betake himself, revelling on his way in thoughts of sumptuous viands and music sweet and satisfying.

Once seated at his white-draped table, Simon marvelled that the very spirit of the place so leaped and responded to his inner mood. He marked the way the light of the room was like twilight, though the dark had been fallen for an hour when he had walked outside. He happily noted how the dull-glinting silver was pleasingly arranged upon the creamy linen, and with quickening pleasure how the tiny pink lamps sparkled all about him on the countless tables, barely

tinting with a dim rose-light the shadowy darkness of the room. The sound of talk rose up from the people, and as Simon heard the sound and gazed with eager eyes, a feeling of wonder and delight came upon him. Faces glimmered at surrounding tables,—here the face of a red-lipped girl, there the face of a dark-skinned man, and beyond these other faces, listening, laughing, talking, smiling. They acted upon Simon as a fine painting might have acted upon him. He sensed life and mystery in the air, and suddenly he could have sung or cried or danced or shouted with delight at all the beauty of the place.

And when the proper time came, Simon ordered from the waiter those dishes which suited his fancy. The consciousness that this night he had no need to consult the limits of his purse acted upon him as a powerful stimulus, and he ordered with abundant flourish, guided more by exuberance than by appetite; for in those young days, to Simon, money was but a vehicle for purchase.

Then presently came the climax of his evening's celebration. The roving eye of Simon had caught the delicate profile of a nearby woman, and with the glance did Simon realize his urgent need for company. He felt that he must talk, talk, talk until his innermost feelings lay expressed. And then, turning from the girl's direction, he stupidly stared into the strange face of a grave-countenanced gentleman who had drawn up his chair to Simon's own table.

"I have been watching you," said this person very solemnly. He was a moon-faced, red-cheeked man with a great shock of white hair hanging low upon his high forehead; and his voice was deep and resonant.

"I have been watching you," he repeated, "and because you seemed so very happy I elected to dine with you. Please do not regard me as quite a madman—you see I read

the expression on your face. I have been called eccentric, but am pleased to consider myself merely as one unhampered by idle convention. Will you smoke one of my cigarettes?"

Now to Simon, in his customary aloofness, an approach so bluntly handled might have savored of the ridiculous; but this night in his ardent enthusiasm, the novel manners of the strange gentleman seemed singularly to coincide with the atmosphere of the restaurant—seemed utterly in keeping with Simon's own spirits. And so, as he regarded the nervous white fingers of the other extending the proffered cigarettes, Simon joyously entered into the adventure.

"Thank you," said Simon. "I have matches."

"My name is Peter Apple," said the man as solemnly as though he were pronouncing a death sentence. "And in this world there is nothing I have not seen and no place where I have not been. Tell me about yourself!"

"I am Simon Whistle," began Simon, "an artist by inclination, but by fate a——"

"Ah!" cried Mr. Apple. "An artist. I can discourse with ease upon any subject, but most readily of all do I talk of art—of art or of legerdemain. As you may have noticed, sir, the two have much in common. Yet in their very natures they are antithetical. For whereas art aims at revealing beautiful truth through dexterity, sleight-of-hand aims at dexterously concealing truth through beautiful gestures."

"Perhaps," said Simon, "I should have added that at present I am but a student of art."

"But you should draw no distinction," remarked Mr. Apple, pursuing the point. "The artist is necessarily the student—is constantly the student of life seen in terms of technique. Remember that, sir, but mark that the reverse does not hold. Indeed, it is a meaningless conception of art-training which sets off a preliminary drudgery in technique to be followed at some later date by the period of creative execution. Study and creation," said Mr. Apple, gravely, "should run hand in hand."

And as he listened to the other's continuous talk, the mind of Simon was conjured away to glorious heights. He visioned his own paintings hung in the Academy, and saw himself bedecked with foremost honors, his breast adorned with medals and blue ribbons. Yet even as he dreamed was Simon aware of the joyous singing of his heart, of the money he had earned within his pocket, of the people all about him and the sound of their co-mingled voices in his ears. And he was yet more aware of the deep and resonant talk of Mr. Apple, and of the gliding gestures of his soft white hands upon the table. Those hands, indeed, seemed inconsistent with the other's nature; for they slid about before him with a snake-like ease of movement, and when they were not engaged in illustration of his discourse they were breaking bread with a caressing touch or softly plying knife or fork.

". . . and it is better to be a man than to be an artist," Mr. Apple was pronouncing. "There are too many young esthetes who would mould their lives on George Moore's 'Confessions.' Have you read the book?"

"I have not," said Simon, "but I have heard it highly praised."

"It is an asinine work, and the author is a consummate bore," declared Peter Apple vehemently. And with this abrupt dismissal he began anew: "You are interested in my hands," he said.

"They are interesting hands," replied Simon. "My own will not move with half their suppleness." And in proof he detached his fingers from a spoon and wiggled them before him.

Mr. Apple smiled until his red cheeks pushed upwards into his eyes. "I owe my present life of ease to their skill," said he. And by way of explanation he added: "Sleight-of-hand. I was once considered an adept."

And so did their conversation go on, with Simon for the most part content to listen and speculate upon the other's words, and with Peter gravely emitting information on all and sundry topics. Of art he talked, and of love and of religion, until their dinner was

long done with, and the soft music had long ceased, and the people had long departed from the place. He defined for Simon the constituents of beauty, and admonished him never to wear long hair nor to affect a velvet jacket.

"Art and Bohemianism are things apart," said Peter Apple; "and despite Oscar Wilde to the contrary I adjure you to forego the artistic temperament. It is but the solace of the pseudo-artist. Remember that, sir. And do you know the time?" he asked.

"It is just twenty minutes past ten," said Simon.

Mr. Apple immediately arose: "Then I must go," he decided. "Need I tell you how I have enjoyed our talk?"

"I too have enjoyed it," said Simon, and he glanced about at the empty tables and at the tiny lamps still sparkling in the half-darkness of the room. "I shall remember this evening," he declared.

"In which direction is your home?" asked Mr. Apple as they walked together to the door. "Wait. There is a speck of lint upon your shoulder." And he gravely brushed it off.

"Thank you," said Simon. "I go north."

"And I south," replied the other. "Perhaps at another time we shall meet again. And mind that you heed my counsel, sir. It is a waste of lather to shave an ass, and I should not be pleased to have talked in vain. Good night to you."

So they parted, Simon to the left, and Mr. Apple to the right, with an abrupt nod of farewell and never a backward look.

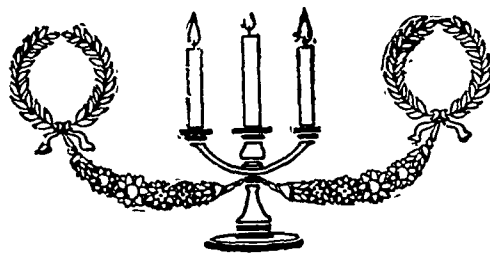
And as Simon slowly walked homeward on

that freshnight, his young soul was awlirl with sheer glory in the evening. The strange words of Peter Apple sang through his mind, and again he visioned the pale glimmer of faces all about him, laughing, talking, smiling, listening, and he sensed once more the beauty and the mastery of the restaurant. He recalled the exuberance of his setting forth that night, and with happy satisfaction he realized how utterly had his evening fulfilled its early promise of adventure. And he contentedly dreamed then of how he would paint his pictures, and of how they would throb in every stroke with pulsing life and radiant beauty. Even while he dreamed did Simon remember how this day he had been imbursed by his first commission, and reassuringly he patted the place where he had lodged his roll of bills.

But the bulge had somehow disappeared, and Simon felt with anxious fingers the emptiness of his waistcoat pocket.

Then to his startled mind there came a sudden picture of those narrow, nervous, snake-like hands which had so adroitly moved before him, and he vividly recalled the careful brushing of a piece of lint from off his shoulder. Between these two did Simon remark a significant connection. Slowly, very slowly, a knowing light dawned within him.

But as he stood with musing eyes, he was strangely aware that no change had come upon his spirits. Quite suddenly he laughed a low laugh of wonder and surprise. And then he began walking again toward his home, dreaming as he went of the pictures he would paint and how they would tingle with the rich zest of life. . . .



Hats

JOHN L. NANOVIC

"LOOK at your hat—everybody else does!" is a command to women, but it is merely an advertising slogan to most men. It is useless to talk about women and hats, but it is very interesting to discuss men and hats, because most men wear these strange devices or, at least, have one for an emergency. The few who neither wear them nor own them are still regarded as eccentric, and to these few, comparatively speaking, has been applied an epithet, "collegiate,"—a word which carries a stigma equalled only by one other, "intelligent."

The original of hats for men is not known. Perhaps in the Dark Ages some man with an "intelligence bump" on his head, wishing to keep his light under a bushel, invented a device beneath which he might hide his altogether-too-noticable mark of intellectuality. If it so happened, then that bump must have died a sudden death; but unfortunately, the "bump concealer" has persisted to the present day.

There are two chief varieties of hats—felt hats and straw hats. (Many people are so inclined as to classify them differently—the good, and the bad; but in this case it would be better to list them all under a single classification, namely—the bad!) Straw hats are made of nearly every material which does not resemble straw, and they are worn to be thrown into the air, or to be pulled down over some other fellow's ears when "the local boy" knocks the ball into the bleachers. Those who are not baseball fans do not know what to do with their straw hats after the middle of September.

There is an almost infinite variety of straw hats. Some are made with a short brim or with a wide one, with a high crown or a low one, with a bright, gayly colored band, or with a sombre black one. There is, in fact,

a style unsuited to the tastes of each and every one of us and, strange to say, we always buy that which is least suitable.

Felt hats, however, are more widely worn than the more fragile variety, and until recent years they were a staid and staple commodity, fairly regular in contour and material. Recently, however, impetus has been given the hat industry. When the Prince of Wales appeared with the brim of his hat bent down, perhaps after alighting from his horse in his customary manner, men's fashions followed that style. When Coolidge received his ten gallon hat, the half-keg measure became popular. The recent political conventions furnished new material, gathered, no doubt, from the hats thrown into the ring, and the derby is again popular.

Hats also give a man a chance to show his individuality. Usually the small, stocky man selects a flat hat which accentuates his abrupt ending, whereas the abnormally tall man adds inches to his height by wearing a hat with a six inch crown. In a street crowd, or in an elevator, a hat gives a man ample opportunity to show his dexterity in sleight-of-hand. If he can carry a hat safely through a day, he has passed the first requirement for billing on the Keith, Albee, Orpheum circuit. Occasionally, a sudden gust of wind has done more for the tired business man than all the gym work, handball and steam baths to which he has subjected himself, and revealed in him unknown potentialities in so far as the national Olympic team is concerned.

The man who owns a hat holds one advantage over his hapless and hatless fellow men—he can delay buying a new one. But the man, whose head is unadorned with either felt or straw, may laugh at the troubles of his better dressed fellows, and go about, happy and carefree, in his sensible way.

Weather Optimists

CYRIL J. MULLEN

I HAVE always envied, with the envy of an inferior nature, those happy souls that are addicted to indiscriminate cheerfulness. I avoid them, however, as much as I envy them. There is nothing more disconcerting to me than having a normal and healthy melancholia whether caused by an objective ill, such as a flunk in Spanish, or a subjective ill such as Swiss cheese taken too soon before going to bed, interrupted by the chirrup of a glad-gamer. To be told, for instance, after stubbing my toe, that the accident is a direct punishment from the Diety for not wearing slippers, and that I should embrace this opportunity to make reparation for past sins, has almost caused me to be guilty of the blood of an otherwise perfect room-mate. The crisis immediately following a toe-stubbing is no time for past sins and reparation. I want not salvation, but sympathy and an opportunity for graphic speech. It has been gently hinted by the knowing ones, that little lessons in character formation may be taken from each failure or mistake. I gather that the stimulating lesson to be learned from toe-stubbing is to never go barefooted in the dark, or, better still, to turn on the light and look where I am going. But the most gentle suggestion of a "lesson" only goads me on to more heinous crimes.

The worst offender among my bright-eyed brethren, however, is the weather optimists. Recall the lines of the Poet Laureate of optimists: "It isn't raining rain, it's raining violets." For all I know, the man was sincere. I know quite a few sincere people who are subject to like hallucinations. They are usually taking some kind of cure, in some kind of sanitarium. The main difference between your deluded poet and the man in the sanitarium is that the former writes about his vision and becomes famous, while the latter speaks about his and is locked up. For I insist that any one that would write nonsense about rain and the violets is a vic-

tim of beautiful visions, twinkling bells, and sweet unearthly voices. It is the same type of mind using the same type of logic that proves the wisdom of proverbs by quoting: "Look before you leap; second thoughts are best." And then quickly follows up its victory with "He who hesitates is lost; strike while the iron is hot."

If you think I am doing the man an injustice, go out into a mushy, November rain storm—I have never found a pleasant autumn outside of a book—and test the prospective violets for yourself. First look at the rain; notice its formation in minute detail. Then open your collar and let a little stream trickle down your back; wriggle with the sensation if you must, but maintain an open mind and a scientific attitude—violets? Squish around in a mud puddle until your shoes become well saturated, or if you wear rubbers, allow a small lagoon to gather inside—violets? And then, as a final test, go back to your room; place your wet clothes haven't a cold, diligently sniff the air in, say, five minutes—undoubtedly, violets!

Yes, I am convinced that weather optimists are the most logical chapter of the whole bright-eyed fraternity. I once knew a man who sinned continually in that regard—a little, dried-up wisp of a fellow, who wore enormous shell-rimmed glasses too heavy for his thin face, a vari-colored mustache; and who has a tendency toward balditude and a penchant for umbrellas. He was a picture of middle-aged sensibility. He didn't wear startling ties; his coat was ten years out of date; and he believed that Americans were the chosen race of God, and next to them, the Germans, because his parents were German. I might add that in most respects he was mentally quite normal. But he couldn't abstain from cheerful statements about the weather. If it was drizzling, he would placidly greet me with: "Nice day," thinking, no doubt, within his heart, that drizzles are

not so bad as hurricanes, or that none of us ought really complain when we consider what Noah went through. If, on the contrary, it was extremely stormy he refrained from the offensive "Nice day," but he would remark blithely, that when it rains that hard it never lasts long. He could even look upon hail and ice-covered sidewalks with a dispassionate gaze, that was, I concluded, not long for this world.

One night, while our brother pedestrians were slipping and sliding about us, some on

their treacherous legs, but most on their knees and dorsal curves, my friend had occasion to help me out of a reclining position that I had assumed in the middle of the street.

"Skating should be very good tonight," he contended after bumping his shin on a water-plug.

The bitterness that I felt at that moment has since been softened by the belated knowledge that the gentleman was in the rubber and slicker business.

Aubade

(In an old manner.)

*Now that the sky is emptied of
The last and faintest star,
Oh, love I come to wake you with
My tinkling, gay guitar.*

*Awake before the light is up
To stupidly unbar
The raucous noises of the day
That drown my gay guitar.*

*Oh, hurry sweet, for love and youth
All things conspire to mar;
Be swift, rouse up, and listen to
My twinkling, gay guitar.*

*And while the world is fresh with dawn
And pain and age seem far,
Oh, wake and throw the window wide,
And sing to my guitar.*

—MURRAY YOUNG.

SPORT NEWS

TARTANS UPSET TRADITIONS IN 27-7 WIN

NOTRE DAME DROPS FIRST CONTEST ON CARTIER FIELD IN 23 YEARS.

Carnegie Tech's giant Tartans shattered a quarter century old tradition to defeat Notre Dame, 27-7, last Saturday on Cartier field. Battered, weary, outplayed but not outgamed, a fighting Irish team which reached

its emotional peak the previous Saturday against Army, gave all it had left, but it was not enough, and tradition crashed in mud.

Putting on the field the greatest team in its history, the Tartan clan lost no time in getting under way. The second play of the game, a pass to Rosensweig on an end-around play, shook him loose in a broken field. He was brought



W. DEW
Right Halfback

down on the Rockmen's 11-yard line, from where Letzelter scored on a reverse play.

Shortly after, Eyth intercepted a pass on Notre Dame's 38-yard line, and the Tartans marched straight to another touchdown, Captain Harpster carrying it over from the one-yard line on a quarterback sneak. His try for the extra point was good.

After several exchanges of punts, Carnegie took the ball on its own 34-yard line and again marched to a score, Rosensweig carrying it across on a 26-yard run as the second quarter opened.

Carrideo took one of Harpster's punts on his own 40-yard line and ran it back to the Tartan's 43-yard marker. Dew and Niemic took it to Carnegie's 14-yard line and Niemic passed to Colrick for a first down on the Engineers' five-yard marker, but the big red line was adamant and Niemic's pass on fourth down was grounded, the half ending shortly after.

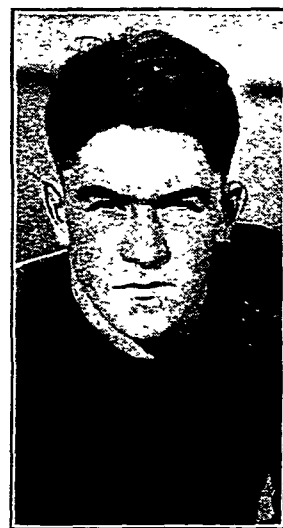
Standing on his own goal line, Harpster passed to open the second half, but it was incomplete. Two plays later Moorhead fumbled and the alert Mullins, picking up the ball on the ten-yard strip, shook off a tackler and raced over the goal line. Carrideo kicked goal.

Carnegie came back to get as far as Notre Dame's 37-yard line, where Rosensweig fumbled, Mullins recovering. Chevigny broke off tackle for 20 yards to Tech's 43-yard line, and then alternating with Mullins, took it as far as the Skibos' 25-yard line, but again the Tartans held and took the ball on downs.

The opening of the final period was marked by some hard football that resulted in Niemic and Leppig being carried from the field. Harpster took Bray's punt on his own 45-yard line and brought it back twelve yards. Combining spinners and plunges by Karcis the Skibos took the ball to the Irish 25-yard line, where Harpster flung a wide pass to Letzelter for the final score.

The Irish died hard. Jack Elder went in for Bray and proceeded to reel off some fifty yards before he was downed on Tech's 11-yard line. He lost several yards on the next play, but on the following one he passed to O'Brien for a first down on the Skibo's one-yard line. They held, however, and Harpster intercepted Elder's pass on fourth down for a touchback as the game ended.

Well may Carnegie be called great. With a big, fast, powerful personnel that handles beautifully what is possibly the most intri-



TOM MURPHY
Right End

cate attack ever conceived, it is truly a great team. Captain Harpster is one of the finest quarterbacks we have ever seen, and we can see no one to oppose him for the All-American selection for that position.

Too much cannot be said concerning the way Notre Dame fought. Climaxing a hard and rocky season by rising to a rarely reached emotional peak, and defeating what was the country's greatest team, Notre Dame found itself unable to approach this height last Saturday. No team can play through Notre Dame's schedule, meeting the best teams, and then go out and give its best on two successive Saturdays against what are possibly the two best teams in the country. We are not offering any alibis, but anyone with a knowledge of football will realize that this has rarely if ever been done. Last Saturday Carnegie Tech was a better football team than Notre Dame.

Captain Miller was great in defeat, and Leppig and Niemic turned in splendid performances in their last game on Cartier, until both were carried from the field. Chevigny played perhaps his greatest game. His running, blocking and tackling were superb.

The lineup:

NOTRE DAME (7)		CARNEGIE (27)	
Colerick	L. E.	Rosenzweig	
Miller	L. T.	Schmidt	
Leppig	L. G.	Lovewell	
Moynihan	C.	Miezener	
Law	R. G.	Dreshar	
Vezie	R. E.	Highberger	
Brady	Q. B.	Sweet	
Niemic	L. H.	Harpster	
Chevigny	R. H.	Eyth	
Collins	F. B.	Letzelter	
		Karcis	

Officials—Referee: Crowell (Swarthmore); umpire, Hedges (Dartmouth); head linesman, Lipp (Chicago); field judge, Very (Penn State).

Touchdowns—Letzelter (2); Harpster, Rosenzweig, Mullins. Points after touchdown—Harpster (3), Carriedo.

Substitutions—Notre Dame: Mullins for Collins, Dew for Chevigny, Cannon for Leppig, Carriedo for Brady, Murphy for Vezie, Nash for Moynihan, Collins for Colerick, Ransavage for Miller, Donohue for Twomey, Bondi for Law, Elder for Bray, Brady for Carriedo, Reilly for Dew, O'Brien for Colerick. Carnegie: Moorhead for Eyth, L. Flanagan for Rosenzweig, Shaughnessy for Sweet.

TEAM LEAVES FOR CALIFORNIA ON SUNDAY

The third migration of Notre Dame football teams to the Pacific Coast will begin at 2:45 Sunday afternoon at the New York Central station. At that time, a squad of athletes, ranging in number from thirty-three to thirty-eight men, will entrain for the sunny land of grapefruits, movie stars, and mighty gridiron teams.

The itinerary of the California trip calls for but one stop-over, and that at Tucson, Arizona, where the team will arrive at 3:30 P. M., Tuesday, November twenty-seventh. The schedule calls for two days' siesta at Tucson within the hospitable confines of the Santa Rita Hotel. During this brief visit, regular practice sessions will be held on the grounds of the University of Arizona. This privilege was extended to the team through the courtesy of the athletic board of the state university. Arizona, it will be remembered, suffered a humiliating 78-7 defeat at the hands of Southern California two weeks ago and should be in a position to assist the Irish in solving the Trojan offense.

Friday morning, the squad is slated to begin the last leg of its transcontinental journey which will conclude at Los Angeles at five o'clock Friday evening. While in that city, the players will be the guests of the Ambassador Hotel. Special arrangements have been made whereby it will be possible for all the members of the team to hear Mass every morning of the entire trip.

Coach Rockne will be accompanied by his two assistants, Tommy Mills and Johnny Smith, whose valued services in building up this year's eleven cannot be overestimated. Dr. Leslie Clough will be present at all times to administer to the physical needs of the men. He will be assisted by Joe Abbott, track star and rub-down man par excellence, who knows his sinews like nobody's business. The general management of the whole expedition will rest in the hands of "Augie" Grams, head football manager, with the capable assistance of Schoppman and Kegowicz, senior and junior manager respectively. "Botts" Crowley will attend to all equipment.

CAGERS IN DAILY WORKOUTS, FOR DIFFICULT SCHEDULE

Coach George Keegan's basketball squad has been practicing daily for the past ten days to get in trim for one of the most difficult seasons ever attempted by a Notre Dame cage team. A tentative schedule of 21 games lines up the Irish against the cream of the basketeers of the nation.

The season opens Dec. 12 against Armour Tech. Some of the more formidable teams including Northwestern, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Kentucky, Butler, Wabash, Michigan State, Marquette and Detroit, are to be met later on in the season.

PROMINENT VISITORS ATTEND CARNEGIE TECH GAME

Among the visitors here for the game last Saturday were a number of alumni and friends of the University now prominent in public life:

Albert R. Erskine, a member of the Board of Lay Trustees and president of the Studebaker Corporation of America; Edward J. Kelly, president of the South Park Commission, Chicago; George Meyers, '88, president of the Western Tobacco Company of Dubuque, Iowa; F. J. Murphy, '95, editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, one of the foremost newspapers of the Northwest; Edward Hurley, former president of the American Shipping Board under the Wilson administration; Frank Coughlin of South Bend, former captain of the football team in 1921; J. R. Fitzgibbon, prominent Ohio attorney; Frank F. Gray, Pittsburgh, Pa., secretary of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation; Judge T. J. McKeon, prominent Duluth, Minn., lawyer and jurist; Don Hamilton, '02, Cleveland, Ohio, president of the Notre Dame Alumni Association; William P. Breen, Fort Wayne, Ind., donor of the Breen Medal for Oratory; James J. Phelan, '00, Boston, Mass.; Frank E. Herling, '01, former football captain and coach; Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Mich., donor of Cartier field; Miles O'Brien, president of the South Bend Lathe Company, South Bend; Byron Kanaley, Alumni leader of Chicago;

Roger Kiley, '21, former star end and Chicago attorney; Charles Riley, Joe Benda and Joe Prelli, former '28 football stars; Pat Driscoll, all-American football star and coach of St. Mels High school, Chicago; the Rt. Rev. John Francis Noll, D.D., bishop of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Mark Foote, '74, who has witnessed every important football game that Notre Dame has participated in since his graduation, and many others representing practically every class graduated from the University were present

TRACK SEASON TO START DEC. 3

The first turnout of the varsity track men will be December 3, when all candidates for the squad will be issued equipment, Coach John P. Nicholson announced this week. The lockers of all freshmen will be relieved of all varsity track material so that the men may be completely equipped.

Coach Nicholson expects a large squad this year and most of his prospective performers have been training since the year started. Practically the entire cross country squad, since they have abandoned the highways and byways, will be out on the cinder path. Others, including Jack Elder, captain, will turn out when the football season is over.

PROMINENT SPORTS WRITERS HERE FOR TARTAN CONTEST

Many prominent sports writers were in the press box when Notre Dame lost to Carregie last Saturday. Most famous among them probably was that eminent titan of sports writers, W. O. McGeehan of the New York Herald-Tribune, whose masterly analysis was perhaps the best article written on the game. Other prominent sports writers included Warren Brown of the Chicago Herald and Examiner; Harry Keck of the Pittsburgh Sun; Frank J. Powers of the Cleveland Plain Dealer; Henry L. Farrell, of the N. E. A.; W. J. Fox, of the Indianapolis News; Frank J. Wallace, of the New York Daily News, and Archie Ward, of the Chicago Tribune. The last two are alumni of Notre Dame.

Folk, You Ain't Heard Nothing Yet

And when you hear Al Jolson's
crooning voice sing: "Sonny
Boy" you will smile through
a rainbow of tears.

HEAR

AL JOLSON

The World's Greatest
Living Entertainer
in

"THE SINGING FOOL"

With
JOSEPHINE DUNN
and
BETTY BRONSON

A Warner Bros.
VITAPHONE
Production

THIS ENTIRE WEEK
STARTING TODAY

COLEFAX THEATRE

Home of
Paramount Pictures

ADMISSION

Main Floor50c
Mezzanine50c
Balcony35c
Children25c

FRESHMAN TIES HOWARD AGAIN, SCORE 6-6

For the second time this season the claimants for the championship of Division I, Freshman and Howard, battled through sixty minutes of football only to end in another deadlock.

But hope is not yet dead and the teams of the two halls will be loosed at each other again at two o'clock Saturday afternoon in a final effort to decide the winner. The triumphant squad will then meet Lyons, the victor in Division II, a week after Thanksgiving for the interhall title.

After the first quarter had already forecasted the coming tie by the regularity of three plunges and then a punt, Freshman suddenly started a sustained drive down the field that brought joy to the hearts of the Pasteboard Palace inhabitants.

Making it first down on Howard's five yard line it seemed as if nothing could stop the yearlings, but on the next play Chevallier scooped up a Freshman fumble and raced ninety-nine yards for the first and only Howard touchdown. Both teams played sloppy football for the rest of the half.

Freshman dominated the play in the third quarter and evened the score when Terry plunged eight yards for a touchdown after a beautiful running attack had swept the ball deep into Howard territory.

As the final quarter opened both teams tore their bag of tricks wide open in an effort to put over the winning touchdown, but fumbles at critical moments robbed them both of chances and the final whistle found the ball in midfield.

Freshman enjoyed a slight edge throughout in the punting and in the number of yards gained from scrimmage, but Howard's flashy aerial attack pulled them out of several pinches and more than offset Freshman's bone-crushing tactics.

RESERVES WIN ANOTHER

While the varsity was playing at home last Saturday, the Irish "B" team trekked up to Flint, Michigan, and decisively trounced the General Motors team by the score of 34-0. The reserves were superior to their oppon-



Programme
Week of
November 25th

GRANADA

WHERE THE STARS SHINE

SUN., MON., TUES.

DAVID ROLLINS and NANCY DRENEL

—in—

"PREP AND PEP"

A youthful romance of adventure at our famous Culver Military Academy.

—o—

WED. TO SAT.

Two Passionate Humans Son of
Araby Daughter of Paris
Who dared a forbidden love.

CHARLES FARRELL

Star of "7th Heaven" and "Street Angel"
with Greta Nissen in

"FAZIL"

PALACE

SUN., MON., TUES. and WED.

HOOPER & GATCHETT

AND COMPANY

In a Merry Comedy Sketch, "The Rookie"
And Other Keith-Albee-Orpheum
Vaudeville Acts.

Photoplay

"SINGAPORE MUTINY"

A Dramatic Thriller of Tropic Seas with
Ralph Ince and Estelle Taylor

—o—

COMING THURSDAY

The Kings of Dance

MOSCONI BROTHERS

And Company in their New 1928-1929
Dance Revue.

ents in every department of the game.

For a while in the first half the hosts played fairly good football, but the Irish attack soon started functioning, and Savoldi and Fishleigh scored to give the Reserves a lead of 13-0 at the half.

O'Brien, Donaghue and Savoldi all scored in the second half to make the final total 34-0. "Bucky" O'Connor got loose to run some 40 yards before fumbling the wet ball. The game was played in a sea of mud, and both sides fumbled frequently.



Captain Bill Brown of the cross-country team has been a mainstay of the Notre Dame squad for three years. This year he continued to be such as a hard-working captain. Under his leadership, the cross-country squad enjoyed its most successful season when it defeated the Illinois harriers for the first time in history.

Where Notre Dame Men Meet



"Always in the Crowd"

EXCELLENT SANDWICHES

Hot and Cold Drinks

Mexican Chile and Hot Tomale

KEWPEE HOTEL HAMBURG
311 North Michigan Street

CORSAGES

our

SPECIALTY

—At—

BEYER'S

225 NORTH MICHIGAN STREET

Between Hotel LaSalle and Palace Theatre

Headquarters for

DUNHILL-SASINEI

--and--

THREE-B DOMESTIC PIPES

GARDNER'S

Main and Jefferson

“THOSE FRIENDLY IRISH”

This is how a writer in the New York *Herald-Tribune* of November 12 captions us and here is what he says:

“This Notre Dame team seems to be about one of the friendliest football teams of them all. The Wandering Irish travel around the country playing in various sections, playing hard and fast football, but I do not think there ever has been a move on the part of any of the universities with which Notre Dame has had athletic relations to sever them.

The Wandering Irish have been playing the Army teams for a number of years with varying results, the total being in favor of Notre Dame, but in no game has a Notre Dame team incurred the enmity of the Army to the extent that some major-general or Congressman has suggested that there should be a severance of athletic relations.

Notre Dame does not seem to have any traditional rivals outside of the Army. Perhaps that is the reason there never has been a voice raised against the Notre Dame type of football. The Wandering Irish take their defeats philosophically, rush for their Pullmans and forget the game and the score as they pass on for the next engagement.

Then again, it may be that there is nothing in the Notre Dame type of football that could incur indignation on the part of the opposition—though indignation is exceedingly easy to rouse over football games. Somehow every college that plays them seems glad to have Notre Dame back on the schedule again.

Traditional rivals are severing relations constantly, but Notre Dame seems to be travelling the circuit every year, taking football in the spirit in which football should be taken. Outsiders wonder why the game cannot be taken in that spirit everywhere.

It may be that Notre Dame is too young to have many old grads and that their old grads are so widely scattered that they do not get the chance to make trouble."

❖
❖ The SCHOLASTIC is now on sale ❖
❖ every week at the newsstand in the ❖
❖ Cafeteria. ❖
❖ ❖

H. A. S., JR.

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When making purchases, remember that our advertisers deserve your patronage.

How Gold Prospector "Went Scotch"

Minneapolis, Minn.
April 30, 1928

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Dear Sirs:

Two years ago last winter I went into the Red Lake gold fields in Canada. It was a tough trail from Hudson, over 140 miles of snow and ice. There were fourteen of us on the trail going in, and frequently at night when seated around a big camp fire, some one would ask me for a pipeful of Edgeworth. These Canadian boys sure like our Edgeworth.

In four weeks' time I ran out of Edgeworth. I was glad to get 'most any old tobacco.

One day, however, I dropped in to Dad Brown's tent, a 72-year-old prospector, and seeing a can of Edgeworth on an improvised table, back there 150 miles from the "steel," I perked up at once, saying, "Dad, I'm plum out of tobacco—how's chances for a pipeful?" "Help yourself," he said. So pulling my heavy duty pipe from my pocket, I loaded it with Edgeworth, packing it in so tightly that I couldn't get the least bit of a draw.

I excused myself for a moment, and stepped outside to remove about three pipefuls to put in my pouch. Dad stepped out, saying, "You're worse than any Scotchman I ever saw." Then I confessed. I told him what happened to my Edgeworth—that I was just dying for a smoke, and he understood right away. He said, "Boy, Edgeworth is mighty scarce in these parts, but I reckon I can spare what's left of that can. Help yourself."

You can just bet your last nickel that I guarded this Edgeworth with extreme care until I got back to the "steel."

Yours very truly,
C. M. Bahr


Edgeworth

Extra High Grade
Smoking Tobacco

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RESIDENCE 3-4041

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DENTISTRY

701-702 J. M. S. BUILDING
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Ready-made
And Cut to Order

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STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
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OUR STORE IS THE**

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The character of the suits and
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MAX ADLER CO.

South Bend, Indiana

**When making purchases, remember that
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o make that first hour class

and have your breakfast too, choose a cereal that is nourishing yet easy to digest. Shredded Wheat can be eaten in a hurry if necessary — the crisp shreds and the roughage keep it healthful even when "bolted"



Shredded Wheat

EAT IT WITH WHOLE MILK

The lecture for today

is on life insurance.

It consists of two words: —

John Hancock

Class Dismissed!

John Hancock
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

*Don't Experiment
with your Appearance*



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HOW DRY I AM



FROG BRAND
MEANS
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THAT

FROG BRAND SLICKERS
are guaranteed waterproof, made of light-weight material with plenty of room for your comfort. A genuine oiled slicker will keep you dry on rainy days.

FROG BRAND SLICKERS
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Get yours — TODAY

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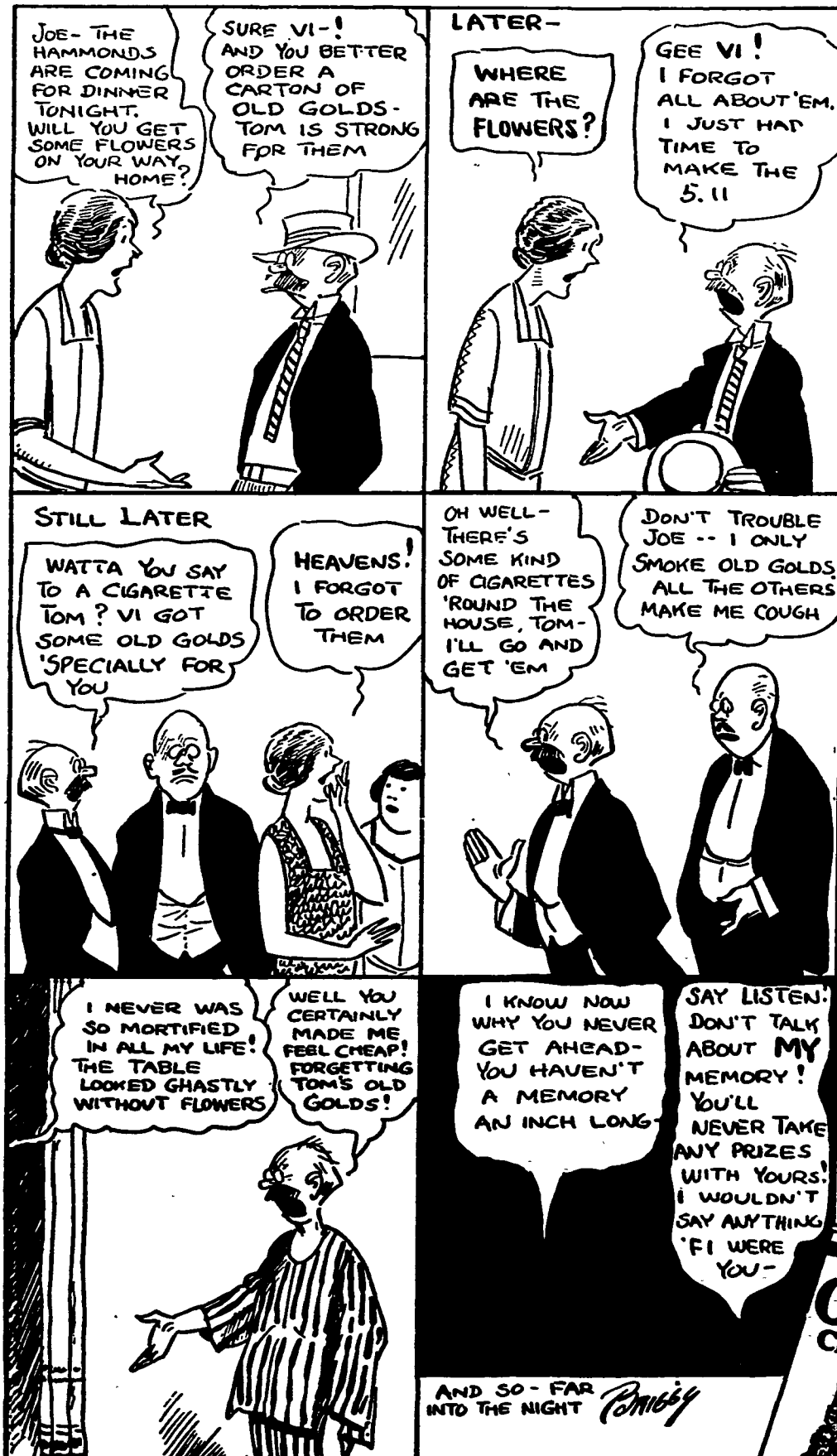
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.. not a cough in a carload

