

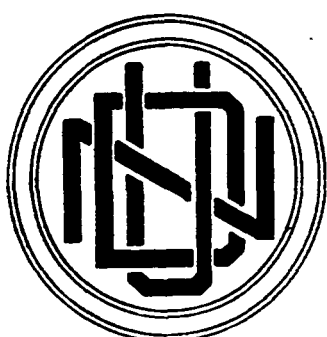
119-20

# Notre Dame Scholastic

VOL. LVII.

DECEMBER 7, 1928

No. 12.



**15 Cents the Copy**

**\$3.00 the Year**

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY  
-LEMMONIER LIBRARY-  
NOTRE DAME, LOCAL



**YOU'LL** agree that **Pep Bran Flakes** are *better* the very first time you try them.

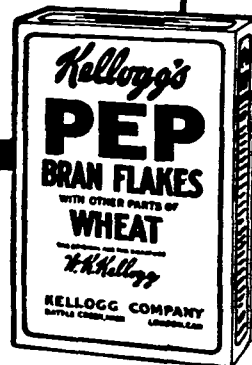
Order them at your campus cafeteria or at the fraternity restaurant. These better bran flakes bring you the nourishment of wheat. Just enough bran to make them mildly laxative.

And how crisp they are! Eat them with milk and cream. A perfect food any time. You'll agree at the first taste these bran flakes made by Kellogg of Battle Creek are *better*.

**Kellogg's**

**PEP BRAN FLAKES**

The most popular cereals served in the dining-rooms of American colleges, eating clubs and fraternities are made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. They include ALL-BRAN, Pep Bran Flakes, Rice Krispies, Krumbles, Corn Flakes and Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit. Also Kaffee Hag Coffee —the coffee that lets you sleep.





© 1928  
A.J.S.Co.

# Nature's Winter Ballroom Invites You!

... and here are just the skates to wear . . . . The perfect fit and correct balance make skating a pleasure. You'll be proud of these fine tubular skates attached to shoes. Sizes for everyone, for every kind of skating.

Manufactured by

**Alfred Johnson Skate Company**  
2346 W. North Ave. Chicago U.S.A.  
Not Connected With Nestor Johnson Mfg. Co.

**Alfred's  
FLASH**



A Quality Outfit  
for Beginners

**Alfred's  
ICE KING**



The Choice of  
Champions

Send for this Free  
Book on Skating

For sale by Leading Sporting Goods, Hardware and Department Stores

## THE UNIVERSITY LAUNDRY

Back of Main Building

Launderers to the  
Particular Student



PAY CASH or  
HAVE IT CHARGED

to your account.



Socks Mended

Buttons Sewed On

### Sell Christmas Cards

Here is your chance to earn big money in spare time. No experience necessary selling newest thing in personalized Christmas cards. Available for the first time. Assortment of 20 different designed cards, all steel die engraved with choice of greeting and name plateless engraved to match. Box of 20 cards retails for \$2.25, of which 75c is yours. Easy to sell from our beautiful selling display furnished free. Write today

PERSONAL STATIONERY CORP.  
OF NEW YORK  
Dept. C21  
503 Fifth Avenue, New York City

You can purchase the SCHOLASTIC at the Cafeteria

# Cagey Comment

~~~~~  
A BASKET BALL COLUMN  
BY A WRITER WHO  
KNOWS HIS STUFF.

~~~~~  
Read It Every Day in

**THE  
NEWS-TIMES**

*Bring Your Christmas*



*List to  
Joan  
Navarre*

She will be Glad to help you Shop! She knows just the Thing that will Please Mother or Sister and, as for the Girl Friend, she's a perfect Mind-reader! Bring your List to Wyman's and ask Any Salesperson to direct you to Joan Navarre. You'll enjoy Shopping with Her. She will shop for You, too. Write or phone 3-5101.

**WYMAN'S**

**HELLO MEN!**

## Smith's Cafeteria

111 East Jefferson Boulevard

—  
*The Favorite Eating Place of  
Notre Dame Men*

—  
The Home of Quality

—  
**WE DO OUR OWN BAKING**

**THE SOUTH BEND  
CLEARING HOUSE BANKS**

—  
**Citizens National  
Bank**  
—

**INVITES THE ACCOUNTS  
OF NOTRE DAME MEN**

—o—  
Jefferson near Michigan

*The*  
**1872 Notre Dame Scholastic 1928**

*Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus-Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus*

JOHN V. HINKEL, '29.....*Editor-in-Chief*  
 HARLEY L. McDEVITT, '29..*Business Manager*

**EDITORIAL STAFF**

DAVID W. SAXON, '29..... <i>Managing Editor</i>	VINCENT McINTIRE, '30..... <i>The Week</i>
JAMES M. RAGEN, JR., '29.. <i>Ass't Mang. Editor</i>	BERNARD A. WALSH, '29.. <i>The College Parade</i>
MURRAY HICKEY LEY, '30..... <i>Literary Editor</i>	JAMES J. WALSH, '30..... <i>Music and Drama</i>
HARRY A. SYLVESTER, JR., '30.. <i>Sports Editor</i>	THOMAS A. CANNON, '31..... <i>Club Editor</i>
JOHN BERGAN, '31..... <i>News Editor</i>	JOHN H. ZUBER, '31.... <i>Interhall Sports Editor</i>

**NEWS STAFF**

MURRAY YOUNG, '29	ROBERT C. BALFE, '31	PAUL HALLINAN, '32
BASIL RAUCH, '29	CLEMENT K. COLE, '31	JAMES COLLINS, '32
BAYARD KURTH, '30	EMIL TELFEL, '31	MYRON E. CRAWFORD, '32
GILBERT PRENDERGAST, '30	JAMES J. KEARNEY, '31	GERALD DUFFY, '32
WILLIAM H. MORAN, '30	JOHN KIENER, '32	EUGENE DUFFY, '32
J. ARCHER HURLEY, '30		ROBERT J. FISCHER

**BUSINESS STAFF**

FREDERICK N. DAVIS, '30.. <i>Local Adv. Mgr.</i>	HARRINGTON J. NOON, '29.. <i>Local Cir. Mgr.</i>	
JAMES L. RIZER, '30 ..... <i>Foreign Adv. Mgr.</i>	CHESTER M. ASHMAN, '30... <i>Foreign Cir. Mgr.</i>	
JAMES H. RORKE, '31	EUGENE J. CARLIN, '29	JOHN BLANDA, '31
FREDERICK J. BAUER, '32	FRANK J. CONBOY, '32	JOHN LITCHER, '32
ANDREW MCGUAN, '32	GEORGE J. SMITH, '32	WALTER E. TERRY, '32

VOL. LVII

DECEMBER 7, 1928

NO. 12

**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

The Week .....	<i>T. Vincent McIntire</i> .....	356
Next Week's Events.....		357
Music and Drama.....	<i>James J. Walsh</i> .....	358
The Campus Clubs.....	<i>Thomas A. Cannon</i> .....	364
The College Parade.....	<i>Bernard J. Walsh</i> .....	365
The Editor's Page.....		366
The Wink .....		367
Omaha Freddie (short story) .....	<i>Robert E. Duffy</i> .....	368
Girls (essay) .....	<i>John Nanovic</i> .....	373
Andante (poem) .....	<i>Philip De Roulet</i> .....	374
Trojans Too Strong for Irish.....	<i>Carroll O'Meara</i> .....	375
Splinters From the Press Box.....	<i>H. A. S. Jr.</i> .....	380

THE SCHOLASTIC is published weekly at the University of Notre Dame. Manuscripts may be addressed to THE SCHOLASTIC, Publications Office, Main Building.

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

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



## THE WEEK

Station WBBM of the Windy City is to be mentioned for its gusty announcer. Those unfortunates who were inveigled by the comfort and security of their rooms to listen in on the telegraphic report of the game as it was broadcast by that virtuoso of announcers had only one consolation—he informed us that his chair was as comfortable as a picket fence. Would that it had been an iron-spiked fence and he were impaled thereon as a heinous instance of the fate befalling all undeserving announcers. Between football reminiscences, an argument of great duration on the correct pronunciation of “penalized,” little asides for the enlightenment of the lady listeners, who undoubtedly knew more about football than he did, and an egregious inability to pronounce any name of more than two syllables—between all this, and it’s enough, we did learn of a line defense that repelled a victorious enemy through four downs that started on our one yard line. Another proof that Notre Dame can be defeated but never beaten.

About the most important event of the week was the John Philip Sousa concert sponsored by the K. of C. in the gymnasium Tuesday. A hundred-piece band with the masterful direction of the greatest of all band leaders is sure to delight even the most exacting person. The attendance was a tribute to Lieut. Commander Sousa, and the Knights of Columbus deserve much praise for their untiring efforts in making the concert at the gym a possibility. The Victory March and Hike Song, played especially for the student body, received thunderous applause that must have repaid the leader many times for his trouble.

The next great event took place last night in the form of a football banquet. The sole purpose was to tell the people present how good our football team was. Not satisfied merely in stating that well known fact, the committee chose to have well known coaches,

sports writers, and famous men repeat the statement. The banquet was a huge success and believe it or not, but Jimmy Walker acted, looked and talked like a real alumnus. Looked, because all Notre Dame alumni make good a few years after college and can wear spats; acted, because all loyal alumni are so used to brilliant social affairs as to be perfectly at home on such occasions as last night; and talked, because for some unknown reason all men who graduate from Notre Dame find speech the easiest thing in the world. Four years of intensive training in Notre Dame “bull” sessions does that to any man. Father Cavanaugh served admirably as toastmaster and performed his duties with laudable ease. The speakers were at their best and the number of hearty laughs attested to the fact that Rockne, Warren Brown and others had not lost their sense of humor.

Speculation was rife on the campus for a while after the floodlights had been attached to the halls. It was interesting to hear some of the opinions concerning this improvement. Some regarded the new additions with very hostile eyes, and excused their attitude with the alibi that it would probably keep them awake at night with the glare. Understanding hearts, however, are more inclined to believe that it will save them from many a nocturnal swim when rain turns the campus into a lake. Others have suspiciously regarded the lights as an active step towards the prevention of “skiving,” whatever that is. At least the lights will save us many a shoe-shine.

Well, all the delinquents came back before Monday with outrageous stories of Thanksgiving dinners that are too pitiful to relate. I will say, though, that they must have suffered terribly during their enforced stay at home. We have one consolation, however. We too can suffer the same in a few more weeks. Only two hundred and eighty-eight more hours.

—T.V.M.







### PROFESSOR KERVICK ELECTED TO AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTURE

Professor Francis W. Kervick, of the Architectural department of the University, was elected last week to membership in the Amer-



PROF. FRANCIS W. KERVICK

ican Institute of Architecture, division of Indiana. The institute is national in scope and to be a member of it is a distinguishing mark for any architect.

After receiving his degree of Bachelor of Science in Architecture from the University of Pennsylvania in 1909, Professor Kervick came directly to Notre Dame and has been here ever since, with the exception of a year spent in advanced study in Paris in 1911.

### RELEASE UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA RECORDINGS IN JANUARY

There will be a national release of the "Hike Song" and "Down the Line" in dance tempo on Columbia records about January 10. These are the two selections that were recorded for the Columbia Recording Company early last week in Chicago by the University Orchestra under the direction of Professor Joseph Casasanta. While in the "Windy City" the members of the orchestra were entertained by the Columbia Company at a performance of the celebrated musical comedy

success, "Good News" at the Selwyn theater.

The personnel of the Columbia recording orchestra included:

SAXAPHONES — Bernard Lenoue, Spokane, Wash.; George Pope, Bunkie, La.; John Folks, Paterson, N. J.

TRUMPETS—Carlton Sullivan, Auburn, N. Y.; Edmund Leamond, South Orange, N. J.

TROMBONE—William Stewart, Cortland, N. Y.

VIOLIN—Walter Phillip, Philadelphia, Pa.

BASS—Lester Wisda, Jackson, Mich.

BANJO—Edward Donovan, Springfield, Mass.

DRUMS—Patrick McLaughlin, Quincy, Ill.

DIRECTOR—Joseph J. Casasanta.

### BROWNSON AND CARROLL DEBATERS TIE

Brownson and Carroll halls met Monday evening, December 3, in two debates, each hall emerging the winner in one. Brownson's negative team defeated Carroll's affirmative on the proposition: "Resolved, that the direct primary as a means of selecting state and national officials should be abolished." Carroll's negative team also defeated Brownson's affirmative on the same question.

The debate was originally scheduled for Thursday, November 29, but was postponed until Monday on account of Thanksgiving.

Brownson's winning negative team was composed of Francis Marley, Richard Escudier and James O'Shaughnessy. The members of Carroll's winning team were Edward O'Malley, Raymond Fox and Charles Hanna.

Carroll's affirmative team was composed of William Tierney, Frank O'Malley and Larry Broestl; Leo Clark and Frank Miller represented Brownson hall.

### TRAUGHBER HEADS LAWYERS' SPRING FORMAL COMMITTEE

Gerald Roach, president of the Law club, has announced that Thomas Traughber has been appointed general chairman of the club's spring dance. Plans for the dance, which will be one of the outstanding social events of the spring season, have been started. The committees in charge, together with further plans will be announced in next week's SCHOLASTIC.

FATHER HUDSON'S LIFE DEPICTED IN  
"EXTENSION MAGAZINE" BY  
PROFESSOR PHILLIPS

The life story of a man from his early boyhood days to today when he is a venerable person nearing the eighties, such is the por-



PROF. CHARLES PHILLIPS

trayal of the Reverend Daniel E. Hudson, C.S. C., editor of the *Ave Maria*, depicted by Professor Charles Phillips, professor of English at the University in an article, "An Editor de Luxe," which appeared in the November issue of the *Extension Magazine*.

Mr. Phillips graphically tells of the early struggles with a Catholic mother and a Methodist father over religion. Father Hudson came of New England stock, sound Methodist people, but early showed a dislike for that religion and intimated as much that he had decided to become a Catholic priest. In Father Hudson's own words, he "abjured Methodism when four years of age."

Fifty-eight years ago, as Providence would have it, Father Hudson was prompted to stop off at Notre Dame, a bit curious at the time of the Congregation of Holy Cross, of whom he had heard a very little. But here he found his true home and it is here, in humble seclusion that he has performed such a great work. As Mr. Phillips so truly says, "To this day, when advancing years might seem to excuse him, he remains the rigidly self-disciplined religious, a shining example to all around him, faithful to every detail, of his spiritual exercises, never relaxing and never allowing himself the least excuse. And it is this carefully systematized life of the religious, no doubt, that has so remarkably reserved his powers, that, nearing eighty, he still works from morning to night, editing *The Ave Maria*, and carrying on his vast

literary and missionary correspondence."

The things Father Hudson has achieved as an editor are difficult to compute. No single man of our time has so put the stamp of his personality on Catholic journalism and Catholic literature as he has. So far as the religious aspect is concerned, it may be simply stated that he has preserved, enlarged, and developed as no other single man has, the cult of purity in letters, based on devotion to the purest of Christian ideals, the Blessed Virgin. As for the literary value of his work, he has for more than half a century kept before thousands upon thousands of readers the ideal of perfect English.

"But he has been more than the editor, who merely publishes the journal and is done," Mr. Phillips continues. "Many of the best volumes of the best Catholic writers of the time have been revised by him; the silent debt that novelists, critics, essayists and poets, owe to his keen discernment, to the careful service of his fine-cut polishing pen is incalculable."

Professor Phillips' article is interesting and refreshing throughout. Told in simple, straightforward English, its chief charm lies in the brilliant style, for which Professor Phillips is famous.

---

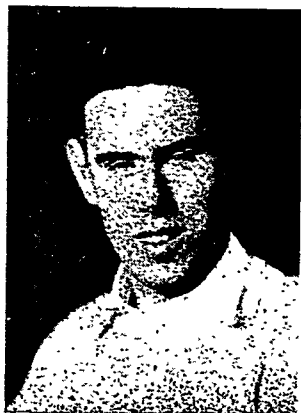
NOTRE DAME GRAD ACCOMPANIES  
HOOVER ON TRIP

John G. Mott, a graduate of Notre Dame, is a member of the party that is accompanying President-elect Herbert Hoover on his trip to South America. Mr. Mott has been a practicing attorney in Los Angeles, where he has made his home, since 1897. He was a law partner of Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy, when the latter was practicing in that city.

A thorough understanding of the South American viewpoint has been an important factor in the selection of Mott to accompany the Hoover party south. He speaks the Spanish language fluently and his position at present, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, is that of an interpreter of the "friendly purposes of the Hoover mission to the South American people in their own idiom."

### "JUGGLER" HONORED BY COLLEGE COMICS ASSOCIATION

The *Juggler* of Notre Dame was elected vice-president of the Mid-west Comics Association at the association's annual convention held last Friday and Saturday at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.



JOSEPH P. McNAMARA,  
Editor, *The Juggler*.

Joseph P. McNamara, editor of the *Juggler*, was the Notre Dame representative at the convention, and together with Charles S. Gass, business manager, shares the honor given the *Juggler*. The frontispiece of Coach Rockne and Captain Miller in the Football number

was especially praised by the members of the association.

*Ski-U-Mah*, official comic publication of the University of Minnesota, was elected president of the association for the coming year. The Iowa *Frivol* was elected secretary-treasurer, it being customary to elect the publications who are entertaining the convention and who will entertain it the following year, to these respective offices.

The biggest accomplishment of the meeting was the decision to break relations between the colleges of the association and *College Humor*. At the expiration of the contracts now held with these schools, *College Humor* will no longer be allowed to reprint jokes from the publications.

In addition to the honor accorded the *Juggler*, Mr. McNamara was called upon on three occasions to speak over radio station WSTP, operated by the National Battery Company, in the St. Paul Hotel, St. Paul, Minn.

### FATHER O'DONNELL TO SPEAK AT GREAT LAKES NAVAL STATION

The Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University, is to speak on "Responsibility" at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill., next Sunday, December 9, at the invitation of Rear

Admiral Craven, commandant of the station. Rear Admiral Craven extended the invitation to Father O'Donnell on the occasion of the Navy game in Chicago, October 12.

### VILLAGERS TO HOLD CHRISTMAS FORMAL DECEMBER 28

The Villagers club will hold their annual Christmas Formal on Friday evening, December 28, in the Palais Royale ballroom, South Bend, from nine to one. The dance this year is expected to surpass all other dances held by the club in the last four years. Villagers alumni and their friends will gather in a reunion, as this dance will be one of the foremost held in South Bend during the holiday season.

All Notre Dame men not going home for the holidays and remaining in South Bend are cordially invited to attend the dance. Tickets will sell for two dollars and may be procured from any member of the ticket committee, or from Norman Hartzer, general chairman. The committees are:

**TICKETS**—William Konop, chairman; Robert Holmes, Lucas Brandon, Tim Benitz, John Sherman, George Eichler, Ed. Smith, George Kropf and Howard Webster.

**ART POSTERS**—C. B. Compton, chairman; LeRoy Granger, Arthur Knoblock, Irvin Finch, Forrest West, Joseph Galobowski, Louis J. Marger, Everett Jewell, Dick Zimmerly and Joseph Lauber.

**RECEPTION**—Louis Chapeleau, chairman; Kenneth Konop, William J. Bergan, Edward Everett and Ray Hertel.

**ADVERTISING**—Thomas Brandon, chairman; Chester Francowiak, Rolland Poulin, Frank Goetz, Forrest Hazen, Edward Riley, Harold Jennings, Max Pascoff, Thomas O'Neil and Arthur Denby.

**PUBLICITY**—John Bergan and Jay Walz.

### "SANTA MARIA" OUT NEXT WEEK

A sixty-four page issue of the *Santa Maria*, official publication of the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus, Number 1477, will be presented to the student body next week by the editor, William Craig. The magazine this year is not a strictly council paper, but its scope is of interest to the entire student body. A subscription campaign will be carried on among the students of the University in the near future.



### FRESHMEN ELECT CLASS OFFICERS; DAILEY, OF BROWNSON, PRESIDENT

Paul Daily of Brownson hall, a student in the College of Science at the University, was elected president of the Freshman class at an election held in the Gym last Tuesday. Dailey is from Burlington, Iowa.

A Carroll man, Philip Conboy, of Auburn, New York, was chosen vice-president. Conboy is also enrolled in the College of Science.

John F. Connolly, also of Carroll hall, was elected secretary of the class. Connolly hails from Toledo, Ohio, and is an Arts and Letters student.

Frank P. Connors, of Iliion, N. Y., of the College of Arts and Letters, and a resident of Brownson hall, was selected as treasurer.

The candidates from Howard and Freshman were Gene Williams, Robert O'Connell, John McGrath, and George Cullinan. These men lost out in the final balloting to the students previously named.

The election was conducted by the Student Activities Council of the University and was one of the most orderly affairs of its kind ever held at Notre Dame.

### E. H. SOTHERN PRESENTS SHAKESPEAREAN RECITAL

Mr. E. H. Sothern, noted Shakesperean actor, presented a dramatic recital and lecture last Wednesday evening in the gymnasium before an audience of about 2,000 people, including faculty members, students and friends of the University. Excerpts from two of the best known Shakesperean plays, the murder scene of "Macbeth," and the trial scene of "The Merchant of Venice" were given by Mr. Sothern and created much enthusiasm and appreciation among the audience.

A brief discussion of each play was given, which greatly enhanced the charm of the program. After the recital, Mr. Sothern gave a short review of the early history of American actors. He stated that some of them played as many as six hundred different parts in a lifetime and that he has portrayed no less than sixty different parts himself during his career.

### MURRAY HICKEY LEY APPOINTED LITERARY EDITOR OF "SCHOLASTIC"

The SCHOLASTIC announces the appointment of Murray Hickey Ley, of Davenport, Iowa, a junior in the College of Arts and Letters, Scribbler and prominent campus writer, to succeed John De Roulet as literary editor. Mr. De Roulet resigned his position because of pressing duties which demanded his full attention.

Two other appointments to the staff are Basil G. Rauch, of Dubuque, Iowa, a senior in the College of Arts and Letters, and J. Archer Hurley, of Friendship, N. Y., a junior in the same college. Mr. Rauch has been assigned to the literary department and Mr. Hurley has been named for the news staff.

### NOTRE DAME MEN INVITED TO INDIANAPOLIS CLUB XMAS DANCE

John O. Harrington, chairman of the ticket committee for the Christmas dinner dance, Dec. 27 in the Severin Hotel Roof Garden, Indianapolis, has extended a cordial invitation to all Notre Dame men who are remaining on the campus to attend the dance as guests of the Indianapolis club, sponsors of the function. Students residing in the vicinity of Indianapolis and South Bend are also invited.

If present plans may be taken as a criterion the dance this year will be the greatest affair in the history of the club. Charles Davis, a Notre Dame alumnus, and his famous orchestra will play the program of dances from ten until two. Those men wishing to attend will get in touch with Mr. Harrington in Corby hall.

### OFF-CAMPUS SMOKER WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Final plans have been made for the Off-Campus smoker which is to be held on Wednesday evening in the gymnasium of the Knights of Columbus home, South Bend. Tickets were placed on sale last week and at present a large attendance is indicated. The committee in charge, headed by Art Goulet, have arranged an excellent program consisting of speeches, orchestral and instrumental numbers.

## THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By Thomas A. Cannon

### METROPOLITAN CLUB

A meeting of the various committee chairmen in charge of the Christmas dance to be held at the Biltmore Hotel on December 28 was held in the room of Warren C. Fogel, general chairman, last Monday evening. Numerous details in connection with arrangements were discussed and President Edward Walsh emphasized the importance of obtaining patrons to insure the success of the dance and urged that club members secure the co-operation of their parents and friends in this regard as soon as possible. A Notre Dame blanket is offered as an added incentive to the student securing the greatest number of patrons. Mayor James Walker of New York is to be the guest of honor at the dance. Bids may be procured from Edward Walsh, 356 Sorin, and Warren Fogel, Lyons.

### MISSOURI CLUB

The Missouri club held a very successful meeting Friday night, November 30, when final plans for its Holiday Dance were discussed. The dance committee reported most favorably. The dance will be held in the Tower Room of the Congress Hotel in St. Louis, Wednesday night, January 2. Everything points to a successful and enjoyable affair.

Arrangements have been made for a Missouri Club banquet, which will take place Monday, December 10, at 7:00 p. m. in the Morningside Apartments. Prominent campus speakers and Jess Wood's Serenaders will feature the occasion.

### CONNECTICUT VALLEY CLUB

The Fall Smoker of the Connecticut Valley Club will be held Monday evening, December 10, in the Lay Faculty Dining hall. Tim J. Toomey is chairman of the committee on arrangements for the affair. Tickets may be secured from members of the club.

### A. I. E. E.

The Notre Dame branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers met Monday evening, November 26. The principal speaker of the evening was Dean K. B. Smith of the Mining Engineering School, who covered the range of the activities that an electrical engineer may encounter underground. His story of the "mine mule" was enjoyed by the audience. Mr. Kingseed of the Senior Class spoke on "Range Sounding," a paper was presented by Mr. Brieger on the "Life of Ampere," and an illustrative talk was given by Mr. Luedtke of the Junior class on the "Principles of the Vitaphone and the Movietone." The by-laws, as drawn up by a committee composed of Messrs. Milliff, Kingseed, Greer, Weigard, and Eichenlaub, were adopted by a majority vote. There were forty-five members present.

### EAST PENN CLUB

Approximately fifty members attended the East Penn Club Smoker held in the Faculty Dining hall Tuesday evening, November 27. President Joseph Manning acted as chairman during the evening. He introduced Reverend John Devers, C.S.C., who gave a short and entertaining talk. Reverend Patrick Haggerty, C.S.C., honorary president of the club, also said a few words to the members concerning the coming Christmas dance. At the conclusion of the speeches and entertainment a short business meeting was held.

The general chairman of the Christmas dance announced that arrangements for the dance, which is to be held in the Hotel Sterling in Wilkes-Barre on Thursday night, December 27, were progressing very successfully and he urged the members to continue their fine spirit of co-operation.

### AKRON CLUB

A meeting of the Akron club was held Tuesday evening, November 27, in the Badin Hall "Rec" room, at which time arrangements for the annual Christmas dance were discussed. Claude H. Horning, general chairman of the dance, gave a short talk concerning the progress of affairs and called on the committee chairmen to inform the members of their work.

Programs under the direction of Thomas Clark have been carefully selected and are now in the hands of the Elliott Printing Co. Arrangements for music, under the direction of Ivan Wolf, have been completed, and Bert Stock and his orchestra are signed for the engagement. Final plans for decorating the hall have been announced by Joe Kraker and his co-workers. Joe Woznaik, chairman of the reception committee, also gave plans for receiving the guests. A final meeting before vacation is to be held Tuesday, December 18, at 7:30 p. m. in Badin "Rec." room.

### DETROIT CLUB

The Detroit club held a short informal meeting in Badin Hall "Rec" room Tuesday evening, December 4. President Jack Stackpoole, who presided at the meeting, announced that the Christmas Formal would be held Wednesday night, January 2, at Allen's Inn. Ed Nebel, chairman of the music committee, announced that Jean Goldkette's band has been chosen to furnish the music for the dance. James Carrol, general chairman of the dance, gave a talk in which he stressed the importance of every member co-operating with the committees if the dance is to be successful. The chairmen of the various committees also gave brief talks.

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

From *The Stanford Daily*:

"A detail of a hundred soldiers patrolled the fences and gates surrounding the stadium during the California-Washington game."

The more prosaic Eastern custom of relieving the losing school of its goal posts has evidently gone out of favor out there where the sun sets and the orange blossoms bloom.

\* \* \*

Much excitement in the twin cities, according to *The Minnesota Daily*:

"Saturday was a big day for the engineering students. The largest class scrap in the history of the event called forth the freshman and sophomore students, and following the tilt, more than 1,000 engineers overran the Gayety theatre. Traditional engineer's confetti was thrown, and bouquets were presented for the best acts."

And an enjoyable time was had by all.

\* \* \*

"Co-eds at the University of Denver are facing the future with gloomy aspect following the announcement of the organization of a Woman Haters' Club this week. Julius Sterling, ring leader of the organization, has stated that members will be distinguished by a red button to ward off the undesired sex."

Tough luck, girlies.

\* \* \*

Headline in *The University Daily Kansan*:

"Wren to Broadcast University Program This Week for KFKU."

Quite an improvement, but we will really sit up and take notice when nightingales start broadcasting.

\* \* \*

Anent the subject of freshman caps, from the *Ignatian News* of St. Ignatius College:

"The Brown University Cammarian Club, an undergraduate organization, has abolished the custom of having the freshmen wear white-buttoned brown caps because an investigation showed that an over-zealous merchant was bootlegging the caps to a number

of newsboys and high school students. The St. Ignatius sophomore class made sure no one would attempt to bootleg the frosh cap they selected, by selecting one they would have to pay the average high school student to wear.

\* \* \*

A sensational-minded editor of *The University of Louisville News* gathered the following news item from Oregon University:

"During the past seven years, two hundred and eight thousand flap-jacks is the record of the University of Oregon's 'Flap-Jack Queen.' Piled in one stack the flap-jacks would be nine times as high as the Woolworth Building. Mrs. Patton, the queen, states that eight thousand pounds of flour and milk have not made any of the boys sick yet."

\* \* \*

*The Southern California Daily Trojan* quotes Dr. Klaus Mehnert, Ph.D. from the University of Berlin, who is at present studying at the University of California, as follows:

"Your country seems prosperous, and the new students always seem to have plenty of money to treat the ladies to beer . . . or is it called 'soda water?'"

"In Germany a woman would not even think of allowing a man to pay for her refreshments . . . Yes! there are advantages in attending college in Germany."

American women please notice.

\* \* \*

From the student paper of the University of North Dakota:

"An 'all-conference dancing contest' will be given by the 21 University football players and their partners Nov. 24. Gold footballs will be a feature of the 'hop.', and three judges will pick the University's gridiron champion of the dance floor. Two boxes of candy will be awarded to the winning team."

Right this way, gentlemen! Be a football star at North Dakota and win a box of candy.

## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

### NOTRE DAME'S "MOST DISASTROUS" FOOTBALL SEASON SINCE 1905

When the umpire's gun sounded last Saturday afternoon while fast-lengthening shadows were sweeping over a vast assemblage of people grouped in the immense Los Angeles Coliseum, it brought to an end, according to won and lost percentages, the most disastrous gridiron campaign experienced by Notre Dame since 1905. In addition, it terminated a season which, judging from the same basis, was by far the most victory-barrren season of any during Rockne's decade of football dictatorship at Notre Dame. We say "judging from won and lost percentages," because considered from other criterions it was *not* a most disastrous season. In fact, it was a season in which true Notre Dame partisans will take pride when all elements which enter into the showing of Coach Rockne's 1928 eleven are properly appreciated and evaluated.

First of all, it should be realized that there is infinitely more to a football game than merely winning. It is only natural, of course, for the supporters of a particular team to desire to see it win. But providing each player has given his best, there is not one whit of disgrace or dishonor in losing to a better team. Football players are not super-beings impervious to error or defeat. They are human beings like the rest of us, and so are subjected to human imperfections and failings.

During the past decade Notre Dame has built up a gridiron reputation second to no other college or university in the country. Yearly she has produced teams which have met the very best of collegiate competition, north and south, east and west. Her head coach, Knute K. Rockne, is nationally acknowledged to be without peer among grid mentors. Her style of play, originated by Coach Rockne, is perhaps the best known and

most nationally used of any of the modern styles of play. And she has sent more of her sons into the coaching profession than any other institution.

Yet, because Coach Rockne's men this fall dropped four out of nine contests, a fickle sports public terms the season "the most disastrous since 1905." It fails to take into consideration the fact that nine men out of the 1927 first-string eleven received their sheepskins last June; or that the overwhelming majority of the players who performed this fall had had very little if any varsity experience before; or that the team played through a schedule second to no other card in the country for the number of strong and representative elevens it contained; or that the four teams which defeated Notre Dame—Wisconsin, Georgia Tech, Carnegie Tech, and Southern California, were each the most outstanding and the most powerful combinations in their particular sections, and between them lost but two games the entire season; or that injuries robbed the team of several of its most dependable performers when they were the most needed. They also apparently forget that Notre Dame scored one of the most brilliant triumphs of the year when it defeated a previously-unbeaten Army eleven, and secured other notable victories over the Navy, Penn State, Drake, and Loyola of New Orleans.

Notre Dame has no alibis to offer for this so-called "most disastrous season since 1905." Nor should she. The players who wore her colors this fall gave everything they had in courage, stamina, and tenacity in every second of every game. They fought just as hard, and even harder, than any Notre Dame team of past years. And by so doing they more than upheld the glorious football tradition which is one of Notre Dame's most precious heritages. Realizing these things Notre Dame is proud of her 1928 team, proud because it never stopped trying. —J.V.H.



## The Wink

### THE INQUIRING REPORTER

Question asked: What do ya say?

Place asked: The pathway between Badin and Walsh Halls.

Time asked: Three minutes to ten.

273 answers: What do ya say?

117 answers: Howaya?

97 answers: Hello.

13 answers: It looks like rain.

6 answers: Good morning (Profs.).

2 answers: Huh?

1 answer:

—THE CURIOUS ONE.

\* \* \*

### MY TREASURES

*These are my treasures, dear,*

*These are my rays of cheer,*

*Each in its own.*

*All have their bitter pill,*

*Their message; good or ill,*

*That I must own.*

*Oh, how I love them all,*

*Read them and fondly call*

*Vainly to you.*

*Far from my hands you are,*

*Even your heart is far*

*From me too.*

*Long did I wish for it,*

*Many an hour did I sit,*

*Dreaming of you;*

*Dreaming of words you said,*

*And how you tossed your head*

*The way you do.*

*Dreams—that is all they were;*

*Dreams that will never come true*

*Because of you.*

—WAZMUS.

\* \* \*

### SONG OF A PSUEDO BLIND MAN ON A STREET CORNER IN A SMALL MID-WESTERN CITY

*I laughed at the town today . . .*

*The people were so dull,*

*There was no human spark*

*In any passing face.*

*I sneered at the town . . .*

*It was not fit to have existence.*

*I chuck'ed to myself . . .*

*Then I saw you*

*And thanked God that*

*I am not really blind.*

—THE PSEUDO BLIND MAN.

### THE HOLD-UP MAN

Being inspired jointly by a recent actual encounter with an armed bandit and a recent encounter with a mid-Victorian poet.

*Hello, Hold-up Man,*

*Dispenser of choice thrills.*

*Glad to see you here in jail.*

*Not a soul to go your bail?*

*Well, you bought; now pay your bills,*

*Hold-up Man.*

*Listen, Hold-up Man,*

*Locked up there behind those bars;*

*Do you know what you have done,*

*With your violence and your gain?*

*You have given me a poem,*

*Hold-up Man!*

*Get set, Hold-up Man!*

*You're going to hear me read.*

*Twice you stuck me up, and worse,*

*Hit me! Now revenge, in verse!*

*Ha! All the punishment you'll need,*

*Hold-up Man.*

(Reading)

*"Outrager of Society!*

*Gruesome as a stagnant morgue; as*

*The Macabre, and choked agonies of Hell!—*

*Your punishment!*

*Black as the heart of dissolute Nero*

*On the crest, and sinful:*

*O Viper, poisoning lives of peaceful men,*

*Dark deeds destroy your life,*

*And living still, you suffer . . ."*

*What's wrong, Hold-up Man?*

*You're gasping so for breath!*

*What? You say you've got enough—*

*Take twenty years before such stuff?*

*A poet? You! And starved to death?*

*Officer, free that Hold-up Man!*

—J.W.G.

\* \* \*

*"No, Rudolph, I cannot go to the show with you."*

He felt dumb, stricken. Why was it that he could always get along with a girl so well up to a certain point and then she would suddenly decide to have no more to do with him? Of course she did not tell him, but we will tell you, it was simply because he had never rated *The Wink*, and what was worse, he had never even sent in a contribution to

—THE ERRING KNIGHT.


 LITERARY

## Omaha Freddie

ROBERT E. DUFFY

**F**REDDIE was a member of the "gang" that collects around Merriman's drug-store, in Joliet, on summer evenings, and discusses the principle topics of the day—usually girls, and then later drifts away to its varied places of amusement.

Freddie was what is known, in the terminology of the gang, as a "Hot-shot." He loved to tell of the wild parties he took part in, of this or that date he had had, of his arrival home in the early hours of the mornings, and how he ran the folks at home who dared remonstrate with him in regard to his so-called good times.

Now Freddie was a good boy, but was, in a sense, spoiled. He was the only child in the family, and his wealthy father and mother had made the mistake of granting his every whim or fancy when he was a youngster, and were now beginning to realize the effect. Freddie had everything his heart desired—plenty of clothes, spending money, a good home,—everything. "All he needed," his father often said, "was a little intelligence."

One particular May evening a light rain was falling, and the air could best be described as "sticky." Indeed it was no night to be standing around on a street corner, but nevertheless eight or ten of the fellows were there, talking and laughing, and "swapping" lies, when Fred came walking along with a nonchalant air—at least he was in the act of lighting a cigarette, and directly across the street a billboard screamed the advice: **BE NONCHALANT—LIGHT A MURAD.**

However, peaceful as Freddie may have seemed, his mind was troubled about a certain incident that had taken place earlier in the evening when his father had denied him the use of the family automobile for the following night.

"Of all nights," groaned Fred to his companions, "he had to pick tomorrow, and I have a date."

"Walk, or better still, call off the date," advised Bob Kinney, who liked Fred, but had no sympathy for him, knowing it was a rarity indeed when Fred was disappointed in anything except love.

"Go to hell," was the polite return answer, which brought a laugh from the listeners. "If I don't get that car something'll happen."

"My, my, is the little boy going to do something desperate?" asked Tom Walsh, another member of the gang. "Remember the Fifth Commandment, Freddie."

"It's all right for you guys to stand around and make wise cracks, but my Lord it's a crime when a fellow's eighteen years old and is treated like a darn baby. It's not because they're afraid I'll wreck the car, 'cause I've always had it, but the old man has got a silly idea that I'm running around too much lately. Well, it ain't going to do him any good, for if I don't get the car and keep the date, I'll leave home."

"Aw, quit griping, will you? There'd be two things stopping you from leaving home. In the first place you haven't nerve enough, and in the second place you haven't brains enough to get any place if you did leave."

"No? Well wait and see."

With this remark Freddie flipped the cigarette butt into the street, watched it land on the street-car rail and be crushed a moment later by a passing car. At this he turned and entered the drug store, muttering his opinions about the world in general, and a few people in particular.

In a lovely house on the "nicest" side of town, Mr. and Mrs. Hanfelt, Fred's parents, had just finished their coffee, and were walk-

ing into the living room, discussing their son.

"I really felt sorry for Fred when he left tonight, for he was so disappointed," Mrs. Hanfelt was saying.

"I know, I felt sorry for him myself, in a way, but he has been going out nearly every night in the past month or so, and arriving home when he pleased, and I want it stopped—it will be for his own good. I don't mind his going out once or twice a week as the other boys do, but if he continues his present habit he will regret it in later years, and I shall feel responsible for it."

"I believe you are right, Arthur," his wife replied, "but will Freddie see it that way? He is so self-willed, and resents any advice or correction, or any father and son talk."

"Yes, I know that he thinks I'm old fashioned, and don't understand or share his feelings in regard to pleasure and so on, but I'll have a talk with him when he comes in tonight, if it is not too late."

This seemed to close the conversation, for Mrs. Hanfelt crossed the room and sat down in a large comfortable chair, thinking of past arguments between Fred and his father, and wondering if the prospective one would result in the same manner. "Still," she mused, thoughtfully, "I never saw Arthur so determined as he was tonight. Anyway, the outcome will be interesting."

In the meantime Fred had decided that the whole world was wrong and he was right, and with the purpose of thinking the matter over, he left the drug store and began to walk, heedless of the rain, his mind intent upon a plan to run away if his father did not relent and allow him to use the car. His thoughts wandered to the future when he could be his own "boss." It could come none too soon to suit him, he decided. It was with a start of surprise, therefore, that twenty minutes later he found himself approaching his home, toward which he had been unconsciously walking.

He stopped as if to turn back, but then swung around, saying, "I might as well be here as any place—its a hell of a night anyway."

He walked up the long drive, hesitated a moment on the steps, as if yet undecided,

looked out at the forbidding night, and entering the house, slammed the door, his customary method of announcing his arrival; but tonight it served a twofold purpose. It let the folks know that he was home, and as he had slammed it harder than usual, it might also let them know that he was still angry about his father's denial. He took off his yellow slicker, tossing it in the general direction of a chair, where it fell, the water from it dripping onto the highly polished floor.

"Is that you, Fred?" his mother called, looking sharply at her husband, who pretended to have fainted because Fred had arrived home so early.

"Yeh," was the disrespectful answer, as Fred came to the doorway of the drawing room. "There wasn't anything else to do, so I came home early."

"That's the trouble with you," his father replied. "If there was anything else to do, you never would be in. Sit down, I want to talk to you."

"Gosh!" thought Fred, "the war's on again. Oh well, we may as well settle it now."

"Do you realize," his father continued, "that the evenings you spend at home with us are few and far between? Now Fred, I'll leave it up to you. Aren't you going out too much lately? I want to see you have a good time and enjoy yourself, but this has to stop. None of the other boys go out to dances, or parties, or shows, almost nightly as you do."

"But, dad—"

"Just a moment and you can talk the rest of the night as far as I'm concerned, but it won't change my plan any in regard to you. I've never before denied you the use of the car, but I've got to draw the line sometime, and it might just as well be now. In the future you cannot go out on school nights at all, unless to a school dance or a private dance. The rest of the nights I want you home. You have been assuming a bored attitude at home lately, too. In fact you acted the perfect fool last evening when guests were here—acting as if you were all that is to be desired in an eighteen year old boy, when the opposite is more nearly true. Now let me see you take this advice in the right manner, Fred, and

you will never regret it. Have you anything to say?"

"No sir," snapped Fred, rising, his face white with anger, his narrow lips compressed, his entire soul revolting against this oppression, his mind blurred to everything but the impulse to run; to be free; to shake loose the shackles that confined and held him. His eyes blinded with fury, he stumbled from the room.

His mother rose as if to follow and console him, but quietly sat down again in her chair. The ensuing silence was broken only by the rustling of the newspaper Mr. Hanfelt was reading, and the soft incessant murmur of the rain.

Fred had gone upstairs to his room, and disrobing had flung himself on the bed, crying with anger. "Why that means all my good times are gone, it means—oh hell! It means I'm through with everything. Well, I'll show 'em—" he talked on and on, his plans for running away outlining themselves more clearly as the minutes passed.

"I'll go to Tulsa," he decided, "and live with uncle. At least he will allow me to do what I want." Fred was thinking of the times in the past when this wealthy uncle had visited at the Hanfelt home, and had, before leaving, always given him a considerable amount of "pocket change" as he had called it. "I'll go in the morning and leave a note to mother saying where I've gone."

The next thing Freddie remembered was his mother awakening him in the morning.

"Fred, Fred," she called softly from the bottom of the stairway. "It's seven-thirty, and I thought you might have some home work to do before time for school."

"All right, mother," was sleepy reply, and then Fred suddenly sat up in bed as last night's distasteful events came back to him with a rush. "School!" he sputtered, and then laughed ironically. "So they think their darling son is going to keep right on as if nothing had happened! Well, they'll get a grand surprise tonight when Freddie isn't here for his first "stay-at-home-night."

He dressed leisurely, gazing out at the front lawn flooded with sunlight, and at the few automobiles passing at that hour.

"Well, its a decent day, anyway," he admitted, and went down to breakfast.

Mrs. Hanfelt looked up as Fred entered the dining room, and noticed his puzzled face as he saw his father was not there.

"Dad left early this morning," she said, "and he left you some money under your plate."

Fred raised the plate, smiled, and pocketed the crisp five dollar bill that he found. "Well," he thought, "the total assets are now eight dollars—could be worse."

His mother never told him that it was she who had placed the money there in order to appease him, in some measure, for the strict rules he had to follow in the future; perhaps her heart would not have been so light had she known that Fred intended using the money to get as far as possible from home.

Fred ate in silence, glancing at his mother now and then, and wondering how she and his father would feel when they found his note. "They'll find out I'm not a baby anyway," he concluded, and rising, went to his room, where he scribbled this note:

"Dear Mother:

"Mom, I'm sick of being treated like a child. I know its not your fault, but Dad won't let me have any fun, so I'm going to Omaha, to uncle Fred's. Tell Dad that I'm sure he won't be bothered by anyone asking him for the car, and his guests will not be insulted."

He was still trying to think of some more sarcasm he could write when his mother called him to hurry as it was getting late, so he merely signed the note and placed it in a conspicuous place on his dresser. He then put on his hat and coat, and looking in his pocket to make sure he had the eight dollars, he ran downstairs, kissed his mother, and left "for school."

As he neared the drug store he saw Bob Kinney a block or so ahead of him on the way to school, and he whistled to him to wait, and a few moments later fell into step beside him.

"We've got to snap into it if we want to get to school sometime this morning," Bod said.

"School hell! I'm leaving for Omaha this morning."

"Omaha! My gosh, please don't make me laugh so early in the morning."

"No kiddin', Bob, I mean it. Dad and I had another argument last night after I went home, so I'm checking out. I'll teach them a few things and I'll have a good time in the bargain, so everything'll be o. k."

"Listen, chump, don't get silly. How're you going to get to Omaha?"

"Bum my way. Its only seven hundred miles, and I can make it in three days, easily."

Bob became serious. "Well, Fred, its your own canoe, and you're paddling, but I'd advise you not to go. What in the world will your mother and father say when they find you've gone? Your dad will raise particular hell, won't he?"

"What do I care?" Fred's voice became bitter. "I'll show them that I'm not going to sit home every night of the week while everybody else is out having a good time."

"Listen, Fred, you know you've gone out as much or more than any of us, and just because your dad gets a funny streak once in a while is no reason for your running away. Huh! Just because he said you can't use the car one night!"

"Well, there's no use arguing one way or the other, because I'm going—why I've already left them a note at home telling them that I've gone."

"Do they know where?"

"Sure, I put that in too."

They neared the school building, and stopped a moment on the corner, still talking in low voices.

"Well Fred, if you're all set on going, I'll say 'good-bye' now."

"So long, Bob, I'll see you some day when I come back, if I do." They shook hands and parted.

"Huh!" Bob said again as he entered the school, and went straight to a telephone booth. "He'll be back sooner than he thinks."

"Mr. Hanfelt?" he asked a few minutes later, as his call was completed, "this is Bob Kinney. I was talking to Fred a few minutes ago, and he's running away to Omaha. He left a note at home, but I thought it possible

that you wouldn't see it until tonight, so I thought I'd call you."

"Are you sure about this, Bob?"

"Yes sir."

"Did he say why he was going?"

"Yes sir. I—I—I'd rather not say why, though, sir."

"All right—listen Bob, don't say anything about this to anyone, youu you? We'll try tao teach him a lesson, if it's at all possible."

"I won't say a thing, sir."

Mr. Hanfelt wasn't quite sure how he was going to teach Fred a "lesson," but he sat down in his huge leather chair, and began to think. "I could call the police and have them stop him easily enough, or I could go after him myself, but by gosh! I won't do either. I'll let the kid go, and make a wager with anyone that he comes back of his own accord within a week."

He reached for the phone and called his wife, explaining the whole matter to her, and finally gaining her consent to his plan. He then called the superintendent of the high school and explained that Fred was very sick and would not be at school for a few days. He laughed as he hung up the receiver, for he had very nearly said "home-sickness."

"I suppose," he continued to himself, "that Fred thinks his absence from the town will at least command a headline in the paper, and will be the chief topic of conversation among all the prominent people, but wait until he experiences a few hard knocks and returns to find he hasn't been missed in the least—I imagine he'll be changed somewhat."

Mr. Hanfelt, after these few humorous remarks, tried to attend to his usual duties, but found it practically impossible, for try as he would to forget Fred for the time being, disconcerting thoughts insisted upon his attention. "I wonder where the little brat is, anyway," he thought. "I suppose he's well on his way by now." With this last remark he laughed, not because he felt like doing so, but because it seemed only proper if the whole situation was intended, by him, to result humorously.

He might have laughed louder and longer if he could have seen Fred at that moment,

sitting on a curb-stone at the city limit, futilely hailing passing motorists for rides. He would rise as a car came speeding along, and hail the driver, only to drop dejectedly back as the car would flash by.

It was nearly an hour and a half later that Fred "hooked" his first ride, one in an old fashioned Ford touring car, that looked like an accident going some place to happen. This ride took him as far as Plainfield, a small town nine miles from Joliet. Here Fred thanked the driver, and also thanked God under his breath, for getting him out of the car alive.

"It awful hot," Fred thought, as he entered an ice cream store and deposited twenty-five cents on the cool marble counter in exchange for a "banana-split." Having eaten this, he remained seated, smoking, and watching the cars move along the quiet little street. Plainfield boasted of only twelve hundred inhabitants, and the peacefulness of the scene before him made him feel lazy, and less inclined to "hit the road" than he was three hours ago.

He finally arose, however, and leaving the store began walking toward the strip of highway leading from the town. As he neared Electric Park, on the edge of Plainfield, an automobile swung into the curb near him, and stopped.

As Fred approached, the driver of the car looked around and said: "Hello Fred, what in the dickens are you doing in this neck of the woods? Aren't you going to school today?"

"Hello Mac," was Fred's reply, as he recognized the lad to be Ray McFadden, a school-mate who lived in Plainfield. "Naw, I'm bumming my way to Omaha."

"Omaha! How come?"

Fred entered the car, glad of an opportunity to sit down again, and told him the complete story.

"And why aren't you in school?"

"Oh, mother was sick," Mac replied, and I stayed home with her this morning, but I'm driving in for my afternoon classes."

The two chums talked for quite a while, but at length parted, one toward school, and the other "toward Omaha."

"I suppose he and Bob will tell everyone

in school," thought Fred, as he continued walking. "Well, it'll give 'em something to talk about." He was not quite right in his latest surmisings, for Mac happened to tell Bob Kinney that he had seen Fred in Plainfield, and Bob immediately made him promise to keep it a secret, and he later phoned Mr. Hanfelt of Fred's being seen.

"So he got that far, did he?" laughed the father as he heard this.

"Yes sir, and Mac said that if he continued strolling along the way he was, he'd never get much farther. He looked as if he was sick of it already."

Truer words were never spoken, for Fred certainly was sick of it. He hadn't walked two blocks after leaving Mac before he again sat down, this time on a park bench. It was terribly sultry, and he opened his shirt at the neck, scowling at the highway flooded in sunlight, which seemed particularly uninviting to him.

"I guess I was crazy, trying this fool stunt," he muttered, "and I'd turn around and go back if it wasn't for the laugh I'd get from the gang." He thought of the various nicknames and sarcastic remarks he would receive from the fellows, due to his "trip." His mind was torn between the two courses of action he could pursue. But at last he jumped up from the bench, saying, "Oh hell! What do I care what they say. I've made a chump of myself, and I'll admit it. I'll go back and explain the whole works to dad."

Fred knew this would be a tremendous penance to himself, due to his stubbornness and pride, but three hours later found him in Joliet, on his way to his father's office.

"Is dad busy?" he asked the office girl, for even he was not permitted to intrude upon his father when he was "in conference."

"Your son is here to see you," said the girl, as she stepped into the richly furnished office.

"My son!" he gasped. "All right, tell him to come in—no, wait a minute; tell him—oh, tell him I'll see him."

Mr. Hanfelt was just lighting a cigarette as Fred entered, and it gave him an opportunity to study his face, which to his intense satisfaction, registered shame and sorrow.

"Hello, Fred, how was school today?"

"Fred's head drooped as he replied, "I—I didn't go to school today, dad."

"You what——!"

"I didn't go to school today," he stammered again, and then perching on top of his father's desk, he poured forth the whole story, not daring to look up.

It was well that he did not, for his father was having a hard time repressing a smile, but the moment Fred finished, his face became stern, and he thundered, "You step from the room a moment, young man, until I decide your case!"

As soon as the door closed, Mr. Hanfelt phoned his wife.

"——, yes, he just came down to the office and confessed everything, but I think it best if you pretend you do not know he had gone."

Mrs. Hanfelt, the strain and worries of the

past few hours wiped away by this news, again agreed to her husband's plan, and hastening upstairs, replaced Fred's note in its original position on his dresser.

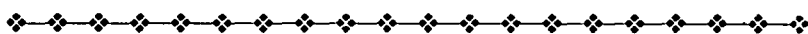
By this time Mr. Hanfelt had recalled Fred, and was giving him a serious talk on his duties of a son to his parents.

"Think of mother—how she would feel if she had known of this," he concluded. "Now let this be a lesson to you Fred."

"Yes sir," said Fred, his false pride completely broken, his will submittant, but most glorious of all, his cares gone.

There was an awkward silence for a moment, but Fred broke it, saying, "Well, I guess I'll be going home——."

"All right, Fred," his father replied, and then—"Ah——, you may use the car tonight if you wish."



## Girls

JOHN NANOVIC

COLLEGE football, Al Smith, the League of Nations, Babe Ruth, Mexico and South Bend have all at times been subjected to severe criticism, but none of these has been criticised so much, or perhaps so at variance, as the modern girl. She has been blamed for the crime wave, for the defeat of the Democratic party, for the failure of prohibition, for the evils of divorce, for bad movies, and for the traffic problem.

The modern girl is called the "flapper." She smokes cigarettes, she attends dances, and she goes on automobile rides, unchaperoned. She drinks sometimes, and stays out till after midnight. She wears her dresses above her knees and down below her neck, and she uses powder, rouge, and lipstick whenever she feels the need and wherever she may be. She is independent, and therefore she must decide questions without the help of olden counsel.

She spends most of her time planning how to have a good time, and she finds it necessary to have her boy friends well indexed so that she may call for the right one at the

right time. She has a technique, and her reputation among her sisters rests upon her ability to handle the boys according to her schedule.

Kipling at one time characterized the tribe as "a rag, a bone, a hank of hair." Modern fads in dresses have shortened the rag; bobbed styles have cut the hair; and the latest dieting craze has made the "bone" more prominent—both in the body and the head. The modern girl has changed from the "wholesome, home-loving girl" of our mothers' time to the snappy, peppy, high-stepping girl of today. She has trained her foot to step on the gas, not to rock the cradle. Her eye is set for the red and green of the traffic light, not for the eye of the needle. Her ear is attuned to the honk of the horn instead of the cry of the child. She mixes cocktails instead of kneading bread. She rakes in the poker chips instead of scrubbing the floor. She plays the "sax" instead of the organ. She rolls her stockings, or doesn't wear any at all. She dyes her hair, paints her eyebrows and pulls her lashes. She does anything she

wants to do, and explains after she has done it, or laughs it off. She even votes—but she can't laugh that off.

The modern girl's greatest fear is that she may do something as it was done before, or wear something that is not new. She will not go out before nine o'clock, because to do so would seem old-fashioned. For the same reason she cannot come in before two. It is too old-fashioned and unhealthful to wear a corset; so she becomes slim by using reducing

medicines that act quickly. She spoons as her old mother did, but she calls it petting instead. She aims her life straight for the rocks, but when she nears them, she swerves, recovers, and goes ahead safely.

Thus, despite all her attempted waywardness, despite all her bravado, she "turns chicken," as her own language has it, when the final test for good or evil comes, and proves herself in the end just a girl—a girl as good as her mother was.



## Andante

*A lover's serenade, a singing bird,  
 The nocturne of the wind among the trees,  
 The shepherd's pipe, the melody that's heard  
 In laughing brooks and ever-surgings seas,  
 An infant's cry, a mother's bitter tear,  
 The joy of love, the awful dirge of hate,  
 Are all life's music to the patient ear  
 Of Him who listens—points the way to fate.  
 So life rolls on its mighty symphony  
 Till mountains, tired of echoing, stand mute,  
 Till trees and waves have lost their melody,  
 And hushed forever is the shepherd's lute.  
 When all this music, all this song, is done,  
 Then life is ended—immortality begun.*

—PHILIP DEROULET.



## TROJAN ROOTERS AND BAND HONOR IRISH DURING HALF

Notre Dame and the Fightin' Irish, sorely crushed on the gridiron by the Thundering Herd of Southern California, were paid tribute by U. S. C.'s 3,000 rooters in the most colorful and spectacular bleacher stunts that the West has ever seen. The Trojans took advantage of their annual Homecoming game to stage before 80,000 spectators the greatest between-halves circus that this section, inventor of the idea, has ever witnessed.

As the players left the field at half-time, two sections of the regular Trojan band of 125 pieces entered the Coliseum playing their famous War Song. They were dressed in their Alma Mater's colors—red and gold—and were led by a youngster seven years old. They maneuvered for a few minutes then halted while two more sections of the band, dressed in Gaelic costumes of white and green, marched onto the turf playing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." They, too, maneuvered and then formed a huge "ND" and saluted the Notre Dame side of the stadium. The four sections combined and formed the word "Trojan" spelled in letters fifty feet tall and stretching for the entire length of the field. They then fired guns and released balloons of the rivals' two colors.

While the band was marching and playing, the U. S. C. rooting section performed what are known here as "card stunts." The 3,000 rooters held variously colored cards—a foot square—and patterned designs which appeared like painted signs from across the field.

They started their performance with a spelling of "Notre Dame." Other stunts came in the following order:

"We greet you"—white letters on a red backfield.

A Trojan knight 75 feet tall shaking hands with an Irishman of equal height.

A giant shamrock bordered with white on a red backfield.

A knight armed with a spear and mounted on a horse appeared on one side and, in jerks, galloped across the rooting section.

The section then formed "Farewell to"—and followed with the names "Jesse," "Don,"

"Lloyd," "Lowry," "Charley," "Hilton" and "Hersh," the nick-names of their captain and other players, who were ending their football careers.

The entertainment ended with the bands at attention playing the "Hike Song" before the Notre Dame section.

—CARROLL O'MEARA.

## INTERHALL TEAMS WIN TWO AND DROP FIVE GAMES ON TURKEY DAY INVASIONS

Climaxing the most successful interhall season in years seven representative teams from the two divisions treked out to various points in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois for the annual Thanksgiving Day contests. While fate did not smile on the invaders in the matter of victories, Lyons and Sophomore alone winning, the total absence of a hospital list after the frays proves that all the luck was not bestowed on the outsiders. Fine treatments of the squads, clean playing, and excellent officiating were extremely evident everywhere. A short resume of the games follows:

FOSTORIA, 6; FRESHMAN, 0

Wilting under the battering of a team that outweighed them ten pounds to the man Freshman went down into defeat, but only after such a gallant stand that the loss was robbed of its sting. Weakening early in the fourth quarter after fighting the Fostorians to a standstill, the squad from the Pasteboard Palace was unable to stop the last Fostorian drive and Crashaw hit the center of the line for two yards and a touchdown just before the end of the final period.

SOPHOMORE, 20; NORWALK REDS, 0

Bewildering their hosts with the variety and deception of their attack the two-year-olds passed and plunged their way to victory before a crowd of 5,000 persons. Scoring early in the opening quarter and again in the third and fourth respectively the Maroons won by even a more decisive margin than the score indicates.

LYONS, 7; FORT WAYNE, 0

Proving their superiority in every department of play the Lyonites downed the St. Joseph's aggregation very handily and deserved to win by a much greater score than 7-0. Playing heads-up football every minute, the Vikings scored their lone tally in the opening minutes of the second half and then outguessed and outplayed their opponents to preserve their lead to the end.

KENDALLVILLE, 6; CORBY, 0

The best efforts of the Corby eleven, who five times were within their opponents' ten yard line, proving unavailing, the Kendallville squad took a break, in the shape of a fumble, and converted it into victory. Scoring only seven first downs to the twenty-two of the He-Men the triumph was neither deserved nor expected, but Gardenier's 65-yard dash to the Corby ten yard line after scooping up a fumble changed the complexion of matters. Even then it seemed that they were to be denied even as Corby had been, but a pass on last down netted them eighteen yards and the lone score of the battle.

LAPORTE, 13; MORRISSEY, 6

The ill luck that has pursued the Scholars all year is still with them if we are to judge on the basis of the last defeat. Going into the final quarter with a comfortable lead the Gold Coasters were uncomfortably jolted out of their serenity by two passes—each of which netted the semi-pros a much needed touchdown. Scoring their first six points of the year and repeatedly turning back the onslaughts of their hosts it seemed as if the Scholars, at last, would turn in a victory, but the aerial maneuvers upset their best plans.

RIVER FOREST, 36; HOWARD, 6

The Dodgers displayed their wares for the benefit of some 4,000 spectators and the bewilderment of the yearlings when they plunged, passed, and ran the ball through, over, and around Howard to administer the worst trouncing of the day. A big, fast, and aggressive team, the Dodgers romped over Howard so easily that the game ceased to be such and took on the aspect of a track meet.

ELWOOD, 19; BRONSON, 14

A loose and thrill-packed contest that the Tigers won by the scantest margin was the fare offered the wet and shivering fans of Elwood. After a free scoring first half both teams settled down for the third quarter—the Tigers to protect their six point lead and the Arabs to knot the count. The Arabs did even better than they had expected, for they not only tied the score but went into the lead at 14-13 when the extra point was awarded them for offside play. Their joy was short lived though, for a concentrated drive at the opening of the final period netted the Elwood squad another touchdown and victory.

—J. H. ZUBER.

#### TRACK SEASON PROGRESSING

During the past week, a squad of determined athletes have been going through strenuous work-outs in the course of their pre-season training, which will continue until the Christmas vacation. Jogging, calisthenics, wind-sprints, and form-development constitute the orders of the day. Gradually other and harder exercises will be added until the men reach that stage of physical development wherein they will be capable of enduring any punishment.

The menu which will be served Coach Nicholson's men this winter is the most difficult which has ever confronted a Notre Dame track team. In the opening attraction, Northwestern will be met at Evanston on January 19. Last year, it will be remembered, Northwestern achieved a scant one-point victor yover the Irish, and the Purple athletes are out to repeat that feat again this season. However, the Wildcats will be without the services of their great individual star, "Tiny" Lewis, who won last year's meet almost single-handed.

The outstanding meet at home will be with Illinois, the date for this encounter having been tentatively set for February 16. The Illini and the Irish have been rivals on the track for a great many years, and although the former have generally had the upper hand, the meets between these two have al-

ways been hard-fought and replete with thrills. Wisconsin and Michigan State, both dangerous opponents, will also face the Irish on the indoor track this winter.

Captain Jack Elder, the versatile sprinter, has returned from California, but has not taken active part in the track practices as yet; however, Boagni, Trandall, Hardaker, Nichols and several others have been getting in shape for the sixty-yard dash. Quigley, Kelly, Reidy, Stephan, and Abbott are the veterans in the middle distance events. Dan Welchons and Konop are preparing to gather honors in the high jump, while Rigney and McDonald are the most likely looking prospects for the broad jump. Savoldi, Herwit, Culver, Mortenson, and Hoffman are being groomed to fill the sadly depleted ranks of weight throwers. Among the outstanding distance men we find the Brown brothers, Vaichulis, Morgan, Brennan, Schlickert, Quigley, and Biggins. Conlin, O'Brien, Reiman, and Acers are expected to fill the shoes of Griffin, last year's captain, and Stace, in the hurdles. Sylvester, Ladner, Dayton, and McConville are prominent candidates for the half-mile event. —J.G.P.

#### ARMOUR TECH INAUGURATES IRISH CAGE SCHEDULE NEXT MONDAY

With the football season at an end, the Irish court performers will occupy the spotlight. The basketball season will be officially opened on Monday, December 10, when Armour Tech of Chicago will be met. With a veteran squad back in uniform and a wealth of new material to work on, Coach Keogan should have no worries about the 1928 season.

Although Keogan has made no official announcement, the following lineup will probably start against the Tech basketeers in the opening game: Captain Crowe and Captain Jachym, forwards; Bob Vogelwelde, center; Donovan and Ed. Smith, guards. This combination has been working together regularly in practice and show a smoothness and dash that bodes no good for the visitors. Veterans of last season who will also probably get into the game are John McCarthy and Bob New-

bold, forwards; Colrick, center; and Jim Bray, guard. Tim Moynihan, who showed up very well at guard during the latter part of last season, suffered a broken arm in the football game with Southern California last Saturday and is lost to the squad for the greater part of the season.

A glance at the schedule that Keogan has drawn up for his charges will prove that it is one of the hardest in years. Twenty games will be played, the opposition being furnished by crack teams from every section of the country. The new opponents on the Irish slate are Albion College, University of Kentucky, Kansas, Detroit, and Indiana. The schedule:

- Dec. 10—Armour Tech at Notre Dame.
- Dec. 15—Albion College at Notre Dame.
- Dec. 18—Northwestern University at Notre Dame.
- Dec. 21—University of Indiana at Notre Dame.
- Dec. 28—University of Kansas at Convention Hall, Kansas City, Mo.
- Dec. 29—University of Kansas at Convention Hall, Kansas City, Mo.
- Jan. 5—University of Detroit at Notre Dame.
- Jan. 9—Wabash College at Crawfordsville.
- Jan. 12—University of Kentucky at Notre Dame.
- Jan. 19—University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.
- Jan. 23—Michigan State College at Notre Dame.
- Jan. 26—Northwestern University at Evanston.
- Feb. 2—Wabash College at Notre Dame.
- Feb. 5—Marquette University at Milwaukee.
- Feb. 9—University of Pittsburgh at Notre Dame.
- Feb. 15—Butler University at Indianapolis.
- Feb. 22—Michigan State College at East Lansing.
- Feb. 23—University of Detroit at Detroit.
- March 2—Marquette University at Notre Dame.
- March 8—Butler University at Notre Dame.

—E.T.



*'Such popularity must be deserved!'*



*Down deep in the Kongo* the native sons believe that anybody who has an explorer for dinner will absorb all the brains, courage and other success-assuring virtues of the unfortunate victim.

We wish we could say the same of Chesterfields—that all their popularity is conferred upon whosoever smokes them. Frankly, however, this is not invariably true. Several Chesterfield

smokers have recently been discovered who are *not* ambassadors, steel kings, or even bank presidents.

But—since Chesterfields are so satisfying, mild and different—we'll all of us continue to enjoy them for these sound smoke-virtues alone.

Popularity? Six million smokers are enjoying 'em today. Such popularity *must* be deserved. Make it six million and one?

# CHESTERFIELD

MILD enough for anybody..and yet..THEY SATISFY

INTERHALL FOOTBALL CLOSES TOMORROW; BASKET BALL TO START SOON

The ever increasing scope of interhall athletics is widening faster than ever if we are to judge from the plans released from the office of the Interhall Athletic Director for the coming year. This current year, which has been so successful and so far superior to past seasons, in view of the increased number of men participating, the greater efficiency with which the contests were handled, the more numerous trips; in fact, from every point of view, will attain new heights under the proposed program.

Climaxing the reign of King Football will be the two important games tomorrow. Howard meets Lyons on Cartier field at 2 p. m. for the interhall championship, while the Maroon horde from Sophomore journeys to Toledo, where it will engage Central Catholic High. Central, city champion of Toledo, and one of the strongest teams in Ohio, has been defeated but once in the past three years, and the contest will draw a record crowd. The entire proceeds of the game, arranged through the courtesy of Mr. "Dolly" Gray and Mr. George Covert, Jr., two prominent alumni, and the Toledo club of the University, will be converted into a scholarship fund to send Toledo boys to Notre Dame.

Basketball, soon to take the sceptre from football, will reign over more subjects than ever before. As in past years each hall will have two teams, a light and a heavy squad, but in addition, each of the four freshman halls will have two 135-pound-limit squads, making a total of thirty-six teams that will play in the interhall circuit.

Besides these activities the winter months will see All-University wrestling and boxing champions chosen through elimination bouts, and dual meets in both track and swimming between the various halls. Each of these activities yields points towards the Monogram club's loving cup, which will be awarded at the end of the year to the hall which has proven its superiority in every branch of sports, so competition will be unusually keen.

—J.H.Z.

**COLFAX**  
THEATRE

Home of  
Paramount Pictures

SATURDAY—TUESDAY  
See and Hear

**CAUGHT**

IN THE

**FOG**

A Warner Bros.

TALKING

Picture

with

MAY MCAVOY

and

CONRAD NAGEL

Unique in setting, story  
and surprises! A genuine  
talking fun-thriller.

—Also—

ALBERT SPALDING

American Pianist

—

WARING'S  
PENNSYLVANIANS

—

BROWN & WHITAKER

"A Laugh or Two"

WEDNESDAY—FRIDAY

Powerful elemental emotions asserting themselves  
with simplicity are the key-note of this remarkable  
photoplay which has never had an adverse  
criticism.

FOX

MOVIETONE PRESENTATION

**"SUNRISE"**

with

JANET GAYNOR AND GEO. O'BRIEN

—Also—

MRS. AL JOLSON  
(Formerly Ruby Keeler)

On the Same Program  
AL JOLSON

EXCELLENT WORKMANSHIP  
—RELIABLE.

# JIMMIE'S SHOE REPAIR SHOP

Under New Management

—o—  
ON THE CAMPUS

Back of Rockefeller Hall.

—o—  
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

24 Hour Service

Modern

JAMES McALLISTER,  
Proprietor

# GILBRO'S

Formerly Army Store  
330 S. Michigan St.

Offer

## Nationally Advertised Merchandise at Cut Prices

Towers Slickers .....\$5.45

Sheepskin Undercoats .....\$6.45

Novelty Corduroy Pants.....\$2.95

Army Field Shoes.....\$3.45



WEEK OF  
December 9th

# GRANADA

WHERE THE STARS SHINE

SUN., MON., TUES.

RICHARD ARLEN

and

NANCY CARROLL

in

## "MANHATTAN COCKTAIL"

Brimful of scintillating scenes and  
vivacious personalities of our young-  
sters of the stage.

—o—  
WED., THURS., FRI., SAT.

CHARLES (BUDDY) ROGERS

with

MARY BRIAN

in

## "VARSITY"

Four years at Princeton with  
"Buddy." Live with him. Work  
with him. Immerse yourself with  
him in the glories and beauties  
of life at Princeton.

# PALACE

Starting Sunday

The Hooper, the Feeder, the Trouper, the  
Vamp—They're All Here in

## "SHOW FOLKS"

with Lina Basquette

And Five Acts of Keith-Albee-Orpheum  
Vaudeville

Coming Thursday

The Famous Stage and Screen Star

MR. KENNETH HARLAN

(in person)

In a Comedy Sketch by Aaron Hoffman

## "THE HONEYMOON"

And Four Other Acts

PHOTOPLAY

## "SAL of SINGAPORE"

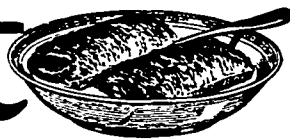
With Phyllis Haver



After the  
ball is  
over

Preserve the few remaining hours for sleep by eating easily digestible food. Collegians the country over are confining their after-the-dance suppers to

**Shredded  
Wheat**



WITH WHOLE MILK OR CREAM

**Intelligence Test**

Instructor — "Life Insurance?"

The Class (as one man, without hesitation)—  
"John Hancock"

Instructor (beaming with joy)—  
"Class dismissed. Your I. Q. is 130."

*John Hancock*  
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

**1929**

**What Will It  
Mean For You?**

If going into business, will it mean the beginning of a long apprenticeship period—the trial and error method—which possibly may never lead to success?

Or will it mean a year spent in preparation for business—followed by a steady rise to leadership?

If you desire the latter, Babson Institute can serve you—and serve you well.

**Train for Leadership**

To meet the demand for special training for men looking forward to successful business careers and executive leadership is the purpose of Babson Institute. Here you would be taught the fundamental laws of business and shown how to apply them effectively to actual business life.

**Send for Booklet!**

Every college man who is ambitious to succeed in business should read our booklet, "Training for Business Leadership". It explains in detail the subjects studied, the unique features of our work and how leadership is achieved. Take this home and discuss it with your parents during the Holidays.

**Mail this Coupon Now!**

**BABSON Institute**

3301 Welleley Av., Babson Park, Mass.  
Send me, without obligation "Training for Business Leadership" and complete particulars about Babson Institute.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
College Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Home Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

*Don't Experiment  
with your Appearance*



**AT THE BEST MEN'S SHOP**



# London Man Gives Cool Tip Smokers Here

London, England  
30th December, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,  
Richmond, Va.,  
U. S. A.

Gentlemen:

As my Christmas present I purchased for myself a pound of your tobacco (Edgeworth) in 1/2 lb. flat tins. This morning on the tram I met a man with whom I am only slightly acquainted, and filling my pipe produced your tin, at which he exclaimed: "I am not a pipe smoker, but occasionally I have a try in that direction and I consider that the tobacco in your hand is the finest made."


I am in entire agreement with his statement.

Yours faithfully,

J. J. Mason

## Edgeworth

*Extra High Grade*  
**Smoking Tobacco**



**CLOTHES**  
Real made  
Cut to Order

**ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.**

# Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats

**Dr. Frank M. Powers**  
University  
Physician

OFFICE 2-1067  
RESIDENCE 3-4041

**Dr. Edgar S. Lucas**  
DENTISTRY  
701-702 J. M. S. BUILDING  
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

**BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT  
OUR STORE IS THE**

# Charter House

*of South Bend*

The character of the suits and overcoats tailored by Charter House will earn your most sincere liking.

## MAX ADLER CO.

South Bend, Indiana

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

Oh, Man!

By BRIGGS



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1769

.. not a cough in a carload