

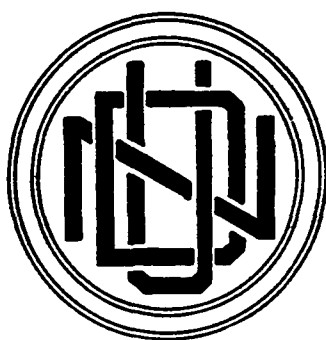
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Notre Dame Scholastic

VOL. LVII.

JANUARY 11, 1929

No. 14.



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

THE WEEK

No one should condemn Roy Riegles, center on the California football team, for running seventy yards in the wrong direction. Wasmus has told me that one of Roy's team-mates looked at him in that listen-to-this-one way just before the frenzied center tore away from precedent and his goal line. You know the look. It comes just after the greeting, "How ya goin'," and precedes a lengthy description of someone's exciting times during the holidays. One needs more endurance than the pilots of the "Question Mark" if he is to sustain the post-vacation campus chatter. The freshmen will never forget the impression they made in the home town, shining, as is their wont, in self-consciousness and new clothes. As one approaches Sophomore Hall a somewhat musical cadence, resembling the hum of an overlarge beehive in June, attacks the ear. The effect is produced by the erratic drones' impassioned enumeration of their new acquaintances among the choruses of "Good News," or some show equally superannuated. Club dances, and the political jobs with which the summer is to be idled through are the loudest strings on the eulogistic junior harp. But there are some few men who look complacently on all this, perhaps even inopportunately discussing the deficiencies of Al Jolson. These calmer sons are seniors. They really did enjoy the vacation, but—well, this was their fourth one.

In Puritan New England the lady who daubed flour on her nose was frowned upon by Elder Brewster. Not but that the Elder may have had an eye for the comely despite his austerity, for a stern attitude was characteristic of his people. Conversely, we are in the Cosmetic Age. For us everything must have a charm—be it powder on a nose or trees on a boulevard. The News-Times has adopted an optimistic platform: "Beautify South Bend." May it

triumph! The decorative scheme of the prom is visualized in such impressive splendor as to have merited the slogan, "the prom beautiful." This subject of dances, by the bye, is getting burdensome. Publicity for them is a necessity, what with the club dances during vacation, the Lawyers' Ball, and the Junior Prom in the offing, not to slight those exquisite assemblages soon to convene in a wing of the adjacent institution. A bait dancer is to be consoled. Not only is he inveigled into the complimentary return dance, but he struggles with a feeling of sheepishness that reaches its apex on alternate Wednesdays.

Truth is frequently displeasing, still it remains the object of philosophers, rectors, and columnists. Diogenes with a lantern sought truth in the guise of an honest man. History does not record of his ever having been able to discard the inquisitive torch. Hall rectors are apt to be bothersome about such trifles as late arrivals and over-sleeping. They have a means much more efficient than was the feeble light of the ancient's lantern. Getting up when the windows were covered with ice is more than a feat. It's hard now to imagine a pajamad Christian Scientist standing in a room with open windows and convincing himself that he isn't cold. Bud Boeringer had to stay here long enough to witness our victory over Detroit, but the climate was too much for even him. Returning to truths and unpleasantness, we will mention the semester examinations which are to begin January 25th. If you don't remember anything else on this page it would be well to grasp that.

Father Carroll has recently published a collection of poems, "Heart Hermitage." To those who have read his previous works no further recommendation will be needed. To the others we can but say these poems are a fine contribution to the Notre Dame tradition of song.

—A. H.

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❖ NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS ❖

❖ ❖

FRIDAY—SCHOLASTIC staff meeting, Publications office, Main Bldg., 7:00 p. m.

An injunction has been granted in the Notre Dame Circus Court against General Chairman Thomas Traughber with John Lyons, chairman of the music committee, named as co-defendent. The court has in-

Word from President Gerald Roach indicates that tradition will be followed further in that a novelty act will open the Ball. It is understood that this will differ rather radically, however, from the acts of the past two years.

Lee Sims, with Miss Maria Morrissey, famous singer, performed here last season. They elicited much praise from the very appreciative audience, the largest crowd ever seen in Washington hall at a musical concert.

An informal discussion of present-day newspaper problems was held last night in the Cafeteria between the Press Club and two ex-Notre Dame men who are now employed on the *News-Times* staff, Gerald Holland and Francis Ahearn. The discussion was one of a series of such talks which Professor John M. Cooney, director of the School of Journalism at the University has arranged to be held semi-monthly. Their purpose is to bring the students and the professional men into a closer relationship, and to answer the questions of students concerning newspaper problems.

"SANTA MARIA" MAKES IMPRESSIVE INITIAL APPEARANCE

The first issue of *The Santa Maria*, official organ of the Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus, appeared on the campus this week. This issue of the magazine was devoted to the proposed Social Center Building, and its feature article, titled "Materializing the Notre Dame Spirit," by James Armstrong, Alumni Secretary, pointed out the need of the University for a building such as the Notre Dame Council plans to erect and donate to the University. His article not only brought forth the need as recognized by those on the campus, but by the alumni as well, and he explained how the alumni felt toward this enterprise long in contemplation, and now nearing realization.

Articles by Raymond Hoyer, David Lehman, Lester Grady, Ray C. Cunningham, Francis J. McGreal, and John W. Dorgan and others made up the rest of the reading matter in this, The Social Center Building Number. This was the first issue with Raymond Drymalski as editor-in-chief, and the quality of it revealed the obvious capabilities of the editor.

MR. THOMAS A. DALY, NOTED COLUMNIST, GIVES LECTURE

Personal anecdotes, advice for humorists, and excellent poetry were pleasantly mixed in a lecture, "Column Writing and Everything," by Tom A. Daly, nationally known columnist for the *Philadelphia Record*, Wednesday evening in Washington Hall. Tracing the origin and development of the newspaper column from Eugene Field and later, Burt Leston Taylor, down to Don Marquis and more recent columnists, Mr. Daly wove in bits of his own experiences since he began writing in 1899.

The only rule for successfully conducting a column was laid down by the speaker as the following: Never write or print anything which does not appeal to you, and your readers will come to you, if your work is good. The lecturer warned those interested in any type of writing against openly moralizing. A simple illustration

of the weakness of "tacking on a moral" can be found in the complete oblivion which surrounds the last three stanzas of the old nursery rhyme, "Mary Had a Little Lamb." This poem, originally six stanzas in length, is remembered now as having only three, the others which contained a very obvious moral being forgotten.

In an enjoyable Italian dialect, he presented five of the poems which were written by him for his column. These verses were characterized by a humor which gave the listener an appreciation of Italian peculiarities without making fun of them. The hearty applause which followed these recitations was indicative of Mr. Daly's skill as a humorist as well as a columnist. The entire talk was a clever and interesting analysis of the work of column conducting.

FATHERS MURRAY AND FRANK CAVANAUGH ATTEND MEETINGS

During the Christmas vacation, the Reverend Raymond W. Murray, C.S.C., of the Department of Sociology of the University, attended the annual meeting of the American Sociological Society in Chicago. At the same time, the Reverend Frank Cavanaugh, C.S.C., of the same department, visited Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he discussed some problems in rural sociology with the Reverend Thomas R. Carey, director of the Catholic Rural Life Conference.

DOMES PHOTOGRAPHER HERE FOR FINAL VISIT

Russell, of Chicago, the *Dome* photographer, will return to the campus for a final visit next Monday and Tuesday. Editor Keegan has definitely announced that this visit will be absolutely the last time the photographer will be on the campus, and no pictures for the *Dome* will be taken after next Tuesday.

All faculty members, seniors, juniors, club presidents and others who have not been photographed, are urgently requested by Mr. Keegan to present themselves to photographer on one of these two days in the Badin Hall recreation room.

JUNIOR "PROM BEAUTIFUL" PLANS NEARING COMPLETION

The annual Junior dance, characteristically named the "Prom Beautiful," is proceeding on its way to a bright and happy



ROBERT HELLRUNG,
Junior Class President

climax under the direction of Robert Hellrung, junior class president, and Robert Kuhn, general chairman.

The music committee is to make a selection shortly among the orchestras of Jean Goldkette, Coon-Sanders' Night Hawks,

Fred Hamm and Jimmy Green, to play on the night of February 8. An evening of superb musical entertainment is assured with the selection of any of the above bands.

Posters announcing the date of the Prom appeared last week and additional information will be released from time to time. The committee in charge also reports that attractive favors have already been selected for the affair. Tickets for the dance are now on sale and may be obtained from the following students: Corby Hall, Sam Richards, James Deeley; Walsh Hall, John Rocap, Tom Cunningham; Lyons Hall, Ron Sullivan, Dan Barton; Badin Hall, Walter Bernard, John Moran; Off-Campus, Ed. McCrimmon, Richard Konkowski, Kenneth Rextrew.

The complete committee personnel follows:

JUNIOR PROM COMMITTEES

Ticket Committee

James Leahy, <i>Chairman</i>	Ken Rextrew
Sam Richards	Dan Barton
James Deeley	John Rocap
Walter Bernard	Tom Cunningham
John Moran	Ron Sullivan
Richard Konkoski	Ed McCrimmon

Music Committee

Peter Wacks, <i>Chairman</i>	John McGinty
Joe Haberkorn	John Walker
George Burns	Vassar Roseworn
James Wood	Clifford Logan

Publicity Committee

Felix Isherwood, <i>Chairm.</i>	James Walsh
Art Kane	William Sherman
Dick Sullivan	Gilbert Kirwan
Tom Keegan	Hadrian Manske
Fred Zimmerman	Ted. Ryan

Favors Committee

Geo. Weber, <i>Chairman</i>	Jack Sigler
Frank Downs	George Hiel
Tom Litzman	Victor Maryzel
Tom Murphy	

Program Committee

John Mahoney, <i>Chairman</i>	Dan Cannon
Bill Reisert	Max Hardaker
Harry Francis	

Invitations Committee

Ed. McClellan, <i>Chairman</i>	Frank Walker
John Quinn	Frank Driscoll
Tony Kegowitz	Don Sullivan

Arrangements Committee

Bert Metzger, <i>Chairman</i>	Hugh Gallagher
Con Carey	Howard Smith
Frank Fedder	Frank Corbitt
Tom Kelley	

Reception Committee

Rich. Donoghue, <i>Chairm.</i>	Oliver Fields
Tom Kassiss	John McCarthy
Frank Kersjes	Paul O'Connor
Conie Donovan	Jack Cannon

Decorations Committee

Jerome Parker, <i>Chairm.</i>	Bob Savage
Tom Kenneally	Karl Brennan
John Heilker	Dan Sullivan
Chet Ashman	Jim Sullivan
Edward Dempsey	Karl Wiegand
Frank Mosher	Frank Amato
Tom Medland	James Morgan

JANUARY ISSUE OF "CATALYZER" OUT THIS WEEK

The *Catalyzer*, a technical periodical edited by undergraduates of the Chemistry department, announces the January issue, which will be out some time this week.

Among several interesting articles will be: "Synthetic Mordants," written by Eugene A. Willhingan, who is now with the Sharples Solvents Company as research chemist.

PROF. JOHN T. FREDERICK, "MID-
LAND" EDITOR, TO LECTURE
NEXT WEEK

John T. Frederick, editor of *The Midland*, novelist, critic, and professor of creative writing at Iowa State University, will lecture in Washington hall next Wednesday evening, January 16, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Frederick will lecture on the subject of "America's Place in Contemporary Literature."

Mr. Frederick will remain at the University over the following Thursday and Friday and will give informal talks to various classes. Private conferences may be arranged with Mr. Frederick, if desired.

The Midland, of which Mr. Frederick is the editor, was founded in 1915, at Iowa City, Iowa by a group of students at the University of Iowa. *The Midland* is not a commercial enterprise; its publishers, editors, and contributors receive no payment for their work. An editorial appearing in the first issue said, "the magazine is merely a modest attempt to encourage the making of literature in the Middle West." Mr. Frederick is to be commended upon the great work he is doing in furthering the interests of America's younger authors.

"JUGGLER" RECEIVES CONGRATU-
LATORY LETTERS

Two letters from prominent journalists congratulating the members of the *Juggler* staff on the Football and Christmas issues of the magazine were received by the Board of Publications Office recently. One letter was from one of Notre Dame's most prominent alumni, Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell, Assistant-Business Manager of the *New York Times*, and the other was from Mr. Herbert R. Hill, former professor of journalism at Butler University, and at present News-editor of the *Indianapolis News*.

Mr. O'Donnell's letters follows:

Dear Mr. McNamara:

Accept my belated congratulations on the excellence of the last edition of the *Juggler*. It does credit to the ability of you and your associates. The art-portraits of the Director of Athletics, Mr. Rock-

ne, and Captain Miller in that Football number were of special merit.

Sincerely,
(Signed) HUGH A. O'DONNELL,
Assistant Business Manager.

Mr. Hill had the following to say:

Dear Joe:

Thank you for the copy of the *Juggler*. It was a treat from the start to finish, well worthy of the tremendous amount of work you put in on it, and remarkable in several ways.

It is refreshing to find such a really funny book whose humor was not dirty. I have tried to write funny stuff myself in college, and staying above the belt always was a difficulty.

Some bits of verse in the book are exceptional. I hope you boys keep on writing verse (no doubt you will as the languorous spring months slip around); I hope you keep on experimenting with nifty little metres and dally around with queer words, for they enrich our language, a language that is fast becoming too matter-of-fact and even now borrows from profanity to make itself emphatic.

I like the typography also. You seem to have a nice and capable staff of artists and a good pair of exchange shears.

Please keep on nourishing the Funny Fellow!

Very sincerely,

(Signed) HERBERT R. HILL,
News-Editor.

FATHER NIEUWLAND TO SPEAK AT
INDIANAPOLIS TONIGHT

The Reverend Julius A. Nieuwland, C.S.C., professor of organic chemistry at the University, will address a branch of the American Chemical Society this evening at Indianapolis. Father Nieuwland, whose activity in scientific discovery has merited national recognition for him, is a prominent member of this body.

PROM NUMBER "JUGGLER" DEADLINE
SET FOR NEXT MONDAY

The dead line for the Junior Prom number of the *Juggler* of Notre Dame has been set for next Monday, January 14. At midnight of that day the contest in the art and literary departments will close, the winners to receive the usual five dollar bonuses for their efforts. Word from the *Juggler* desk in the Board of Publications office indicated that contributions for the number will be most welcome.

DEBATERS MEET; SCHEDULE BEING
ARRANGED

A meeting of candidates for the University debating team was held Tuesday, December 18, with thirty men reporting to the Reverend Michael Mulcaire, C.S.C., vice-president of the University. Father Mulcaire will be debating sponsor, succeeding the Reverend William A. Bolger, C.S.C., who is now vice-president of the College of St. Thomas in Minnesota.

In outlining plans for the year, Father Mulcaire expressed his belief that a bright season is in store for the debaters. Debates with the University of Detroit, Marquette University, and Western Reserve, have already been arranged, and the University of Florida and the University of Sidney, Australia, are being tentatively considered.

The questions for debate this year will be on the two topics: hydroelectric power plants, and criminal codes of the United States and England.

Anyone desiring to try-out for the team who did not attend the meeting, is requested to hand in his name to Father Mulcaire. The list of candidates and the dates of the first try-outs will be announced soon.

ALEXANDER AIRCRAFT COMPANY
ANNOUNCES PRIZE CONTEST

To interest more college students in aviation, the Alexander Aircraft Company at Colorado Springs offers a new Alexander Eaglerock airplane or a complete university course in aeronautics for the best series of four short monthly articles on aviation from January 1 to May 1, 1929, written by undergraduate college students.

The winner will be awarded a four year scholarship in a leading aeronautical engineering school, or in a school of business administration where he can get an aeronautical background. Competing students who receive undergraduate degrees June 1 may win a graduate scholarship in a technical school of aeronautics, leading to a master's or a professional degree. As an alternative award, the winner may receive a completely equipped Eaglerock. Articles of superior

merit, but below winning quality, will win their writers ten-hour flying courses. The awards will be made June 1.

The papers, technical or non-technical and 400 to 600 words in length, must be submitted to the Committee on Awards on the first of each month, from January 1 to May 1. Suggested subjects include: "Future Aircraft Development," "Flying for Recreation," "Commercial Possibilities in Aviation," "The Airplane as a Future Decentralizer of Cities," etc. Candidates will be judged thirty percent on content of their articles, and seventy percent on their qualifications to do justice to the scholarships. The winner, if he qualifies, will be employed in the engineering or some other department of the Alexander Aircraft factory. The best contribution each month will be published in the Alexander Aircraft magazine, a magazine with 20,000 circulation among pilots, business executives, and others interested in flying.

DELEGATES FROM DISTRICT FIVE OF
ALUMNI COUNCIL HERE TODAY

Representatives of colleges in District Five of the American Alumni Council convened at the University today for their annual meeting. Delegates from 52 member colleges and 72 non-member colleges had been invited to attend.

The Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University, welcomed the delegates at the morning session. Immediately following the first session, a luncheon was served for the guests in the University dining hall.

JUDGE WOOTEN EXPECTS TO RESUME
LAW CLASSES IN FEBRUARY

Students of the law college will welcome the news that Judge Dudley G. Wooten, Professor of Law, who has been ill since October and unable to attend his classes, is rapidly recovering from his sickness. Judge Wooten is at present at 3111 Grandview Street, Austin, Texas, and expects to return to the University during the latter part of February or early March.

UNIVERSITY IS RECIPIENT OF ANSON
SCHOLARSHIP MEMORIAL

The University has recently received a munificent benefaction of \$100,000 in the form of a scholarship endowment established by Mrs. Leonard N. Anson in memory of her deceased husband, the Honorable Leonard N. Anson, late of Merrill, Wisconsin, and Miami, Florida.

The interest from its investment by the Board of Lay Trustees is to provide, in perpetuity, for the education at Notre Dame of four high school graduates from Merrill, Wisconsin. The first of these students has already been enrolled with this year's freshman class. Another will be entered next year and one each succeeding year until the quota of four is filled. Each year as the senior goes out, a freshman will enter. It is, indeed, a noble memorial and one whose fitness is particularly striking.

The Honorable Leonard N. Anson, in whose memory these scholarships were established, was the son of a sturdy pioneer of the north woods of Wisconsin. Born in 1848, he was but sixteen years old when the last call for volunteers in the Civil War was issued. Young Anson left school and enlisted. Before he could see active service, the fighting was over. He returned home and went to work, making two trips down the Wisconsin river on log drives and spending two winters in the woods. He became one of the outstanding lumbermen and later was identified with banking interests. His high standing as a citizen, in the community, in which he lived, is attested by the fact that he was elected mayor of the city of Merrill. Nine years ago the family established a winter residence in Florida, and it was there that Mr. Anson died on May 24, 1927, in his eightieth year, after an illness of only an hour.

The University is profoundly grateful to Mrs. Leonard N. Anson, to Mr. George Anson, student in Carroll Hall in the late eighties, Brownson Hall, 1896, and to Mrs. Mae Anson Donoghue for establishing at Notre Dame these scholarships in memory of their husband and father.

"THE WRITER" ANNOUNCES "PLOT
BOILER" CONTEST

The *Writer*, a monthly magazine for writers, announces a "Plot Boiler" Storiette contest which should prove of special interest to student writers. A prize of \$50.00 a month will be offered for the best storiette based on a "Plot Boiler", to be published each month during February, March, and April, 1929. The time limit for sending in the February storiette has already expired.

The *Writer* is an authors' monthly forum, and contains a brilliant board of editorial contributions, consisting of authors who represent the highest achievement in their particular field of writing. Included in the board for 1929 are Gamaliel Bradford, Zona Gale, Robert Hillyer, and Dallas Lore Sharp.

The rules of the contest:

1. Select some brief newspaper clipping which seems to contain possibilities for a "storiette." Work out a storiette in 1200-2000 words.
2. Pin the original newspaper clipping, containing name and date of the newspaper, to your storiette.
3. Each manuscript must be original, (never before published), typewritten, and contain the author's full name, address, and occupation, as, for instance: John Smith, Cambridge, Mass., Student.
4. Send your manuscript to Contest Editor, 311 College House, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
5. Manuscripts received before the 5th of each month will be considered for inclusion in the following issue: i. e. manuscripts received before February 5 will be considered for the March issue.

Only manuscripts that are accompanied by a stamped, addressed return envelope will be returned at the close of each month's contest. Manuscripts not accompanied by such an envelope will not be returned and the editors will not enter into correspondence about them.

The many friends of John Bergan, news editor of the SCHOLASTIC, who has been seriously ill with influenza in the St. Joseph Hospital during the holidays, will be pleased to learn that he is well on the way to recovery.

*A Poet of the Out-of-Doors**

Notre Dame is fortunate in having on its faculty two men who have happily combined the ancient callings of priest and poet. Mr. Charles Phillips has pointed out that in the



PATRICK J. CARROLL,
C. S. C.

beginning the priest and the poet were one person; this was long before the life of the spirit and the life of the world came to be so markedly opposed in art as we note today. And it is particularly fortunate that Notre Dame should be the scene of what would seem to be the revival of the old tradition which has, of course, never really died out in the Church. One has only to think of St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, Cardinal Newman, and Father Gerard Hopkins to perceive how the ancient meaning has been kept alive. Having Father O'Donnell and Father Carroll in our midst to carry on and to make once more a thing of the present this age-old combination is something for which we can truly rejoice.

Father O'Donnell's beautiful book of poems came out early in October, and Father Carroll's poems were issued from the Scott, Foresman Company just before Christmas. Father Carroll's book is entitled "Heart Hermitage," which is an appropriate name for this quiet and lovely collection.

The three most striking characteristics of Father Carroll's poetry are a charming Irish singing quality, a deep love of the varied aspects of nature, and a steadily glowing Catholic feeling. Recently most of the poetry which dealt with Irish scenes or characters has concerned itself with ancient Ireland, which to most of us is so foreign and removed that it can hardly appeal in any deeply felt way. Father Carroll has elected to sing of the Ireland that is closer

home, the Ireland of the misty bogs, not the mountains where the gods and demi-gods of Mr. Yeats reign; the Ireland of the common people of today with their religious faith and their gift of songs, not the older Ireland of the legendary kings and queens. He sings of these people with remarkable success. One remembers with pleasure the poem called "The Gray Days After" with its opening verse:

The road is long to Lisnadhoo—
And in the winter weather—
And bleak 'twas here at Knockabeg,
The wind about the heather.

And its beautiful and dramatic close:

They carried him to Lisnadhoo,
His white face cold as stone;
They placed his feet toward Knockabeg,
And then came back alone!

"The Old Love" is another poem in a similar vein and Father Carroll has treated it with a like skill, combining Irish scene, characters, speech, and feeling into a very fine poem.

Father Carroll seems to get a great part of the inspiration for his poems from nature. The poems dealing with the seasons, night, flowers, the wind, are among the most beautiful in the book. There is something very fresh and happy about his responses to these things. One of the finest of these nature poems is "An October Mood," from which the following stanza is taken:

The young stars will be lit for our home-coming;
The silk veil of the dark
Will fold us round; night voices will be humming,
Below the watchdog's bark.

And when Father Carroll turns to a remembrance of Irish countryside scenes for his poems, with an undercurrent always of an exilic sorrow, yet never with that tone of bathos which such songs unfortunately seem to have, he creates poetry that is warm and appealing. The first stanza of the poem entitled "Curaheen" beautifully exemplifies what I mean:

* Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C.: Heart Hermitage and Other Poems. Scott Foresman and Co., Chicago.

Warm days on the land and the fall of soft rain,
 The Shannon deep with tide near Athery.
 And dreams will come till you wake with a heart's
 pain,
 For the road is long to ships that throng the sea,
 And a wide world from here to Curaheen.

Like many Catholic singers Father Carroll's Marian songs take a very high place in the list of his successful poems. The figure of the Holy Mother has something about it that appeals very strongly to the religious poet. The stainless woman brooding over the sorrows of the world with an infinite pity and kindness stirs them deeply. The "Woman of the Meads" describes an old woman saying her rosary; it is finely done and ends with this lovely stanza:

Lady of faded face, of fallen cheek,
 Whispering Hail Marys as if unto a lover,
 She, the great lover, hears you when you speak
 The same words, never tiring, over, over.

The little ballad "The Birthday of the Queen" with its almost antique rhythm:

The angels trooped to Bethlehem
 When her light had shone on them.
 "And is God born at Nazareth
 And not at Bethlehem?"

displays the lighter, gayer, almost charmingly pious affection which the Virgin engenders in her worshippers. We, the readers of the poet are very thankful for a love, and the expression of a love, which takes so delightful a form.

To this reviewer the poem, "A Christmas Wish," is in many ways the best poem in the collection. It has a quietness, a charm about it that is really delightful:

I wish you nothing more of anything, if more
 Should crowd out any of your sympathy.
 Nor pray one single mite be added to your store,
 If when bestowed you feel less tenderly.
 Rather I wish you less, if having less
 You are richer grown when this Christmas day
 has smiled
 In love, in faith, in the wise foolishness
 That follows the leading of the Little Child.

This poem is taken from the section entitled "Christmas Songs", a group of verses celebrating the Nativity of Our Lord. They are among the most beautiful of the devotional verses; they have about them that mingled joy and awe which is so properly the noel spirit, and which nowadays we have sadly lost in our odd conception of the manner of remembering this the most solemn and happy of the spiritual feasts.

Like most poets Father Carroll has not been able to resist the sonnet, that difficult and dignified form which is only too often the snare and delusion of even the most skilled practitioner of verse writing. But Father Carroll has been more fortunate than most, in fact one may almost say his greatest success is attained in this form. His sonnets are firm, dignified, compact, and move with a strong and rising accent to their perfectly timed close. The one entitled "If Sorrow Come" is truly fine:

If Sorrow come and knock upon the door,
 Make haste and open to her, though she bring
 A summons asking the most precious thing
 Of all your treasures: even though never more
 Life wear the roseate splendor once it wore;
 Though loves be cleft in twain; yea, though she
 fling
 Black dark about you all the day or sting
 The heart like scorpions to the very core.
 Christ's feet were bathed by Sorrow at the feast;
 Sorrow received His blessed features on
 The dolorous way; she followed Him beside
 The moonlit sea; beloved of men the least,
 He loved her best, set her apart as one
 Worthy to walk beside Him till He died.

Notre Dame should be very proud to claim Father Carroll as one of its members. To have among the faculty creative writers is surely the greatest blessing an intellectual institution can possess. It is the surest sign that it is alive and moving, not a mere hive of dull erudition. "Heart Hermitage" is altogether a fine contribution to Catholic poetry, and Father Carroll should feel happy over his accomplishment, working as he does in this splendid tradition.

—MURRAY YOUNG, '29.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By Thomas A. Cannon

METROPOLITAN CLUB

The Cascade Room of the Hotel Biltmore in New York City was the scene of the annual Metropolitan Club Formal held on the night of December 28. The music for the dance was furnished by Howard Laly and his Savoy Plaza orchestra. Blue and Gold leather backed programs with the Notre Dame monogram stamped on them were given as favors. Over three hundred and fifty couples attended the dance which was the most successful ever given by the club. Warren Fogel was the general chairman.

DETROIT CLUB

Allen's Inn was the scene of the annual Detroit Club Dinner Dance held on the night of January 2. Jean Goldkette's Melody Makers furnished the music for the affair, which proved to be the best the club has ever given. Approximately two hundred couples were in attendance at the dance. Much credit for the success of the dance must be given to Walter MacFarland and Edward Neibel, whose work was untiring in arranging the affair.

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB

Far surpassing any previous affairs ever given by the Indianapolis Club was the Christmas Dinner Dance held in the Roof Garden of the Hotel Severin on the night of December 27. Tom Lanahan's orchestra furnished the music during the dinner and his band was then succeeded by Charlie Davis' Brunswick Recording orchestra, who played the program of dances. Handsome leather backed programs bearing the club's seal were presented to the one hundred and fifty couples attending the dance. John Rocap was the general chairman of the dance.

PEORIA CLUB

The first annual Dinner Dance of the Peoria Club was held in the Hotel Piere Marquette in Peoria, Illinois, on the night of December 29. Herb Heuer's Broadcasting orchestra from radio station WOC, Davenport, Iowa, furnished the music for the dance. Novel favors were presented to the one hundred and fifty couples attending the dance. William May, Henry Pratt, and Bourke Motsett were the men largely responsible for the success of the affair.

PITTSBURGH CLUB

The Christmas Dance of the Pittsburgh Club held at the Pittsburgh Field Club on the night of January 2 proved to be the outstanding social event of the holidays for the younger set in that city. The music furnished by Dewey Bergman and his Webster Hall orchestra was all that could be desired, and the three hundred couples in attendance was the largest in the history of the club's dances. The favors consisted of beautiful silver compacts, each of which bore the Notre Dame monogram. James W. Dodson was

general chairman, and he was given much assistance by President Bernard Conroy.

CLEVELAND CLUB

The Cleveland Club held its annual Christmas Dance in the Mid-day Club on the night of December 28. It is needless to say that the dance was successful when it is known that Ed Day and his band furnished the music. Novel favors, symbolic of the different months of the year, were given out preceding each dance to the two hundred and fifty couples attending. Norman J. McLeod and Otto Winchester were the chairmen in charge of the dance.

CHICAGO CLUB

Four hundred couples attended the annual Chicago Club Ball given in the Main Dining Room and in the Avenue of Palms of the Drake Hotel on the night of December 27. The music which was furnished by Bill Donahue and his University of Illinois Play Boys was such that would satisfy and how. Beautiful silver compacts with the Chicago Club seal attached were given as favors. Tom McNicholas, general chairman of the dance, and his committees are deserving of many congratulations for the grand success of the ball.

FOX RIVER VALLEY CLUB

The first annual Christmas Formal of the Fox River Valley Club was held in the ballroom of the Elks' Club in Aurora, Illinois, on the night of December 27. Dick Eade and his Cope Harvey orchestra furnished the music for the dance, at which over one hundred couples were in attendance. William Chawgo, general chairman of the dance, is deserving much of the credit for the success of the first social attempt of the club.

BOSTON CLUB

The annual Christmas Formal of the Boston Club was held in the Swiss room of the Copley Plaza Hotel on the night of December 28. Approximately two hundred couples attended the dance which proved to be the most successful ever given by the club. Bernie Arbrot's Jazz Hounds furnished the music and it was red hot. Charles Colton was in charge of the committees which carried out the arrangements for the dance.

GRAND RAPIDS CLUB

The annual Christmas Formal of the Grand Rapids Club was held in the Pantlind Ballroom on the night of December 29. One hundred and fifty couples enjoyed the program of dances played by Mel Gilleband's orchestra. The dance was the most outstanding and enjoyable affair the club has ever held and to Earl Leach and his committee much praise should be given.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

TWO WEEKS FROM TODAY

Quarterly examinations begin Friday, the twenty-fifth of January. That's exactly two weeks from today, and it's truer than it is trite that much can be accomplished in two weeks. There were quite a few green bulletins given out last quarter; the freshmen particularly were allotted many slips in their traditional hue. Too many men are in that "awkward squad"; men that everyone would prefer to have remain with us. It will be a laudable procedure to cram intensely these next two weeks and get off the probation list.

Cramming, as we know it, is a natural result of the American educational system. Some professors bewail it as a plague, others endure it as inevitable. Good or bad, it is unavoidable. Ostentatious Mrs. Chatterloudly delights to remark at a bridge table that her son is attending the university. Regardless of whether he is educating himself, or suffering others to educate him his sole duty is to remain at Swellsey. Frequently the young man has no concern in the matter of his education other than the continuance of an allowance and a parasitic existence. This vogue for college life, together with the curriculum's persistence in being ninety percent memory work has made cramming an institution. But does the student retain any value from a host of facts hurriedly crowded into an anxious brain, to be buried and forgotten with the passing of examinations. If education were a course in memory training, cramming would necessarily be condemned. As it is the student whose slower and surer brain balks at a ready and transient assimilation of facts it at a disadvantage in that his industriously earned grades are surpassed by the cleverer men. A quick hand can grasp a medal as surely as can a steady one.

There may be some "extroverts," two or three sons of Mrs. Chatterloudly, and an

occasional indiscreet, "big shot" collegian on our campus. They are decided misfits—this is not Swellsey. Should they be sent home there will be no widespread dismay. But for those men who want to make the grade, and who are sincerely trying Notre Dame has both encouragement and respect.

—A. H.

A WISE RECOMMENDATION

The recommendation of the Football Coaches Association assembled in annual meeting at New Orleans recently, that the rule governing a fumbled ball be revised to make the ball dead at the point of recovery, is a wise one. If the rules committee meeting later in the winter incorporates the recommendation into the rules, a so-called "lucky-break," which is in reality an ever-present hazard and oftentimes an inequitable advantage of one team over another will be constructively removed.

The coaches are against the present ruling on fumbled balls, primarily because it is not stringent enough. Except for a kick when the ball is declared dead at the place the receiver fumbles, there is the potential danger of a fumble being recovered by the opposing team, and either run back for a touchdown, or placed in an advantageous position for a score, or returned far enough to nullify brilliant offensive efforts of the team fumbling.

The recommendation of the Coaches Association has elicited much favorable comment from competent sports critics and authorities in all sections of the country. The few opponents to the recommendation such as Stagg of Chicago, are opposed to it mainly because if adopted it will do away with one of the greatest "thrills" in football. Certainly football has enough "thrills" already, and what are such "thrills" compared to securing a more equitable comparison in strength between two opposing elevens.

—J. V. H.

The Wink

ADD TO BEST SIMILES OF 1929

... As cold as a heated cab.

—THE BLACK KNIGHT.

PROPHECY

I.

He has told me—more than once
That I'm very clever.
(*She will be a darling dunce
He will love forever*)

II.

He has praised the songs I sing
Like a gallant fellow.
(*She will be a little thing
With hair of silky yellow*)

III.

He approved my bitterness
Lashing life with whips.
(*He will wait to hear her "Yes"
Whispered by shy lips*)

—TAO TUEN.

Dear Erring Knight:

It's really to be regretted that your chivalrous instincts bid you revert to Arthurian chivalry during such inclement weather. Fancy how an embroidered amulet, or a colorful plume would droop in this Hoosier slush and sleet. The goodly knights of the Table Round had better far remain at their feasting until the swallows return to the Camelots of our imaginations. O Erring Knight, I'm only a tie salesman from Kenosha, but grant my boon! Let us knights and squires keep to the roast beef and the Worcestershire sauce, and this night I would have me a dance with the fair Rowena.

Disconsolately,

MERLIN THE MILD.

RAINY DAY

*Slapping, hissing, splashing,
Comes the rain, at break of day.
Cold as the fingers of Neptune
As it hurries on it's way.*

*Wetting, beating, streaming,
As the Angelus strokes the noon:
Drenching all in it's pathway
A rollicking, gay, buffoon.*

*Soothing, loving, caressing,
It is here at the long day's end,
Like tears of the Blessed Virgin
Or the kiss of a long sought friend.*

—FREE LANCE.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

*Bare you are now, once brightly decked
With tinsel and with lights;*

*Dull you are now, once shining
And glittering, and bright.*

*Dull, dead, gray,
Once so very gay.*

*Green you were, and noble;
Caught the axe man's eye,
Brought for man's enjoyment
And now left to die.*

*Torn, crushed, brown,
Yes, fallen down.*

*Brief was your glory, little your joy,
Few brilliant rays did you send
Out to the world while your life was
Outflowing, and now is your end,
Dead, dead, dead,
Yes, even dead.*

—WAZMUS.

IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE, WE ARE NOT SCOTTISH

Dear Erring Knight:

I received your Christmas card for which I thank you very much, but I must confess that I was surprised at your request that I return it, as a matter of fact I very nearly didn't see it at all, it was just as I was on the verge of tossing the envelope in the waste basket that I saw your message on the back... return to Ye Erring Knight, care of the SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Ind., but here it is.

Your loving friend,

—BLUEFOOT.

Well, friends, here we are, back at the old stand and what not (not a real what not, of course, that is just a phrase we use) and we do hereby officially wish you all a happy New Year, as for ourselves we must say no thankyou, we have just had one. It seems that way-back-when, before vacation, we promised to surround this column with an Arthurian atmosphere but that requires a certain formality and at the present moment, having just returned from vacation, we are feeling very informal and sleepy and all in all not quite up to it, however, we do solemnly swear to have a simply darling Arthurian atmosphere worked out for next time with old English spelling and what not. (In case all this talk of Arthurian atmosphere seems a bit incoherent to you, we refer you to our announcement at the end of this column in the Christmas number) and you simply must let us have all those adorable contributions that you have been saving for us.

—YE ERRING KNIGHT.

LITERARY

Side Aisle—Back

FRANKLYN E. DOAN

A SWIRLING snow storm had whipped across Lake Merrimée, gaining in power as it rode the surging waves and pelted with merciless fury the city beyond. Dashing and driving, it had coated the downtown district with an icy blanket, kept dangerous by a besom of powerful wind.

It was nearing five o'clock in the evening of a desolate December day. Hundreds of men and women, released from their drudgery in office or factory or workshop, had been poured into the streets to battle—as best they could—the savage storm.

I, too, was caught in the scramble for protection. I had called a cab but no response had come. And then, a bit perturbed at the idea of walking, I bundled myself in a great coat and, pulling a woolen scarf about my throat and ears, sat out in the impending twilight.

It had been fascinating to sit in a comfortable office on the eight floor of the Associates' Building, watching the foaming fury whip across the watery stretch to pounce heartlessly upon the ill-protected clumps of buildings and homes. Now the fascination had passed away, for watching the storm was far more soothing than fighting it. Sliding thither, past slow-moving women hampered with children in arms, and daring men, agile of limb, I proceeded toward the State Building where I had an appointment with the Assistant Secretary of Tax Collections. After a quarter of an hour, I arrived at the destination and, as the revolving doors hurried me into the rotunda, I could feel relief creeping over my body. Absurdly enough, I could have taken a new pleasure at the pitiless frenzy of the elements.

If you have ever been in the rotunda of the State Building surely you have been im-

pressed by its singular splendor. Perhaps the huge marine mosaic, set artistically in the wall between the two marble stairways that lead from either side of the rotunda to the office floor above, catches your eye at once. So vividly is it done that you can almost feel the repressive heat of that bloody September battle which Admiral Perry waged to take Lake Erie. Or the tattered flags, preserved in glass cases set against the rococo niches in the marble walls, might rivet your attention. Guns and muskets and soldiers' uniforms, mute reminders of strife-laden months, stand out in sanguinary relief.

One object, not so simple as it would seem, has appealed to me more than any of the historical specimens have. It is the shining brass hand rail which borders each of the stairways just mentioned. It is very ordinary as brass rails go, dazzling with mirror-like brilliance as all rails should. Still it holds for me a soul-moving, even tragic meaning. The lustre of the rail has often attracted me and one day I found out who made the brass so iridescent. That is why the commonplace rail became so significant. The battered hulk of a woman who tended that stairway was interesting beyond words.

She was only a scrubwoman, plain, simple, humble. One afternoon, having had occasion to stand several minutes in the rotunda, I observed her minutely. She was a pudgy human wreck—well past middle age—facing the exactions of maturity with serious handicaps. One could see that her spirit and strength were waning, that her heart was beating out of habit rather than volition. There was no fire in her eyes, no color—be it ever so blunt—in her drooping saffron cheeks. A black cashmere shawl—it must have been the pride of her possessions one

day twenty years ago—was folded tightly around her head and from out it stray locks of steel-grey hair protruded wildly.

The history of a woman was inscribed indelibly on her broken body. The stooped shoulders reminded me that she had one day been noble and stately; the puffed saffron cheeks, outlined with rings of black as they neared the eyes, harked back to the days when she was pleasing of countenance and figure. Even the bony, shrunken hands, bulging here and there with purple lines where arteries ventured too close to the skin, reminded one of a stateliness which one day must have been her's.

People rushed by me, hurriedly making for their various destinations. Still I did not lose sight of her and, with an intensity that made me feel foolish when I thought of it sometime later, I watched every action of the woman.

She poured a white, sticky fluid on the rails and spread it over the surface as carefully as if the rail were a golden brocade and her's an immaculate hand. While the fluid dried, coating the rail with a flaky film, she stood inertly, a bland, empty expression—rather the complete absence of any expression—overspreading her face. In a moment her aged spine had creaked over the rail again, and, with surprising energy, she briskly rubbed a dampened cloth over the brass. Not for a moment did she stop because the loss of precious time would have left an ineradicable blight on her. When she had finished that portion of the rail, it shone with a lustre that astounded me.

On this particular evening, as I gained refuge from the seething storm outside, I almost bumped into the woman. She was preparing to buck the cutting snow herself. Somehow I was attracted to her as she made ready to leave the building. She pulled a baggy, moth-bitten coat about her and encased her hands in a pair of dilapidated gloves. Draining once again her meager store of energy, she pushed out into the merciless snow, headed, perhaps, for some wind-swept hovel devoid of heat and food, but, nevertheless, home to her. Wind moaned and snow

drove and cold bit fiercely, still the pudgy woman straightened feebly, looked out, grew doubtful, resolved again and departed.

Had I not known Father Thomas Manning, the woman's story might have been obscured from me even now. Father Tom and I had been school mates together—nor had our kind and deep-rooted friendship ever suffered relapse. Many were the hours that we had spent on the campus with each other, trying to peer into this thing that serious men are proud to call life.

Strangely enough, our respective callings brought us to the same metropolis. Father Tom as the pastor of St. Michael's Church and I as the legal counsel for an eastern manufacturing concern. Often I had sat of a Sunday evening in Father Tom's book-lined study and, while the venerable priest, now approaching the fifties, puffed at his French briar pipe and twiddled his prehensile fingers, I had thought of the old school days. Father Tom's pearly hair and effusive eyes, softened by the mist of blue tobacco smoke, were touching. One could almost see in his face an inherent love for humanity and all its wretched fragments. Too, Father Tom had come frequently to my suite in the Rothmoor, and, although I believe those semi-monthly visits to have been his only secular functions, he enjoyed them immensely.

One day, shortly before Christmas I had been called to the north side of town and by mere chance passed the parsonage of St. Michael's. It was almost four o'clock. That twilight which is wont to fall early in the winter months was then closing slowly about the deciduous oaks in the parsonage yard. Thinking that Father Tom would be free, since supper time approached so closely, I opened the gate and walked toward the house.

Apparently the priest had a caller for he stood, speaking quite seriously, on the stone stoop which projected from under his study door. His head was bare and his cheeks were rosy with the sharp breeze that was blowing against them. When Father Tom saw me he accosted me cordially with a "Hello, hello there, my friend!" I returned the greeting as I walked up the path, but my

concern was stirred at the sight of the person to whom Father Tom was talking.

What an old-fashioned woman she was! Undoubtedly she was well toward the fifty mark but age had furrowed her cheeks and weighted her shoulders unfairly. A faded grey coat, yawning with patches where the moths had made their meals, sagged loosely from her shoulders; an onerous hat, brightened with a mauve bird wing, rested clumsily on her head. Her shoes were run over at the heel and her whole appearance was such as to strike the note of pity in one's heart.

When I reached the stoop she turned to go and I heard Father Tom say to her, "All right, Mrs. O'Connor, I'll try to help you; come often and may God bless you."

As I confronted the woman, I found it difficult to conceal my surprise. She was none other than the rail-shiner, who worked in the State Building. She smiled emptily at me as she walked away. It occurred to me to ask Father Tom about her but remembering that discretion is the better part of valor, I was satisfied that I knew her name, and said nothing to the priest.

I merely exchanged greetings with Father Tom that evening because both of us had duties to perform. But I did agree to dine with him on the following Friday night and departed.

When six o'clock of the appointed Friday came, I was in the guest chair at the parsonage and Mary, the obliging maid, was holding a platter of broiled pickerel at my side, admonishing me in her broguish whine:

"Sure and it's good fish, Sir; you must take y'erself more of 't."

Father Tom and I ate heartily, all the time discussing events of import; laughing voluminously as reason demanded.

After supper the priest informed that he must guide his parishioners around the Way of the Cross. Both of us walked across the street to the Church where the devout had already assembled. The priest put on his surplus and stole. A moment later he was in the sanctuary.

Seated far back in the middle aisle, I followed the stations with the good parishioners of St. Michael's. When they had come to

the fourth station, I looked to the side and whom should I behold but the pudgy woman whom I had come to know as Mrs. O'Connor. There she was, sitting in the rear on the side aisle. Her eyes were lowered and her lips were moving almost imperceptibly. Her purple-veined hands jutted over the pew in front of her, and in them was clutched a black rosary. The old woman was impervious to the loudest distraction. I knew that she must be praying with all the fervor of her heart. Throughout the remainder of the service, I watched her. The more I looked at her, the more did I wonder how a woman could be so melancholy. No vigor, no action, no spirit, seemed to captivate her. Rather life was reflected in her as a sordid spectacle, unjust but necessary.

After Church that evening Father Tom, sprawled low in his morris chair, his collar and cassock off, told me the circumstances that he knew concerning Mrs. O'Connor. For ten years now she had worked in the State House and not a day had passed without her being found in Church, at Mass and Communion, or saying her beads with all the sincerity she could muster. The first time Father Tom met her, she told him that her husband had been buried only a short time before and that she was now alone in the world. Her son had left home five years before the father's death. She worked diligently in the State Building and it seemed as if she would spend her last days there. She must have held high hopes for her son's return, for she spoke of him often and talked frequently to Father Tom about him. She lived four blocks up the street behind Lawyer Shriver's home. Her forbidding little hut was a strange place for it possessed none of the comforts which one would associate with home. The parlor had but four objects of interest; two pictures, one of the son, the other of the father; a wasted sofa and a long black crucifix which had been taken from the father's coffin when he was buried. Beyond that room even Father Tom had never ventured, and he surmised that it contained about as much as did her hollow existence.

Late that night I took my leave of Father

Tom, and, as I rode the rubberneck bus back to the hotel, I thought much of the old woman. My cozy room at the Rothmoor was warm enough, but I wondered if icicles displaced glowing logs in the hearth of her wretched home, as well as in the depths of her miserable heart.

It was early May and the rigors of a severe winter had melted away with all the sinking meekness of a hawk who has been routed by a lesser adversary. Spring never appeals to a city dweller so wholesomely as it does to an inhabitant of rural places. The tender, caressing winds, the sluggish trickle of melting snow, the sentient carols of birds, all relate that hardship is gone and peace is nigh. Yet spring is a tangible thing to country folk who respond to a peculiar thrill when the dormant trees bud once again and the sleeping pasture bursts out in myriad verdant shouts.

For early half a year I had been away from the intense hubbub of the city. Pressure of business had called me forth and before I had found occasion to return, the spring had burst forth in all its attractiveness. Old bachelor that I was, once again did I sway before the soothing charms of Aurus.

I reacted to the thrill on the first evening home. The Rothmoor had a new appeal to me. It's gilded mezzanine was a haven of contentment rather than an endless storehouse of sofas and oriental lounges. Familiar haunts were alluring again; the sportive habits of sportive restaurants were in their favorite places, tossing wilted roses at prurient dancers or meager tips to obliging servants. The spirit of romance rushed through them once again.

Outside it was different, too. Waggish sweeps of wind brushed lightly against towering masses of stone, and whined fickle notes into their mute ears. They even ventured on Lake Merrimée and blithely ruffled the lapping waters. Pedestrians unbuttoned their lightweight coats and responded to the new sensation as if the elixir of life were seeking to rejuvenate weary limbs.

Even Father Thomas Manning, the staid

divine, reacted to the spring. Six months had not changed him unless they had placed a kindlier twinkle in his eye or a ruddier glow in his cheek. He, too, was enjoying the exalted return of spring with a kind of buoyant liberty.

I saw Father Tom two days after my arrival, and, characteristic of his unending hospitality, he asked me to the last Mass on the following Sunday, and to dinner. On the way down town that day, I stopped in the State Building and oddly enough the brass rails captivated me. Memory flashed with eagle's speed and I thought of a pudgy, ochre-hued woman whose life was being poured on those rails just to make them shine and radiate the spring, when undeniably it was winter to her.

Arriving at Father Tom's shortly before eleven o'clock on the following Sunday, I accompanied him to the Church. St. Michael's was clothed in festive apparel for it was a momentous occasion in the parish's history. Father Tom was to preach a sermon of eulogy for a young priest who was about to say his first Mass.

"He's a fine young man," Father Tom told me, "and he'll make an excellent priest. Good voice, fine education, devout ideals, alert mind—."

A few minutes later the Mass had begun and I, sitting in the center aisle, as was my wont, listened and watched closely. My eyes were beholding the neat Church; my ears were taking in every note that poured from the choir of mature Irishmen.

Indeed, I lapsed for a moment! Almost at reverie it was and then I awakened suddenly, astonished at the sight. For on my right, heedless of everything around her, knelt a pudgy woman. How erectly she knelt, bending her every energy toward making her fervid prayers fragrant bouquets for her God. Her eyes were closed easily and her lips were murmuring, for she must have had a purpose at stake.

But the woman astonished me! She was so different now! The same bony fingers clutched the black beads and the same veins showed in purple bulkiness. The shoulders were still stooped and the head still hung a bit limply but withal there was a nobility of bearing.

The cheeks were still saffron-hued and black rings still ran around the eyes. Yet there was a hint of happiness there for the eyes shone clearly and the sunken cheeks radiated softness. And surprise of surprises! The baggy grey coat had given place to a trim fitting brown. The onerous hat was succeeded by a finer head dress. I mused to myself, and, just as the thought occurred to me that spring had burst on a life apparently bleakened altogether by winter, the anvil-ringing of a forceful voice struck my ears.

Father Tom never made so eloquent a talk as he made on that Sunday morning in May. I followed every word with curious activity and I marvelled at his strong, pleaful words. He was eulogizing the young man who had signed over his life to a noble cause.

"Life is a sea and all are derelict," Father Tom had reasoned. "Some human derelict has a touch of nobility that makes it appear worthy in the sight of God. Every man who ennobles his own humble station, who subjugates his base passions and raises the standard of his miserable life, is snatching himself from the mass of sea-swept derelict."

Such a man was this young crusader of God, Father Tom had said, and they who were to be in his parish should honor him and pray that he might discharge his inspired duty in an effective manner.

Father Tom's eloquent words rang in my heart with a melodious sweetness. Somehow they were so timely, so truthful, so beautiful; so timely because they were in the spirit of the spring; so truthful because they defied reproof; so beautiful because they spoke the heart.

After Mass I walked out of the Church, greeted my acquaintances, and started to the Sacristy. Father Tom's sermon was still running through my mind and I wanted to tell him how I appreciated it. Opening the door, I entered the heavily carpeted room, sylvan in its silence. I forgot my intention to see the priest for the scene before me was a heart-appealing one.

A handsome young priest, sincere and holy looking, was standing in the center of the sacristy by a kneeling bench and upon his shoulder was a woman who sobbed emotionally.

"My boy—I knew God would—would—send you back," she said. She threatened to become hysterical but calmed herself; and then: "Look how He has blessed me now."

They turned to go away, the two of them, one a young priest, the other a furrowed woman.

After she had turned around, I was struck as with thunder for her cheeks were of saffron tint and her eyes were lined with black. The priest who had finished his first Mass was holding a gnarled old hand whose veins protruded with purple bulkiness.

Father Tom and I walked back to the parsonage, each of us prone to silence. Finally I spoke:

"It seems that every winter must have its spring, Father.

"Yes," he answered, "and every life has its bright spots along with its obstacles."

Lilac trees poured out their perfumed tidings and plump-breasted robins played in ecstatic glee. A pudgy woman lost herself in a son's arms.



Cats

LOUIS L. HASLEY

NO doubt the most joked-about of domestic animals is the cat; and of them, with the exception of the asinine and elephantine emblems of our two foremost political parties, it is the oftenest personified. Just why the cat occupies such a place in man's imagination I can offer only the feeble theory that, to personify man in the range of his actions, from murder to love for mankind requires an animal that is at once lovable and treacherous. Such is the cat.

One of the most popular personifications is that of Krazy Kat, which furnishes food for juvenile minds in many of the daily newspapers. Here, crazily enough, a certain cat is portrayed with characteristics resembling in many ways the college man. It seems always to be sleeping in the daytime and abroad at night; and frequently making inane remarks that strike somewhere near the college conversational level.

Then there is Felix. Every patron of the cinema knows Felix—the cat that made Aesop famous through a new and better interpretation of the ancient fables. The fact that the moral is never traceable to the picture never weakens the effect—nor is it ever bemoaned that this same moral is clothed in the linguistic garb of a modern wise-crack. People hear enough preaching in church, they say. Usually Felix scampers around northern icebergs, polar bears, and snow-capped mountains for the space of several agonies, and then fades out with the moral, "Life is one damn thing after another. Love is—" well, why not?

There is, however, a more notorious cat than those I have mentioned. There is the lady who remarks, "Look at Mrs. Brown's hat. She says it is a new one, but I happen to know that it is her last year's hat made over. She bought the trimmings at Kresge's." Then there is the man who flies into a rage when he finds that his wife has used his only razor blade to trim her toenails. This species is known as a "wild cat."

According to traditional characteristics, a cat is said to lead lives in multiples of nine, proportionately to the number of its inamoratas. I think it will, however, be generally conceded that cats love solitude, so we shall probably have little occasion to refer to a cat as leading more than eighteen lives, even allowing it two sweethearts.

In spite of the amusement I get from reading feline jokes, the basis for such humor is often much too local and painful to be fully appreciated. For instance, when I come home late at night, relishing the prospect of a nice meat sandwich, I find that someone has inadvertently left the door to the icebox open and that the cat has preceded me. Disgustingly I flop into bed. And perhaps, just as I am about to doze off, I am rudely startled by a rasping, nocturnal serenade from the back fence.

That is when I rise, walk grimly to the closet, withdraw a ten-gauge shotgun loaded with powder and bullets and shoot the pest without even so much as opening a window. What matter if I have to buy, beg, or steal another cat for baby sister the next day? I have had my revenge.



The Fall Of The Curtain

*I SAW him in the twilight of his day,
And heard his voice, a dying echo;
Followed his falling, aged tread,
And felt the weight that made his shoulders droop.*

*How bold a giant, and how strong a man
Must he have been when Time was prime with him!
What powers rested in his potent tongue,
And what a pace the tireless feet did set.*

*With what a force that massive body hurled
Itself into the mass of things called Life!
What flaming fires lit his burning eyes,
What strong emotions moved his bulky chest!*

*The dancing flames have lost their smarting pains
And, withering into shortened tongues
Forego their searing fires;
The brightness of the Day God fades away
Bathed in the heart-blood glow of setting sun.*

—JOHN NANOVIC.



SPORT NEWS

Notre Dame Buries Detroit Under 49-14 Score

Visitors Succumb to Terrific Second Half Attack

Bray, Moynihan, and Colrick Return to Lineup

Dr. George Keogan's scrappy Notre Dame five made it three in a row in their comeback following the disastrous sessions with Indiana and Northwestern, when they overwhelmed the cage representatives of the University of Detroit, 49-14 in the Blue and Gold gym last Saturday.

The Keoganites found no difficulty penetrating the visitors' defense, but they were temporarily off when it came to shooting baskets as it took them nine minutes and twenty-three shots before Frank Crowe finally sank a two-pointer. From then on it was comparatively easy, and with Crowe and Smith leading the attack, Notre Dame lead 15-8 at the half.

The second twenty minutes of play was characterized by a Notre Dame attack which swept everything before it. Coach Keogan's pony forwards, Mike Teders and Geever Gavin continued where co-captain Crowe and Jachym left off, and John McCarthy and Bob Vogelwede also displayed commendable games of basketball. The second half also signalized the return to the court of Jim Bray and Tim Moynihan. They worked together nicely as of old, and with a pair of such capable reserves ready to be substituted at a moment's notice for the first-string

guards, Smith and Donovan, it looks as though the Doctor's guard troubles are well taken care of.

John Colrick, veteran center, started the battle at his old position for the first time this season. His return to active service again on the hardwood after recovering from leg injuries sustained during the football season should increase the defensive and offensive strength of the team.

There were no outstanding stars for Notre Dame, as each of the fourteen players that Coach Keogan used during the course of the evening played about the same brand of clever, alert basketball.

Gavin's three successive field goals immediately after being inserted into the game in the second half, Moynihan's sensational basket after dribbling the entire length of the court, Donovan and Smith's smooth teamwork, all featured the second half. Lloyd Brazil, All-America halfback, played center for the visitors and stood out. He, with his team-mates, Dawson and Aaron bore the brunt of the defensive work, and on those rare occasions when they had the opportunity to, played a smooth game on offense. All in all the team looked like the teams of



CO-CAPTAIN FRANCIS CROWE,
Forward

old and no fear need be entertained of the recent slump continuing throughout the season.

The lineup:

NOTRE DAME (49)				DETROIT, (14)			
	G	F	PF		G	F	PF
Crowe, f	2	0	0	Butcher, f.	0	0	0
Jachym, f	2	1	3	Aaron, f.	1	2	2
Colrick, c	0	0	0	Brazil, c.	2	1	0
Donovan, g	0	0	1	Dawson, g.	1	1	2
Smith, g	3	0	0	Butler, g.	0	0	0
Newbold, c	1	0	0	Phelan, f.	0	0	1
Gavin, f.	3	0	1	Maloney, c.	1	0	0
Teders, f.	2	0	0	Roney, g.	0	0	1
Moynihan, g.	1	0	0				
Bray, g.	0	0	0				
Leahy, f.	1	0	0				
McCarthy, f.	2	4	1				
Busch, c.	2	0	0				
Voblewede, c.	2	2	1				
Total				Totals			
	21	7	7		5	4	7

Officials: referee, Dale Miller, Carnegie Tech; umpire, Fred Young, Illinois Wesleyan.

Score at half: Notre Dame 15; Detroit 4.

Free throws missed: Notre Dame 6; Detroit 4.

CAGERS TROUNCE ALBION — BEAT KANSAS TWICE—LOSE TO NORTHWESTERN AND INDIANA

AT NOTRE DAME, SATURDAY, DEC. 15—
NOTRE DAME 15, ALBION 8

Continuing their good work following a one-sided victory over Armour Tech, the Notre Dame basketball players defeated the Albion College quintet by the score of 15-8. The contest was featured by the exceptionally fine defensive work of both teams, with the hosts having a slight edge in this respect.

The game throughout the first half was played on fairly even terms, with the visitors displaying remarkable floor work and excellent passing. The score at half time found the Blue and Gold passers on the long end of a 6-5 score. In the night-cap, however, the Keoganites started a belated rally that netted them nine additional points while they were holding their opponents to three.

McCarthy and Jachym were the shining lights for the victors, while the Grave brothers kept Albion in the running.

AT NOTRE DAME, TUESDAY, DEC. 19—
NOTRE DAME 14, NORTHWESTERN 18

A pair of reserves, dug up by Coach Lunborg at the last moment, when two of his regulars were down with the "flu," proved to be the deciding factor in Northwestern's thrilling triumph over Notre Dame. These two men, Bergherm and Schultz, playing forward and guard respectively, aided materially in handing the Gold and Blue its first defeat on the home floor since its erection in 1925. The game was fast and furiously contested throughout and was marked with many sparkling plays on both sides.

Off to a fast start, the Purple standard bearers, led by Marshall, started looping basket after basket before the Notre Dame machine could function smoothly. The half time score found Keogan's men trailing 9-3, but soon after the final period was underway, the fireworks started. Newbold and Donovan ran wild and dropped in two field goals apiece to tie the count at 12 all. It was at this point that Bergherm started his devastating work. Dribbling half way up the floor he heaved a beautiful one-handed shot and the inflated leather went sailing directly through the loop. Smith again tied the score when he tallied from mid-floor. Bergherm was not to be denied, however, and on a perfect pass from Schultz he again tallied to give his team the lead. Two free throws shortly after this two-pointer gave Northwestern a four point advantage and before Notre Dame could get started again the game ended.

Donovan and Newbold led the Notre Dame attack, while Smith's defensive work featured. Bergherm and Marshall were the main cogs in the Northwestern play.

AT NOTRE DAME, FRIDAY, DEC. 21—
NOTRE DAME 17, INDIANA 29

The Notre Dame cagers suffered their second set-back of the season when the representatives of Indiana University captured a well-earned 29-17 decision. The game was replete with thrills from beginning to end, and easily takes a place among outstanding Hoosier basketball

classics. Notre Dame started out strong and had chalked up six markers before Indiana tallied. Wells and McCracken soon found themselves, however, and working smoothly soon made things interesting for the Keoganites. The score at the half found Indiana enjoying an 11-6 lead.

In the final period the Bloomington passers ran away from Notre Dame and soon built up a comfortable lead that was threatened on numerous occasions, but not to any great extent. On the short end of a 21-15 count the Notre Dame crew started to shoot from long range, but could not sink the ball through the loop. A few minutes before the game ended Wells and McCracken again started to shoot baskets from all angles and Indiana went into a 29-17 lead. The game ended shortly afterward.

Jachym and Donovan played their usual bang-up game for Notre Dame, while Wells and McCracken were the outstanding stars for the victors.

—♦—

AT KANSAS, FRIDAY DECEMBER 28
NOTRE DAME 32, KANSAS 21

After battling Notre Dame to a 14-14 tie at half time, the Jayhawks were deluged under a cloud of goals to go down to defeat in the first of a two game series. Trailing for the greater part of the first half, Kansas started a rally that put the teams to a deadlock, but the final Notre Dame barrage proved too much for them to cope with.

With the crowd expecting a replica of the closely fought first half Notre Dame's whirlwind attack in the final twenty minutes of play left them gasping. Holding Kansas scoreless for the third quarter the Keoganites altered among themselves to run the count up to 26. Here Paden and Plumley were substituted and Kansas took new life. With a fine display of fighting spirit, they amassed a total of 19 points, as Thompson tallied twice and Bishop cashed in a charity heave. But the Gold and Blue was not through. Jachym tallied

from close in, Crowe sent the gallery into applause with a bit of fancy dribbling into the net for two more points, and Donovan concluded the Hoosier scoring with a long range shot as the game ended.

Jachym, Crowe and Donovan featured the Notre Dame attack, while Thompson and Cox starred for Kansas.

—♦—

AT KANSAS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29
NOTRE DAME 29, KANSAS 17

Led by Frankie Crowe and Ed Smith the Keoganites sent Kansas down for their second straight defeat in two days by a 29-17 score. Gaining an early lead of eight points before the Jayhawks were able to register Notre Dame swept through the Kansas defense to win in a fashion decisive enough to convince even the most doubting of the doubting Thomases among the Missourians.

After winning the previous game by an eleven point margin the Gold and Blue raised the ante and this time led the Mount Oread crew by twelve points at the finish. The Keoganites started strong. In the opening moments Crowe netted one from the foul line and Ed Smith dribbled through to count from under the basket. Jachym put his iron into the fire with a long heave from the center of the floor and Crowe again tallied after taking a pass from Smith near the foul line.

It was at this point that Kansas came to life. Paden counted from the gift line and a few moments later tallied from the side of the court. Ramsay, playing with a half healed hand which he had broken in a previous game, cashed in on a two-pointer from the long range district. Here Notre Dame again spurted and led at the half, 15-8.

The second half was a repetition of the first. The visitors got away to another early lead and kept pecking at the hoop continually to send their score upward.

Crowe, Smith and Jachym were ever in the limelight for Notre Dame, while Thompson and Paden, of the hosts, again showed the way to the rest of their mates.

TRACKMEN ROUNDING INTO FORM FOR STRENUOUS SCHEDULE

A large squad of enterprising athletes, all intent upon the difficult task of raising Notre Dame's track reputation to the same heights of glory and respect achieved by her gridiron teams, has been working out daily under the tutelage of Coach Nicholson. Approximately fifty men have reported for varsity track, while the number of freshmen candidates will probably reach an equal proportion. The bitterly cold weather of the last few days, which has greatly decreased the student patronage at the matinee performances of the South Bend theatre section, has also served to stimulate interest in indoor track.

Joe Abbott, the speedy half-miler who has been recuperating from an acute attack of pneumonia, has been going through his paces regularly and seems to show no serious after-effects of his recent sickness, although there is some doubt about his competing this season. Quigley, Stephan, and Kelly are the other lettermen in the middle-distance events. Reidy, McConville, Sylvester, Hewson, and Cunningham are the most likely-looking of the newer candidates for the gruelling 440 and 880-yard races. The Brown brothers have been showing up in old-time form, and give promise of duplicating their performances of other years.

CAPTAIN ELDER RETURNS

The return of Captain Elder, whose attention had been absorbed by football, greatly bolstered the morale of the trackmen and augmented the ranks of the sprinters in particular. Other aspiring sprinters include Boagni, O'Connor, Trandall, Redgate, and Hardaker. Coach Nicholson, himself a world-famous hurdler in years past, has been devoting special attention to the candidates for this, his favorite event. A wealth of timber-toppers is available in the persons of Conlin, O'Brien, England, Reiman, and Acers. The prospects in the field events are not quite as bright as those on the track, and green material will constitute, for the most part, the personnel of the field groups.

The schedule which confronts the Irish

cinder-path artists includes several of the leading track teams of the country. The relay meets in particular will bring Nicholson's men into competition with many of the nation's outstanding track stars. As a preliminary to the opening of the regular season, two traditional meets will be held to determine who's who and to separate the fleet-footed from the flat-footed. These are the annual Blue and Gold meet, and the Freshman-Varsity handicap.

The tentative schedule, which has not yet been formally approved by the Athletic Board of Control, follows:

INDOOR

- January 24—Blue and Gold meet.
- February 1—Freshman-Varsity handicap.
- February 9—Indiana at Notre Dame.
- February 16—Illinois at Notre Dame.
- Feb. 23—Northwestern at Notre Dame.
- March 2—Wisconsin at Madison.
- March 9—Central Conference Meet at Notre Dame.
- March 16—Illinois Relays at Urbana.

OUTDOOR

- April 20—Kansas Relays at Lawrence.
- April 27—Penn Relays at Philadelphia, or Drake Relays at Des Moines.
- May 4—Illinois at Urbana.
- May 11—Michigan State at Notre Dame.
- May 18—Indiana State meet at Bloomington.
- May 25—I. C. A. A. A. at Philadelphia.
- June 1—Central Conference meet at East Lansing.
- June 8—N. C. A. A. at Chicago.

—J. G. P.

INTERHALL BASKETBALL TO OPEN SUNDAY

The interhall basketball season will officially get under way Sunday morning when the light and heavy teams of Carroll and Howard clash on the varsity floor and in the apparatus room, respectively. Following this game will be the Brownson-Freshman contest after which refreshments will be served in the University Dining Hall to combatants and non-combatants alike.

At half past one play will be resumed again

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with all teams in the interhall light and heavy leagues meeting. A complete schedule of Sunday's contests will be found below. All halls having light weight teams will meet the same opponents as the heavy team of the hall at the same hour—the only difference lying in the fact that all lightweight games will be played on the apparatus room floor.

The schedule, Sunday, January 13:

9:30 Carroll-Howard.

10:30 Brownson-Freshmen.

1:30 Off Campus-Lyons.

2:30 Morrissey-Badin.

3:30 Walsh-Corby.

4:30 Sorin-Sophomore.

—J. H. ZUBER.

"BOTTS" CROWLEY ACCEPTS POSITION ON CINCINNATI "TIMES-STAR"

John Crowley, more familiarly known as "Botts," leaves Notre Dame tomorrow to accept a position on the sports staff of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. "Botts" graduated from the College of Arts and Letters last June but returned in September to take a post-graduate course in Boy Guidance. He has been in charge of equipment and assistant-trainer for the past three years and it is with regret that his numerous friends and acquaintances see him go. "Botts" should make good in the newspaper game as his knowledge of sports, acquired on the playing field as well as the sidelines, is far above the average.

DON MILLER AIDS MATERIALLY IN GEORGIA TECH'S SUCCESS

A large measure of the success of Georgia Tech's undefeated national championship football team this year is due to the competent backfield coaching of Don Miller, half-back on Notre Dame's famous Four Horsemen combination in 1924. The ex-Notre Dame star has been Head coach Bill Alexander's right hand man for the past four years, and in that interim has turned out many fine backs to materially aid the Yellowjackets in annexing several Southern Conference titles and finally the national championship this season.

An echo that circles the globe



Sightseers returning from the Alps never fail to babble of the marvelous echoes that reverberate so obligingly from peak to peak.

But no such phenomenon matches a certain echo that keeps circling this whole mundane sphere. It is the best-known cigarette slogan ever coined—the Chesterfield phrase “They Satisfy.”

Originated to describe a unique coupling of

qualities seemingly opposed—“they’re mild, and yet they satisfy”—its descriptive accuracy was instantly perceived. Today it echoes and re-echoes wherever cigarettes are smoked:

“Satisfacen...ils *satisfont*...THEY SATISFY!”

And rightly enough, for Chesterfields *are* mild—and they *DO* satisfy...and what more can *any* cigarette offer?

CHESTERFIELD

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



The Best Call of All

There are many meanings for the word "call" in the college boy's vocabulary. First is the call for higher learning, his reason for coming to college . . . then there is the call to dinner, which he has known since cradle days . . . the class roll call with which he is familiar every school day . . . and the season's call to basketball practice which stirs his athletic veins.

But the best call of all is the telephone call home. To hear the voices of mother and dad puts new life into his academic routine. To talk with them is like a stimulus which sends him back to his studies, his practices, his social duties, in a refreshed frame of mind.

Make it a pleasant habit to talk home once every week.

Charges may be reversed to the home telephone.



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WEEK OF
January 13

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SUN., MON., TUES.

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The Sensational "Yipee" Film with
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RAMON NOVARRO with Anita Page in

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 December 2, 1927

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 An' a-thinkin', dear of you;
 An' a candle's burnin' brightly,
 An' it says your love is true.
 For the days are long, of waitin',
 An' the nights are longer still,
 An' sometimes (always smokin')
 I pick up this old quill—
 An' try to write some poetry
 To tell you of my love.
 As poetry it ain't much good,
 But—holy days above—
 It's jest the best I can, an' so
 You'll find me, when I'm through.
 Jest a-sittin', smokin' Edgeworth,
 An' a-thinkin', dear, of you.
 "J"

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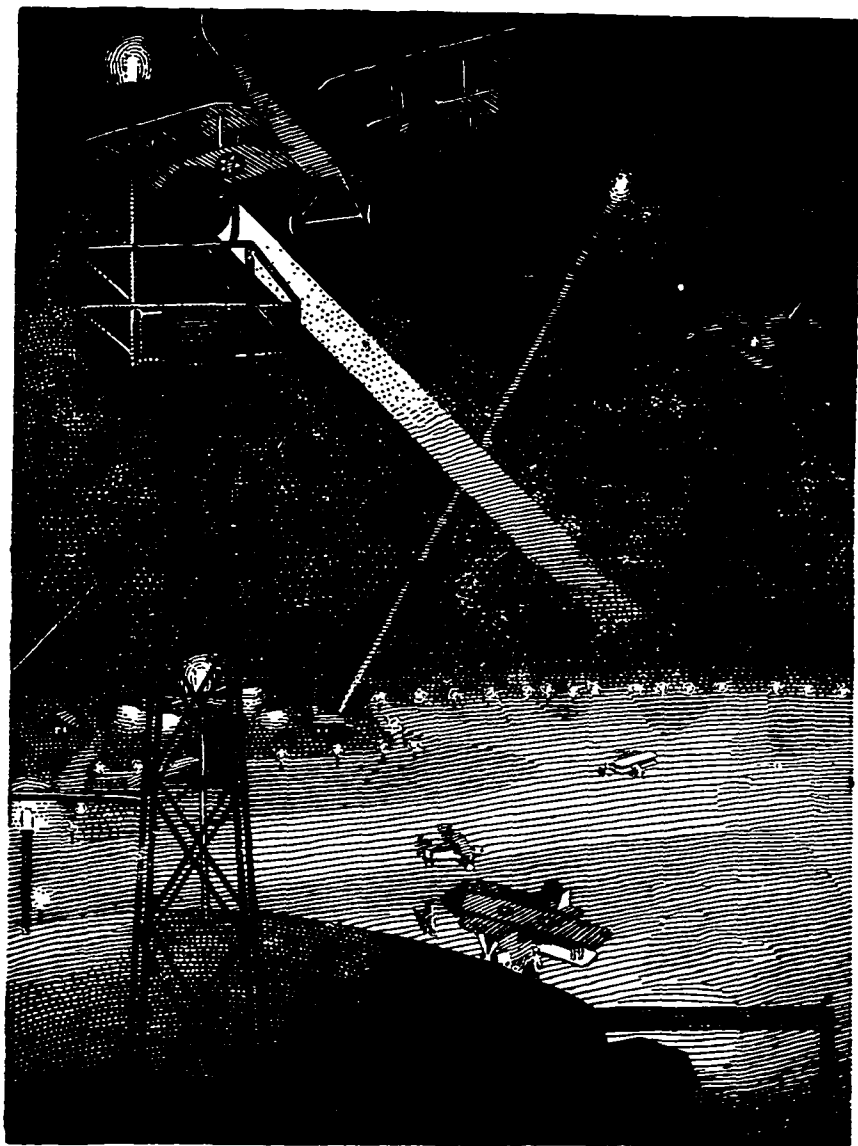
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