

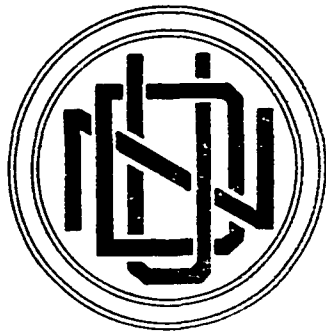
9-20

# Notre Dame Scholastic

VOL. LVII.

JANUARY 18, 1929

No. 15.

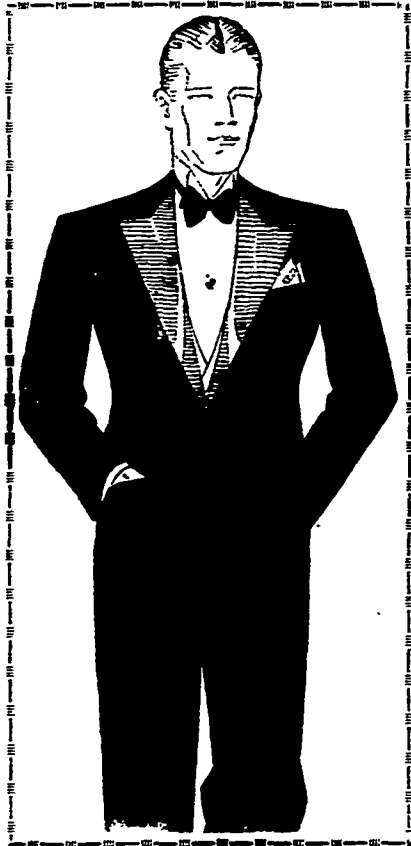


*15 Cents the Copy*

*\$3.00 the Year*

LEMMING LIBRARY -  
NOTRE DAME, LOCAL

*Tuxedos*  
*for the*  
*Junior*  
*Prom*



The wardrobe of the college man is not complete without a Tuxedo. It is a contributor to countless pleasant evenings. For these formal garments are as comfortable and easy-fitting as they are good looking. Fine fabrics trimmed with the best grades of silk and satin. Beautifully tailored in every detail—correct beyond question.

\$25      \$35

**TUXEDOES** tailored at Fashion Park and by Hickey-Freeman—the world's finest.....\$45 to \$75

Formal Accessories — Shirts, Neckwear, Collars, Jewelry — await your inspection.

**MAX ADLER**  
**C O M P A N Y**

On the Corner

Michigan and Washington

# WYMAN'S

Swanky Cowhide  
Gladstone Bags  
Special \$19.50

These leather gladstones of boarded cowhide meet your light-luggage need. You will find them easy to handle and yet there is plenty of roomy packing space. Black and brown, all leather lined, with short or all around straps. In 22 and 24 inch sizes. Stop in your first chance and see this real bargain. Originally \$26.50, now \$19.50.

*George L. Miller*

*103 North Main Street  
South Bend, Indiana*

*Saturday, Jan. 19th Only*

*33 1-3% Discount on*

**SHIRTS**

**TIES**

*Pajamas*

*and all haberdashery.*

\*\*\*

*33 1-3% Discount on*

**SUITS**

**OVERCOATS**

**TOPCOATS**

**FELT HATS**

*Strictly Cash.*

\*\*\*

**IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC  
MEN'S WEAR**

# THE OLIVER BARBER SHOP



LOOK YOUR BEST FOR  
THE PROM

—o—

"Barbers to the  
Particular Student"

—o—

Manicuring

—o—

205 W. Washington Ave.  
THE OLIVER HOTEL  
Phone 3-7171

# WHO?

Wants a Good

# RADIO

Very Cheap?

—

**5 Tube Battery Sets**

(Good condition)

**\$5 to \$20**

**Elbel Bros.**

104-06 S. MICH. SOUTH BEND

*Livingston's*



*Headquarters for  
Notre Dame  
Men  
for correct*

Tuxedos

Dress Shirts

Dress Collars

Studs

Dress Ties

Hose

Suspenders

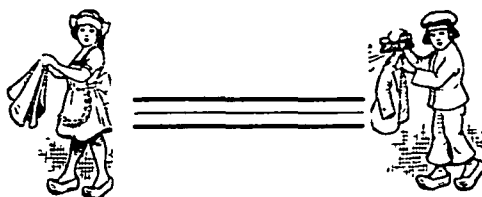


CARL D. LOVE, Mgr.

R. CLIZBE KING

—  
HAVE YOUR "TUX"  
CLEANED AND PRESSED  
FOR THE  
JUNIOR PROMENADE  
—  
THE

**LITTLE DUTCH CLEANERS**



**Campus Representatives**

Hotel LaSalle

Telephone 3-5687

**Foreber**  
**Introducing**  
**the New—our hobby**



**Ellsworth's**

Where  
Notre Dame Men  
Meet

"Always  
in the  
Crowd"



Hot and  
Cold  
Drinks

Pop Corn

Excellent  
Sandwiches

Candy

KEWPEE HOTEL HAMBURG  
311 North Michigan Street

ORDER YOUR  
PROM CORSAGE  
FOR "HER"

—At—

WILLIAMS  
THE FLORIST



*Flowers Telegraphed Anywhere  
on Short Notice.*

219 WEST WASHINGTON AVE.  
TELEPHONE 3-5149

GILBRO'S

Formerly Army Store  
330 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET

For Field Shoes.....\$3.65

4-buckle Galoshes .....\$2.95 up

1-buckle Galoshes .....\$1.50 up

Corduroy Pants, brown and  
blue ..... \$2.95 up

All Wool Sweaters.....\$2.95 up

We have all manner of Wearing  
Apparel for outdoor  
winter sports.

*Where Notre Dame Men Come  
For Exceptional Food*

The  
China Inn

NOON LUNCHEON, 50 CENTS

DINNER, 65 CENTS

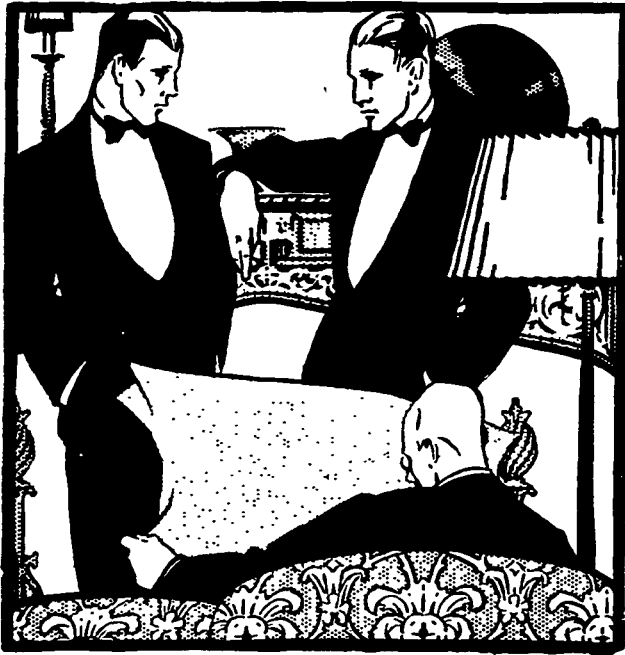
SUNDAY DINNER, \$1.00

\* \* \*

Bring your "Prom guest" in for that  
Tasty Dinner before the dance  
or the show.

\* \* \*

210 N. MAIN STREET  
*Next to the City Hall*



Copyright 1928 Hart Schaffner & Marx

## Going to the “Junior Prom”

And if you go, go right — and that means a smart “Tux.” Women appreciate style. They know how a dinner coat should look--- it compliments them to have you right.

*“Spirotux” suits are right in  
every detail*

**\$35 to \$65**

*The correct waistcoats, correct dress shirts and spade or blunt-end ties to wear with it are here, too—everything you need for dress occasions.*

# Sam'l Spiro Co.

*The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes*

The  
**1872 Notre Dame Scholastic 1929**

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Vicarius-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>	J. ARCHER HURLEY, '30..... <i>The Week</i>
JAMES M. RAGEN, JR., '29... <i>Ass't Man'g 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
VINCENT McINTIRE, '30		ROBERT J. FISCHER, '32

**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	ANDREW McGUAN, '32

---

VOL. LVII JANUARY 18, 1929. No. 15.

---

**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

The Week .....	<i>J. Archer Hurley</i> .....	462
"The Prom Beautiful" .....		466
Lawyers Ready For Formal.....		467
Examination Schedule .....		468
The College Parade.....	<i>Bernard A. Walsh</i> .....	470
The Editor's Page .....		471
The Wink .....		472
"A Rendezvous With Beauty".....	<i>Roger Hearn</i> .....	473
Queen Elizabeth—Patroness .....	<i>Brother Emil, C.S.C.</i> .....	475
A Few Remarks on Walking.....	<i>Paul Marie</i> .....	476
Peanuts .....	<i>Walter M. Langford</i> .....	479
To Flora In Autumn (Poem).....	<i>Brother Emil, C.S.C.</i> .....	480
Notre Dame Bows to Kentucky.....	<i>J. Gilbert Prendergast</i> .....	481
Splinters From the Press Box.....	<i>H. A. S., Jr.</i> .....	484

---

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

This is the beginning of the end. The format of the SCHOLASTIC is to be changed, and you have the last issue of the old regime in your clutches. It would be too optimistic, perhaps, to liken the proposed transformation to a reptile's hibernation, for the snake stays under frozen ground to emerge with a new skin and a ravishing appetite in the spring. The SCHOLASTIC will sleep for only three weeks, but will come forth with a new format, and it has ever been open mouthed for literary tidbits. However, not even the Oklahoma poets herald spring on February eighth, the date on which the new species rears its head. Applying their efforts to the university's disparagement, scribes and subscribers have sometimes interpreted literally another reptilian figure. They consider a campus publication's end as being cynicism; Skippy puts it, "Snake in the grass—always belittlin'." These "belittlin'" members of our hammer and tongs clubs would get a novel aspect of the university's activities by observing the straggling bread line that forms every afternoon at the community kitchen. Urchins as ragged and almost as frankly human as Skippy's pal, Mortimer, are there. And again, bread lines and bait dances have similarities; the feminine thirst for the punch bowl, or the honest hunger for bread—which pang is keenest?

When Bob Mannix returned from the infirmary he was met with a welcome that was warm, in fact, torrid. His Sorin sub room had a hybrid atmosphere, the dominant characteristic was a morgue, while the recessive wavered between a publicity desk and an obituary column. We don't need any courses in interior decorating.

"Educators have found that boys and girls who study piano have the highest grades in arithmetic, geography, and other studies"—this being the week before examinations, had Joe Casasanta endorsed that

advertisement what a collection of Jew's-harps, harmonicas, and "birdie" whistles would flood the halls. Colleges might well advertise in the popular magazines. Wouldn't you like to see Aimee McPherson's endorsement of Carnegie Tech? Or Al Smith's recommendation of Southern California?

Two violins, a viola, and a cello, bowed in Washington Hall, and interspersed with the tuneful idiosyncrasies of Lee Simms, were in social competition with the syncopaters who swayed the formal over the way Tuesday night. The events were equal in importance and success; every man choosing for himself, at least in one gathering.

Socially speaking, the students have neglected one of the annual affairs. Four or five active residents of Freshman Hall need only to snowball the idlers about the steps of Sophomore to get this party started. Tradition has ordained informal garb, and everyone is allowed to attend. The snow won't last forever, therein it differs from the interhall basketball schedule of last Sunday. That strange odor, resembling furniture polish, and noticeable in many classrooms these last few days, isn't a breeze from Arabia, or a soup from Nicolini's. It is eucalyptus oil, emanated from someone's ears, and was applied to ease the aftertaste of freezing. Having identified the effluvious victim as a friend, you might deal him a hearty thump on the ear. You will be as popular with him as is the innocent who hails all his acquaintances with a "Hi, goof!" Greetings are as diversified as styles and colors in trousers; the freshman, the quarterback, or the roommate, each has a word or a distortion of words that he invariably uses. Sheepskins, hockey caps, and driving snows will excuse anyone from trying to make "Hello Week" a perennial custom, but there is no danger of freezing teeth even now.

—A. H.





### PIN COMMITTEE MAKES SELECTION— CHICAGO FIRM RECEIVES AWARD

The Dodge, Ascher Company of Chicago, was awarded the contract for this year's Junior pin last Saturday, by Edward Eng-



EDWARD ENGLAND  
Chairman Pin Committee

land, chairman of the pin committee. Representatives from the Balfour Company, Columbus, Ohio, Miller Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, Herff Jones Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, Josten Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota, Goterman

and Cooper Company, Yonkers, New York, and the Dodge, Ascher Company, were present at the meeting, and in short talks described the pins which their respective companies were offering. The decision to give the contract to the Dodge and Ascher Company was voted unanimously by the committee.

The pin this year is very attractive and bears a few added features. Members of the committee will solicit for orders beginning February 15. The price of the pin will be, as in previous years, fifteen dollars. A deposit of five dollars is required at the time the pin is ordered, the balance to be paid when the pin is delivered.

### "DOME" TO COMPILE LISTS OF SENIORS' ACTIVITIES

Thomas Keegan, editor of the 1929 *Dome* has announced that all members of the senior class whose pictures will appear in the senior section of the annual will be approached soon for a list of the activities in which they participated during their years at the University. Special cooperation is asked by Keegan as he pointed out that such a list could be obtained only from the men themselves as the *Dome* has no record of their individual work.

### FATHER MILTNER ADDRESSES AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION

Prominent Catholic philosophers and leaders of thought assembled at the fourth annual meeting of the American Philosophical Association in Milwaukee on December 27 and 28, were addressed by the Reverend Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C., dean of the College of Arts and Letters at Notre Dame. The subject of Father Miltner's discussion was "Some Types of Recent Ethical Theory."

Accompanying Father Miltner as representatives from Notre Dame were the Reverend Hugh L. Ward, C.S.C., the Reverend Arthur Hope, C.S.C., Dr. Daniel C. O'Grady and Dr. William Roemer, all of the College of Arts and Letters at the University. The meeting was held at Marquette University. The general subjects discussed were ethics and the teaching of philosophy in colleges and seminaries.

At the election of officers, Dr. William Roemer, professor of philosophy at Notre Dame was elected as a new member of the executive council. The Reverend John McCormick, S. J., of Marquette was elected president of the association to succeed the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward Pace of Catholic University; the Rt. Rev. James H. Ryan, rector of Catholic university was elected vice-president; and the Reverend Dr. Fulton, of the Catholic university was elected secretary-treasurer. The next meeting will be held at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., sometime in the latter part of December of this year.

### SEMESTER BILLS MAILED; ELIMINATES DELAY AT REGISTRATION

A report from the office of the Secretary announces that all bills for the second semester were mailed last week. The office is receiving remittances daily from the parents of the students. In each case the student is notified immediately and instructed to call for his certification of payment.

The new system in effect will eliminate the long delay on the registration days, January 30 and 31. Those who have not received a notification may call at the office the week of January 21 and pay their bills.



## Law Club vs. "Joe Gloom", Palais Royal, February First



MISS GERTRUDE HUMMEL,  
of Cincinnati, O., the guest  
of Mr. Traughber.



GERALD ROACH,  
Law Club President.



MISS BERNICE CENTLIVRE,  
of Fort Wayne, Ind., the  
guest of Mr. Roach.

There will be a bustle of bailiffs, bevy on bevy of beauties, lawyers making their formal appearance, and a twang of the melody of the Old South, when General Chairman Thomas Traughber raps the gavel to start off this year's version of a traditionally colorful Lawyers' Ball, Feb. 1st, at the Palais Royale.

"Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, the circus court of Notre Dame is now in session!" . . . and the case of the *Lawyers vs. Joe Gloom* will commence in a manner that bodes ill to the defendant in the action. In the past it has been customary for the annual ball to be introduced by some sort of legal novelty, and this will be again adhered to. But instead of the plans used in former years, however, a new act, short and bristling with wit, will serve as a prologue to the first toot of the horn from Charlie Lawson and has famous New Orleans Rythm Kings, scheduled for nine o'clock.

So far the decorations to be used are a deep, dark secret, as Chairman Don Baldwin is planning a surprise. He has hinted, however, that his plans are very ambitious, and something entirely new will meet the dazzled eyes of the guests when they step into the Palais Royale. The programs will have the usual legal touch, in keeping with the very legal atmosphere of the bids, designed by the active and fertile brain of Tom Happer, Editor-in-Chief of the *Lawyer*. The bids are in the form of subpoenas and order the witness (guest) to appear at a Formal Dance to be given by the plaintiffs, the Notre Dame Law Club, "at the very exclusive Palais Royale Ballroom." In the words of the subpoena, the "said witness shall dress in her most ostentatious gown



THOMAS TRAUGHBER,  
Chairman Lawyers' Ball.

and be prepared to knock the eyes out of any jury. Said witness is mandated to testify that when better hops are thrown the plaintiff will throw them."

Thomas Traughber is General Chairman of the Ball. He will have as his guest, Miss Gertrude Hummel, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Miss Bernice Centlivre of Fort Wayne, Indiana, will be the guest of Gerald Roach, president of the Law Club.

Meanwhile the office where Joseph Sullivan and his ticket committee is holding forth, continues to be packed at almost all hours of the day. The coveted cardboards (for each lawyer student can obtain but two) are being reported sold and being brought in for authentication (only the lawyers could think of red tape of that ilk) faster than ever before. So fast, indeed, that a new record for the number taken by this date has been set. Which means that on last Thursday the Law Ball was almost a sell-out. When the quota is reached no more bids will be issued.

Patrons and patronesses of the ball will be Dean and Mrs. Thomas A. Konop, the Hon. Judge and Mrs. Dudley G. Wooten, Mr. Clarence P. Manion, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Kirby, the Hon. and Mrs. Judge Orlo Deahl, Mr. and Mrs. Elton Richter, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Hougenard, Hon. Judge and Mrs. James Bingham, Hon. Judge and Mrs. Pattie, Hon. and Mrs. G. A. Farabaugh, Dean and Mrs. James McCarthy, Mr. Paul Byrne, and Mr. Paul I. Fenlon.

The guests of honor will be John V. Hinkel, editor of the *SCHOLASTIC*; Thomas A. Keegan, editor of the *Dome*, and Joseph P. McNamara, editor of the *Juggler*.

"PROM BEAUTIFUL" DECORATIONS  
REFLECT WORK OF COMMITTEE

Into "The Prom Beautiful," sponsored by the Junior class, to be held at the Palais Royale, February 8, Jerome Parker of Piedmont, Calif., has



H. JEROME PARKER,  
Chairman Decorations Committee.

thrown four months of hard work and all his creative faculties in an attempt to surpass in brilliance of decorative effect anything ever before accomplished in the history of proms at Notre Dame. Jerry is director of the decorations

committee and is personally responsible for the artistic conceptions illustrating the motif.

Something of the magnitude of the undertaking is evident when we contrast the eighty-five feet of setting for the 1929 Prom with the fifteen feet exhibited in the Prom of two years ago, which was then considered quite above any previous efforts.

But what is the motif? Ah, we can only conjecture, for Jerry and his cohorts hammer, paint, draw, build and dream behind the locked doors of ??? hall. The writer was given the opportunity to see enough of the beautifully conceived appurtenances to send his imagination rocketing skyward, and could not help notice that Jerry has hitched his wagon to a star that was heretofore out of sight's range of decorations chairmen.

CONCERT ORCHESTRA WITH FLAVIO  
PLASENCIA HERE JANUARY 25

The Chicago *Daily News* concert orchestra and Flavio Plasencia, baritone soloist, are to appear in Washington Hall next Friday evening, January 25, at 8 o'clock. The orchestra has a personnel of sixteen men and

has broadcast over the *Daily News* radio station WMAQ in Chicago on numerous occasions.

❖  
❖ MUSIC AND DRAMA ❖  
❖ ❖

Lee Sims, versatile interpreter of modern melody, and the Hayden String Quartette, made their second appearance in Washington Hall on last Tuesday evening, and, following the precedent established last year, have left us with the memory of several hours of exceedingly pleasant entertainment. Mr. Sims, in particular, seemed to meet the approval of the audience for his colorful, flawless, and quite unusual rendition of currently popular numbers. And this despite the obvious handicap of a poor piano. Mr. Sims' charming personality expresses itself in his original and unique variations upon several song hits. In our opinion he typifies the present-day trend in music, and leads us to believe that jazz will eventually develop into something worthwhile.

The work of the Hayden String Quartette was, to say the least, excellent. Their opening number, the first movement from Greig's only completed quartette for strings, was perfectly executed, though perhaps a bit too heavy for a collegiate audience. The McDowell selections were more in keeping with student taste and certainly merited the enthusiastic reception accorded them. Bach, Hayden, and Baccharnni were also included in the program. All of the numbers were played with the strength, clarity, and beauty of tone, and the brilliance of technique that is characteristic of this popular organization. Surely if there were any savage breasts among those present at this concert, they must have departed soothed and comforted.

The University Theater plays, which were to be presented before Christmas, have been indefinitely postponed. As soon as a suitable date can be selected, however, the student body will be given this dramatic treat which, unfortunately, has been so long denied.

—J. J. W.

### EXAMINATION SCHEDULE FOR SEMESTER IS ANNOUNCED

The schedule of the semester examinations, January 25 to January 29, have been announced by the Reverend Emiel F. DeWulf, C.S.C., Director of Studies. Students on probation will take the regular examinations scheduled for January 25 and 26 and will receive instructions from their professors regarding examinations of classes scheduled for January 28 and 29.

The complete schedule follows:

**FRIDAY, January 25:** Classes taught on Mondays (but not taught on Tuesdays) at 8, 10, 1:15, 2:15 and 3:15 will be examined at 8, 10, 1:15, 2:45 and 4:15.

**SATURDAY, January 26:** Classes taught on Mondays (but not on Tuesdays) at 9 and 11, will be examined at 8 and 10 respectively.

**MONDAY, January 28:** Classes taught on Tuesdays (but not on Mondays) at 8, 10, and 1:15 will be examined at 8, 10, and 1:15 respectively.

**TUESDAY, January 29:** Classes taught on Tuesday (but not Mondays) at 9, 11, and 2:15 will be examined at 8, 10 and 1:15 respectively.

Instructors will arrange for examinations not provided for in above schedule.

### EDUCATIONAL COURSES FOR ALUMNI PLANNED AT CONFERENCE

Preliminary discussion of steps leading toward the founding of alumni educational courses was brought before the district conference of the American Alumni council at the University last Friday. Representatives of 40 schools in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky took part in the discussion.

That the University of Notre Dame will act on the question of alumni education was indicated by James E. Armstrong, secretary of the Notre Dame Alumni association, who said that the idea already has been considered.

The question of further education for alumni was brought up before the confer-

ence by representatives of the University of Michigan, T. H. Topping, Wilfred R. Shaw and Charles J. Rush, who explained what that university is doing for graduates in the continuation of their training.

Further discussion of the alumni educational plan will be held at the national convention of the American Alumni association which will be held in June at Toronto, Canada. At that time the ideas of alumni representatives from all parts of the country will be outlined and some sort of constructive program considered by the delegates.

### NINETY NEW BOOKS PURCHASED BY LIBRARY

Within the last month, ninety books were purchased for the Library, Mr. Paul Byrne, librarian, announced this week. In the accessions, which cover a wide field, are many late books of fiction, sociology, history, and philosophy, as well as older books and duplications of copies now in the library. The books listed here are those which will be of the greatest interest to the students.

*Literary:* Paul Claudel, "Letters to a Doubter;" Edna Millay, "Buck in the Snow;" Lady Asquith, "The Black Cap;" J. E. Harry, "Greek Tragic Poets;" Pollard, "English Miracle Plays;" E. S. Seebirt, "Music in Indiana;" C. H. Woolbert, "Fundamentals in Speech;" Allen Crafton, "Process of Play Production."

*Sociology:* J. M. Maguire, "Lance of Justice."

*History:* "Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1858," two volumes by A. J. Beveridge.

*Religion and Philosophy:* K. F. Mather, "Science in Search of God;" Grabmann, "Thomas Aquinas, his Personality and Thought;" Kurt Koffka, "Growth of the Mind;" Alphonse Lugan, "Social Principles of the Gospels."

*Education:* Anderson, "Reading Objectives;" Goddard, "School Training of Gifted Children;" Pennel, M. E., "How to Teach Reading."

*Miscellaneous:* Major G. T. Everett, "Keeping Fit by Easy Exercises."

ROCKNE HEADS STUDEBAKER  
NATIONAL AUTO SHOW TOUR

Coach Knute K. Rockne is at the head of the Studebaker "flying squadron" numbering among its personnel, factory executives and departmental heads of the Studebaker organization, which began last Monday in Philadelphia, Pa. The "auto show tour," lasting three weeks, will include practically every large city in the United States. Coach Rockne's contribution to the program will be of an inspirational nature.

In each of the cities visited, members of the squadron will address assemblages of dealers, passing on sales and service ideas to their salesmen. The program of speeches will be supplemented by the showing of a part of the new Studebaker Movietone release. The various speakers of the squadron include Harry Williams, of the system division, John Warner, assistant research engineer, and Paul Castner, assistant manager of commercial car sales.

DUPONT FELLOWSHIP RENEWED FOR  
COMING YEAR

Announcement has been made that the Dupont Fellowship for the Organic division of the Chemistry Department has been renewed for the present year, 1929-1930.

This fellowship carries with it seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum and is non-teaching. The present holder is William L. Foohey, who will receive his Doctor of Philosophy degree in June.

For several years past the Dupont company has offered this fellowship to the University in order to promote the spirit of research in the field of Organic Chemistry.

VILLAGERS TO HOLD POST-EXAM  
DANCE ON JANUARY 29

A post-exam dance will be given by the Villagers' club at the Palais Royale ballroom, on Tuesday evening, January 29, from 8:30 until 12. The Music Masters, an orchestra which has recently become unusually popular and well-known for the quality of its dance music has been engaged to furnish the entertainment.

ALL INTERHALL DEBATE TEAM  
SELECTED

The all interhall debating team was chosen this week from the members of the teams which competed in the freshman debating league of the University, shortly before Christmas. The six men chosen on the team will each receive a medal for their work. The selections follow:

First speakers: Wilson (Howard), Hanna (Carroll).

Second speakers: Clark (Brownson), Dailey (Brownson).

Third speakers: Kirby (Freshman), Andray (Freshman).

Honorable mention: Hurley (Howard), Williams (Howard), Asculier (Brownson), St. Aubuns (Freshman), Morrison (Brownson) and Cline (Freshman).

The league enjoyed one of its most successful seasons this year and competition was strong among the halls, Tom Keegan, chairman of the debating committee, declared. Freshman hall was awarded the championship cup for winning first place in the league.

SENIORS HAVE ARTICLES IN "CATHOLIC RURAL LIFE"

Paul C. Bartholomew, a senior in the College of Arts and Letters at the University, is the author of an article entitled "The Plight of the Farm Wife," in the December issue of *Catholic Rural Life*. The article has elicited much favorable comment from interested parties.

The June issue of the same publication contained an article by Edmund C. Garity, a senior in the same school, dealing with the economic aspects of the rural problem.

CONDOLENCES

The SCHOLASTIC, on behalf of the officials, faculty members, and students of the University, extends its deepest sympathy to Mr. William Wall, instructor of education in the College of Arts and Letters, on the recent death of his sister.

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

The Inquiring Reporter of the *Oregon Daily Emerald* recently asked a number of University of Oregon students, "What do you like best about college life?" Among the answers were the following:

"The vacation."

"The food—I eat anything anyone will feed me."

"The variety of its social life, its activities, and the 'touch' of academic life." (Well chosen word—"touch")

"The curse of being a freshman, because I can do anything I wish, and plead guilty of ignorance." (A woman gave this answer.)

"The football games and the holidays that follow."

\* \* \*

This week's example of the height of studiousness comes from the University of Minnesota. During a class in French pronunciation the instructor announced that the class could continue reading at sight, or be excused for the day. The students remained silent, which was taken to indicate that they wished to stay and recite, so the surprised instructor kept them until the end of the hour. A survey revealed that none of the students knew what the instructor had said.

\* \* \*

A bit of advice from the *Massachusetts Collegian*:

"A modern scientist has uncovered the fact that emotion expresses itself at the weakest point—so when the Profs begin to ask questions—be sure and keep your hands away from your head."

\* \* \*

They are having something different in the way of contests for co-eds at DePauw University. Plans are being made to select a queen of the grinds at the university. The judge will be aided by constables who will patrol sorority grounds and frequent the library in order to determine what girls are doing the most studying and which are burning the most midnight oil.

"Banker Forced Out of Bounds on One Yard Line After Brilliant Run" reads a sub-head in the *Tulane Hullabaloo*. On a following page appears this item:

"It has been proposed by many Tulanians that a motion be made at the next meeting of the Southern Conference officials that the football field be made as wide as it is long."

\* \* \*

"Harvard Telescope In Peru Discovers 8000 New Stars"—Headline.

But Coach Horween says he can't use a single one of them.

\* \* \*

From the *Dalhousie Gazette*, official student publication at Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia:

"It has been brought to the attention of the Council of Students by the heads of various Student societies that the malicious practice of misappropriating signs is again being practiced by selfishly acquisitive members of the Student body.

"In future students are asked to report those responsible for the premature disappearance of those signs, when they will be dealt with by the Council."

Just another proof that Canada isn't so much different from our own little playground.

\* \* \*

Cheer up, you men who flunked Latin or French. It wasn't your fault. Scientists at Stanford University have made a series of tests which show that students studying languages there are more intelligent than those in other courses, but still a greater percentage flunk. There's your justification.

\* \* \*

A former editor of *The Green and White*, campus publication at Ohio University, upon the recent arrival of an heir, received a card of congratulation accompanied by a pledge pin from the Phi Kappa Tau fraternity.

Under similar circumstances a Scholastic editor, we suppose, would receive a football.



## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

### THE "SCHOLASTIC" CHANGES ITS FORMAT

Fulfilling a need demanded by the exigencies incidental to the growth of the University in recent years, the SCHOLASTIC will incorporate some new and distinctive changes in its format beginning with the next issue, the edition of February eighth.

The most important of these changes will be in the size of its pages. The proposed SCHOLASTIC will have pages slightly larger than those of the present magazine. The pages of the proposed SCHOLASTIC will be eight and seven-eighths inches wide, and eleven and five-eighths inches long, an increase of seven-eighths of an inch in width and five-eighths of an inch in length over the size of the pages in the present SCHOLASTIC. At first glance it appears that this increase in page size is so small that it will be scarcely appreciated. But multiplying the increase by thirty-two, the number of pages in the SCHOLASTIC, the increase is roughly the equal of about four pages of the present SCHOLASTIC.

Besides the regular departments and features carried in the present magazine, the proposed SCHOLASTIC will have several added features. Some of the new features which will be incorporated are as follows: space for each college of the University which will be devoted entirely to news of that particular college; an article each issue dealing with some interesting and little-known tradition or phase of Notre Dame life in the past, such as short histories of the distinguished men buried in the Community Cemetery, the old University Cadet Corps, and so forth; a weekly article recounting the life and accomplishments of some prominent alumnus; a short biography each issue of some prominent professor at the University; and a weekly book review section.

The proposed change in the page size of the SCHOLASTIC is important in the history

of our publications. The editor and the business manager and their staffs feel that they are singularly privileged to be allowed to make this important change, and it is their sincere promise that the proposed SCHOLASTIC as outlined, will be as fine a student publication as it is possible for them to produce.

—J. V. H.

### THE DEBATING TEAMS

Just another one of Notre Dame's glorious traditions is the quality of its debating teams. The University is proud of its forensic record, and justly so. Always the team has been something more than a mere team. Its appearances have always been only after an intensive training in treating the question involved from all angles and from all points of view.

The results obtained have justified irrefutably the insistence placed on this type of coaching. Under Father Bolger's charge the Notre Dame speakers, in the last twenty-nine years, have won eighty-nine per cent of their contests. An enviable record, that. This year Father Mulcaire will again be at the helm and last year's record proves that there can be no doubt as to whether or not he has caught the torch thrown him by Father Bolger.

This year will also witness an innovation in the number of teams representing Notre Dame on the different platforms throughout the country. Present plans call for two complete teams, each with an entirely different subject. This is the first time that such a policy has been pursued.

Both have excellent prospects of leaving behind them the same sort of inspiring record that Notre Dame teams have been leaving ever since the days of Professor Carmody, the first debating coach at Notre Dame. And it is a record that few universities in America can even equal, let alone excel.

—D. W. S.

## The Wink

### 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.*

—WASMUS.

### EDITOR OF "THE WINK":

Beneath find a work which should serve as a stand-  
 ard of comparison for all subsequent student verse.  
 It is intended as a gentle remonstrance to that little  
 cut-up, Charles, the blue-eyed cabin boy, whose work  
 offended my aesthetic sense. Although Charles got  
 his oar in first, print this and pay due honor to,  
 THE SKIPPER.

### "PARODIES"

*I hope that I shall never see  
 Another rotten parody.  
 An imitation, so I think,  
 Should not be printed in the "Wink."  
 I don't blame Charles, the azure-eyed  
 Whose work revealed a depth of pride.  
 Its hard enough to versify  
 To him all credit for the try.  
 To you I send this subtle hint,  
 Poor imitations do not print.  
 Atricitities we will not miss.  
 Redeem yourself by printing this.*

—THE SKIPPER.

My Dear Skipper, we are very glad to hear from  
 you but listen here buddy, in spite of our chivalrous  
 nature we get mad when anybody tries to tell us  
 how to run this column and so either you be a good  
 little boy and keep right on skipping or else tell us  
 how to run this thing just a couple times more and  
 hand in your time card.

### MENTAL LEAVE TAKING

*Oh I shall hate to go away  
 From here and leave behind me  
 All the thoughts I've had  
 In this small room  
 And struggles I have had with words  
 In shaping them to thoughts;  
 I hate to leave these things  
 For he who occupies this room  
 Will never know, that as he strives to mate  
 A thought with errant word,  
 And yet maintain the primal beat,  
 I too have struggled here.*

—THE BLACK KNIGHT.

### HITTIN' A POOR LITTLE KID

*Tough Tim's jest a bully wot picks on the guys—  
 On us little fellers who's not half his size  
 He's skeered o' Biff Frye, but when Biff's not aroun'  
 Tough Tim's out a-knockin' the little guys down.  
 He's yaller; you know it . . . least I allus did . . .  
 A-hittin' 'a pore little kid!*

*He picked on Runt Murphy an' busted his snoot,  
 An' Runt nearly died when infeckshun took root.  
 But Biff took that up . . . you kin sure bet on him:  
 When he quit, there wasn't much left o' Tough Tim.  
 Tim tried to git knucky but got knucks instid  
 For hittin' a pore little kid.*

—NUMBER 55.

We can see right now that this weekly Arthurian  
 atmosphere is going to be a strain . . . here we are,  
 grinding out the weekly grist and we remember that  
 last week we promised you something choice in the  
 language of the table round, but we must confess at  
 that time the present hour seemed far removed. Have  
 you ever promised to send *Jugglers* to the girls back  
 home . . . thinking that it would be a long time be-  
 fore the next issue would appear and then, when  
 you were inoffensively engaged in a little game of  
 bridge some time later, the *Juggler* sneaked up from  
 behind and bit you, as it were, and there you were  
 with just ten cents? Did you send the *Jugglers*?  
 Probably not, but just to show that we do feel our  
 responsibilities we are herewith turning out an  
 Arthurian bit for you:

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Know you all and sundry that  
 every manner of contribution is gladly welcomed by  
 Ye Erring Knight.

(deliver all parcels at the back door)

And now that is over and we admit that it isn't  
 so very Arthurian but we promise to do better next  
 week.

—YE ERRING KNIGHT.

## LITERARY

*A Rendezvous With Beauty*

ROGER HEARN

IN the beginning, let it be said that little or no credit is to attach to the writer of this article; for most of it is to consist of quoted matter. From what? From a book called "Leonardo the Florentine," published in August of last year by a rather unknown writer, Rachel Annand Taylor.

Now, immediately the title is mentioned, an exclamation of weariness is liable to be heard from the surfeited, many times quite righteously bored, reader, "Oh yes! Just another book about Leonardo da Vinci."

But it is more, much more, than that. It is a study of Leonardo the man, done, (if one may permit oneself the ineptitude of indulging in something vaguely related to what is known as "fine writing" when one is speaking of the most exquisite kind of "fine writing") done, I say, to the sound of silver flutes and muted purple violins. At this time of the year, when the jasmine trumpets of the sky stream over the earth their million-flaked melodies, this book, written in the most gorgeous prose yet achieved by any English biographer-critic (not excepting the lotos and rose flowered word-wine jars of Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde) is, indeed, a breath of blue-white summer.

But let the work "speak for itself"; Rachel Annand Taylor, the writer; Leonardo da Vinci, painter, sculptor, architect, author, scientist, philosopher, mathematician, inventor of a design for an aëroplane, amateur doctor, and friend of the great ones of the earth, the subject.

"Still he walks in rose-colour, Leonardo the Florentine, young by the green bow of Arno in the golden sunset, his lute in his hands, . . . He continues to challenge, to excite, to annoy, more perhaps than any other

man in modern history, more like a great queen of romance than anything else."

"God made the cities of the East as chalices for His dark wisdom, and the cities of Greece as lamps for His illumination, but the cities of Italy He dreamed for mere delight."

"Winds that sweep the interstellar spaces, cyclonic currents from those Outer Isles of the universe, marvellous tempests of a blotted world, dim-lit atmosphere with here and there the shape and shadow of monstrous Egyptian spread wings! Earth and earth's time dissolve in a great wave, whose ghost becomes a pale flower-shape shedding petals and pollen into infinitude. Dark currents flowing into foam of immense corollas, shaken tresses of the stars, cascades lightening into trails of unimaginable bell-flowers, a mystery of dark and light growing into dimly perceived pattern, things overflowing the apprehension of language, an ineffable stir by which the mind is mingled with the dawn-dream of Creation."

"Creation out of devastation, eternal flux of beauty and might! So far as Leonardo has any philosophy, it lies in some such vision of the universe in waves that break eternally, but break in beauty; and it often seems as if such philosophy were only an infinitely remote reminiscence from the very heart of primal energy."

"He (Leonardo) is revealed, though by an imperfect witness, in the splendid agony of that heightened and glittering state in which the mind is so buffeted by the besetting wings of ideas and images that it cries out in despair at the folly of seizing them with mere pen or brush or chisel, and almost

tramples its mortality underfoot in vain desire to escape with the strong flight of beautiful shapes to some Platonic Heaven, rather than sadly to salve from that excessive illumination some broken lights and stifled colours and vanishing lines."

"God thought of cities in many ways. For the cities of Asia were carven wells of white jade from which the West drew living water in urns of such pure and perfect shape as never Asia knew. And the marble cities of Greece were amazing lamps of beauty, made for the world's illumination. And the cities of Egypt lay, dead-gold shrines of antiquity older than time, keeping the immemorial wisdom of a magic that is the only possible converse with primeval night. And the cities of Spain were the castles of love and death whose foundations were pride. But the cities of Italy God made for sheer delight, and as a justification of the five senses that serve the imagination."

... "The skies seemed illimitable, whether by day the cloudy galleons moved with sails of silk across the violet-blue, or the sunset spread golden vans over the green-turquoise skies of a rainy land, or the landscape went azure, as the light withdrew tenderly to its western lovers from the vast hollowed jewel of the afterglow, or by night there marched and wheeled the processional planets and the flame-fraught constellations, from the gemmy hunter Orion to the tender-pulsing Pleiades. Many a dark hour Leonardo went lone through these infinite spaces, trying to measure the light of dead or dying stars, lost from the overcrowded and overcoloured life of the city below."

"The suave and gracious ranges of the Tuscan hills make a serenely dying harmony in the distance, pricked here and there in the nearer movements by the poignant note of some solitary cypress. Overhead the great pure light of the Tuscan evening soothes the skies like a benediction. The small sweet Tuscan roses are sweet in the air. . ."

... "He (Leonardo) offered to the end his cup of troubling beauty, to save the soul from sloth and contentment, and ravish it awhile with ethereal desire from the gross habit and dulled senses of its mortality.

"He widened the borders of life, and he diffused through the psychology of Western nations a new kind of delight and a passionate expectation of wonder, such a mysterious hope as invades you if you see the dawn begin unearthly over the ultimate islands, or the hills vanish into paler hills that again are but the foothills of heavenlier ranges, or the birds on the golden horizons climbing their castled air."

Thus, "Leonardo The Florentine." Some may object, "Ah yes! But the language is too poetic, too . . . er . . . flowery!"

Right here and now let us settle this question of "too flowery prose." "Every artist who is born," says Paul Claudel, "comes into the world to say just one little thing"; granted; though he may, many times, have more than a "little bit to say."

Now is it not the duty of the artist to express himself in his own individual manner?; to convey his "message" in as beautiful a medium as possible? And is it his fault if his audience can not rise to his level, cannot attain to his breadth of vision? Were Shakespeare to return, should he write for "Flo" Ziegfeld? Should Dante again sojourn temporarily here, would it be for him to write realistically of gambling dives and underworld hells? Should the Mountain come to Mohammed or Mohammed go to the Mountain? And if Mohammed can not see the path to the Mountain, is he, then, to condemn the Mountain for rising too far above him?

Too many, today, assume this captious attitude, and condemn what is, to them, incomprehensible, but what may be, in itself, fine and excellent. Perhaps it is the fault of the age, but, more probably, it is the fault of short-sighted souls too frequently rushing into the critical arena, there to shout, that all may hear, their paltry judgments; their brains too imperfectly attuned to the swelling symphonies of Beauty to catch even so much as a reverberation of those mighty harmonies.

And "Leonardo the Florentine," concinnity of word-magic as it is, is a perfect part of these universal rhythms.

## Queen Elizabeth, Patroness

BROTHER EMIL, C.S.C.

SELDOM indeed are incipient genius and pecuniary resources the twin possessions of a musician, a painter, or a poet. And because of this, artists are oftentimes forced to seek a patron, or a patroness. A general concept of the latter might be a stately dame with a bulging, easily-opened pocket book attached to her belt, though of course the ideal patroness for the poet, say, would be a person who would listen sympathetically to his newest verse the while they breakfasted upon crusts of sunrise and crumbs of starlight (apologies to Father O'Donnell)! But this might prove more idyllic than ideal—hunger may act as a goad to Pegasus, but starvation cannot but make of him a sorry steed. It is at the starvation point that the artist is driven to seek aid from his moneyed patroness. I am sure that it was this condition, coupled with the desire of certain newly-rich matrons to ape their truly-rich models, that helped to popularize such abominations as Futuristic Art and the most free of the Free Verse during the past decade.

The Elizabethan Age was not unlike the post-war period of 1918-1929, in its changes social, commercial, and cultural. Wealthy merchants' wives of those days aped the ladies of the court with their enormous ruffs and farthingales, even as Maggie and Jiggs are concerned in keeping up with the Joneses in our day. During Elizabeth's reign literature was beginning to be recognized as an art *per se*, and of course the "most excellent and glorious person of our souveraine, the Queen," could not be behindhand in establishing herself as one of its patrons, in the very best sense of that word. And should anyone dare deny her claim to that title I doubt not that playful lady might have had his head chopped off, as an example to other potential offenders. At any rate, anybody of any literary consequence was one of Elizabeth's syco-

phants and they were not at all sparing, in their works, of praises for all her real or imagined graces and accomplishments. How Spenser can sincerely profess himself as with her excellent beauty ravished, or Lyly refer to her chastity, temperance, mildness, and surpassing beauty, can perhaps best be explained by the fact that hunger had driven them to desperation. Poor Spenser had almost procured a decent pension with the sugary phrases of the Faery Queen, but the intervention of Burleigh induced the Queen to cut the figure in half! It is not surprising that these men stooped to such things when one realizes that in our own day men who might produce literature consent, for the sake of a few thousand of dollars, to produce "best sellers" instead.

Forgetting then our ideal and our idyllic notion of a patroness of literature, the true patroness would be one who appreciates, understands, and loves the literary art, and who, incidentally, may aid its furtherance financially. Now certainly Elizabeth was far too practical to tally with this concept; in fact that shrewd author of the "Faerie Queen" must have taken this into consideration when he explained very clearly in his prefatory letter the interpretation of the flattering allegories, lest his sovereign might fail to comprehend their import; he says: "In that Faerie Queen I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our souveraine, the Queen; most vertuous and beautiful lady." Nor was Elizabeth responsible for the fact that those meteors—Sidney, Raleigh, Spencer, Bacon, et al.,—which happened to flash across England's literary sky during her reign, though she may have added by her gold coin a little luminosity to them. Whatever Elizabeth was, she was not a true patroness of literature.



## *A Few Remarks On Walking*

PAUL MARIE

"Like it? Yes. I love to wander  
Mid the vales of mountain green  
On the pathways out yonder  
Where the hand of God is seen."

THE charm of an old bypath is one which everyone seems to enjoy. Men who have never learned to care for a beautiful nature sonnet or a rare antique, glow with irrepressible romantic enthusiasm if you tell them of some hidden country path, grass-grown and shaded, where the sweet voices of birds and the low murmurations of bees are the only sound along which only reverential footsteps wander, and where voices unconsciously lower as if in the sacred darkness of a nave of some dim-lit cathedral. I have a friend of this type, a banker who concerns himself with the cold affairs of money from cock-crow till robin-song, and who yet on his vacations and week-ends spends hours happily roaming over field and through forest, where, mercenary fellow though he be, he professes to hold pleasant commune with nature.

As some men pride themselves upon a skillful "hole in one," or a big "catch" of an afternoon's fishing trip, so my friend prides himself upon the discovery of some old, disused country pathway; and for him, while on his long rambles, to chance on such a lane, is to experience exquisite delight. Whether some spirit of romance missing from his daily life lingers along these tree-cloistered ways, or whether it is only the pleasurable surprise of discovery, that attracts him, I cannot say.

Prudent, self-contained, my friend seldom gives vent to effusive outbursts. Of his likes and dislikes he speaks but little. Often, to draw him out, I have accused him of selfishly keeping to himself, without reason, the aesthetic joys of his country paths. But with one exception, my subtle teasing has provoked from him only an indulgent smile; it is a great part of his joy to know alone the whereabouts of his discoveries, and to know his shaded paths are trodden by only a favored few.

You may well imagine my deep surprise, therefore, when in an after-dinner conversation during which he seemed filled with an unusual delight, he told me of the existence and whereabouts of an especially fine walk that he had had that very morning. In an overflow of enthusiasm, he invited me to stroll sometime along this path; and with many a flourish of arm and hand he directed me to the place of its beginning. I must take the Dixie Highway north out of South Bend, he told me, turn at Hampsted Road to the railroad, from where, between railroad switch and St. Mary's road, I would see a bypath leading across the green field into a clump of cool woods. To say the least, I was greatly amazed at my friend's unexpected generosity. It was as if he had said that now, having a surplus of beauty spots on hand, some of which time prevented him from visiting, I might have the use of one for my own artistic satisfaction.

Late one summer morning, I followed my friend's direction and shortly found myself on a narrow strip of brown which led off the railroad tracks and disappeared, after some windings, into a thick wood. A few hundred yards beyond the tracks it is as if one had stepped across the portals of this noisy, mundane world into the quiet, celestial land of paradise. Great trees and thick brush enclose the path and blanket all sounds from without. Only the low hum of insects, the faint intermittent caw of some wild crow deep in the forest, and the rustling of brown leaves under foot mars the Sabbath stillness.

Yet one is aware that beneath the surface of this apparent serenity, a mighty struggle for existence is waged among the living growth of the forestland. The more fortunate trees grow tall and slender, bereft of foliage save for a kingly coronal of green on their pointed tops; the weaklings, shriveled little fellows with tortured arms, stand stark and forlorn in the deadly shade of these triumphant giants. A tangle of green brush riots against the black of the trees and

crowds the slender path. A wild network of vines parasitically clings about the trunks and branches of the trees. Even the bright-faced flowers which bloom in the green cases that occur occasionally in the wood, contend among themselves for food, light, air, and a place to rear their glorious, perfume scented heads.

This silent warfare among the things of nature reminded me forcibly of its tragic counterpart in our larger cities. Like the weaklings, the poor lead stifled lives amid the foul odors of squalid quarters. Their wan-faced children, woefully ignorant of green meadows, play on the cement walks in the shadow of the tenements. Ah, I thought, what a great treat it would be for them to romp about the country-side; for their toil-worm parents to recline comfortably on some grass plot, and there wafting the fragrant smell of spice-bush, forget for a day the sordidness of their ordinary lives!

As I wended my way deeper into the wood, the path grew fainter; innumerable rabbit runs and squirrel spurs crossed and recrossed it in puzzling geometric patterns; and so indistinct at times did the path become, that I had to look sharp to distinguish it from among them. Occasionally, I felt as if I walked unguided in the depth of the wood. At such times I thought I heard:

"A voice speak  
The deep rich voice of Nature."

Through the wood, the path meandered willy-nilly, now describing a huge half-circle about a fallen oak; again leading directly over the prostrate bole of some lightning-shattered giant. It presently came to an abrupt stop before a clump of thick brush. My farther progress appeared to be effectually blocked, and I wondered whether I would be compelled to retrace my steps. Advancing, I parted the bushes and peered through. What I saw caused a pleasurable thrill of surprise to steal down my back. I stood on the very brink of a steep hill! Below, to my right, cut a deep gulch; to my left shone the blue waters of a slow-flowing river; straight before me, rose the opposite hill. Enormous caks lined both sides, and reached out long branches to form a great arch of which the

gulch was the nave. On the other side of the bushes, the path reappeared, zigzagging among the gnarled roots down the slope, and finally disappearing beyond my view.

The descent of the hill left me warm and tired. I seated myself on an old moss-grown stump and looked about. The mouth of the gulch opened to the rivers; ages ago some wild torrent had probably rushed down its hollows and leaped white-capped and surely into the passing river. But now it brooded silently; a thick matting of leaves covered its once noisy floor, a semi-darkness clothed its wooded slopes. Later, this old gulch became more familiar, for often times my banker friend and I strolled along its bottom and reached the river path through its dark portal.

Throughout the length of a bypath, one may well expect any little surprise. Small animals, rural scenes, secluded retreats unexpectedly burst into view and cause one to gasp in pleased surprise. It is not an uncommon thing to have a frightened bunny pop from under one's toes, and klip-klop down the path, his funny white tuft of a tail abobbing at you, till a bend in the path or some overhanging bush hides him from sight.

A few hundred rods from the gulch one comes upon the romantic ruins of an ancient pump-house set directly against the steep hill, where oak, sycamore, and elm tower above its arbutus-clung walls, and shelter it from the worst ravages of wind and rain. Its mossed and dripping interior is empty save for a few scuttling mice and the rusted wreckage of the antiquated pump, a relic of more prosperous days, when these walls resounded to the bustle of happy industry. But those days are long past; the once throbbing structure stands a mournful ruin; and the visitor can only wonder:

"Who placed the stone now gray with many years?  
And did the rough hands tire, the sore hearts ache  
The eyes grow dim with all their weight of tears?  
Or did the work seem light for some dear sake?  
Those lives are over. All their hopes and fears  
Are lost like shadows in the morning break."

Now came the most delightful of the surprises of the path. In a little open plot of luxurious grass quite walled in with trees,

I came upon a tiny spring welling out from under a flat rock set well in the hillside, and gurgling over mossy stones into a shallow pool. Throwing myself on the soft cushion, I drank of the cool water; and then, weary from my long walk, I remained stretched on the sward and gazed the meanwhile at the river. The sun was now high in the heavens. A wren on a nearby bush trilled a dainty song; the sweet scent of flowers, the buzzing of an occasional insect, the low murmur of running water, lulled me into a comfortable drowse.

Long years ago, before even brave LaSalle dared the unknown dangers of the Indiana wilds in search of the "Great River", this broad country was the habitat of the Shawnees, Weas, and Foxes, Prankshaws, Pottowattomies, and Kickapoos. Here these fierce Algonquins set up their tepees and repelled the marauding bands of Iroquois on their sudden raids of depredation. A vast amphitheatre of war for two nations of savage warriors was this fertile, smiling land; every hill and stream and stone could tell (ah! if it wished) dark tales of those stirring times long past. Yes, on this very carpet of grass many a vermillioned warrior had probably knelt to quench his thirst. And along this winding river—but wait!

Whether what I saw was real or phantom I cannot say with certainty, for as I have said, I drowsed half-awake, half-asleep, my chin cupped in hand, my attention centered on the oil-like flow of the river. But presently, as I gazed, I observed a long birchbark canoe, filled with four painted savages, glide round a sharp bend of the stream. They kept close to the wooded shore, their paddles with each upward movement dripping silver drops that glistened in the sunlight. As they slowly approached, their lean copper faces bedaubed with long black and yellow stripes of war-paint grew more distinct. In the prow sat one of the four scanning sharply with each new impulse of the paddles the bank on which I lay. I watched their approach as one hypnotised. They drew almost abreast. The savage's eyes passed over me, faltered, and then quickly returned. Frantically, I tried to evade his piercing glance, but a look

of recognition overspread his face, and his mouth opened to cry a loud warning.

"Chir, chir!" sounded a sharp, petulant voice over my head.

I scrambled up hastily, and looked into the tree just above me. There on a long horizontal branch well out of reach perched a squirrel, his bushy tail wrapped about the limb, the tip quivering with each violent protest.

"Well," I said, "so it's you?" I felt very grateful to the little fellow for his opportune interruption. A few seconds later, and what might have happened!

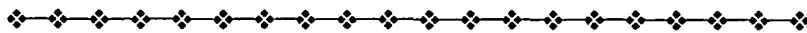
Standing on tip-toe, I waved my hand and called to him, but he deigning not even to wink his eyes, continued to berate me noisily. "What do you want, sir?" I asked. I thought of nuts. Could I have been sleeping on his last winter's horde? I did not know. Possibly, I had inadvertently kept him from his dinner, and he, hungry past all bearing, now justly vented on me his indignation. This thought of mealtime caused me to fumble for my watch. Dinner time must be mighty near! It was twenty minutes past six! I whistled. "No wonder you are hungry, Mr. Squirrel," I said. "Now that I realize the hour, I am, too." And as the golden sun shone low and slantwise through the trees, and pattered each tree and bush and tall weed in delicate blue shadow on the forest floor, I hastened to finish my journey.

My walk was nearing its end when I finally left the woodland. The sun had already set; it was just that period before twilight when colors glow their brightest, and objects seem most clearly defined. A gentle wind caressing the great expanse of meadow before me carried to me its fresh wild earthy scents. A few thorough-bred cows, their brown and white forms outlined against the glowing west, munched the sweet grass of the lea. In the sky above swam a lone bird. Standing there silent and a bit irresolute, I puzzled over my whereabouts. Must I retrace my steps, keeping to the path along the river-side, or boldly strike out across the open field? A faint rumbling, a few white puffs of smoke low on the western horizon, and a series of long mournful screeches such as



only the steam whistle of a train can make, decided the vexatious question. There in the distance was the railroad, without doubt the same I had left this very morning. So, setting

my face to the now purpling lights of the west, I trudged across the meadowland amid the startled animals, and made my way to the iron road.



## Peanuts

WALTER M. LANGFORD

HE was an itinerant sort of fellow. Not only itinerant, but likewise care-free, perfectly so. More than that, he was comical, in some respects even ludicrous, with his huge horn-rimmed spectacles and owlsh expression.

He came among us as we played tennis one day, a half dozen or so of us. When first we noticed him he stood on the sidelines, watching our play through those ponderous glasses. Methodically he consumed peanuts from a paper bag.

"Howdy-doodle," he said.

We all laughed at this, and in a minute we had accepted him into our crowd. He was clever and witty, and took it upon himself to entertain us as we played. He was a born actor and it seemed that he must have been practicing all his life.

Under his contagious influence our playing rapidly degenerated from the serious to the comic. One of our players tired and wanted to quit. "Hey—Peanuts! Wanta take my place?" We all laughed at this, and in a minute "Peanuts" had been accepted as his official and permanent name.

Why, yes, Peanuts replied, he would play awhile. He couldn't resist the temptation. Temptation was the only thing he couldn't resist. He hadn't played any for a couple of years, but he had been in the finals at the State Interscholastic Meet twice when he was in school.

We all smiled at this, and in a minute he was playing with us. After a few games we were ready to admit that he must have played in the State finals. He played tennis as we had never before seen anyone play. And his antics continued unabated while he was on the court. We decided that he could never be serious.

An hour later Peanuts left us. "Tottle-oo," he said. We laughed, and in a minute he was gone. We were sorry, for he was so comical with his horn-rimmed spectacles and owlsh expression, his witty remarks and his funny laugh.

Weeks passed and Peanuts came no more. Youth forgets quickly, and soon we thought no more of our peculiar, comical visitor. Our school tennis tournament was in progress. I was playing and losing to a supposedly inferior opponent. This annoyed me not a little, and soon I was quite flustered. Defeat and even rout appeared imminent. And then Peanuts stood suddenly on the sidelines. No one saw him come. Only a moment before he was not there, but now he was, glasses and all, amusing the crowd with his witticisms and antics. Somehow my nervousness and tension left when Peanuts came and I played easily and steadily. Soon he told me in a few quiet words how to direct my attack. I did and was soon the winner. From that moment forward Peanuts occupied a high position in the list of my friends. I knew that he could be kind and generous as well as comical. A long time later I was to learn that he could even be serious.

We saw Peanuts several more times in the succeeding weeks. Always he came unexpectedly and would suddenly surprise us with his cheery, "Howdy-doodle." His departures were as quiet and as unexpected as his arrivals. Where he stayed and what he did no one knew. He never told us and we never asked. We only knew that he was funny and a good tennis player and—well, just funny. He visited us only when we were playing tennis. And presently he came no more at all. We had seen him for the last

time, that is, all of us with the exception of myself had seen him for the last time. I was to see him twice more.

Three years later I was in San Antonio, gaping and staring with typical small-town curiosity at the sights of the city. As I tramped slowly and peacefully along Market Street, I was rudely tripped from behind. Before I could turn to apprehend the tripper, I was thumped from behind, and thumped lustily. The tripper-thumper accompanied this procedure with a laugh, a funny little laugh. Then I heard someone behind me say "Howdy-doodle." This someone whirled me around, and I stared into the owlish expression of Peanuts. He took me in tow and we spent the remainder of the day in pleasant conversation as we saw the city. I never

learned his real name nor his occupation, if any. He never told me and I didn't ask. That night we exchanged warm wishes and parted, presumably for the last time.

It was fifteen years since I had seen Peanuts in San Antonio. I was in the capital of my state with the avowed intention of interviewing the new governor, Albert Johnston Gardner. The governor was not in his office when I arrived, and I began my vigil in the waiting-room. Perhaps I dozed. Anyway, I jumped all at once when I heard someone say, "Howdy-doodle." "Peanuts!" I cried, for he it was. "Yes," he replied, "and did you want to see me? Come into my office." And he led me into his office, not for an interview with the governor but rather for a most pleasant conversation with Peanuts.

## To Flora in Autumn

*"Now, faded Beauty—spoiled of Spring's green dress  
And Summer's red-and-white rose diadem—  
Does Autumn's shroud conceal your loveliness?"  
Thus hymns the poet at your requiem.  
Not so, my Lady Flora! Autumn folds  
Your lustrous evening robe of velvet brown  
Embroidered all with fringed marigolds  
Now, lays your topaz rings and rubies down,  
Unbinds your psyche knot of Titan hair,  
Confined in jade—and amber-colored bands,  
Your silken sandals takes from tired feet bare  
Nor spares the garnet bracelets from your hands.  
You are not dead. A shroud for you! Ah no,  
Here waits a lawn and lace nightgown of snow.*

—BROTHER EMIL, C.S.C.

## SPORT NEWS

## ***Early Lead Gives Kentucky 19-16 Victory Notre Dame's Second Half Rally Falls Short Milward and McBrayer Star for Visitors***

In one of the most exciting and hardest-fought court battles ever staged on the Notre Dame floor, the quintet from the University of Kentucky registered a 19-16 triumph over Coach Keogan's squad last Saturday night. This game marked the third defeat of the season for the Irish cagers, all three set-backs being administered on the home floor. Kentucky led throughout the entire game, the score at the half being 12 to 6. Notre Dame missed enough shots to win a couple of engagements. Johnny Colerick played practically the entire game at center but he was able to sink but one goal. He was decidedly off form from that shown against Wabash when he sank six goals from the field.

The three-point margin enjoyed by the visitors is indicative of their skill at sinking baskets from all angles. Rarely did a Kentucky shot fail to fall through the net. The Keoganites, on the other hand, were quite erratic in this all-important phase of the game and seemed unable to locate the inner rim of the basket. Playing rather a sluggish brand of basketball in the early stages of the contest, coupled with over-anxiety in basket shooting, was probably the most important element in the home team's defeat.

However it was an inspired Notre Dame five that returned to resume the fray at the opening of the second half. The lecture which Coach Keogan delivered to his men between the halves worked with telling effect, for the Irish promptly took possession of the ball and played it all over the court. But the gentlemen from Kentucky arose to meet the occasion and presented an almost air-tight

defense against the furious attack which was being launched against them.

Neither team was able to contribute much to the worries of the scorekeeper, for the defensive game played by each was extremely hard to penetrate. The game was unusually rough from start to finish, and the officials had plenty of officiating to do. Had the contest been decided on the basis of a time advantage, it is certain that the home club would have won most decisively, for the ball rested in the hands of Notre Dame players throughout the greater portion of the game. But the Keoganites were unable to capitalize their opportunities, whereas Kentucky played every break for all it was worth.

The visitors worked together like a well-oiled machine at all times. Only one substitution was necessary, and that was when Dees replaced Captain McBrayer who was requested to leave the game for having too little respect for the rules on personal fouls. However, McBrayer had been playing a sterling brand of basketball, inspiring his teammates and contributing greatly to their success. Milward's backward pass to Combs was one of the finest examples of team-play seen on the Notre Dame court this year, as well as the probable deciding factor of the game. The Colonels enjoyed a marked superiority in height, an advantage which enabled them to take the ball off the backboard almost at will.

Co-captains Crowe and Jachym fought hard to get their team out in front, but were unable to maintain any sustained attack against the Kentuckians. Smith played his usual fine game at guard and was instru-

mental in stopping many of the visitors' offenses. McCarthy, at forward, was the leader of the belated Irish rally which just fall short of achievement. Donovan also showed well at guard and caged one of the long shots he attempted to make toward the close of the game. Milward and the McGinnis brothers were the leaders of the Kentucky attack.

The lineup:

KENTUCKY (19)			NOTRE DAME (16)				
	G	F	P		G	F	P
G. McGinnis, f	1	3	0	Crowe, f	0	0	0
Combs, f	1	0	0	Jachym, f	0	4	3
Milward, c	4	1	2	Colrick, c	1	0	0
McBrayer, g	1	0	4	Smith, g	0	0	2
F. McGinnis, g	0	1	2	Donovan, g	1	2	3
Dees, g	0	0	0	Busch, c	0	0	0
	—	—	—	Gavin, f	0	0	0
Totals	7	5	8	McCarthy, f	2	2	0
				Newbold, f	0	0	0
				Teders, f	0	0	1
				—	—	—	—
				Totals	4	8	9

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

Score at half: Kentucky 12; Notre Dame 6.

Free throws missed: Kentucky 5; Notre Dame 3.

—J. G. P.

### INTERHALL WINTER ACTIVITIES IN FULL SWING

The whistle that opened the first basketball game last Sunday morning was the signal which opened the 1929 indoor season for interhall athletes. With basketball underway the other sports will soon follow its lead and the first of February will find the swimmers, trackmen, and indoor baseball artists sharing the limelight. If we are to judge from the number who donned shirts and shorts to pay homage to King Basketball last Sunday, an unusual interest is being shown in interhall activities and this augurs well for high class competition.

The number playing basketball is so great that orders have been issued from the office of the Interhall Athletic Director that men participating in any other form of athletics will be barred from Interhall Basketball. This order is caused by the limited facilities available to handle the throngs desiring to play and by a desire to give everyone an equal chance.

Devotees of two sports will be given a chance to display their wares when indoor baseball, a newcomer in the circle of interhall athletics, teams up with basketball to divide the interest of the spectators next Sunday. Contests between all halls possessing a team will be played in the gym at the same hour and against the same opponent as the basketball team of that hall.

Immediately after the examinations, dual swimming meets for the interhall tankmen will be arranged. These activities will be under the supervision of William Byrne, a senior in Physical Education.

A schedule at present is being drawn up for interhall dual track meets and these too will be started immediately after the semester tests.

If sufficient interest is shown in the project an All-University Boxing Tournament will be arranged. Anyone interested is requested to get in touch with the Reverend Vincent Mooney, C.S.C., Dean of the department of Physical Education. All these activities yield points towards the Monogram Club's loving cup to be awarded at the end of the year to the hall that has made the best showing in every phase of athletics.

The schedule below is for A, B, and C basketball games and the indoor baseball games next Sunday. All games will be played between the same halls and at the same hour regardless of whether between heavy or light teams. The lights will play in the apparatus room while the heavy games will be staged on the varsity floor.

#### The Schedule:

9:30	Freshman-Carroll
10:30	Howard-Brownson
1:30	Off Campus-Morrissey
2:30	Badin-Lyons
3:30	Corby-Sophomore
4:30	Sorin-Walsh

#### Last Sunday's games:

Carroll 17—Howard 13
Freshman 19—Brownson 7
Lyons 15—Off Campus 13
Badin 17—Morrissey 16
Walsh 14—Corby 10
Soph 22—Sorin 18

# TUXEDOS

*By Society Brand*



Have you your Tuxedo for the two outstanding social events of the winter season

*The Junior Promenade*

*The Lawyers Ball*

We have the latest models—styled in the distinctive well-cut look of all Society Brand Clothes.

*Also other well known makes*

*\$40 to \$55*

## ADLER BROTHERS

Apparel for Men, Women and Boys

105-07-09 So. Michigan

108 W. Washington



# "Doubled and redoubled"



A leading bridge expert once said, "The aces and kings play themselves; it's the little spots that make games."

What's true in bridge seems equally true in the cigarette business. Aces to deuces, spades to clubs—from the very first deal, Chesterfield made every card good!

No risky finesses, no sharp double squeezes — Chesterfield rose to world-wide popularity

by straight honest selling with a straight honest product — an outstanding success in cigarette history.

So Chesterfield can bid high. Tobacco quality, perfect blending, purity, mildness, natural sweetness — with a hand like that, Chesterfield can redouble your smoking pleasure...and today, next month, next year, keep right on fulfilling the contract.

# CHESTERFIELD

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

# COLEFAX THEATRE

Home of  
Paramount Pictures

FOUR DAYS  
Starting Tomorrow

THE FEMALE  
JOLSON

in Her

FIRST SINGING AND TALKING PICTURE

# FANNIE BRICE in MY MAN

Based on the Story  
by Mark Canfield  
Scenario by  
Robert Lord

Directed by  
ARCHIE L.  
MAYO

See and Hear the internationally famous musical comedy and legitimate star in her first picture. America's greatest singing comedienne becomes the screen's finest and funniest singing comedienne.



**4**  
DAYS  
ONLY  
—  
At Our  
Usual Prices

100%  
Singing  
and  
Talking

## CAGERS SWAMP WABASH WITH 42-19 SCORE

The Keoganites made it four in a row when they trekked up to Crawfordsville, Indiana, Wednesday, January 9, and swamped the Wabash College quintet by the score 42-19. The bearers of the Gold and Blue got off to a slow start and for a time were unable to get past the air-tight defense presented by the Little Giants. Throughout the first half the Notre Dame cagers resorted to long shots when they found it almost impossible to penetrate the five man defense of the Wabash team. They could not locate the basket accurately enough, however, and when the whistle blew ending the first half, they were leading their hosts by only five points, 18-13.

What Coach Keogan said to them during the rest period, we don't know, but when they took their positions for the nightcap session, there was no holding them. Colrick and Jachym started popping them from all angles and Donovan broke through under the basket time and again to register. Frankie Crowe was being watched too closely, as a result he was able to tally but twice during the evening. While the entire Wabash team were concentrating their efforts on Crowe, Colrick and Jachym were looping them one after another and at the end of the game it was found they had scored 14 points apiece.

The guarding of Ed Smith and Lefty Donovan was largely instrumental in checking the Little Giants, the two Notre Dame guards hurrying the Wabash players on all shots. Colrick and Jachym were the stars for the victors, while Cowman and Howell were the shining lights for the hosts. E. D.

## HANDICAP TRACK MEET IN GYMNASIUM TOMORROW

All students of the University are invited to participate in a handicap track meet to be held tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock in the gymnasium. Coach John Nicholson will be in charge.

There will also be a Blue and Gold meet on Wednesday, January 23, between the Varsity track candidates and Freshmen.



LET US HELP ENTERTAIN  
YOUR PROM GUESTS

# Hotel LaSalle



Table d' Hote Dinner  
—in—  
The Florentine Room

VISIT THE NEW

# Oliver Hotel Tea Room ---and--- Soda Grill

\*\*\*

Open Daily Except Sundays  
11 a. m. till midnight.

\*\*\*

Luncheons, Teas, Dinners, Suppers

# Cagey Comment

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

~~~~~  
Read It Every Day in

**THE  
NEWS-TIMES**

GYM SHOES

SWEAT SHIRTS

# BERMAN'S

*"If it comes from Berman's  
it must be good."*



126 North Michigan Street

RADIO

RIFLES

Headquarters for  
**DUNHILL-SASINEI**  
 --and--  
**THREE-B DOMESTIC**  
**PIPES**  
**GARDNER'S**  
 Main and Jefferson

*THE SOUTH BEND*  
*CLEARING HOUSE BANKS*

---

**First National**  
**Bank**

---

INVITES THE ACCOUNTS  
 OF NOTRE DAME MEN

---

204 N. Michigan Street

CORSAGES  
 our  
**SPECIALTY**  
 —At—  
**BEYER'S**  
 225 NORTH MICHIGAN STREET  
 Between Hotel LaSalle and Palace Theatre

*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

*Don't Experiment.*  
*with your Appearance*



AT THE BEST MEN'S SHOP



**CLOTHES**  
 Real made  
 and 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

**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

**8395 Decisions  
 Favoring  
 This Smoke**

Ipswich, S. D.  
 Sept. 4, 1928

Larus & Brothor Co.,  
 Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

In answer to the challenge of J. J. Roberts of Columbia, S. D., as printed in the Minneapolis Journal dated Sunday, September 2nd, I have smoked Edgeworth for twenty-three (23) years and for two years previous to that time I smoked Qboid, which, I believe, is manufactured by your firm.

During this time I have smoked at least one can each day, and to verify this statement you may address the C & C Cafe of this city, where I make my tobacco purchases.

It may be interesting to know that my purchases of Edgeworth during this period have totaled more than 8395 (eight thousand three hundred ninety-five) cans, representing a total expenditure of more than \$1259 (twelve hundred fifty-nine dollars).

I have never smoked any other brand of tobacco but Edgeworth during the twenty-three years.

Yours very truly,  
 (Signed) Chas. Bostock  
 Justice of the Peace

**Edgeworth**  
*Extra High Grade*  
**Smoking Tobacco**

**Dr. Frank M. Powers**

**University  
 Physician**

**Hotel LaSalle  
 Barber Shop**

*Accomplished  
 Service*

SIX EXPERT BARBERS

MANICURE

N. D. Men Always Welcome.  
 You'll be delighted.

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

# INDIANA

*DeLuxe*

CAB COMPANY

*"The Cabs the Students Ride"*

---

---

It is our sincere endeavor to render every possible service to Notre Dame men and in so doing we realize the student body will continue their greatly appreciated patronage

---

---

Call 3-7147

Call 3-7147

*Reliability! Safety! Courtesy!*