

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

*A Literary—News Weekly*

VOL. LIV.

FEBRUARY 18, 1927

No. 18

**1872--1927**

A Modern Knight's Tale

*David S. Lehman*

Congo Al's Prom Date

*Francis Collins Miller*

What to Say in Letters

*Karl Martersteck*

Homo at the Prom

*George Kiener*

America, The Land of Poor Poets

*Leo McIntyre*

The Night General Foreman

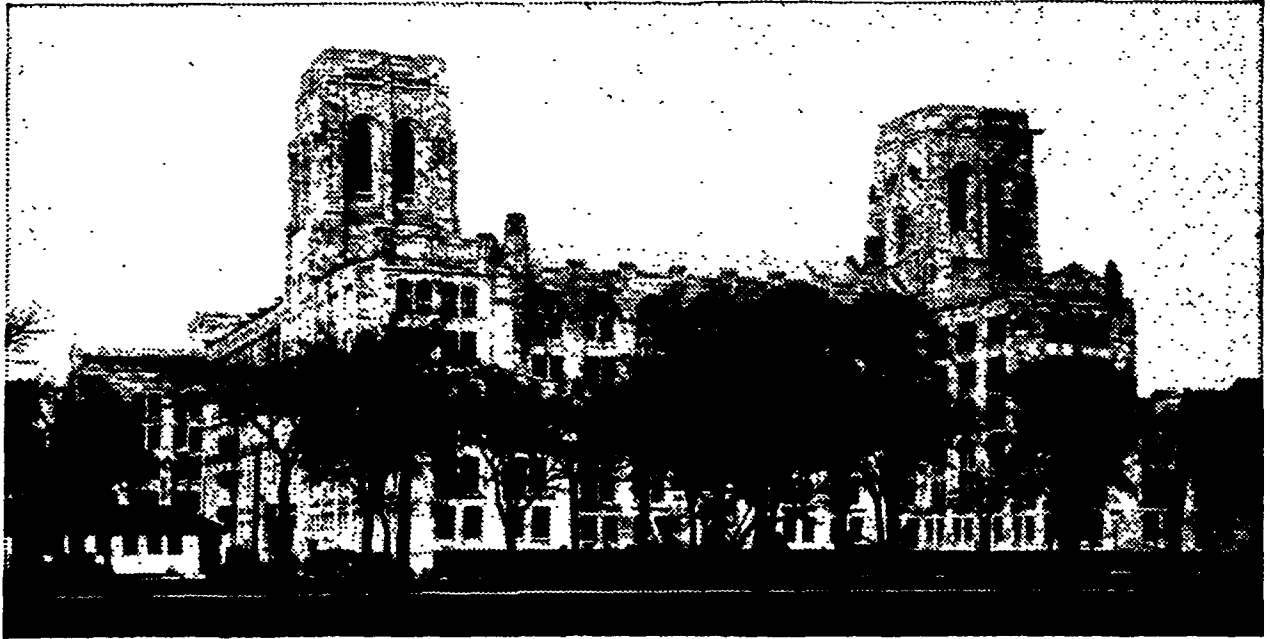
*John F. McMahon*

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REV. MATTHEW SCHUMACKER, Editor

NOTRE DAME, IND.



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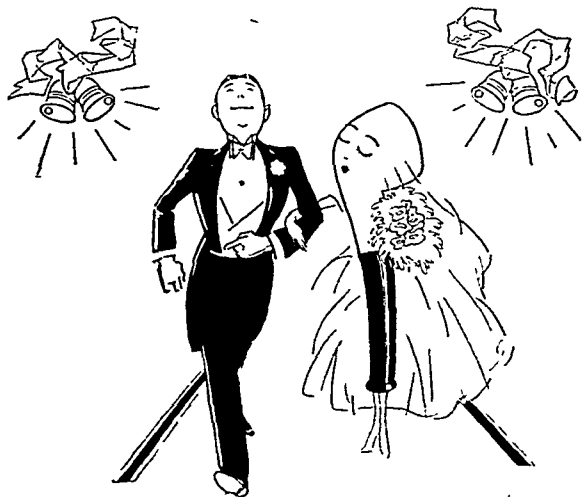
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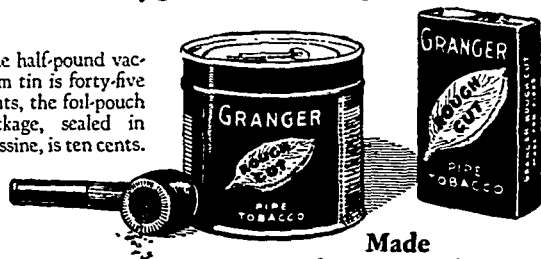
Until one day a friend, experienced in such affairs, gave him a few pointers. He took his friend's advice; he got some Granger Rough Cut. . . It worked! In a few weeks' time he was solidly wedded to a wonderful pipe. . . sitting pretty, fixed for life!

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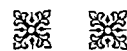
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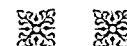
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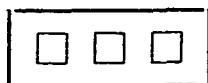


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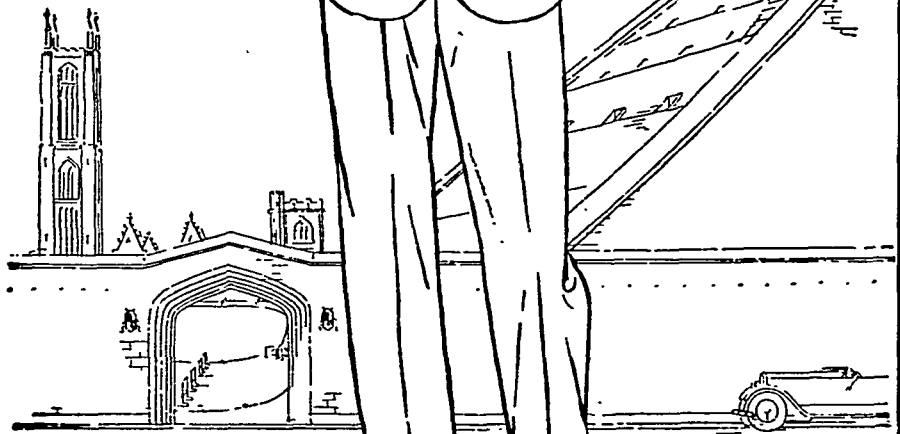
Here and ready for your inspection. It's always an event—this first look at the styles for Spring—and this year it seems to be twice the event of other seasons.

*Distinctive Styles for  
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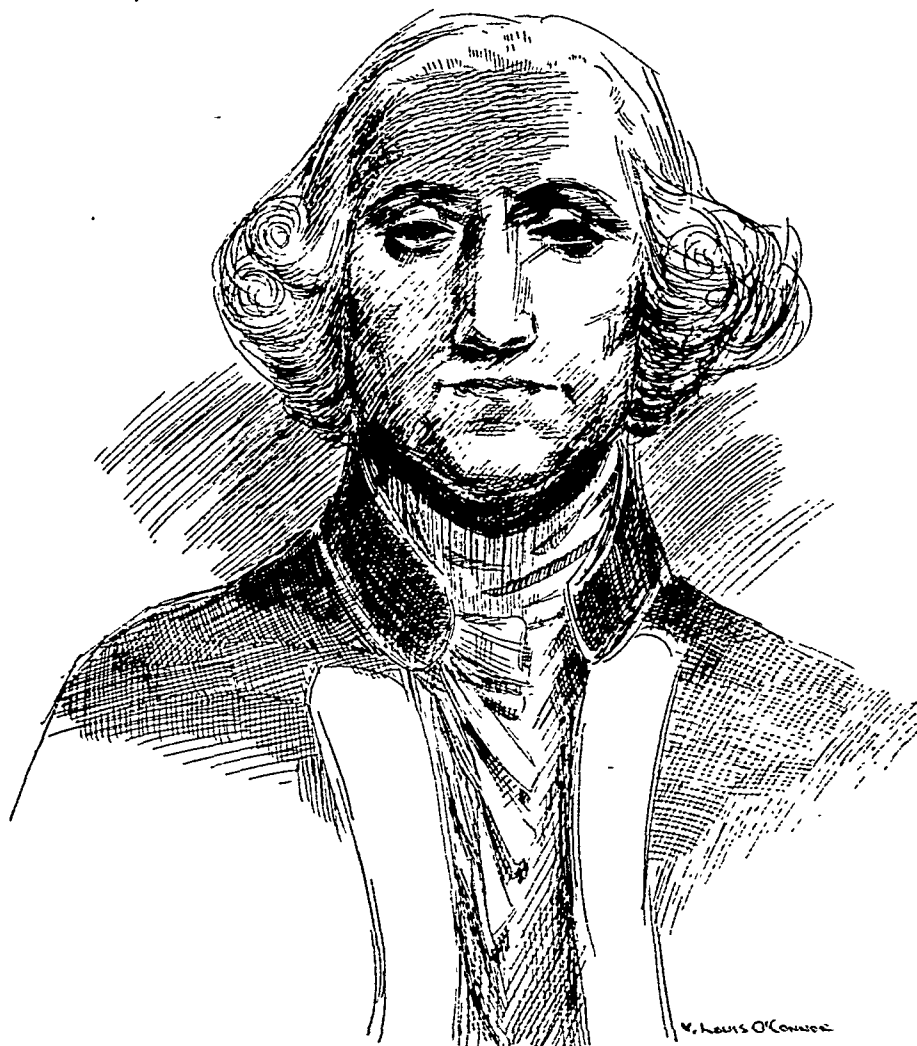
1872 = 1927

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



### *This Was a Man!*

CORNELIUS SHEA

*Oh Father brave—when in the fog and night  
You heard the whimpering of a child new-born  
That strove like infant Hercules against  
Huge serpents sent to kill. When in the morn  
Of those first fearful days—an army lost  
And power looming up; Goliath high  
To crush the feeble struggles of the child  
You wound the whistling sling to see him die.*

*They say that men are brave who stand alone  
What then of him who with a candle's flame  
Goes out to conquer searchlings in the night?  
Absurd you say—then honor well his name  
Who led an untrained mob against a foe  
The greatest powers of Europe feared to meet  
And he who led that mob, with mighty blows  
Wrought victory from the flame of each defeat.*





## THE WEEK

By special arrangement with the weather man music accompanied the first sign of Spring on Thursday evening. The University Band accompanied by the men who will represent Notre Dame in the intercollegiate Glee Club competition presented what was perhaps the finest concert of the year in Washington Hall. The Band has been developing during the past few years with admirable strides to perfection and to one of the highest positions among college bands. Last year this fact was recognized when the Victor Phonograph Company recorded the double faced record of Notre Dame's songs. This year the leaders of the band have added to the laurels gathered last season and Thursday evening's presentation proved them to be pleasantly numerous.

The Press Club with President Mark Nevils presiding held their banquet at the La-Salle Hotel Thursday noon. The members listened to the words of Mr. Sidney Whipple, who is at present editor of the South Bend *Tribune*, and added much to the journalistic knowledge. The Press Club has taken its place with the most active clubs on the campus this year, presenting such men as McCready Huston and taking charge of university publicity in a group of Catholic newspapers.

The Law Club following in the well marked foot-prints of the Junior Prom will offer their annual formal the first of next week. The announcements were about as clever as even a lawyer is capable of inventing and the tickets are in demand to the very breaking point. Marc Fiehrer and his committeemen have certainly talked and worked things up to the point where a most excellent dance is inevitable. While the subject of dances is on the fire we pause to toss our compliments to the men who made the Junior Prom the success that all who attended realize it turned out to be. Charles McCarthy as general chairman and Maurice Conley, president of the class together with exceptional commit-

tees proved that the Palais can be the stage for a wonderful evening. Joe Doran also added a big surprise to the guests with decorations that are said to have been the best ever offered by a junior class. The campus comment appears to be clearly outspoken that the seniors will have to hurdle high to improve upon the efforts of the Junior classmen.

The swimming team made a most successful invasion of the East last week and took two of the strongest teams in Pennsylvania into camp. The University of Pittsburgh team was beaten decisively and to prove that everything was even better than it should be the Carnegie Tech men were drawn badly in their own pool. The basketball team found Franklin rather easy last Saturday evening after the track team had lost a closely contested meet with the unbeatable indoor team from Illinois. The University of Pittsburgh who turned Michigan back some time ago comes here this week to meet our basketball team. Since the meeting with the Pittsburgh men Michigan has lost to Purdue but the mere fact that the Pennsylvanians conquered the Wolverines shows that their strength is worthy of consideration. Paul Harrington, a graduate of last year, has the misfortune of holding records for very short periods. After breaking the national indoor polevault record one week a Yale man soars higher the very next week; however, any man who is able to vault thirteen feet nine inches must be looked up to.

James Quinn, president of the Student Activities Council and Johnnie Smith, football captain elect were the representatives chosen to represent Notre Dame at the conference of student governing bodies this week at Champaign, Ill. This conference has for its purpose the perfection of student councils in the larger universities and has proven itself to be of great importance in the development in that field. —W.H.L.

### HARP CONCERT DELIGHTS LARGE AUDIENCE

The Salszedo Harp Ensemble presented a concert in Washington Hall Feb. 10. Their program might have been entitled "From Bach to Modernism." It was a program that might have been very well received in Aeolian Hall, but was a trifle heavy for an audience composed of engineers, architects, scientists, and so on; the students of music were in the minority. While the program was very well presented, no concert is a success unless it appeals to the audience, subjectively speaking.

The first part of the program consisted entirely of several works of Bach. The ensemble very well brought out the wonderful counterpoint of which Bach was a master. Among the encore numbers played was *The Song of the Volga Boatmen*. This selection was well received by the audience and it was well worthy of hearty applause. The Harp solo which followed this number brilliantly displayed the technique of the soloist, but the beautiful tone picture which the artist created was somewhat marred by the breaking of a string. This was a misfortune, however, which was unavoidable. The second encore number was the celebrated *Largo* by Handel. This beautiful and solemn masterpiece was very well interpreted by the ensemble.

As a divergence from the music of the masters, Salszedo played the Negro Spiritual *Deep River*; *Believe Me*; and the *Last Rose of Summer*. Mr. Salszedo concluded the program with two of his own compositions. These numbers were thoroughly modern and formed a delightful contrast to the first part of the program.

### AN APOLOGY

Through a grievous error made by the engravers of the program for the Junior Prom, the names of Judge and Mrs. Dudley G. Wooten were omitted therefrom as patrons and patronesses for the event.

The committees in charge of the prom, speaking in behalf of the class as a whole, make due apology and express their regrets at this accidental mishap.

### VERBAL ARTISTS CLASH

An interesting and informal debate was held Thursday, February 10th, between the University of Notre Dame and Marquette University. Notre Dame was defended by William J. Coyne and James C. Ray. It was a non decision affair upon the topic Resolved: "That the Prohibition Amendment Should be Repealed." Marquette maintained that prohibition was accomplishing a great amount of good and that slowly but surely the evil of drink is being abolished. Notre Dame asserted that the eighteenth amendment had not only failed to do away with the evils of drink but had bred many more; political corruptness and the bootleg industry. They declared that it could not be enforced because public opinion is overwhelmingly against it.

—W.F.C.

### DUBOIS ADDRESSES JOURNALISTS

Frederick Dubois, of Muncie, Ind., circulation and advertising manager of the *Muncie Post-Dispatch*, addressed the members of the Press Club in their regular weekly meeting Thursday noon, Feb. 10, in the Library. Mr. Dubois reviewed the case of George R. Dale, of Muncie, publisher of the *Post-Dispatch*, who has been waging a fight to break the hold of the Klan grip on Indiana politics. He is at present engaged in a campaign to press Mr. Dale's case before the United States Supreme Court.

### VISITS NOTRE DAME

Daniel J. Tobin of New York, a member of the executive board of the Boy Scouts of America, stopped at Notre Dame Sunday, Feb. 13, on his way to Chicago to visit with his son, Daniel J. Tobin, Jr., of Morrissey Hall. In Chicago Mr. Tobin attended a convention of the Knights of Columbus.

Mr. Tobin, who is interested in the Knights of Columbus Boy Guidance movement at Notre Dame, conferred with Brother Barnabas, of New Haven, Conn., national executive secretary of the Knights, who was in town to attend a dinner held by the Boy Guidance students in the LaSalle Hotel.

## S. A. C. NOTES

Students are requested to refrain from "bumming rides" on the roads adjacent to the University. This practice is dangerous and gives an unfavorable impression to visitors.

James Quinn, Chairman of the S. A. C., has received a letter from the Harrisburg Academy, Harrisburg, Pa., requesting a copy of the University seal, to be used in decorating their new dining hall. Seals of the leading universities of the country are to be placed over the fireplace in this refectory.

Maurice Connelley and James Quinn will represent Notre Dame at the Mid-Western Students Conference to be held at the University of Illinois, Feb. 17-19. Delegates from every prominent university and college in this section of the country will be present to exchange views on student problems.

The S. A. C. sent a letter of condolence to Baylor University, Waco, Texas, expressing the sympathy of Notre Dame for the relatives and friends of the basketball players who were killed a short time ago in a railroad crossing tragedy in which practically the entire varsity squad was lost. The following reply was received: "Please accept the sincere thanks and profound appreciation of Baylor University, her president and officers, her faculty and her student body, for your thoughtful and tender message of condolence and sympathy. Its import will be made known to each of the bereaved families."

Valentine Day was duly observed by Father O'Hara, Prefect of Religion, who, however, reversed the ordinary custom of choosing the fortunate recipients. Students lax in receiving Communion found a card in the morning mail addressed to them. On the card was a picture of an ostrich standing with its head buried in the mud. Beneath this picture were the words, "To My Valentine," signed "J. F. O'H." Many a sheepish grin can be traced to the receipt of this *rara avis*.

## ENGINEERS TAKE TRIP

With Prof. Caparo acting as Cicerone, sixteen students of the civil and mechanical engineering departments visited Niagara Falls during last weekend on a survey of the world's greatest power center.

The band left South Bend Friday afternoon over the Grand Trunk, arriving at the Falls early Saturday. The forenoon was spent in inspecting the plant of the Carborundum Company, and in the afternoon a tour was made of the plant of the Niagara Power Company. The students sacrificed their comfort so that others more deserving might occupy the Pullmans. The day coaches served as observation cars, dining cars, and bunks for the slip-stick men until their arrival at Niagara Falls, Ontario, at 4 a. m. Saturday.

Returning, the engineers left Buffalo Saturday evening, arriving in South Bend at noon Sunday. Needless to say, all report a good time. While in Buffalo the travellers were entertained at the home of Clyde Schammel, of Corby Hall, one of their number on the expedition.

## BROTHER BARNABAS HERE

Brother Barnabas, of New Haven, Conn., national secretary of the Boy Life bureau of the Knights of Columbus, was guest of honor Sunday evening at a dinner tendered by members of the Boy Guidance department in the College Inn of the LaSalle Hotel. Brother Barnabas is on his way to the Pacific Coast, where he will spend four months in lecturing on the Boy Guidance course at Notre Dame.

Rev. William F. Cunningham, C.S.C., director of the Department of Education, and Raymond A. Hoyer, Director of the Department of Boy Guidance, addressed the guests, complimenting Brother Barnabas on his work in advancing the movements sponsored by the Knights of Columbus.

Twenty-six members of both classes of the department were in attendance. Joe Greeley, a senior in the course, acted as toastmaster, and the Boy Guidance Trio, composed of Joe Bella, John Cody and Bill Murphy, rendered several selections.

## MONOGRAM SHOW A LA KELLY

Owing to the pressure of other activities, Lester Grady and Vince Fagan have been forced to resign their posts as producers of the Monogram Absurdities of 1927. Prof. Frank W. Kelly, director of the Department of Public Speaking, has agreed to take over the reins and will begin work on the sketches immediately.

Prof. Kelly conferred with John Wallace, business manager of the show, on Wednesday evening, when definite arrangements were made for calling the cast together and a tentative program was prepared. Rehearsals will begin within the next few days.

Wallace reports an increased demand for the presentation of the Absurdities in South Bend following the three-night engagement in Washington Hall, March 31 and April 1 and 2. An effort is also being made to take the troupe to St. Mary's for a one night stand.

## A SUCCESSFUL PROM

The clamor of enthusiastic voices . . . the musical clicking of taxi-cab meters . . . the smooth sway of softly moving bodies,—memoirs of the Junior Prom as traveling trains take fair guests to their homes; as dreary bodies weary through early morning classes.

Putting the best into their second dance of their histrionic existence, the class of twenty-eight did well in their effort to transform the Palais Royale into an effective setting for the event. The decorations at this prom, in fact, have been placed on a pedestal on which they will remain unequalled for a long time.

Enforcing a huge arch with porte-cochere like steps as an entrance into the dance floor proper, it was reinforced on each side with porticos surmounted with smilax from which strings of poppies extended at intervals into the chandelier projecting from the center of the ceiling.

Clinking wind-chimes, hanging parasols, all prettily arranged; being attractive in their Japanese cloaks; suspended from the many porticos, the huge arch, the dangling chandelier, a secluded rest-awning, a lawn

umbrella; conspicuous because of its blend of color, around which danced the bodies of the evening. President Maurice B. Conley, hand in hand with Miss Dorothy McKenna; Chairman Charles McCarthy, holding Miss Eve Van Etten. Dancing to mellow music; music by Joe Rudolph, of the Rainbo Gardens in Chicago. For the evening very appropriately settled in this miniature Jap land.

His music like perfume, ethereal perfume; not of the type that is conspicuous of perfume containers; the favors of the evening. Programs in gold and blue, with a ribbon of the same colors; a raised university seal in gold upon a background of powdered blue. A successful promenade; a happy crowd.

The soft tone of recollective voices . . . the swishing of air about a fast moving train . . . tired hands scribbling thankful words about the prom. For the success of which were responsible:

Charles J. McCarthy, general chairman.

Tickets—William F. Brown, chairman, Harold P. Reynolds, August M. Grans, Allen Tehan, Joseph E. Enright, Louis F. Buckley.

Decorations—Joseph V. Doran, chairman; Louis J. Carr, Chester Rice, John D. Igoe, Charles A. Homer.

Reception—John P. Smith, chairman; Russell A. Riley, Charles F. Walsh, Francis P. Creadon, Edward A. Walsh.

Publicity—Richard L. Novak, chairman; Richard L. Phelan, Walter H. Layne, John E. Carlin, William H. Ott.

Programs—Arthur L. Denchfield, chairman; Paul G. Tobin, John C. Tappeiner, Robert T. Strickle, Conrad M. Ochoa.

Music—Dorotheus M. Meinert, Robert E. Kirby, John C. Sheedy, John J. Wingerter, Paul J. Brady, William P. Dowell.

Arrangements—John F. Frederick, John W. Cavanaugh, Burton E. Toeppe, Joseph E. Morrissey.

## COMMIES TO HEAR TALK

Charles A. Bonniwell, director of sales for the S. W. Straus Company of Chicago, will address the students of the College of Commerce on Thursday, February 24, in the second of a series of three lectures on salesmanship. The subject of his talk will be "Creating Consumer Acceptance." Mr. Bonniwell's third lecture, on March 19, will deal with "Securing a Position."

## DEAN KONOP SPEAKS

Grand Knight Bob Irminger and his Notre Dame Council, 1477, Knights of Columbus, gathered in Walsh Hall basement Tuesday evening, February fifteenth, at eight o'clock. The purpose of the gathering in the main was to listen to an address delivered by Dean Thomas F. Konop of the Hoynes College of Law.

Dean Konop, a member of the National House of Representatives for many years and annual visitor at the chambers of Notre Dame Council, delivered an address which was characterized by his customary ready wit and fiery eloquence. He spoke at length of the real purpose of the Knights of Columbus in conducting their drive for one million dollars, namely, to acquaint the American people with conditions existing in Mexico; and related how the enemies of the Knights have consistently misconstrued this purpose.

Moreover, he concluded his address, by reading that now memorable reply of Abraham Lincoln, when asked if he were a Know Nothing. Lincoln replied that he was not; and said that if the Know Nothings had their way, the sentence "Every man is created free and equal certain, et cetera" in the Declaration of Independence, would read: "Every man is created free and equal with certain, et cetera" except negroes, foreigners, and Catholics. "Lincoln hated intolerance," terminated the Dean, "and despised it as much, at least, as he did a traitor."

Grand Knight Bob Irminger, during the course of the meeting, announced that an exemplification of the second and third degrees would be given Sunday, March twentieth, at the K. of C. home in South Bend, under the auspices of Notre Dame Council.

Lecturer Howard Phalin reported, during his time in the chair, that Notre Dame Council's basketball team had continued in its victorious outburst, cutting two more notches in its belt in a week's time. Phalin announced that Ed McKeown had been appointed chairman of the bowling tournament, which will be staged in about two weeks. All Knights desirous of entering the tournament, which will embrace duffers and

those proficient at the bowling game, should get in touch with Ed personally or by sending their name to him, stipulating kind of bowling played, in care of Box 73, local. The winners in both classes of the tournament will be awarded handsome prizes.

"Jack" Carr, director of the local K. of C. orchestra, and his men regaled the members with popular jazz selections for the last half hour of the meeting. Ice cream and cake enhanced the value of the musical treat. Chaplain Father Gallagan closed the meeting with prayer at 9:35 P. M. The next meeting of the Council will occur Tuesday evening, March first.

## PRIZE ESSAY DESCRIBES

## FOUNDING OF UNIVERSITY

In the course of his prize essay on the "Diocese of Vincennes," John Connor, Cathedral High School, Indianapolis, speaking of Bishop Hailandiere, at whose earnest solicitation the Congregation of Holy Cross first came to Indiana, says: "The new bishop endowed the diocese with two important religious communities. One was the Fathers of Holy Cross, with the Brothers of St. Joseph, to whom he confided St. Marie des Lacs, a log chapel erected by Father Badin, on property purchased by him. Father Sorin had, in 1841, brought over from Mans some Brothers and founded St. Peter's, an establishment near Vincennes. He proceeded to St. Marie in November, 1842, and there founded Notre Dame, on the right bank of the St. Joseph river. A church, college and manual labor school soon were erected. A community of sisters, under the same rule, arrived from France and established a convent and academy. These various bodies have all been blessed with wonderful success. The college particularly has grown and has a nation-wide reputation. Honored by Catholics and Protestants alike, it has created immense good feeling and has broken up much of the animosity toward the Catholic church."

The essay was published in full in the *Indiana Catholic*. Mr. Connor is a pupil of the Brothers of Holy Cross, formerly known as the Brothers of Saint Joseph.

## SCIENCE ACADEMY MEETS

The Notre Dame Academy of Science held the first regular meeting for the month of February on Monday evening of this week. Richard Munz presented a very scholarly paper on Mendelism, wherein he was successful in covering a great deal of the subject, though necessarily in rather brief fashion. He explained the terms used in heredity, noted the chromosomal mechanism responsible for the transmission of characters, and discussed hybridization, using various examples.

After a discussion of this paper, the remainder of the time was used up in a consideration of business matters. With the coming of the second semester, several new men met the scholastic requirements for membership, and will be added to the organization.

Programs for the remainder of the scholastic year have been arranged. There will be three student meetings, two lectures by members of the faculty, and lectures by two South Bend men prominent in scientific fields. The next meeting will be held on February 28.

## PRESS CLUB EATS

The regular weekly meeting of the Press Club was held in the LaSalle Hotel Thursday noon, Feb. 17. F. A. Miller, editor of the South Bend *Tribune*, and Dr. John M. Cooney, director of the School of Journalism, were guests of honor and addressed the members of the club. In the future luncheon meetings will be a regular weekly affair.

Following the luncheon a business session was held in the Wedgewood room, with President Mark Nevils presiding. The weekly assignments were given out by Editor Bill Blewett.

## INDIANAPOLIS CLUB MEETS

Acting President Mootz corralled his fellow Indianapolis club students at the Morningside Apartments last Tuesday. Talk of a holiday dance and means of promoting social affairs between Indianapolis residents were discussed.

## ROY COPS THIRD

James C. Roy, representing Notre Dame, was awarded third place in the state intercollegiate oratorical contest held at Evansville last Friday. First place was taken by Wabash while second was awarded to Mr. Carr of Earlham College. This is the third straight year that the contest has been taken by a Wabash contestant. Roy is a member of the class of '29 and a member of the varsity debating team. —W.F.C.

## SCANTICLADS OFF FOR

## MARQUETTE MEET

Coaches Knute Rockne and John Wendland, with a squad of more than twenty runners, jumpers and hurdlers, left Thursday for Milwaukee where the Notre Dame track team will meet Marquette in a dual meet, Friday night.

## SISTER DOMATILLA DIES

With the passing away of Sister Domatilla at St. Mary's, Saturday, Feb. 5, the students of St. Mary's and Notre Dame lost a real friend. Since 1873, when she entered the Congregation of Holy Cross on her arrival from Ireland, to the present time, this nun has devoted practically all of her time to the welfare of the students. Her motherly attitude and kind nature made her a great favorite among the girls. They considered her a companion rather than a superior. Formerly, in the days of few privileges and fewer meetings of the students of the twin institutions, Sister Domatilla provided recreation in numerous ways. A keen participant in any lawful escapade which the students instigated; a resourceful and indefatigable story teller; a kind and sympathetic friend. Shortly before her death she was interviewed by a member of a St. Mary's publication and told an interesting story, reminiscent of the days when Notre Dame students enjoyed privileges as restricted as those in vogue at St. Mary's today. Old students of both institutions will be grieved to hear of the decease of this revered nun.—R. I. P.



### CAMPUS OPINION

Editor, THE SCHOLASTIC

Dear Sir:

Every mother of a Notre Dame man will, I am sure, heartily resent the article on "Girls" which appeared recently in your columns.

If your young men will attend to their duties of which God will require a strict account, I am certain girls will cease to worry them.

Your author slaps the girls for their lack of intelligence. Where is the intelligence of men (whom God created mentally and physically stronger than women) when they are unable to resist the lure of the very girls whom they brand as stupid?

I am the mother of a Notre Dame man, and also of two dear daughters. I defy anyone to prove the last-named unintelligent, and suggest that a few lessons in charity would excellently supplement the studies which have placed your author upon his precarious peak of pseudo-knowledge. He who knows not and knows not that he knows not—and yet writes; heaven protect us from his ilk! And of such is your silly girl-hater who has set himself to judge all womankind.

—A MOTHER.

### DR. RICE AT NOTRE DAME

An event of great interest will occur in the near future when Dr. Phidelah Rice will read some selections at Notre Dame. Dr. Rice is dean of the Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word, Boston, Massachusetts. He is probably America's best known impersonator and interpreter of Shakespearean parts. Dr. Rice is scheduled to appear in Washington Hall, Wednesday evening, March 23. He is expected to read Hamlet, probably one of the most difficult interpretations in all Shakespeare. Possessed of a voice of superb reso-

nance and timbre, perfectly trained and masterfully controlled, he renders this selection in a magnificent manner.

Dr. Rice is head of a famous summer school course in expression which is held every year in the East. Here he gathers around him all the acknowledged teachers of speech in America.

### NEW PLAYS CHOSEN

Professor Frank W. Kelly of the University Theatre has announced that the final selection has been made of the three original one-act plays to be produced on March seventeenth. All the plays are the work of Notre Dame men who are students in the Play Writing Class of Professor Charles Phillips. The three plays that were chosen are *The Pump*, written by Joe Breig, *Out of the River*, the opus of James J. Jay, and *Omaudhan*, by William Vahey. Several other plays are still under consideration for future production.

Tryouts for parts in the three new plays will be held in the near future and casts will be chosen. It is expected to find capable actors among the members of the Players Club to play the parts with the students of Professor Kelly's Stage Craft Course helping him in direction and supervision.

### FRENCH TRANSLATION CONTEST

#### NOW OPEN TO NOTRE DAME MEN

An unusual contest aiming to discover a worthy translation from French into English of Aristide Briand's notable speech at Geneva is now being sponsored by a number of interested Americans. Students of any American college may compete for the prizes, which are first, \$100; second, \$50 and third, \$25.00.

Five students of Notre Dame may enter the contest. Simply stated, the contest is this: each student is furnished with a printed copy of the speech, of which he makes a translation. The use of dictionaries and grammars is permitted.

All French students at Notre Dame who desire to enter this contest must confer with Professor Provost before beginning work. The contest closes April 15, 1927.



## THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By John T. Cullinan

Following the first snowball battle at the University of Illinois fraternities reported ninety-one shattered windows, and the sororities six. The record number of fourteen broken windows was reported by one fraternity. At the University of Chicago one fraternity refused to join the all-Greek snowball battle so the other fraternities stormed the house of the non-combatants. All windows were broken and casualties in the shape of broken noses, torn clothes, and black eyes were reported.

The annual Adam and Eve day was celebrated recently on the Arts campus, University of Denver. The tradition was inaugurated in 1916 when Chancellor Butchel held the first chapel ceremony and after explaining the significance of the apple in the lives of Adam and Eve, handed each student an apple as he filed out.

According to a Princeton professor of psychology, one peanut contains enough energy to type one thousand words. All peanuts are requested to report for Scholastic duty.

Students of the University of Southern California are showing their love for their alma mater in a concrete way by working from eight thirty until eleven thirty every morning, cleaning the university grounds. At noon the university co-eds serve lunch, Authorities estimate that over \$15,000 will be saved in this fashion by student labor.

Working girls in Durham, North Carolina, write English that puts to shame the efforts of the average university freshman. They read Greek plays in translation not for three necessary credits in Drama but for the fun they find in the work. Dr. L. Wright, professor of English at the University of North Carolina is, in co-operation with the university Extension Department giving weekly classes in English for the Durham working girls.

"The remarkable thing about the reading

of this group," says Dr. Wright, "is the quality of the material read by the girls before beginning their work in English in this course. None of the girls has ever had more than two years high school and one or two have never had as much as sixth grade work. Several of the girls read Greek plays and enjoyed them thoroughly. They have read Antigone, Oedipus, and Trojan Women purely through interest and not for the customary credit."

Medical students of the University of Chicago have found a practical use for the victims of their gruesome experiments and are now creating a serious menace to the future prosperity of the ash tray industry. The medics, upon completion of their anatomy courses, have become accustomed to use the skulls of their "stiffs" as ash receivers.

The student publication of Western Reserve University reveals the masterly response of the freshman to an intelligence test held last week.

An oxygen is an eight-sided figure.

Nero means absolutely nothing.

A quorum is a place to keep fish.

Radium is a new kind of silk.

The Ulysses S. Grant was a tract of land upon which several battles of the Civil War were fought.

Homer is a type of pigeon.

Henry Clay is a mud treatment for the face.

A vegetarian is a feeble surgeon.

The wrestling coach of the University of Utah is faced with a shortage of material because men fear cauliflower ears. His most promising aspirants for wrestling honors have dropped the work since the Utah *Chronicle*, student newspaper, referred to the wrestlers as "cauliflower-eared artists." The coach declares that he has wrestled for several years, yet his auditory organs would be a credit to any movie star.



# HOBNAILS

## EN ROUTE

*Out of the world;  
Past Cedar Grove;  
Beneath the trees;  
Through Sacred Heart;  
Past the Grotto,  
Through the halls—  
Under the shadow of  
Our Lady.*

*Back through the halls:  
Past the Grotto:  
Through Sacred Heart,  
Beneath the trees;  
Past Cedar Grove;  
Out into the world—  
Under the shadow of  
Our Lady.*

—C.M.W., '28

## DAVE AND CARL, LOOK AT THIS!

CYRANO: It isn't always easy to see any justification for calling the SCHOLASTIC a *Literary-News Weekly*, but, so far as I am concerned, it can claim to be anything it wants if a few more stories like "Homecoming" and "A Kingdom by the Sea" appear. Besides showing exceptional promise, they are splendid stories in themselves, with characters excellently portrayed, action well-motivated, and situations worked up almost to poignancy. Entirely different from one another, each is, in its own field, an example of the short-story of which any college paper could be proud. —CRITIQUE.

## MOONLIGHT MEMORIES (To Olive)

*Jade green, gentle whispering river  
A drifting canoe and only you  
Whose cool white hands  
And kind voice  
Like string music  
Are fragments of moonlight memories.*

—H.J.S.

## NICK, WE THINK THAT YOU ARE JEALOUS

CY: I suppose you think that you are the only one to whom the Vamp writes verses. Don't kid yourself! I have one myself, and so have several of my friends. I hate to see you misled by a mere woman who writes nice poetry about hot coffee, slammed doors, and tall Chicago men. Don't let yourself be imposed upon! —NICK BOTTOM.

## WE'LL MISS YOU, HAL!

DEAR CY: You got one fine sense of humor. You go and publish a Spring Song in February, when the weather is fair, and the next day it snows. If you ain't got no better sense than that, I ain't going to contribute no more to your bum weather report. —HALITOSIS III.

## WE'RE READY—WHEN AND WHERE?

DEAR CYR.:

Badin hereby hurls back the challenge issued by Morrissey, by inviting the Intellectual Lights to fierce combat of gray matter in a chess rodeo. The fame of the manicures displayed by the Badin "pawnbrokers" is national—not interhall. Opposing players are frequently beaten on the first move of a Badinite, for the brilliance of the famed manicures causes extreme embarrassment to foes.

—ARCHEM.

## LA SOURCE

*By the well,  
Her memory knew  
The gurgling laughter  
That rose—now fell  
To the bottom,  
And heard  
Nevermore.*

*By the well,  
Old, gray, and haggard  
She stooped to draw  
The crystal water  
That flowed—unlike her youth—  
Evermore.*

—N. LOTI.

## WE DON'T CARE, REALLY

Just to settle an argument Cy; do you think that Lyons hall will be able to fly if they put a couple more wings on it? —SI FROM CHI.

## A PAIR OF QUEENS

Dear Cyrano:

When Thomas called Jimmie, please tell us what Jimmie was holding. —MI-GOSH.

## THE KIND OF SCOTCH I WOULDN'T BE SEEN WITH

*I walked to the edge of the sky-scraper  
And gazed down two hundred feet.  
How terrible, thought I, if my poor bones  
Were with that street to meet.  
But behind me a rabid robber stood,  
My life or money to take.  
I looked again at the dread descent,  
And hoped for an even break.  
I landed hard, I will have to admit,  
And stopped traffic for a time;  
But I felt my pocket, and laughed at the fall  
For I had my two-bits and a dime.*

—Y 4 ANY 1

To those gentlemen who have requested us for the Vampire's address: You may all take a cool dip in St. Joseph Lake. —CYRANO OF CHICAGO.

## LITERARY

*A Modern Knight's Tale**Three Tragedies Strike Young Langtry*

DAVID S. LEHMAN

*"Gather ye, gather ye round!  
 Let winter blow over the chimney!  
 Gather ye, gather ye round!  
 Fill, tankards and mugs to the brim, nay,  
 Here's health to the feeble, and strength to  
     the strong,  
 And life it is short and the grave it is long,  
 So drink while you can, sir, and sing me a  
     song!  
 Come round, round, round!"*

The song died and the glasses were lowered to the table.

"Another beer, please." This from the gentleman in the gray suit.

"You were saying that you saw Anne not long ago?" I asked this, for I was interested, and Harry replied in this wise:

"Right! Saw her in Chi—alone—smoking—at breakfast—in Child's. It seemed rather a pity, you know. . . ."

"She that was young and fair, fallen to dust——" quoted the gentleman in gray.

"Not at all," responded Harry. "Not at all, it's merely a question of the manners of these times. Once there was—ah! beer—there was once?"

"Young Langtry was never an intimate of mine. A splendid fellow; but never strictly intimate with men. He was sincere to his ideals, which is dangerous; but he was so. He had finished college and was in due process of looking around, for nothing in particular, just looking around. He was the type that is known as *smooth*—he had worn a dinner jacket on occasion even as he had worn a sweat shirt as often as was required. He could be epigrammatic or he could wax

philosophical. He drank and smoked; but he seemed ascetic, rather rare condition now-a-days; but Langtry was *smooth*.

"One thing, however, that acted as a detriment always—his plastic susceptibility. He was, at this time, genuinely in love with three girls. One, immensely wealthy in Chicago; another in Denver, rather strapped; the third, tolerably situated, in Detroit. All of them were very good-looking, all of modern tendencies; yet moral. Now as Langtry was not particularly provident, he favored the Denver maiden; nevertheless he dearly loved the other two. It was, as you will freely admit, a question of high interest as to whom would be the ultimate victor."

"The usual thing," spoke the gentleman in the gray suit, "only this time it seems that the customary triangle is a perfect square."

"Far from perfect," replied Harry, perturbed by the interruption, "women are either obtuse or acute, they are never right angles."

"That deserves another drink!" I cried. "Heinie, beers up!"

Harry resumed: "Since Langtry was only looking around, and since Chicago was made expressly for that purpose, he pitched his tent in the Y. M. C. A., or some other God forsaken place, and began to pay more than desultory attention to his inamorata of that city. She was reared on the mountains of finance, surrounded by the canyons of convention, swept by the winds of fashion, and was as cold as the peaks in midwinter. She was, my word on it, gorgeous—or, rather, impeccable. Langtry did have his ideals, and was, as I have mentioned, sincere. He could not—or would not—accept all and pay

nothing. He tried for a time; but his scruples overcame his love. So this charming lady, who might have loved him, and probably did, finally married a stock-broker. The story should end here; it is a fitting close to a sombre tale; yet it only begins at this point—yes, Dave, the stock-broker was quite civilized . . . . .

"As this event was more or less anticipated, Langtry absorbed it with becoming grace. He arrived, rather tardily, at the conclusion that to be successful one must be affluent; therefore, he set out for Detroit, a mecca for such pilgrimages. Here he fetched up with the second girl, who was one of the finest I ever have seen. Poets rant on the glories of dead maidens with raven tresses and all that sort of thing—I differ from the poets in that I like my ladies alive and up-to-date—she was, for all of that, a poetic subject. She was of decided caste, there was something of the infinite in her eyes, true, she was dark; but she had the blue eyes of old Ireland—the combine of combines. Perfect she was, and Langtry fell for her again, with a fall that was violent even for him. She reciprocated with right good fervor. All things looked auspicious, for they were thoroughly congenial in every line. Caesar, or somebody, once said: "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad"—and the gods made these two madly happy, for a time. Before the wedding the girl died—how? That is beside the point."

"You could never write a short story," I observed, "for you haven't the technique. You have already had two grounds for climax, and you have deliberately slurred them over with great disregard for the dramatic."

"On the contrary," remarked the gentleman in gray, "true art is not always obvious. Thus far he has done well, let him continue."

Beer, for the moment, was forgotten, and Harry swung on:

"And so Langtry was once more thwarted. . . . ."

"Yes," smiled the gentleman in the gray suit, "thwarted indeed, as was the original problem. From a pretty geometrical figure we are now reduced to two points, which I believe, serve to indicate a straight line."

"Not so straight," answered Harry, "Langtry was cut up no end. Not with this pseudo idea of heart-broken-world-without-end; but with the firm conviction of something altogether gone from him—something that eluded description; so he went to Denver."

"A remarkable good reason for going to Denver," I maintained.

"At all events here he found his original favorite. He delved into explanation of how he had been, so to speak, a pilgrim, and had tarried on the wayside—now he was ready to settle for all time, he was more than ready to assume the marital responsibilities and what not. The lady, heretofore acquiescent, had completely changed. She, too, was beautiful, a blonde mop cut boyish, and all that that implies; yet she was a woman so she ran other than form would have it. She had made up her mind, definitely enough, on a career. The long absence of her love, the frequent rumors of his inconstancy, and her own desire prompted the decision. In fine, everything was fixed—Langtry was through, further, he was now completely done."

"I should think he would be," said he of the gray suit, "I know not what else he could have weathered. As for the girls, I know not which is the worst tragedy—marriage, death, or a career."

"But this is all entirely irrelevant," I suddenly exclaimed, "for I was speaking of Anne and her troubles."

"Correct," said Harry slowly, "correct as can be; but is it any more of a tragedy to see a young girl in Chi—alone—smoking—at breakfast—in Child's, than it is to see a young man, desolate, disconsolate, at the adjoining table?"

*"Gather ye, gather ye round!*

*Here's cheer for your trouble and sorrow!*

*Gather ye, gather ye round!*

*The devil may care for tomorrow!*

*All ye that must labour for knight or for knave,*

*There's little to gain and there's little to save  
And never a song nor a drink in the grave!*

*Come round, round, round!"*

## *What to Say in Letters*

*Solving an Ever Present Problem*

KARL MARTERSTECK

THE most difficult obstacle to writing a letter is the opening; and possibly because of this fact the letter that we have intended to write has been put off. Next to the close of the letter the opening is the most important; it can help much in making the reader realize that he may look forward to a letter that is different. Of course opening a letter is a job, for "A man's own mind is often like one of these netted purses with no visible opening, and the greatest puzzle to himself is to find the way into it."

Little attention is paid to the salutation, and while it affords a good opportunity for originality it is not necessary to go farther in the matter than to avoid the obsolete forms, among which are: "My dear friend" or "Dear friend."

A compliment, it might be about the last letter you received from him, very often puts the reader in an agreeable state of mind; but tact must be used to avoid overdoing it. What big event has happened that would interest your friend? Tell it to him in the first paragraph and in the first person. (There is no point to avoiding the use of I, even in the opening.) We may well afford to study the situation—but not as an acquaintance of mine did. He happened to be writing a letter in my presence, and for fully a half hour he chewed the end of his pen trying to think of a suitable opening. Finally he started with the usual excuse of how busy he was, dashed off a few lines, and closed with "Hurriedly yours."

One of the most hackneyed bits of advice in connection with the writing is: be original; however, it's truth can't be denied. Originality consists in "so thoroughly studying and mastering a subject that one finds in it what others have looked for in vain." Applied to letter-writing this might read: find out what interests your friend; experiment on him; see if you can't get him to

comment on the quality of your letters, and above all, regard simplicity as the keynote to interest.

The majority of us find that once we have made a good start writing the remainder of the letter is comparatively easy. It would, however, reduce immensely the labors of writing letters if we could be told just what subjects to write about. This is practically impossible, because each letter, if worth answering, has enough individual characteristics to demand personal thought in reply. Patently, this is what makes letter-writing an art.

In this connection it will be best for us to consider none other than the more or less general topics suitable for letters; but before following that trend of thought we might as well say what we have in mind pertaining to that all important subject of corresponding with our young lady friends. It may seem useless to repeat that well-worn aphorism, "Don't tell them a thing you don't care to see in the newspapers" but there might be among us someone who instead of waiting until his fingers are burned, or more literally his ears, will profit by the experience of others in regard to this matter. We admit that we've heard of exceptional girls, so, of course, if one is willing to take a hundred to one shot on making a fool of himself we won't hinder him from sending his girl letters for which his inspiration is the closing scene of a dime magazine's love story.

In general, to return to the less intimate phase of our topic, the subject matter depends a great deal on the degree of friendship existing between the correspondents. If we are writing to a close friend, one who has known us intimately, we can always be sure of holding his interest by telling him the things which appear to us to be merely the incidents which as a whole make the routine of the day. At first we may not see



## *Homo at The Prom*

*An Extract from His Diary*

GEORGE A. KIENER

**H**OMO SAPIENS, the seriously minded college man who keeps the interesting diary, attended the Notre Dame Junior Prom on February 11th. His comments seem most interesting and his reaction a bit pitiful. Not to bore our readers with hack-work of introduction, let us on to Homo.

February 12, 1927, 2 a. m.

"Decided to attend the Junior Prom, if only for the inspiration of youth in its vitality and grace. Obtained a ticket from a friend, at the very last minute, and after negotiations with the authorities, arranged matters for my attendance. Being ever of a retiring nature, I had no glorious young lady for the evening. Memories! How my heart yearned for the tulle-shrouded maiden of delicacy! How I recalled those deep blue eyes, the chestnut hair, and her poise of a princess . . . But, alas, now Homo pursues the books too assiduously. She has departed . . . On a night like this, the collegian is in his glory and Homo must sip from the dregs of the Cup of Happiness.

"Alone, I entered the Palais Royale ballroom, soon after the initial dance. The beauty of the decorations seemed to transport me from the uncompromising facts of an austere world to a romantic Utopia of Japanese atmosphere.

"The cherry blossoms above, the tinkling, twinkling bits of glass, the quaint parasols, the bamboo, the pale, moonlight silver sheen; each and all carried my burdened heart into realms of fancy where I might soar radiantly to the very clouds of romanticism.

"The young men, in the aristocratic garb of deep black and ivory white . . . The young ladies, gloriously clothed in the delicacy of lace, the sheen of satin or the dignity of velvet . . . these present a beautiful

kaleidoscopic cinema for one whose heart has yearned for beauty these many days.

"The silver strains of the waltz. Ah yes! Happy young men, crystal-orbed young ladies, gracefully executing a poem of symmetry in action and form . . . The beauty! The happiness! The smiles! The silver-throated laugh! All . . . and I . . . alone.

"Alas! Pursuit of book-knowledge, grasp of abstract wisdom, philosophy of ponderous importance . . . Is that all of life? What means that laugh of silver? Those bright azure eyes? Those glowing cheeks of youth? But . . . My princess lives no more. That waltz will drive me mad!

"I am back home. I am heartsick. Wisdom has fled. And,

The deathly dark of starless night  
Holds nature in its folds.

The sadly sighing, pensive wind  
Whispers, whispers to me

Of sadd'ning, soothing, silver strains

Of that waltz, that waltz that was . . .

Hope! A flash, a fleeting flash

Of liquid, lunar light!

Despair . . . that deathly dark of starless life

Palls o'er my blood-drained heart.

The bitter, sneering, wind of life

Hisses, hisses to me.

It gloats of soothing, silver strains

Of that waltz that was . . . that was . . . that . . . was . . ."

Here ends Homo's diary for February 12th. Comment would add little. Let us hope that the vitality of abstract thought may heal in some way, this newly opened wound of old. For, though we be the wisest of the wise, our emotions and feelings persist, often overwhelming cold reason and profound erudition. Can it be that to be happy is better than to be wise?

## America, The Land of Poor Poets

*A Criticism of the Men That We Call Great*

LEO R. MCINTYRE

AMERICA is the land of poor poets. I suppose it would be well to say at once that this essay has not to do with the pecuniary poorness of American poets, but rather with their lack of poetical richness.

America is invariably alluded to by almost every one but Americans, variously as the "land of liberty," the "land of prohibition," the "land of cash and carry," and as the "land of the melting-pot." It has often puzzled me that only Americans possess the effrontery openly to declaim America as the "land of poor poets."

"America, the land of poor poets?" Is this charge true? Or is it to be taken with a grain of salt, as Americans take the tin cans, such as "land of liberty," and "land of prohibition," that are facetiously, I suppose, tied to the tail of America?

I shall confine my remarks to the American output of poets,—output is a hard, cold word I know, but what is one to do?—compared with that of the old world prior to the twentieth century. I am constrained to do this because sufficient data apropos twentieth-century poets of all countries at this time is not available.

Has America produced in its still young life poets who by their work can be compared with Shakespeare, Dante, Keats, Browning, and other renowned old-world poets? That is the question now under discussion.

John Macy, in his fairly comprehensive book,—though the title of the book is more comprehensive than the material of the book itself,—*"The Story of the World's Literature,"* has this to say of American poetry: "Of all forms of literature, of all specimens of the forms written on the northwest side of the Atlantic Ocean, American poetry has least of the stuff, the color, the peculiar vitality of the continent on which it was made. Except Whitman, whom many readers do not find representative of the American spirit, except also a few poems in local or

racial dialects and some poems that deal with scenes and subjects that belong especially to this country, most American poetry might have been written by the minor poets of England."

John Macy is not the only man who speaks of American poetry and of American poets in this vein. There are a myriad of others who, whenever occasion permits, call America the land of minor or lesser poets. The worst of it is that these connoisseurs of poetry concede only a few of our poets to have arisen even to the height of an old-world minor poet!

Yes, to be sure, America has its beloved Bryant, its misunderstood Poe, its venerable Longfellow, its witty Holmes, its austere Lowell, its erudite Emerson, its fiery Whitman, its audacious Whitman, its rustic Riley, and others. What of them?

Bryant wrote good verse; he also achieved better things when he struck off his *"Thanatopsis,"* and his *"To a Waterfowl."* He was not, however, even a great minor poet.

Then there was Longfellow, the grand old man of poetry in America. Longfellow was an artist who understood the skillful management of verse. The masterpiece of this most popular American was his translation of Dante's *"Divina Commedia."* Longfellow himself was conscious of his literary inferiority and went to Europe for inspiration. It may be said of Longfellow that he was a scholar as well as a poet,—if an excellent writer of verse may be termed a poet.

Lowell, the maker of bookish verse principally, was very conscious of his American inferiority; it is evident in some of his writings. Lowell was nothing more than an apt versifier; his verses in classic English lack the spark of real poetical genius.

Poe wrote very little poetry, but most of his poetry possesses the mystery, the indefinable magic which is the heritage only of the true poet. Poe obviously held something enticing in his poetry, else why were Baudelaire and Mallarme, two of France's great-



est poets of the nineteenth century, enraptured with him? Both of these men have given France very fine translations of Poe's poetical works. Poe may be said to have had the intrinsic qualities of the poetical genius, but his songs are too few to class him temporarily with the men who rest upon the apogee of Parnassus.

Holmes was not a facile writer of serious verse. Nevertheless, he was clever, witty, and genial in occasional verses in celebration of class reunions and things like that.

Emerson, the sage of Concord, was primarily a writer of prose; he also wrote verse as so many writers do who are not genuine poets.

Whittier was a man with fire in his heart; the "fiery poet" he is sometimes called. His very close approach to a masterpiece is *Snow Bound*, "which has the chill and seclusion of the old New England winter. The scenes are true and roughly well phrased. Whittier burned to be a poet, had the impulse to expression, but as he said of himself in an ingenuous poem, he suffered from 'the harshness of an untaught ear.'"

Walt Whitman is now brought before you for inspection! Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" at the time of its debut was acknowledged by everyone to be the youngest, most audacious, and challenging book of verse published in this country. His "When Lilacs in the Door-Yard Bloomed" is characterized by many connoisseurs of poetry as the cul-

mination of American poetry. "Whitman's splendor is in essential rhythms which are as old as English poetry. And his originality is simply that he was a great poet and a new and original poet."

The poets of America are not as poetically rich as their old-world brothers. Even a cursory examination of their works presents ample evidence for this statement. America may justly be called the land of poor poets. America's poets, however, have not been wholly destitute of poetical richness. Every so often America produces a poet, for example Poe and Whitman thus far,—who sings with as much spirit, as much exaltation, and as much magnificence of tone as the paramount old-world poets.

America's poets, moreover, have exerted a mighty influence upon their people, whether they be classed as genuine poets by the connoisseurs of poetry or not. The poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Whitman, and Bryant are forever on the tongue of America. "My Lost Youth," "The Village Blacksmith," "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Clock on the Stairs," "The Barefoot Boy," "Snow Bound," "A Forest Hymn," "The Raven," "O Captain! My Captain!" and "To a Waterfowl," have become monuments of spirit and inspiration in the school houses of America. But, it seems, only in the school houses.

Yes, indubitably, America is the land of poor poets!

## *The Night General Foreman*

*The Story of a Railroad Man*

JOHN F. M'MAHON

**M**ALONEY, the night general foreman, was working on the "situation." One wondered at the man's ability to keep his mind glued to his work for the cluttered office was little more than an improvised enclosure in the great round house. Locomotives thundered out their violent exhausts, others had the "blower" on and the result was a deafening roar. Men were at work everywhere making light repairs on the great monsters who in a short time, would go screeching through the night

with hundreds of sleeping passengers as their human freight. Noise and confusion rent the air and one wondered how Maloney ever managed to keep his mind on the reports.

He was a likeable looking man, tall and muscular, with a pair of Irish blue eyes that fairly bubbled with energy and ability. His features were all well molded and character was deeply inscribed upon his face. A bunch of bristling black curly hair burst from his head and one thought of steel, coils. Ma-



loney was a man nearing forty and by no means an unhandsome fellow. His job was a long and hard one, night after night, ten hours at a stretch (often twelve) seven nights a week, year after year . . . for the railroads never stop.

One of the desk phones set up an angry clamor and the foreman picked it up (it was the despatcher's phone). "Yes, yes, this is Maloney," the deep masculine voice was a bit impatient at the interruption. There was a pause while the voice on the other end spoke . . . "All right Jim, I'll giv'em the 498—make it about 1:30, all right?" It was evidently all right, for Maloney shoved the phone from him and, arising from his desk he left the office.

Before a large black bulletin board in the dimly lighted round house he paused and studied the long line of engine numbers. Some of them were marked up on certain trains, some were in switching service, while still others were being held for heavy repairs. Finally he erased the 498 from the column of extra engines and marked it in the freight column and in the next space labeled "boarding time" he marked, 1:30 a.m.

Turning the foreman started at a rapid gait toward a nearby engine; as he came near the cab he yelled to a workman who was busying himself with the wiring that runs back to the light on the tank; "Hey, Taylor, the headlight on the 498 is reported out of order, go over on her now, she's boarded for 1:30." "All right," came back the listless reply.

Maloney wheeled about and started around the "house" in search of one of his foremen. At exactly mid-night as Maloney was making the rounds, collecting dope for the morning reports, he met Taylor.

"Fix that light on the 498?" . . . "No, I didn't get to her yet." "Hey you, didn't I tell you to get right on that job?" Taylor muttered an uninteresting "yes." "Well, by h— get over there now, and get that light workin'!" Taylor sulked away in the direction of the 498, which stood in a nearby pit.

It was an hour later; Maloney was in his private office engrossed in turning out the "early morning" reports for the superin-

tendent. The door suddenly flew open and Maloney looked up to see Mike Gorman, the engineer on the 498, burst into the office highly indignant. "Hey John, that headlight ain't workin' on my engine. I reported it last trip in, and the thing ain't been touched. What the h— kind of a place ya runnin' here?"

Maloney's face turned a beautiful crimson and then went suddenly white. His jaw clamped and protruded a bit forward; his piercing eyes narrowed to mere slits. As he got to his feet and left the office he replied in a low even metallic voice, "I'll have it workin' in plenty o' time Mike." Near pit 31 he encountered Taylor talking to a machinist who was engaged in a "hurry-up job" on No. 2's engine.

"That light on Gorman's engine o. k., Taylor?" . . . the words shot clean and sharp like lead from a high powered gun.

"I . . . don't . . . know" came back the drawn out hard-boiled reply.

"Haven't touched it hey?" Maloney's eyes were as smoldering coals.

"You didn't tell me anything about that . . ." "I told you at 11 o'clock," Maloney cut in as he took a step forward and clinched his fists. Taylor's swarthy face took on a contemptuous look as he gargled "Your a lyin Irish . . ." There was a deadened thud as Maloney's fist drove into the other's chin. Taylor was a large brute of a man and his face went purple with rage as he recoiled from the impetus of the blow. Steadying himself and with his great fists doubled he rushed the foreman. Vile oaths regarding the Irish were audible as they spurted and foamed through his tobacco stained teeth. Maloney gave ground under the hurricane of wild and ill directed blows that were rained upon his head, face and shoulders, guarding himself meanwhile as best he could. As the big electrician paused to collect himself after his first wild onslaught and to get more accurate bearing of his enemy, Maloney sent a murderous right to the same place on the man's chin that his first blow had landed. . . Taylor's head flew back till the cords in his neck nearly burst through the skin. He remained motionless in this position for a brief second then flopped the greasy floor like a

fainting ox. His eyes closed as his mouth went open and shut in rapid succession. His whole frame heaved as he fought for breath—finally he rolled slowly over, opened his eyes and laborously got to his feet. As he stood there tottering on his feet a sheepish expression came over his features. "I was a skunk Maloney, I've been 'buckin' 'cause you're Irish, I just kinda found out somethin' tho," he said slowly. "And I'm for ya from now on. Will ya shake?" Maloney took the dirty extended paw and gripped it hard. Both men looked straight and sincerely into

the other's eyes. "I'll have that light workin in no time John." "All right Taylor, I know you'll have 'er workin shortly if you meant what you just said."

As Mike Gorman skillfully manipulated the throttle and the 498 steamed out of the yard that morning, a telegraph instrument in the Despatcher's Office coughed and barked. . . Engine 498 leaving Yard at 1:45 a.m. with 65 cars of coal. "Hum" mused the despatcher as he signed off O. K., "she's advance of schedule. Old Mike Gorman should make a 'highball' trip if he 'get the rail.'"

## Congo Al's Prom Date

*A Short Short-Story*

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

CONGO AL had a fine sense of discretion as regards women. Ten years riding the rods on the Pennsylvania, U. P., New York Central, and others of our continental transportation system, has thrown his perspective somewhat out of focus and diminished his aesthetic sensibility, but in his college days Congo Al rated the beau monde of the campus.

While we were in the switch yards in Cairo, Ohio, one spring afternoon, about prom time, Congo Al told this one in a language contrasting Oxford rhetoric:

"I was all busted up about a girl in Toledo during my junior year at Yarvard," said Congo Al, crossing his legs over an old burned tie, "and I invited her down to the prom. In them days proms were enjoyable; hectic but enjoyable.

"Two days before the affair I gets a telegram from the chosen one that she's going to get married and consequently is out of the race in the competition for being my prom guest.

"Heartbroken at losing my gal and at having my ticket all bought and no one to take I appealed to a girl friend who was up in the bucks and who, I thought, had a taste for feminine pulchritude.

"Al," says she, 'You will have a stunning girl! I promise you. I know the damsel for your arm on that memorable night. I shall produce the stunning gal.'

"I was overjoyed, as most louts would be on having a last minute fix-it be stunning and everything. She said she would bring her around and introduce her in the afternoon before the dance.

"'Meet Miss Steffison,' says my girl friend that afternoon. What I met was something hard to take. She was stunning! But in manners different than I had thought of. She stunned me so bad I just about toppled over in a sweat.

"I called the girl friend aside and asks her what she meant by pushing off this young thing on me.

"'I kept my promise, Al,' she says. 'Ada Steffison is stunning. Now I got it back on you for not asking me to this prom.'

"Then I proceeded to give her several kinds of language, including the Scandinavian, on her nerve in fixing up this dame who was seven feet tall, had an eagle beak, wore glasses, and read Horace for light diversion.

"You know I am a tee-totaller by principle but madness will drive a man to anything. I went down to the saloon and oiled up my gears and I took Miss Steffison to the prom."

"Did you have a good time," I inquired.

"Say," said Congo Al, "She was a circus . . . and I never had such a good time in my life. She came near being Mrs. Congo Al!"

## SPORT NEWS

*Irish Score Decisive Victory Over Franklin*

"A team that won't be beaten—can't be beaten!" This hoary maxim was more than vividly demonstrated last Saturday evening in the home baliwick of the Irish, their own gym, when an inspired and fighting Notre Dame five evened up old scores by burying their ancient nemesis Franklin, under a 36-16 count. Over five thousand persons, the largest home crowd to date, packed the gymnasium from top to bottom to witness the all-important contest.

The Baptists, acclaimed as the "Wonder Fve" of Hoosier basketball, had administered the only set-back suffered by the Celts this current cage season in an earlier engagement on their own floor. Therefore, thoughts of that lone defeat sent Coach Keogan's toiling quintet out for revenge—and revenge they did get in a most highly commendable manner, as the results show.

Coach Wagner's men entered the Irish lair with the avowed intention of administering another bitter pill of defeat to the aspiring Gold and Blue. Captain Nyikos and his men, flushed with their outstanding triumph over Wisconsin the previous Tuesday, thought vastly different however, and proceeded to show their visitors how real basketball should be played. How well they did this is really told by the score.

History had repeated itself at the conclusion of the contest as the same situation prevailed during the last hardwood season, when as in this year, Franklin defeated Notre Dame in an early game on their own floor only to have their victims turn right around and even matters by scoring an overwhelming triumph over their previous conquerors, later in the season. This decisive battle was also staged in the Irish gym.

The cage machine built up by Coach Keogan functioned smoothly throughout the entire forty minutes of play, and maintaining its brilliant pace of late, swept the Green

and Gold opposition completely aside, and tore the alien defense to shreds, in sending sixteen two-pointers hurtling through the iron rims from all parts of the floor.

Notre Dame started the contest with her usual short-passing attack and man-to-man defense, and in spite of numerous substitutions by Coach Keogan when the game was safely tucked away, maintained a steady pace throughout. Indeed, so rivet-bound was this Irish defense especially, that the Baptists were able to break through for only a pair of under-the-basket shots during the entire melee. Their remaining two-pointers were pushed in from long range. At the same time the Notre Dame short-passing offense played havoc with the down-stater's defense, and fully half of the Celtic field-goals were scored by dribbling into the basket.

An idea of the magnitude of the Gold and Blue victory may be gleaned from the fact that at no time during the game did the visitors seriously threaten the supremacy of the hosts. Although at one stage in the first few minutes of the last period, only two points separated the contestants. Notre Dame flashed her best brand of basketball during this period when she scored practically at will, in almost trebling the points registered by Franklin during the same twenty minutes.

The opening minutes of the engagement were spent by each combination in feeling each other out, and it was not until the hostilities were several minutes old that Jachym dribbled under the basket to score the inaugural tallies of the encounter. His two-pointer was followed closely by heaves from Conroy, Nyikos, and Dahman to give the Celts an 8-0 lead. Franklin came to life at this juncture and tallied her initial markers when Wooden sank a field-goal from near mid-floor, and followed it up with a success-

ful charity toss. Points for both teams were lean from this point on and at half time the Gold and Blue were on the long end of a 19-8 count.

Coach Griz Wagner's men opened the second half in a very business-like fashion, and before the Celts were aware of the fact had crept up to within two points of their hosts. Their threat was short-lived however, as Captain Nyikos and his mates braced, and completely flattened the opposing defense to run their total up to 29 before the startled visitors could find themselves again. The chief contributors to this Irish scoring rampage were Nyikos, Conroy, and Crowe. These tallies seemed to take the heart out of Franklin, and although fighting desperately to increase her total, she was easily held in check until the final gun, by a team composed mainly of Blue and Gold subs.

It is an extremely difficult proposition to name any individual Notre Dame star as they all, both regular and substitute alike, gave everything that was in them. However, the efforts of Johnny Nyikos and Louie Conroy cannot be entirely passed over, as this sterling pair was the bulwark upon which the Irish defense and offense were built. Nyikos, as usual, was high point scorer of the engagement. His sextet of two-pointers and lone foul giving him this premier honor. Conroy was not far behind his captain thou, with a quartet of field-goals and a trio of free strip tosses, in addition to some splendid defensive work.

The playing of Captain King and Wooden was the most consistent for Franklin.

#### Lineup and summary:

| NOTRE DAME (36) |    |   |   | FRANKLIN (6) |   |   |   |
|-----------------|----|---|---|--------------|---|---|---|
|                 | G  | F | P |              | G | F | P |
| McNally, f      | 0  | 0 | 0 | Scott, f     | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Jachym, f       | 2  | 0 | 2 | Wooden, f    | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Crowe, f        | 2  | 0 | 1 | McQuiston, f | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Newbold, f      | 1  | 0 | 0 | McQuire, f   | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Nyikos, c       | 6  | 1 | 3 | Lyons, c     | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Coleric, c      | 0  | 0 | 1 | Skinner, g   | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Dhman, g        | 1  | 0 | 0 | King, g      | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Conroy, g       | 4  | 3 | 0 | Coy, g       | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| Hughes, g       | 0  | 0 | 1 | Utterback, g | 0 | 0 | 0 |
|                 | —  | — | — | Salesbury, g | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals          | 16 | 4 | 8 |              |   |   |   |

Totals 6 4 8

—J.V.H.

#### HOCKEYMEN END SEASON

BRILLIANTLY; WIN 2-0

With four Irish pucksters grimly aware that they were probably making their last appearance on the ice, Notre Dame's hockey squad got up the much lauded Irish fight and took the last game of their recent northern invasion from the strong Minnesota six, 2 to 0. Subsequently they had dropped a trio, one to that same Gopher team, and two to the Michigan College of Mines.

But in their last scheduled game of the year the Blue and Gold puck pushers were not to be denied. Capt. Hickock, Pinky Martin, Bud Boeringer and Snubber Murphy—these men glided on the rink with the realization that they had only sixty short minutes to battle for Notre Dame, and then their days of collegiate hockey would be over.

First of all, there was Captain Hickock. All he did was to play his usual sterling game, and put the contest on the ice with a clever shot as the bell ended the game.

Boeringer was in there playing the slashing, smashing kind of hockey that only he can play. Ever alert on defense, clever on offense, Bud played as though possessed.

It was Pinky Martin that really got things started. After only a few minutes of play, Pink took a pass from Captain Hickock and slammed one home.

As for Snubber Murphy, as clever a college goal tender as ever donned the pads, he played what the other players and Coach Du Bois considered the best game of his career. In the Gopher's last desperate attack there were as many as five Minnesotans swarming around the Notre Dame net. But Snubber stood there and slapped the puck away unconcernedly. He was credited with 39 stops.

There is a faint possibility of an additional game with Marquette on Washington's Birthday, but at present nothing definite is known as to the chances of the game taking place.—E. J. M'C.

### PITT, MICHIGAN'S CONQUEROR, TO BATTLE IRISH SATURDAY

Knights of the pencil and scratch pad who take delight in doping the teams, be they football or boxing, had better sit in at the Pittsburg-Notre Dame game tomorrow night, with eyes and brains alert.

Danger that Saturday's game will decide something in the way of a champion is imminent. Last Friday night the Pitt quintet rode rough shod over Michigan, taking the Maize and Blue over 35 to 23, it being that team's first defeat. Should Dr. George Keogan's five put the skids to the Pitt team, it might be well on the path to a titular claim for the Smoky City lads rate as high as any in the east.

Pittsburg played Duquesne last Tuesday and is billed to meet Michigan State at Lansing tonight. Perhaps the Pittsburg school will be represented by this five: Wroblewski, rf; Kowallis, lf; Rihanek, c; Lissfelt (c), rg; Reed, lg.

### LATE SPURT LETS ILLINI DEFEAT NOTRE DAME ON TRACK

That ancient Nemesis of Notre Dame track teams, Illinois, bobbed up again last Saturday in the gym and enabled the bitterest cinder foe that the Irish have, the same Illinois, to come out on the long end of a 56 1-3 to 38 2-3 score.

Primed to the minute for the fast-flying Gillmen, who have beaten the Irish consistently for the past several years by the most meager of scores, the Irish went after their old enemy this time in a determined fashion and had not a slam late in the meet given the Illini a big margin, things might have been different.

It was no one-sided struggle at any time but Harry Gill's limber runners managed to have just enough reserve power when points counted most.

The Illini found the Irish competently represented in all the events of the early program and trailed for more than half the meet when returns from two events, the half mile and broad jump, put them at an advantage.

When the meet was half over, things looked brilliant for the Rockne and Wendland athletes, for they were holding their own at 23 to 22.

A slam in the 60 yard dash, a tie for first in the hurdles and good places in the distance events, put the Blue and Gold on an even footing with the Orangemen, who scored firsts in the quarter mile and shot-puts and a goodly number of seconds.

The pole vault results were favorable to the Notre Dame squad for a first place tie and a third place were gained. Illinois gained a slight advantage in the high jump with a clear-cut first place and a hold on the tie for second place.

With only three events to be decided and the score at 36 1-3 to 35 2-3, Illinois in the lead, the Gillmen romped away with major places in the broad jump, half mile and relay, to sew up the contest by more than 15 points.

Two "ironman" stunts featured the meet. "Scrapiron" Young, whose name belittles him far too much, copped a second place in the mile and came back brilliantly a few minutes later to annex the two-mile run by a full thirty yards. Young drove McElwee, Illinois star, to the tape in 4:28 2-5 and only a foot separated them. He battled Fairfield and Hall, Orange harriers, around sixteen gruelling laps in the two-mile event and broke loose on the last turn to sprint down the stretch with a thirty yard lead.

Sittig, star middle distance runner of the Illini squad, showed his heels to crack fields in the quarter and half mile events. McDonald, of Notre Dame, pushed him in the shorter run while Abbott, Irish sophomore ace, fought him to the string in the 880 event.

The most brilliant team performances of the afternoon were Notre Dame's slam in the 60 yard dash, when Riley, Della Maria and Elder, finished in the order named and Illinois' slam when Senior, Meislahn and Wachowski copped the three place positions in the broad jump.

Strangely enough, the gym record for the "60" was tied three times, Riley equalling it in the final heat and Elder and Della Maria tying it in their trial heats.

## IRISH SWIMMERS SINK

## THREE EASTERN NAVIES

Three successive triumphs in as many days is an unusual accomplishment for any athletic team. Three consecutive victories by overwhelming scores in each instance is a still more notable achievement. But three successive triumphs over teams of the calibre of Pittsburgh, Carnegie Tech and Wooster is the most brilliant achievement ever recorded in Irish swimming annals. And that is exactly what Jerry Rhodes, Hugh McCaffry, Ed Brykczynski, and the rest of the Irish tank aggregation accomplished last week-end when they made a flying trip to Wooster, Ohio, and Pittsburgh, to meet the tank representatives of Wooster College, U. of Pittsburgh and Carnegie Tech.

And the scores do not tell the real story of the magnitude of the Celtic victories. Any swimming team which can snow the university of Pittsburgh under a top-heavy score, is a real tank combination in every sense of the word, and Notre Dame was that type of team last Friday evening when they buried the Panthers under a 43-19 score. The hosts never had a chance in the meet with the Gold and Blue invaders and Notre Dame captured seven of the eight first places of the meet, in addition to a fair share of the seconds and thirds. Hugh McCaffry was high point man in this engagement by virtue of triumphs in the fancy dives and 440 yard free style. The feature of the evening was the 200 yard free style relay race with Cronin, Brykczynski, Rhodes, and McCaffry, the Notre Dame quartet, swimming in superb style to cop the winners verdict by a scant margin. Brykczynski also swam a beautiful race in the 100 yard free style to nose out his Panther opponent. Pittsburgh is rated among the outstanding tank aggregations of the East and therefore the victory was particularly sweet to the Irish, not only for this reason, but also because their hosts were the only natatic squad to hand them a licking last year, and spoil their very imposing tank record by a six point triumph.

Carnegie Tech, nemesis extraordinary for the Celtic football machine last fall, held no errors for the hard working Gold and Blue

mermen in the concluding contest of their trip and the Kilts were massacred under a 50-12 count. With each man giving his very best the Irish tankmen swept all before them, and when the tidal wave had subsided the bewildered scorers found that Notre Dame had captured every first place except in the 50 yard free style, and made their triumph literally a Roman holiday by taking every second place also, except in the 110 yard free style. As only two men from each team compete in each event it can be readily seen that the Celtic triumph was an exceptionally complete one indeed. McCaffry, Rhodes, and Brykczynski again led the Irish attack in this crushing at the plaid.

Wooster College, of Wooster, Ohio, a small college with a big swimming reputation was met by Notre Dame in the very first contest of the trip, and the 45-17 score run up by the visiting aggregation presaged what was in store for the two other opponents to be met on the jaunt, and as the results show, certainly called the cards correctly.

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 A PROM INTERVIEW

"Boy, swell Prom!"

"Swell, huh?"

"Well, I'll tell your Aunt Emma! Didn't cha make it?"

"No."

"How come?"

"Aw, the rector gave me a dirty deal; campused me till June. Said I was the fellow rollin' fire extinguishers down the hall stairs every night after 11 o'clock. Told me the next time I rolled a fire extinguisher down the stairs he'd roll me down them on my ear."

"Gave you a dirty deal? You didn't roll them down, then?"

"Sure I rolled them down! But, gee, how'd I know he was goin' to wait up for me the other night! Never did before. Anyway, he shoulda let me go to the Prom; a guy's usually a junior only once, you know."

"That's pretty true, Jim. Boy, swell Prom!"

"Swell, huh?"

"Well, I'll tell your Aunt Emma!"

—L. R. M.

## FOOTLOOSE

## Ghoul Post III

He had left the campus after a short visit, this Notre Dame gridiron star of a bygone age.

With his wife and boys he had come back for a basketball game and strangely enough, the inadequate "trophy" room at the entrance to the gym had filled him with a peculiar sensation.

Trophies of other years, tattered banners and tarnished cups and yellowed pictures, all of them won at the expense of sweat and fighting and not a little sacrifice, were scattered about the campus.

They could be found almost any place—in obscure corners, in unfitting places for athletic spoils, in dark rooms, the emblems that represented athletic causes fought for and won, made their appearance.

He had run across them in his travels about the campus on this recent visit. Down in the dusty Corby basement, pictures were hung on shadowed walls and never seen except by scavengers of broken bed-springs and unserviceable chairs. In the Library he saw cups and trophies of various sorts on display. But a Library was a funny place for an athletic trophy, it seemed to him. In small glass cases at different places on the campus, silver cups were placed, but who would know where to find them?

It did seem rather funny. One would think that Notre Dame gym, harboring place of every Notre Dame team that has fought for Our Lady and scene of many brilliant contests of physical skill, could yield up just one corner in which all the trophies of years gone by could stand side by side.

Perhaps there was a little bit of excess sentiment about these battered emblems that had lived down through the years. But they did represent effort and sacrifice. Why not place them in a single place where together they could live the tradition of Notre Dame athletics?

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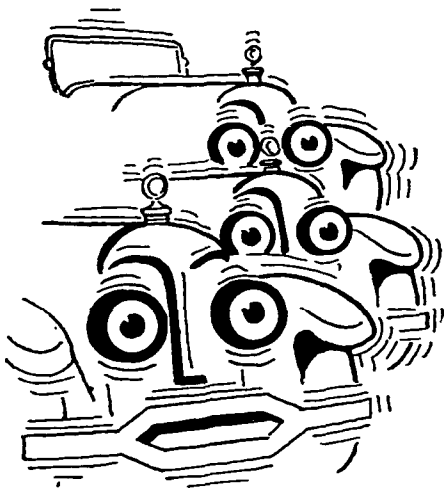
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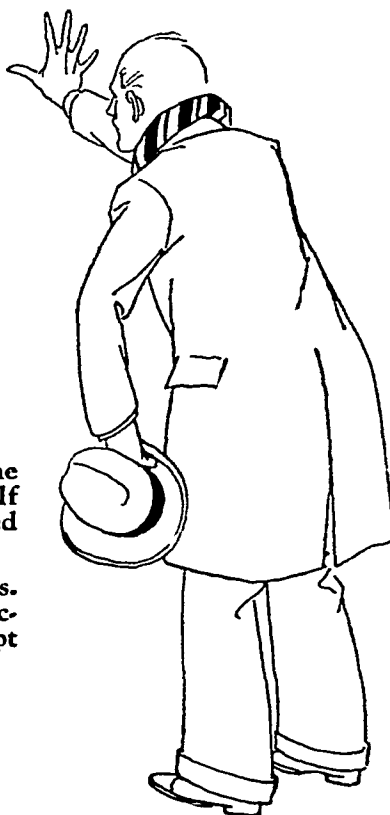


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No use trying to rise and shine while you're keeping yourself half-dead from self-generated poisons.

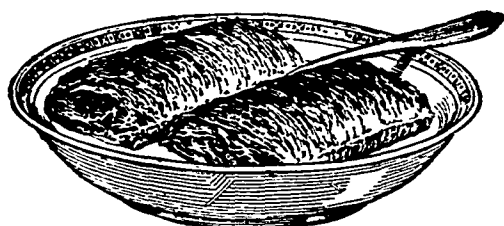
Put your system on a paying basis. Keep your digestive organs functioning properly. Make an attempt to balance your daily diet.



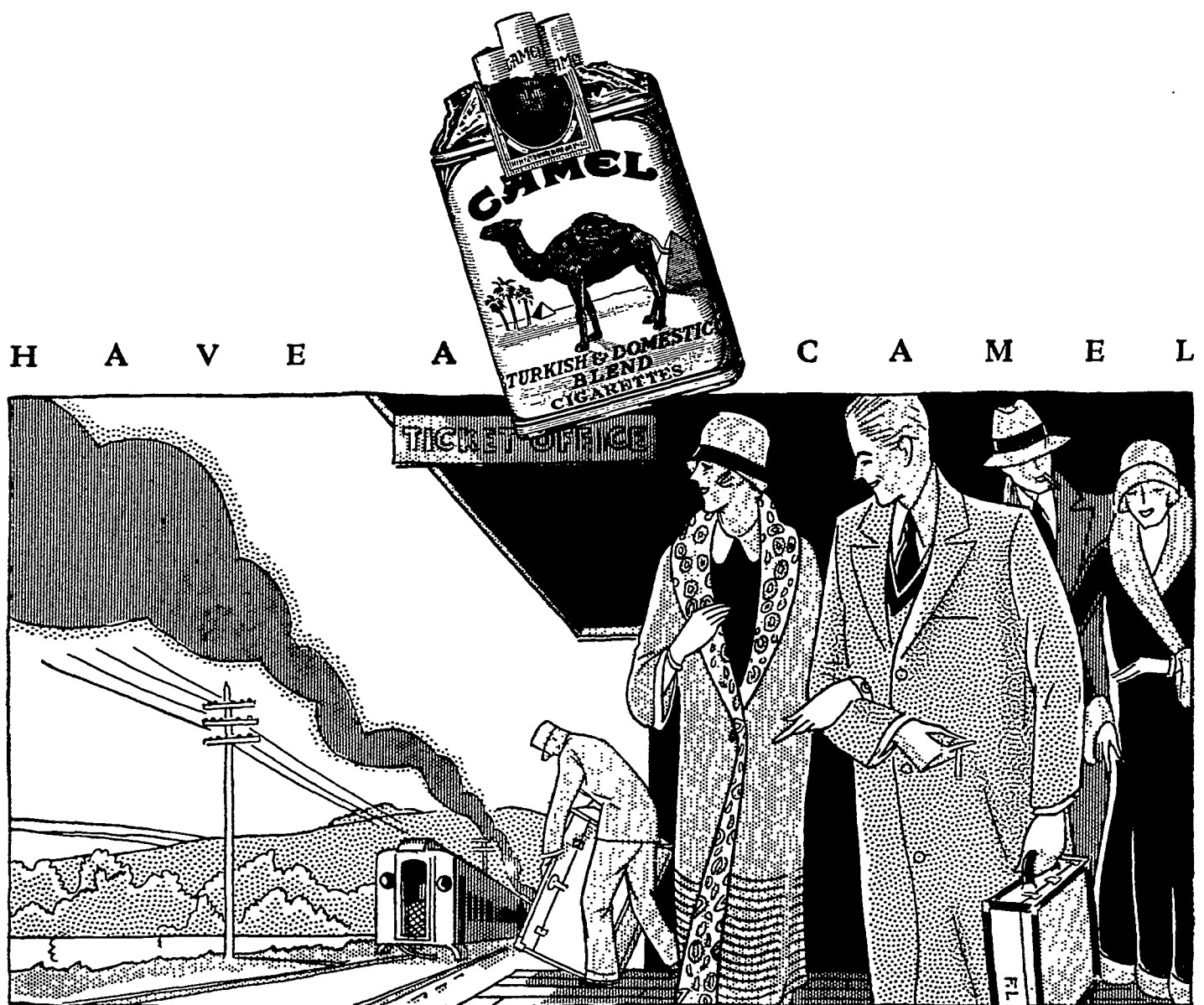
*eat*

## SHREDDED WHEAT

BRAN, SALTS, VITAMINS, PROTEINS and CARBOHYDRATES are all contained in Shredded Wheat in appetizing and digestible form. Crisp, delicious shreds of vital body-building nutriment. Two daily biscuits of Shredded Wheat eaten regularly will make you fit and keep you fit. Begin now and see!



*Make it a daily habit*



[Meeting a train in the Union station]

## *You are an experienced smoker and you know your brand!*

YOU'RE an experienced smoker. You know good tobaccos. You know taste and fragrance.

And you insist on the best — that's Camels. Only the primest tobaccos grown are good enough for you—the experienced smoker. Whatever you do you are going to do right, if you know it.

If Camels weren't the best, they

would not be far and away the first. If Camels weren't quality supreme, they would not be the overwhelming preference of smokers who have tried every brand.

Your taste tells you the tobacco difference in cigarettes and you're going to smoke the best. Your advice to others is — "Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.