

Dec. 17, 1924.

Now Don't Get Jealous.

Goodnight, Wisconsin, claims the national championship in cake-eating for his university. He says: "We are flying the big ten championship flag of fussers. Doesn't our record of parties and dances go to substantiate this gibe? We have an average of 900 dancing parties a year. The average cost is \$100 a party--more than 100,000 dollars a year on dances and parties alone. The specialties such as the prom and the military ball add to the total."

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Ivanhoe Stacomb was interviewed by the Bulletin star reporter as soon as the Goodnight boast reached the campus. He protested in very unladylike language at having his rest disturbed at such an ungodly hour, but when the statement was read to him his indignation knew no bounds. Leaping from his bed he drew on his mauve dressing gown and settled among the cushions. A whiff or two of heliotrope ammonia brought speech:

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"Let him claim the conference championship. Notre Dame is bigger than the whole big ten. Let him claim the national championship of tin-horn sports. Who ever heard of a hundred dollar party? He made the front page with a hundred dollar dance! James Crusinberry must have turned society editor. Hard cider and doughnuts! the lumber jacks have taken over the state university. One hundred dollars a party! For cryin' out loud!

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When they are ready to talk four and five figures on parties, Notre Dame's hat is in the ring. But we go in on the basis of quality, not quantity. Let them have their nine hundred dances. Let them have nine thousand ten-dollar ones if they want to. Who brought out the Crusinberry shoe? Who put on the seven-day wonder, the senior marathon? Who wrecked the Elk's Temple? We wear neckties at our dances; we use fingerbowls with our food; we smoke lilac cigarettes; we use diamond dice. Nine hundred thousand dollars a year for six thousand students. You may say to Professor Goodnight that he makes us sneeze."

A Letter From Van.

Yesterday's mail brought a letter from Van Wallace. A few bits of news from it will be of general interest:

"I am just getting over a three-weeks run of the flu, the old war-time abdominal variety. My ribs are paralyzed and all my coughing had to be done by my abdominal muscles. I guess that is why it hung on so long.

"I've been spending the time since school started reading the Scholastic and the letters the fellows have been sending me. They have been good that way. I average almost a letter a day. This keeps me in close touch with Notre Dame. And then I have been studying a little. If you really want great sport, just prop a Math book against the wall, tie your hands behind your back, lie down beside the book and try to work out a problem. As I said before, it's great sport.

"We had a set of X-Rays taken last week and they showed that in addition to the fracture of the third vertebra and the separation of the third and fourth, facts we have known since the fourth of July, the sixth vertebra is out of line. It seems that I can ruin a backbone as easily as Notre Dame can win football games.

"I am not receiving Holy Communion as frequently as I would if I were at Notre Dame. While I was at the sanitarium I received daily, but since I left there I have been able to receive only twice a week. I hope I shall soon be in walking distance of the basement chapel."

Can you refuse him a spiritual bouquet? His address is 272 Cass St., Mt. Clements, Michigan.