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Representative Notre Dame Men, III.

12. Woozy Fluffnoodle.

Woozy goes forth to battle life armed with a fluttering mentality. He hopes to be a song-writer, but if he does the board of strategy will have to change the rules on rhyme, for by the time he comes to the rhyming word he has changed his mind on the sentiment to play up. He does the modern dances beautifully. He hasn't been pleased at Notre Dame yet, but he stays on because he can't make up his mind to leave. His mother, who was Miss Phiniky Spat before she married the Senior Woozy, won a prize in the crazy-quilt contest at the Stock Show in 1895.

13. Rufus Straddle.

Rufus parts his red hair in the middle and wears a black moustache. His mother was a Molly Maguire and his father an Orangeman. He was weaned on Tom and Jerry's made with Black and White. His winning oration in high school was The Great Compromiser. For a pocket piece he carries a half-dollar with tails on both sides. He was the author of the brilliant idea of substituting a torchlight procession for exams.

14. Mike O'Growler.

Mike upsets the scales at 215 pounds. He is packing a mighty wrath against the dining hall because the food isn't fit to eat; he eats it, however, because he can't get anything else. He has developed a wen on the back of his neck from the hard seats in the classrooms. His net gain this fall is thirty-five pounds and three flunks. His pet peeve is his history prof (he never could remember names) who socked him 3000 words for snoring in class.

15. Twickonham Smug.

Twickie needs a bath, but the water can't reach his skin because he is so wrapped up in himself. He is something of an involved process. His English C teacher told him he lacked self-confidence and he has been trying to overcome that defect ever since by scattering bits of wisdom hither and yon. He is a self-appointed member of the University Council, the Bishop's Consolters, and the College of Cardinals, and does outside work for these assemblies. One of these vulgar fellows hereabouts once offered him a good kick in the pants, and Twickie wrote a nasty letter to the Wake, which he signed "Wisconsin, '31". It has been rudely said that he has the Jehovah complex.

16. Sylvan Pooch.

Sylly has a single room, and when he descends to study he barricades the door lest he be caught and branded infamously a grind. He likes to be found in the mathematical center of the crowd, where there is less danger of centrifugal force throwing him off into an unpopular movement. He will save his soul, as he lacks one of the essentials to mortal sin, full action of the intellect.

17. Snooty Onelobe.

In spite of the learned reasoning of Surgeon-General Glaube, of the Swiss Navy, it has been established beyond peradventure by the researches of Professor Halfshot of Edinboro that the brains of the Onelobe family were originally normal (though narrow) and that the one-lobe condition which gave rise to the family name came about through sudden coalescence when Snooty's sixteenth paternal ancestor was favored by a fortune-teller with a vision of Snooty paying his way into the gridgraph when there was a back door open. Snooty's hobby this year is passing on the dispositions of daily communicants.