
Representative Notre Dame Men. V.

23. Preamble Poutyface.

Preamble would have made Harvard nicely a year ago, but he got a year in Europe as a high school graduation present, and while he was gone the Board Governing Admissions passed a law requiring a photograph to be filed with the admission blank so he lost out and had to come to Notre Dame. He has the smile that wont come off, but he locked it up in his trunk when he came to Notre Dame. He has laughed heartily once since September -- the day the janitor fell down the elevator shaft.

24. Loquatius Leatherlung.

Loquatius maintains a dignified and reserved silence until ten o'clock every morning, and then gradually works up to form until by midnight you can hear him all over the hall. He just loves to join in the gaiety of the boys returning from the last car. His friends are backing him for the hog-calling contest at the Iowa State Fair next Summer, but they will have to work up some scheme to keep him from getting mixed up with the hogs and being sold at nine cents on the hoof.

25. Bozo Patchpants.

You don't see Bozo at his best in church, but when he doals up for the Scholarship Dance he looks like a million dollars -- at least.

26. Bennie Bjabers.

Bennie has heard that the art collection in the Library (which he doesn't know where it is) is worth three millions, and he wants to know why they don't sell it and put up a stadium that would knock 'em all dead. Bennie's side-line is testing perfumes at Woolworth's.

27. Whimsy Hypockets.

Whimsy thinks the Lepers' Fund is some sort of a circus benefit, and he believes in shooting old circus animals when they can't do their tricks any longer. He is saving up doughnut holes for a sport roadster to be used when he transfers to Keystone State College next September. He has written his letter to Santa Claus.

28. J. Woebegone Painintheneck.

Woebe's mission in life (he has a mission) is to be a revolutionist. He learned in high school that the world's really great men have all been radicals, merciless critics of things-as-they-are. He doesn't know that a radical is supposed to get at the root of an evil before he uproots it, that a critic is supposed to know something before he essays to criticize. At the present writing Woebe is setting us right on architecture: the dome is squat, the lines of the church are grotesque, the dining hall is a flop. Next week he will be telling us how a young ladies' academy should be run and why Al Smith should not be President.

Concerning the Feast.

Today, the vigil, is not a fast day. No special Mass for off-campus students tomorrow. The last Mass at St. Joseph's is at nine o'clock. The student Masses here are at 6:00; 7:00, and 8:30. Offer Holy Communion for your mother tomorrow. Go to confession today; take no chances on going during Mass tomorrow. Visit the Grotto tomorrow and recite the rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Do something besides eating a chicken dinner.