

In This Corner.

Tomorrow night even the hardest plugger will take his nose out of his book. The engineer will fly from the electrical labs, the English major will push his thesaurus aside and cease all precise word-hunting. Colfax and Michigan will look like the crossroads outside of Las Vegas, Nevada. The life-guard will walk, towel protecting his neck, alone on the skid-proof tile edge round the Rockne Memorial pool. There will be no wait for the handball courts. No long lines will impatiently wiggle outside confessionals.

There will be but one center of attraction-- one square of canvas. Field of glory to every Bengal-Bouter whose gloved hand is lifted in triumph after the last round, this square shall be the hard, springless bed (if but for a moment) of the hapless fighter who can't get to his feet before "ten."



All For Two-Bits!

Now, that's an amazing bargain. Up in Chicago people were soaked much more for the Golden Gloves battles. Madison Square Garden would charge you ten times two-bits if they could manage the Bengal Bouts. This is one time (if you haven't two-bits) you shouldn't be afraid to ask your roomie or next door neighbor to lend you the price of a ticket. \*\*\* Get your ticket tonight so you can walk right in there early. There won't be a seat left. \*\*\* In behalf of Father Francis Goodall, C.S.C., Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary, Washington D.C. and Procurator of the Bengal Missions, the Bulletin wants to thank you all-- and especially the Scholastic-- for pitching in.

Lyric For The Loquacious.

Brazen, we take (sans permission, except presumed) this stimulating apostrophe from last week's De Paulia:

O you golden-voiced! you strewers of platitudes down the wind! What is this gossip about the coming victory of democracy? What is this prating of the ideals of youth in support of Americanism? We who write pretty little things about the boon of liberty and the future of the varnish industry in Nicaragua, we, who congratulate each other on an enlightened outlook and dismiss the absurdities of dialectical materialism so glibly, and are missing the train.

PRAYERS: (deceased) Bp. Mahoney of Sioux Falls; Bp. Conroy of Ogdensburg; father of Larry Fitzsimmons (Walsh); father of Dave Krafthefer; Mrs. Frank Grady, aunt of Father Gartland, Ill, Jim Connell (Alum.); Frank Kiener (Cav.); aunt of Byron Casey (Alum.); father of Dan Schmidt (Walsh); Mrs. Rosalie Willson (Detroit); mother of Sr. Irmine.  
NOTRE DAME STUDENT COMMITTEE'S PAMPHLET AVAILABLE FRIDAY, WITH ENVELOPE, FIVE CENTS.