

.....The Blue Bonnet Boys.

You wouldn't believe it unless you saw it yourself. But even among college men, and even on the Notre Dame campus where, generally speaking, men are men if they are men anywhere, now and then you bump into an eighteen-year-old or a twenty-year-old baby who ought to be bouncing his back in a bassinet.

From time to time, purely for the sake of the common weal, the Bulletin will present these campus oddities to the regular gang.

Imagine the scene of presentation wherever you will, but always picture on hand an elevated platform (to exhibit the specimen) and, not far away, a convenient body of water. On the platform, provide a box of baby blue bonnets. They are needed for the solemn investiture which precedes each involuntary plunge.

For this First Blue Bonnet Night, to make it worthwhile, the Bulletin has ordered one gross of infantile head-coverings— enough to mark off, among the newcomers, those who constitute the fresh part of freshmen.

Hence a bonnet apiece, tonight, to the mental striplings who booed the speakers at the Freshmen Rally.

Likewise one bonnet to each boob that Brown-cheered, guffawed, whistled, or girlishly screamed at the show in Washington Hall Saturday night.

And, finally, some dirty, soiled bonnets to cover the snout-heads who spew forth bad jokes on this campus of Mary. For them will be ordered, hereafter, not more bonnets but huzzles.

Troubadours Needed.

The world today has too many song-birds of the modern variety, the singing saps whose groans and moans flow all too freely from your radio box into the room above or below or next-door. You know how it grates your ears when the fellow next to you insists on shaving via the electric razor during your favorite broadcast. Then, why in the name of fair play, don't you cut off some of the musical nonsense of these modern, love-sick troubadours? They ruin many an earnest fellow-student's study periods. \*\*\* If you can't bring yourself to cutting the trash out, at least cut it down.

Then, there is Jitts who can never sit still— the loose-jointed, light-headed "man" with the nervous system, jaded by jazz, who looks like a perpetual motion machine. He is forever hopping and humming through the corridors. (An extra blue bonnet for him.)

What the world could well stand is a plentiful stock of troubadours like St. Francis, whose feast you celebrated this morning at Mass. The world needs men— yes, and college men— who have enough sense in their heads and strength in their wills to throw the trinkets and tinsel and troubles of this life into the dump; who can find more joy than burden in carrying the Cross of their Saviour; who make it their chief pleasure to be ever doing good, in the name of Christ, for the have-nots they are constantly mixing with in this life. Men like Francis live a divine romance. They sing a real love song. They are the troubadours you can and should be.

Peace To Whom?

Not to all, be sure. "Peace," sang the angels the night of Christ's birth, "to MEN OF GOOD WILL." \*\*\* Tomorrow night, in the Law Auditorium at 7:45, the seniors will consider more definitely what THEY can do for the cause of peace. They are agreed it is better to fight for peace than in vain to lay down their lives at the feet of the aggressor. They will, therefore, show up at that meeting. Show that you have good will.