Poetry Number

"THE FOOL DOTH THINK--"  
Thomas J. Griffin

Nocturne For Piccolo And Drum  
Prospero Image  
To Our Lady  
—'06

And Other Poems  
W. H. Layne; Richard Elpers; Frank Connelly;  
Jack Mullen

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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men
Cho-Cho-San


Thunder, rain, lightning... howling winds. Faint wedding bells, furious paternal wrath. Lovers, battleships, farewell. Seashore, tears.

Gasp ing incense... Spring, blossoms, perfumed air. Battleships, expectancy... deceit. Rustle of silk, dying strains of a jade lute...

Extinguished incense.

—N. LOTI.
Content to limit its activities to the reading of the worthy publicity sent out by Joe McNamara, the student body has drifted along in typical mid-winter style. Perhaps it is because the first breath of Fall is in the air or then again perhaps it is because the popular sessions are regaining their old charm and the lure of conversation proves itself to be anything but a lost art at Notre Dame. Talk of summer has become cold and now the athletic endeavors of our men command the pen of the writer and the attention of the student body. In the East our arrival is anxiously awaited. A sample test of that section invaded our field last Saturday and took back news of another great Rockne team. In Chicago we are spoken of as the Thundering Herd and Boerenger is praised especially by Eckersal. There is talk of the ghosts of the four horsemen. A more fitting name would possibly be found in more horsemen, Rockne thoroughbreds.

The always welcome Juggler arrived on the campus last week end in the green garments of a Freshman number. New members have been added to the Funny Fellow's cast and their presence has made us forget those veterans who passed on last June. One artist has worked the spirit of the campus into his drawings in such a transcendent manner that we term him a second McElroy. Perhaps Harrington knows the value of the comparison. If you can judge a show by its first act the Juggler's offerings this year will live up to and even surpass the expectations of an eager audience.

The Wranglers have reached out into space and scheduled an Australian debating team for the near future. We are not sure that the voices of the Wranglers carry so far but the debate they gave over the radio last year must have commanded attention as well as admiration even to the far corners of the world. The Scribblers met and listened to the names and accomplishments of future authors and after due consideration elected five new members.

One of the long existing problems has been solved by the action of the S. A. C., in regard to the traffic in Science Hall. Those who have waited outside for the outcoming students and then attempted to crush their way to a class room will appreciate the wisdom of the new one way traffic plan and be with the yeas in a vote of thanks to the Council. One of the best ways of demonstrating this appreciation will be to cooperate with the new plan.

The Pennsylvania Club with Al Diebold at the head of the table met at the Oriental Inn and feasted to the tunes of Irv Corcoran's men. New clubs are in the making and a notice of a Detroit Club raise the hopes of the motor city men.

Lon Chaney in his famous hunchback role appeared twice on the Washington Hall screen Wednesday under the auspices of the Bengal Mission Fund. Soon after the show someone saw a rather queer animal in the Niles road and pointed it out as the famous character actor. So it is best to be careful these days with all animals as someone could possibly step on one and then find it to be Lon Chaney.

In terminating this page there is a great temptation to write of the future rather than of the past. To-morrow most of the student body will travel up to Chicago to be the guests of the purple of Northwestern. We are assured of a good game; for the Evans-ton men always cause our team a good share of trouble. The stadium will be filled with enthusiasm for the Irish of Notre Dame and the Purple of Northwestern. The team will give its all in an effort to keep up the splendid record that it has already inaugurated. The band will sound the songs of our spirit. Then it is for us, the student body, to display the same mannerisms that have marked the appearances of Notre Dame men on foreign fields in the past. We must cheer as heartily as our lusty voices will allow.

—W. H. L.
The Mischa Elman String Quartet will open the concert series at the Palais Royale Monday, the 25th. The quartet is composed of Messrs. Mischa Elman, first violin; Edwin Bachmann, second violin; William Schubert, viola; and Horace Britt, violoncello. 

The announcement made last year that Mischa Elman, the celebrated violinist, had organized a string quartet, with which he was to be associated as first violinist, created a momentous stir in musical circles the world over. And, notwithstanding the fact that Mischa Elman, for over a decade, has been recognized as one of the foremost virtuosos of all times, sceptical comments were heard as to his qualifications as an ensemble player.

The Mischa Elman String Quartet made its formal debut with a concert at Town Hall, New York, November 19th, 1924. Its success was instantaneous and electrifying. Press and public hailed the organization as one of the finest extant and upon Mr. Elman was heaped the laurels of a conqueror in new fields. The initial success of the quartet was emphatically reaffirmed at additional appearances in the metropolis.

Actuated by the desire to have the rest of the country hear the quartet and to help broaden the appreciation of chamber music, Mr. Elman, at great personal sacrifice, has decided to confine his artistic activities entirely during the season of 1926-1927 to playing with the quartet on its first American tour.

Music lovers should avail themselves of this opportunity to hear one of the best series of concerts ever offered by the Palais Royale. Rosa Raisa of the Chicago Opera Company, one of the world's greatest dramatic sopranos, and Giacomo Rimini, also of the Chicago Opera Company, and a famous Italian baritone, will appear November first. Of special note is the concert to be presented November eighth. The Ukrainian National Chorus, conducted by Alexander Koshetz, with Max Pollikoff, violin soloist, will be of special interest to lovers of choral work. The final concert of the series, November fifteenth, will be given by Mr. George Liebling, the pianist-composer of international fame. Tickets may be secured from Joe Breig, 331 Morrissey Hall.—C. A. R.

FOUNDER'S DAY

On October thirteenth we celebrate Founder's Day. Contrary to the common belief, that is not the date of the founding of the University but is St. Edward's feast day. Father Sorin's surname was Edward. And that is why Founder's Day is celebrated on that day. Very Reverend Edward Sorin first stood on the banks of St. Mary's lake, and looked out over the snow covered forest and ice-bound lake on the twenty-sixth day of November, 1842. He started his school the following spring. He placed it under the guidance of Our Lady and St. Edward, his patron saint. Under their protection the university prospered. Unforgetful of the cause of such prosperity, Father Sorin took occasion of the festival held every year in his honor on St. Edward's day to thank his heavenly protectors publicly for the spiritual and temporal favors they had obtained for his work. Thus St. Edward's day became with us a day of holy traditions.

In this day and age we have only a skeleton of the past. In Father Sorin's time, festivities would begin on the eve of the feast. On this occasion the founder was both the guest of honor and the victim of his young friends, who would tell him of their filial affection frequently using three or four hours and five or six languages. On the morning of the festival Father Sorin would celebrate Holy Mass and preach on the virtues of his patron saint. During the day boat races and athletic competitions would be in order.

During the recent visit of President Matthew Walsh in New Orleans, Senator James Ransdall, one of the speakers at the Convention of the Federation of Catholic Societies of Louisiana, devoted much of the speech to a eulogy of the Eucharistic Revival and the spirit of daily Communion at Notre Dame. This is a spirit which is intimately associated with our life here.
BROWNSON SMOKER NEARS

We can feel it in the air! We just know it is coming! We have a premonition that the Brownson "fiesta de humo" is in the offing. Diligent and untiring efforts on the part of the Siberians by the light of ye old midnight oils is putting them in trim for their big pow-wow. Were it not for the fact that one of the windows of the Brownson Rec. was slightly raised the other night, we would still be totally ignorant of the deep seated plans of the Brownsonites. But the window was open and right there we had the evidence that a real jazz band was in the making. It remains to be seen what this year's crop of Charleston dancers will yield. Even your best friends won't tell you. And then when the time approaches for the boxing bouts and the stage hands whip out their knives to cut the smoke, excitement and revelry will reign supreme. Then to transform a get-together of the highest caliber into one that overflows with fulfillment, eats will be served. Boys, there's nothing like it. The satisfaction one derives from such an amicable gathering is supreme. But all is shrouded in secrecy now. We have a hunch that there is a surprise in store for us. And, if our curiosity does not overcome our patience, a real surprise it will be.

HAWKEYE MEET

Using a blackboard eraser as a gavel, Jack Daly led his Iowa cohorts off to the first Iowa Club to be formed at Notre Dame. The first meeting was held last Thursday evening in the trite but traditional south room of the Library where many an organization has had its birth and its death. Daly was appointed chairman for the evening. He put the question point blank to the forty or fifty corn huskers present as to whether or not there should be an Iowa Club on the campus. The motion carried with but one objector. The obstinate one wanted it off-campus. Objection overruled.

The roll was then called and speeches were in order. County, of Buckingham notoriety, was the first speaker. He enumerated the reason, both social and scholastic, for the need of a Hawkeye Club. The next was Hasley. He talked principally on the social advantages of such a club. It is due to the efforts of County, Hasley and Mullens that the Iowa Club is a reality.

Mr. Daly then appointed two committees, Mullen and County for the business of the club, and Hasley, Kahil, Carberry and McGuire for the Smoker which is to be held Thursday, October 28th at the Brownson Rec. All students from Iowa are invited to attend. The fee is one-half a slug. Entertainment of an original type will be on hand. The committee is now searching both the campus and South Bend for an intelligent looking person who can dance "The Black Bottom." Cigarettes, cigars, sandwiches, cake, coffee and candy will be passed around.

The election of officers will take place at this Smoker.

DAY DOGS BOW TO CARROLL

The bright scarlet colors of the battling Day-Dogs of South Bend and points west, were forced to bow to the brilliant blue of the neatly clad warriors from the traditionally famous Carroll Hall, Sunday afternoon, 6 to 0, in one of the hardest fought games of the interhall series to date. The backfield of the dormitory boys, composed of McShane, O'Malley, Marek and Tully, played well and showed great aptitude for carrying the ball down the field, as early as the first quarter when O'Malley went over the off-campus goal line for a touchdown.

Carroll's spirit when in the shadow of her own goal posts again asserted itself. In this game, the spirit came in the form of Purcell's splendid kicking during the second half.

The Day-Dogs exhibited a flashy brand of forward passing, with the entire backfield functioning well. Ryan at center was a tower of strength in the Off-Campus line.

It was a joy, although rather of the negative kind, not to see the kids of the surrounding country in evidence on the gridiron between the halves of the game last Saturday.
DOME ACTIVE

Yes, things have been happening in the basement of Walsh Hall lately. Those furtive, guilty looking fellows seen entering the K. of C. rooms were Seniors having their picture taken for the Dome. Editors Layne and Novak impart the information that most of the fourth year men responded nobly. The majority succumbed to the energetic administration of various sized, various colored, and multi-worded posters. However, some others had to be hunted down mercilessly and submitted to the rigors of the cap and gown. The various clubs and activities were also photographed, so every one will probably be engaged in looking over proofs for the next few weeks.

The editorial staff will have a meeting in the near future in the Dome's new palatial suite of offices in Corby Sub. Secrecy is the dominant keynote, but we are promised radical changes in the general makeup of the annual. "Bigger and better" is all the information obtainable. And we have yet to ferret out a despicable character who will challenge this statement. Meanwhile, the business men continue to convince us with sharpened pencil and dotted line that we can't afford to do without the Dome of '27.

EAST-PENN CLUB MAKES DEBUT

Founders Day was observed in a most fitting manner by the boys from Eastern Pennsylvania. On that evening seventy-five energetic lads, who hail from the land of Anthracite, assembled in the local K. of C. chambers and promptly selected the popular Vince McNally to direct the destinies of their organization ... and another member took his place in that great fraternity of man, The N. D. clubs.

The number from Pennsylvania attending the University has become so large that a single state club can no longer serve the interests of men from such divers localities. It is because of this that the new club has been formed. Father P. Haggerty who has long sponsored the idea, was unanimously elected Honorary President.

The following executives were elected and the following committees were appointed by the president: President, Vince McNally, Philadelphia; Vice-President, Joe Boland, Philadelphia; Vice-President, Leo McIntyre, Bethlehem; Secretary, Jimmy Jones, Allentown; Treasurer, Hugh Cambell, Hazleton; Publicity Manager, W. R. Blewitt, Scranton.

The following committees were named by the President: Publicity, Chairman, J. F. McMahon, Sayre; Initiative, Chairman, Charles McDermott, Allentown; Rules, Chairman, John McBride, Hazleton. — J.E.M.

CATALYZER APPEARS

The Catalyzer, Notre Dame Chemists' magazine, made its initial appearance for the year Tuesday of this week. Ernest Wilhelm, editor, and W. S. Mahin, associate editor, have succeeded in bringing out a periodical of unusual merit.

The Catalyzer is one of the younger Notre Dame publications, being in its fourth year. Originally it was mimeographed by students, but beginning last year, it has been printed in usual magazine form, this issue being the work of Hibberd of South Bend. It is a technical periodical of high standard, with a large exchange list, being sent to colleges and universities throughout the country.

The feature article in this issue is a paper on Organic Evolution by Fr. Wenninger, Dean of the College of Science. In it he presents the various theories of evolution from a Catholic point of view. While scientific in detail, the article will prove interesting and worth while reading for everyone. It is a splendid treatment of a much abused subject. The paper will be concluded in a later issue of the Catalyzer.

News of the engineers and chemists is found in a special section in the magazine, a new feature to be continued throughout the year. Succeeding issues will be brought out on the fifth of each month. Mr. Wilhelm, a Senior in chemistry, has worked with the Catalyzer for several years, and with the help of Mr. Mahin, the organ of the Chemists is guaranteed a successful year.
SCIENCE ACADEMY FORMED

Through the efforts of Father F. J. Wenninger, Dean of the College of Science, an honorary scientific society has been organized at the University. The need for an organization which would promote interest in scientific matters has been felt for some time. Notre Dame has always been active in scientific fields, and has many notable achievements on her records. The new society is proud of this background, and sees in it an incentive for an active and successful life.

Responding to an invitation from Father Wenninger, a group of Science students met on September 27 to discuss the formation of a club that would foster all branches of science. Dean Wenninger outlined his ideas of a society that would prove a benefit both to individual members and to the University. Interest was readily aroused, and the assembly voted unanimously in favor of organizing. Temporary officers were chosen who, with a committee appointed by them, drew up a constitution. This was voted on at the next meeting, held October 4. After prolonged discussions and several revisions, this constitution was accepted. Some points of interest in it are the following: The Society is named The Notre Dame Academy of Science. The Academy is strictly an honor society, membership being limited to upperclassmen in the College of Science with an average of eighty-five or above. Regular meetings are to be held twice a month. Prominent outsiders as well as members of the society will present papers and talks on a wide range of subjects. Whenever the mater is of general interest, public meetings will be held.

Organization was completed at a meeting held October 8, when officers for the year were elected. They are: President, C. S. Banwarth; Vice-President, E. S. Post; Secretary A. S. Romano; Executive Committee: W. E. Mahin, J. Ballinger, J. Foley. Moderator: Rev. F. J. Wenninger, Dean of Science.

The first regular meeting of the Academy will be held this coming week. A public lecture in Washington Hall has been arranged for the near future, when Dr. Berteling of South Bend will talk on “The relation of the Germ Theory to Modern Science.” This will mark the beginning of a series of scientific talks planned by the Academy.

SCRIBBLERS ELECT MEMBERS

President Les Grady rapped the Scribblers into submissiion, Monday evening, October 18, at 7:45 in the Scribblers’ room on the third floor, south wing, of the Library. During the meeting cigarettes were chewed and smoked with abandon, despite the fact that the advent of the next cigarette company, dispensing its cigarettes gratis for advertising purposes, was still unheralded, and might be for some time. There was a reason, a very obvious one: The seven vacancies in the ranks of the Scribblers were to be filled.

When ten boxes of matches had been exhausted, and as many packages of cigarettes, and reams and reams of paper, it was discovered that five men had survived the systematic, relentless pruning process. The five fortunate men, selected from a group of thirty applicants, exclusive of freshmen, by three-fourths at least of the Scribblers present, were: Frank J. Prendergast, Thomas Griffin, Arthur Stenius, Richard Elpers, and Robert Hennes.

Secretary Joe Breig was requested by President Grady to send notice to each man of his election into the society and an invitation to attend the next meeting. At this meeting, Monday night, October 25, at 7:45 in the Scribblers’ room of the Library, these men will be asked to give a brief talk for the edification of the old members. Boys, be prepared! John Cullinan and James Roy also at this meeting will read papers. These papers were to be read at the meeting of the eighteenth, but the election of new members swallowed up so much of the time that it was thought fitting to defer their presentation until the next meeting.

The sale of tickets for the Army-Notre Dame game promises to break even the record breaker of last year.
FIRST JUGGLER APPEARS

Taking its bow before the footlights as the Freshman Number, the Juggler made its initial appearance on the campus last Wednesday evening. If the first issue is to be taken as a criterion of the Funny Fellow’s succeeding performances then Editor-in-chief Les Grady and Art Editor John Harwood are certainly to be complimented.

The magazine is a triumph of clever art work and sparkling humor from cover to cover. And while we’re on the subject of covers, it might be mentioned that judging from Harwood’s work he’s an able successor to Wilbur McElroy. If puns were considered humorous, we’d say you never saw a slicker cover than John’s. As it is, we’ll have to be content with saying that it’s very good.

All the art work is well done, although we were especially susceptible to the drawings of Culliney, Harrington, and Campbell. They’re good. And so is the verse Funny Fellow has to offer; it’s far superior to the jingle-jingle one expects to find in humorous publications. The makeup of the Juggler is on a par with its material. Good taste governs a nice distribution of type and picture. The exchanges are good and Wally Layne’s theater column is excellent.

All in all, the Freshman Number is a dandy. And there, as Henry James would say, you are. —J. C. R.

NITTANY LION DANCE

The Junior Class held their football dance last Saturday evening at the K. of C. hall. Some two hundred couples attended. The dance was a success from both the social and pecuniary standpoint. It was an added achievement in that the men on dates were not constantly hampered by stags.

The majority of the Penn State and Notre Dame football toters were at the dance. Art Haerons furnished the music. The committee, consisting of Densfield, Ruppel, and Burns are to be complimented on the fine manner in which they carried off the dance and made it a financial success in spite of the tremendous overhead which they were forced to carry.

SOPHS BEST MORRISSEY

Sophomore Hall football team defeated the Morrissey eleven, Sunday, 6 to 0.

Although the Morrissey men made a few first downs and completed two passes, the Sophomores were never in danger, and had the ball in Morrissey territory nearly the entire game. Sheehan proved to be a very capable performer for the second year men, scoring the only touchdown of the game, after a series of spectacular runs. Lopez performed in fine fashion for the losers by his punting and line plunging. The Morrissey team fought hard all the way, but the Sophomores’ superior offense told the tale.

AMERICAN CHEMICAL SOCIETY MEETS

The forty-second regular meeting of the St. Joseph Valley Section of the American Chemical Society was held in Chemistry Hall Wednesday evening, October 20. The Chairman of the meeting was Dr. Mahin, professor of chemistry at the University.

Mr. W. S. Calcott, director of research at the Jackson laboratory of the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Company spoke of the Corrosion of Metals. Mr. Calcott has had a great deal of experience with corrosion as encountered in chemical plant equipment, and his lecture was extremely valuable from the practical point of view.

Besides members of the society, students of chemistry attended the lecture, and report an interesting and instructive meeting.

BEARCATS OUTSCORE WALSH

Surprise was thrown into interhall football circles Sunday afternoon when the highly touted Walsh aggregation gave way before the Brownson Bearcats, 14 to 0.

Brownson uncorked a neat offensive game in the last half and twice rushed the pellet over the Walsh line. Late in the fourth quarter Walsh threatened to score but Brownson developed a strong defense and held.

Brownson’s win puts the tented alley boys in the running for the championship of the western division.
NO GRIDGRAPH TO-MORROW

Due to the large number of students making the student trip, the gridgraph will not be in operation in the gym tomorrow, according to a decision of the S. A. C. Students not making the trip can follow the game in the various downtown places which will have a play-by-play account.

PENNSYLVANIA CLUB MEETS

The first regular meeting of the Pennsylvania Club took place in Walsh Hall basement on Thursday evening, Oct. 14. The meeting was called to order by last year's president, George Schill.

It was decided to divide the club into three units: Western, Eastern, and Erie Clubs. These three units will act as one on the campus. Heretofore all social activities of the club have been held in Pittsburgh, where most of the members live. This new plan will enable each unit of the club to have its own social activities in a city which will be convenient for each member of that unit to attend.

The officers elected for the coming year were as follows: President, Alfred J. Diebold; Vice-President, Gerald O'Connor; Secretary, Bernard J. Stettler; Treasurer, Philip Walsh.

The new president, Al Diebold gave a short talk for the benefit of the new members and plans were made to have a banquet at the Oriental Inn on Sunday, Oct. 17.

NEW ELECTRICAL LABORATORY EQUIPMENT

The Electrical Engineering Laboratories of the University have added considerable new equipment for this year. It is at present being installed under the direction of department professors, and will soon be ready for use. The new apparatus consists of:

A Westinghouse 10 K. W. rotary convertor of latest laboratory design, with switch board, synchronous motor, Fynn-Weichsel design; a reactor with five air core coils; three static condensers; three loading resistors; an Allis-Chalmers motor generator set to furnish D. C. for experimentation; four unity ratio Wagner transformers; and a Westinghouse phase advancer.

These added facilities broaden the practical work in the electrical courses. The Department hopes to have more equipment added from time to time.

MCGUIRE WINS ANOTHER PRIZE

Harry McGuire, '25, has added another scalp to his playwriting belt, according to an announcement made last week by the "Wharf Players" of Provincetown, Mass. McGuire's play "Yella," which has already been produced by the Baker players at Yale, and at Elitch Gardens, Denver (where it won first prize) has now been awarded the first prize as "the best play produced by the Wharf players" during the year 1926.

"The Wharf Players" is one of the best known little theatre organizations in the country, being the successor to the famous "Provincetown Players" who introduced Eugene O'Neill to the public. The award of its first prize this year to a former N. D. man is a real distinction.

CHEMISTS' CLUB UNDER WAY

The Notre Dame Student Chemists' Club has laid plans for another active year. The organization is under the direction of the following men for 1927:

Dr. Wenzke, Honorary President; R. Rich, President; Ernest Wilhelm, Vice-President; W. J. Toussaint, Secretary-Treasurer; Frank Mootz, Member at large.

Regular meetings will be held on the first Wednesday of each month. A talk and a demonstration will be presented by members at the November meeting.

The Most Reverend John P. McNicholas, O. P., S. T. M., Archbishop of Cincinnati, accompanied by Reverend Urban J. Vehr, Rector of the Preparatory Seminary of Cincinnati, visited the University last week. The Archbishop is interested in the establishment of a new preparatory seminary and with this interest in mind visited Moreau and Holy Cross Seminaries and several of the new buildings on the campus.
The abolition of active football captains is the most recent legislative act of the executive committee at Stanford University, California. In the future, the position will be one of honor awarded at the close of the season. The coach of the university will appoint an active field captain for each game. It is said that the initiative for this move came from the coaches inasmuch as the plan will give them more freedom in their selection of men for each particular game.

The creation of a college working day which will leave sufficient time and daylight after classes for athletics and other extracurricular activities in which the students wish to participate, is the problem with which the student council at Mount Holyoke College is now struggling. A referendum of the college paper indicates a majority in favor of setting the entire schedule back to a start at eight o'clock instead of eight-thirty. We suggest morning prayer. That gives the boys a seven o'clock lead-off at Notre Dame.

Enter dancing. The University of Wisconsin is the first university to offer dancing as a major and at present over thirty members have enrolled in the course. It is expected that science and cultural studies will be included as well as dancing, with a development of personality and an appreciation of art the objects of the course. Yes, my dear, I majored in dancing for my Ph. D.

The class of 1928 at Connecticut Agricultural college has been ordered to pay $5,000 damages to a student who suffered in the hazing activities last year. That student is our idea of an opportunist.

Strikes and more strikes. Over half of the sixty five hundred students at the University of Washington held a torchlight parade as a protest against the ousting of their president, Dr. Henry Suzallo by Gov. Roland H. Hartley. Amid cries of "strike," "strike" the marchers filed before the president's house. Dr. Suzallo urged them to refrain from any further demonstration, to attend classes, and to consider the interests of the university. A decided falling off in the attendance of classes was noted the following day, although professors presided over the regular sessions. The ill-feeling between the prexy and the chief executive originated during the war when Suzallo ordered an eight hour day for lumber workers, which Hartley, a timber man, opposed. The moral of this is, "When president of Washington University, don't knock on wood."

The most unique strike in the history of Indiana schools and education ended in a decided victory for the strikers, recently, when Hanover college students won their fight for week-end dates and moonlight strolling. The signing of the peace pact was announced at the conclusion of negotiations between the president and a committee of five students representing more than two hundred and fifty students who did the walk-out act and refused to return. It is said that the action sent a ripple of delightful anticipation down cupid's spine.

Newcomb College, New Orleans, La., is clamoring for College Humor and Vanity Fair to replace "the dryer, more sedate and staid Literary Digest, American Mercury and other periodicals of like ilk which occupy the library shelves."—Roller skating is the order of the day for co-eds of the University of Texas. The purpose, according to the physical activities head is to encourage the girls to get into better condition for examinations. But it is certain that the young lady possessing the ability to roller skate certainly has an ace up her sleeve that may stand her in good stead.
TO VIRGINIA

Jolly breezes rustle
Through dark ravines:
Your hair.
Sleepy moon above
Melted bronze pools
Your eyes.
Soft rose embers
Of the camp-fires
Your lips.
Wilderness pictures
On Timagami Trail
Of you.

—HENRY JAMES STUCKART.

Not long ago, we suggested a poetry number of the SCHOLASTIC to our friend, Ye Literary Ed, and the latter had the consumate gall to laugh at us.

"Fiddlesticks," he remarked. "There aren't any poets at Notre Dame, and those that there are won't give us anything?"

We told him what he was, with some vigor. We maintained that there are poets at Notre Dame, and that said poets will contribute when given a little encouragement.

"All right," he sneered. "Try and find some."

Today the creature must admit defeat. We have poetry—and how! Of it all, we like best this exotic thing called, "Nocturne For Piccolo and Drums."

Who are you, O Ironic One, who calls himself "Prosper© Image"? Where have you distilled this beauty? We'd like to buy some, but such things are not for sale. And the rest are poets, too. A tinkling villanelle, with an undertone of mocking laughter; a fool's sudden realization of his own folly; a tender memory done in blank verse; the tragic story of a little girl of Nippon, with an illustration by the poet; we have them and we like them all. And, funniest thing, you know, Ye Literary Ed submitted something himself.

—DISSATISFIED.

TO A ROOM-MATE

Out of the North you came,
Smiled at the world a bit—
Smiled at Notre Dame—
Lived for the fun of it.
(They loved those eyes and curls)
Packed up your grip and went
Back to the North.

—KOP.

WHEN WE DANCED

Rippling rhythm from a rhythmic band,
Dryads drooping—waiting for a man;
Sudden triumph in the measure and the beat—
She is slyly blushing 'neath her fan.

—CORNELIUS SHEA.

A moment, ye poets, of your valuable time. The Scribblers are holding a poetry contest in which all of those who come under the various categories of rhymers, versifiers, and poets are expected to compete. No holds are barred. Make it free verse, blank verse, or rhyme and meter; it matters not to the Scribblers who, it seems, are not at all fussy. Even Li Chan has admitted that he will enter. "At your courteous invitation," he says, "Contemptible I will humbly submit some of my most miserable attempts at celestial poetry." We offered him a cigarette. —CYRANO OF CHICAGO.

PEOPLE DISLIKE INDIVIDUALITY

Americans think that they admire individuality. Consequently, a statement that people dislike it is not one that will meet with the approbation of our great American public. They will shout in unison that individuality is the keynote of our modern trend in business, art and literature. Perhaps, we reply, but it does not work so well when applied to the individual. Individuality, or the art of being different, is not for the man of every day life, if he values the esteem of his fellowmen. If you doubt the statement, experiment. After withstanding nobly the amazement of your friends, the attacks of your enemies, and the inevitable volley of such damning terms as "high-hat," "moron" and "Socialist," you will either become one of these three, or return to old Father Standardization, only too glad to accept the friendliness and the monotony of his protective embrace. Here you are safe from the attacks of your brother patriots, who do not understand individualism, and who hate anything they do not understand.

—DISSATISFIED.

OPTION

We did not guess
You were so fair
Until a witty wind
Fingered in your hair.

—FRANCIS MILLER.

THIS SORT OF THING MUST BE STOPPED

The Doctor's Wooing at the Bookstore and at the Caf—remarks a sign in front of the Main Building. Simultaneously, or a while in each place? Pray tell us, Cy.

—LA CARCAJADA.
ARE WE ALL BOOBS?

Are college editors boobs?

We have it on the authority, rather circumspectly voiced, of no less an oracle than The Forum that both questions may be answered emphatically in the affirmative.

The Forum does not make its statements in so many words. Heaven forbid! The Forum has far too much finesse for such buffoonery. But this is exactly what The Forum implies: that college editors are easy marks and that college students are more or less non compos mentis.

First of all, with tremendous and quite unassuming magnanimity The Forum sends broadcast to college publications proofs of an article entitled "The Students Prescribe," by Edward Aswell, late of Harvard. And with breath-taking generosity, The Forum extends permission to reprint up to five hundred words of this truly remarkable article!

Does The Forum really believe that all college editors are numb from collar to stabcomb, or is its magnanimous offer dictated simply by the assumption that since "There's one born every minute" some of the sixty-second unfortunates must by the law of averages have ascended to responsible positions on college publications?

Surely the editors of The Forum must realize that college publications, quite like their own organ, exist largely on the income derived from advertising columns. And we shall not accuse The Forum of ignorance concerning the fact that college publications also reserve certain columns for straightforward, bona fide, paid-in-full advertising. The attempt of The Forum to obtain free publicity is not mitigated even by cleverness in the manner of the attempt—the gag is so childishly transparent as to be ridiculous, if it were not at the same time pathetic. We hope we may be forgiven for hoping that other college organs will give publicity to The Forum where it is deserved—in the editorial columns.

But as, though it were not enough to assume college editors to be fools, notice the nature of the article which The Forum gives generous consent to reprint in part. "We ask for bread," the author yodels, "and you give us a stone, is the cry of the college youth of to-day."

What the author means to imply, and what he takes several thousand words to get off his chest, is that we poor seekers after knowledge have "seen through" religion and are asking for some basic philosophy which will "fill the need which religion fails to supply" and will serve to guide us toward forming a philosophy of life for our each and individual selves. The author quotes from the report of The Student Council of Harvard, which advises that courses in philosophy be instituted in modern colleges, so that the undergraduate who feels himself above religion may be enabled to "build his own philosophy of life."

Remarkable! Truly remarkable! Harvard is in favor of a course in philosophy. Harvard and Mr. Aswell must be complimented upon their astuteness. But they must also be advised that Catholic universities have for centuries required courses in philosophy, not to replace religion, not to give every immature sophomoric ass an opportunity to parade a philosophy of his own, but to go hand in hand with and supplement the sound teachings of true religion. Were Mr. Aswell and the Student Council of Harvard under the impression that they had discovered something new?

And again Mr. Aswell: "Back in the days of Jonathan Edwards. . . . The Church taught the eternities, the College the humanities; and the humanities were simply a decorative preface to the eternities... Today the old relations are broken down."
Mr. Aswell makes his statements with a chuckle for what he evidently considers the naive childishness of those days. "To-day the old relations are broken down." We are forced to wonder whether Mr. Aswell realizes that in penning those words he struck unerringly to the root of his trouble. Evidently he does not realize it, for the remedy he suggests is not a return to the old successful methods, but the substitution for religion of a new system of philosophy, in which system it would be "every man for himself" and the opinions of an immature undergraduate would rate as highly as those of one who had spent his life in the study of philosophy. In other words, Mr. Aswell suggests that since the automobile and its driver can not always agree, the driver must be removed and the auto allowed to ramble alone and unchecked. And if the machine failed to keep the road, Mr. Aswell would shrug his shoulders and opine that "the durn thing had its own steering gear—why should it need a driver?"

"The humanities were simply a decorative preface to the eternities." What would Mr. Aswell have the humanities constitute? Evidently he admits the existence of a God and an after-life—why else would he yearn for a philosophy? Admitting these, would Mr. Aswell yet wish the preparation of youth for eternity to be subsidized to the preparation for a possible fifty-odd years on this tiny planet? Contradictory as it undoubtedly is, that is what Mr. Aswell suggests.

What Mr. Aswell fails to consider, among other things, is that all philosophy is built upon right principles, and that these principles are the care of religion; that without true religion philosophy can not properly exist, and that without religion's guiding hand philosophy must inevitably fall into error. What Mr. Aswell does not see is the distinction between post-facto and ante-facto philosophy. A little instruction would not do him any harm.

The modern conception of philosophy is an excuse for one's actions—post-facto philosophy; philosophy divorced from religion. The only right and proper philosophy is ante-facto philosophy, which guides actions instead of being guided by actions, and which is inseparable from religion. The famous remark of Bob Burdette may well be applied to Mr. Aswell: "It is a thousand times easier to invent a new religion than to live up to the old one."

No, we aren't all boobs. Mr. Aswell admits as much when he gives us credit for "asking for bread." Possibly Mr. Aswell did not dream that The Forum would attempt to negate his admission by proposing to college editors a transparent scheme for free publicity. However that may be, this editorial (which leaves a bad taste in our mouth, but which we felt must be written), constitutes the extent of the publicity which The Forum will receive from The Scholastic. Let us hope The Forum is satisfied.

We know that we speak for all Notre Dame men when we say that no stones have been tendered to us. And we feel that St. Thomas Aquinas, to whom The Student Council of Harvard must go for its course in scholastic philosophy, would chuckle unrestrainedly could he read Mr. Aswell's delightfully inane proposal for the salvation of the poor booby college man —J A. B.

The Vagabond

WALTER H. LAYNE

Dancing overland, pausing by the sea
What is there in life,
Dreams of Love so free?

Mocking merrily, laughing always true
Are not my poems written
For my love of you?

Listening lazily, hearing echoes ring
Will you never hear
The songs that I would sing?

Loving languidly, gazing at the skies
Finding only heaven
In the wonder of your eyes.
To Our Lady

We have colored your cloak with gold
And crowned you with every star,
And the silvery ship of the moon
We have moored where your white feet are.
As you look on this world of ours,
Campus, and lakes, and towers.

You are good to us, O great Queen,
Good as our mothers are,
And you know us by name, each one,—
Ah! Heavenly Registrar,
Enter our names in the book
Into which your dear Son will look!

Then when your Son comes by
You will tell Him, as of old,
"These are the boys We knew,
I, in my cloak of gold,
You at the breaking of Bread—
These are the troops You fed."

For we know that a time will come,
The graduating year,
When thousand and thousands of us
Who dreamed on your beauty here
Will gather before your face
And dream and talk of this place.

And a shout shall split the skies
As the ranks send up His Name,
A golden hour in heaven
When your sons, O Notre Dame,
Kneel to their Leader down,
There by the hem of your gown.

—'06.

Villanelle—To An Inconstant Lover

Richard Elpers

In time you will leave me—
No, dear, do not lie.
You'll not forget me.
You will chafe to be free,
And though I know not why—
In time you will leave me.
And your new love—'though she
May endear you as I—
You'll not forget me.

Even now I can see
A new scorn in your eye:
In time you will leave me;
Does it matter that we
May say lightly "Good-bye?"
You'll not forget me.
You will go; but I'll be
In your dreams till you die.
In time you will leave me;
You'll not forget me.
"The Fool Doth Think—"

THOMAS J. GRIFFIN, '28.

Be still, my pretty butterfly,
I hold you here to watch you die.
Your struggles, lovely fool, to me,
For life, for freedom, liberty,
Are foolish. Come now, e'en as I—
Caught in Life's mesh, held fast, must sigh
Regrets, the toy of evil fates
And watch without unop'ning gates,
The pawn of Him whose scheme of things
Is wrong—relax, and still your wings.
He wings away to soar still higher!
Could I, too, pull from out the mire,
To leave behind each clutching thing—
As he his broken, crushéd, wing—
That holds me down? Well, we shall see!
My pride, my sensuality,
Accusing fiends of judgment day,
I cut thee loose, be on thy way.
I rise! My eyes, long blind, have sight!
Oh Lord, a fool has seen the light!

October

JACK MULLEN

A brooding spirit hovers o'er the land:
He turns to lambent gold the dying trees,
He chills the corpse of the warm summer breeze,
And the sere fields know his deadening hand.
A lonely elm the coming Death defies
But, by its one time friend, the wind betrayed
Gives up the ghost, and its sad leaves are laid
In rotting piles, while the brave tree dies.
Upon my heart, the spirit lays his grip,
I wander like an idiot, at night,
And wonder if the world were ever right;
If life is worth this dismal, earthly trip.
It seems that of the earth I am a clod,
A living image of the lifeless sod.
Nocturne For Piccolo And Drum

PROSPERO IMAGE

Presté the Prismatic
Walked the streets
Of Zanzibar,
His steps were
Slow and steady;
His eyes were on a star.

His cloak was violet,
Vermillion,
Was his hat.
His air was
Slightly mystic.
(Behind him walked a cat.)

Presté was wildly known
For a sage
And clever man,
(He had been
Presented with
(A compliment'ry fan.)

He was tinged with sadness,
Exquisite,
And colored mauve,
“This daedal world,
Is managed
By hands not skilled or suave.”

“Absinthe will ease the pain
Of this world
Of shame and sin.”
His eyes fell
On the facade
Of a glittering inn.

He walked through the doorway
His long cloak
Floating after.
The cat winked
Its jade eyes, and
Pierced the night with laughter.

Montana
(A Fragment)

-FRANK CONNELLY,'29.

Haste distant day, when I shall tread again
The mountain roads of Butte, fair Helena's plain,
When in the West where the red sun goes down
In a fierce flame, I'll walk a mining town.
What days were those we sailed on Georgetown Lake
'Neath azure skies brushed with an opal flake!
The silent pines so cool upon the shore,
The purple hills, the clean wind flying o'er.
We roved and swam, we fished all day for fun,
And then at noon, when we were tired and done,
We built a fire upon the sloping bank,
Cakes and fruit we ate. ('Twas tea we drank)
And O, that day in Anaconda fair,
We drank in draughts of real Montana air.
The little homes so neat. The tidy park.
The rustling river. All too soon 'twas dark.
Sweet Helena, bright city washed with winds.
What gorgeous suns are thine! Thy memory binds
My heart. Upon the mountain crests the virgin snow,
Beyond the peaks, the plains of Idaho.
is usually noted for its corn and poetry, has turned to football of late and has become enraptured over the game. Forty thousand fans will pour into the concrete bowl at Evanston tomorrow afternoon and another forty thousand would be there if circus seats could be suspended in thin air.

About half of the gang will be flaunting their purple pennants and growling with the wildcat but you can bet your last suspender button that the other half will be there to watch Knute Rockne's Juggernauts do their stuff for the fourth consecutive time.

**VICE-PRESIDENT TO BE THERE**

Impetus is added to the gala event by the announcement that Vice-President Charles G. Dawes will sit with President Matthew Walsh in a Notre Dame box during the first half and during the intermission will be escorted by the Notre Dame band to the Northwestern Box where, with President Walter Dill Scott, of Northwestern University, he will watch the second period.

If Mr. Dawes' far famed underslung furnace goes through that second half as it would have gone through the second half had he been on Cartier Field last November.
21, the hosts of Purple followers will be ready to yield the ghost and the Irish will sit back comfortably with "I told you so."

For it so happens that Coach Glenn Thistlewaite and his Purple Wildcats are priming themselves carefully for this struggle with the memory of that November afternoon constantly recurring in their memories. Notre Dame Irishmen need not brush away many cob webs to recall that Northwestern led the Blue and Gold, 10 to 0 last fall at the half and after Mr. Rockne had made some blunt but apt remarks the Irish machine went out and ploughed enough turf to plant two touchdowns which bloomed into the luscious victory fruit.

WILL MOON SHINE AGAIN?

That was a tough battle to lose. Especially for Mr. "Moon" Baker, an efficient young half back who has regarded Notre Dame as a thorn in the side for two years. This "Moon" Baker shines full most of the grid season and as skipper of the Northwestern crew this year he is bidding fair to go three months without an eclipse. Two years ago Baker gave the Four Horsemen an exciting afternoon at Soldier's Field and just last year he did an afternoon's work of pass throwing and end running on our own circus grounds. Moon's in the battle for blood tomorrow and he's not the only one.

But the wiry Mr. Rockne is prepared for the struggle. In fact he has a tumbril full of backs and a galley full of hefty linemen whom he may stretch in battle array. Having rushed to three thorough victories they are confident that this Purple Wildcat will be hushed considerably.

Footley experts are confident that the game will develop into the premier battle of the west. Most of them concede an edge to the Fightin' Irish although Northwestern will stack up strongly. The two backfield of Edwards, Hearden, Flanagan, Wynne and Parisien, Dahman, Niemic and O'Boyle are rated equally with the Northwestern ball-totting combination, Gustafson, Schumacher, Lewis and Baker, but the Notre Dame line is considered a trifle faster and more efficient than the Purple forward wall.

However, there aren't going to be many social capers in this Purple-Irish debacle and if you're one of the 40,000 who is privileged to look on you can consider yourself in danger of having the white shirt front-spattered with a couple of drops of gore.

—F. E. D.

CAGE GRIND NEARS

With the apparition of seven experienced men facing him for basketball practice Coach George Keogan, moulder of the cleverest team that ever played for Notre Dame, is preparing for the beginning of the court season.

Keogan says that initial practices will be held within two weeks and that following the close of the grid season a rigid campaign for another western championship will be begun. Rumors that two dozen games, many of them with the best teams in the east and west, will be played, have not been discredited.

Among the veterans to return are Captain Johnny Nyikos and Lou Conroy, all western center and guard, respectively, and Vince McNally and Dahman, forward and guard. In addition to this quarter of beauties will be Elmer Besten, Johnny Victoryn, Ray Mock and Dan Moore whose work with the second team was spectacular.

Keogan will announce the complete 1926-27 schedule at an early date.

MICHIGAN STATE TO OPEN HARRIER SEASON

Strengthened by five weeks of intense practice which has brought every member of the squad into the prime, Notre Dame harr-irers will meet their first opposition of the season this afternoon over the Notre Dame five mile course.

Michigan State, always a formidable rival of the Irish in the cross country game, will oppose the Irish in their initial race. Indications early this week were that the meet would take place Friday at 3 p. m.

With practically all of the veterans who made up last year's champion squad back in the fold, Coach John Wendland is looking forward to a long distance season of note.
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716 J. M. S. Building
Five meets, two of them with Western Conference squads, have been scheduled for the Runnin' Irish.

On October 30 the Northwestern running squad will combat Wendland's squad. Last fall the Irish outpointed the Purple comfortably and another win is predicted. Indiana and Notre Dame will run the morning of the Hoosier-Irish football game. On November 13 the Indiana State Meet will be staged and a week later the first cross country championship of the newly organized Central Conference will be staged.

Home meets will be run on the regulation five mile course. Starting with a lap around Cartier Field track, the athletes proceed north a mile and a half, hence east a mile, south a mile and a half, and then turn west toward Eddy Street which leads into Cartier Field where another lap on the track completes the five mile grind.

Coach Wendland has many veterans with which to form his 1926 team. Captain Joe Nulty is running his third and last year on the varsity while "Scrap" Young and Masterson are also rounding out an extended service. Phelan and Ryan are beginning a second year of varsity competition. Brown, DeGroot, and Colton, of last year's Frosh loom as varsity runners. Freshman interest is high this year in running, Wendland states.

Last year the boys won 8 out of 9 meets, losing only to the University of Pittsburg. This year the green suited splashers figure that their worst competition will come from the team that threshed them last year, and from Carnegie Tech.

The personnel of the varsity, besides Captains Rhodes and McCaffery, is likely to be made up of McKieman, McLoughlin, Tennes, Brykszynski, Hudson, and the Sophomore flashes—Cronin and McMahon. Captain Jerry Rhodes also coaches the Freshman squad, and he believes that there will be half a dozen mermen from this outfit that will be ready for varsity places next year.

B. S. M.

MINIMS FACE HARD SCHEDULE

The St. Edwards Specials, better known as the Minims, are at it again. With but three veterans back from last year's championship team, Coach Bob Snell is faced with the difficult task of turning out another winning eleven. Several new stars have been unearthed, and prospects for another hot season are bright.

The line, which averages about 111 pounds to the man, shapes up with Foley and Boland at ends, Christ and Curran at tackles, Brunning and Spencer at guards, and Micksack at center. Foley and Curran played last year, but Brunning at guard stands on a par with his more experienced teammates.

The backfield, which averages about 94 pounds to the man, is steadied by Captain Larry Crampton at quarter-back, who also played last year. O'Brien, at full, and Rhor and Wilson at the halves, complete this vest-pocket edition of the "Four Horsemen."

The schedule: Oct. 17—Gabriel Snubbers at St. Edwards; Oct. 31—St. Joseph at St. Edwards; Nov. 7—Niles at Niles, Mich; Nov. 14—Golden Hill at St. Edwards.

R. R. M.

Several of the Old Boys, too numerous to mention, visited the University last week and attended the Notre-Dame-Penn State game. We are as happy to see them as they were to see us.
Every day in the Mitsukoshi Department Store of Tokyo Otis Escalators are refuting Kipling's positive statement that "Never the twain shall meet."

Rather, Otis Escalators emphasize that "There is neither East nor West" for conveniences of modern civilization and progress.

The escalator is applicable wherever it is necessary or advisable to keep a large number of people moving constantly, rapidly, and without fatigue.

The chronological and numerical record of escalator installations in a few typical department stores is an important chapter in merchandising history.

Boston Store, Chicago—7 in 1905; 2 in 1912; 10 in 1913; 4 in 1926.
A. Hamburger & Sons, Los Angeles—1 in 1908; 7 in 1923.
T. Eaton & Co., Ltd., Toronto—3 in 1913; 2 in 1916; 2 in 1919; 3 in 1924.
Mitsukoshi, Tokyo, Japan—6 in 1919; 1 in 1920; 4 in 1925.
Speaking Of A Genuine Thrill

By John McManmon

Some afternoon when you're feeling hefty let a taxicab hustler drive his mount upon your chest for awhile and then lie under the wreck for a few minutes with calm thoughts.

If you do this little trick you will realize how I felt almost two years ago when Notre Dame and Stanford met at the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena, California. Notre Dame had won nine games from the best opponents in the country and had become champions of the east while Stanford had gone through the season without a set-back, annexing the western title.

When we traveled to the coast you can bet that none of us felt very mirthful about the big job that lay just ahead. Some of the veterans on the team (they were of All-America caliber) took it as a matter of course but, being a Sophomore, I was a little bit up in the air about the whole works.

The morning of the game "Rock" told our club that we were to start the game. I had been at the Army and had rested on the bench throughout the game; now I was facing the first big game of my career and it wasn't funny. This is where that taxicab stuff comes in because right up to game time I felt as if this taxicab had perched on me for a week. If we lost this contest everything would be gone. If we won we would be sitting on the top.

That utility club of ours started the game and after we had been knocked around a little bit we knew we were in a stiff struggle. For a quarter we held them and the only thrill I remember was on being at the bottom of the pile a few times.

Toward the end of the third quarter (we were back on the sidelines now) the Four Horsemen and Seven Mules had hit Stanford for three touchdowns and were off to a good lead but the Bears began a drive that looked as if it might do a little harm. They plowed down the field steadily and brought the ball to the Notre Dame three yard line.

Ernie Nevers took the ball, ran low and came up a yard from the last chalk line. Nevers plunged again and he was cut in his tracks. The teams lined up and again Nevers with a great drive peppered at the line but you could hear the terrific thud as they piled him up less than a yard from the line. Elmer Layden, standing six or eight yards back of his own posts, punted 95 yards to the Stanford five yard line and utterly ruined the Californians' chances of evening the count.

By that time I was feeling nervous. I saw that old pellet soaring up toward the Stanford goal and a moment after saw Collins and Huntsinger smother the Stanford safety man. And then I sighed a pretty deep breath of relief because it was surely tough to go through.

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* Mass of Exposition.
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50 Cents

Full Course Dinner, 65c
Northwestern, which has its eyes glued on Notre Dame at the present writing, unleashed some football a la Irish last Saturday at Bloomington, Indiana. After being held to a scoreless tie for three periods, "Moon" Baker and his Purple Wildcat began to throw passes and run the ends. In fifteen minutes they had scored three touchdowns. Northwestern won 20 to 0.

These fifteen hundred Notre Dame men who are going to crawl out in the wee sma' hours and tramp toward Evanston will not regret the grind. For it's a colorful battle that's going to be waged and the Irish are favored to cop the laurels. Two star backfields will be pitted against each other and these Wildcats are anxious for blood.

Overnight conversions in the Irish squad are not without their pleasing effect. Harry O'Boyle was changed from the half to the fullback position and his work there in the Penn State game was nothing short of sensational. "Red" Smith, who was switched from guard to fullback, ploughed the line savagely Saturday and shows promise of developing into a capable plunger.

Georgia Tech, whose golden-clad warriors will be the next foe to tramp on Cartier Field, met a sudden reverse Saturday when it suffered a three touchdown defeat at the hands of Alabama, considered the strongest team in the South.

After losing a pair of mediocre games the Harvard eleven came back Saturday and defeated William and Mary 27 to 7 in a burst of offensive power. Columbia found itself powerless at the hands of a powerful Ohio State eleven and fell 32 to 7.

Moved by the closeness of his Penn State-Notre Dame prediction, Ghoul Post III ventures this: Northwestern 7; Notre Dame 20.

The "Blues" and the "Reds" again met on the campus to contend for two barrels of apples. The contest took place last Wednesday and was a stubborn one to the end. You may talk about "that ar' barrel of money that elected Tilden," but that ar' barrel of Northern Spy and Pippin Apples were as eagerly sought for as any politician ever sought for an office. J. English acted as captain for the Blues; A. Keenan for the Reds. Alec's team was as strong and kicked as well but it was noticed that John's tactics were far superior and won him the game.

For the benefit of those who think that it does not cost much to carry on the College we might state that for the ordinary requirements per month at Notre Dame there are required: 12,000 lbs. of beef, 1,000 lbs. of fish, 2,000 lbs. of butter, 72 lbs. of flour, 900 lbs. of coffee, 240 lbs. of tea, 5,000 lbs. of sugar, 1,500 gals. of milk, 200 cords of wood, 160 gals. of coal oil besides ham, fowls, oysters, potatoes, vegetables, etc., etc., etc. May 5, 1872.

Bros. Simon, Jerome and Paul have just arrived from France after having escaped death by shipwreck. The steamer St. Lawrence, upon which they had embarked, reached New York in a damaged condition, having encountered a terrific gale near the banks of Newfoundland. For nearly two days death seemed imminent, and it is only by dint of superhuman efforts and endurance that we have not to deplore another disaster like the Hibernia's.

Harry F. Barnhart, '23, instructor in English at Notre Dame two years ago, visited the University this week.

Robert M. Worth, '25, of Indianapolis, was a guest of Prof. Charles Phillips this week.
TWO GOOD PLACES TO EAT—AT HOME AND AT
SMITH’S CAFETERIA
111 East Jefferson Boulevard

The kind of Food that Suits N. D. Man’s Taste and Wallet

THE HOME OF QUALITY. WE DO OUR OWN BAKING.

Featuring
THE NEW
Basque Beret
FOR
Golf and Tennis

The Prince of Wales wears the French Basque for golf. Borotra wears it for tennis. South Bend golfers wear it on the country club links. You can get it on Wyman’s second floor—in black and colored flannel—for $1.95.

Dr. Frank J. Powers
University Physician

OVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN SOUTH BEND

IN EVERY OCCUPATION
defective vision is a handicap and its correction means better work.

SEE WELL :— SEE BURKE
NOW IN NEW LOCATION

DR. J. BURKE
228 SOUTH MICHIGAN ST. SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Come and See Us

GEORGE WYMAN & COMPANY
Going to “CHI” for THE NORTHWESTERN GAME?

Come to the beautiful new Hotel Eastgate—“Just a Whisper from the Loop” yet out of the clamor and grime of downtown.

You’ll meet your friends there—in the lovely Aposento Lobby. Northwestern’s new downtown campus is only two blocks away—and you’ll want to be sure to see that. The lake’s near at hand, too.

If you’re driving—Hotel Eastwood offers unlimited parking space with a garage in connection.

Rates are unusually low—yet service, surroundings and furnishings are luxurious. Best food at moderate prices in the Cafe.

HOTEL EASTGATE
Ontario at St. Clair Street
Two Blocks North and 1 Block East of Tribune Tower

CLOTHES
Ready-made
And Cut to Order
ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Charter House
Suits and Overcoats
$40, $45, $50
RELIEF FOR ATHLETES

Puretest Rubbing Alcohol is without question the finest body rub as well as America's favorite among doctors, invalids and athletes.

Used externally for strains, bruises, sprains, tired and aching muscles and joints. Full pint 59c. Contains 10% pure grain alcohol.

"Save with Safety"

S. E. Cor. Michigan and Colfax

O. A. CLARK LUNCH ROOMS

$5.50 COMMUTATION TICKETS $5.00

Tickets bought at the Cafeteria are good at any of the downtown locations

O. A. CLARK LUNCH ROOMS

122 W. WASHINGTON AVENUE
104-106 N. MICHIGAN STREET
222 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET
337 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET
116-121 W. JEFFERSON BLVD
107 E. WASHINGTON AVENUE
221 WEST SOUTH STREET

IDEAL LAUNDRY

... This is Our 11th Year of Service

To Notre Dame Students
Hurled 25 Stories to Cement
-Picked Up Unbroken!

Traffic Stopped to Watch This Test of the Parker Duofold Non-Breakable Barrel

Chicago, Ill., June 16, 1928.

The Parker Pen Company, Janeville, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen:

Steel work on the new Stevens Hotel was stopped this afternoon while I went to the top-most girder, 25 stories above Eighth St. and Michigan Ave., and dropped two Parker Duofolds to the street, 380 feet below.

One pen—a Parker Oversize Duofold—alighted on the cement sidewalk. The other—a Parker Duofold Jr.—alighted on the pavement.

Both pens were immediately picked up by my associates and on examination were found to be unharmed. I have signed this letter with one of these identical pens and it works to perfection.

Yours very truly,

Frank Ketcheson
Supt. of Steel Construction
George A. Fuller Company
Builders of the Stevens Hotel

Where the Pens Landed

Point Guaranteed 25 Years for Mechanical Perfection and Wear

TRAFFIC stopped as big Frank Ketcheson, Supt. of Steel Construction for the George A. Fuller Co., hurled two Parker Duofold Pens from his perilous foothold on a slender steel girder atop of the new Stevens Hotel, Chicago.

One pen struck on asphalt, the other on cement—away they bounded into the air, then landed in the street—unbroken.

We wanted to give the public proof more convincing than any guarantee. So we have been shown by a series of heroic tests that the new Parker Duofold Pen with Permanite barrel does not break. Be sure no fall on corridor or classroom floor can harm it.

Get this sturdy black tipped lacquer-red beauty at any good pen counter.

"Permanite"—the new Non-Breakable Material of which all Parker Pens and Pencils are now made—is lustrous, light-weight, and does not break, fade or shrink.

Parker
Duofold
Duofold Jr. $3
Lady Duofold $5
PUT the Parker Duofold point under a magnifying glass and you'll see this. The two nibs are extra strong because made of extra thick gold, so skillfully tempered that they do not have to bind together for support, each is self-supporting. Thus a thin film of ink instantly forms in the channel between these nibs—ready to flow the instant the point touches paper.

To write, you do not have to shake a Parker Duofold or spring the nibs apart. The Parker writes immediately by its own weight alone—without pressure, without effort.

A point tipped with an extra pellet of pure native iridium that defies a generation of wear.

And we can guarantee it for 25 years not only for mechanical perfection but for wear!

Step in to the nearest pen counter today and try your favorite point in a Parker Duofold—Extra Fine, Medium, Stub, Broad or Oblique.

PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES:
New York
Chicago
San Francisco
Atlanta
Toronto, Canada
London, England

Parker Pens to match the Pens: Lady Duofold, $3; Over-size Jr., $2.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, $4

Non-Breakable Permanite Barrel
Parker Duofold's point is set in a Black-tipped, Lacquer-barrel of "Permanite"—inert and light-weight—which does not fade or shrink. Dropped 3000 feet from an aeroplane without breaking!
The Four Flags
NILES, MICHIGAN

New Fireproof Hotel
THE ROOM RATES WILL
PLEASE YOU
Daily $1.25 Table d'Hote Dinners

Club Room Available for Private Dinner Parties

DO YOU KNOW THAT
The South Bend News-Times . . .
Has increased its circulation 10,000 in five years?

Notre Dame Men have Played a Leading Part in Its Growth

TOWER'S FISH BRAND COLLEGE COATS
SNAPPY, SERVICEABLE WATERPROOFS
All the go with College men

Varsity Slickers
(YELLOW OR OLIVE)
Sport Coats
(YELLOW OR OLIVE)

Tower's
Trade Fish Brand
"The Rainy Day Pal"

A.J. Tower Co.
BOSTON
MASS
Hot BISCUITS!

—made of real whole wheat, crisp and appetizing, nourishing and energizing—that's food for thought and exercise. For a good warm breakfast on a real cold morning try

SHREDDED WHEAT

HEATED and COVERED WITH HOT MILK or CREAM

Contains all the BRAN, PROTEINS, VITAMINS and other food elements that your body craves in balanced 100% digestible, really delicious form.

Only takes a minute to prepare. Salt or sugar to taste and then sink your teeth into crisp, chewey, luscious mouthfuls of Nature's finest food.

Make a daily habit of just two biscuits of Shredded Wheat and watch your health and energy curve, go up and stay up.

MAKE IT A DAILY HABIT
list this under "major sports"

THERE'S no other sport on the calendar to compare with smoking a jimmy-pipe packed with P. A. Indoors and out. Any season. You win even when you draw, if you get what we mean. And how you will draw, once you know the wonderful taste of Prince Albert!

Cool as an over-cut notice from the dean. Sweet as the thoughts of a holiday. Fragrant as woodland flowers after a spring shower. P. A. never bites your tongue or parches your throat. The Prince Albert process fixed that the day P. A. matriculated.

Come out for this major sport. Get yourself a tidy red tin at that nearby smoke-shop where they hand out P. A. sunshine. You and Prince Albert are going to be great buddies right from the start. Because there just never was another tobacco like Prince Albert!

PRINCE ALBERT
—no other tobacco is like it!
—made of real whole wheat, crisp and appetizing, nourishing and energizing—that's food for thought and exercise. For a good warm breakfast on a real cold morning try

SHREDDED WHEAT

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MAKE IT A DAILY HABIT
Camels made cigarettes the popular smoke

THROUGH sheer quality, through a never before known smoking enjoyment, Camels won the world to cigarettes. Camel was the first and only cigarette that combined all the goodneses of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, and Camel became the greatest smoke word of all ages. No tobacco name compares with Camel.

Camel won and holds its overwhelming preference through indomitable tobacco quality. Only the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are rolled into Camels. These fine tobaccos receive the skilful blending that only the world's largest tobacco organization could give. Nothing is too good or too expensive that will make Camels, regardless of price, the utmost in cigarettes.

If you have never yet tried Camels, a new sensation in smoking pleasure awaits you. The sensation of the choicest, the most perfectly blended tobaccos that money can buy. Have a Camel!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.
—made of real whole wheat, crisp and appetizing, nourishing and energizing—that’s food for thought and exercise. For a good warm breakfast on a real cold morning try

SHREDDED WHEAT

HEATED and COVERED WITH HOT MILK or CREAM

Contains all the BRAN, PROTEINS, VITAMINS and other food elements that your body craves in balanced 100% digestible, really delicious form.

Only takes a minute to prepare. Salt or sugar to taste and then sink your teeth into crisp, chewey, luscious mouthfuls of Nature’s finest food.

Make a daily habit of just two biscuits of Shredded Wheat and watch your health and energy curve, go up and stay up.

MAKE IT A DAILY HABIT
PRINCE ALBERT stepped out into the world nearly twenty years ago. Success was immediate . . . and outstanding. Because P. A. measures up to the first and greatest rule for success: *It has the goods!* The school of experience has produced no finer tobacco than this.

Just buy yourself a tidy red tin of P. A. and tamp a load flush with the muzzle of your old jimmy-pipe. Connect with a match, and let that first wonderful drag tell you that no other tobacco can come within a mile of this for sheer pipe-quality.

Cool as a dormitory radiator. Sweet as an extra cut. Fragrant as a peach-orchard. P. A. can't bite your tongue or parch your throat —another important detail. Get yourself some Prince Albert today. No other tobacco can bring you so much downright smoke-pleasure.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!