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VOL. LVII DECEMBER 14, 1928 NO. 13

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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men
“She had often noticed his ungartered socks crumpling down about his shoe tops”—I was musing over this instance of feminine exactitude and approving the heroine’s prudence in refusing the “down-gived suitor” when with a clatter of juvenile hobnails, and loud-voiced dissensions my door was thrust open. John Hinkel shoved in a lusty foundling and withdrew hastily. It was that unprincipled brain child—The Week. The abused prodigy told me how he had been tossed about from scribe to scribe, misrepresented in high circles, and finally turned loose in the Publications office. John, having heard the wails of the waif, and not knowing what else to do with him, had hied him to my room. Here, then, he is without a birth certificate, rattle, record of vaccination, or even the exclusive diet list which I have heard was prescribed by his cautious doctor.

Through a confusion of anti-cough smoke, remarks, wise and otherwise, and the other “bull session” incidentals the SCHOLASTIC galaxy argued pro and con, fore and aft, on the condition of the university in general and the staff in particular last Friday night. Both Peruna and general twelve o’clock pers were advocated to invigorate the free-lancers, but a compromise was finally reached in which it was agreed that the SCHOLASTIC knights of the quill should, and of right ought to, receive credit hours for their endeavors.

Rumor has it that Mr. McCready Huston, who recently exposed the politics of Indiana to the Cycloptic eye of publicity, continues in his weekly lectures on novel writing. One for whose sincerity I can vouch has proposed that the students who assiduously attend this series should each of them write at least one novel. Our library has always gasped from an insufficiency of the newest of the new; what then would not a novel from each enthusiast do to swell the files? One can’t write of college life, as we can’t see the woods for the trees; nor of futures as the trees thwart the woods. At all odds, its an idea, and if bothered by trees or woods, as you please, then write about something midway—we might suggest the home town pump, or the complexities of South Bend social life.

Lyons Hall has brought the interhall championship cup to the “gold coast”—that’s a term that isn’t heard much any more. What with proximity to the refectory, the embryonic golf course, and good skating, together with these new found football laurels there are fewer and fewer quips at the expense of the new development. We can remember when the unaesthetic shunned the western frontage, but times and politics change, and now even monogrammed sweaters are seen in rooms that flaunt chintz curtains and elevated ash trays.

Candy store statistics prove the increased number of those whose pre-vacation lethargy induces a late sleep, and the resultant consolation of Brother Leander’s celebrated ten-penny breakfast. The street car windows are steamed over these chilly mornings, and the frost has nipped even the day dogs into activity. The skating Saturday and Sunday was excellent; something unusual, especially on ice that was as new as the 1929 N. D. calendar. Downtown we see newsboys, stenographers, debutants, All-America quarterbacks, and occasionally a little boy or girl, contending with one another for front line positions in the crowd that watches the electric train or the animated clown. These are all indications of the nearness of vacation, Christmas vacation. As a well-wishing fellow we want everybody to enjoy the holidays. We hope that the girl friends have been as faithful as their letters would lead one to believe. And that fathers will revive the belief in Santa Claus by being generous with the Christmas checks despite the low bulletins the university felt obliged to send some of them. We hope for all this, and more. As fellow-students, as gentlemen, and as scribes of the SCHOLASTIC we wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. —A.H.
NEXT WEEK’S EVENTS

FRIDAY—Movies, “Just Married,” Washington hall, 6:30 and 8:30 p. m.—Toledo Club meeting, Badin “Rec.” room, 7:30 p. m.

SATURDAY—Basketball, Albion College vs. Notre Dame, University gymnasium, 8:00 p. m.

SUNDAY—Masses, Sacred Heart Church, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00 and 9:00 a. m.—Wranglers meeting, Public Speaking room, Walsh hall, 10:00 a. m.

MONDAY—Scribblers’ meeting, Scribblers’ room, Rockefeller hall, 8:00 p. m.—Lecture, McCready Huston, University Library, 8:00 p. m.—Cleveland Club meeting, Badin “Rec.” room, 7:30 p. m.

TUESDAY—Basketball, Northwestern University vs. Notre Dame, University gymnasium, 8:00 p. m.

WEDNESDAY—Le Circle Francais meeting, Hoyne hall, 7:30 p. m.

THURSDAY—Christmas vacation begins at noon and continues until 8 a. m., January 4.

FRIDAY—Basketball, University of Indiana vs. Notre Dame, University gymnasium, 8:00 p. m.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

DOCTOR MAHIN SPEAKS BEFORE SCIENCE ACADEMY

The 44th annual fall meeting of the Indiana Academy of Science, which was held in the student auditorium of the University of Indiana at Bloomington, last Friday evening, featured an address by Doctor Edward G. Mahin, professor of analytical chemistry and metallurgy at Notre Dame, and retiring president of the academy.

Other papers by members of the University faculty were read before the leading scientists of the state.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

SOUTH SECTION OF GYM ASSIGNED TO STUDENTS FOR CAGE GAMES

Students will occupy the south section of the Gymnasium at the basketball games during the present season, according to J. Arthur Haley, business manager of athletics. Athletic books must be presented at all contests. Students will enter by the south door of the Gym.

JUNIORS DISCUSS PROM; CLASS ASSESSMENT TO BE LEVIED

At a meeting held last evening the Junior class discussed the “prom beautiful” which is to be held Friday, February 8. President Robert Hellrung outlined the progress made thus far by the various committees, and proposed several plans for the successful completion of the Juniors’ annual social event. The class has adopted the slogan, the prom beautiful,” to describe the main feature of this year’s dance, which is, of course, the decorative scheme.

No selection of an orchestra has as yet been made, but Coon-Sanders’ Nighthawks, Jack Chapman’s orchestra, and several other equally prominent musical organizations are being seriously considered for the important role in the production. Owing to the proximity of the Christmas holidays, however, any definite announcement on this score will have to be deferred until the beginning of the new year.

Because of the expenditures consequent upon the preparations for a social function of this kind, it has been decided to charge class dues this year. Every member of the Junior class, therefore, is asked to contribute the sum of fifty cents to help defray expenses. There will be a canvass of the halls for this purpose, again, on Monday evening of next week.

Robert Kuhn is general chairman of the affair. The complete committee personnel will be announced in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

The Reverend William A. Carey, C.S.C., registrar of the University, returned to work this week after several weeks vacationing in Wisconsin.
FATHER NIEUWLAND TENDERED RECEPTION BY NOTRE DAME ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

The Reverend Julius A. Nieuwland, C.S.C., professor of chemistry at the University, and prominent scientist, was tendered a reception by the Notre Dame Academy of Science and the faculty of department of chemistry of the University, last Tuesday evening, December 11, in Science Hall. Father Nieuwland celebrates the silver anniversary of his entrance into the priesthood this Christmas.

Robert Schulze, president of the Academy, was chairman. Father Eugene Burke, C.S.C., assistant Provincial of the Holy Cross Congregation, was the first speaker, and he portrayed the priestly character of Father Nieuwland, his dominating personality, and his keen sense of humor.

Mr. Froning, head of the chemistry department, then reviewed the work of Father Nieuwland in the scientific world: his great activity in the field of botany and his prominent position in acetylene chemistry. Many valuable books and papers have been written by Father Nieuwland, and his discoveries and work with acetylene have made him well known. Father Nieuwland is a member of the Council of the American Chemical Society and a fellow of the Indiana Academy of Science, of which he was recently elected vice-president.

In behalf of the faculty members of the chemistry department and the Academy of Science, Father Nieuwland was presented with a testimonial of his services. He then gave a short talk in which he stressed the important part of research in the advance of civilization and the qualities necessary for success in such endeavors.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HOLD MEETING TUESDAY

The regular bi-monthly meeting of the Knights of Columbus was held in the council chambers in Walsh hall, Tuesday evening, December 11. Grand Knight Edward P. McKeown conducted the meeting and announced that the Sousa concert sponsored by the organization was an unqualified success. Plans were also announced for an initiation of the first, second and third degrees after the Christmas holidays, the date to be announced at a future meeting. Suggestions as to better attendance at the meetings of the council were made by various members.

The appointment of Raymond Drymalski as editor of the current issue of the Santa Maria, official publication of the council, was made by Grand Knight McKeown. Mr. Drymalski had already taken over the duties of the editor and he promised that the slightly delayed publication would soon be in the hands of the members.

Following the business meeting the assemblage was entertained by a three-round boxing exhibition by Johnnie Burns of Brooklyn and Billy Magarral of Pittsburgh. Jack Chevigny refereed. Between rounds and after the bout musical selections were rendered by Robert Sullivan and his orchestra. Eats and smokes brought the evening entertainment to a close.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

MONOGRAM MEN INITIATE ELEVEN CANDIDATES

The annual fall Monogram Club initiation for the benefit of the new members who won their monogram awards during the past football season was launched on Sunday evening of this week. The initiation continued throughout the week. The final degrees will be given Saturday and Sunday evenings in the gym.

Those being initiated into the club are: Laurence Mullins, Denny Shay, Ted Twomey, Richard Donoghue, Edward Collins, Thomas Murphy, Manfred Vezie, John O'Brien, Frank CarrIDEO, Thomas Conley and Joseph Nash.
CHRISTMAS "JUGGLER" APPEARS ON CAMPUS

The annual Christmas number of the Notre Dame Juggler appeared yesterday. Both the art work and the written work are up to the Juggler's usual high standard, which is in itself sufficient recommendation.

The cover, by Paul McElroy, is reproduced from an oil painting, an innovation in the college magazine field. Mr. Nor­bert Engles' poem, "While You Are Sewing," with decorations by McElroy, is particularly good. The dramatic department presents a very attractive picture of the very attractive Mary Eaton, who is at present connected with "The Five O'clock Girl," a review of the current show "Hold Everything," and recommendations for some of the current offerings in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston.

The five dollar prize for the best art work submitted was awarded to Edward J. Kirwin. Particularly notable is his drawing, "Santa Visits the Vanderfellows." The prize for the best written work was awarded to Lionel Thiessen. The customary prizes will be offered for the best written work and the best art work submitted for the next issue, which will be the Prom Number.

The Christmas number of the Juggler is a magazine that you will be proud to take home with you. It is a fine number, and the Funny Fellow is to be congratulated.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

HUSTON STRESSES NECESSITY OF ATTITUDE IN NOVEL WRITING

The necessity of an attitude in writing a novel was the topic of McCready Huston's fifth lecture Tuesday evening to the student writers of the University. He defined an attitude as the writer's viewpoint or theory which he wishes to give to his story and said that this was essential regardless of the type of novel: historical, sentimental or merely a tale-telling plot or a "social document." In the latter, which interprets a phase of social life, it often happens that the author's attitude offends someone or advocates a social change.

Mr. Huston gave as an example of the importance of an attitude the difference in the two books, "The Cathedral" by Hugh Walpole and "The Shadow of the Cathedral" by a Spanish author. Here the setting and the material is the same, yet the different attitudes taken by the writers give two distinct stories.

There are limitations, however, in assuming an attitude in that certain conventional rules must be observed. These have been dictated by popular opinion and unless they are followed no one except the author's friends may read the book. Mr. Huston, at the close of the lecture, answered a number of questions that were previously handed in by the students. Next Tuesday evening the sixth and final talk on novel writing will be given.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

FATHER RANKIN AND MEREDITH NICHOLSON VISIT UNIVERSITY

The Reverend Rush Rankin, S. J., noted educator and author, and dean of the College of Arts and Letters at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., was a visitor at Notre Dame last week. During his stay here Father Rankin was the guest of the Reverend George Marr, C.S.C., professor of Philosophy at the University.

Mr. Meredith Nicholson, prominent Indiana author and lecturer, stopped in South Bend last Saturday as the guest of Mr. McCready Huston, well-known author and journalist, and special lecturer in the department of English at Notre Dame. While in South Bend, Mr. Nicholson made a brief visit to the campus, being escorted by Mr. Huston and Mr. John Brennan, assistant-professor of English at the University.
FATHER O'HARA, OLDEST DAY-DOG, ATTENDS OFF-CAMPUS SMOKER

Approximately 250 Day-dogs attended the Off-campus smoker last Wednesday evening in the Knights of Columbus home in South Bend. Besides the usual order of eats and smokes they were entertained by several vocalists, boxing contests and interesting talks by Notre Dame alumni and professors of the University.

The surprise of the evening was the introduction of Father John F. O'Hara, prefect of religion, as the oldest off-campus student. Father O'Hara gave reminiscences of his days spent off-campus while attending the University. Senator Robert Proctor, a prominent alumnus of Elkhart, Indiana, spoke of the true Notre Dame spirit. The Reverend J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., prefect of discipline, and Professor Daniel O'Grady, of the department of philosophy, kept the Day-dogs interested.

James Koontz entertained with a card-magician act. Herman Zeffrin, baritone, sang two songs, and Kenneth Rexstrew and Edward Brennan sang a duet of popular numbers, accompanied by Howard Miller. To top the entertainment were three hard-fought boxing matches.

CHICAGO CLUB COMPLETES ARRANGEMENTS FOR XMAS FORMAL

According to Thomas M. McNicholas, general chairman, arrangements for the Chicago Club Christmas Formal Party to be given Thursday, December 27, in the Drake Hotel, are virtually completed. Bill Donahue's famous Illini band will play for the dance, attractive favors have been ordered, and most of the club members have signified their intention of being present at the dance which is expected to eclipse all previous social affairs sponsored by the Club.

Dancing will be from ten until two-thirty. Besides the Main Dining Room of the Drake, the Avenue of Palms at the hostelry has also been secured to take care of the large crowd of students, alumni and invited guests expected to attend.

Chairman McNicholas extends a cordial invitation on behalf of the Club to all Notre Dame men who will in the vicinity of Chicago on the date of the dance to attend the affair. Students remaining at the University or who reside in South Bend and other nearby points, are also invited.

Reservations for the party can be secured from the general chairman, from any of the personnel of the committee on arrangements, or from any of the officers of the Windy City organization. They may also be secured by mail by addressing the Chicago Club, Drake Hotel.

Assisting Mr. McNicholas are the following men who constitute the committee on arrangements: Edmond P. Collins, president of the Club, Harold P. Reynolds, John T. Houlihan, and Thomas J. Purcell.
HEAR YE! STUDENT LAWYERS; TRAUGHBER ANNOUNCES COMMITTEES

Subsequent to the announcement by Gerald E. Roach, president of the Law Club, pertaining to the selection of J. Thomas Traughber, of Clarksville, Tennessee, as general chairman of the annual spring formal of the Law Club, comes the personnel of the committees for one of the most exclusive affairs of the scholastic year.

Well versed in the promotion of formal events, Chairman Traughber, having had a hand in the success of the past two formals of the Law Club, and being instrumental in the direction of the Sophomore Cotillion and Junior Promenade of his own class, comes now with the statement that each committee has organized and is functioning to perfection.

To wit: the ticket committee announces the opening of the sale of tickets for the exclusive affair to be held on the evening of Friday, February 1, 1929; exclusive, accordingly, in that the limitation of the tickets will be set for 400 couples.

To wit: further that the arrangements committee announces as the venue of the exclusive affair of the year, the Palais Royale. And to wit: further that the music chairman, as is customary, has proceeded to Chicago to return with the most exclusive colored orchestra that the pleasure-mad Windy City can offer.

The personnel of each committee is as follows:

ARRANGEMENTS—Donald S. Baldwin, chairman; Thomas J. Griffin, Joseph J. Hemphling, James A. Allen and John W. Dorgan.

MUSIC—John J. Lyons, chairman; William P. Dowdall, James T. Connors, Robert A. Grant, and Thomas S. Markey.


RECEPTION—Francis A. McCullough, chairman; John P. Smith, George E. Beamer and Joseph M. Scales.

FOOTBALL MEN GIVEN MONOGRAMS; MINOR INSIGNIA TO HARRIERS

Major monograms were recommended for 24 members of the 1928 football team Saturday by Coach Knute K. Rockne, director of athletics at the University. Of the winners twelve men received their letters for the first time. Seven will graduate and seventeen will be back next year. August Grams, student manager, was also given an award for his work during the football season.

The winners of the awards were: Captain Fred Miller, George Leppig, James Brady, John Niemic, John Chevigney, Fred Collins and Jerry Ransavage, who will not return next year. Those who will be back next fall are: Ted Twomey, Frank Carideo, John Law, Timothy Moynihan, Jack Cannon, Manfred Vezie, John Elder, Laurence Mullins, Denny Shay, Edward Collins, Thomas Murphy, John O'Brien, Richard Donoghue, John Colrick, William Dew, Thomas Conley and Joseph Nash.

Seven member of the cross country team were awarded minor monograms. They include: Captain William Brown, John Brown, John Vaichulis, James Biggins, Robert Brennan, Joe Quigley and Ray Conners. Of this number but three will return next year. They are: Quigley, Biggins and Conners.

FATHER CARROLL HONORED

Edward S. O'Brien, noted short-story authority, in his latest compilation, "Best American Short Stories of 1928," places the Catholic World as one of the foremost short-story magazines of the United States, and the story, "How Shane Found His Soul," by the Reverend P. J. Carroll, C.S.C., professor of poetry at the University, as one deserving honorable mention. This story was published in the magazine March, 1928.
LAW CHOSEN CAPTAIN AT ANNUAL FOOTBALL BANQUET

John Law, right guard, was elected to captain next year's football team at the conclusion of the annual football banquet last Wednesday night in the dining hall. Law, who was selected to succeed Fred Miller, present captain, by the monogram winners of this season, will be playing his third year of varsity competition.

The banquet was the final gathering of the 1928 squad and was marked by the attendance of many notable alumni and guests. Coach Knute Rockne presided as toastmaster and presented the prominent guests to the group, which included members of the varsity, reserves, and freshman squads, and student managers.

The Reverend Michael Mulcaire, C.S.C., vice-president of the University, was the first speaker. He pointed out the fame and good will which Notre Dame football teams have brought to the University in their trips throughout the nation.

Coach Rockne then summarized the 1928 season, commending the fighting spirit in the face of great odds and mentioning defects which should be corrected in the future. He emphasized the necessity for training during the winter months in preparation for spring practice. The reserve and freshman football teams and the managerial staff were praised for their work during the year.

Mike Donahue, chairman of the St. Joe Valley Alumni banquet a week ago; Elmer Burnham, coach of the South Bend High school football team, and Frank Hogan, Notre Dame alumnus, were other speakers, along with Tim Galvin, another prominent alumnus, who paid a tribute from the alumni to Rockne and the team.

Short talks were given by the members of the team, who have played their last game: Jerry Ransavage, Jim Brady, "Butch" Niemiec, George Leppig, Fred Collins, John Doarn, Joe Morrissey, Captain Fred Miller, and Jack Chevigney, who will return next year as a member of the coaching staff, Rockne announced. Student Manager Gus Grams and "Botts" Crowley, who has been in charge of equipment, were also called upon.

Coaches Tom Mills and John Smith, and Ed Healey, former Dartmouth star, who assisted the regular staff this year, were presented, along with several former Irish stars, including Paul Castner, Bernie Livergood, Frank Coughlin, and John Wallace, as well as other guests.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

FIVE MEN TO SPEAK IN FINALS OF BREEN CONTEST

Five men, Frank McGreal, Charles Haskell, James Roy, Frank Corbett, and Patrick Duffy will be the participants in the finals of the Breen oratory contest to be held within a week after school is reopened in January. These men won the right to speak by being selected from the fourteen who took part in the preliminary trials which were held in Walsh hall Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 11 and 12.

The finals of the competition in the contest which will be held in Washington hall are expected to be greater than those in recent years, according to Mr. William Coyne and Mr. Frank Kelly, who are in charge of the contest. All the speakers in the trials had excellent speeches on a wide variety of topics.

Those who spoke on Tuesday were: Rigley, McGill, Hanna, Beamer, Williams, McGreal and Haskell. The speakers on Wednesday were: McCauley, Gentili Baer, Frantz, Duffy and Corbett. The judges of the first group of speeches were the Reverend Francis Boland, C.S.C., and Professors Daniel O'Grady and Raymond Snyder; for the second group: the Reverend Francis Cavanaugh, C.S.C., and Professors Vincent Engels and Pat Manion.
For the past three months there has been much speculation about the activities of the University Theatre. Those of us who are interested in the drama, and especially the drama as presented at Notre Dame, felt no little anxiety as to the fate of our student playwrights and actors. We had witnessed the remarkable success attained last year. We had seen our dramatic organization grow and develop from a comparatively inconsequential group into a powerful and vital factor in University life. Moreover, we had confidently prophesized even greater and more brilliant achievements for this season. It is but natural, therefore, that, when no productions seemed to be imminent or even contemplated, we should have become slightly doubtful, and perhaps a little pessimistic. Now, however, with the announcement of the first presentations of the University Theatre, revivifying our interest and rekindling our hope, we may cheerfully consign our recent doubts to the scrap-heap.

The initial productions of the University Theatre will take place on Tuesday evening, December 18, at eight-fifteen o'clock, and will consist of two plays, both written and performed by members of the student body. These plays, "Tomorrow," by Richard Parrish, and "Son Patrick" by John Mullen, were first produced as a part of the Commencement entertainment last June. Owing to the fact that the majority of the students were unable to attend at that time, Professor Frank Kelly, under whose capable direction the productions are organized and presented, decided to revive the plays at the beginning of this season.

Richard Parrish's "Tomorrow" concerns itself with religious intolerance in a Central American Republic. It has many of the dramatic qualities that characterize the finest Broadway offerings. In "Son Patrick" John Mullen has incorporated all the freshness of Irish sentiment with a powerful tenseness of action that is unusual in any play by a student author.

The casts of the two plays include John Leddy, William Coyne, Alfred Doyle, John Keefe, and other men equally well known to the student body.

On the whole, therefore, next Tuesday evening should prove to be both enlightening and entertaining, a pleasant Christmas gift from University Theatre to the students of Notre Dame. —J.J.W.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

FOOTBALL MEN HONORED AT TESTIMONIAL BANQUET

The Fighting Irish of 1928 and its famous coach, Knute K. Rockne, were the guests of honor Thursday evening, Dec. 6, at the greatest testimonial banquet ever tendered a Notre Dame team. The affair was held in the University Dining hall and was attended by 1,250 alumni and friends of the team.

The Reverend John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., former president of the University, presided as toastmaster. The Notre Dame Alumni of St. Joseph Valley Association sponsored the banquet.

Notables from every walk of life were present to shower praises on the team. In addition to the Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University, and Father John Cavanaugh, Mayor James J. Walker, New York City's chief executive; A. R. Erskine, president of the Studebaker Automobile Corporation; three famous grid coaches: Richard Hanley of Northwestern, Doctor Clarence Spears of Minnesota, Glenn Thistlethwaite of Wisconsin, K. K. Rockne, director of Athletics at the University and Warren Brown, sports editor of the Chicago Herald and Examiner, were the speakers of the evening.

Coach Rockne, in his speech, turned the spotlight from himself to the team. He praised them individually and collectively, stating that the graduating players, Fred Collins, Jack Chevigney, Johnny Niemic, George Leppig and Freddy Miller, were as fine a group of men as he had ever coached. He also declared hat he would not exchange the 1928 eleven for the finest team in the country.
THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By Thomas A. Cannon

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB
The Indianapolis Club will hold its annual Christmas Dinner-Dance in the Roof Garden of the Hotel Severin on Thursday night, December 27. John Recap is general chairman of the dance.

METROPOLITAN CLUB
The annual Christmas Dance of the Metropolitan Club will be held in the Cascades Room of the Hotel Biltmore in New York City on the evening of December 28. Warren Fogel is general chairman of the dance.

CLEVELAND CLUB
The Christmas Formal of the Cleveland Club will be held in the Mid-day Club, Friday night, December 28. Ed Day and his band will furnish the music. Norman J. McLeod is general chairman of the dance.

CHICAGO CLUB
The Chicago Club will hold its Christmas Dance in the Main Dining room and in the Avenue of Palms of the Hotel Drake on Thursday night, December 27. Thomas McNicholas is general chairman of the dance.

MISSOURI CLUB
The first annual Christmas Dance of the Missouri Club will be held in the Tower Room of the Hotel Congress in St. Louis, Wednesday night, January 2. John Rowland is general chairman of the dance.

DETROIT CLUB
The Christmas Formal of the Detroit Club will be held in Allen's Inn on Wednesday night, January 2. Jean Golkette's band will play for the dance. James M. Carrol is the general chairman in charge.

PITTSBURGH CLUB
The Pittsburgh Club will hold its annual Christmas Dance at the Pittsburgh Field Club on Tuesday night, January 1. Dewey Bergman and his Webster Hall orchestra will play for the dance. Jim Dodson is general chairman in charge.

JOHNSTOWN CLUB
The first annual Christmas Dance of the Johnstown Club will be held in the Sunnehanna Country Club in Johnstown, Pa., Thursday night, December 27. Eugene Raymond is general chairman of the dance.

NEW JERSEY CLUB
The Christmas Formal of the New Jersey Club will be held at the Newark Athletic Club in Newark on Wednesday night, December 26. Joe Abbot is general chairman of the dance.

AKRON CLUB
The Akron Club will hold its annual Christmas Formal in the Knights of Columbus ballroom in Akron, Ohio, on Friday night, December 28. Claude Horning is general chairman of the dance.

FOX RIVER VALLEY CLUB
The first Christmas Formal of the Fox River Valley Club will be held at the Elks Club in Aurora, Ill., on Thursday, December 27. William Chawgo is general chairman of the dance.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY CLUB
The Connecticut Valley Club will hold its first annual Christmas Formal at the Hotel Bond, in Hartford, Connecticut, Friday night, December 28. Richard Lacey is the general chairman of the dance.

GRAND RAPIDS CLUB
The annual Christmas Formal of the Grand Rapids Club will be held in the Pantlind ballroom in Grand Rapids on Friday night, December 28. Earl Leach is general chairman of the dance.

PEORIA CLUB
The Peoria Club will hold its first Christmas Formal in the Hotel Pere Marquette in Peoria, Ill., on the evening of December 29. William Moy is general chairman of the dance.

EAST PENN CLUB
The Christmas Formal of the East Penn Club will be held in the Hotel Sterling in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., on Wednesday night, December 26. Michael Yanulewicz is general chairman of the dance.

VILLAGERS CLUB
The Villagers Club will hold its Christmas Formal in the Palais Royale ballroom on Friday night, December 28. Norman Hartzer is general chairman of the dance.

BOSTON CLUB
The Christmas Formal of the Boston Club will be held in the Swiss room of the Coply Plaza Hotel, Friday night, December 28. Charles Colton is general chairman.

BUFFALO CLUB
The Buffalo Club will hold its Christmas Formal in the Hotel Statler on Thursday night, December 27. Less Hoffman and his band will furnish the music for the dance. Frank O'Mahara and Martin Travers are the chairmen in charge.
Princeton's School of Science building, famed, to quote the *Daily Princetonian*, as an "eyesore" and an "architectural monstrosity," was recently destroyed by fire. The *Princetonian* selected a number of prominent campus figures and interviewed them on the question: "Where were you Monday night between 11 and 12 p. m.?" President Hibbens proved an alibi and Dean Gauss answered as follows:

"I wish to take this opportunity of denying a rumor that has been rather widely disseminated these days. It will be remembered that my house was next to Dickinson Hall when that building burned; and now was next to Science when that burned. The report, however, that we are moving to a new location half way between Alexander Hall and Witherspoon is false. As for the fire Monday night (caused, I understand, by defective wiring), I regret to say that my family and I retired early and were unaware until this morning of the conflagration. I remember hearing certain noises during the evening, but I try to overlook such things at the end of the football season."

* * *

Something new in the way of athletic memorials, as told by the *Daily Northwestern*:

"When the gymnasium of the University of Colorado was built, the system of recording on the walls the championships of the university was inaugurated. For each championship, a brick marked with the year and the sport is set in the wall. To date there are seventy-two bricks, and they represent nine different sports. In the last year two new bricks were inserted in the lobby walls of the men's gymnasium as a result of titles in 1928 baseball and gym."

* * *

A charming new custom at Purdue, according to *The Exponent*:

"Fireworks were in vogue at the D. U. dance when one of the pledges in showing off the pet alligator lost control of it and it hit one of the fair guests. Do they usually throw pet alligators at their guests?"

* * *

From the *Mountain Echo*, Mount Saint Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.:

"Our idea of a perfect football team would be eleven Scotchmen plowing down the gridiron toward a basket full of gold pieces placed between the goal posts."

Or toward a twenty-three year old tradition.

* * *

A journalism professor at the University of Minnesota, who insisted on promptness at his classes to the extent of locking the door when the bell rang, arrived a minute and a half late and found himself locked out. When the required ten minutes had elapsed and no prof was in sight, the class silently departed via the back door.

* * *

Anti-Cigarette Leaguers, what is the comeback to this item from *The Maroon*, bi-weekly paper of Loyola University of New Orleans?

"Cigarettes are of great benefit to the students of the South Dakota School of Mines. A large gymnasium has been built for the college entirely from the proceeds of a cigarette tax."

* * *

Plans and pictures of Boston University's proposed new educational plant have been presented to the trustees of the university. The unit of buildings will cost $15,000,000, which will be raised by popular subscription, and will be constructed on a fifteen-acre plot of land which the university owns in Boston.

* * *

"A romanticist is a young college graduate looking for a ten thousand a year job."

—*Rockhurst Sentinel*
TO A DANCER  
(L. F. H.)

If I could see you as you are,  
All peony-decked, a flashing star  
With twinkling feet that trip  
O'er cloud banks, and that glide  
On rainbow beams;  
If I could watch you, angel sprite,  
Dance your way in setting light  
Beneath the flowered trellis,  
Crown of hope above  
A hoped-for heart;  
If I could hold you, lovely one  
When your dancing feet have done,  
To tell you that your heart  
Has danced its way  
Into my own. —WAZMUS.

* * *

WE THINK SO TOO

Dear Winker, please enter this in your next column as a contribution. I feel that I have a right to defend us, and I am sure that you will have just consideration for our rights. I thank you.

You writers, explicit of the meaning of “Wink” as an individuality at Notre Dame, in your transient bombast lamenting the gloom after 11 p. m. have inserted an unpardonable crack. You said that the process of administering the merciful “wink” had to be simple for the sake of the watchman. If you would only have the simple forethought (but deplorably not) of removing your besmirched and obnoxious corduroys and donning your slumber garb, even after the merciful wink, you would not occasion your gall to boil up into those vast recesses that keep your ears from flapping one against the other. Ah, if I but knew thee, I would not hesitate to manifest my cunning at manipulating thy ruthless larynx, what with deftly caressing thy proboscis. However, as there is little hope that I will ever learn your identity, I will not hesitate to manifest my cunning at manipulating thy ruthless larynx, what with deftly caressing thy proboscis. I think that I shall never see,  
A thing as large as lawyers’ fee.  
A fee that rolls in day by day,  
In their coffers to molding lay.  
Lawyers whose hungry hands are prest,  
Against the “roll” beneath my vest.  
The men who may in summer sow,  
Their wild oats at Monte Carlo.  
Upon whom money falls like rain,  
From the purses they quickly drain.  
Fees are paid by fools like me,  
From them Our God alone is free.  
—CHARLES, THE BLUE-EYED CABIN BOY.

Fees

(With apologies to no one—not even Joyce Kilmer.)

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A thing as large as lawyers’ fee.  
A fee that rolls in day by day,  
In their coffers to molding lay.  
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—CHARLES, THE BLUE-EYED CABIN BOY.
HOLIDAY OR HOLIDAY?

Christmas—the day when men are happy, contented, and appreciative of their fellowmen. The day when men temporarily forget their petty discords, their jealousies, their enmities, their sorrows, their troubles, and their pain. The day when men embroiled in the harsh vicissitudes of the struggle for existence, pause for a brief respite and reflect that after all the world isn't so bad a place in which to live. But above all, the anniversary of the birth of Christ—a time of joy, of happiness, of mutual appreciation of one man for his neighbor.

In this modernistic world, however, when too many men have prostrated themselves before the great god Speed; when too many men have sacrificed their ideals on the altar of Money; when too many men have cast religion to the winds, have literally “dropped the pilot,” and have carelessly bettered their corporeal bodies at the expense of their spiritual souls, Christmas as the birthday of Christ, has regrettably lost some of its real significance. Millions and millions of people in the world, but particularly throughout the United States, are commercializing it, exploiting it, misinterpreting it so that its true meaning is forgotten. To these people, Christmas is merely a time to exchange gifts, to literally “eat, drink, and be merry.” They have no adequate conception of the proper significance of the day. And yet, they are apparently as happy as men can be.

But the happiness which Christmas bring to them is but artificial—artificial because it is constructed upon the false and ultimately destructive premises of self-aggrandizement, self-glorification, and self-exaltation, and because they consciously or unconsciously, cunningly or through ignorance, either entirely disregard or carelessly overlook the true sentiment actuated by the magnificent event which took place almost two thousand years ago in that little stable in Bethlehem. To these people it is not a day of reverence, of awe, of pious reflection on the priceless gifts of life, of reason, and of hope for salvation that an omnipotent and a merciful Creator has bestowed upon men. To them it is just another holiday, perhaps a little more important and joyous than others, but a holiday and nothing more.

Let these people selfishly exchange their materialistic gifts. Let them “enjoy” their “holiday” as much as they can. Let them be superficially as happy as men can be. But unless they appreciate the true meaning of Christmas, the day the world received a new lease on life, the most glorious day in all history,—the day Christ was born—their happiness is not genuine, but only “make-believe” as the exigencies of the occasion demand. For in the last analysis, they cannot appreciate Christmas, because they do not appreciate Christ.

—J.V.H.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

The culmination of human friendship, of human appreciation, and of human good fellowship, is embodied in the above greeting. No other combination of words in any language, from the English to the Sanskrit, carries more true meaning, is received with such reciprocal feeling as are these eight words. In them is expressed in simple fashion the greatest happiness that one human being or group of human beings can wish for another.

So we of the SCHOLASTIC staff take this opportunity to extend to the officials, faculty members, students, alumni, and friends of the University a sincere wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. —J.V.H.
“And it came to pass, that in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that the whole world should be enrolled.” (Luke 2:1.)

In the rapid scurrying of restless feet, in the avid grasping of covetous hands, and in the incessant clashing of overzealous minds, all bent upon securing possession of a worldly court and castle, many a precious life gains momentum so great that it becomes uncontrollable, and finally plunges from the narrow road deep into a gaping chasm.

Life was not meant to be a chariot race. Those who join the race have not the time to ask themselves, “Is this life?” In his Walden, one of the masterpieces of American literature, Henry David Thoreau says, “I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.” The philosopher reasons that life is to be lived slowly and deeply, with frequent pauses to consider his own strength and the direction of his journey. Christmas is properly such a stopping place.

It is with these thoughts in mind that I recount a quaint narrative that has been persisting in my troubled brain during the last week. I do not know its source; I know only that I shall rest the easier for telling it. But to the story.

At a little station of a railroad that spans the length and breadth of our land, a Station-Master anxiously paced the platform. It was a clear December night, and the air was keen and still. Unmindful of the cold, he wistfully watched the horizon and strained his ears for some sign of a train that was not yet quite due. Time dragged. Finally his vigil was rewarded, and a rushing monster leaped out of space. The noise at the station became deafening, and as the train thundered by, a few gay hands were waved from the speeding coaches. In another moment the meteoric hulk had vanished and the Station-Master was alone again—still waiting, waiting. Was no train going to stop? But the station was not built near a town, and the only reason that trains ever stopped was to allow someone to visit the lonely Station-Master. His heart was filled with a vague yearning, and he hoped that the next train would bring him company.

Presently he could discern, afar off in the semi-darkness where the snow blended with the star-sprinkled blue, a slowly-moving light. Little by little it grew brighter and more bright, closer and more close. The Station-Master’s heart leaped with joy. For behind the gleaming light was a silent and seemingly endless train. A short distance from the station it stopped, and the passengers alighted. From their numbers arose a chanted chorus of heavenly hymns. Adeste Fidelis and Venite Adoremus—both sung together, but, to the Station-Master, each separately heard! And as he listened, he knew that these were the shepherds who came to him, bearing gifts of Love, Adoration and Thanksgiving.

It is believed that at the head of this vast pilgrimage there was borne an immense shield upon which was an exquisite cameo of a golden dome surmounted by a figure de Notre Dame. Closely behind and in the vanguard of the great throng, there marched nearly three thousand valiants, joining not only in the blessed hymns, but adding also a faint, though fine, under-strain of some noble Victory March. I am told that the crowd
arrived at the station in the middle of the night; and when the Station-Master had poured out his heart to them, telling them of the length and direction of their journey, he bade them receive their passage. And as each man received, the Station-Master pronounced these kind words, “Be of good cheer.”

Afterward, rumor had it that joyous greetings were exchanged, tinkling bells rang out, and the train passed on. The Station-Master was again alone. The little red light in his station burned gleefully and all was peaceful and quiet. His heart swelled as he recalled the tribute of his faithful. He had had many birthdays before, but each succeeding one seemed ever more happy. Now his people had resumed their journey, and he knew that throughout the coming day they would “be of good cheer.”

The Escape

L. L. SHALEY

(A Short Short Story.)

THREE Russian soldiers stopped before the door of a low, dingy house on the outskirts of Moscow. One, an officer, rapped sharply. There was no answer.

Inside, a slender hand, trembling with age, cautiously parted the tattered curtains adorning the single window on the front of the house. A time-wrinkled face, the bones of which were almost devoid of flesh, peered out. The eyes, sunken and almost lifeless, filled with apprehension at the sight of the uniformed men. Another rap sounded, louder than the first. She adjusted the old shawl that hung about her shoulders, and shuffled toward the door, but before she could reach it, the soldiers had entered.

The officer addressed her.

“Madam, we have come for Nikolas Rizeroff. Is he here?”

“Nikolas—my son? What could you want with him? He got leave from General Lenine to be with me—in my last hours.”

“Madam, your son is a deserter,” the officer replied. “We want him immediately.”

The old lady raised her head slowly, a look of terror in her eyes. She turned around; and with a feeble voice called through a partially open door to an adjoining room.

“Nikolas—My Only! Come and show the officer your leave from General Lenine.”

There was no answer. The officer stepped into the room. No one was there. The covers on the simple little cot were crumpled, and a breeze idly flapped the tail of the curtain in an open window.

The officer looked out the window, and then returned to the room where the two soldiers and the trembling old lady were waiting.

“No use,” he pronounced. “He escaped. We may as well return.”

The three soldiers filed out.

Walking down the street, the officer smiled complacently.

“It is well that I had guards stationed around the house,” he said.
It Was Christmas Eve

JOHN NANOVIC

It was Christmas Eve. Paul knew that, but he would not believe it. Maybe it was because he was lonesome. He hadn't been lonesome other years; but other years he had been at home. What made him stay here over the holidays, anyway, instead of going home? Well, he had learned.

He had learned too much, but not enough. He had learned that the smiling, cheerful Santa Claus in that store window was another fellow from school who worked five hours each day to "get through." He knew the clown, capering to amuse the idle shoppers, had been out of work for six months, and would be out of work again after tonight, wondering how to get some money for his wife and child. The smiling clerks, eager to wait on him even when they were most rushed, seemed foolish to him. Those smiles of theirs! Did anyone take them as real? Could anyone believe that a clerk, working almost feverishly all day, could still smile, and keep smiling until nine o'clock at night, and mean it? He went out exasperated.

It was tiresome to walk the streets. Five o'clock is a busy hour any day, but this day it was too busy. People were shoving and pushing. Everybody was in a hurry. Where was everybody going? Why did everybody have to rush? Did it mean anything? Oh, everybody was going home; away from work, tiresome work. Paul had worked. He knew work was tiresome. He hated work. He hated even to watch men work. Yet, that afternoon he had spent two hours watching men work. It was at the Slimson Building. They were going to build an annex, and dozens of men were digging a big hole for it. Paul couldn't see why they didn't use a steam shovel.

He had watched those men for a long time as they picked and shovelled and hauled the dirt up the single plank runways. He had watched particularly one man, because that one seemed most tired of all the men there. He looked old, and made you think he was older even than he looked. A tight black cap let just a few stray silver streaks show. The back of the neck seemed deeply lined. The shoulders were stooped just slightly. Struggling with a heavily loaded wheelbarrow, he was an easy man to single out as he pushed his burden up the plank. Returning with a lighter load, the man was still the beast of burden he had been as he pushed upward along the plank. The stoop in his shoulders was equally pronounced. The restraining gait, as if crying out against the eager wheelbarrow hastening downward, showed the more the burden on the man. And on his face, as red and wrinkled as the back of his neck, was a deep scar, like a pirate brand, from the corner of his right eye, along the side of his cheek, almost to the edge of his mouth. It stood out upon his face as a lone drop of rain in the sun, left upon a window pane after a sudden shower. Paul would always remember that face and the sorrow on it.

A little boy bumped into him. Paul looked at the lad—smiling, laughing, almost jumping with glee. In one hand he carried a lunch box, well battered. With the other he held the hand of a somewhat stooped, one of the thousands on their way home from work. There was a happy smile upon the man's face—and a scar.

It was Christmas Eve.
Christmas Symphony

Overture

If this earth...
An iced ball of fire from the planet stuffed basket
Of a God with solar systems for flame-set finger rings
Of this earth I sing...

Of this city...
A drop of red pitch from the cloud hands of that great earth-walker
The Old Man of the Skies
Of this city I shout...

But of the creatures in this city...
Tiny tree trunks, thought branched, achievement leafed;
Little vases, each with flower offerings for a flowered God;
Alabaster amphoras ever pouring white-red wine
Into the hour-handled chalices of the days;
Sharp four bladed knives to cut the hair of year-tressed Time;
Of these creatures, Men, I thunder... and mutter.
And to them I address my stone-threaded words.

Christmas Day

The enormous tree of Dawn grows up the Eastern sky,
And hewn in the vast bole is stable, there,
Mary, freshly crowned with white motherhood,
Joseph, vessel of clay, holding gifts from God,
Shepherds, partakers of the noble communion work, mutely adoring,
Their words, pebble-turned in their mouths,
Wise men, wholly unwised in the Great Presence, offering myrrh-wreathed homage,
And the Infant, center of the stabled Universe,
(Know you the world was in that stable and that stable in the world?)
God, shortly resident in palace of flesh,
Ordained to fire that flesh to mightlier life than ever it saw before,
Or will again.
Three words wrench themselves from human speech
And fly at the stars like eagles unleashed,
Burning with the unbearable splendour of their message,
"Christ Is Born!"

L'Envoi

Oh you race of humans, saw you across the crimson flyleaf of the Book of Day,
The Writing of God?
Heard you the symphonies rolling from all the wildly shouting stars?
Saw you the sun swinging madly earthwards for joy
At its Maker's descent into Human Life,
And the moon oceaning the skies with fountains of milk?
Felt you the blood in your veins freeze to red prayer,
And the bone castles tremble with new dignity,
Knowing God, too, moved to the music of their song?
Saw you, heard you, felt you, these wonders,
Made yours by the unutterable glory of Being?
Saw you? Heard you? Felt you?

—MURRAY HICKEY LEY.
Netmen Swamp Armour in Opening Game

Jachym and Crowe Lea'd Attack—Entire Squad
Runs Wild—Score, 54-14.

The 1928-29 edition of the Notre Dame basketball team got off to an auspicious start last Monday night, burying Armour Tech under a 54-14 score. With Captains Crowe and Jachym leading the attack, the Keoganites went into a commanding lead early in the game and were never headed.

There was nothing to it. Some eighteen basketeers wearing the Blue and Gold of Notre Dame, went through, hurdled over and romped around a bewildered Armour Tech five. The half ended with the Keoganites leading, 27-8. So air-tight was their defense that Tech's only field goal of the first half came with less than a minute to play.

The second half was a repetition of the first with practically the entire squad getting into the game. Frank Crowe continued to toss them in from all angles, besides playing a whale of a defensive game. Eight field baskets and a foul were the contributions of last year's all-Western selection in about a half of the actual playing. The diminuitive third team forwards, "Geever" Gavin and Mike Teders, took up the burden of the song where Messrs. Crowe, Jachym, Newbold and McCarthy left off, and proceeded to hang up five baskets and a foul between them. They may come smaller than this pair in intercollegiate competition, but we haven't seen them.

All in all, it looks as though Dr. Keogan has developed another set of Western champions. Crowe was unstoppable and Jachym and Vogelwede's floor work was excellent. "Ooney" Donovan played his usual fine defensive game and Ed Smith showed why he was an all-Western selection for guard last year.

Tech, though outscored and outplayed in a most decisive manner, died gamely. With Tell, Simpson, and Ott leading them the Windy City squad fought as only a good team can, but a defense that ruined their plays at inception robbed their efforts of their just due.

Summary:

NOTRE DAME (54)  |  ARMOUR TECH (14)
B  F  P  |  B  F  P
Crowe, f 8 1 0 | Robin, f 0 0 0
Jachym, f 3 3 1 | Simpson, f 1 1 1
Vogelwede, c 0 0 3 | Tell, c 1 2 2
Donovan, g 1 0 1 | Manz, g 0 1 2
Smith, g 1 0 0 | Augustine, g 0 3 1
Newbold, f 1 0 0 | Ott, f 1 0 0
J. McCarthy, f 3 2 2 | Fee, f 0 0 0
Busch, c 0 0 2 | Rowley, c 0 0 0
Dew, g 0 0 1 | Ruthkowski, g 0 0 0
M. McCarthy, g 0 0 0 | Totals 25 8 13
Teders, f 2 1 0 | Totals 3 8 9
Gavin, f 3 0 1 | Referee — Kearns, DePaul. Umpire — Warren, Muncie Normal.
Buteroc, c 1 0 0 |
Carrideo, g 0 0 1 |
Moran, g 1 0 0 |
Leathy, f 1 0 0 |
Brown, c 0 0 1 |
Kizer, g 0 0 0 |
A year or so ago and he was here
With fame and praise about him like a song;
But in the moment of his high acclaim
Death came, and was inexorable and strong.

He died, and legends grew about his skill;
Above the gridiron’s restive sky they burn,
And potencies engender in his name,—
Though shadows watch the tributary urn.

Within the anxious fury of a game
When hope had died beneath the bitter strife
His name was lifted like a trumpet call
And all those hearts rose with a cry to life.

(Written for the eighth anniversary
of George Gipp’s death, and inspired
by the Army game of this year.)

1928 FOOTBALL REVIEW IS BEST EVER ISSUED; OUT TOMORROW

The official University Football Review is expected to be out tomorrow, according to Thomas Purcell, editor, and John T. Houlihan, business manager. If the pre-readings are any criterion, it promises to be the best Review ever issued. Included in it are many pictures of different thrilling plays of the season’s games and individual pictures of the players. Feature articles by such prominent sports writers as Warren Brown, Walter Eckersall, Grantland Rice, Westbrook Pegler and W. O. McGeehan are also included.

There are no less than thirty-six individual pictures and sketches of the members of the varsity squad used in the Review. Some of the striking action pictures of the games are: the touchdown play in the contest with the Navy, the winning pass caught by Johnny O’Brien in the Army game, and the run by Mullins in the Southern California tilt. The individual and group pictures of the stars of former years with appropriate comments on each are very interesting.

Among the special articles is a very amusing one, entitled “To See or Not to See,” by Warren Brown. Franklyn E. Doan, editor of last year’s Dome and former sports editor of the South Bend News-Times, has a feature called, “The Cigar Store.” “Tribute to Jack Gleason” is a very impressive eulogy by the Reverend E. Vincent Mooney, C.S.C., director of interhall athletics and rector of Sophomore Hall. W. O. McGeehan, noted sports writer of the New York Herald-Tribune, has contributed an excellent article captioned, “Gipp.” Stories by Coach Knute K. Rockne, Captain Fred Miller, Harry Sylvester and J. Gilbert Prendergast, the latter two members of the sports staff of the SCHOLASTIC, also appear in the Review.

The Review carries a complete record of every member of the football squad of the season just completed. Full statistics of every varsity player are listed. Several pages are devoted to the reserves and accounts are given of interhall and freshman football activities.
All Interhall Teams

First Team

Left end........ Citro—Sophomore
Left tackle..... Walters—Lyons
Left guard...... McCabe—Walsh
Center.......... Shaffer—Lyons
Right guard.... Hamilton—Off Campus
Right tackle.... Stoepler—Sophomore
Quarterback..... Francis—Lyons
Left half-back... Mangin—Lyons
Right half-back.. Hewson (Capt.) Lyons
Full-back ........ Howard—Sophomore

Second Team

Hardaker—Lyons
Reilly—Freshman
Mahaffey—Howard
Higgins—Howard
Walach (Capt.) Corby
Rigney—Lyons
Magee—Brownson
Nigro—Off Campus
Cozak—Corby
Terry—Freshman
Travers—Lyons

Third Team

Crane—Morrissey
Smith—Corby
Hoffman—Sophomore
Ward—Off Campus
Bender—Freshman
Tompkins—Corby
Sullivan—Lyons
Smurthwaite—Carroll
Law—Off Campus
Pappas (Capt.) Soph.
Orint—Brownson

Honorable Mention

Jane—Walsh, r. h. b.; Woods—Howard, r. t.; Kane—Corby, c.; Durcott—Freshman, l. h. b.; Georgio—Freshman, f. b.; Chevallier—Howard, i. h.; Norton—Morrissey, f. b.; O'Malley—Corby, l. g.; Smith—Off Campus, f. b.; Cannon—Sophomore, r. e.

Lyons Triumphs in All-Gold Coast Battle to Win Interhall Title

The campaign is over, the last battle fought, and the clearing smoke of the final engagement reveals Lyons sitting alone on top of the pedestal that two months ago it shared with the eleven other teams of the two interhall leagues. Unscathed by the claws of defeat during their regular schedule of Yellowjackets added another jewel to the crown already set with the title of Division II when they decisively downed Howard last Saturday on Cartier Field to assume undisputed ownership of the Interhall Championship. It was the first time in the history of interhall football that two Gold Coast teams have met for the title and Lyons showed its appreciation of the great moment by walking off the field on the long end of a 6-0 score.

Lyons won the toss and elected to receive, leaving Howard to defend the north goal. Receiving the kickoff on his own fifteen yard line Mangin ran it back to the thirty three where half of the yearling team downed him. Hewson hit the line for fifteen, Mangin added ten, and a pass Hewson to Francis netted another ten. Stiffening suddenly, Howard took the ball on downs and, failing to gain, punted deep into Yellowjacket territory. Lyons, again stopped, was forced to kick, and the quarter ended with the ball still see-sawing back and forth.

Just after the opening of the second quarter Napolitano fumbled almost on his own goal line after Mangin's long punt had rolled dead on the five yard line. Walters recovered for Lyons on the one-yard line but Howard flashed a sudden show of intestinal fortitude and held for downs. Oelerick kicked out of danger but the yearlings respite was short. Mangin's return punt slipped from Gleason's fingers and Dolan fell on the slippery ball on Howard's six-yard line. Again it seemed that
"I'd rather have a Chesterfield!"

It is considered the height of bad form, they say, to carry your own sandwiches to a tea—or to pack your own blanket for the week-end—but luckily, no such outlandish conventions surround the smoking of your own cigarette. "I'd rather have a Chesterfield," fortunately, is a phrase which not only remains "good cricket" in polite circles—but at the same time brands the smoker as a person of rare discernment and excellent discrimination. And small wonder, considering all the remark implies. Good taste, top quality, the rare sparkle of tobacco goodness—all these combine to justify the choice of that man who thus shows his keen judgment.

"I'd rather have a Chesterfield"—a neat line, that—the mark of a real connoisseur and the password of six million smokers.

CHESTERFIELD
MILD enough for anybody... and yet... THEY SATISFY

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
Lyons was to be denied but Feidler, after three plunges had yielded a yard, sliced off tackle, squirmed out of the arms of a would-be tackler, and sprawled headlong over the goal line. Mangin’s kick for the extra point went wide.

Howard came suddenly and offensively to life at this point. Running the kickoff back to their own thirty-five yard stripe the yearlings took to the air. Two passes, Oelerick to Gleason, netted twenty and fifteen yards respectively but the half cut short Howard’s first and only scoring threat.

After an even third quarter Lyons was again given a chance to score. Napolitano attempted to catch a punt while standing on his own goal line but the water soaked ball again eluded him and O’Malley recovered for Lyons on the one-yard line. With everything set for another score Travers elected to cut through tackle for a touchdown but forgot to take the ball with him and Woods recovered for Howard on his own five yard line. Oelerick punted out of danger, Lyons kicked back, and the gun ended the desperate series of Howard passes.

Higgins, Woods, and Oelerick, starred for Howard while Walters, Francis, Mangin, and Hewson of the victors showed the way to the rest of their teammates.

The lineup:

**HOWARD**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lyons</th>
<th>Lyons</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sullivan</td>
<td>Lyons</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rigney</td>
<td>Rigney</td>
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<tr>
<td>O’Malley</td>
<td>O’Malley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shaffer</td>
<td>Shaffer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Barry</td>
<td>Barry</td>
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<tr>
<td>Walters</td>
<td>Walters</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hardaker</td>
<td>Hardaker</td>
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<tr>
<td>Francis</td>
<td>Francis</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hewson</td>
<td>Hewson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Travers</td>
<td>Travers</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


—J. H. ZUBER.
We can see no other team with a better claim to the national championship than Georgia Tech. Only the lack of a more comprehensive schedule may be held against the Southerners. If they win the Tournament of Roses, however, there can be no disputing their claim to the w. k. mythical championship.

* * *

Another undefeated eleven went down to defeat when Charlie Bachman’s Florida Alligators lost to Tennessee, 13-12, last Saturday. Florida went on the field, 5-1 favorites, which only goes to prove the truth of Barnum’s famous statement.

* * *

It is most unusual to find an athlete who excels in both basketball and track, yet the Conference boasts two of them in “Rut” Walters of Northwestern, and Virgil Gist of Chicago.

* * *

There may be a college with a smaller pair of forwards than “Geever” Gavin and Mike Teders, but we have not heard of it.

* * *

It seemed as though Frank Crowe couldn’t miss the basket last Monday. It is seldom that one sees such a fine exhibition of basket shooting so early in the season.

* * *

The right forward on Armour Tech is deaf and dumb, but he managed to put up a very fine game.

* * *

Prospects for a good track team seem brighter now that Joe Abbott is in training; there was some doubt about his competing this year due to his illness of the past summer, but it takes a lot to put the lanky Jerseyite out of competition.

* * *

Pete Morgan and Bob Brennan are about due. They have been running for a long, long time and if anyone ever deserves to come through, they do.
Christmas Suggestions

Say "Merry Christmas" to "Her," to the "Roomie" or the friends at home with a gift of Notre Dame Jewelry. Our large selection of Notre Dame Jewelry, Pillow Tops and Blankets offers many suitable gift suggestions.

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Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, Socks and brown and black Kid Gloves.
Bring Your Christmas List to Joan Navarre

December 17-18
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She will be Glad to help you Shop! She knows just the Thing that will Please Mother or Sister and, as for the Girl Friend, she's a perfect mind-reader! Bring your List to Wyman's and ask Any Salesperson to direct you to Joan Navarre. You'll enjoy Shopping with Her. She will shop for You, too. Write or phone 3-5101.

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and a
Happy New Year

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South Bend, Indiana

A Merry Christmas
and
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Next door to East Victoria Lunch.
17 say
"Merry Xmas"
with same Gift

Evanston, Ill.
Dec. 31, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Dear Sirs:

I happen to be blessed with a host of very fine friends, mostly "highbrows"—professors, scientists, etc. Generally at Christmas time they show their remembrance and all that with some little gift—a box of cigars, fishing tackle, a book—all that sort of thing.

Well, this Christmas many seemed to centre on tobacco. Now, mark you, these fellows have no communication with each other. They live in widely separated parts of the country, so it was no "put-up" joke on me or anything like that. But here came seventeen boxes of tobacco, and sixteen of them the familiar blue "Edgeworth!" The seventeenth was a very flossy walnut, brass-trimmed box, but if I know tobacco, the contents were Edgeworth with a little perique in it.

Just coincidence, perhaps, but a queer one. Am not an habitual smoker of Edgeworth, so they weren't catering to any especial taste of mine. Looks like a consensus of opinion among the "highbrows"—or quite a batch of 'em—that Edgeworth is the stuff, the proper caper for a gift.

Sincerely yours,
F. A. Fitzpatrick

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Extra High Grade
Smoking Tobacco

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When making purchases, remember that our advertisers deserve your patronage.
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You can take the biology expert's word for that. And you can believe the physiology prof when he says they are essential to health. You will get a good start on your daily quota of vitamins A and B in a breakfast of Shredded Wheat with whole milk or cream.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK
Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?  

Christmas for some folks, just December 25th to you.  
Merry Christmas Joe!  
Merry Christmas Daddy!  

But the first present turns out to be old golds.  
Well, what do you know, old golds!  

And the next, and the next, and the next!  

Even Aunt Minnie (the old crag) has a lucid interval.  
From Aunt Minnie.  
Dear Aunt Minnie - God bless her.  

Oh, H-H-Boy! What a grand and glorious Christmas!  

Old golds, old golds everwhere and not a cough in a carload.  
Old Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes.  

A cheery bearer of Xmas goodwill - the special Old Gold Holiday Package.  

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...not a cough in a carload