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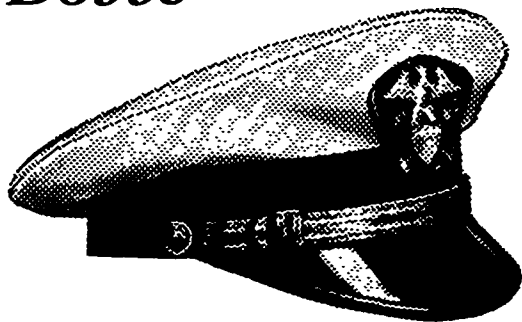
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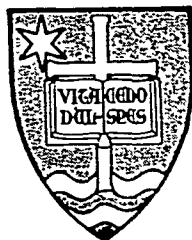
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TRIBUTE

A National Champion—Notre Dame, in this wartime season of 1943, has once again proven herself the capital city of football.

Driven on by the fire of the Notre Dame spirit that flamed to white heat in the Rockne era, the Fighting Irish machine rolled through the toughest schedule in history, a winner. Laboring under handicaps never before encountered, the men of Leahy sweated under hot summer and fall suns till near perfection was achieved. With most of the squad garbed in the green of the Marine Corps and blue of Navy, less time than ever was devoted to the grasswork of Cartier Field. Afternoon classes, early supper, added scholastic pressure and ineligibility stirred the gridiron caldron to a foam of uncertainty. In spirit, however, the team was solid, a rock. Marines, civilians, sailors—all lost uniform distinction on the gridiron, and this spirit of cooperation, of oneness, aided swift development into a versatile mechanism of pigskin destruction.

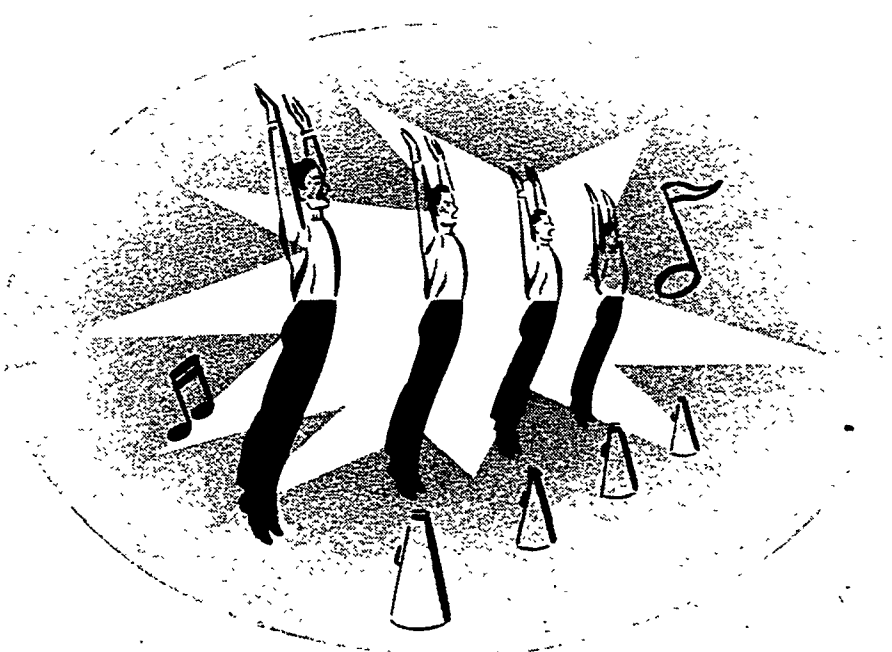
Time and concurrent events proved them a great team, a throwback to the 1924, 1929 and 1930 clubs of the "Rock"—the brawniest ever to ramble over foreign fields wearing the green and gold. Experts tabbed them the top team of history, coaches heralded them the super eleven of collegiate competition, American fandom rained upon them the flora of glory—until the disaster at Great Lakes.

Fair weather friends reversed their compliments; jealous observers, waiting for just such a moment, pounced upon a fallen brother. "Notre Dame is not a champion," cried a minority of the rabble.

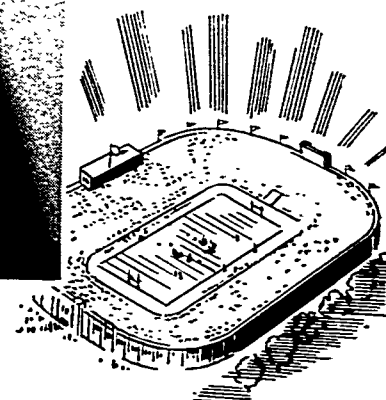
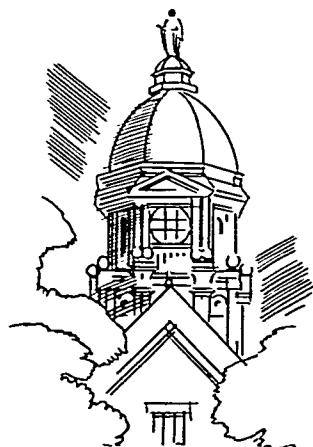
But the names of these men of Notre Dame will live—not because they wear a National crown—but because they were the Fighting Irish—fighters in victory and fighters in defeat. Triumph does not test the heritage of a thoroughbred; it is loss that tries his true mettle.

It is this spirit in these men of Notre Dame that is the spirit of America. It is the spirit of a champion.

—By Bill Carey



Facing the most difficult schedule in Notre Dame's long football history, head coach and director of athletics Frank Leahy can look back upon the past season with a true sense of pride. His five year coaching record has now produced 44 victories, five defeats and three tie games. A product of Rockne school of Irish footballers, Leahy was a tackle on the National Champion 1929 eleven. He started his coaching under Tommy Mills at Georgetown, then moved to Fordham where he developed the Seven Blocks of Granite as line tutor under Head Mentor Jimmy Crowley. Succeeding Gil Dobie at Boston College Leahy led the Eagles to the Cotton and Sugar Bowls in successive years. His 1940 eleven on the Heights of Chestnut Hill claimed the National Championship on the basis of an undefeated ten game schedule and a post season victory over likewise undefeated Tennessee. Answering the call of his first love Notre Dame, Leahy once more returned to the shadow of the Dome. The Irish rang up the first undefeated season since Rockne in 1941, the first year of his reign. A 7-2-2 record in 1942 and the National Champion Irish of 1943 complete the story. Today, Frank Leahy stands out as the outstanding football coach in nation.



Frank W. Leahy

Director of Athletics and Head Coach of Football

COACHING STAFF



Edward C. McKeever

EDWARD C. McKEEVER

Notre Dame's backfield coach is a native of Texas, although he spent many of his younger years in Oklahoma. He spent his freshman year at Notre Dame, but transferred to Texas Tech. where he played regularly in the 1932-33-34 backfields under Coach Pete Cawthon, now of the Brooklyn Dodger pro team. During those years Texas Tech won thirty out of thirty-five games played. McKeever did most of the passing and called signals as a junior and senior. When Frank Leahy was made head coach of Boston College in 1939, he appointed "Mac" his backfield coach, and when Leahy came to Notre Dame in 1941, McKeever came with him. His backfields at Notre Dame reflect the calibre of his coaching.

EDWARD W. KRAUSE

The only Notre Dame athlete in history to be given a special trophy by his fellow students, Ed Krause climaxed a brilliant career as a Notre Dame player when he was appointed to the Irish coaching staff in 1942. Born and raised in Chicago, Krause won three football, three basketball and one track letters, made All-American three years in basketball, and one in football. During his school days he broke all existing Notre Dame basketball scoring records. He coached at St. Mary's College, Winona, Minn. for five years and was line coach at Holy Cross for three years before coming to Notre Dame. In addition to his football duties, Krause is also head basketball coach, having been appointed to the position formerly held for twenty years by the late George Keogan.



Edward W. Krause

HUGH J. DEVORE

A native of New Jersey, where he starred in football at St. Benedict's Prep School in Newark, Hughie Devore entered Notre Dame in 1930. After playing on the freshman team, Devore gained a starting berth at end as a sophomore on the 1931 team, and was a regular for the next three years. Named team co-captain and All-American in 1933, Devore gained a reputation as one of the most vicious blockers in college

football. Devore was assistant freshman coach at Notre Dame in 1934, then accepted a line coaching job under Jimmy Crowley at Fordham, where he remained during 1935-36-37. In 1938 he became head coach at Providence College in Rhode Island, staying there for four years, before moving on to Holy Cross, where he was assistant to head coach Ank Scanlan. This spring he returned to Notre Dame as a line coach.

WALTER J. ZIEMBA

Wally Ziemba was born in Hammond, Indiana, where he was educated in the public school system there, and attended Hammond High school. At Hammond High he gained a state-wide reputation as a fine football prospect, and showed his versatility by playing end one year, fullback his second year and tackle in his junior and senior years. He entered Notre Dame in the Fall of 1939, and played tackle on the frosh team of that year. The following Fall he gained a varsity tackle berth. In 1941, Coach Leahy shifted Ziemba to center, where he was an immediate success. Last year, in spite of knee injuries, Ziemba's performance at the pivot post was good enough to win him All-American honors. Ziemba was given an honorable discharge from the Marines last July because of a physical disability.

C. J. (Jake) KLINE

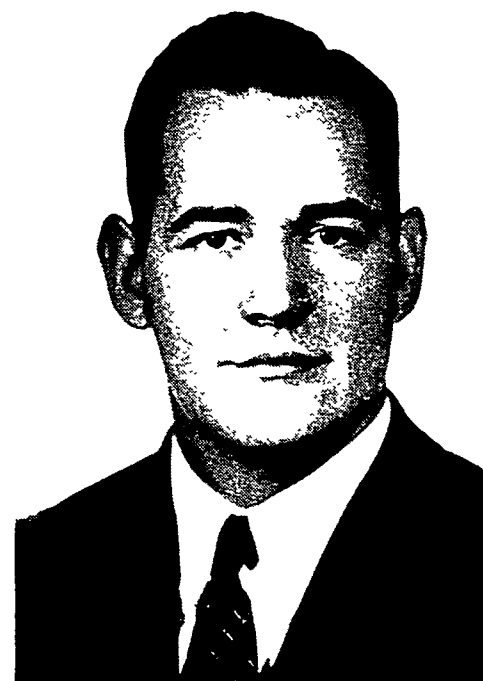
A native of Pennsylvania, Jake Kline entered Notre Dame in pre-World War I days, and played on the 1915-16-17 baseball teams. His feat of hitting three home runs in one game in 1917 to beat Michigan is still talked about whenever Notre Dame fans gather for talkfests. Kline passed up several big league offers to enlist in the Army in 1917, and spent 1918 and 1919 overseas. After several years managing minor league clubs, Jake returned to Notre Dame in 1931, where he became assistant freshman football coach. In 1934 he was named head baseball coach, a position he has held ever since. In addition, he has also been an assistant football coach since that time. Kline holds a full professorship in the department of mathematics.



C. J. (Jake) Kline



Hugh J. Devore



Walter J. Ziemba

Notre Dame 41; Pitt 0

Notre Dame was on the threshold of another season. The Fighting Irish had lost the services of 23 lettermen from the previous year including nine regulars. Coach Frank Leahy made his tentative winter plans on a set of nine returning monogram winners, Filley and Bertelli being the only starters back from the '42 edition. When the colleges and universities throughout the country inaugurated their various military programs, potent grid-iron material was shifted around almost overnight.

Contrary to common opinion, ND received only a small percentage of newcomers. Vic Kulbitski and John Perko had been regular fullback and reserve guard respectively for the Golden Gophers until coming here. The highly touted Julius Rykovich, a freshman star from Illinois, joined the squad but was yet untested in any type of college varsity competition. Ray Kuffel, an end from Marquette, was initiated into the Irish style as were Ray Davis, Mike Todorovich, Ed Trumper, and Verlie Abrams. Only Rykovich and Perko were later to win starting berths.

All that was apparently known of the Pittsburgh Panthers was that they had a newly acquired mentor in the personage of Clark Shaughnessy, the man who temporarily rocked the football world with a stinging revision of the "T" at Stanford only two years before. Since the news of the recently installed "T" at the steel city was at a minimum, most fans came to the conclusion

that there was something worth while in store, knowing the cleverness of Shaughnessy.

At the kickoff time the ND unpredictables readied themselves to receive from the smoky secrets. For ten minutes, the boys battled on an even keel. Finally, the Irish took advantage of a Panther fumble on the latter's 35 and slashed a path to the four, where Creighty Miller toted the oval over. Not long after that bit of scoring potency, Miller again cruised through right tackle unmolested and left 40 yards in his wake as he chalked up the second TD.

Angelo Bertelli and his able assistant, John Lujack, only had to entrust themselves with six heaves during the afternoon as the ground attack netted enough, without having to resort to the air. Bert, himself, picked up a fumble by Kulbitski on the Pitt two and raced around end for the score. The fight turned into farce as the green and gold clad laddies turned on the heat. Bob Palladino and Julie Rykovich added prestige to the score as the former gained one TD and the latter a pair.

Pitt's biggest and best offensive drive merely enabled them to trespass Rambler territory as far as the 32, that being accounted for by Joe Mocha's sole aerial completion of the day to Clair Malarky. Despite the offensive weakness, there were spurts of defensive maneuverability by Shag's eleven, the particular instance being their staunch stand on their own one, thus having kept the score from reaching even larger proportions than 41-0.

—By Bill Waddington



Captain Pat Filley



Jim Mello



Jim White

Irish 55; Georgia Tech 13

Up from the cotton fields rambled the Engineers of old Georgia Tech. With a surprise victory over favored North Carolina to gloat over, the Yellow-jackets of Coach Bill "The Great" Alexander were confident of another triumph.

Little Clint Castleberry wasn't making this trip. His brilliant running as a freshman had paved the way for the Yellowjackets' unexpected triumph over the Irish in 1942. But fullback Eddie Prokop, a thunderbolt line cracker and a "bug on water" in an open field, could always be depended upon to churn up the yardage. Tech's line was tough and ready, the few gaps filled by V-12 transfers from Vanderbilt, Clemson, and Alabama. At center, "Mutt" Manning, all-American candidate and newly elected captain, was a tower of strength. The "slide rule" boys from "Peachland" were ready for a fight to the finish.

Behind the Kelly green portals of ancient Cartier, the men of America's football capital drew up their defense lines, oiled their tanks and made ready the artillery for the impending assault from the south. The Pitt Panthers, an all-civilian club, had been thoroughly trounced the week previously. Georgia Tech was to be the first real test of Irish strength. More than that, however, the fighting men of "Sorin City" were out for revenge.

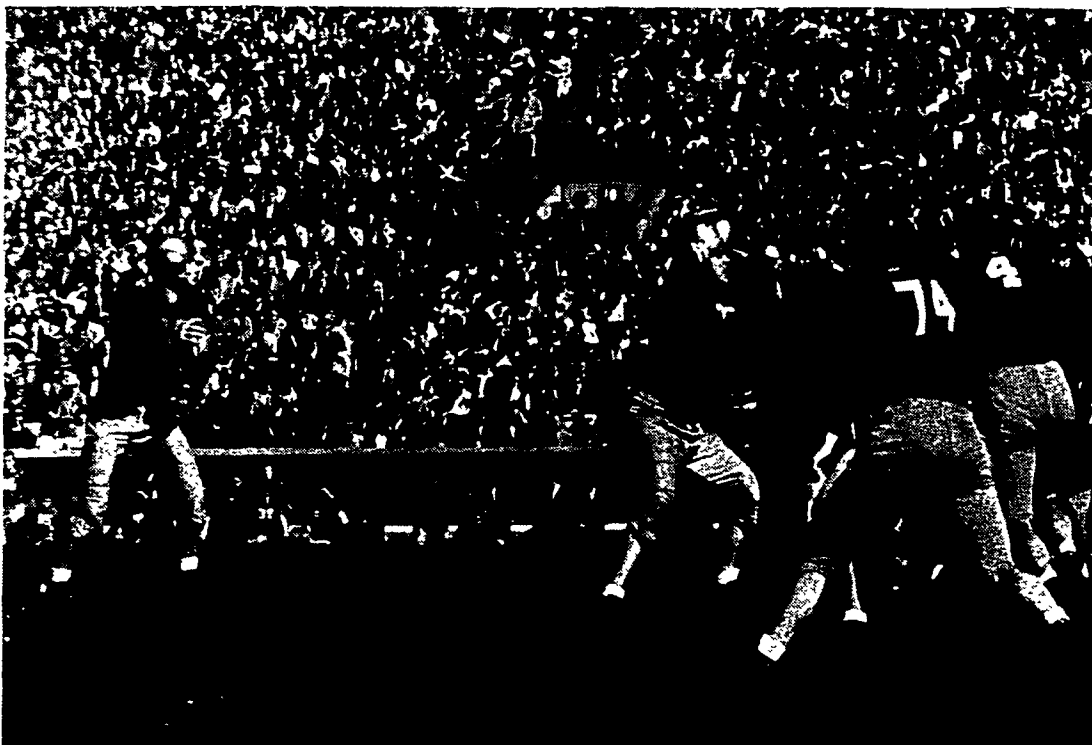
In the words of end coach Hughie Devore, who had been scouting them, "The Yellowjackets were truly the Michigan of the South, packing the power and finesse to end up on top." All week Coach Frank Leahy had stressed crisp, hard blocking and vicious tackling to stop the Dixieland gang. Private Bertelli unlimbered his pay-off "wing" for it was sure to be needed on October 2.

In beautiful baseball weather, the green-clad Notre Damers jogged from the locker room to unveil a mighty "T" machine which literally pulverized the highly touted Tech squad. The adding machines showed the final count, 55-13—a display of striped field might and magic which left the 30,000 stunned onlookers speechless. It was the most crushing defeat the Yellowjackets had suffered since 1929. Tech yielded 24 first downs, 450 yards rushing, and eight touchdowns to the irresistible charges of the Irish warriors. These figures tell the story of a powerful forward wall which stood ready to smash open a path at every "Down, ready, hike" from Angelo "the Arm." These figures tell the story of the power, speed, and deception of Mello, Rykovich, Miller and Bertelli, as fine a set of backs as Notre Dame followers have seen since the days of Schwartz, Carideo, and Brill. But most of all, these figures tell the story of a coordinated display of machine teamwork.

The complete supremacy of the Irish was never in doubt. Before the game was thirty minutes old, the stadium had become a touchdown town. Bertelli tossed touchdown passes to Rykovich, Miller, and Kuffel, while "Big Jim" Mello crossed the double chalk line, down around zero territory, no less than three times. One apiece were credited to frosh stars Bob Hanlon and lineman George Sullivan.

Revenge was ours. There no longer existed any doubts, and coming headlines were forecast by this successful completion of ND's first big test. Once again, the football world looked to the banks of the St. Joe. The "Victory March" echoed and reechoed across the nation for the battle cry was on and Notre Dame was rolling.

—By Dave Scheider



Bertelli looks for receiver as linemen stave off swarm of Yellowjackets

Notre Dame 35; Michigan 12



Sport headlines christened it the 'game of the decade,' and a record crowd of 90,000 flocked into the Ann Arbor Bowl to eye the fray. In the press box was seated the widest radio and newspaper coverage ever to watch and air an athletic event. On the field the two top ranking teams in the land stood face to face.

The Michigan powerhouse was a combination of service transfers from Wisconsin, Minnesota and six other smaller pigskin centers of the Mid-West, plus the backbone of a very strong Wolverine eleven. The starting backfield of Daley (Minn.), White (Mich.), Hirsch (Wisc.) and Weise (Mich.) had been duly dubbed the 'dream quartet' and threatened to break out in a rash of touchdowns as they had done as individual stars in 1942.

A determined Irish eleven answered the opening whistle in the battle that promised to be for the National Championship. It was the game of the year. Clear in the memory of every Notre Damer was the Michigan jinx that had seen the Wolverine walk away the victor in ten out of eleven previous encounters. The green and gold were a slight newspaper favorite, but even staunch Irish supporters feared the worst.

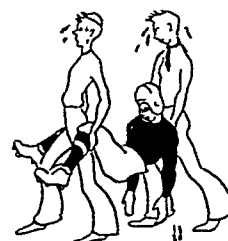
Creighton Miller snapped the contest wide open in the sixth minute when he churned through left guard, broke off to the right, and legged it 66 yards for a score. Michigan's human tractor, Bill Daley, bashed his way to a score in the minutes that followed, but Pregulman

failed to equalize Bertelli's point after, and the Irish were never again threatened. Four plays after the kickoff, 'Angelo the Arm' faded from his own 30, and threaded the needle-point of Freddie Earley's arms at midfield. The stubby scatterback galloped the full 50 yards unmolested. Minutes later, Miller sliced into the open on the ND 43 and cleated a zigzag path for the prettiest tally of the year—only to have the play nullified for offensive holding. An unsuccessful drive to the 9, a Michigan punt, a Bertelli to Zilly pass and a four yard plunge by Jim Mello racked up a hard earned six-pointer. The Irish rolled up 172 yards for this single score.

Early in the second half, a 40 yard punt return by Rykovich to the double Blue's 30 ignited the fuse that exploded when Bertelli plunged over himself. Accurate Angelo speared big number 35 for the final marker, after runs by Miller, Mello and Rykovich had gobbled up 65 yards. Michigan scored on the last play of the game and attempted the try for placement after the final gun.

Miller floated over 159 yards of green in but ten attempts for his best showing of the year, while the Springfield Rifle completed five of eight passes for two TD's and 172 yards, scored one himself, set up another, and pendulumed five attempts through the sticks. The defensive highlight of the afternoon saw the Irish reserves blast back the mighty Daley twice in bucks one yard from the promised land.

—By Bill Carey



All-American Creighton Miller carries the ball for big gain against the Wolverines

Notre Dame 50; Wisconsin 0

The powerful Irish grid machine coasted to its easiest victory of the season in mid-October as the smooth functioning Notre Dame club smashed a helpless, undermanned Wisconsin eleven, 50 to 0, at Madison.

Although the 50-0 indicates the trouncing suffered by the Badgers, the tilt was even more onesided than the score. The Madisonites were completely outclassed, and outplayed in all phases of the game. The Dairy state club was held to but five net yards rushing.

Wisconsin pitted a very inexperienced eleven against the highly favored Notre Dame team. It was the Badgers who last year dampened the Irish hopes by holding the Leahymen to a 7-all stalemate. Such men as Schreiner, Harder, Hirsch, Negus, Wink and others who this year would probably have given the Irish their toughest bat-

tle, were all transferred to other schools. In their place, Harry Stuhldreher, of Four Horsemen fame, had to use freshmen and green naval trainees as a nucleus for his eleven.

Putting his powerful "T" machine into gear at the opening whistle, Angelo Bertelli, the brilliant Irish field general, directed the attack and in less than three minutes had sent the elusive running halfback, Rykovich, over for the first tally. A short time later a plunge by Mello netted the next Irish marker after a 52 yard drive. Another three-minute interval, and the speedy Creighton Miller was in the end zone with another Irish score.

That was enough for Frank Leahy, so he called on the second, third and fourth string teams to finish the contest.

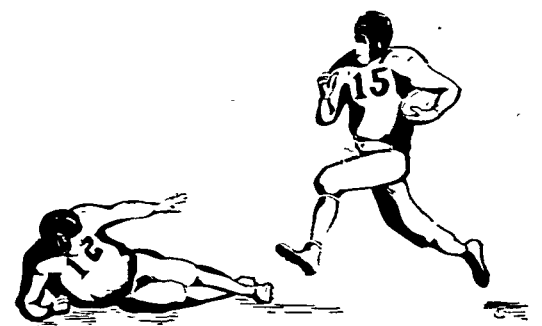
The first string came back into the fray for a short time, but 18 minutes was the limit. In that time, the regulars ran 22 plays from scrimmage and scored five touchdowns. In all, Notre Dame scored three times in the first period, once in the second, twice in the third, and twice in the fourth.

Although it was one of the most disastrous defeats in the history of the Badgers, they were far from lacking spirit. The Stuhldreher men did their best in battling the Irish, but to no avail. Only twice did the Madison club penetrate into Notre Dame territory.

—By Paul Brennan

Lujack, Bertelli's great successor, attempts an extra point

—Photo by Acme



Notre Dame 47; Illinois 0

With four impressive victories behind the Irish, Notre Dame fans were confident of the coming Illinois game. However, pessimistic Coach Leahy warned his men not to cross too many bridges, for the Illini had scored in every previous game with the exception of their opener. Bray and McGovern had proved themselves a couple of pony backs who could go the distance. And a deceptive "T" attack had been developed. The Eliotmen would be greatly steamed up to get the season's prize plum—a victory over the potent Irish.

The war dipped deep into the barrel of promising Illini manpower to strip the school of a potential Big Ten Championship. Purdue's great eleven was sparked by Butkovich and five other dynamic lads from Urbana, and Notre Dame itself had received Rykovich from the Illinois freshman team.

After a paralyzing opening round blow at the hands of Camp Grant—22-0—the Illini had proved itself dangerous in subsequent games. Its offensive power had struck for three tallies against the Seahawks, four against Purdue, and six against Pittsburgh. They were constantly improving as they perfected the tricky Eliot "T" formation. According to Illinois, it would take the "T" to beat the "T".

The game was to be Angelo Bertelli's last home stand. No doubt the "Springfield Rifle" would be out to add a few notches to his already glistening record. Also

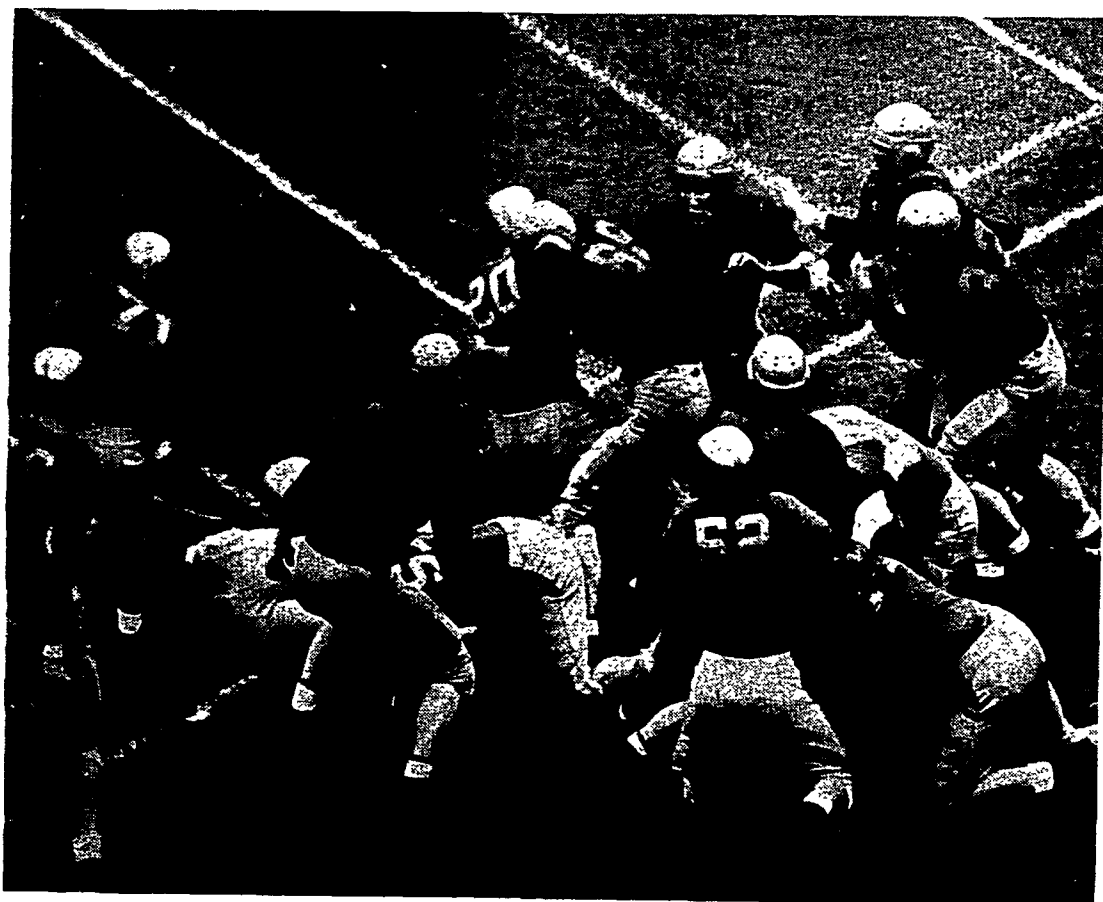
Julie Rykovich, a Marine Transfer, would be awaiting an interesting day against some of his former teammates.

To the cool observer, the Notre Dame Juggernaut appeared to be just too much. The Ramblers had been No. 1 team of the nation for three straight weeks. A cast-iron line, which so far had yielded little or nothing to opponents, was counter-balanced on offense by its own victorious down field blocking, Bertelli's magic ball handling and passing, Rykovich and Miller with their fast-stepping shiftiness, and Mello with his powerful plunges, seemed to spell certain defeat for the weak Illini.

Game-day dawned bright, sunny. Before the contest was even a few minutes old the superiority of the Irish over a fighting Champaign team was demonstrated. A sharp, concerted march brought the ball to the Illinois 25 yard line, where Bertelli tossed the pigskin into the arms of Rykovich as the latter crossed into pay dirt. From then on the Prairie state eleven was practically powerless against the mighty Irish attack. Miller, Early, Lujack, and Palladino, as well as Rykovich, scored. Bray and McGovern hit dead end streets when trying the Notre Dame line.

The game served as a fitting send-off to Bertelli in his last home performance. The crowd gave him a deafening ovation as he trotted off the field after completing five out of seven passes. The Irish powerhouse was on its way to a great season!

—By Joe Murnane



Rykovich scores one against the Fighting Illini

Notre Dame 33; Navy 6

Onrushing Notre Dame moved up another notch toward gridiron glory by defeating the pride of the Navy, Annapolis, before 86,000 hysterical fans, a record attendance for Municipal Stadium. The bombshell in Notre Dame's lightning attack was Angelo Bertelli, recent winner of the Heisman Trophy, who literally and figuratively sunk the Navy by heaving three touchdown passes and scoring another on a plunge. The "Springfield Rifle," playing his last game for the Irish, left the field only to be mobbed by photographers, reporters, and spectators alike. Mello, Miller, and Kulbitski hammered, and charged across the white stripes to pick up consistent chunks of yardage throughout the afternoon.

The heralded, undefeated Navy eleven fought valiantly, with its hard-charging line and Hal Hamberg paving the way for the Middie's lone touchdown. From start to finish the game was a pitching duel between "Bert" and this one-hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite. For sixty thrill-packed minutes Hal withstood the rushing Irish to hurl thirty-eight passes, eight of which were complete.

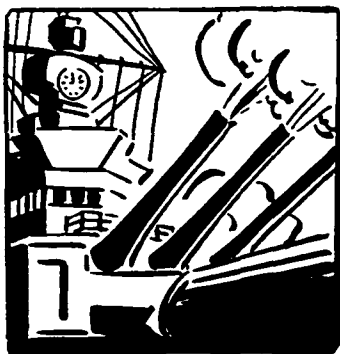
Bertelli started the ball rolling on a touchdown pass from midfield to Julie Rykovich, who romped the remaining distance in record time. One touchdown was not enough, however, for Mr. Bertelli, so he took things

into his own hands, fed a short pass to Miller, who side-stepped, stiff-armed, and scampered for forty yards and a score.

With the start of the second half, only one touchdown ahead, the Green and Gold unleashed its vicious power to romp at will over the now tired but game men of Annapolis. A long struggle downfield was culminated as "Bert" threw his third consecutive touchdown pass. The Steamroller came back for more as Mello intercepted a Navy pass and rambled forty yards to the Middie's 12, where Miller plowed through center for six points. Navy, in desperation, began to throw passes hither and yon, moved to the "Irish" 14, threatened to score, but Messrs. Limont, White, Filley, Coleman, Perko, Czarobski, and Yonaker objected vehemently, and Notre Dame took over on downs. The streamlined "T" machine cut Kulbitski loose as he galloped seventy-one yards to the Navy 8, where the Irish refuelled, sending Bertelli through the middle for the final score.

And so it was that Angelo Bertelli, Notre Dame's greatest passer, left the gridiron in a blaze of glory as another foe fell by the wayside, but Notre Dame moved ever onward, crushing opponent after opponent, never stopping for a breather. Color, spirit, stamina, and speed had won another ball game for the Fighting Irish.

—John Power



Irish forward
wall opens a
hole and Mello
goes racing
through.



Notre Dame 26; Army 0

Saturday afternoon, November 7th, found the Irish invading the East in earnest when they took on undefeated Army. Seventy-eight thousand fans jammed New York's Yankee Stadium in New York with one question in mind: Could Johnny Lujack replace Angelo Bertelli? That question was answered in the affirmative when Lujack literally stepped in to Bert's shoes to direct the Rambler attack with all the finesse of an old hand.

Army fielded a strong team, one of their best in a decade. Casimir Myslinski, captain and center of the Cadets, is mentioned on more than one All-American team, and there were a host of fleet backs to function behind a great line. The Irish, however, lived up to their advance notices with room to spare, as the final score of 26 to 0 indicates.

Strength of the West Point line, supplemented by costly penalties, cost Notre Dame a scoring opportunity in the first sustained drive toward paydirt in the first quarter, but the Irish bounced back after being held on the Army three yard line. Kelly took an Army punt and ran it back to the West Point 31. Lujack then stepped back and fired a pass to John Yonakor in a corner of the end zone and the Irish were ahead, 6 to 0.

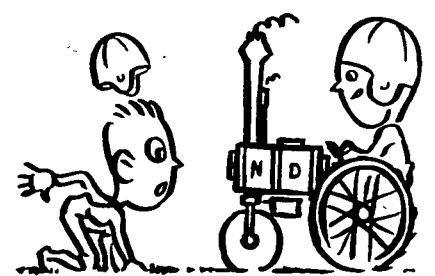
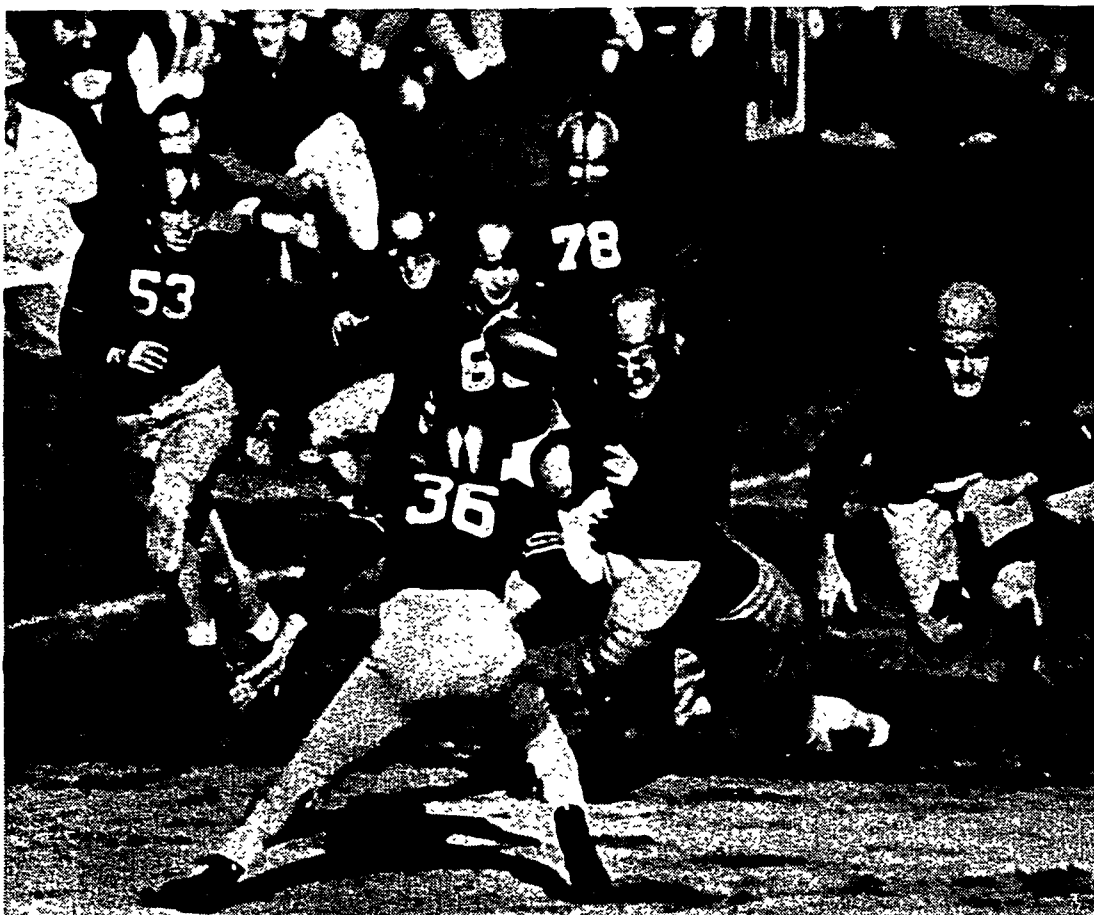
Surprises came frequently as the Irish opened up with everything. Creighton Miller snatched up an Army fumble in mid-air and ran 26 yards before he was brought down. Jim White, playing the brand of ball that has made him All-American, stole the ball from Army's Glenn Davis in the third quarter to set up the second touchdown.

It was this surprising blow that broke the spirit of the West Point team. As soon as the Irish got possession of the ball in the fourth quarter they started a drive that culminated in a score when quarterback Lujack sneaked across the last line.

The final touchdown came after a long drive down the field which featured the running of Vic Kulbitski, marine transfer from Minnesota. Fred Earley drove for three yards and the score.

Bob Kelly was one of the big factors in the Rambler attack, intercepting two Army passes and carrying the ball eleven times for twenty-seven yards. Creighton Miller was again the Irish workhorse, lugging the ball twenty times for ninety-four yards.

—By Bob O'Toole



Bob Kelly stars in debut, against Army

—Photo by Acme

Notre Dame 25; Northwestern 6

49,000 expectant football fans crammed their way into Dyche Stadium at Evanston, Illinois, to see the Northwestern Wildcats claw at unbeaten and favored Notre Dame. This was a new attendance record for Dyche, and, incidentally, the third attendance record set this season by Irish games in various stadia. It was a perfect, brisk football day. The crowd was tense in anticipation of what pre-game writeups had suggested might be an upset, and the spirit shown by both teams from the opening gun kept the excitement of the spectators at fever-pitch.

The contest was especially thrilling in the first half, for during this time Northwestern was able to move through and around the Notre Dame line as few teams had done before them in this season. At one time they penetrated to the Rambler 17 yard line, only to lose the ball on a fumble. Up to the closing minutes of the second quarter both teams appeared to be about on a par, and Northwestern's hopes for a win were based on a solid foundation.

But then Johnny Lujack loosened up his slinging arm and tossed one to Bob Kelly for the first Notre Dame score. The try for extra point was blocked, and there was no further opportunity for either team to reach touchdown territory again before the half ended.

However, it was a new, or perhaps the old, Irish team which charged out onto the field for the second thirty minutes of play. Notre Dame dominated from this

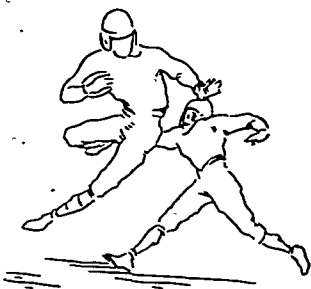
point on, with the running of Mello, Miller, Rykovich, Kelly, and Kulbitski good for long gains on almost every play. Lujack continued to live up to the passing and ball handling reputation which he had established in the Army game the week before, and left no doubt as to his competence in filling Angelo Bertelli's vacated post at quarterback.

There was another pass to Kelly good for a score in the third quarter, Miller and Rykovich each accounted for one more before the final whistle. This double-scoring game of Kelly's was his first collegiate appearance, in Chicago, but he was not completely unknown to the windy city fans, having played All-State ball on the Championship Leo High team in 1942.

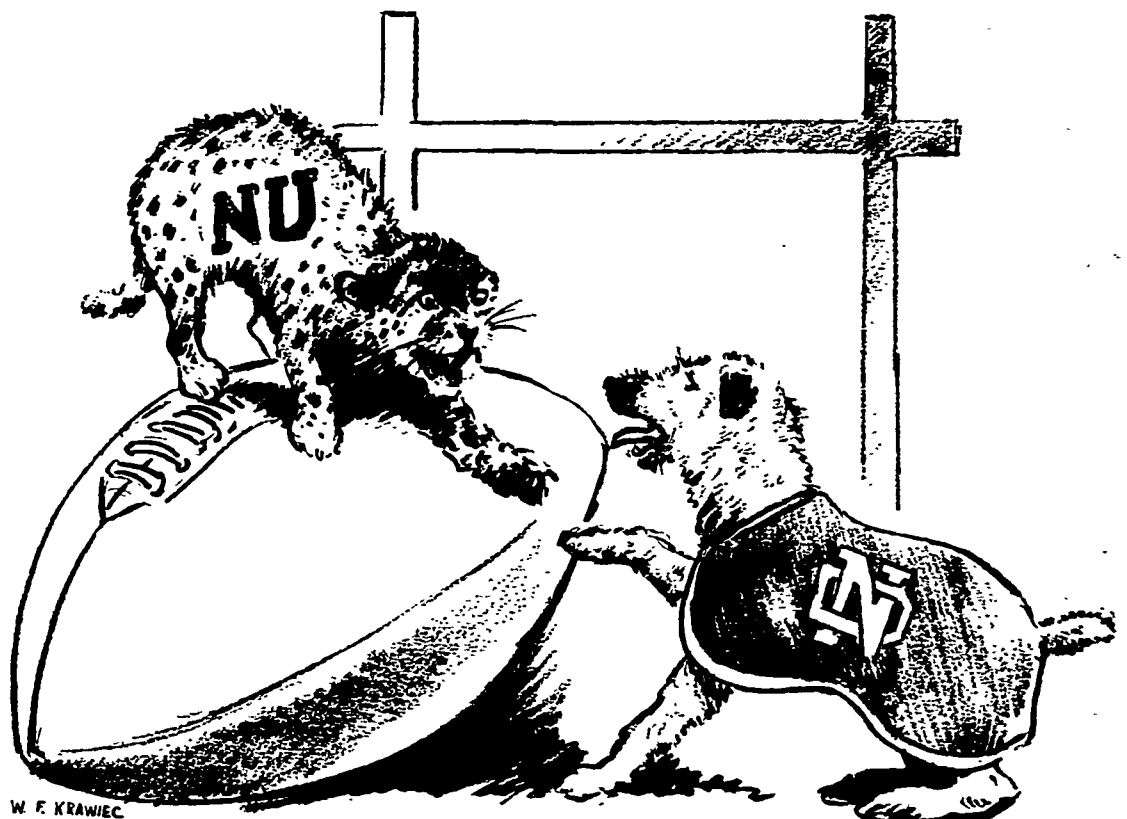
With the score standing at 25-0 in favor of Notre Dame in the fourth stanza, one of football's flukes gave Northwestern its lone marker. A wide awake Wildcat end crashed through the Irish line just in time to take a lateral, intended for Miller, from the hands of second string quarterback Frank Dancewicz. No one was close enough to stop the thievery, and the surprised but delighted Wildcat went over standing up.

The Irish now turned their attention to the two remaining games of the season, with the Iowa Seahawks, and with Great Lakes. They had proven beyond doubt that they were a great team; they had triumphed decisively over all collegiate competition. Only two service teams remained.

—By Dick Ames



The Wildcats are always tough, but the Irish usually tame them



W. F. KRAWIEC

Notre Dame 14; Seahawks 13

The gridiron world turned toward the campus of the twin lakes when Notre Dame squared off with Iowa Pre-Flight to decide the National championship. Both clubs proudly waved eight victory pennants. Each had readily trampled inferior opponents and chalked up basketball scores on one side of the ledger. In the national ranking, number one was meeting number two inside the same chalk lines.

Coached by canny Lt. Don Faurot, ex-Missouri mentor, the Hawk's lineup sparkled with some of modern football's greatest names. Ex-professional stars who had been the best in the 'play for pay' loop spiced the navy eleven with the maturity that made them a rough and foxy foe.

This, however, was more than a football game. It was the reflection of a memory—a biting memory for the Seahawks. Eyes ablaze, they looked back to 1942, to the Golden Dome, a 28-0 defeat, to shattered hopes of country-wide dominance. For a year the sailors had pointed for this the day of reckoning when they might knock Notre Dame from the pinnacle—the pinnacle they once occupied themselves. It was the greatest pigskin event in 1943. Two undefeated, untied behemoths slugging it out for glory before 50,000 fans.

Notre Dame kicked off, only to be chilled by a quick Iowa touchdown. Two coffin corner punts spaded the Irish on the lip of their own end zone. On the ND ten, Ensign Art Guepe scampered through a cavity at right tackle to score. Bernie McGarry sliced the extra point through the sticks.

Notre Dame was behind for the first time in nine games. The Irish roared back in defiance—but meekly. The Seahawks once again powered down the field, only to be held on downs on the Irish 13. With but two min-

utes of the half, a Lujack to Yonakor pass covered 50 yards, and another to Kelly reached the three. The next second the gun barked out the finish of the march.

The Irish—the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame—would not admit defeat. They had just begun to fight. After the opening kickoff of the second half, Mello, Miller, Rykovich and Lujack squirmed and smashed their way down to the Navy 17. A completed aerial, Lujack to Kelly, ate up 13 yards, and Bob then battered his way over from the 4. Still one point shy of a deadlock, youthful Freddie Earley calmly toed the telling placement.

After an exchange of punts, the green marched to the Iowa 18, from which point the Seahawks bounced back all the way to the ND six yard stripe. The line held but an Irish bobble on the 13 gave the Sailors their break. On the first play Dick Todd, spectacular halfback of the visitors, rifled a shot to Burk who toppled backwards into the end zone.

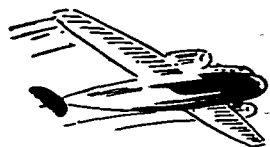
Shocked, the Irish remembered tradition and battled back. With the ball back in their possession they powered down the white stripes to the six yard line where Creighton Miller slashed over for the tying six-pointer.

The score board read 13-13 as Freddie Earley for the second time converted what proved to be the margin of victory.

—By Bill Carey

Dick Todd,
Seahawk star,
slips through
guard for
six yards.

—International
News Photo.



Great Lakes 19; Irish 14

Frozen with excitement, 23,000 sailors winced as Notre Dame trotted from their huddle to the line of scrimmage on the Great Lakes one yard line. The Irish—the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame—were on the threshold of glory, and could not be denied. The long second finger of the time clock that hovered over them spun round dizzily with but one more circle to make.

Eight minutes before, Notre Dame—hailed as the greatest in history—was a beaten team. They were behind an inspired Bluejacket eleven, 12 to 7.

Prancing away to an early score, the green and gold seemed on their way to another run-a-way triumph. Great Lakes showed signs of power, but costly fumbles twice blanketed their advance. Notre Dame raced from the dressing room at half time hungry for a score. For nine straight Saturdays they had been the greatest third quarter club in football. Often stymied in the first half they had never failed to roar back with vengeance.

This, however, was not their Saturday. It was Great Lakes instead that tallied when Emil "Red" Sitko, ex-Notre Dame freshman, scooted 21 yards around left end for six big points. Minutes later fullback Dewey Proctor bulled through left guard at midfield, was staggered in the secondary, but needled his way clear to a second touchdown.

Time, time, time—how much time? The Irish would not lose—they were the Fighting Irish—they could not lose. Fifteen minutes to play—Notre Dame's ball. One first down, another—then three cracks netted only one yard to the Great Lakes' 44. Nothing to do but kick. The Bluejackets knifed back fifty quick yards into Irish territory. They appeared headed for another score. Ten minutes left—raw courage rose up and slapped back Sitko, Proctor and Juzwik for no gain. Navy punted and it was Notre Dame, first down on their own 20—

nine minutes to play. The Fighting Irish plowed back up the field. It wasn't fancy or pretty to watch. There were no long gains. It was five yards here, a loss, two yards, and then the needed three. Twice yardage was lacking on fourth down—but Notre Dame's spartans spirited their way over the needed inches. Fullback Jim Mello led the way making 54 of the necessary 80 yards. It took 18 cracks at those rugged Sailors to carry the ball to the three foot mark where it lay. It had been guts—a fire of winning ignited by Knute Rockne—that alone whipped a tired bunch of Irishmen up that gridiron. Now with but one minute to play, they stood thirty-six inches from fame.

On the bench, every man—his eyes glazed—watched and cheered and prayed.

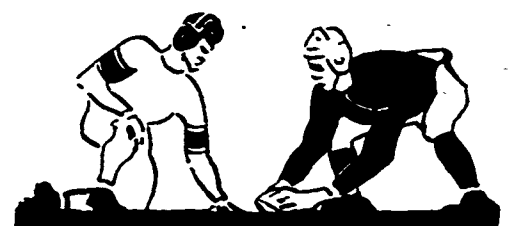
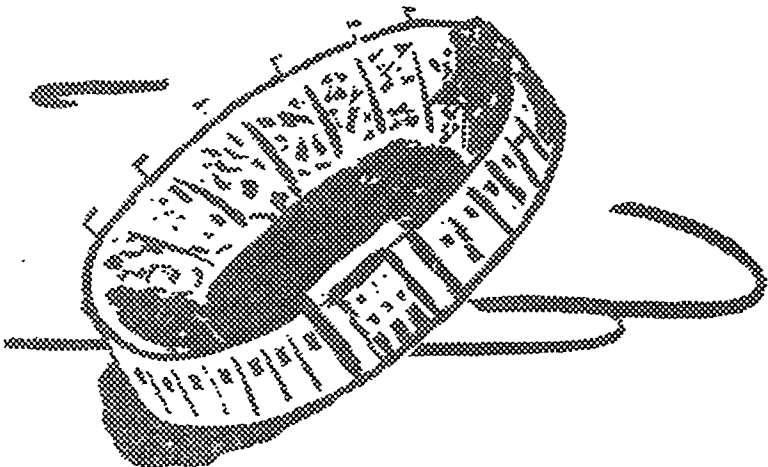
The ball was back—Coleman to Lujack, a low spin, John's arm snaked out, a big 37 snatched the oval and hurled the line. Anxious hands pried at the pile. Striped arms signalled a score. Seconds later, Freddie Earley knifed the uprights with a placement and the score read Notre Dame 14—Great Lakes 12.

Ross Field was bedlam. This was a champion. This team of Frank Leahy had been stabbed twice in the third period—and had come back. The experts were right, they were the greatest in history. They were Notre Dame.

Wait though, there are forty seconds yet to play. The Irish kicked out of bounds. A ten yard pass put the Bluejackets 54 yards from pay dirt—54 yards and but forty seconds to play. The ball was snapped to Steve Lach; he faded to pass; three Irish linemen broke through; "he's trapped" rose a cry; an arm reached out and pulled him off balance; he staggered to his left; free for a moment, he cocked his arm and heaved a mighty effort, 23,000 faces turned downfield and there—alone—stood quarterback Paul Anderson. An easy catch, a five yard run—and there were cheers.

Yes, there were cheers—but there followed a silence that thundered—for Notre Dame had lost. The Fighting Irish had fought in vain. Their brow was clammy cold.

—By Bill Carey



Bertelli Wins Heisman Trophy

America's greatest football award, the Heisman Trophy awarded annually to the outstanding college player of the year, was won by Angelo Bartolo Bertelli of Notre Dame. Bert, who played in but six games this campaign polled 648 votes to walk away from his nearest competitor, Bob Odell of Pennsylvania with 177.

Thus, Bertelli has completed the most outstanding record ever compiled in winning the award. As a sophomore in 1941, he was second to Michigan's Tom Harmon and last fall finished fourth when Georgian Frankie Sinkwich was feted by the Downtown Athletic Club of New York.

The Springfield Rifle, as the nation's sports writers demonstrated by their vote, was in a class by himself in the national gridiron spotlight of 1943. One of the greatest passers in pigskin history, Ange was the life blood of the Fighting Irish 'T' formation. Feeding, faking, flinging—the light skinned Italian was the smoothest operator back of center in the country. Calling plays with deftness and subtlety seldom found in amateur ball, he was a coach on the field. Though his own slender right arm packed the brawniest knockout punch in collegiate competition, Bert magnified its potency by using it sparsely. Dubbed by observers the Magnificent Faker—the buggy whip attack of the Notre Dame 'T,' that was born in his quick hands, developed into the most feared in football.

Bert bowed out of collegiate competition at mid-season against Navy. A Marine reservist he was called to Officers Candidate School at Parris Island where he now totes a rifle instead of a pigskin.

Bertelli played in 26 games, threw 324 passes for 169 completions with 29 of them touchdowns. His three year average is .522.



Bertelli in Action

Team Statistics for 1943 Season

Player	Carried Times	Gained Net Yds.	Average	T.D.	P.A.T.	Pts.
Miller, LH	151	911	6.03	13	0	78
Mello, FB	137	714	5.21	5	0	30
Rykovich, RH .	66	339	5.13	8	0	48
Earley, LH	22	121	5.50	3	10	28
Palladino, RH	20	190	6.78	3	0	18
Lujack, QB	46	191	4.15	4	3	27
Hanlon, FB-RH	40	142	3.55	1	0	6
Kelly, RH	38	119	3.13	3	0	18
Kulbitski, FB	48	265	5.52	0	0	0
Bertelli, QB	14	22	1.58	4	21	45
Mazzioli, RH	4	34	8.50	0	0	0
Krupa, RH	4	13	3.25	0	0	0
Davis, LH	18	55	3.05	0	0	0
Skat, QB	1	15	0	0	0
Dancewicz, QB	1	6	0	0	0
Yonakor, RE	4	0	24
Sullivan, LT	1	0	6
Lyden, C	1	0	6

All American Selections

BOSTON "POST" ALL-AMERICAN

First		Second
Monahan, Dartmouth	E	Gantt, Duke
Connor, Holy Cross	T	Merritt, Army
Filley, Notre Dame	G	Chase, Navy
Manning, Georgia Tech	C	Coleman, Notre Dame
Agase, Purdue	G	Murphy, Army
White, Notre Dame	T	Pregulman, Michigan
Heywood, So. Calif.	E	Yonakor, Notre Dame
Bertelli, Notre Dame	B	Prokop, Georgia Tech
Miller, Notre Dame	B	Graham, Northwestern
Odell, Pennsylvania	B	Hamberg, Navy
Daley, Michigan	B	Butkovich, Purdue

UNITED PRESS ALL-AMERICAN

E. Yonakor, Notre Dame
T. White, Notre Dame
G. Agase, Purdue
C. Myslinski, Army
G. Filley, Notre Dame
T. Whitmire, Navy
T. Heywood, So. California
B. Bertelli, Notre Dame
B. Miller, Notre Dame
B. Daley, Michigan
B. Butkovich, Purdue

CENTRAL PRESS ALL-AMERICAN

E. Heywood, So. California
T. White, Notre Dame
G. Agase, Purdue
C. Myslinski, Army
G. Milner, Duke
T. Whitmire, Navy
E. Yonakor, Notre Dame
B. Bertelli, Notre Dame
B. Graham, Northwestern
B. Daley, Michigan
B. Butkovich, Purdue

NEW YORK "DAILY NEWS" ALL-AMERICAN

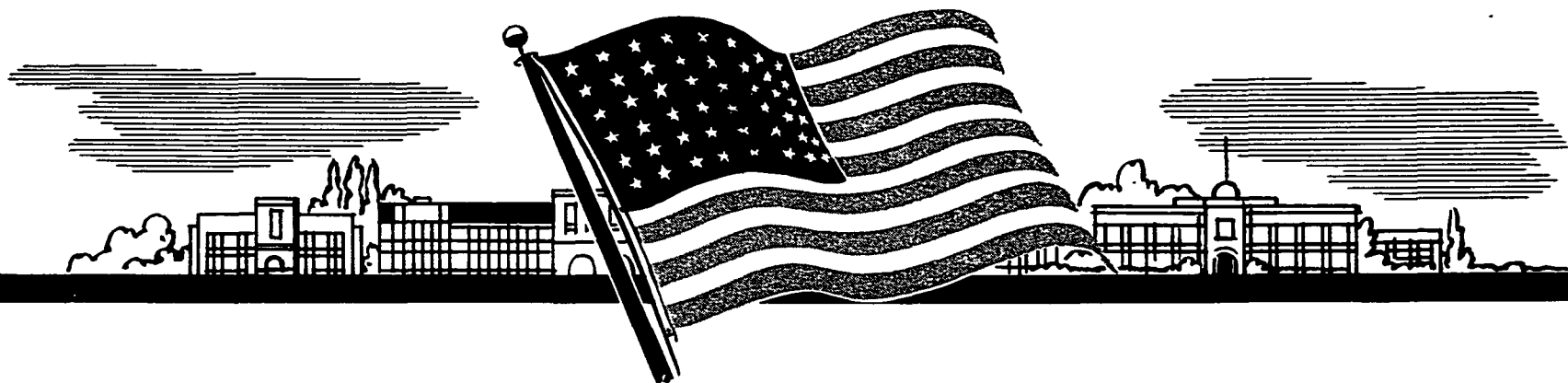
E. Yonakor, Notre Dame
T. White, Notre Dame
G. Filley, Notre Dame
C. Myslinski, Army
G. Agase, Purdue
T. Whitmire, Navy
E. Heywood, So. California
B. Bertelli, Notre Dame
B. Daley, Michigan
B. Miller, Notre Dame
B. Odell, Pennsylvania

NEW YORK "SUN" ALL-AMERICAN

E. Pihos, Indiana
T. McCaffray, Coll. of Pacific
G. Steber, Georgia Tech
C. Martin, Navy
G. Milner, Duke
T. Connor, Holy Cross
E. Monahan, Dartmouth
B. Bertelli, Notre Dame
B. Miller, Notre Dame
B. Odell, Pennsylvania
B. Daley, Michigan

NOTRE DAME ALL OPPONENT TEAM

First Team	Position	Second Team
Hein, Northwestern	L.E.	McKinnon, Army
Pregulman, Michigan	L.T.	Perpich, Great Lakes
Letlow, Great Lakes	L.G.	Steber, Ga. Tech
Banonis, Iowa Pre-Flight	C.	Myslinski, Army
Kapter, Northwestern	R.G.	Tobin, Seahawks
Merrit, Army	R.T.	Badacezewski, Gt. Lakes
Schwartz, Iowa Pre-Flight	R.E.	Channell, Navy
Prokop, Georgia Tech	Q.B.	Hamberg, Navy
Todd, Iowa Pre-Flight	R.H.	Lach, Gt. Lakes
Sitko, Great Lakes	L.H.	Bray, Illinois
Daley, Michigan	F.B.	Proctor, Gt. Lakes



OSCAR FRALEY'S (UP) ALL-AMERICAN

First		Second
Heywood, So. California	E	Pihos, Indiana
White, Notre Dame	T	Mitchell, Minnesota
Briggs, Colorado	G	Steber, Georgia Tech
Myslinski, Army	C	Gray, So. California
Filley, Notre Dame	G	Jaffurs, Penn State
McCaffray, Coll. of Pacific	T	Whitmire, Navy
Yonakor, Notre Dame	E	Morton, Missouri
Bertelli, Notre Dame	B	Graham, Northwestern
Butkovich, Purdue	B	Daley, Michigan
VanBuren, Louisiana State	B	Hirsch, Michigan
Miller, Notre Dame	B	Reece, Missouri

ALL-AMERICAN SELECTED BY ORLO ROBERTSON

General Sports Editor of the Associated Press

Ends: Ralph Heywood, South. California, and Joe Parker, Texas
Tackles: Jim White, Notre Dame and Pat Preston, Duke

Guards: John Steber, Georgia Tech, and George Brown, Navy
Center: Casimir Myslinski, Army

Backs: Creighton Miller, Notre Dame; Bill Daley, Michigan; Bob O'Dell, Pennsylvania, and Otto Graham, Northwestern.

"FOOTBALL NEWS" 3-DEEP ALL-AMERICA

Selected by its Readers and Arranged in Alphabetical Order

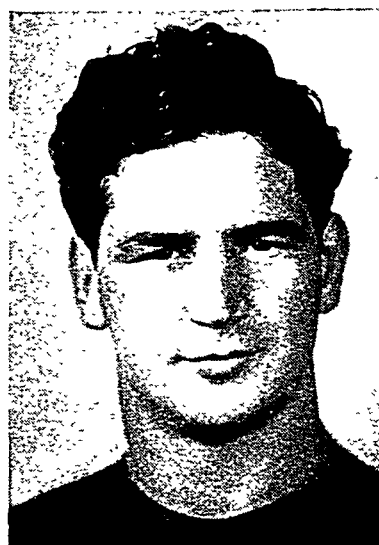
LEFT END:	Merv. Pregulman, Michigan
Bob Gantt, Duke	Don Whitmire, Navy
Ralph Heywood, So. California	RIGHT END:
Joe Parker, Texas	Al Channel, Navy
LEFT TACKLE:	Pete Pihos, Indiana
Art McCaffray, Coll. of Pacific	John Yonakor, Notre Dame
Frank Merritt, Army	QUARTERBACK:
Jim White, Notre Dame	Angelo Bertelli, Notre Dame
LEFT GUARD:	Robert O'Dell, Pennsylvania
Alex Agase, Purdue	Bob Steuber, DePauw
Alex Kapter, Northwestern	LEFT HALF:
Bill Ward, Washington	Creighton Miller, Notre Dame
CENTER:	Hal Hamberg, Navy
Bill Gray, Southern California	Elroy Hirsch, Michigan
Mutt Manning, Georgia Tech	RIGHT HALF:
Casimir Myslinski, Army	Otto Graham, Northwestern
RIGHT GUARD:	Eddie Prokop, Georgia Tech
Pat Filley, Notre Dame	Steve Van Buren, Louisiana St.
Ellis Jones, Tusa	FULLBACK:
Ed Murphy, Army	Bill Daley, Michigan
RIGHT TACKLE:	Glen Davis, Army
George Connor, Holy Cross	Tony Butkovich, Purdue



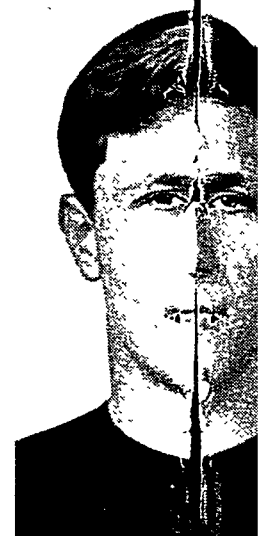
Paul Limont



Jim White



Captain Pat Filley



Herb Coleman

JOSEPH PAUL LIMONT

Paul Limont this year campaigned as a junior at a left end position for the blue and gold. A graduate of Jesuit High school, New Orleans, Limont alternated at end, back, and center on a team which won the city and state championship. In 1940 he was named on the all-state and all-prep teams. Limont, now a resident of Hyannis, Mass., claims that his pet peeve is "being teased" and his favorite hobby is sailing. A monogram winner last year, he was aided during the recently completed season by the experience he received in 1942. He is an expert pass receiver and an earnest defensive man.

JAMES JOSEPH WHITE

Jim White, Irish junior V-12 seaman, left tackle from Edgewater, N. J., left an excellent record at the All Hallows High school of New York City, holding captaincies in football, basketball, and track, winning four letters in each sport, and garnering all-city and all-state awards on the gridiron in 1938. His arrival at Notre Dame was the fulfillment of a lifetime ambition. Hoping to be a coach, the one time assistant scoutmaster names hunting, fishing, and rowing as his favorite hobbies. A leading campus handball adherent, he teams with trainer Eugene (Scrap-iron) Young. Varsity tackle last fall, Jim scythed his way through the toughest of opposition to become an important mainstay in the Irish wall during the past season.

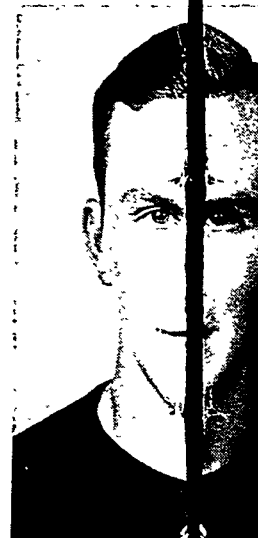
CAPTAIN PATRICK FILLEY

Pat Filley, Irish senior, left guard and a South Bend lad, succeeded fellow townsman, George Murphy, as captain of the Fighting Irish for 1943. A graduate of Central High school in South Bend, the likeable guard was a capable performer for the Notre Dame varsity last fall. Being elected captain of the Irish eleven was the stocky lineman's greatest experience of his entire life. An all-state lineman, Pat captained his high school wrestling team

to stay in condition during the cold months and won conference titles in the 155 and 165 pound classes. He has ambitions of being a professional football player and marks apple pie as his favorite food. Pat, who is now a member of the Marine Corps Reserve, spends leisure hours reading Poe.

HERBERT EDWARD COLEMAN

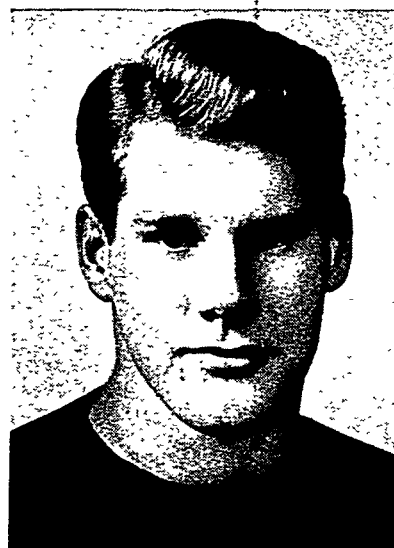
Herb Coleman, a native son of Chester, Va., is a junior at the University this year and played a center post on the Irish eleven. He captained his high school football and basketball teams, earning three letters in the latter and four in baseball. To these, last year, he added his varsity monogram in football. In 1940, he was named on the all-Ohio Valley football team. His greatest thrill, however, came last year when he started the Iowa Pre-Flight game, which resulted in a 28-0 Notre Dame victory. Herb's most narrow escape befell him when he plunged 10 feet, landed on his hand on concrete and escaped uninjured. He has worked in a steel mill and his ambition is to become an executive in that industry. Career girls are his pet peeve; "How Green Was My Valley" is his selection for outstanding literary value.



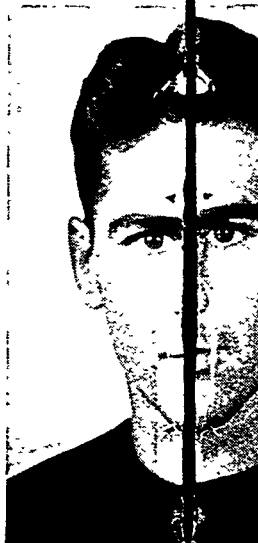
Ange Bertel



John Jackson



Creighton Miller



Jimello



erf Yeman



John Perko



Ziggy Czarowski



John Yonakor

JOHN FRANK PERKO

Johnny Perko, left guard, is a V-12 Marine transfer student of Slovenian descent from the mining country of Ely, Minnesota. Playing at a guard position is nothing new for Perko. In addition to holding down that post on his high school cage team, he won all-state honors as guard on the Ely High school football eleven. Before leaving high school, he won two letters in basketball and two in football. Last season, he covered the guard slot for Coach George Hauser at the University of Minnesota. Bruce Smith is his favorite athletic hero, and beating Michigan last year, 19-16, ranks as his No. 1 sports thrill. John wants to be a certified public accountant following the war.

ZYGMONT PETER CZAROWSKI

Ziggie Czarowski, a right tackle in the Irish line and a junior Marine V-12 student at the University, received his training in football while playing for Chicago's Mt. Carmel High school, under the tutelage of Wally Fromhart, former Notre Dame quarterback. He was a member of the Mount Carmel city championship team in 1939. For two years, he was picked for the all-Catholic team and in his final year was named all-city tackle. Ziggie was a

regular member of the 1942 eleven. His greatest thrill came when playing before 100,000 people in Los Angeles last fall. His narrowest escape occurred when his tie caught in one of his father's meat grinders, nearly strangling him to death. As hobbies, he collects rare plants and stamps.

JOHN JOSEPH YONAKOR

Jumbo Yonakor, right end, and one of the largest men on the Notre Dame squad, carries a total of six feet, four inches, and 222 pounds. Playing for Mechanic Arts High school of Dorchester, Mass., he gained three letters in football and an equal number in baseball and track. To these he added a pair of ND monograms, won in football and track last year. His most narrow escape came when as a child, he almost died of pneumonia. Diving and swimming are his favorite pastimes, with a professed liking for steak running a close second. He is a Marine V-12 student at the University.

ANGELO BERTELLI

Bert Bertelli, senior student who was transferred at the beginning of the current semester to Marine Boot Camp at Parris Island, astounded the football populace this year and last with his amazingly accurate passing. He has been rated as one of the greatest passers in the nation and one of the greatest in Notre Dame history. As a result, he was last season named to many mythical All-American elevens. Although Bert operated from the left half slot during his sophomore year, the "T" renovation in 1942 prompted Coach Leahy to switch him to quarterback, where he upheld his fine flinging reputation. He starred for Cathedral High of Springfield, Mass., captaining the football, baseball, and hockey teams, the latter twice. He was named one of the best hockey centers in New England, and his work attracted much attention and brought offers from the Springfield Indians and the Boston Bruins, which he refused in order to at-

(Continued on Page 32)



ge Bertelli



in Jack



imello



Jules Rykovich



Frank Szymanski

FRANK SZYMANSKI

Frank began his football career at Northeastern High school of Detroit, Mich. In 1940 he captained his team and was named to all-city and all-state honors.

A junior this year, Szymanski started his career at Notre Dame at the center position and won his numerals there. Last fall he was shifted to tackle but saw little action. This fall he was again shifted back to center and has been doing quite well in the pivot position.

ROBERT FRANCIS PALLADINO

As a sophomore V-12 Navy man, Bob has shown a great deal of promise as a hard running back in the right half department. Natick, Mass. is Bob's home, and it was there that he played three years of varsity ball in the local high school, winning his monogram each year and captaining the team in his final year. He was also a three letterman in baseball and basketball. Speedy Ben Sheridan, former Irish running threat, is his favorite athlete and he hopes to emulate Sheridan's feats on the gridiron.

At one time in his life Bob was thrown from a truck when it collided with a car



Bob Palladino

but he escaped uninjured. From Italian parentage Bob likes to sing hymns and play the piano as a pastime. He dislikes rising early but relishes a good plate of spaghetti and meat balls.

JOHN ADAMS

From deep in the farm territory of Arkansas, Charleston, to be exact, comes "Tree" Adams, the largest man on the Notre Dame team. He garnered letters in football and basketball at Subiaco academy in Subiaco, Ark. John was named on the all-state team for 1939 and 1940 and in 1939, his team was state non-conference co-champion.

Adams won his monogram last season and this spring was awarded the Frank Hering award for the most improved player.



John Adams



John Zilly

JACK ZILLY

A football, basketball and track man, won a total of 18 letters in high and prep school. He attended Lewis High school in Southington, Conn. for four years and Cheshire, Conn., academy for two years before coming to Notre Dame. For two years, 1939 and 1940, he was named on the all-state prep squads.



Bob Kelly

BOB KELLY

Last year Jack was running a good race for an end position when an injury forced him to retire for the season. This fall, however, found him in fine shape again and playing quite a bit of football at end.

Bob is from the nearby windy city of Chicago. He played for Leo High school of Chicago. His high school team was the 1942 city champion and he was selected as all-state that same year.

Through his excellent playing since coming to Notre Dame, he has established himself as one of the swiftest and hardest running backs on the team.

One of the most welcome gifts the "Windy City" has ever blessed Notre Dame with is Bob Kelly. Sparkplug of Chicago's Leo High school, city champs last year, this Irishman came to Notre Dame, with a great prep record culminating in an all-state award.

Beginning with the Army game, Kelly's freshman year has been little short of sensational, improving with every game. His speed, deception, and elusive ball-carrying have made him the No. 5 man in the Notre Dame backfield.



Jim Flanagan



Bernie Meter

JIM FLANAGAN

A product of Boston, Mass. Jim attended Boston College High school where he was active in football, baseball, track and hockey. He earned a total of nine letters. From Boston he journeyed down to New Jersey for prep work at Seton Hall. There he was again active in the same four sports, being named all-Metropolitan end in 1941.

Flanagan first played football in high school at the age of 13 and has been doing a good job at end ever since.

BUD METER

From nearby Ohio comes Bernard Meter. His home town is Cleveland and his high school was Cathedral Latin. He earned monograms in football and was a member of the 1940 Cleveland City championship team. Bud was named guard on the newspaper all-star eleven.

His hard work at the guard position enabled him to win his monogram last year as a reserve.



George Sullivan

GEORGE SULLIVAN

At Walpole High school, George Sullivan captained the football, basketball, and track teams while residing at East Walpole, Mass. Doing very well with the football team, he also won the state shot put championship.

Only a 17 year old freshman, George has managed to get into a number of games this year.

FRED EARLEY

A brother of a former Notre Dame half back, Bill Earley, is Fred Earley. Fred wears his brother's number "one." He attended Parkersburg, (W. Va.), High school where he was very active on the football team. Last year he was selected as one of the eleven outstanding high school



Fred Earley



Joe Signaigo

players of the nation by the Downtown Athletic Club of New York.

Only a freshman this season Fred has shown his ability to perform under pressure by kicking both the points after touchdown in the Seahawk game, thereby winning the battle for the Irish by one point.



Vic Kulbitski

JOSEPH SIGNAIGO

Winning nine letters in football, baseball and basketball, Signaigo came to Notre Dame from Memphis, Tenn. He is an alumnus of Catholic High school of that city. He played on the school's teams of 1938 and 1941 which took the Catholic Championship. In 1941 he also was co-captain of the Championship team.

VIC KULBITSKI

One of the few transfers from another school playing with the Fighting Irish this season, was Vic Kulbitski. Vic started his athletic career at Red Wing Central High school in his home town of Red Wing, Minn. He earned a total of eight letters in football, track and basketball. In 1939 he was named to the all-state squads in all three of these sports.

From high school, Vic followed in the steps of his brother, John, and went to the University of Minnesota for three years until he was called to active training with the Marine detachment at Notre Dame. In his three years at Minnesota, Vic played two years on the varsity.



Bob Hanlon



George Terlep

ROBERT SELDON HANLON

Bob, an Irish freshman, teamed with halfback Bob Kelly at Leo High school in Chicago. He earned three letters as fullback at Leo. He was named to the all-city and all-state squads his senior year when he co-captained the Leo team. A physical education major Hanlon hopes to some day coach at Notre Dame. Bob had a reputation as a powerful running back while at Leo and he has kept that reputation on the gridiron here at Notre Dame. His most interesting experience was riding a steer. As an enlisted member of the Navy Air Corps, he ranks flying second to football.

GEORGE RUDOLPH TERLEP

Duke Terlep is a descendant of Slovene parentage and hails from nearby Elkhart, Ind. He attended Elkhart High school and during his four years there garnered three monograms in baseball and three in football. He was named on all-conference and all-state teams in 1941. George, a second year commerce student whose main ambition is to become a successful business man, rates Red Grange as his favorite athletic hero. Though a mere 5 feet 8 inches tall he has ably proven to all that he is a very versatile athlete as well as



Elmer Angsman

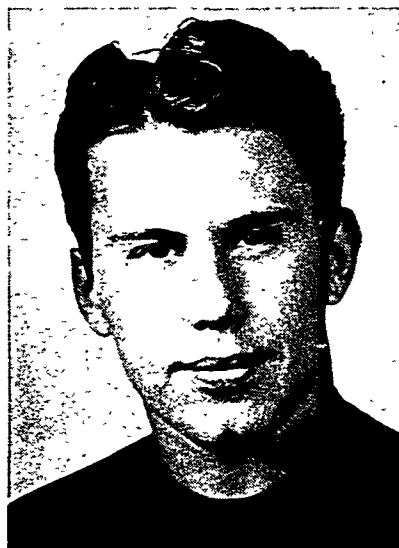
a good back. Accounting and statistics are his favorite subjects. One of the Duke's biggest thrills was when he intercepted a pass in a high school fray and ran 96 yards to score. He is a member of the Navy V-12 unit.



Art Statuto



Ray Davis



Ed Krupa

JOSEPH ELMER ANGSMAN

A Chicago boy, Bud is a freshman in the College of Commerce. He attended Mount Carmel High school in Chicago and captured three letters as a fullback



Jim Snyder

on the squad. He is now playing at the left halfback spot on the Irish squad. It has been Bud's childhood ambition to come to Notre Dame and he favors the lawyer's profession for his life's work. Though German-Irish by birth his favorite study is the Italian language. He is happiest when a dish of fried chicken is placed before him and his greatest peeve is finding no washrag in the bathroom. His greatest athletic hero is Wally Fromhart, one of the former great Irish stars, and now coach at Mount Carmel.

ARTHUR JOHN STATUTO

Art hails from Saugus, Mass., where he was enrolled in the Saugus High school. He is a sophomore enrolled in the College of Arts and Letters and plays center on the team. Art was instructed in the fundamentals of football by Hank Toczykowski, former Boston College great, and soon adopted the sport as his favorite and now plans coaching as a career. He played on his high school nine and earned his baseball monogram; he was varsity center capturing three letters. Art takes pride in showing his baseball scrapbooks and precise batting statistics while mathematics is his favorite subject. His favorite athletic hero is Jimmy Foxx. He is a member of the Navy V-12 unit.



Ronny Waldron



Mike Lyden

RAYMOND DAVIS

Ray is a Scotch-Irish senior who plays right half. He is a V-12 marine transfer from the University of Idaho where he went through three years of varsity competition and collected a monogram each year. At present Ray's home is in Spokane, Wash., but he originally hailed from Wallace, Idaho, where he attended Wallace High school and massed 12 letters in athletic competition; three each in football, basketball, baseball and track. As a Panhandle conference representative he was selected all-state in basketball in 1938 and all-state football in 1938 and 1939. Anatomy is his favorite subject and he hopes some day to become a coach. Bruce Smith is his favorite athlete and not being able to play in a game is his pet peeve.

JAMES ANTHONY SNYDER

James Snyder, a 17-year-old freshman, was a reserve at guard. A native of Taft, Calif. In high school—at Taft Union and later at Bakersfield High—Snyder played one year at tackle and three at fullback on championship elevens. He says it has been his greatest desire since grammar school days to attend Notre Dame. Hence his jaunt across more than half the country to play for the Irish. But Jarrin' John



Frank Dancewicz

Kimbrough, of Texas A. & M., is Snyder's athletic hero. Nicknamed "Slim," Jim majors in physical education, enjoys biology and steak.

RONAYE MARTIN WALDRON

Ronny originally hailed from Silver Springs, Md. though his present home is in Latrobe, Pa. He attended Gonzaga



Raymond Kuffel



Mark Todorovich



Gaspar Urban

High school in Washington, D.C. where he earned four monograms; two in football; and two in baseball. He is a freshman in the Arts and Letters College. At



Frank Ruggiero

one time in his life Ronny was struck by a street car but was lucky enough to escape with only a bruise. Ronny likes mathematics and Frankie Sinkwich is his favorite athlete.

FRANK DANCEWICZ

A graduate of Lynn Classical High school of Lynn, Mass. is Frank Dancewicz. He won three letters in football. Twice selected all-city, twice all-state, and once all-New England, he was called the greatest high school football player in New England in 1940 and 1941. His great playing in high school led to his being called the outstanding product of the Eastern secondary schools.

RAYMOND KUFFEL

Ray Kuffel, a left end at Marquette during his sophomore and junior years, was transferred to Notre Dame with the Marine V-12 contingent. He attended Messmer High school, in Milwaukee, where he won six monograms: three in football, the rest in basketball. He made three all-conference teams. His two biggest thrills have been with Marquette athletic squads. During the 1941-42 basketball season he helped the Hilltoppers gain a victory over
(Continued on page 33)



Jerry Ford

"The MEN'S Corner"

Home of Nationally Accepted Merchandise

KUPPENHEIMER
SUITS - COATS

BOTANY "500"
SUITS

STETSON HATS
LEE HATS

FLORSHEIM
SHOES

FREEMAN
SHOES

ARROW SHIRTS
and TIES

BOTANY
TIES

INTERWOVEN
HOSE

HICKOK BELTS
and SUSPENDERS

Rose & Katz
FOR MEN AND BOYS
MAIN AT COLFAX
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE EXPERTS

By Frank Keenan

NOTRE DAME — *THE* magic name in football . . . a name that commands attention in every state, city, town, and hamlet across our broad nation, from the granite hills and crystal lakes of New Hampshire to the sun-drenched and dew-drowned citrus groves of southern California. From Saturday to Saturday for three long months the sports pages of thousands of newspapers, from 4-page weeklies to bulging 60-page dailies, are highlighted with stories of the name and fame of Notre Dame. And especially in this year of Rambler gridiron glory, when Irish deeds have echoed from millions of mouths and painted green the pages of football history, is it fitting that the immortal words of tribute to our Fighting Irish which have flowed from the pens of great writers be preserved in this — SCHOLASTIC'S homage to a great team.

Back in the waning days of August, when the grass still sparkled emerald-like under a warm mid-day sun, the football situation seemed in a hopeless muddle. Each day's journal carried stories of additional schools dropping the gridiron game; schedules were in embryonic stages at best; and football mentors daily had to revise muster lists. But even these pigskin previews were forcing their uncertain way to the fore on newsstands and counters. One in particular found a glimmer of hope for the Irish — a glimmer that has since grown into a dazzling stream of glory:

1943 ILLUSTRATED FOOTBALL ANNUAL

" . . . the suave Mr. Leahy has the makings of an eleven that would be worthy of Notre Dame even in Rockne's heyday. Yes, the Irish ride the conquering chariot once again."

That's the way things looked to that particular writer — but to most the Irish Brigade was still of unproven quality. Once the season opened, however, many of the doubts faded slinkingly behind the blaze of victory. Clark Shaughnessy's mysterious version of the Pitt Panther came first — and briefly the story went like this:

ARCH WARD, *Chicago Tribune*

"A group of boys from the University of Pittsburgh this afternoon went on a man's errand and the result was inevitable. They were turned back . . . 41 to 0 and even that onesided margin

hardly gives a true index to the victor's superiority. Notre Dame . . . is a squad that will challenge the nation's best."

In spite of Ward's optimistic prediction the majority of experts accounted for Notre Dame's runaway win in terms of Pittsburgh weakness. The Irish must first prove themselves against sterner opposition, they held. The test was not long in coming, either. Seven days later the southland invaded Erin's soil in the guise of a squad of buzzing Yellow-jackets, whom many had already named the No. 1 team in Dixie. And this is what took place:

WAYNE K. OTTO,
Chicago Herald-American

"Bertelli, Rykovich, Kuffel, Mello, Lujack, yes and Hanlon . . . just a few of the orneriest, hard-ridin', Tornado-busters ol' Notre Dame has had since the Roaring Days of the Four Horsemen and those line-smashing versatile Rocknes of 1930. . . . To be sure Notre Dame won, going away, 55 to 13, but the versatility of attack and the power, obviously harnessed in spite of the massacre-like score, was something over which fans can reminisce for many days to come."

Such a display of sheer invincibility naturally had everyone in a turmoil regarding just how great a club Frank Leahy had gathered under the Golden Dome in this second season of war-time football! But toss away the bouquets, lads, here comes mighty Michigan. And with the wily Wolverines, billed as probable national champs, came 86,000 record-breaking spectators to witness the "Game of the Decade." And what a ball game!!!

JAMES S. KEARNS, *Chicago Sun*

.... "Notre Dame won football's game of the year in the midst of mild chaos here today. The Fighting Irish completely crushed Michigan, 35 to 12, while an all-time local record of 86,000 spectators looked on at a game that was, in its competitive phases a rout. . . . Make no mistake. . . . The Irish No. 1 team, superb in its quick-striking power and the deadliness of Angelo Bertelli's great passing, completely overwhelmed all the defenses Michigan endeavored to raise against it."

To this must be added a tremendous tribute:

(Continued on page 31)

At Max Adler Co.

South Bend's Quality Store since 1913

QUALITY AND PRICES ESTABLISHED BY NAVY DEPARTMENT



U · S · NAVY OVERCOATS FOR COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

This beaver-finish cloth is a pliant and durable wool fleece, 30-ounce, 2-ply Kersey. It meets all government specifications as to wool stock, yarn, weight, dye, shrinkage, finish, and tensile strength. And in fashion, fit, and general appearance, there is not an officer in the Navy who would not be proud to wear it. At \$50, it is a tribute to the Navy's efforts to make available the finest for its officers at the lowest possible price!

\$50

If it doesn't fit we won't LET you wear it!

MAX ADLER

ON THE CORNER . . . Michigan at Washington

South Bend's most conveniently located Navy Outfitters — Just across from downtown bus terminal.

The Men Behind the Men Behind the Line; Usher Corps an Efficient Organization

BY AL LESMEZ

A very pretty and rather distinguished young woman came to see the Irish play in the stadium this year. There were many who fit this description, of course, but this individual was exceptionally well dressed, and carried herself with as much poise as that last drink would allow. She had waited a long time to see this Irish squad in action, and at last her wish was to be fulfilled. Then suddenly it happened. She lost her balance and the heel of her shoe clipped off neatly.

Later, in the second quarter, when Mr. Duley, personnel director, arrived at his office, he found this very pretty young girl tearfully sobbing that she could not see the Fighting Irish because she had no heel on her shoe. Mr. Duley could not laugh, but he summoned messengers and sent to the carpenter shop for a hammer and nails. Quick, sure hands fastened the heel back in place, and the inebriated lady staggered out quite happy. She was going to see the game after all... or at least, half of it.

This is one of the many interesting

experiences which faced the staff of ushers at the games this year. Each game brought with it new laughs, new problems, and new incidents.

There is no questioning of the efficient machine Notre Dame fielded, but it is seldom that the supply lines, the planners, the workers behind the team ever get recognition. Theirs is the oil that makes the machine work. The success of this National Championship team means that there were planners carrying out details, and running the show.

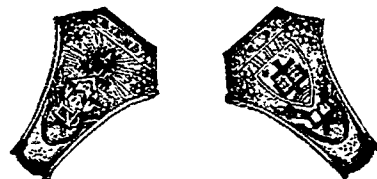
Beginning with Mr. Herb Jones and his business department, through Walter Kennedy's publicity department, all the way down to the program salesmen, all had their particular job to fulfill, and each did as well in his capacity as the team out on the field.

A football machine is a giant enterprise, needing radio technicians, announcers, teletype experts, photographers, newsreel men, scouts, student managers, coaches, ushers, "pop and dogs" salesmen, program sellers, and field caretakers; this machine needs stenograph-

Campus Headquarters

for CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Ladies' Miniature
NOTRE DAME RINGS
— the Ideal Gift!



Selection of Writing Paper,
Religious Articles,
Pillows and
Pennants

N. D. Bookstore
South Wing Badin Hall



Ye Jolly Little Tailor

Appointed
SHIP'S TAILOR
148 Morrissey Hall

Ed. Price & Co.

NAVAL UNIFORM STORE



CUSTOM-TAILORED OFFICERS' UNIFORMS

Our 50 years experience as custom tailors is your guarantee of an exact fit and finer workmanship. **MADE-TO-MEASURE.** Personal attention.

Finest quality caps and accessories.

117 West LaSalle Ave.
Phone 4-0220

Whose Your Tailor?
TRADE MARK REGD. 1900 BY EDV. PRICE & CO.

ers, secretaries, publicity men. And too, it needs players. But that's another story.

Mike Moore is an old Notre Dame standby at the time clock. He has been with the team many seasons, and no "Michigan incident" has occurred with him around. He deserves a lot of the credit for always keeping the thousands of spectators informed *correctly* of just how much time is left.

The student managers with their traveling field phones and their accurate play by play gains and losses on the score board deserve a round of applause. These student managers perform all sorts of duties which crop up in the excitement of the game. Many times they are the team's right hand men.

To demonstrate how unique the various departments and organizations which play their part before, during, and after each game, the SCHOLASTIC tracked down Mr. W. H. Duley, major of the Usher Squad, and asked him for the military "dope" on his organization.

With the building of the stadium back in 1930, there arose a need for a body of men to handle the terrific crowds who came in search of the 50-yard line. The human traffic problem became so acute that the present corps of ushers was formed. It resembled in many ways the military order of the army. To this day, the titles of officers are used, from major all the way down to the lowly private.

As was mentioned before, Mr. W. H. Duley is the major, followed by the captain-adjutant, Mr. T. E. Dillon. The corps is supervised by eight captains, staffed by first lieutenants, second lieutenants, staff sergeants, etc. The "army" consists of 775 men, spread strategically over 17 gates, 36 ramps, the box sections, and some 20 men patrolling the grounds immediately outside the stadium, seeing that all is well, guarding the team doors, and helping out with the radio equipment that has to be moved from trucks to the roof of the press-box.

Contrary to much popular opinion, these men are all citizens of South Bend, and not from the University. Anyone living in South Bend is eligible to join the staff, providing that there is a vacancy, and also that he has good character references.

Files are set up sometime in July with the prospective members' names. About three weeks before the beginning of the season, an organization meeting is called wherein all rules are discussed carefully. New men get a chance to acquaint themselves thoroughly with their fellow workers, and also with the rules. Most stringent of these is that no man may drink while on duty at the stadium, and fur-

ther, that even a slight trace of liquor on the breath will be sufficient cause for immediate dismissal from the corps. A regulation that is rather interesting to note is the fact that no women are allowed either on the field, nor in the press-box.

After this meeting, the men are ready to take their first real step toward being true ushers. They give a dollar deposit and receive their caps. These are returnable during the last game of the season, with the deposit going back to the men.

If a man is to be absent or late for any game, it is necessary that he telephone. Otherwise he is subject to dismissal.

Mr. Duley is glad to announce that since the beginning of the war, more

than 300 ushers have been called to the colors, but that on their return, their old positions, together with their rank, will be waiting for them.

To augment this staff of ushers, police officers are stationed all over the stadium so that if force is required to remove anyone, "under the influence" or otherwise causing discomfort to the fans, they may be summoned. There is a bull-pen for unruly persons who have had too much excitement; it is located below the stands.

These ushers, especially those with titles, think a great deal of their work, and do everything possible to maintain themselves in their positions. The supervisory officers deserve a great deal of

(Continued on Page 36)



"Turn up shirt collars before washing them . . ."

This fella has the right idea—it's just his technique that's a little sour. Shirt collars *will* last much longer if they are turned up before being sent to the laundry, for then the crease around the top doesn't get such heavy rubbing and consequently lasts longer before fraying.

Another fine point to remember—when you need new shirts, whether military or civilian, buy Arrow. They live up to their fine reputation for lasting wear and perfect fit. Don't forget the Sanforized label, which guarantees fabric shrinkage less than 1%.

ARROW

SHIRTS • TIES • HANDKERCHIEFS • UNDERWEAR • SPORT SHIRTS

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

The Week

BY JIM CASSIDY AND BOB SCHELLENBERG

TOP OF THE WEEK

The Nation's No. 1 Team (Purdue Exponent, please copy).



LITERARY NOTE

The *Book-of-the-Week* Club has chosen for its selection this week that current best seller *Thirty Seconds Over Sweetbriar*, or, *God Is My Co-pilot*. We pick this magnificent bit of English lit. as the most likely to arouse the you-know-what of the you-know-who.

Your correspondent in an interview with Waldermere Van Toozlesnoozer, internationally famous chef, renowned the world over for his culinary masterpiece — asphalt-tile suzette à la Connolly, and known to all his intimates as "Ziggy," uncovers the smash scoop (newspaper expression, not a golf shot) that the meat (short for ham) served on Fridays is merely a gesture to show the student body the appreciation of the management for the gentlemanly way we all took to the lack of the "boid" on Thanksgiving.



IN BED WE CRY

(With apologies to Ilka Chase)

You've heard that a lot of the lads are flat on the well known dorsal side in the N.D. infirmary. Do you know how it is to be over in the infirmary? Infirmary — that's a hospital classified 4-F. It's so crowded over there that the doctors can't get near the patients. If a doctor wants to listen to your chest, he has to wait till after seven o'clock so that the long distance rates are cheaper. Really, the last man in the ward is so far away from the door that the nurse has to take a Mishawaka bus to go over and take his temperature. And I won't say that they have the beds stacked on top of each other — not very high — but three times a day for three days straight my meals when I was over there were brought to me by a ST. BERNARD dog. And the lads over there are really knocked out. There's a new song

dedicated to infirmary complexions. You know how it goes "... They're either too gray or too grassy green. ..."

Just to show you what it's like, suppose for a minute that you are Dripsey Jones, AS, V-12, USNR. You feel terrible ... your cheek bones look like antlers, your eyes are sporting the latest luggage duplex bags with special compartment for electric razor, and your tongue is dreaming of a white Christmas.

The boys of the stethoscope and the tongue depressor have you saying "ah" till you sound like a Sinatra broadcast, disclosing at length that you have cat fever.

A WAVE rushes you to the infirmary in a station wagon. Have you got a temperature! You discover this when your chauffeur starts making grilled scrambled egg sandwiches on your forehead. You can't decide whether she's a fast driver or not until after arriving she makes you wait three minutes for your germs to catch up.

A nurse meets you at the door. The WAVES and the nurses get along famously together. When the two meet, the nurse waves her hankie coquettishly and says, "My dear, that's exquisite lipstick you're wearing ... but isn't catsup rationed?"

The WAVE smiles sweetly, "And you, you dear girl, starting a new fad like that ... off-the-face makeup." And you're the one with the cat fever. While the girls are chatting you grab a look at your chart. It's an impressive document, typed in triplicate with V-12 seals in each corner.

N.D. INFIRMARY

If you're a hypochondriac
We will put you on your back.

Phone: Day or night?

For over seventy-six
years dispensers of pre-
eminent Pills.

CASE RECORD OF.....Jones Dripsey O. A.S.,
V-12, USNR

TEMPERATURE.....Patient is hysterical,
chews thermometers.

PULSE.....Let you know when we find the
darned thing.

THROAT.....Patient says throat feels aw-
ful, but we felt down there
and it feels all right to us.

CHEST.....Well the V-12 program can't
do everything.

COMPLEXION.....Like the driven snow.
I wonder what could
have driven the snow
to that.

EYES.....At half mast.

AILMENT.....Well, everything is going up
these days.

DIAGNOSIS.....The usual.

You're sure now that you feel like
you're going to the dogs — that's cat
fever.

They put you to bed, and you're ready
for your first meal at the infirmary.
With each meal you are served a de-
lightful cocktail ... the nurse doesn't
wipe the antiseptic from your thermom-
eter — Listerine Collins. The main
course consists of a big dish of sulfa
tablets garnished with bicarbonate of
soda. Sulfa tablets — that's an aspirin
with a secret weapon. Later on they give
you a more hearty diet of All-Bran and
prunes (plums that don't get around
much any more).

Sooner or later, they'll let you out. ...
You'll be too weak to do anything but
sit and watch your three-day phy-ed ex-
cuse run out. But it was fun, wasn't it!
(Loud crash followed by speech choir
reciting.).

THE N.D. INFIRMARY BLUES OR NURSE TO YOU, BROTHER

Pills, pills pills,
Pills that must be downed again.

Pills, pills pills,
That nurse has come around again.

Pills, pills pills,
Pink and green and black again.

Pills, pills pills,
Go home ... but you'll be back again.

Pills, pills pills,
(Boring darned things, ain't it?)



BOTTOM OF THE WEEK

Et tu, Purdue?

EXCERPTS FROM THE EXPERTS
(Continued from page 26)

H. G. SALSINGER, *Detroit News*

"His (Leahy's) present team is unquestionably the best college eleven in the country. Not alone is it the best college team in the country, but it could beat any professional team. . . . Notre Dame comes about as near to being a perfect football machine as any college team is ever likely to come. Its timing, precision, cohesion, and speed are astonishing."

Yes, the Michigan game served notice on the nation of the invincibility of the Irish. Salsinger's all-out praise seemed to be justified, as the opposition continued to fall before the green-clad Notre Damers like wheat before the scythe. Wisconsin was next.

JAMES S. KEARNS, *Chicago Sun*

"Notre Dame's precision-gearred football machine ground Wisconsin to bits here today to roll up a 50 to 0 victory. . . . This rout, worst in modern Wisconsin gridiron history, took shape from the very opening of the game and not even for a fleeting second thereafter did the performance bear the slightest resemblance to a contest, even though the Irish regulars were kept on the bench more than three quarters of the game."

And then Illinois.

MILT WOODWARD, *Chicago Sun*

"If touchdowns were gold, the football Irish could have replated the dome of Notre Dame here today and still would have had enough left over from their 47 to 0 conquest of Illinois to float the fourth war loan drive. The Irish . . . were giving the football the old Midas touch to where they eventually scored almost every time they got the ball."

The East's best teams were next, in the midst of one of its most successful seasons. "Maybe——," thought some. "Uh-uh!!," answered Frank Leahy's lads.

LEO FISCHER,
Chicago Herald-American

"Angelo Bertelli threw three touchdown passes and scored a fourth tally

himself this afternoon as he led his mates to a crushing 33 to 6 victory over Navy in his finale as a Notre Dame player.

It was a triumph which left Notre Dame still among the nation's unde-

feated teams and which convinced the overflow crowd of more than 81,000 that this is one of the greatest Irish elevens of all time."

Army — undefeated Army, with a
(Continued on page 38)

PARKER - WINTERROWD - 115½ North Main Street

WE wish to extend our sincere thanks to the Midshipmen who have favored us with their uniform orders and assure them of our every consideration and attention.



John Parker - Earl Winterrowd

ELLSWORTH'S 111th CHRISTMAS

Gifts for everyone on
your Christmas list!

For the "Girls"

Perfumes.....	1.00 to 29.50
Jewelry.....	1.00 to 45.00
Lingerie.....	2.50 up
Handbags	5.00
Hosiery	1.35

From Our Men's Shop

Shirts	2.24 up
Ties	1.00
Sweaters	3.50
Billfold	2.00

PHOTOGRAPHS:

- ❖ Page 12 by International News Photo. ❖
- ❖ Page 9 by Bob Haller ❖
- ❖ Page 10 by Frank Cacciapaglia ❖
- ❖ Page 13 by Frank Cacciapaglia ❖
- ❖ Page 18 by Bob Haller ❖

JOHN LUJACK

Johnny Lujack, quarterback on the Notre Dame squad and a member of the Navy V-12 unit, hails from Connellsville, Pa. During his high school career, John won three letters in football, three in basketball, and three in track. A quiet, well-liked man, John possesses the amazing ability of being able to punt, run, and pass equally well. He believes that the most interesting sports event of his life was the running back of two successive punts against Mt. Pleasant High school (Pa.), each jaunt covering 70 yards. His brother, Al, was a football, basketball, and track star at Georgetown University a few years ago. Being elected president of his senior class in high school was his most interesting experience. As a sideline to football, John collects autographs and photos of athletes.

CREIGHTON EUGENE MILLER

To the left half position this year came Creighty Miller, a junior student at Notre Dame, who switched from right half, where he won his letter in 1942, and from the fullback position, which he played as

a sophomore monogram winner. As a grid star, he has gained widespread publicity as a prodigious ground gainer and an excellent punter. While playing for Alexis I. DuPont High School of Wilmington, Del., Creight earned a total of 13 letters—four in football, and three each in basketball, baseball, and track. His father, M. Harry Miller captained the 1908 team, and his four uncles, Don, Gerald, Walter, and Ray, all played for the Irish. Don was one of the Four Horsemen of 1924. Tom, Creight's older brother, played for the Irish during the past three seasons. His most interesting experience was playing before a home town assembly in Yankee Stadium; and he believes that Notre Dame's 13-0 victory over Southern California last year before 95,000 fans was his greatest athletic thrill.

JAMES ANTHONY MELLO

Jim Mello, junior student hailing from West Warwick, R. I., was one of the three who composed Notre Dame's fullback trio last year. His associates, Corwin Clatt and Gerry Cowhig, are now elsewhere in the armed forces; therefore the brunt of the fullback duties fell toward him this fall. At West Warwick High school, Jim won three letters in football, three in

baseball, and two in basketball. He was named on the all-state football team in 1939 and the all-state baseball squad in 1938. His greatest athletic thrill was starting for Notre Dame in the fall of 1942. The Southern California trip last year proved to be the most interesting experience of his life. Monk Maznicki carries Jim's vote for favorite athletic hero. Jim has a voluminous scrapbook of poems he collects from his friends.

JULIUS RYKOVICH

Julie Rykovich, right half, is a marine V-12 transfer from the University of Illinois. Rykovich gained notice as a fine running back as a frosh under Ray Eliot last fall. Julius, whose ambition is to play in the annual All-Star game, captured five monograms while at Lew Wallace High school in Gary, Ind. three in football, one in track, and one in basketball. Beating Emerson High school in Gary for the N. I. H. S. championship, 19-6, was Julius' outstanding thrill. He traveled over 40 yards three times and counted for all of his team's points. He was a member of the all-state eleven in 1941. An outdoor man, Julie prefers fishing and hunting to the milder pastimes.

—Al Broten

Have a "Coke" = Swell work, Leatherneck



...or how to celebrate a victory at home

Returning home with a captured Japanese sword, the husky Marine is greeted with *Have a "Coke"*. It's the kind of celebration he welcomes most. At home or abroad Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*,—has become a symbol of the American way of life.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY
Coca-Cola Bottling Company of South Bend



"Coke" = Coca-Cola
It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

(Continued from page 25)

the Irish, and during the '41 football season he shared in Marquette's triumph over Wisconsin. Dentistry is Kuffel's ambition; collecting match covers, his hobby. He is in the Arts and Letters school. After the Navy game Ray went, with Angelo Bertelli, to Parris Island to begin Marine Officer Training.

MICHAEL PATRICK LYDEN, JR.

Big Mike, six foot two inches in height, and weighing 197, hails from Youngstown, Ohio, where he attended Youngstown East high school and garnered five monograms in four years; 3 in basketball and 2 in football. He was captain of his football team as well as the basketball squad in his senior year. He was selected for the all-state teams for two years consecutively for both basketball and football. Mike is now a reserve center on the Irish squad. He majors in criminology having for his goal in life the Federal Bureau of Investigation. His favorite dish is Irish stew and his favorite athlete is Bob Dove, Notre Dame All-American in 1941.

GASPER GEORGE URBAN

"Gas," a Marine V-12 trainee, is of Lithuanian parentage and a sophomore left guard. He hails from Lynn, Mass., and attended Lynn Classical High school where he won three letters in football at tackle and captained the team in his senior year. He is a major in the College of Commerce. Gas is six feet tall and tops the scale at an even 200 pounds. When it comes to food, Gas likes to dig right in to a dish of sauerkraut and sausage. His favorite study is Spanish.

FRANK A. RUGGIERO

Rooge, who is a tackle on this year's squad, has his residence in Orange, N. J. He attended Orange High school and garnered seven monograms in his four years; four in football; two in basketball; and one in baseball. Frank is majoring in Physical Education and would like to have a career as a coach. One of the biggest thrills of his life was meeting Jim Thorpe, who is his favorite athlete. When it comes to eating, Frank can enjoy nothing better than a good home cooked dish of spaghetti. He tips the scales at 215 and stands five feet, 8½ inches in height which all adds up to power when charging the opponent's line.

JERRY FORD

Ford, a sophomore end, came to the Fighting Irish from Jesuit High in New Orleans, La. His record there in both football and track, in which he ran hurdles, was excellent. However, Jerry has limited himself to football here at Notre Dame.

In 1941 he was all-state end and last year Ford won his numerals at Notre Dame.

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IRISH THRILLS

Captain Pat Filley: "Leading the Irish—what could afford a greater thrill than that?"

Jim Mello: "Scoring three touchdowns against Georgia Tech."

Herb Coleman: "Opening hole for Miller's 60 yard run in the Michigan game."

John Perko: "Just being a member of a Notre Dame football team was thrilling enough for me."

James J. White: "Taking the ball from Davis of Army."

Paul Limont: "Waiting for Fred Earley's winning extra point to go over the bar."

John Lujack: "Entering Yankee Stadium before 80,000, and more or less trying to fill Bert's shoes."

Creighton Miller: "Fifty-yard run in Michigan game—that was called back—because of holding."

"Zig" Czarowski: "My biggest thrill was catching the first and second touchdown passes against Army."

Bob Kelly: "Playing for Notre Dame."

Julius Rykovich: "Playing in the Iowa Preflight game."

Fred Earley: "Kicking the winning point against the Seahawks."

John Zilly: "Playing in the Michigan game with a team like Notre Dame."

Joe Signaigo: "Blocking a punt in the Great Lakes game."

Victor Kulbitski: "Beating Michigan—and winning the national championship which makes *two* thrills for me."

George Sullivan: "Scoring a touchdown on a recovered fumble in Georgia Tech game."

"Bud" Meter: "The wonderful team spirit and the fellows' attitudes."

Robert Palladino: "My biggest thrill was being a member of the Notre Dame squad."

James Flanagan: "Playing in the Army game in New York."

Frank Szymanski: "Stopping Daly twice on the one-yard line. Also making the tongue-twisters All-American."

John Adams: "Hitting the 'Statue of Liberty' play in the Georgia Tech game. It resulted in a fumble which we recovered for a touchdown."

Gaspar Urban: "Winning a monogram in the National Champs."

Bob Hanlon: "Playing with Notre Dame."

Frank Dancewicz: "Seeing Notre Dame beat Iowa Pre-flight."

Gerry Ford: "Playing in the Iowa-Seahawks game."

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The FIGHTING IRISH
National Champions

College Parade

BY RICHARD MURPHY

WILLIE, AGAIN!

Little Willie, with father's gun,
Punctured grandma just for fun.
Mother frowned at the merry lad,
It was the last shell father had.
—*Rugby Cadet*

MISPRINT?

WE QUOTE FROM THE "PURDUE EXPONENT": "FIRST THE RECAPTURE OF THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET, as well as a share in the Western Conference title, and now the MYTHICAL NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP!" Their modesty is amazing — especially to the nation's sportswriters who ranked them SIXTH.

HEADLINE OF THE WEEK

From the *Prospector* publication of Carroll College, Helena, Mont., comes this heartbreaker:

"CARROLL'S V-12 TO HIT HOME PORTS DURING 10-DAY CHRISTMAS LEAVES."

For us — Good Old South Bend, no more, no less!!

DAFFY-NITIONS:

Excerpts from the Boston *University News*:

Cannibal—One who loves his fellow man
—with gravy.

Alimony—The high cost of leaving.

Rabbit—Here today and mink tomorrow.

Jump—The last thing in airplane.

LOYOLA OPINIONS:

In keeping with our policy of publishing, occasionally, opinions from other campuses, we present extracts from the campus poll conducted by the *Greyhound*, tri-weekly publication of Loyola College, Baltimore, Md.:

Would you favor the continuance of military training following the war?

Yes46 per cent

No54 per cent

Should the Axis war criminals be brought to trial?

Yes19 per cent

No81 per cent

Marginal votes indicate that the great majority feel it would be impossible from a practical point of view to try any of the Axis "War Criminals."

How much do you usually spend on a date?

Overall average\$3.64

STRONG SUPPORT

A cow has two legs in front
And two in addition
To hold up her chassis,
Rear end, and transmission.
—*Queen's Journal*

THE IRISH—GOD BLESS THEM

Sure, the lads were all kidding me,
Asking me why
They call them the "Irish"—
(And figures don't lie!)

There's Rykovich—Lujack—
(They call them by name)
Czarowski—and Perko
For Old Notre Dame.

Yonakor—Mello—
Filley—and White—
They haunt me by day,
And they haunt me by night.

But Bridgie, she told them—
She's now twenty-three,
And fond of the Irish,
Notre Dame men and me.

"Whatever your country,
In Ireland, 'tis true,
If you kiss the blarney,
You're Irish, clean thru.

"Now here in America,
'Tis most the same—
Forever you're Irish,
If you're Notre Dame.

"The spelling's no matter,
It's under the skin—
If you spell Lucas Lujack,
The Irish still win."

—MCBRIDE in
"The Wake of the News"
(*Chicago Tribune*).

THE FILTHY RICH—

There's a mean rumor floating about the campus that the John D. Rockefeller of the Notre Dame bookstore, Brother Conan, has been responsible for the recent fires on the campus. 'Tis said in the better (?) circles that Brother has been touching off these red hot blazes with ten dollar bills.

Brother claims innocence, but he won't deny that he can afford it!

*Don't give up,
Mr. Santa . . .*



**Joan Navarre
at Wyman's
will help
you shop . . .**

You don't know what to get for Mother, Dad, the Girl Friend? Wyman's makes Christmas shopping easy for you.

Just ask in Wyman's for Joan Navarre, personal shopper, or telephone her (3-5101). She'll shop with you or for you . . . and she has lots of wonderful sure-to-please ideas for Christmas presents. But come soon, while selections are still good.

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IN every theatre of this global war, Airplane Spotters scan the skies night and day—their field telephones ready to spread the alarm instantly.

At sea and in the air, as well as on land, telephone and radio equipment made by Western Electric speeds reports and orders—helps our fighters to win and hold the offensive.

For 61 years, Western Electric has been the manufacturer for the Bell Telephone System. Today all our facilities are devoted to making military communications equipment. In this vital work, college graduates—men and women of varied abilities—are playing an important part.

Buy War Bonds regularly—from now till Victory:



Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.



USHERS ARE EFFICIENT

(Continued from Page 29)

credit; all hold regular or executive positions in firms downtown, but they never hesitate to come to help plan and iron out details and make necessary lay-outs for the coming game.

A humorous note was struck at the Iowa Seahawks game. People were beginning to leave the stadium after the game when a loud explosion occurred. A curious crowd gathered around the spot. All were calm by this time, except for a young man who had to fight to be able to stand on his feet. He was sure that he had seen a man blown under the stadium wall in the explosion. All the explanation possible was insufficient to convince him that liquor was not the root-evil of this freak accident. And besides, the wall wasn't even scratched. But the man insisted, and soon went to work with feet and hands, kicking the wall, hitting it, trying to budge it, fighting against calculations of engineers back in 1930, and succeeding in nothing more than seriously skinning his hands.

Together with the drunks, the banners, the college "kids," both fancied and real, the heavy football blankets, and all that makes the football atmosphere, the pattern includes all these groups and organizations behind the scenes. The wonderful spectacles of the past season will live and re-live in the minds of all true Notre Dame fans. They will remember every fight, every banner, their programs, the drunks, and the scattered sights of interest made possible by a working organization, pulling together to make this whole spectacle, this pattern called football, the most exciting to date.

N. D. had National Champions on the field this season, but just as great champions working in all fields behind the lines. Congratulations all!

Attendance for the 1943 Football Season

Pittsburgh	60,000
Georgia Tech	35,000
Michigan	87,000
Wisconsin	17,000
Illinois	30,000
Navy	82,000
Army	76,000
Northwestern	49,000
Iowa Seahawks	45,000
Great Lakes	23,000

Total504,000

OBSERVATIONS

By Lieut. S. L. Beatty, U.S.N.R.

All V-12 pre-medical and pre-dental students now in their fourth semester will meet with the course officer and the Dean of the College of Science in the Law Auditorium at 6:30 on Tuesday evening, 14 December. V-12 students in or beyond their fourth term of pre-medical or pre-dental work who entered Notre Dame on 1 November 1943 should attend this meeting also.



Those candidates who have official letters of admission to medical or dental colleges dated before 1 August 1943 should have them available for submission to the proper authorities, as will be explained in the meeting on Tuesday, 14 December.

This required meeting is for the purpose of beginning the assembly of application papers which are in turn studied by the Director of Training for this Naval district and for rating by the Navy's committee of five deans of colleges of medicine in this district. There are approximately sixty-three students on station who have completed, as of 27 October, their third pre-medical or pre-dental term. Fourth-term pre-medical students in the Marine Corps unit should attend this meeting, and later seek their proper transfer to the Navy quota of pre-medical students as directed by Captain Finney.



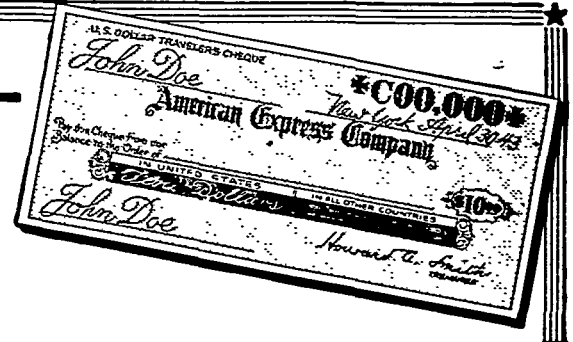
A recent bulletin has been received outlining the plan of the Navy for selecting and educating a limited number of pre-theological and theological students for service as chaplains in the United States Naval Reserve. The number accepted will be determined on a denominational quota basis in accordance with the needs of the Navy. The program of undergraduate studies for such candidates is outlined in detail in the V-12 course catalogue, Bulletin No. 101 which every V-12 student has in his possession (unless he has failed to get it from duty chief in his dormitory).

Those eligible for this program of study as future chaplains include high school graduates, college students, col-

lege graduates, and theological seminary students in a civilian status; officer and enlisted personnel of the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, and their Reserves, on active duty on ships or stations (provided the men are high school graduates); and present V-12 trainees may apply for pre-theological or theological training. Applications approved by the Bureau of Naval Personnel will be forwarded to the Chaplaincy Commissions of the various denominations participating in the Navy V-12 program, for necessary selection and

approval. No applicant will be admitted to pre-theological or theological training who has not received the approval of his church or denomination. Applicants accepted may attend a seminary of their own denomination or of their individual choice, if practicable, and provided the seminary is participating in the Navy V-12 Program. Theological students in seminaries will not be required to take military drill. An outline of qualifications for this candidacy may be studied by any interested person who comes to the V-12 Office in Rockne.

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ZERO DECK DINING HALL

"For the eighth consecutive time this season Capt. Pat Filley today won the toss, and for the eighth consecutive time his mates followed up their captain's good guessing by smashing to a one-sided triumph over Northwestern's vaunted team which crumbled before

❖ 1. The Concert by the Ballad Sing- ❖
❖ ers, announced for Washington Hall, ❖
❖ Dec. 18, will be given on Dec. 16. ❖
❖ 2. V-12 members of the SCHOLAS- ❖
❖ TIC staff will meet in the temporary ❖
❖ editorial rooms, Room 10, Main Build- ❖
❖ ing, on Monday and Tuesday after- ❖
❖ noons between 4:15 and 6 o'clock. ❖
❖ Civilian members of the staff will ❖
❖ continue to meet at 7:15, Sunday ❖
❖ through Tuesday evenings. All dead- ❖
❖ lines must be observed. ❖
❖ 3. Extra copies of the "Football ❖
❖ Number" are on sale at the Huddle, ❖
❖ Cafeteria and at downtown news- ❖
❖ stands. ❖

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the speed, power and deception of the Irish, 25-6."

FRED DIGBY,
New Orleans *Item*

"With the collegiate championship tucked away, the Irish can now add service stripes by beating the Seahawks and the Sailors. At one and the same time they might settle the argument as to whether or not they could beat the better professional teams, as many Eastern experts contend."

The fact that Notre Dame seemed to be absolutely unbeatable was finally being accepted by all concerned. Where and how could any team even hope to beat the Fighting Irish? That was unanswerable. So in their supremely confident optimism the millions unhesitatingly wagered on the Blue and Gold with four touchdowns to spare against the Iowa Pre-Flight eleven. Against the Seahawks!!!! . . . loaded with some of the pros' greatest names . . . undefeated . . . and coldly determined to erase the blotch of '42, so decisively administered by many of these same Irish gridders. Heed your coach's warning, gents — not so easy. But oh, how tremendously glorious!!!

ARCH WARD, Chicago *Tribune*

"The greatest team this correspondent ever has seen at Notre Dame today defeated the Iowa Seahawks, 14 to 13, to retain its rating as the No. 1 unit of intercollegiate football.

Only the greatest team in Notre Dame history could have beaten an opponent the calibre of the one it faced today. Never have we seen a game with better blocking, surer tackling, finer line play, more spirited ball carrying, or more intelligent direction of team tactics."

HARRY GRAYSON,
NEA News Service

"The 1943 Notre Dame team not only has a perfect right to ask Blue & Gold creations of the misty past to move but that goes for any college combination that ever trotted out on the field."

DAVE EGAN,
Boston *Record-American*

"There must have been a smirk on the face of fate and a leer on the lips of Lady Luck, out in Chicago last Saturday.

"For 599 minutes in a schedule of 600 minutes, the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame had been undefeated and untied. They had struggled through a pitiless schedule that included games with six of the greatest teams in America, and

now they were facing the seventh. They were one minute away from immortality when the old hag gave her bitterest chuckle and played her cruelest prank and consigned them to defeat in the final minute of the final game."

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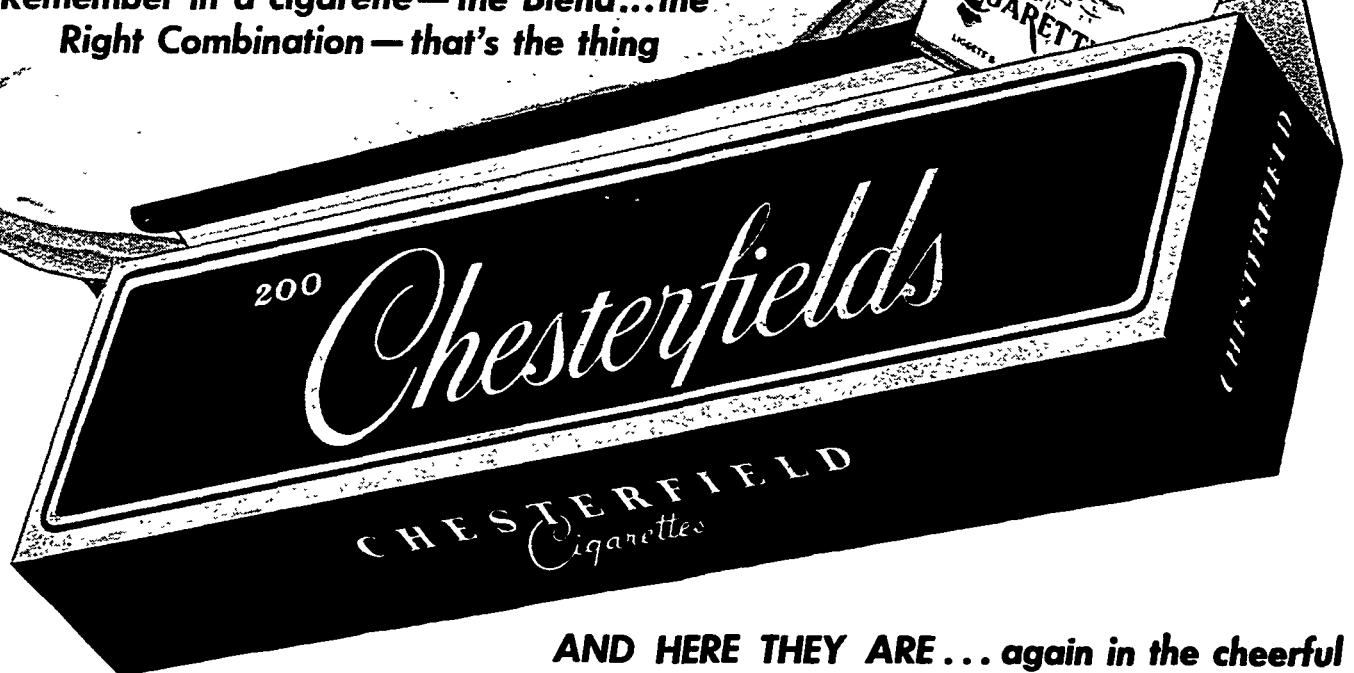
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A GOOD CIGARETTE**

So let's wish them the Very Best

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Cooler Smoking because Chesterfields are made
of the world's best cigarette tobaccos...plus the
Right Combination to satisfy smokers everywhere.

**Remember in a cigarette—the Blend...the
Right Combination—that's the thing**



**AND HERE THEY ARE ... again in the cheerful
Chesterfield Christmas Red—the cigarette gift that SATISFIES
with the best in Smoking Pleasure.**