

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS · VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS

VOL. LIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 6, 1920.

No. 7.

No. 1046337.

L. V. K.

HE was a bow-legged private in the second squad
Who'd been a trusty servant of the hoe and hod
Avant la guerre. The brogue that spiced his speech
(With plug) made even the sour old captain screech.
Poor Hugh was on K. P. continually, for—

He couldn't tell left from right; the sergeants swore,
The louies sniffed; and when he'd missed the target
Ten times straight, and Botts' manual was "clane
fergot,"

He said: "'Tain't an Irishman's war, at all, at all;
We'd 'ave licked the Germans 'way last fall. . . ."

Well, one day a Fritzie showed up: "Hände hoch" he
cried—

"I don't quite get ye," snickered Hugh, and—died.

The Message of Armistice Day.

JAMES P. COYLE

ON next Thursday the national heart of
America will do well to look backward
two years and recall that epoch-making
morning in the fall of 1918,—and to
ponder anew and interpret earnestly the message
which Armistice Day brings with it each autumn.

Two years ago, in our rejoicing over the
physical release from the sacrifice, the priva-
tions, the discomforts of the greatest conflict
in our history, we breathed a prayer of thanks-
giving and satisfaction; thanksgiving for the
return of blessed peace; satisfaction, because
when called to the crossroads of honor,
we of America, envisaging our duty in
the stern light of Truth, had never whimpered
or flinched, but had seen a righteous cause
through to the end. On that first Armistice Day
America made many pledges, most solemn
pledges; it resolved that democracy, the
principle of human liberty, should be broadened

and deepened in the affairs of daily life;—that
it should be not merely a slogan of the voting-
booth, but a fact in the mill, the mine, the
school, the office and the work-bench.

Today, in the bright calm of a comparatively
secure Peace, the world is busy binding up old
sores, healing past wounds and rooting out
unsightly cankers. The spirit of material and
spiritual reconstruction has set to work in
earnest. That America is the privileged land
where the torch of liberty burns brightest
should be our pride and the reminder of our
responsibility on next Friday. We must pay
tribute to the beloved lads who gave their
today that we might enjoy our tomorrows.
We must beg God to grant our country more
and more of the steadfastness and sobriety, the
generosity and concord that marked the cheerful
sacrifice of those same lads. Thus, with a kind-
ling of nobler impulses and an awakening of
higher aims, we shall find strength to proceed
to the realization of our dream—America,
happy, prosperous and secure. This dream has
been entertained since the day on which the
American creed was first proclaimed to the
world; and in laboring to carry it out, we shall
only be walking in the strong footsteps of our
fathers.

But that is not enough. Despite the cavil of
contemporary politics, we have duties to the
folk of the world who have suffered beyond
their due. An America that can toss a half-
million dollars to a couple of bruisers for a
ring-contest, that squanders an equal sum every
hour for folly, has no right to moral complacency
so long as children die in droves on the streets
of Vienna and Warsaw; so long as Christendom
is desecrated by the anguish of free-peoples
held in unjust bondage; so long as every jot
and tittle of the creed of equality has not been
fulfilled. Armistice Day is no occasion for
maudlin oratory or sentimental sniffing; if it
is anything at all, it is the day for the oath of
action.

The Merchant Marine.*

I am afraid that when I get through you will be glad that the President appointed me Chairman of the Shipping Board instead of letting me bore you with a lot of lectures, but I am very glad to meet you. I do feel a deep interest in the Notre Dame that was good enough to give me the Laetare Medal, and above all I feel a deep interest in young Americans. I feel particularly interested in the Young America that is being educated under Catholic influences, and it gives me unusual pleasure to be here. When Father Burns asked me if I would come, I simply could not resist the temptation and I am here, yielding to that desire to meet you, even at the risk of boring you with a few remarks on the Shipping proposition, which to my mind is one of the most important questions of today.

Of course the sea is far away from you and from this section of the country, but after all it is most important to you and particularly important to the Mississippi Valley and the Middle West of our Country, because, as you know, we have reached that stage in our development when we can produce much more than we need; and in order to utilize our effort and to make profitable distribution of our surplus, we must have markets for it and we must have means to get it to the markets.

In the early part of the great World war, and even before that time, it was beginning to be realized that America must have a Merchant Marine; and when we finally entered the war in 1917 that Marine was urgently necessary. The cry, as you know, was for "Ships and more Ships," and every effort was put forth to get them.

Previous to that time Congress had created a Shipping Board. Now in order to give you some definite idea of what we are trying to do and how we are trying to build up the Merchant Marine, I think I had better describe the Shipping Board and the laws which govern it; I propose simply to touch on a few of the practical parts of the shipping question such as I think will probably interest you, and in which you may be able to take part later on. The Preamble to the Merchant Marine Act of 1920,

states very clearly and definitely the object in view and I will read it:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that it is necessary for the national defense and for the proper growth of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine of the best equipped and most suitable types of vessels sufficient to carry the greater portion of its commerce and serve as a naval or military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, ultimately to be owned and operated privately by citizens of the United States; and it is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to do whatever may be necessary to develop and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine, and, in so far as may not be inconsistent with the express provisions of this Act, the United States Shipping Board shall, in the disposition of vessels and shipping property as hereinafter provided, in the making of rules and regulations, and in the administration of the shipping laws keep always in view this purpose and object as the primary end to be obtained."

The Shipping Board created by Congress was to do for shipping very much what the Interstate Commerce Commission proposes to do for the railroad or land transportation. It was to do whatever things are necessary for the suitable development and maintenance of the American Merchant Marine. Fortunately, on account of the necessity for ships in the Great War, we have the ships and have been able to distribute them and to put them in operation so widely that we are tonight able to say that our flag is in every harbor in the world. We are operating between 1500 and 1600 vessels, and they are going to all parts of the globe. We have still some 120 or 130 more vessels to be completed when the building program is finished; after that, all ships in the American Merchant Marine will have to be built in private yards and for private purposes.

The way in which ships are operated or put in service is by selecting the Shipping Companies that have been in the business before and who are familiar with the Shipping world. In addition to that, in order to establish new lines, because one of the principal functions of the Shipping Board is to see that lines are developed not only in one large city but in all the cities of the United States, a great many companies are formed that have not been accustomed to shipping vessels before, and the vessels have to be given out to them on contract. They man the ships, provide the crews with the necessary food and equipment, and run the vessels. Regular accounts are kept of what the whole

* Address delivered by Admiral Wm. S. Benson, before the students of the University of Notre Dame, October 18, 1920.

business costs; these are all audited by the auditing department of the Shipping Board, and so an actual business account is kept.

At present we are very earnestly trying to establish passenger lines. The great shortage of passenger vessels makes this rather difficult, because we want particularly to establish passenger lines across the Pacific, and until we can complete our building program, we shall be unable to do it. The only passenger vessels that we have are passenger vessels that were taken from Germany, and a number of these are still being used by the War Department as transports. Of those that were turned over to us by the Army, a great many were in such a bad condition, having been stripped of a great deal of their equipment in order to carry a greater number of troops, that they have to be re-conditioned. We are building some 26 large passenger ships and in the near future we hope to have them on regular routes across the Pacific, running from the Puget Sound area to the far East, to Japan, China and possibly on to Manila. Moreover, we hope for a line from San Francisco running to Honolulu and across to the far East. One line will definitely extend its service down through the Philippines and through the Straits Settlements to India. In addition to this we are trying to establish a line from some port on the East Coast through the Canal, out to the Sandwich Islands and back to the Pacific Coast either at San Francisco or Los Angeles.

With the old German vessels we are establishing lines across the North Atlantic, into the Baltic, along the French Coast and into the Mediterranean. In addition we have already established a promising line between New York, Rio de Janeiro, and the River Plate, going principally into Buenos Aires. This last is fairly well organized, is improving all the time, and the near future will see some fine large vessels on this route.

One of our principal difficulties is manning these ships with the proper personnel. Of course we are short in many ways; before the war we had, as you know, a very small Merchant Marine—something over one million tons altogether. Now it is nearly ten million, so that we have still in our Merchant Marine service quite a number of foreigners; but we are making a determined effort to change this and as rapidly as possible Americans will man our ships entirely. A special effort is being made to have

at least all officers of the vessels American citizens and whenever possible native Americans. I think that there is a great chance for young Americans to go into the American Merchant Marine and build up a reputation for themselves. If a young man wishes to know the shipping business thoroughly and efficiently and be able to make a success of it, he must have some actual and practical experience. Then, from a financial standpoint the pay that is received now by officers on our merchant vessels is as good, if not better, than most young men would be able to secure in positions on shore, and it gives one an opportunity to see something of life out of his own country and learn exactly how business is carried on in the foreign countries he visits. In many ways it is, to my mind, very beneficial. There are certain qualities that are brought out by actual contact with the elements. There is always danger; one has to be on the lookout all the time; this develops a spirit of constant watchfulness because one has not only the safety of the ship and the lives of the people dependent upon one, but personal interests induce every man to exert his very best efforts at all times. I don't know of any particular line of effort that a young man can engage in that will draw out better his best qualities and make him self-reliant, make him forbearing of the shortcomings of others, and altogether develop that get-together spirit of helpfulness that I think is so necessary in life where one wishes to succeed and do the proper thing.

Besides, as I see things in the future, there are great possibilities in foreign commerce. One who is familiar with world affairs and sees what is going on in foreign countries must realize that America is the source to which all foreign peoples are looking for aid and assistance. The time will come when, I believe, we will have to take the lead even if we do not want to, in shipping and in providing the world generally with its necessities. As our country develops more and more, the population will increase and the quantity of our surplus goods will increase, and there will be a tremendous shipping business built up to supply the growing markets in all parts of the world. The principal markets that we can look forward to will be in the far East, in South America and in Southern Africa. These countries are all wonderfully fertile and are increasing in development, and

possess so many things that, if we do not need, we will at least want.

In regard to the ships, another point that may interest you is that we are trying to develop motive power that will give us the greatest economy in operation. Most of our ships are using oil for fuel with the turbine engine. But even with the improvement of the turbine and geared engine we find that it is very expensive, and we are trying to produce a motive power that will reduce expenses materially and enable the ships to make long voyages. For instance, some of our ships come from New York down through to the River Plate, something over six thousand miles; others go to South Africa and into the Indian Ocean. Our hope is that we will be able to get ships to make these trips and get them home without refueling. The cost of fuel is so great away from our country that it is almost prohibitive, and now we are developing or attempting to develop, and I think will, with more or less success, a Diesel Engine or some form of internal explosive engine for generating electricity, which we can then use for the electric drive. That will do away with the boilers and with a great deal of machinery and give greater space for carrying cargo. The economy will enable us to carry fuel on ships as far as 25,000 miles. Of course we now accomplish the same object by using the double bottom on ships and extra ships and extra tanks for carrying fuel. We have some ships that have gone as far as 22,000 miles, getting back without refueling away from home. Tomorrow we are trying out a new electrically-driven ship. As you know, in our later battleships we are using the electric drive, beginning with the New Mexico. It is found that the New Mexico compared favorably with battleships that are of practically the same design, with the economy in some speeds of as much as 40%. My idea is that by developing an internal explosive engine that will generate electricity for the electric drive we will get about 10% more space for cargo, and will be able to carry fuel for long voyages, thus preparing to successfully compete in the carrying the trade of the world. The real difficulty or cost of commerce lies principally in the fuel. The question of wages for the crew is comparatively a small item and the disparity of pay in our service and the pay in the service of other countries is disappearing very rapidly. The foreign countries are gradually raising the pay. In

regard to ships, our ships are quite as good as, if not better than most of the ships in other services because most of them are new. Those that were built at Hog Island, near Philadelphia on the Delaware River, are particularly efficient and stand the service wonderfully well. We had an example of the splendid workmanship of these vessels last Spring. One of them ran into a mine in the North Sea and the mine tore it up so badly that the whole forward end of the ship had to be cut adrift and the bulkheads closed up. Three-fourths of the length of the ship was taken into a Belgian port, and without any difficulty the ragged parts of the forward body were cut away and from the plans that we had at Hog Island the material for repairs was fabricated and sent over there; and in a very short time we will have the completed ship out of dry dock. I simply mention this so that you will see how very well the ships are put together although you will hear a good deal about the inferiority of our ships.

In addition we have some concrete ships. It should interest you to know something about them. You remember that the experiment was tried and that we have quite a number of them, particularly oil tankers. We have lost one or two of them but in every case where anything has happened to a concrete ship it has been the fault of the personnel and not of the ship. It had been run on rocks or something of that kind. Not only that, but we have found that in one case an oil tanker was run on the jetty in Tampico by an inefficient captain and badly injured. About the same time a steel vessel was run on the jetty near the same place, and it was found that the concrete vessel took the hammering it received better than the steel ship did. She was afterwards gotten off and is in dry dock at Galveston and will soon be in service again.

There seems to be such marked prejudice against the concrete ships that it is doubtful whether the experiment will be carried much further. We are completing our building program with them, however. If these had been properly handled and efficiently commanded, they would have done excellent work and doubtless would answer the purpose in case it became necessary to resort to this method of ship-building. In addition to this we have a number of rather small vessels that were built up on the Lakes during the War to utilize the plants there and to meet the situation. It has been recommended

that we sell or get rid in some way of most of our steel ships under 6,000 tons dead weight. So far we have found good use for them, particularly while the demand for coal in foreign countries is so great. We have been able to keep nearly all of them constantly employed. As you know, the cut in freight rates recently has been very sharp and competition is very close; every economy should therefore be practiced to meet the competition of our foreign rivals, who have had longer experience and possibly better informed personnel. I believe that the personnel feature, will in the near future be improved, and there is no way in which it can be except by forming all of our personnel of native Americans. The facilities on board ship, means of living, etc., have improved wonderfully and I think that the life aboard our ships now is such that most any young man who wanted to try that kind of experience for awhile, could very easily put up with it. I know that it is infinitely better than when I went to sea 45 or 46 years ago. It was my good fortune, as I consider it now, to make the last cruise that was made in the old Constitution. I was attached to her as Midshipman, and according to my recollections, conditions on board that ship were so much worse than any one has to put up with now on board ships that there is no comparison. It is only the comparison between the luxuries of shore-life nowadays with the life on ship that would make one feel discomfort.

I do not know of any other particular feature in connection with shipping that would interest you. As I said in the beginning it is a rather dry subject. I appreciate the great privilege of meeting you, and of attempting at any rate, to entertain you for a short time, and I do congratulate you on being able to be here at this splendid institution and to be gaining your education under the influences that surround you. I would urge upon you to realize that you are being trained in a system in which there can be no doubt, in which all the apparent inconsistencies between Science and Religion are harmonized; in which the Philosophy that is taught you is given by an infallible guide. And, as I have said, I congratulate you most earnestly, and thank you for listening so attentively to such an uninteresting subject.

That a man is dressed-up is no infallible sign of severed relations with the University.

Varsity Verse.

LIKEWISE.—

These be
Three holy things.
A baby just baptized . . .
The hands of a priest . . . the heart of her
Who bore him.—S. A.

TO BILL.

I look upon the campus,
And I see the sorrowing trees,
As they make a last firm effort,
To save their children from the breeze.

I look up my own tree,
Where the friends of life are spread;
Some are bright and buoyant,
While one is dead.—J. T. B.

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A mermaid broke the soft grey hood,
That spreads upon my Belle-Marie;
The snow-lake rippled as she woke,
And splashed a liquid laugh to me.

A hawk slipped lazily above,
Between two clouds so billowy;
I searched the pools, her eyes, and saw
The image pictured faithfully.

The mermaid sang a faint sweet song,
The hawk screamed in his eyrie glee;
As Phoebus swept a last gold kiss
Upon the dreaming Belle-Marie.—V. E.

MEMORIAL.

Good seed
In furrowed fields.
Defiant grain . . . the sheaf
Upon the stubble . . . new bread as brown
As khaki.—S. I.]

AN IDOL OF THE CAMPUS.

George I., two hundred years ago,
Of ruling England made a show;
But no historians urge his claim
To figure on the roll of fame—
He lived, he died: so let him go.

George Washington, as all men know,
Shone bright in glory's golden glow;
In war or peace 'twas still the same:
George first.

Another George we fain would show
On whom the world doth now bestow
Its plaudits loud. His far-flung name
Is Half-back Gipp of Notre Dame.
Please rank, on Glory's grid tableau,
George first.—A. B.

Grandfather.

LIONEL WARD, '23.

The boys lounged on the grass in the shade of a great elm at the corner of the village square. Before them, festooned with bunting and flags, loomed the old Court House, built of grey stone and lurid ivy. On the corner to the right was a Memorial to the Veterans of the Rebellion, and on the left stood a weathered bronze likeness of the General who led the Iron Brigade. A crowd, chattering and eating incessantly, had gathered for the Decoration Day exercises. On the wooden platform near the street a man bowed to the assemblage, ready to be introduced and make the address.

The lads watched the scene with languid amusement. From the vantage-ground of cultural superiority they could get a tart satiric whiff of the plebian concourse. "Come on, Harry, let's hear the patriotic bubble burst in tearful splendor," urged the taller, Clinton Westrich, end on the state university team and destined, by himself at least, for eminence in the law.

Harry smiled cynically, but shrugged his shoulders and agreed. "We might as well, I guess. There's nothing else exciting—not even a pretty girl." This last was an artistic touch, for Harry was a poet and said so himself. Both were undergraduates, quite sensible of their innate superiority, scornful of sentiment and suspicious of country eloquence! They picked their way through the crowd and secured a point of vantage very near the platform. It had the further benefits of a tree. The orator was was grandiose and ornate, doing the time hal-lowed honors of the occasion in the ancient manner. He quoted copiously from the Gettysburg Oration and recalled the eternal principles of Americanism with unrelieved vagueness. But near him sat an old, shrivelled grey figure clad in a blue uniform with brass buttons that glittered in the sunlight. His face was affectingly childish and drank in the festivities with an empty smirk. His jaws moved up and down rapidly, masticating something that was probably tobacco. A red handkerchief emerged from his trousers pocket occasionally and was pushed slowly across the forehead. In spite of themselves the young men were touched by the pathos of the figure. This was the last of the thousand sons who had marched from Eastport

for the South more than fifty years ago; the last straggler stumbling home in the dust of evening. Of course they voiced satiric reflections on the speaker and stifled their emotion. That is the privilege of youth.

"By the way, Harry, your grandad was an an old vet, was'nt he?" whispered Westrich. He was new to the village and its genealogy. "Oh yes. Forget it will you?" the other frowned.

Grandfather was the individual whom Harry would most willingly have consigned to oblivion. He had been christened for the old gentleman, looked like him and spoke in the same key when excited. Benevolent elders were continually dilating upon the coincidence. Grandfather had been, to say the least, peculiar. His grammar had been horribly immature, his ideas of national affairs curiously involved and violently enunciated. In fact he had simply been the butt of the village. Whenever Henry Denton indulged in a few glasses of liquor, the townspeople had been uproariously entertained. Quite reservedly speaking, he had made a fool of himself. No one realized this better than his worldly-wise grandson who was naturally piqued at the ancestral resemblance to his exalted self.

"Confound grandfather, Clint. Can't you think of something else?" The young fellow was irritated, and Westrich begged his pardon. The slushy sentiment of the oratory and the tears of the fat women near him were getting on his nerves. Everything in the village was so primitive and so silly! He wished he were miles away, had never been born in such squalor.

The speaker concluded, accepted the applause genially, and took a chair close to the old man in the uniform. The band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and the audience piously joined in the singing; standing with heads bared and faces flushed. The boys leaned against the tree, silent and superciliously amused. Suddenly Harry became conscious of the old man's eyes. He was huddled there on the stage, his lips parted and his restless jaws still. The grey eyes were lighted with the ecstasy of recognition, as if some familiar shadow had returned from the buried past and awaited welcome. Harry turned to see what the old fellow was staring at. There was nothing behind him but the tree. He became uneasy and nudged Clinton. "What's the matter with old Treloar?" he muttered, and doing so noticed that the gaze of the crowd was fixed on him in wonder. With the gesture of habit he placed his hand at his

tie to feel if it was sitting straight. A flush stole over his face and he cursed himself inwardly for his inability to repress it. "What in h—" he whispered irritably. He hated so to be ridiculed. The music had ended and all the stage seats were filled except Treloar's. While his smiling eyes were fixed on the youth's face, he raised his hand and rubbed it slowly over his brow.

"Hank" he said amid the stillness of the assemblage, "when did *you* git home?" He held out his fingers to the boy who stood confused and motionless under the tree. "Looks purty good, eh?" he continued. Between Harry and the old man lay an open avenue of communication, and the surrounding multitude seemed like so many trees fringing the roadway. It seemed as if both of them had been transmuted to different beings under different stars, brought together by some wierd and inexplicable logic of contact.

"Well, Hank" the old man rambled on, "You and I won't hev no easy start now. We're four years older'n when we left and powerful weak. And you've allus been sothin' of a fool, Hank. But the country's saved, it is. And by God we'll never fergit the night, will we? The night when the Johnny Rebs got the range o' the guns an' every man but you and me wuz shot down. . . ." The quavering tremulo paused momentarily for breath. The crowd was hushed, and the ice-cream man in the street seemed leagues away.

"An' the Ginerol sez, Hank, 'You've got to hold that 'ere gun boys'. An' I rammed an' you sighted an' we kept the thing a fuming' like Day o' Judgment till the battle died? Nothin' never wuz grander nor more patrotic then that, and nobody'll ever know of it. It'll be our secrut Hank, yours and mine." Again he held out a palsied hand to the boy and smiled welcomingly, but the flustered youth under the tree reddened deeper and felt as uncomfortable as possible.

A tall man on the stage seemed to understand the old man. He walked over and whispered something into the deafened ear. The veteran turned round with startled surprise in his eyes. He seemed only now to be cognizant of the crowd. And then, as if awaking from a sweet dream, he laughed shrilly and said, "Why thet's right, ain't it? Hank Denton's been dead these four years! I thought. . . ." For a moment he gazed at the strong figure under the tree in perplexity. Then shading his eyes with tremb-

ling fingers, he added: "Blest if I did'nt think it was him. It's his gransun, ain't it?" The mystery of the dead seemed to purturb him and he sat down brooding. The band played an air from 'Dixie' and the crowd dispersed.

Harry Denton went home, considerably upset and careful to avoid people. No one spoke to him about the occurence, believing that he would prefer not be annoyed. But he longed achingly for them to speak and explain the mystery of it all. His mother was putting the china on the table for dinner. A delicate spring wind stood in the open windows and whispered lovingly of dead ages. He remembered that a picture of his grandfather hung upstairs, relegated to the garret by the demands of fashion. He went up the stair and turned on the switch. Henry Denton, in a stiff close-fitting suit, looked down from the wall. Just an ordinary man, with long hair, weatherbeaten, stupid and homely.

The grandson turned out the light and went downstairs. He was burning inwardly with the discovery of a mystic heroism. His mother sat in a chair by the window reading a paper. Father had not yet returned.

Harry threw a leg over the arm of his chair and remarked with an air of unconcern, "Mother, did grandfather have a sword or something?" His eyes were fixed on the ceiling.

Mrs. Denton folded her paper carefully and looked up. "Why no, Harry. He was only a private and carried a musket. And of course when he came home, he gave that up."

"Oh," he replied. Then he rose and walked over to her side. "He was rather a fine chap after all, was'nt he mother?"

"Yes" she answered, and then, mindful of the blot on the family 'scutcheon, added, "that is, when he was'nt drunk."

The young man turned and walked out into the lawn. The flag was flying bravely over the trees. He knew whatever he might become, whatever destiny he might achieve, there would be nothing more sublime to say of him than that he had fed a cannon alone till the battle died. He sat down wondering. "And grandad was such an ass!" he muttered, plucking out a handful of grass.

ACTRONS otherwise unexplainable become less surprising when we get the agent's point of view. England calls Ireland a "disturbed area overseas."

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE-QUASI-SEMPER-VICTURUS-VIVE-QUASI-CRAS-MORITURUS

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

VOL. LIV.

NOVEMBER 6, 1920.

NO. 7.

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This is a real Notre Dame day. Never before has the University witnessed such a crowd on Cartier field, or given a great football team such a tumultuous setting: we feel **Back Again!** the stirring of a new and larger college-life, for the spirit that stands behind the team has manifested the same strength in every school activity. But this day is not ours; it is Tom's and Harry's and Gene's; it belongs to the fellows who sit in the middle of the south stand and wonder what has happened to the old yells—"Rah, rah, Nostrah-Dominah" for instance. We are the hosts today for lads who cheered all-Time heroes to victory when Notre Dame was much younger than she is now, and for some of these heroes whose statues ought to be in the gallery of Grecian gods.

And so, men who have fought the world as well as you battled for victory here, we turn this entertainment over to you as a little reminder of the heritage of Notre Dame enthusiasm which you have passed on to us. Do what you please. Take the roof off, if you want to; but remember that this affair can be repeated next year and the next, if you say the word. It doesn't really matter what happens to Purdue, but it is important that you go away feeling as young as you did on the day when you first carried your grip past the statue of Father Sorin and wondered why the band wasn't out to meet you; and that you go feeling that you are only on a vacation which will end and see you—"Back Again."—R. E. M.

November, gray and ghostly, with its chill winds, its stripped trees and carpet of crisp, crunching leaves is the latest month to approach.

And with November has come the **Our Dead.** Church's reminder that this is the month of the dead,—that underneath the faded grass and heaped-up leaves lie father and mother and friend. It is not long since they were with us. We loved them or so we thought. We would have bitterly resented the suggestion that we could ever forget them. Yet, *have* we forgotten them? We might give these thoughts a practical turn by doing something for those who have gone before us. Each of us has dear ones for whom to pray. They need our help. May we, during November, remember them in love and charity!

—J. E. C.

Organization of the various clubs on the campus is over. The K of C., FOIF, Glee club, and the state, political and departmental societies have each a well **Feast and Famine.** defined purpose which should be developed to the full extent of its possibilities.

But existing conditions prevent this. Many men are interested in several organizations; accommodations for meeting places are limited; some evenings are more desirable than others; social affairs in the different halls, athletic events and the entertainments of the school lecture course further confuse the situation; the only notification of a meeting is a bulletin posted a few hours beforehand: and the result is a hit and miss system, a grab for a date and a rush for a meeting place. One evening will see six meetings and the next, none at all. Postponements are frequent, poor attendance is the rule and inefficiency the characteristic.

The welfare of every society and the ultimate good of the school demand a remedy. No great effort is necessary to create a central board with authority to regulate or at least advise favorable dates and places. A weekly bulletin of events is a simple business matter. The K. of C., Forum, and Glee club already have regular dates, and if the other organizations dovetail with this skeleton structure, the average student will be able to plan his activities with some degree of certitude. The matter is essentially within the province of the Students' Activities Committee to which it is respectfully referred.—F. W.

An Important Correction.

So many inquiries have been addressed to us in regard to an article in the SCHOLASTIC last week about the "New Notre Dame Preparatory School" that we deem it advisable to make a public statement about the matter, after conferring with the Reverend President.

The article in question was adapted from a Laporte newspaper. President Burns knew nothing about it until it appeared in the SCHOLASTIC and he would not have sanctioned its publication, because some of the statements made are, he informs us, inaccurate. The new institution near Laporte, if it be established, will not be known as the "New Notre Dame Preparatory School" and will not be in any way officially connected with the University of Notre Dame. In the nature of things the University's relations with it would amount to a friendly interest and no more.—THE EDITOR.

The Spirit of the Mission.

The students' mission at the university was ended on All Saints' Day with a solemn high mass in Sacred Heart Church, after a week of services had been attended by about a thousand students.

After the daily mass at 6:15 Rev. Bernard Mulloy, C. S. C., who conducted the mission, instructed the students on the practical business of the Faith. Every evening at 7:30 there was a sermon by Father Mulloy, who speaking in his sincere, direct and forceful manner, impressed upon his hearers the great truths of the Catholic creed; benediction followed. On Sunday there was an hour's adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Rev. Augustine Mendez conducted a retreat for the Spanish students in Carroll Hall chapel at the same time.

What was especially noteworthy was the extraordinary fervor of the students as shown in the magnificent daily reception of Holy Communion. The total number of Holy Communion during the mission was 5,285, of which 4,033 were received by college students. The greatest number of receptions of the sacrament, on any particular day was on Saturday when the total was 748. The daily average of Holy Communion in the past two months was 457, totaling 22,381. Considering that there are only 1200 college students in the university, these statistics are most striking.—H. W. F.

In Memoriam.

Fred Strauss, Ph. B., '03, died of pneumonia on the 29th of October. He is survived by his wife and two children, his mother, his sister, who was a graduate of St. Mary's, and his brother-in-law, Harry Curtis, who received the LL. B. degree at Notre Dame in 1908. We offer our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

John P. Lambin, former student at the University, died in Chicago, October 23rd.

Daniel A. Fenlon, father of Paul Fenlon of Sorin Hall, died on October the twenty-seventh at his home in Blairsville, Pennsylvania. Mr. Fenlon was prominent in Knights of Columbus' activities in his state, and the large attendance of Knights at his funeral evidenced the regard in which he was held by the members of the order. A requiem High Mass was celebrated by Father Hebert, C. S. C., assisted by Fathers Conlan and Zonner of Blairsville. To the bereaved relatives the SCHOLASTIC extends its sincere sympathy.

Tuesday morning, November 2, it was announced that the mother of Mr. Casimir Witucki, C. S. C., of the Scholasticate, and of Leo J. Witucki, a former student, died at an early hour at the family home in South Bend. To the bereaved family their many friends at Notre Dame extend their sympathy and assure them that many prayers will be offered for the repose of her soul.

Politics.

As the reports of the election were received here Tuesday night, there was little of the excitement which usually marks the end of a political campaign. There was no cheering while the results were read indicating a plurality for either of the candidates. There was so tense, anxious, waiting for the news from the wire. A quiet indifference, broken now and then by an "I told you so," was manifest wherever the students were gathered to await the returns.

This indifference has been characteristic of the whole campaign at Notre Dame. Oh, we have had our orators now and then to warn us of the horrible misdemeanors of both parties. The Democrats, for instance, provided a defense for their principles by sending Senator Charles Hagerty and Judge Reilly to enlighten us on the

merits of the League, and the Republicans evened matters with addresses by Senator James Watson and Judge Leahy. Then there were the usual campus debates, subway harangues, and individual tussles over every plank in the two platforms, and over some that were not contained even in the Socialistic creed.

But now that's all over, Harding has been elected, and the country "saved" until the next presidential campaign. We can switch, with a doubtful relief, to the somewhat attractive prospect of the approaching examinations.—V. E.

Old Acquaintance.

—Louise Fincke, LL.B. '20, has opened an office with a shingle prefix in the First National Bank, Michigan City, Indiana.

—Several old 'uns spent a day or two here and saw the Valparaiso game. Among them were Leo Vogel, '17, who has just resigned his Lieutenancy in the army, and Carleton Beh, '17, who is in the banking business at Des Moines, Iowa.

—Timothy Patrick Galvin, who changed the the expression on the faces of Cicero and Demosthenes in Washington Hall, addressed the voting public et al. at Saint Mary's recently. The tremendous anti-league bulge represented by Indiana's election returns is therefore partly explained.

—To the alumni and friends who recently sent us clippings and pictures, we are most grateful. We wish others would do the same.

—Western papers indicate that "Slip" Madigan, '20, has made out of the light material at Columbia University, Portland, Oregon, a winning "prep" team. His pigskin disciples have won every contest so far, and Madigan's reputation is growing rapidly.

—"Hard Jimmy" Hoskings, who left here in the spring of '18 to take up his profession as pharmaceutical chemist, announces that he was at West Point to support the team last Saturday: he brought "Andy" McDermott with him. "Jimmy" and six other chemists, graduates of Harvard, are organizing a chemical company for the purpose of making a valuable by-product of mercury.

—Father Thomas Lahey, the genial director of advertising propensities at Notre Dame, spoke before the Rotary Club of Michigan City recently on "The Human Element in Business."

Quad Quips.

—Dinner was actually suspended for five minutes Monday noon, when Coach Rockne entered the Senior refectory. Handclaps, whistles, and yells startled the walls of the dignified old dining room, while the roast beef grew cold. We'll say that's the supreme token of love from a Notre Dame bunch.

—"Siberia," the dormitory which was once the University Library, is being provided with curtains between the separate beds. Later, carpets will be laid, and the walls painted. "Gee!"

—Home-comers, home-wreckers, and South Benders will have the opportunity Saturday to view the national champion low hurdler, who tied the world's record in the 400 meter event at Antwerp last summer. He will be on exhibition at the soft-drink depot on Cartier field. Although his time is limited, hero worshippers can offer sacrifice in the form of devitalized beverage or customary hot-dog, at nominal expense.

—We are going to watch the old grads look blank as our captivating cheer-persuader, with the exquisite hair, steps onto the gridiron with his latest outfit. Harry Poulin will undoubtedly be right there to hear the remarks.

—Although we have at the university an array of versatile apologists, it is significant to note the growing proportion of men who have succeeded in missing class six times. Father Galligan's unreasonableness in this respect prompts us to say that it would obviate a considerable amount of demerits and home-correspondence if everybody could arrange to attend most of the classes most of the time.

—Brother Bede of Siberia met with an awe-inspiring surprise, Wednesday morning when nearly half the dormitory arose, at the usual time. They did not realize their blunder till fully awake, and by that time the rest of the university was up. They intend to make up for it next election day.

—Students R. O. T. C. are hereby given the t. i. p. to get their physical o. k. from Dr. Powers before Monday p. m. or they will be o. u. t.—which is to say that all college men who have not as yet undergone the required physical examination, are likely to find themselves in deep water unless they hurry.

Gridiron Gossip.

ARMY, 17; NOTRE DAME, 27.

A great chapter in Notre Dame's unparalleled football history has been completed; another, greater and more glorious, is about to be written. Seven continuous and successful years of eastern invasions have brought the reward of honest recognition to Notre Dame and the West.

THE PRESS BOWS.

Notre Dame's third consecutive victory over the Army at West Point Saturday has conclusively proved the contention that western football is the equal, if not the superior, of the eastern game. A score of coldly judging, later admiring and finally enthusiastic sport writers, gridiron experts and critics from the metropolitan press viewed the battle. They saw the Army team, admittedly the strongest, best coached and brilliant West Point machine in recent years, meet its defeat at the hands of the greatest combination of "football brains, speed and courage" seen in the east in a decade. A dozen of the great eastern papers carried the play-by-play story of the game, its wonders, revelations and lessons. Flaring headlines proclaimed All-American candidates, and long columns recorded and resounded with "Mr. George Gipp," "sons of old Notre Dame," "dazzling aerial attack," "keen generalship," "invincible line" and a hundred other phrases; all in just tribute to Coach Rockne's men, who have wrested the title of gridiron leadership from the east for the west.

BRILLIANT SETTINGS AND PLAYS.

Saturday was an off-day for eastern football. The press heralded the Army-Notre Dame game as "worthwhile" and a "true test of the undefeated Army." The trip up the Hudson, social features and brilliant company were all mentioned. For once the press did not fail. The occasion proved to be the most perfect socially and sensationally of the season.

Friday's rains ceased at nightfall; a keen breeze aided in drying the heavy field till the bright skies of morning took up the work. By noon the thousands of fashionable fans began to arrive and found the "Plains" at its best. The colorful autumn scenes of the Hudson and the towering battlements of the Academy lent every aid to brilliance. Motors large and small, trains, steamers and ferries poured hundreds of spectators upon the scene every hour.

Thousands of fashionable guests viewed the Cadets "on dress parade" and then settled in the stands to await the event of the day.

Nearly four hundred faithful followers and friends of Notre Dame massed in the east stands, and the score of writers and operators prepared to chronicle the clash of the undefeated east and west. The Cadet Corps with fife, drum and band swung into the west stands singing and cheering as they came. They had wagered their "all" and were confident of the returns. The tension was almost unbearable; something had to happen.

Something did. The Gold and Blue squad, led by "Little Willie" and Coach Rockne, trotted onto the field. Simultaneously the Cadet Corps in the west stands and the "gathered four hundred," from "Jimmy" Hoskins to "Rupe" Mills and "Red" Salmon in the east stands, rose and cheered. Brandy chased the first eleven smoothly up and down the field, Castner, Degree and Gipp entertained, each punting graceful forty, fifty and sixty yard spirals. "George" non-chalantly booted a few forty yard drop kicks over the bar. Then the Army's army of football men came. The Cadets in the west stands rose, hats off. They sang, cheered and shouted. An Army victory was demanded, it seemed impossible that anything else could happen. The Army team looked heavier, it was heavier than it looked, and they had a grim earnestness about them. The Army must win. The coaches had told them so, their brother cadets and visiting guests and West Point tradition demanded it. It was the even year; they had always beaten Notre Dame on the even year.

THAT FIRST HALF.

Captain Coughlin chose to receive the kick-off and amid impressive scenes and demonstrations the greatest intersectional game of the season was on. Notre Dame hit a hard pace from the first. Gipp and Mohardt rushed the ball past midfield in four plays. Then Wynne went into action. Wynne ripped through the Army center for a twelve yard gain, but lost the ball when three cadets tackled him and knocked it out of his arms. The Army players followed the ball hard and closely every minute of the game, their efforts to "take it away" causing most of the real thrills of the game. Recovering the ball the Cadets began to slash their way down the field, French, the Rutgers All-American backfield man, doing most of the work. By

making two of the four first downs made during the entire game the Army threatened our goal and finally Lawrence broke the line for a score. The Goal was easy. The "Rockmen" came back strong. Taking the kickoff they marched to mid-field in three downs, were penalized half the distance back, and then started over again. This time they marched seventy-five yards without a halt to a touchdown. Gipp to Kiley, Gipp off tackle, Gipp around end and Mohardt in sensational dashes, is the story. Mohardt took the ball over and Gipp kicked the goal. After running the ball to midfield on the next kickoff, Gipp punted from regular running formation and caught the Army backs napping. Forced to punt from behind his goal French got forty yards. Gipp, Kiley and Mohardt again rushed the ball to the Cadet goal behind perfect line offense work. Kiley carried the ball thirty-five yards on a pass for the touchdown.

Fate destined the Army for luck. Notre Dame's third march was scarcely underway when a bad pass forced Gipp to punt in the shadow of his goal. French received the punt and romped sixty yards down the side line tape for the touchdown, which tied the score and sent the cadet corps into paroxysms of joy. Fate still held with the Cadets, for after the next kickoff the "Irish" were forced behind their own goal by fumbles and penalties. Gipp failed to kick into the field, the Army recovering the out of bounds kick with only fifteen yards to go. The "Rockmen" held and forced the Army to drop kick. French performed the feat and sent the Army into the lead 17-14. Here the first half ended, both teams retiring for quasi-chats by the respective coaches. Needless to say, the calmest sports writer in the press box was "all attention" by this time. The game had early attained historic and classic proportions. Queries for extra space and time were relayed to New York.

A SENSATIONAL SECOND HALF.

When Rockne's men appeared for the second half, Larsen the regular center was missing. He had played nearly the entire second quarter with a badly torn hip partly dislocated. Mehre replaced him. The famous Notre Dame aerial offensive, Gipp to Kiley and Mohardt, featured the play of the third period. Notre Dame failed to score due to penalties at crucial moments, but twice threatened the enemy goal, and the period ended with the ball on the Army fifteen yard marker. Wynne had battered the

Cadet line into submission and a substitute was sent in after each play. The plucky Army forwards were unable to stave off inevitable defeat, however, and at the opening of the fourth period Mohardt took the ball for the third score after Gipp had advanced it within scoring distance. On the kickoff Gipp continued his superman act. He ran the ball fifty yards through the middle of the Army defense and then forward passed and plunged, alternating with Coughlin and Barry, to scoring distance. At this point Wynne drove through the Army line and sprinted down the side line for twenty yards and a touchdown. That ended his work for the afternoon. Many critics declared him to be the fastest, hardest driving fullback of the season and predict great things for the future.

Notre Dame's reserve rushed into the fray at this point. Piloted by Grant, the reserves kept the Army on the retreat but failed to score. Garvey, Hayes and Carberry featured the line play. Castner also exhibited original line plunging stunts. When the play ended, the largest crowd that had ever attended a game on the "Plains" realized they had witnessed an unusual game, the making of several All-American possibilities, the certainty of one, George Gipp, and the turning point in eastern and western football relations. Notre Dame, Knute Rockne, Gipp, forward pass and brilliant football had new meanings. The Lineup.

NOTRE DAME (27).		WEST POINT (17)
Kiley	Left End	D. Storck
F. Coughlin	Left Tackle	L. Storck
H. Anderson	Left Guard	Clark
Larson	Center	Greene
Smith	Right Guard	Breidster
Shaw	Right Tackle	Davidson
E. Anderson	Right End	W. C. White
Brandy	Quarterback	Wilhide
Gipp	Left Half Back	Lawrence
Mohardt	Right Half Back	Richards
Wynne	Full Back	French

Score by Periods:

Notre Dame.....	7	7	0	13—27
West Point.....	7	10	0	0—17

Touchdowns—Kiley, Mohardt (2), Wynne, Lawrence, French. Goals from touchdowns—Breidster (2), Gipp (3). Goal from placement—French. Substitutes: Notre Dame—Carberry for Kiley, Mehre for Larson, Kiley for Carberry, Hayes for Kiley, Barry for Mohardt, Castner for Wynne, Grant for Brandy, Dooley for Smith, D. Coughlin for Gipp. West Point—Milligan for L. Storck, Dodd for Lawrence, Lawrence for Dodd, Goodman for Breidster, Meyers for D. Storck, Ascher for Lawrence, D. Storck for Meyers, Smythe for Richards, Glasgow for White.

Referee—L. W. Andrews, Yale. Umpire—L. O. Kirberger, Washington and Jefferson. Linesman—L. C. Thurber, Colgate. Time of periods—12 minutes.

WELCOME PURDUE.

Notre Dame is welcoming Purdue to Cartier Field for the first time in nearly twenty years. Purdue is to be the gridiron opponent for Coach

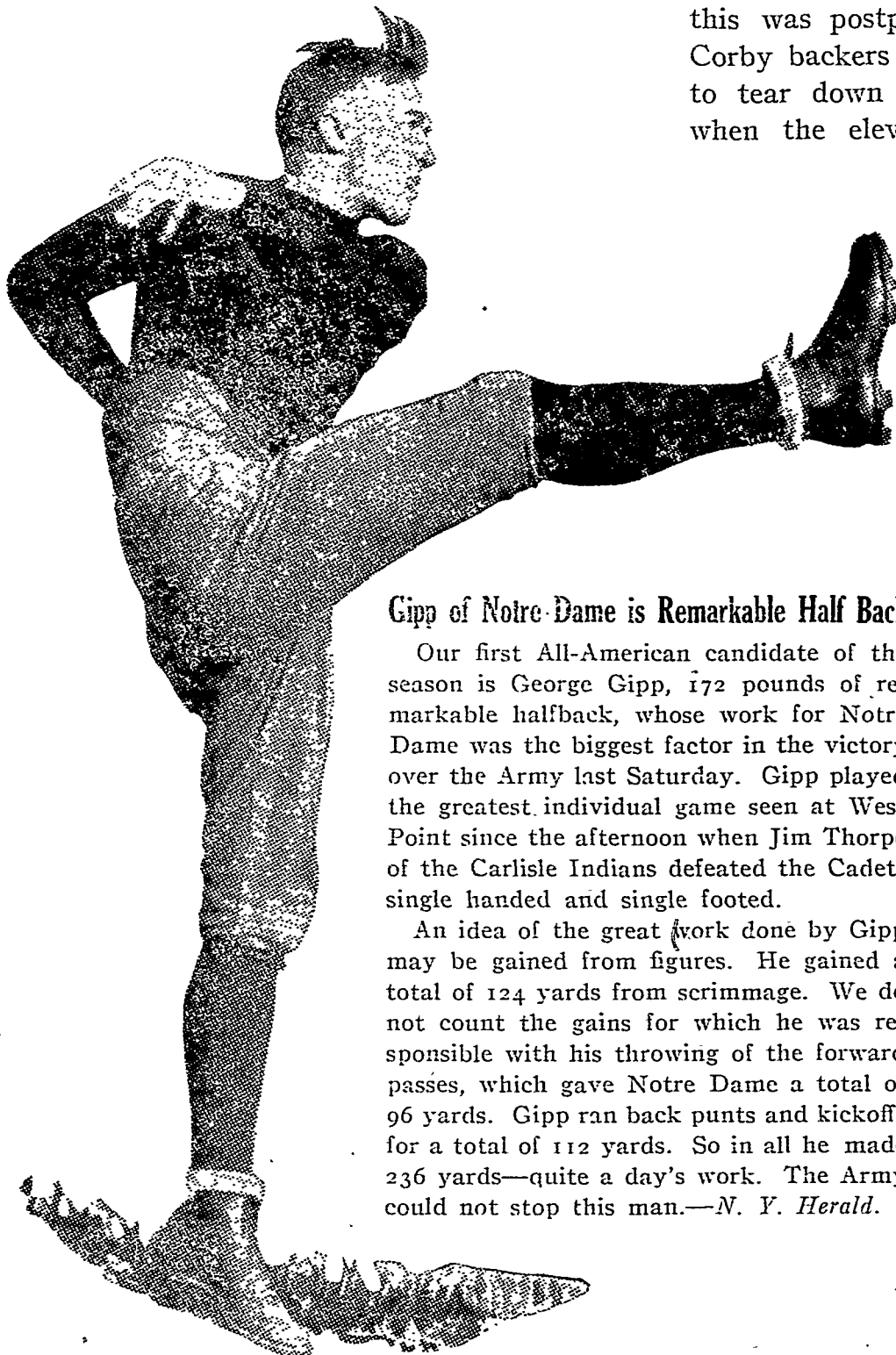
have won, and two contests have been tied. Purdue and her hundreds of alumni supporters are welcome.

Brownson Hall remains undefeated in the interhall gridiron struggle for supremacy. They have beaten every team except Corby, with whom a game was scheduled for Monday, but this was postponed because of the weather. Corby backers expect their doughty warriors to tear down the vauntful Brownson colors when the elevens clash.

Carroll was the last to go down before the drive of the heavier Brownsonites, although they played heroically.

Whether the City Residents defeated the Pastime eleven on the Belgian gridiron in Mishawaka Sunday by 6 to 3, or whether these habitues of the metropolis lost by 3 to 2, is a mooted question. It seems that Weishaar blocked a punt propelled by a Pastime foot, and fell on the ball behind the Pastime goal line. This is, in common rulings, counted a touchdown and six points, but— And the three were made when Bickel uplifted the ball from the 35-yard line over the crossed poles at the end of the field.

Badin performed before a large crowd at Elkhart Saturday, and showed themselves seven points better than the neighboring city team when Heuther ran for a touchdown after a pass was completed.



Gipp of Notre Dame is Remarkable Half Back

Our first All-American candidate of the season is George Gipp, 172 pounds of remarkable halfback, whose work for Notre Dame was the biggest factor in the victory over the Army last Saturday. Gipp played the greatest individual game seen at West Point since the afternoon when Jim Thorpe of the Carlisle Indians defeated the Cadets single handed and single footed.

An idea of the great work done by Gipp may be gained from figures. He gained a total of 124 yards from scrimmage. We do not count the gains for which he was responsible with his throwing of the forward passes, which gave Notre Dame a total of 96 yards. Gipp ran back punts and kickoffs for a total of 112 yards. So in all he made 236 yards—quite a day's work. The Army could not stop this man.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Rockne's men in the major event of the first annual home-coming week-end. The game will go a long ways towards deciding the state championship and, we hope, towards establishing more firmly the existing friendly relation between the two schools. Notre Dame has met Purdue on the gridiron eleven times; five times we have won, three times the "Boilermakers"

INTERHALL STANDING.

Hall	W.	L.	Tied	Pct.
Brownson.....	4	0	0	1.000
Corby.....	2	0	0	1.000
Badin.....	1	2	0	.667
Carroll	1	2	0	.333
Sorin.....	1	2	1	.333
Walsh.....	0	2	0	.000
City Residents.....	0	3	1	.000

Gipp-full Clippings.

Dashing sabrelike through the powerful West Point eleven for the season's most sensational victory, Coach Rockne's wonder men have set fandom gasping with mingled awe and admiration. Critics, without exception, are placing the Notre Dame machine on the very pinnacle of football fame and recognizing George Gipp as the "Wonder Man of 1920," equal of if not superior to such giants of the gridiron as Heston, Coy, Brickley and Mahan. An attempt to enter here with an elaboration of such lavish recognition would be but an exhibition of limited literary power. The comments of metropolitan sport scribes have been limited owing to lack of space.

The New York Herald.

The contest we saw on Saturday—that between the Army and Notre Dame which resulted in a victory for the Hoosiers by 27 to 17—was a game of games. The score was a very poor index to the comparative strength of the rival elevens. Notre Dame was about thirty points better than the Army, and at least one touchdown better than any eleven in the East. In fact, so impressed were we with the showing of Knute Rockne's eleven that we will say we do not think any team in these United States could have defeated it on Saturday. . . . The ends, Kiley and E. Anderson, were far and away the greatest wing men we have seen this year. They are wonders on attack, bear cats on defense, and fast—why, they could not come any faster on a football field and be human. Frank Coughlin, the Notre Dame captain, is the best tackle we have seen this year. He's better than Keck of Princeton. Shaw, the other tackle, is almost as good. And Smith at guard, one of the lightest on the line, broke up one Army play after another.

As for the Notre Dame backfield, oh, boy! A thing of beauty! We could watch those men work from morn to night and never grow tired. First there was George Gipp, All-Western halfback last season. He was a team in himself. This man Gipp could do everything with a football that there was to be done. He ran with it as we have seen nobody else run with it this year. He plunged with it, he threw all the forward passes like a Rodgers; he did all the punting, he did the dropkicking, and he did the kicking of goals from touchdown. He proved an all round star of the first magnitude. They do not come any better. Mohardt was the line plunger of the Hoosiers and he could hit that first defense like a mortar. He ripped off one first down after another. Wynne, the fullback, was another efficient worker, while Brandy, the quarter, who was a halfback when we saw him last, two years ago, was the same reliable player.

The Chicago Examiner.

George Gipp of Notre Dame is heralded as the wonder man of football in New York today. Not since the days of Ted Coy of Yale has the East seen such a brilliant performance as Gipp put up at West Point

yesterday. Every New York newspaper declares Gipp of All-American timber. "Notre Dame has two teams on the field," said one paper, "George Gipp and ten other men."

This same paper hails Rockne as the "Miracle Man." . . . "Heralded as the "miracle man" of American football, Knute K. Rockne, head coach at Notre Dame, can have about anything he wants around South Bend these days. Already the students of Notre Dame, alumni, as well as undergraduates, hail him as the greatest coach in football, and such a title does not appear to be unwarranted. Since Rockne took charge of the Gold and Blue squad in the turbulent Fall of 1918 Notre Dame has lost but one game.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Notre Dame, if it wins its remaining games, and there is every reason to believe it will, should be rated one of the strongest elevens in the country. The decisive victory of Coach Rockne's eleven over West Point, 27 to 17, stamps the eleven as one of great offensive and defensive power. In Half Back Gipp Notre Dame has one of the best back field players in the country. This player's wonderful work in the Army game opened the eyes of Eastern critics, who are beginning to look with favor upon western football men.

The Cleveland Press.

If Notre Dame and Penn State could be brought together this year, 'twould go a great way toward establishing a national football championship. With the season more than half over these two mighty elevens are among the topnotchers in their sections. Many think a post-season game between the pair unnecessary, granting the Westerners the decision by a big margin. After seeing Notre Dame wallop the Army Saturday, the best critics of the East are raving about the Indiana eleven. Due to the good fortune of having an unusually large number of intersectional games, the east has seen the best of the south and the middlewest, and Notre Dame looks to be the class of the visitors. Four of the South Bend stars are being nominated for All-American honors. George Gipp, the sensational halfback, who alone gained 137 yards, looks to be the best seen in the east since the days of the great Eddie Mahan. He seems sure of one place on the mythical eleven. Kiley and Anderson are the best ends to appear in the east and Frank Coughlin, captain, looks good for one tackle position.

The Pittsburgh Press.

Led by a giant called Gipp, Notre Dame crushed the Army here this afternoon in a brilliant game, defeating the Cadets, 27 to 17. The forward passing attack of the Catholic team, their line driving, their team play, were almost perfect as they drove against the hard fighting soldiers. Gipp, at left half back, was the moving inspiration of Notre Dame. He kicked, he passed, he ran, and before the fury of his attacks West Point was helpless. . . . In the second half the wearers of the Blue and Gold overwhelmed the Cadets. In the last quarter of play the marvelous team from the West scored 13 points. Notre Dame fought its way into Army territory. Gipp, the Western wonder man, led the assault.

The New York Evening Telegram.

After watching Notre Dame lick the Army yesterday we are of the opinion that the Hoosiers could turn in a victory against any team in the East. A battle between Notre Dame and Penn State would be worth going many miles to see, as would one between the Westerners and Harvard. Notre Dame can play any kind of game suited for the immediate purposes before it. At line plunging, kicking or on the defensive, Notre Dame stands out almost alone.

The New York Times.

A lithe limbed Hoosier football player named George Gipp galloped wild through the Army on the plains here this afternoon, giving a performance which was more like an antelope than a human being. Gipp's sensational dashes through the Cadets and his marvelously tossed forward passes enabled Notre Dame to beat the Army by a score of 27 to 17. The Notre Dame team which played rings around the Army this afternoon, was a big, shifty, well-drilled football machine which looked as strong as any football team seen on an Eastern gridiron this season. It played with the military precision which the Cadets show on the parade grounds, but not on the gridiron. . . . The Hoosiers were a better developed and a better trained eleven and played the kind of football which sends a crowd of spectators into realms of excitement every minute. . . Mohardt and Gipp galloped wild through the Army line. The Cadets ends were repeatedly brushed aside as the Notre Dame rush swept past them. Gipp skirted the right Army wing for a 25 yard zig-zag dash and was tumbled by French who was the only Cadet who stood between him and a touchdown. Mohardt and Gipp fooled the Army with a criss-cross play, and when Brandy, the Hoosier quarterback, fumbled at a critical moment, Gipp came along to recover the ball. He was here, there and everywhere, and the Army tacklers slipped off him like water off a duck's back. . . . It was Gipp, Gipp, Gipp all the time. Little Brandy, the quarterback, drove his star at top speed. Early in the last period Gipp carried the ball to the Army's 10-yard line in two rushes, and then Mohardt rushed around the end and carried the ball over for a touchdown at the corner of the field. Who do you suppose kicked the goal? Why, no one else but Gipp.

The New York Morning Telegram.

Gray and stern, the clustered piles of stone that are West Point looked down today on a battle worthy of the traditions of the breeding place of warriors and saw a fighting Army football team go down to defeat before Notre Dame. When the final whistle blew, the monastery like buildings facing the plains lost some of their austere grimness as the lingering rays of a golden sun touched their formal front with a warming glow. It was almost as though the halls that has sent so many fighters out from them to the far frontiers of the world responded with suiting approval to the gallant stand of the youngest sons of Mars, made in their very shadows. Beaten, though the Army was by a score of 27 to 17, the glory of a gallant fight against a too powerful foe remains with West Point. Against a machine capable of pounding its way for successive marches of seventy-five and eighty-seven yards, the

Cadets went down—as almost any other eleven in the East must have if it faced the Notre Dame eleven that took the field to-day. . . . It was the struggle of a good team against a great one, with the less powerful eleven filled with spirit of never-say-die. . . . The tale of the Notre Dame victory is written chiefly in the odyssey of a young gentleman named George Gipp, left half-back for the South Bend aggregation. He was busier than a ticket chopper in a rush hour. All he did for his team was hit, tackle with a nice, slashing drive that brought many gains, skim the ends in great style, punt beautifully, throw forward passes when they accomplished most and essay an occasional drop-kick.

The Buffalo Post-Standard.

Notre Dame overwhelmed the Army on the plains here today, rushing through for two touchdowns in the fourth period which started with the Army leading 17 to 14. The final score was Notre Dame 27, Army 17, and that does not indicate to any degree the superiority of the team from the Hoosier state. The Notre Dame team is composed principally of a left half-back, George Gipp by name, who is to Notre Dame what Elmer Oliphant was to the Army some years ago. He plows through lines, runs ends and hurls forward passes with startling accuracy. It seemed that his average gain was 10 yards. When Notre Dame was in a quandary for a first down they seemed to pass the ball to Gipp and let him use his own judgment. The Cadets were by no means depressed by the result of the game. They made a good stiff fight against a team that was obviously superior. That was apparent even when the Army was leading.

The New York American.

A band of stalwarts came out of the West and tonight the Cadets of West Point are wondering what manner of men they breed out there. For today the Army football team was defeated by Notre Dame by the score of 27 to 17, and at the head of the band of Westerners was a giant called Gipp. He played left half-back and he did everything. He kicked, he passed, he ran, and before the fury of his attack the Cadets were helpless. An old Yale man, looking on, said he was reminded of Ted Coy, the great Yale back of another decade. . . . The forward passing attack which he and his teammates brought with them was bewildering. Their line driving was powerful. Their team play was perfect. The ends were brilliant, the line impregnable.

The Detroit Free Press.

No football review, however cursory, could be complete without some comment on the Army-Notre Dame and the Centre-Georgia Tech. contests. Touching the former, it undoubtedly can be said that the Cadets—as in 1913—learned a lesson that will prove in good stead when they engage in the service game on the Polo grounds. Also it must be said of Coach Rockne that his is a team that is entitled to and must be given credit above that accorded most elevens. Year after year the Irish meet such tough customers as Nebraska and the Army to say nothing of others especially pointed at Notre Dame, and year in and year out Rockne's men come through with colors flying.

Safety Valve.

1ST STUDENT—Tell me, Bob, what do you think of the Rector of your hall and of the Prefect of Discipline, and—

2ND STUDENT—Cut that out, Al. I just made a good retreat and you're trying to spoil it all.

Look here, George, will you page that fellow who knew all the time that Cox was going to win?

What has become of the old fashioned student who used to fill his pockets with lump-sugar after he had taken a meal in a restaurant?

Grey is Army's color, despite the fact that she has Green and White on her football team.

WHAT DID THEY BRING LAST SATURDAY?

Army has two Storcks on her team.

Yale used its Bean at left guard in the game with Colgate.

1ST STUDENT—George surely has an analytical mind.

2ND STUDENT—How do you make that out?

1ST STUDENT—He tries to find out what's in the hash every time it comes on the table.

HOW ABOUT 'RITHMETIC?

Tulane University has Wright and Reid on its team.

Northwestern University Hathaway of losing lately.

REVERSE.

Enright is right end on St. Rita's team in Chicago.

A fool and his honey are soon married.

There is a Gardner on the Rutgers team who should be able to procure Flowers from the Georgia Tech. team and Bush and Reid from Culver—these would strengthen his team.

Lake Forest has a Hause at R. E. and another Hause at L. H. B. while Illinois has only a Koop.

STRICTLY FRESH.

And he's a wise student who "knows his eggs"

THE FUNNIEST THING WE KNOW.

VALPO WAILINGS

There are boys who bet at Notre Dame, and who actually flaunted green-backs in our faces. Some of them even wanted to wager that Dandalet would be out in the third quarter—how'd they know? And Rockne always kept putting "substitutes" in the game, and somebody slapped one of our nice boys on the wrist when he wasn't doing a thing but polish his finger nails, and somebody accused one of our

ladies of chewing Star when what she really had was Piper Heidseck—

No Valp, we don't bet; we were raising money for a statue to Gipp and thought you might have some to give away—that's all. Really, you shouldn't talk so much about reserves, you have plenty of 'em;—what you need is a team.

The members of the Carroll Hall team were as sad after losing a game to Brownson as defeated Centipeds—and that's some sadness.

The fly paper tooth brush is awarded to the student who must sing or whistle during a movie in Washington Hall.

And the lad who doesn't know he should raise his hat to a lady friend might have to be told he should not eat soup with a hat pin.

No, Horace, a tangarene is not an instrument like a drum, neither is a person who eats gluten bread a glutton.

We nominate Knox of Princeton and Crabbe of Galesburg to look after the officials.

The Detroit Herald's Right guard is Straw and Michigan's left half-back is Paper.

SOUNDS LIKE SOOTHING SYRUP.

Tulane University has Payne, Killinger, on its team.

EXPERIENCE.

She didn't have parents or money or clothes
But she certainly did have a smile,
And it pulled on my heart so exceedingly hard
That I followed her mile after mile;
And I told her the usual things that men tell
As I drew her quite close to my side
And she fell for my rhetoric—honest she did
And became my own beautiful bride.

She hasn't got parents or money or clothes
And I've found men can't live on a smile,
And I fear that I'll soon be expected to work
To keep her in some kind of style.
And I think she will probably want things to eat
And I can't get free lunch any more,
Oh, I used to think marriage was heaven on earth
But I find its a terrible bore.

If you should want someone to love you for life
Don't marry because of a smile;
It's better by far to be sure that your wife
Has hoarded a nice little pile.

Yes, Percy, the Junior Class must have been asleep, when they elected their cheer leader wot "runs" with the messages. He's the dreamiest thing we've ever seen.

We wonder when the Notre Dame team will get the Third Degree.