

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

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No. 6.

FIRST FRUITS.

Around the world are lands that root the seed
Of God's own Word: from Bethlehem of old
To western isles, lost in the Peace Sea; wold
Of rich Brazil designed is to feed
The self-same plant that lavish grows, in need
Of all plants' nutriment, in Greenland's cold;
On seething peaks, on waves to mountains rolled,
It thrives, from fear of death forever freed.
Yet never did the Gospel-seed so sure
Take root again, as in the fertile bed
Of Mary's Heart, never so much endure.
There grew the First Lily, heaven-nourished;
There grew that God delights to look upon,
A soul untarnished, radiant as the sun.

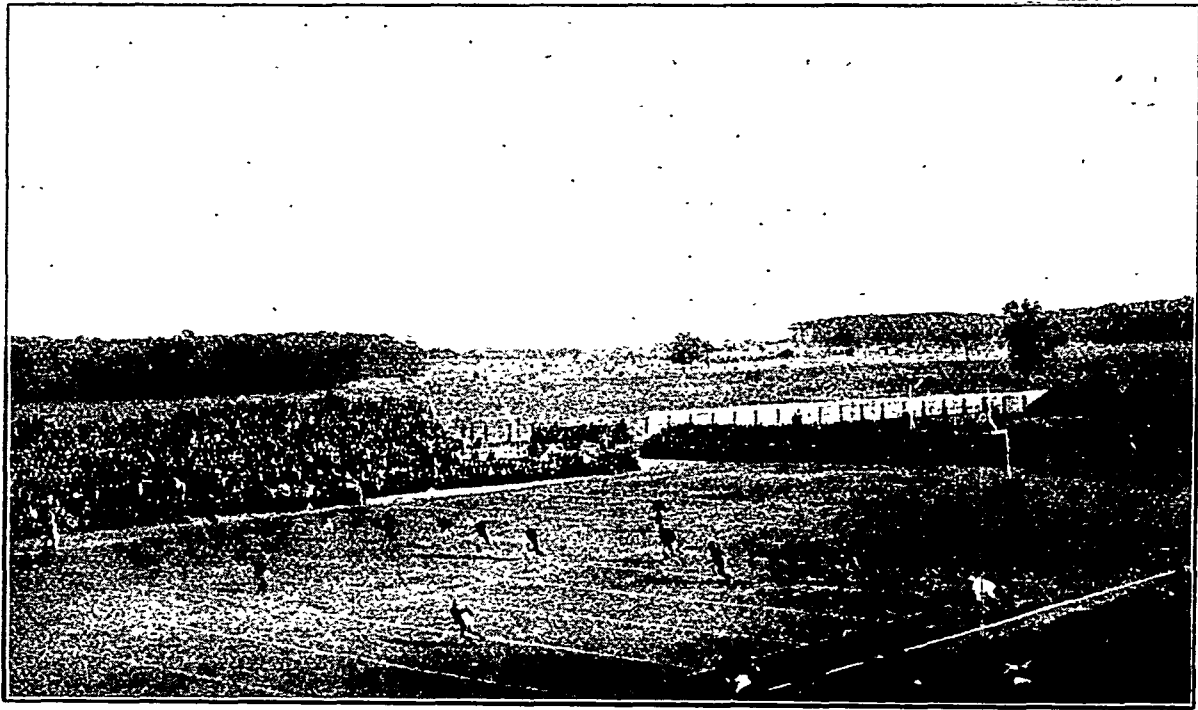
LEO R. WARD, C. S. C.

THE GREAT FURLOUGH.

HOMECOMING, everybody will tell you, was a success. It was more, it was everything; and for an incomplete description you may look up all the synonyms for "magnificent." We haven't time. The affair really began with two events of vast significance, which the general public may have overlooked. First, there was the arrival of Jim Bailey from Portland, Oregon, armed with the money which the Notre Dame members of Columbia's faculty had graciously consented to pool so that Jim might draw the lucky number and let the kids play with hydro-chloric acid without any interference. The other event was the fact that Coach Rockne was seen, on Friday noon, eating a piece of N. D. pie. The influence of this marvelous pastry on our athletic performances is not sufficiently appreciated; and we are making known a secret of great importance when we say that on the day before every homecoming, Rock treats the pie with deep interest and benevolence.

Soon after things started to happen in rapid succession. Flags and streamers began to blend official colors with the gold of fallen leaves and the glorious blue of the sky. Everything that anybody has said about Indiana weather is hereby retracted: six months of rain and snow would not be too big a price for these days of ambrosia and dew. Old Sorin, recognizing this, hung out Professor Fenlon's blanket and a sign, "Welcome Old Sorinites," which a barber-shop in town thought good enough to imitate, after having removed the Sor-ness. The S. A. C., captained by Frank Blasius, performed every task with such diligence and ability that somebody has interpreted the initials to mean "Stop At Crepe-de-chine"—which signifies, next to nothing.

About six o'clock the rumor that Nebraska was approaching began to look serious and Monsieur Slaggert, marshalling his cohorts, led a giant army to the city and ordered a heavy barrage of noise. When the Cornhuskers had finally been run to earth, the Oliver Hotel looked out upon a scene the like of which had never been witnessed in South Bend. Under the balcony of the venerable hostel surged a determined mob; a mob fore sworn to relay the spirit of M. Slaggert's remarks even to the canal-diggers on Mars. The resulting dialogue was something like this: Slaggert: "We have been looking forward"—*Thunder!!!* Slaggart: "I say we have been looking forward"—*Thunder!!!* The locomotives, the rahs, the sirens, the what-do-you-call-'ems were executed with such fervour and fullness that Nebraska co-eds on the outskirts of the crowd almost fainted of admiration and decided to come to Notre Dame until they remembered the circumstances and joined in the lusty cheers that rose to the stars for Captain Swanson. This lad reinforced the splendid impression made by Coach Dawson and



THE FIELD.

might have been voted an honorable member of the N. D. Alumni Association then and there; he can still be, any time he wants to. We have talked for years about the spirit of our school. Well, such talk will be unnecessary in the future to people who saw the demonstration on Friday evening. It was simply the best ever.

The old boys had begun to roll in, and alcoves that had been reserved since last November gradually filled up with traveling bags. There was a great deal of handshaking and filling out questionnaires, which lasted until the following noon. Dismal scientists who had been gazing woefully upon unsteady barometers were voted out of order by the weather gods and "rosy-fingered dawn" was registered at Notre Dame. Excitement began to show its effects; automobiles dashed towards the golden dome with great recklessness of life; and the more sedate among the throng recalled the boxing tournament that had been staged in the gymnasium on Friday evening. This complex fistic encounter is beyond our power of description. We have confused memories of Jimmy Kelly patting his opponent gently on the back of the neck, of Reed's thrilling collision with the floor, of a stentorian clamor for blood, and of a short fat man who went around dislocating people's ribs because he couldn't see.

Finally the time for the great struggle had come. Those who went early found their seats without especial difficulty, saw a most tranquil curtain raiser between South Bend and Lafayette, and were besought to purchase everything from crysanthemums to collar buttons. "The Juggla, Notre Dame's humorous monthly" was earnestly prescribed by Mr. Flannery; a gentle lad with a pleasant smile proffered the school flower with an apologetic air; and Mr. Murphy was observed in the wake of the photographer. Gradually the crowd gathered, and when the thirteen thousand people had settled down on the outskirts of the gridiron, the spectacle was inspiring. Wealth was there and the beauty of many women, the pride of youth and the reflectiveness of maturity, the green of the field and the sapphire sky. In the background waited the quiet grey skyline of Notre Dame, while a multitude of automobiles symbolized the eager descent of the outer world upon our scholastic retreat. The band, surprisingly well-groomed for so early in the season, passed in stately tread around the field as the crowd stood with bared heads and heard the "Victory Song."

A moment later and the men upon whom Notre Dame had settled her hope, her love and her prayer ran lightly upon the field. The sight of the cherished Gold and Blue

brought forth cheering that thrilled a man to the bone, cheering that was maintained throughout the game with the finest verve and spirit and for which M. Slaggert and his assistants, M. Gleason and M. Clark, deserve the most enthusiastic praise. In another moment the warriors of Nebraska appeared, looking like crimson Mephistos and giving much evidence of having played football before. A hush, vibrant and contagiously expectant, settled upon the crowd. Even Abe Martin was seen to smile eagerly from the press-box, though in general his exterior resembled a picture of gloom esconced under a dripping umbrella. The hot-dog man forgot to call his wares, the girls discontinued powdering their noses, cigars were suffered to go out, P. J. McEvoy allowed a joke to sink into oblivion, Cy Sherman stopped communicating with Lincoln, Doctor Mercier paused in his study of the psychology of the crowd, Doctor Egan broke off the thread of deep diplomacy, Frank Coughlin stood stock-still after having given away the last of twenty-five blankets donated by South Bend merchants to the team—and . . . They were off!

This isn't the place to chronicle the game. Let it be enough to say that all those who had gathered to witness this medley of punts and plunges, of heroic attack and stubborn defense, saw two very good elevens battle with desperate resolution. The game belonged to Notre Dame all the way through, but the Cornhuskers were dead only when the struggle was dead. But the outstanding fact of the battle was the marvelous fighting of the Notre Dame line. It immortalized itself and the team. Pitted against good men and heavier men, the first-line Rockmen were masters every step of the way from goal to goal. From Anderson to Kiley and back again, there were just seven stonewalls that turned into catapults when the time came to advance. No one present will ever forget the Andersons, Shaw, Garvey, Degree, Kiley and Mehre. Is it too much to say that no line in the country or perhaps in history could have outplayed it? Well, old followers of the game, who went to schools other than N. D. when they were young, did say so openly. The backfield was of sterling mettle, too, though it has been

more brilliantly effective. There was Castner, playing grimly and splendidly under the handicap of an injured leg; Thomas, effective at quarter; and Mohardt, paying to some extent the penalty for being a star. But the Hercules of the backfield was undoubtedly Chester Wynne, who did seventy five times more than any full-back is supposed to do, and without whom Saturday's contest would not appeal to the imagination.

It was not a flashy affray, though such little matters as Eddie Anderson's taking the ball away from the Cornhuskers who received the kickoff fairly ran amuck with one's breath. Our forward-passing was singularly ineffective, and most of the passes we did get originated in the Nebraska camp. But it was gripping, brainy, masculine football all the way through and the spectators thought that the quarters had only just begun when the blasted timekeeper interfered with the arrangement. The outcome, of course, made all of us feel happy, but hats are off to the lads from Lincoln who handled their end of the fracas as well as we wanted them to. It was a game fit for homecoming and we trust that Rock will have the luck to get as good a one for next time.

It is to be regretted most deeply that we can't turn a camera round and round to give everybody who was there a little publicity. Still we must point out a few:—first of all, the man towards whom most glances were sent during that afternoon, Coach Rockne. The word "rock" means several things to the world at large, but at Notre Dame it signifies something between Gibraltar and a landslide, someone we fear with joy, love with respect, and bet on, rain or shine. Many distinguished members of the clergy, famous gentlemen of the world, and not a few facsimiles of Diana of the Crossways—who you ought to know, was one lady in a thousand—graced the boxes. Alumni had gathered in throngs, and we have time to mention only a few. The President, Mr. Joseph Byrne, made the trip from Newark, N. J., and brought "Rupe" Mills with him for company. Jim Curry dropped in from Springfield, Mass., Paul Figlestahler from Birmingham, Alabama, Charles Grimes from Providence, Rhode Island, and

almost every place nearer to the scene of action was represented. As we looked around we did not forget either the lads whose hearts ached for the chance to come but whose noses simply couldn't get away from the grindstone. To these we are sure that Notre Dame sends her choicest greetings, and hopes that next year, or some year at least, will bring them back. And when the silence was deep and the bugler sounded taps for the memory of George, we thought also of many, many old fellows who once played on this gridiron, or sat round it in breathless earnest, and we hoped that the echo of our gladness would not fall unwelcome upon their ears, in heaven. Really, we can not tell all the things we saw or imagined we saw. But, then, neither can anybody else, and it would be uncharitable as well as inartistic to end this serious paragraph with the suggestion that the more a man has his eyes opened the less he really manages to see.

The post-mixup celebration was varied in character. The Monogram Club tendered a banquet at the Oliver, the details of which were eminently appropriate. Byron Kanaley discussed the history of Notre Dame, and time was taken out occasionally for remarks by Rockne, Judge Eggeman, Captain Anderson and several others. After this sumptuous repast had disappeared, the fair maidens and their cavaliers perspired very gracefully within the confines of the Rotary Room and the Tribune Auditorium. Record crowds filled both these places with nimble feet and chiffon and brilliantine and laughter and music. What there was left of the general public gave itself over to hilarity and the occasion; old cronies recalled skives and pre-fects; the since married presented the rest

of the family to the as yet unmarried; and so forth. Spirits descended occasionally, but were reported to manifest a rising tendency in many localities. It would be impossible to record all the wonderful things that happened (*vide* the *News-Times'* star reporter's examination of the effect of sound waves on monoplane) or all the distinguished persons who spent the day with us. In general everybody ought to be content with the remark that the effect of the whole was marvelous.

Notre Dame is proud of this homecoming. Its success is indeed gratifying, for it demonstrates the loyalty which all these old men preserve to their memories of Notre Dame. For them this day has been set aside and for them it will be continued. But no mistake could be more unfortunate than the supposition that one day is everything. All of us know that every day is somehow or other tinged with the golden shadow of the Dome. To keep burning amidst the clutter of life that is often wearying and cruel despite success, the lamp of the old school days; to preserve the vision of dreaming spires and diligent study and roguish pranks; to recall the love and the sacrifice which here go into the business of education; to fancy that the lights of Sorin are twinkling in the twilight of the world: that is the benediction of Notre Dame.

To all of those who helped to make this festival worthy of themselves and everybody, the University bids us express the sincerest gratitude. The Students' Activities Committee is especially to be congratulated. They have set a tradition of service which people in coming years will accept as an ideal. Well, having said everything we know, let there be peace.



A LITTLE ACTION.

OLD SCHOLASTICS;—THEIR MEANING

F. E. D.

One of my leisure's most interesting pastimes is to browse among books whose covers are blurred as are the stories of the blurred ages that I find there. Wisdom is *as old as the hills*, and often in some forgotten nook one finds a treasure of good counsel and real knowledge. Then, too, when one idles a few hours in that short time the sunshine of days that are dead burst forth again in a transitory show of glory like a star shell in the night that reveals in its green glow the greatness behind the line. As one glides over the old pages, there reaches him a flicker sometimes of what the other years were like. A picture of Caesar in his imperial flush; a ray of chaste, beauteous light from the pure days when the earth was young and tender like a child and man had not yet bismirched creation to sodden inanity; a glimpse at the lonely, plodding, praying monk when the Saxons with torch and battle axe laid waste the Alban Isle; Archimedes drawing geometrics in the sand; Napoleon parading in empty grandeur under the forty centuries of the pyramids—silent, massive, terrible vouchers for all that has gone:—such elusive images as these the searcher finds, and for a few moments it seems he draws them from blank eternity and they live again.

To a man who has given his heart to Notre Dame and has received much from her there is no spectacle more inspiring than to see her struggling upward through the years as pictured in the dead but pulsing pages of old SCHOLASTICS. Let us lift the veil of fifty years and see our Alma Mater in her girlhood. The SCHOLASTIC of 1867—it is quaint; its pages are brittle and yellow with years. It glows with the tragic, but dying embers of the Civil War. The crude, troublous times live between the queer typed lines. Then woods grew all about, and Notre Dame was truly a beacon light set in the virgin forest land of America. The University comprised only a few buildings. Perhaps the author of this article of which I write, whose very name is gone, sat on a split log chair in a rough room, before a candle that now lighted his writing and now the

hand carved wooden statue of the Blessed Virgin above his desk. Those students were the giants of another age; tall, square-shouldered, keen-eyed.

Let us follow down the years. Each week brings its doings, each month its poetry, each issue the beginning and the end—births and deaths, each year tells of the erection or dedication of a new hall. Down through the Seventies we follow the faded pages. Staffs change, but the strong, clear voice of the SCHOLASTIC changes not. The fire of '79 burned all but the Spirit; and that it made more ardent. But why attempt to recall the lost years? They had their day and are done. Years that through the mirage vista of a half century seem so dreamily happy, were only prosaic to those old time students. Football heroes have left their crooked toe marks on the sandy beach of time and have boarded the ship to drift. But Charon's eyes are dim and he steers less steadily nowadays. Orators tiraded their harangues, and their sepulchral tones seem still to whisper in the melodious, solemn peal of the church bell. Mr. So and So visited the University and returned. . . . The engagement is announced. . . . There will be a meeting . . . It is the old, old, story.

Old Scholastics are chronicles of an age that might, too, have been written. Life is infinite in its complexity, pathetic in its course, terrible in its reality, and marches relentlessly with the solemn beat of time. It is Life, more than all else, that old Scholastics mirror. In the past we read our present.

One of the saddest of words is yesterday. All the world is that. Two-thirds of what we hear at college is of the nether years. In the columns of old SCHOLASTICS we see the open coffin of bygone days. To the writers, then, the past was past, and their present was the only living reality; but now their present is to us but a near ripple of the ocean left behind. Yet we in the commonplace present are already the dim, romantic, stultified and stratified past of our posterity. Others will take up the work; we must go down the hill.

As Carlyle has observed, time is one of the most stupendous mysteries, rolling on silent, unchanging, inexorable. Yet time is only one adjunct to that more profound ques-

tion. I speak of the enigma of life. As far back as history goes, men have lived and died, but the human race has continued, and no one can attempt lightly to interpret this endless progression of generations. It was the realization of the sheer senselessness of believing that man could be all in this aimless meandering that made an agnostic historian admit to me that there must be a Divine Being. Why? "Because it is hard to see where we are going to otherwise." And as I tenderly turn the pages of aged, crisp SCHOLASTICS, this recollection that I, too, am floating on with time takes hold of me.

But as yesterday is one of the saddest of words, tomorrow is one of the most joyful. Tomorrow—always coming, never here. As to err is human, so likewise is it human to forget and hope. The sinner rises from his evil and swears to be good tomorrow. The beaten nation maunders; tomorrow I will be great. Life is built on the scheme of tomorrow. Tomorrow kept despair from the Israelites in the lonely centuries before the Redemption. Tomorrow kept the martyrs at Rome firm enough to see the Saviour above the lions. Tomorrow held the British at Ypres and the French at Verdun during the terrible Good Friday of the War. Tomorrow makes the sad widow hopeful when all she has is her baby boy. Tomorrow keeps the cross and the flag on high.

But this reflection makes one moody and desolate. Let us cheer up. The sun is as warm, the moon as silvery, the warbling waters of the brook as pure as they ever were. Hold your head high, old SCHOLASTIC, and go on true and without fear, for you will see our bones, too, moulder in the weak stubble-field.

THE SHAKE.

Notre Dame by the way continues to lead 'em to their fate. Rockne has another of those elevens which plays like forty-four.—*New York Evening Sun*.

For the past few seasons Notre Dame's victories over the Army have been the chief source of pounding through the point to the "experts" east of the Alleghenies that the moleskin warriors in this section know the difference between a football and a medicine ball.—*Blaine Patton in the Indianapolis Star*.

In this state the clash between Notre Dame and the "beefy" Nebraska eleven attracts more than ordinary interest. The fighting line and flashy back-field of Coach Rockne should offset the Corn Husker avoirdupois and be returned the victor.—*Blaine Patton in the Indianapolis Star*.

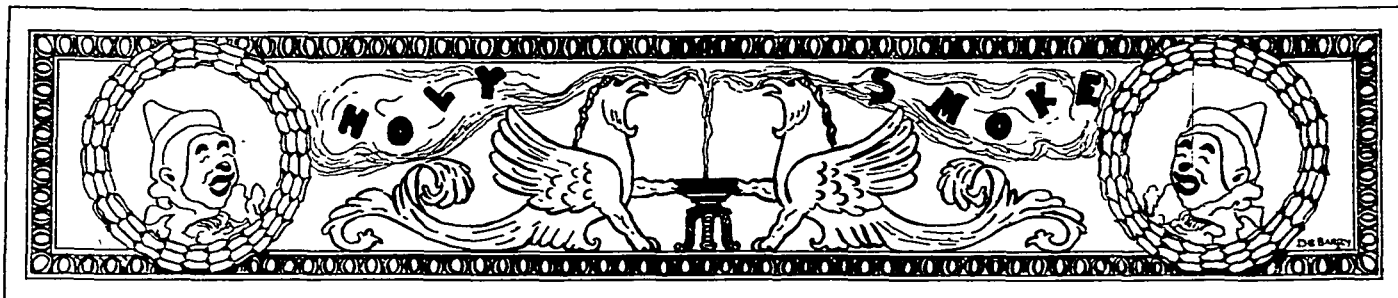
What football team of the middle west has the best record of continued successes in the last three seasons? Notre Dame, which was unbeaten in 1919 and 1920, but has been beaten this year by Iowa, 10 to 7.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Johnny Mohardt's end running and forward passing sent chills down Hawkeye spines ever and anon. Wynne bucked the line successfully at times and Coughlin was a good ground gainer. But in Kiley and Anderson, Notre Dame has two receivers of the forward pass that are hard to beat. Kiley, especially starred. Iowa's determination and watchfulness at critical times, stopped these forward passes in the third quarter, but Iowa's goal was threatened many, many times. If that whistle had not blown when it did, many Iowa fans would doubtless have been victims of apoplexy.—*Iowa City Press-Citizen*.

GENUINE COLLEGE SPIRIT.

Nobody is going to deny that the Notre Dame football team coming East to face the Military Academy eleven at West Point November 5 and then, three days later Rutgers at the Polo Grounds in New York, is tackling an exacting program. There's no denying it, for it's a truth generally accepted. And yet, despite the heft of the program, it's not going to be a case of all work for the invading Hoosiers. Joseph M. Byrne, Newark man who heads the Notre Dame Alumni Association, and his son, Joseph M. Jr., have taken care of that little detail in a fashion that smacks as loudly of downright generosity as it does of college spirit. Arriving in the East to meet the Cadets the Hoosiers will immediately be taken in tow by the Byrne family. After the game the members are to be the guests at a dinner in New York with a theatre party following. The night will be spent at one of the leading New York hotels and bright and early Sunday morning the tourists will head for Deal, where they are to be quartered until Tuesday morning, working out Monday at the Deal Club grounds. It's an old saying that "all work and no play makes John a dull boy." Very obviously there's plenty of hard work cut out for these John Henrys from Indiana, but just as obviously the Messrs. Byrne have seen to it that there's going to be enough fun sandwiched in to make the trip a joy jaunt as well as a hard campaign.—*Newark News*.

Notre Dame certainly had the aerial attack and the driving interference to make any team fearful, and Iowa was lucky to win the game, only stalwart defensive play turning the trick.—*The Burlington (Iowa) Hawk-eye*.



Lost:—My girl.
Found:—Another.

What do you think of a dissertation on roast pig
by Lamb?

Badinite:—She told me I should always call in a
taxi. Is it being done that way?

Sorinite:—No, but you are.

All naughty boys smoke cigarettes—I do;
And balk at taking Cascarets—I do;
I tease my parents day and night:
The way I carry on's a fright.
You think I must get licked? You're right—I do.

Don't you just love those dear boys who, on being
introduced, slip you a hand like a wet hose? Or the
ones who languidly drop a hand into yours and then
let you give it back to them?

The organ will now peal forth Alexander Bell's
latest number, "It rang true to the village belle,"
or "Oh, the line they slipped our little knell."

Student:—That Holy Smoke page is the rotten-
est stuff I ever read.

Holy Smoke:—Thanks! I didn't think anybody
ever read it.

One:—If you saw a girl shimmeying on the front
porch what would you say?

Two:—I'd say that there was a motion before the
house.

Each school in the land has its bane
To drive college students insane.
Most schools, it is said,
Must cope with co-ed,
But we have a new one—co—"cane."

Freshman saw a pretty girl.
Fairly set his brain (?) awlirl.
Followed her until she met
'Nother girl—a lovely pet.
Said, "I'll grab one for my own."
Trailed them to a telephone.
Heard someone say, "That you, Pa?"
Listen, this is me and Ma—"
Didn't wait to hear the rest.
Said "Short skirts are an awful pest."
Freshmen are most stupid youths
Didn't know he'd mixed the booths,

IN THE BARBER SHOP.

Fresh:—I'd like to have a good head wash please.
Soph:—Boy! bring the vacuum cleaner.

It is rumored that President Lo Chin of China
denies being a high brow.

A friend of mine
Went to see
A girl
And they sat
In the parlor,
And she said,
"I like
Your cigarette holder."
But he
Explained that
He had none.
And she smiled
And said,
"Don't be so dense."

"Now Johnny, if you don't get to work I'll make
you listen to band practice tomorrow!"

The foggy weather will soon be here. This will
make it rather difficult to see the glimmerings of
humor on this page. Holy Smoke!

JUST BECAUSE—

—a man doesn't come straight home is no sign
he doesn't come home straight.
—a girl is sweet it needn't mean that she is pow-
dered sugar.
—an agent sells samples it doesn't follow that he
samples cellars.
—a marriage is happy it is not necessarily a
howling success.
—love laughs at distance, we shouldn't take it
upon ourselves to say that it convulsed over that
last crack.

And then after
They had danced
For some time
And were approaching
A dark corner
He said, "Do you like to
Dance in a dark corner?"
And she said, "No,
Let's stop."

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The Home-coming celebration has brought to the SCHOLASTIC many letters of praise from the men who were back. All of them contain commendation for those who assisted in the program, whether their work was apparent among the events or not. The tone of the letters discloses a hearty interest in the Home-coming of future years. Not a few, for instance, offer suggestions for making next year's affair "bigger and better than ever."

The attitude of the graduates ought to be gratifying to everyone. Their desire to foster a great celebration next year and the year after shows the real satisfaction and pleasure which they derive from the event. Consequently their suggestions should receive careful attention.

One of these dealt with the publication, in the SCHOLASTIC, of the names of those who returned: a good idea, but one that cannot be carried out this year, owing to the fact that no register was kept. Let the fellows who didn't come see the names of old cronies who did, and the significance of Home-coming will come home.

Another matter frequently brought forward is this: "What has happened to the name, 'Fighting Irish?'" Nothing whatever, excepting that it has been misunder-

stood so largely that local sport-writers have believed it advisable to use something else. Notre Dame wants to be recognized as a purely American school, which favors or discriminates against no one because of possible national descent. As such she has expressed deep sympathy with the Irish cause upon occasions beyond number; as such she has understood, as well, that student publications and University bulletins should avoid rash expression of opinion on difficult problems or involve the entire Notre Dame public by generalizations which a large number may find distasteful. But publicity and the "Fighting Irish" are other matters.

Everyone ought to see that no name half so good as this has been or can be thought of. It is rich with tradition; it has stuck better than some of the brick in the campus buildings. "Fighting Irish" no more signifies that everybody hails from County Galway than "Sorin's Sons"—which sounds like "Sorensens"—means that everybody hails from Scandinavia. There are other people at Purdue besides boilermakers, and a considerable portion of the Chicago student body have never spent a night on a desert island. Really we think that everybody ought to forget squeamishness when it comes to a big thing like a football team with N. D. monograms, and be glad to see "Fighting Irish" in print.

To get back to where we were: We can put the same determination into making Home-coming Day better each year that is put into building great football teams. This year's event was only the second annual Home-coming at Notre Dame. Greater festivals are ahead.

MOLZ.

On the professional playing field the verbal applause of the fan is partial and often abusive. On the college playing field it is often beautifully im-
A NEW DISTINCTION. partial, and seldom abusive. There is matter for thought in that distinction.

But few colleges are so violently altruistic as to welcome enmasse the incoming team. When two thousand cheering students unite in a march of greeting to the enemy eleven, college philanthropy has a new credit. Notre

Dame can be proud of the noble spirit shown Friday. Men who have watched the big colleges of the East and of the West say they have seen nothing more generous and beautiful.

Several years ago Notre Dame was a pauper in yells and united enthusiasm. The Notre Dame now is comparatively a Rothschild in such because some few men, whose names need not be mentioned, have had the personality, the spirit, the power, to make splendid capital of Notre Dame's unselfish earnestness, so fortunately unspoiled by petty frats and cliques. A continuance of the practise will gain Notre Dame increased and lustrous repute among the schools of the world.

FLANNERY.

THE MISSION CRUSADE.

The last two years has seen the growth of one of the most imposing student movements that has ever arisen in this, or in any other country. The development has been phenomenal. Thousands have flocked to its banner, enthusiastic to enroll among its numbers. Seized by the fervor of the thing, its members have shown unmistakable zeal in behalf of a great cause, the Catholic missions.

Two years ago, at Washington, D. C., a group of Catholic students from preparatory schools and colleges of the country started the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. The organization arose out of the conviction that student workers for the missions of the Church should band together in order to increase their power and draw others to their cause. The new organization received the approbation of the American hierarchy and the blessing of the Holy Father. Spurred on by the cry, "The Sacred Heart for the World—the World for the Sacred Heart," devotees have accomplished wonders in arousing activity for the missions, both foreign and domestic. The number of units affiliated with the Crusade has increased by leaps and bounds. More than five hundred of these, representing one hundred thousand Catholic students, determined to "carry on" at a gigantic national convention held last August in Dayton, Ohio. They determined to labor

ceaselessly until they had enlisted every Catholic school in the country, preparatory or collegiate, for the cause of the missions.

The Crusade represents a movement in behalf of no particular missions. It seeks merely to arouse the attention of the younger generation of Catholics, and having done so to stimulate them to activity in their own way. The members only pledge themselves to labor as best they can and pray for the work of converting the heathen to Catholicism. They promise their mites for the laborers in the mission fields. A membership fee of 25 cents contributes to the expense involved in maintaining headquarters for the organization and carrying out the field work of the Crusade. Contributors to the missions are not received at the national headquarters at Cincinnati. Members are expected to contribute their alms in their own way according to their own desires. It is the request of the Crusade officials, however, that the members be in a position to make regular reports of the work they have done during a specified period of time.

Notre Dame perhaps is one of the few large Catholic institutions not affiliated with the Catholic Students Mission Crusade. Units have been established in the East and West, the North and South, yet the University remains unorganized. Arrangements have been made, however, for the establishment of individual units in each hall during the month of November. It is the hope of those who are interested in the Crusade to arouse the whole student body to the significance of the movement. Rev. W. A. Thill, secretary for the Crusade, of Cincinnati, will come to assist in the work. Rev. Michael Mathis, C. S. C., editor of the *Bengalese*, official organ of the missions in India in charge of the Holy Cross Order, will be here also.

The organization work represents nothing, so far as the actual meaning of the crusade is concerned. The work that is accomplished later by its members represents everything. The University of Notre Dame is the most famous of all Catholic institutions in the country. Those who are in charge of the Crusade are looking to the student body here for real achievements, once the movement has been well organized. They hope, it is

understood, that every man enrolled will become a crusader and enlist in the work. They probably will not be disappointed. The realization of such a dream, however, will require a real comprehension by every man of just what the Crusade means to him. The stories of accomplishment in other schools read like fiction. The whole thing is so big and so broad that it requires thought to understand its possibilities. None of those possibilities are too big for Notre Dame. Once the Crusade is under way here, no one will want to quit. Notre Dame determination will do the rest.

MOLZ.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

D. Cupid, Esq., patron of the arts and Notre Dame forever, conspired during the Summer with Los Angeles in that city's efforts to keep itself eternally in print in these revered columns, and proudly announces the marriage of Miss Mary Alice Dwin of Los Angeles to Lawrence Ott, '16, '17, '18, one of the leading architects of the city. Rev. Francis Ott, brother of the bridegroom and student at the University in '14 and '15, performed the ceremony.

Another wedding of interest to Notre Dame men was that of Miss Elizabeth Francis Lacey, daughter of Mrs. Richard Henry Lacey, to Joseph Hamilton Thompson, Short Commerce '21 of Nashville, at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City, on September twenty-first.

If any N. D. alumnus was out to the Normal Park gridiron, Chicago, last Sunday, he must have thought it was Cartier Field. Zioa, Rydezewski, and Barry were listed for the Windy City Cardinals; Keefe, Malone, and Coughlin were on the line-up of the Rock Island Independents.

After a year and a half on the *Musi^c Trades' Review*, Boston, Wilfred Riley has returned to Notre Dame and taken up work in the school of journalism.

"For the first time in three years the Kansas Aggies stand at the top of the Missouri Valley Conference percentage table of football standing, and the newspaper sport writers are beginning to talk about the Wildcats

as probable 1921 champions. Most credit for the remarkable forward passing aggregation which opened the valley season by trouncing Washington University on Ahearn field here last Saturday belongs to Head Coach Charles Bachman."—*The Kansas Industrialist*, Oct. 12, 1921.

The congratulations of the University are extended Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Bartholomew, (Ph. B. '15), of Kewanee, Illinois, on the birth of their daughter, Frances Caroline, on October twelfth.

We read in the Tulsa "World" that Tom Lyons, LL. B., of the firm of Rice & Lyons will very probably be the next candidate for governor of Oklahoma on the democratic ticket. Mr. Lyons headed the delegation at San Francisco in 1920, and represented Oklahoma on the resolution committee. He presented the bonus report to the convention.

Joseph M. Byrne, of Newark, N. J., president of the Alumni Association, was one of the most enthused of the enthusiasts back for Home-coming. Addressing the melee of Nebraska-welcoming students from the Oliver balcony on the night before the game, he remarks on the striking spirit of co-operation manifest between Notre Dame and the citizens of South Bend and pledged the support of the alumni to the fullest extent in every undertaking.

The appointment of Stanley Cofall, captain of the '16 varsity and All-American halfback, as coach of the St. Vincent College (Los Angeles) eleven adds another to the list of former Notre Dame gridiron stars who as mentors are communicating the "Fighting Irish" spirit to other teams. Cofall is also first vice-president of the Higher Art Film Co. of Los Angeles.

The Gold and Blue Matrimonial Bureau announces the wedding of Miss Gwendolyn Mathews, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mathews of Chicago, to Joseph A. Tansey of South Bend, student at the University in '12, '13, '14, '15.

On Thursday, October 6, 1921, Miss Lela Marie Hoffman was married to Mr. Harold H. Munger at Perrysburg, Ohio. Harold received his degree, B. S. in Arch., in 1915.

OURSELVES.

Chas. O. Molz, sophomore journalist and first-string man on the SCHOLASTIC lineup, has accepted, after long deliberation, a place on the editorial staff of the *Collegiate World*, a national institution. In assuming the appointment, he takes charge of a new department to be established in the world, which will henceforth be referred to as "The Pulse of Collegiate Activity." Mr. Molz in the past has made many a young pulse quicken, and expects to establish a national reputation as pulse quickener. Many journalists can remember the time when Mr. Molz was a mere freshman, and used to be called "Charlie."

The Players' Club organized a week ago, Friday, but will cease to exist, by official order, next week. Steve Wilson was the universal demand for president. He finally yielded to popular clamor, and assumed direction of the thespians. Vincent Engels, of whom it has been said, "he is a greater dramatist than orator," assumed the dignity of vice-president. A man, noted for his common honesty and hoarse sense, was elected for business manager in the person of Richard Barnhart. The office of treasurer was honored by the election of Al Scott, who promises a business administration. Elmer Holmberg, who had an important part in the staging of "Aphrodite" at the "Oliver," a few weeks ago, was made property manager, on the strength of his wonderful experience. R. Edwin Lightfoot, a questionable character, became assistant, after a whirlwind campaign.

The Players' Club will cease to exist next week, when a new name will be officially adopted. Any suggestions will be officially welcome. Among the suggestions already recorded are "The Ham and Egg Society" and "The Society of Sooper Men."

Three plays have already been chosen, which will be presented in Washington Hall, around Thanksgiving. Casts and outcasts will be made known next week.

On Wednesday morning, October the twenty-ninth, the entire Senior Law Class of the University laid aside their sombre

judicial affairs and gathered in merry session at the marriage of their most eminent and beloved' classmate, Paul Vernon Paden of DePue, Illinois, to Miss Mabel Marie Scheibelhut, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Scheibelhut of South Bend, at St. Joseph's Church, the Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., officiating. The bridal party included Vincent Pater, classmate of the bridegroom, as best man, and the hitherto not even ornamental cane of each Senior Lawyer became useful in forming an arch leading from the door of the church to the carriages. After November fourth the couple will be at home at 322 North Hill Street, South Bend.

Oratory is the part of persuasion. In the vicinity of the campus, the art of persuasion goes under a more colorful and suggestive name. But it all means the same. The Notre Dame Forum has issued a call for orators who want to arrive at ready-made reputations. "You furnish the orators; we'll furnish the fame," are the words of John Briley, head of the program committee in addressing a delegation of the faculty. Among those who attained fame without the aid of the Forum are James M. Cox, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Many famous ones have belonged to the Forum.

A Novena of Preparation preceded the most influential religious exercise of the year at Notre Dame. The annual Students' Mission was begun this year on Sunday evening, Oct. 23rd, at 7:30 with a sermon and solemn benediction, and closed on Friday morning, October 28th, at 6:30 with a low Mass followed by the Papal Benediction. It was ably conducted by Rev. Thomas Kearney of the Holy Cross Mission Band. The complete program follows:

Sunday—Solemn opening at 7:30 in the evening with sermon and benediction.

Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.—Low Mass and instruction at 6:30 in the morning; sermon and benediction in the evening at 7:30.

Friday—Low Mass at 6:30, followed by the Papal Blessing.

During the Mission of last year, 5,294 Holy Communion were received, a daily average of 882. An even more gratifying result is expected this year, because the daily aver-

age up to the present time has exceeded by 150 Communion the daily average during the same time last year.

Doctor Charles Mercier was the speaker at the first meeting of the St. Thomas Philosophy Society, which was held on the evening of October 18th. In his interesting and instructive address on the Neo-Scholasticism of Louvain, he told of the beginnings of the movement under the direction of Pope Leo XIII, and made known the purpose and nature of the New Scholastic Philosophy. After an account of the work of his uncle, the Cardinal Mercier, he described carefully the course of instruction in the Institute of Philosophy, and expressed the desire that more Americans receive its benefits.

At the next meeting of the Society, to be held on November 15th, Mr. Murch, C. S. C., will read a paper on an important question of epistemology.

The Advertising Club of Notre Dame held its first meeting of the year, Thursday evening, October 20th. Rev. Thomas A. Lahey was unanimously elected Honorary President, and a careful count of the votes showed that Paul Castner had been chosen President; William Voss, Vice-President; Charles Martin, Secretary; Louis de Smet, Treasurer and John Norton, Publicity Manager. When the officers had been decided upon, the prospects for the year were immediately classified as exceptionally bright. Amid great applause Father Lahey made a speech in which he outlined the twofold purpose of the organization; namely, to supplement class work by engaging prominent advertisers to speak at all the meetings, and to furnish valuable reading material on the subject of advertising.

Sixty-seven agronomists, among whom were some prospective farmers and many embodiments of "The Man With the Hoe," left their native soil last week and became members of the Notre Dame Agricultural Association. J. Robert McCabe is President of the club; William Powers, Vice-President; Tom Lieb, Secretary; and Leo Metzger, Treasurer. When the chores had been done, President McCabe announced that prominent

agriculturists would discuss the fine points of plowing and cattle identification at the meetings to be held during the year.

MURPHY, ARNDT.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

OMAHA AND O. SHAW.

Lady Luck—fickle sweetheart who trifled with us at Iowa and then smiled bountifully in retribution at Purdue—is still seeking to regain her "old drag" with us. Home-coming day came and she smiled sunshine, a big crowd and good-fellowship. She led us to dizzy heights of excitement where a shadow might have caused a disastrous fall—and then she rode us home to normalcy on the yielding surface of a victory—a warm and glowing sort of a triumph which steamed the windows of the wintry past.

In the sense of flying halfbacks and sensational passes the game was not a thriller; but from the standpoint of two lines digging in, two sets of back charging every play and 22 men fighting stubborn battles in that inner theatre obscured from the view of the stands—it was a wonder. There were times when it seemed to drag—but it was the view which came to the eyes and not the game itself. The men who played that game will talk of it and feel it for a long, long time.

Notre Dame won because Notre Dame clearly deserved to win, but the victory was earned over a stubborn opponent. Every man on the local team played the game up to the handle and every man had to play the game that way to win from Nebraska. There were stars and stars in the concentrated line fighting and we hesitate to reach into the group for individual citations—but to ignore Buck Shaw, Chet Wynne and Eddie Anderson would be unfair.

Time after time throughout the season we have been accused of not giving Buck Shaw his share of publicity; and our accusers have been uniformly the men who play on the team with him. The big tackle goes about his work so efficiently and silently that he might be said to be the Lajoie of football—he makes the hard ones easy. In reporting Saturday's game play by play, the phrase "Shaw makes the tackle" became al-

most monotonous. The trouble with Buck's work is that it is pursued within the maze of blue jerseys where every man looks alike—unless you catch the number. One of his teammates declared that Shaw would have outplayed Keck last Saturday; why not every Saturday?

Another revelation of the Nebraska tilt was the rise of Chetter Wynne. The pony fullback has long been known as a charging back, a sure tackler and an excellent good fellow who did a great deal toward maintaining the harmony of the team. But Chet was never hailed as the sort of a fire-eater we associate with Hector or Hunk—at least he was unknown as such to the fellows in the stands. Imagine the surprise—a pleasant surprise—when a lull in the play near the side-line brought this from the Honorable Chetter:

"He will come around the end; get the big ham!"

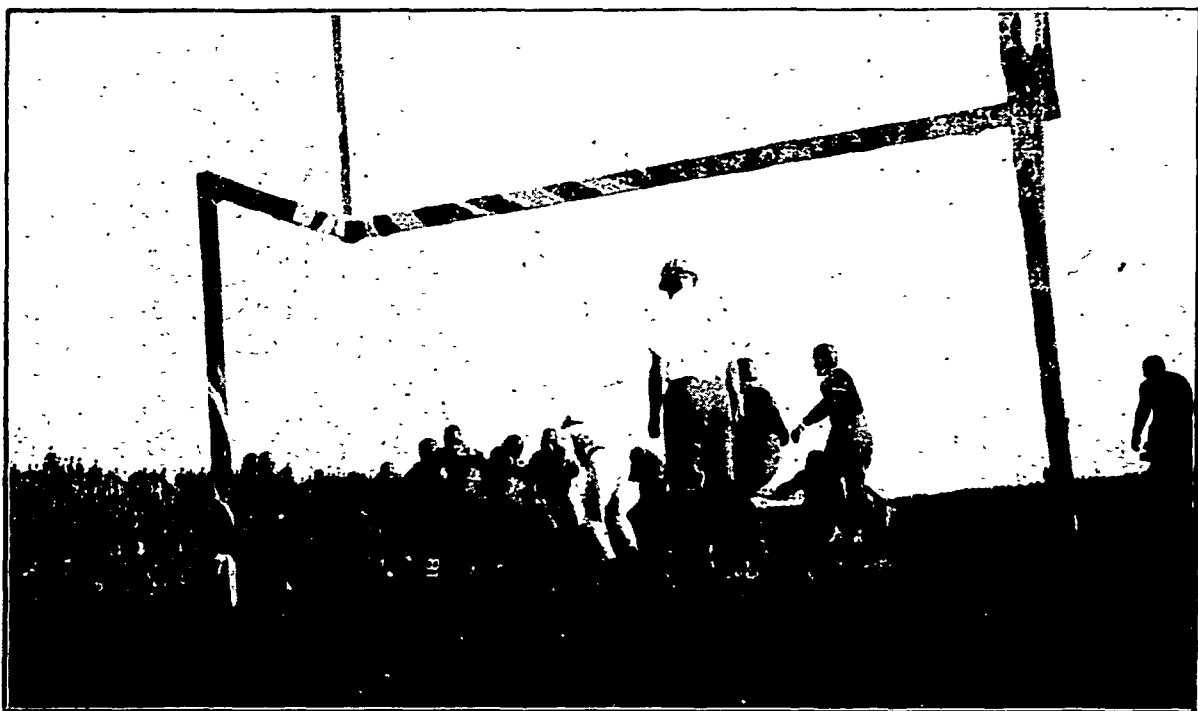
Chet got his; and throughout the game he played as one possessed by something. His judgment of plays was uncanny and his pepper may have had a great deal to do with the fight which the line displayed. When a quiet fellow begins to yell for blood the with a touchdown on an intercepted pass. Forest Cotton, who went in for Garvey late in the game, flashed all over the line with steady tackling. Gus Desch made the long-

spirit is certain to seize the minds of the more militant type. Chet plunged and he plunged; and it was his work which was largely responsible for bringing the ball down to where Johnny Mohardt carried it over.

Which brings us to Johnny—the boy who is paying the penalty of being a star by having a great deal expected of him and by becoming the especial target of the other team. Johnny played a steady consistent game, and with Wynne gained as much ground as any man on either team. Johnny made the touchdown—a hard thing to do against that Nebraska outfit which threw the local boys back from the one yard line to the six yard line on the first attempt to score.

Eddie Anderson was the fourth big star of the game and in some respects the most spectacular. Twice he went down fast under punts and made a tackle and then recovered the ball after it was fumbled. He took the ball from out of the very hands of a Nebraska man on the kick-off for the prettiest play of the game. He was down under everything and had a great big day. The first fumble he recovered led to the touchdown and the game.

Paul Castner, handicapped by a bad leg, punted well and narrowly missed a 50 yard drop kick. Hunk Anderson was prominent throughout the contest and nearly got away



HUSKING CORN.

est run of the game although he was in the contest but a few minutes. Rodge Kiley and Thomas played up to standard and Jim Dooley relieved Eddie Degree after the latter was carried off with an injured knee.

The statistics give Notre Dame all the best of it. Castner outpunted Lewellen and Russel, averaging 47 yards in six attempts while the Huskers averaged 36 yards in 11 tries. We made 13 first down and 196 yards from scrimmage while they did not make a first down in the first half and totaled but three in the game and 54 yards from scrimmage. We were penalized 45 yards and Nebraska 17. We lost on passes, completing but one of eight for only eight yards while Nebraska finished two of 11 for 21 yards.

PLAY BY PLAY.

First Quarter:—Wright kicked to Wynne on Notre Dame's 40 yard line, Mohardt made three yards. Castner kicked over the Nebraska goal line. The ball was put in play on Nebraska's 20 yard line. Dewitz made three yards. Lewellen made two more. Wright kicked to Thomas on Notre Dame's 35 yard line. Mohardt went for three yards. Castner made five. Wynne made first down. Mohardt made four yards. Castner made eight yards. Mohardt fumbled. Nebraska covered the ball. Wright made five yards. Dewitz made one yard. Notre Dame was penalized five yards for off side. Dewitz failed to gain. Wright was thrown for a loss by Hector Garvey. Wright punted out of bound. Notre Dame took the ball on 32 yard line. Mohardt made one yard. Castner fumbled, Nebraska recovered. Noble was thrown for a nine yard loss. Nebraska's pass was incomplete. Wright made no gains.

Wright kicked across the Notre Dame goal. The ball went into place on Notre Dame's 20 yard line. Castner punted 55 yards to Lewellen. Kiley downed him in his track. Wright made two yards. Wright failed to gain. Noble lost two yards through tackle. Mehre blocked Wright's attempted kick but Nebraska recovered on her own 20 yard line.

Notre Dame was playing Nebraska off her feet. Degree, the Notre Dame guard, and the two Notre Dame ends were making the Nebraska offense look foolish. They failed to gain repeatedly and the Notre Dame looked to be easily Corn Huskers' superior. Noble made one yard through the guards. Noble was thrown for a loss. Lewellen punted out of bound. Ball in place on Nebraska's 40 yard line. Notre Dame on the offensive. Mohardt was thrown for a two-yard loss. Castner made two yards. Mohardt's pass was incomplete. Castner attempted a drop kick from the middle of the field. The ball carried but the wind carried it to the side of the goal post. Lewellen made no gains. Wright made two yards. The quarter ended with the ball in Ne-

braska's possession on her own 22 yard line. No scores.

Dewitz failed to gain. Wright punted to Wynne. He carried the ball to the 20 yard line. Castner made six yards. Castner made two more. The ball is now on the five yard line. Mohardt made two yards. Notre Dame has the ball on the two yard line. Thomas carried the ball to within the foot of the goal post and it was first down. Mohardt was thrown for a one yard loss. Castner was thrown for another yard loss. Time was taken out when Mohardt was laid unconscious after a hard tackle. He was brought to his feet and went back into the game. Notre Dame attempted a forward pass and was intercepted by Wright who was thrown where he grabbed the ball. The ball goes out to the 20 yard line. Notre Dame had lost the first chance to score.

Wright made three yards. Noble was thrown for a one yard loss. Wright was thrown for a one yard loss. Lewellen punted 55 yards out of bounds with Notre Dame's ball on her own 20 yard line. Castner punted to Lewellen who fumbled the ball and Notre Dame recovered it on the 45 yard line. Wynne made eight yards. Mohardt made two yards. Wynne made six yards. The ball was Notre Dame's on Nebraska's 12 yard line.

The crowd is wild with excitement and are calling upon the Notre Dame team to score a touchdown. Castner made one yard and when the teams lined up Castner was lying on the ground. Rockne sent trainer Hennes out to attend Castner's damaged punting leg. The team lined up, Thomas brought the ball to first down. Castner carried the ball three yards but the ball was brought back and Nebraska penalized five yards off side. The ball is on the one yard line again directly in front of the goal post. Mohardt scored a touchdown. 6-0 Notre Dame. Shaw kicked the goal. Notre Dame 7, Nebraska 0. Notre Dame is kicking off to Nebraska.

Coughlin went into the game in place of Castner. Garvey kicked to Scheern, who was tackled on Nebraska's 45 yard line. Noble made one yard Lewellen made no gains. Noble made one yard. Wright kicked out of bounds. The ball was brought to Notre Dame's nine yard line. Coughlin made eight yards. Mohardt was thrown for a four yard loss. Degree punted 24 yards. Nebraska's ball on Notre Dame's 40 yard line. Noble was thrown for a one yard loss.

Wynne foresaw a Nebraska play and threw Wright for a two yard loss as he attempted to round left end. Wright passed to Swanson for seven yards. Noble attempted to pass to Scherer but threw over 10 yards in front of him. Notre Dame's ball on the 32 yard line. Wynne made six yards through center. On a fake play Thomas made three yards. Wynne made five yards. Mohardt made seven yards. Coughlin made 10 yards. The half ended with Notre Dame in possession of the ball on Nebraska's 45 yard line. Score at the end of the first half, Notre Dame 7, Nebraska 0.

SECOND HALF.

Notre Dame made 122 yards in line skirmishes while Nebraska only made 22 in the first half. Garvey kicked to Capt. Swanson as he went to grab it. Eddie Anderson recovered it and it was Notre Dame's ball on Nebraska's 40 yard line. Castner fumbled but recovered and made seven yards. Wynne made 10 yards. Mohardt failed. Castner drew back from a drop kick. Pucelnick blocked it and recovered the ball on the 34 yard line. Nebraska's ball. Lewellen failed to gain. Noble made five yards. Noble's pass was incomplete. Lewellen punted over the goal line. It was Notre Dame's ball on the 20 yard line.

Wynne made six yards. Time was taken out while he recovered his wind. Castner punted to Lewellen, Nebraska's 33 yard line, and Shaw downed him in his tracks. Shaw then broke through and tackled Noble for a three yard loss. Shaw has been playing one of the greatest games of his career. He has repeatedly thrown the Corn Husker backfield for great losses. Degree was carried off the field and Dooley was sent in to take his place.

Russell failed to gain. Russell's pass was incomplete. Russell punted over the goal line. Notre Dame's ball on her own 20 yard line. The play was called back and Notre Dame was penalized 15 yards. Cotton went in the place of Garvey. Dewitz made 15 yards. Noble was thrown for a two yard loss by Cotton.

Noble made five yards through center. Dewitz failed to gain. Notre Dame's ball on her 20 yard line. Mohardt made three yards around right end. Castner punted to Preston on Nebraska's 40 yard line. He was downed in his tracks. Hunk Anderson threw Dewitz for a half yard loss. Dewitz made up the half a yard.

Cotton, Kiley and Anderson threw Russell for a two yard loss. Russell punted out of bounds. Notre Dame's 45 yard line. It was Notre Dame's ball. The crowd began to call for another touchdown as Mohardt made seven yards. Wynne failed to gain. Mohardt made three yards. Castner made three yards. Mohardt made one yard. Wynne fumbled on the 20 yard line. Nebraska recovered. Dewitz failed to gain. Noble fumbled and Anderson recovered for Notre Dame.

Nebraska recovered. Russell punted, threw Mohardt, but was downed on Notre Dame's 45 yard line. Mohardt lost one yard. Castner made four. Mohardt attempted a forty yard pass to Kiley but it went over his head.

Castner made three yards through tackle. Mohardt made two yards. A pass, Mohardt to Kiley, was incomplete. Castner attempted a drop-kick from the 40 yard line. It fell about a foot short of the goal post. Dewitz fumbled on the first play after the kick and Hunk Anderson recovered for Notre Dame on Nebraska's 30 yard line. Wynne made five yards. Thomas was thrown for one yard loss. Castner attempted a drop kick on the 26 yard line. Failed. It was Nebraska's ball on her 20 yard line. Wright was thrown with no gain.

Wright's pass to Swanson was interfered with by Mohardt, according to the referee ruling and was allowed to go. Shaw broke through and downed Preston for a 15 yard loss. Hunk Anderson intercepted the forward pass from Wright and it was Notre Dame's ball on Nebraska's 20 yard line.

Mohardt made three yards. Castner made two yards. Wynne made five yards. Castner made one yard. The ball is almost to the goal post. Nebraska held Mohardt on the six yard line. Castner made another yard.

Thomas fumbled but recovered on the 15 yard line. Nebraska was given the ball. Preston was thrown for yard loss. Wright's pass was incomplete. The crowd evidently figured the game over as they started to prepare to leave the field. Kiley broke through and tumbled Wright for a nine yard loss. The ball is on Nebraska's five yard line.

A pass from Wright to Scherer made 15 yards. Larson went in to play for Mehre. Notre Dame intercepted a pass on the 40 yard line and Castner again had his leg hurt. Desch was sent in to take his place. Mohardt made six yards. Desch makes a spectacular run for fourteen yards.

Desch failed to gain. A pass from Mohardt to Kiley was incomplete. Nebraska's ball. Wright attempted a long forward but was incomplete.

The game ended with the ball in Notre Dame's possession in Nebraska's territory.

THE LINEUP:

Swanson (Capt.)	-----	Kiley
	Left End.	
Lyman	-----	Garvey
	Left Tackle.	
Pucclik	-----	H. Anderson
	Left Guard.	
Mixon	-----	Mehre
	Center.	
Berquist	-----	Degree
	Right Guard.	
Weller	-----	Shaw
	Right Tackle.	
Scherer	-----	E. Anderson (Capt.)
	Right End.	
Lewellen	-----	Thomas
	Quarterback.	
Wright	-----	Mohardt
	Left Halfback.	
Noble	-----	Castner
	Right Halfback.	
Dewitz	-----	Wynne
	Fullback.	

Substitutions during game:—Coughlin for Castner in second quarter.

Preston for Lewellen, Russel for Wright in third quarter.

Dooley for Degree in third quarter.

Cotton for Garvey in the third quarter.

Wright for Noble in third quarter.

Desch for Castner in the fourth quarter.

Score by periods:

Notre Dame -----	0	7	0	0
Nebraska -----	0	0	0	0

Touchdown:—Mohardt. Goal from touchdown:—Shaw.

Referee:—Griffith, Illinois. Umpire:—Hedges, Dartmouth. Head Linesman:—Gardener of Cornell.

THE POLO PROSPECT.

With three consecutive victories over West Point at his back, Coach Rockne of Notre Dame will attempt a more difficult program on the annual Eastern trip of his Notre Dame eleven this year. The Lochinvars who annually come out of the West will tackle the Army at West Point on Saturday, Nov. 5 and clash with Rutgers at the Polo Grounds on the following Tuesday, Election Day.

Unlike the teams which came to the Plains in the last two years, Rockne's team has met defeat—the first defeat in three seasons and the second loss in the last four campaigns. In this game Notre Dame out-yarded Iowa by more than two to one and had the better of all the statistics. Rockne's men trampled over Purdue with a 33-0 score and took a 7-0 win from the heavy Nebraska eleven which comes East to play Pitt this year. It will be a defeated team but a more dangerous team than the eleven which faced Iowa—a team with the strain of a winning streak removed.

Notre Dame will come East this year minus the great George Gipp, who alone gained 236 yards against the Army last year, and Coughlin, Smith and Brandy, all-Western men. Their loss has undoubtedly weakened the team and local supporters are pessimistic regarding the outcome of the West Point game. Mohardt, Garvey, Thomas and Degree have replaced the stellar quartet which graduated last year.

To the seaboard Notre Dame is synonymous with the forward pass and smart football; and if Notre Dame returns with two victories this year it will signalize another triumph of Rockne and the aerial game which he first demonstrated to the East as an end on the Notre Dame team of 1913. Gipp has gone but Johnny Mohardt has been tossing passes with all the accuracy of the all-American star. Capt. Eddie Anderson

and Rodger Kiley, who received Gipp's passes during the two undefeated Notre Dame campaigns, are still with the team and dangerous as ever. Against Iowa Mohardt completed 13 passes to Kiley and E. Anderson for 240 yards.

Shaw and Garvey, Notre Dame tackles, are considered among the best in the country while Hunk Anderson, guard, made two touchdowns in three minutes against Purdue—a possible record. WALLACE.

DORM DOWNS.

Sunday's "armistice" in Inter Hall football circles came to an end on Monday afternoon at Cartier Field, when Walsh Hall completely outplayed and defeated the Off Campus eleven by a 7-0 score in a bob-tailed game necessarily cut short by the gathering darkness. "Johnnie" Whalen, Walsh quarter back, was the best man on the field and performed in brilliant style throughout, scoring the only touchdown after a fast end run. De Gurse also showed well for Walsh, especially in the last half, when he heaved two perfect passes. Buntman, Day Dodgers hard hitting half back, was their shining light. Had the game been of longer duration it is altogether probable that Walsh would have run up a much larger score, as they showed much improved from both in the back field and on the line. Frankie Doriot of the Day Dodgers and Whalen of Walsh were the only casualties of the day, (or might we better say evening.)

When it became so dark, on Wednesday evening that players, coaches, spectators and officials connected with the Corby-Carroll game could no longer see just who they were arguing with, everybody agreed to call it off until after night prayer. Later arrangements are such that the game will be played some other afternoon. At the time the oratory began to flow the ball was on Carroll's one yard line as a result of a pass, Barry to Cook. It is alleged that Cook was not only offside, but that he caught the pass off the playing field. Until the gloom became too thick to distinguish the players it was a good game, with two evenly matched teams playing good football. Neither team scored.

GILCHRIST.