

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

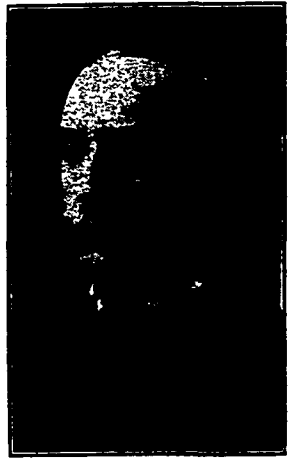
DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS · VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS

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## ADMIRAL BENSON'S NEWEST OFFICE.



ONE of the most satisfactory results of the National Convention of the Men's Council was the unanimous selection of Admiral Wm. S. Benson to be the National President of the National Council of Catholic Men. When the decision of the delegates was announced at the

Willard Hotel at the close of the Convention's three day sessions, there occurred one of the most enthusiastic demonstrations which has ever greeted a Catholic layman. Delegates cheered and clapped for several minutes after the new president was escorted to the chair.

In responding to this cordial greeting of the delegates, Admiral Benson expressed his appreciation of the honor and pointed out the tremendous responsibility accompanying service in this national movement. He stated that if he were not thoroughly convinced of the ultimate success of the movement, he would not have been willing to accept the post of national president.

Although Admiral Benson is one of the busiest men in the service of the United States Government, occupying as he does the responsible position of member of the United States Shipping Board, from the very inception of the Men's Council movement in the Baltimore Archdiocese, he has been tremendously interested in it. When the movement was first launched in the City of Washington, Admiral Benson went back to his parish, St. Paul's, and announced that he would either bring all the men of that congregation into the parochial unit of the Na-

tional Council of Catholic Men or remove from the parish. It is unnecessary to state that Admiral Benson has made good this pledge. It may be added that under his leadership as District President of the District of Columbia, and later, President of the Archdiocesan Council of Baltimore, there have been brought into the organization within the period of a few weeks' time nearly 15,000 men of the Baltimore, Cumberland and Washington districts.

"I think every Catholic man ought to enlist in the National Council of Catholic Men," Admiral Benson has repeatedly said. "I am a busy man and just at present have a difficult job on my hands; but I shall be glad to work if others will cooperate. I am a convert; I have not always been a Catholic. Since coming into the Church, it has been my belief that one of the greatest handicaps to her work is the 'nominal' Catholic. We must force the 'nominal' Catholic to have something besides inert faith; we must make him zealous and active in behalf of God's Church. The National Council of Catholic Men offers the opportunity and the means of serving God and Country. Every Catholic man is under obligation to perform that sort of service."

This same spirit of interest and willingness to serve was expressed again by Admiral Benson in his speech at the Catholic University gymnasium in the presence of two score members of the Hierarchy and the delegates to the National Council of Catholic Men, when he said, in part:

"I know and realize that even in the Crusades of old, men banded together for noble purposes, but as they grew and gained strength in numbers they became more or less independent and at times restive under the authority of the Church. We realize those dangers and possibilities, and we beg of you to keep a close hand upon us, that we may always have your guidance, and that at all time we may show that absolute loyalty and fealty to the Hier-

archy of the Church in order that together we may mobilize all the power of Catholic manhood and womanhood in this great country, and not only by precept but by example and by patient and charitable effort with those who are not blessed with the faith, we may be able to stem the tide of immorality and of demoralization that is overrunning our country.

N. C. W. C BULLETIN.

### TWENTY-EIGHT TO NOTHING.

When Marshal Foch arrived in the heart of the west last Saturday it was discovered that his strategy and tactics had gone east, to West Point.

In the absence of the redoubtable J. F. Wallace we find ourselves obliged to use our imagination. To the life-long regret of every member, the Scholastic staff is obliged to confess that it saw Johnnie Mohardt and Rodger Kiley give the Point some pointers in the heated atmosphere of the Notre Dame gym.

Upon the afternoon of Nov. 5th ten thousand people gathered amidst the flurry of early snow to investigate the differences between eastern and western football. For many of these people the annual trip across the Hudson had become more or less of a habit; but on this occasion the general opinion held that the outcome of the fracas was not going to be habitual, that Notre Dame was destined to leave its scalp and incidentally its spare change in the hands of the Cadets.

The score as everybody knows, was 28 to 0; that is 28 more than we were supposed to get and about 28 less than the Army was looking for. This outcome, brilliantly sensational, was due to the All-American playing of eleven men whose names will be furnished upon application to Coach Rockne. Nevertheless, it must be conceded that the victory depended less upon submarine attack through the line than upon the speedy conquest of the air, which was achieved principally by two sterling pig-skin aviators: the aforementioned Johnnie Mohardt and Rodger Kiley.

When the game opened it seemed that the one thing either side cared for was to see who could kick the ball the farthest. In this portion of the argument some glory came to Castner whose gigantic toe (this is a figura-

tive expression) seemed intent upon making the ball see foreign service. There were some exciting recoveries, a few hair-raising plunges, much stiff and stubborn defense, but no scores. It is a well-known fact—which we let out for the first time—that field goals are not to be expected during the first quarter. All in all, this quarter showed that the future lieutenants had joined a tribe of obsolete animals that once ate grass and fed Indians out west.

Everybody took a drink of water, many of the spectators hugged their raiment a bit tighter, and the Hon. Chet Grant put on his headgear. A few moments later, Mr. Rodger Kiley, of Chicago, Illinois, played catch for Johnny Mohardt and ran forty-seven yards for a touchdown. The game which licked the U. S. A. in 1913 was going to do it again. A few moments later the same thing happened: Kiley had grabbed another pass and Wynne had doomed the Cadets to short rations by a picturesque cake-walk of forty-five yards. We cannot explain how all of this happened, but it certainly did. Truth, we declare solemnly, is stranger than fiction, and this time it was Welcome Stranger, indeed.

After a short exchange of compliments between coaches and teams, Thomas appeared once more and demonstrated that variety is the spice of life. The Army substituted rapidly and tried a forward pass or two themselves, but the Rockmen would not be gained.

Thomas mixed up wicked dashes by Coughlin, Mohardt and Wynne. West Point was drawn in and Mohardt passed 20 yards to Kiley and then sent another pass to Rodger, who tallied.

The last score came in the final period. Mohardt ran the kickoff back 45 yards, the last Army man downing him. Wynne began punching the line for heavy gains and Mohardt circled the left end for 15 yards and a touchdown.

Notre Dame's returning of kick-offs was exceptional. In addition to Mohardt's dash, Wynne also stepped back 42 and 15 yards on kickoffs. Paul Castner intercepted a pass and ran for 27 yards, while both Hunk and Eddie Anderson, as well as Garvey, recovered fumbles.

French, the West Point "ace," was not in the game, but the decisive score and superiority of the Notre Dame line indicates that his presence would not have materially changed the result. Eastern papers credited the Army with a stronger team than last season and gave West Point the edge before the game. There is nothing hollow in the victory, however. Notre Dame made 16 first downs to two for the Army and completed seven of ten forward passes for 165 yards, while the soldiers completed one pass in five for 8 yards. Notre Dame was penalized 70 yards for off-side and holding and Army took no penalties.

It may be declared without fear of substantial contradiction that this encounter was the most entrancing revelation of super-normal football witnessed in college circles this year. Iowa's win over Notre Dame, Center's mint-julep cavorting at Harvard, and Chicago's upset of Princeton were sensational, but all of them had been foreseen as possibilities. Nobody in the country—with the exception of a certain Sorin Hall prefect—dreamed that our victory over West Point would be so overwhelmingly complete. When the season opened we knew that a mighty team was practising on Cartier Field; we were sure that the places left vacant by the departure of certain all-time stars would not fail to be plugged up by other valiant men; but we did not realize the surprising quality of this year's Rockmen. On another page we shall take up the story of the game play by play; and if ever an account of a pigskin battle was worth following, it is this one which shows step by step just what every man was doing. The Army played a good, stiff game which does them credit but which does not make them seem to have been dangerous opponents.

In tucking the best of this classic encounter away for the year, it is interesting to remember that in days past the game often went the other way. We met West Point for the first time in 1913, when the famous Rockne-Dorais combination presented the one and only exhibition of the forward pass. Since that time the scores have been

1914—Notre Dame 7; Army 20.

1915—Notre Dame 7; Army 0.

1916—Notre Dame 10; Army 30.

1917—Notre Dame 7; Army 2.

1918—No game.

1919—Notre Dame 12; Army 9.

1920—Notre Dame 27; Army 17.

Out of a total of eight games we have captured six. Western football need, surely, offer no apologies.

Many of Notre Dame's most famous heroes have crossed the Hudson in search of these many victories. The soldiers have seen the best we have to nominate for the Hall of Fame, and incidentally have always done everything in their power not only to make the game interesting but also to prove their sportsmanship to the limit. Incidentally, many a N. D. enlisted man had during the recent war no reason to regret that he had chosen the school he did.

It is unsafe to speculate at the present moment upon the chances which any Rockman may have for the All-American selections. Some of them seem almost inevitable, but there is a great deal of volitional psychology—always active in publicity circles—to be taken into consideration. Many sport-writers seem to believe that by contributing to the immortalization of George Gipp they have done everything within reason for Notre Dame. Still, Mohardt, Kiley, Shaw, Castner and Wynne is a rather big quintet to overlook and we are sure that not all the dope-kings in the United States are near-sighted.

### THE SHAKE.

We have noticed time and again selections of all-time All-American teams, but none seems to have been of recent origin. It is our own humble opinion that any one that leaves out of consideration George Gipp, Notre Dame's great back last season, misses a chance to approach the ideal.

There may have been better backs romping around at one time and another than that boy was when Notre Dame met the Army last fall, but if there have been any such we have never seen him in action.—*James K. McGuinness in the New York Evening Sun.*

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When this delirious occurrence took place, a party in one of the adjoining boxes nearly hurled himself over the parapet in his ecstasy—he'd been vol-

untarily coaching the Notre Dame players from this box ever since the game started, and when the team scored he took it as a personal tribute. Also, one of the experts told me that Mr. Shaw, who had just kicked goal, was the "best built man" at Notre Dame, and much in demand as an artist's model, and I took a good look at him, after he was pointed out, and I would love to see him with the mud scraped off. I can't say he looked very pretty from where I was.—*Mary Bostwick in "The Indianapolis Star."*

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Kelly of Princeton was another hard runner who was hard to stop. So was Salmon of Notre Dame, a line mauler of renown.—*Grantland Rice in "The Sportlight."*

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Some of the critics even went so far as to compare Elliot with George Gipp, the great Notre Dame star, whose career was cut short by death last Winter. This is high praise indeed.—*Sid Mercer in the New York Evening Journal.*

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#### EAST AND WEST AGAIN.

The third big reel, featuring West Point and Notre Dame, will make another slashing picture.

West Point is stronger than a year ago, and Notre Dame, minus the brilliant, lamented George Gipp, isn't quite so strong.

But we never heard of a weak Notre Dame, and neither has the Army. Notre Dame usually comes tearing out of the West with all the vibrant energy of the highly annoyed cyclone, leaving little but debris in its forward passing wake.

Both Army and Notre Dame have been beaten, but as football goes now that doesn't mean much more than if you passed the same remark about some major league ball club late in June.—*Grantland Rice in "The Sportlight."*

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#### NOTRE DAME AS HOST.

Although our rampant Cornhuskers have returned from Cartier Field without any scalps of the "Fighting Irish" to exhibit, they came back with a sweet and wholesome taste in their mouths and the knowledge that athletic relations between the two universities are sealed, beyond peradventure, for a long, long time.

It is not good to be beaten, even by such a small score as seven to nothing, but it is mighty good to know that you have been to a very beautiful spot where you were as welcome before the battle as afterward, and where every student and citizen of the invaded country was simply delighted at the job of host.

Notre Dame has invaded Lincoln six times, but Saturday was the first instance in which the Husker tribe repaid their social obligations in the way of a party call. To say that the city of South Bend and Notre Dame itself made things pleasant for

the visitors is putting it mildly, judging from all reports.

We are informed that the ardent Notre Dame cheer leaders, when the game was waging back and forth over that beautiful Cartier Field with neither side certain of victory or defeat, called for ecnomium for the Scarlet and Cream almost as much as for their own fiery band wearing the Blue and Gold.

It was this spirit, in the city and at the stadium that is certain to keep relations between Nebraska and Notre Dame green with sweet memories.

True college sportsmanship is a wonderful thing, and good to ponder upon.

*Omaha World-Herald.*

F. WALLACE.

#### MILWAUKEE NEXT.

Marquette University is preparing for the worst when the powerful Notre Dame eleven comes here Saturday, November 19 and although the South Bend crew is favored to win there is a great deal of optimism in the Hilltop camp. All there is or ever was to Marquette will be there for the game and Coach Jack Ryan will send his best available team into the fray.

Marquette has enjoyed a successful season, losing but one game and winning six and tying in one. Notre Dame is the deadliest foe. Marquette carries as the 1921 slogan 'Beat Notre Dame.' All season they have been triving toward that. Although Marquette is accorded little chance for a victory there is a spirit of 'do or die' in the Ryan camp and a victory for Notre Dame will come only after the Indiana eleven has conquered fairly and squarely in every department of the game.

Marquette displaye da masterly exhibition of football here against Haskell Indians, defeating them 40 to 2. The locals not only proved themselves superiors in straight football but dispalyed the unusual knack of taking advantage of every break of the game.

Ryan will put an equally heavy line against Notre Dame. Bohte at center is undoubtedly the most courageous lineman the Hilltops have had in years. If there is not another single bet made on the campus fans here will bet that Bohte outplays Larson, Notre Dame center. Linnan and McGinnis will perform the role of tackles with Davis and McGill at guards. All of these

men are weighing more than 190 and have been going their best this season.

At ends Roessler and Regan are virtually unbeatable. Their names, however, are not written in football history with that of Kiley or Anderson- but they have distinguished themselves this year and are likely contenders for future western honors. Roessler scored two touchdowns on Haskell and Regan annexed one. All three of the scores were sensational plays that electrified the stands.

Captain Billy Sheeley will start at quarterback with Taugher at full and Cronin and Kenning at halves.

Extensive plans are being made to make the day one of the biggest in the history of Marquette. Thousands of alumni will be here and monster reunions are planned for the week end.

Bill Sheeley, captain of Marquette's powerful football team is comparatively a small man but he is playing his best year of football this season. Last year he was put out of the game in the first battle of the season with Carroll College. He received a broken leg, but came back this year bigger and better than ever. He will direct the maneuvers of Marquette against Notre Dame in the annual homecoming game here November 19.

## IN JUSTIFICATION OF SHAVING.

M. J. BRENNAN.

There are nuisances and nuisances. Some of these are merely annoying while others are aggravating, to say the least. In the first category is the Freshman who thinks he is an asset to the University whereas he is merely an adjunct, and the flapper who is beautiful but dumb. Heading the second list is the greatest nuisance under the sun—shaving.

To scrape one's face upon arising with a "Never-Ready" that at some previous time has been used to carve one's initials on a radiator, is nothing to anticipate with joy. Indeed, Roger Babson might well assert that it is the dread of this ordeal that causes college students to remain in bed so long as to miss their early morning classes. How lucky

are the Indians who have little or no hirsute adornment on their cheeks and the prophets of old to whom J. B. Williams of Glastonbury was unknown.

Yet, shaving has its advantages. How many industries depend upon it! For instance, there are the manufacturers of shaving brushes who add considerably to the mirth of nations by printing testimonials from septuagenarians who have used the same shaving brush all their lives and whose grandfathers used it before them. The manufacturers neglect to say, however, how many times the shaving brush was called in to use.

Barbers make a living shaving unfortunates who can not or will not shave themselves for fear of cutting their throats or slicing off the lobes of their ears.

Speaking of razors and shaving, what would our magazines be without the inevitable picture of a man shaving with an old time straight edge, his face adorned with neat criss-crosses of sticking plaster? This is, of course, before he knew of a nationally advertised safety razor. Note the same man afterward. His face is lighted with a smile, the creamy lather is unstained by his life's blood, he is saying, "I never knew shaving was such a pleasure." But, is it?

It was either Kant or Billy Sunday who remarked that civilization is merely a veneer. So it is, for a closely shaved jowl is one of the few things that distinguishes modern man from his prehistoric ancestors. Who ever heard of a cave man with a safety razor?

## THE SHADOWS AND THE STAR.

The black and holy night which God has sent  
To wrap this barren earth in witchery,  
And touch its ugliness with shadows; (Lent  
From one Great Spirit is its property  
To soften earth—that old scarred battlement—  
With dream charm;) For day bedragged and  
weary,  
The night has brought full solace, and has spent  
The unlocked hours which are its treasury.  
I think that sometime in this silent room  
When life is warm and broken as the day,  
That death shall fall like night, sweet as the gloom  
Of the confessional, and I shall say  
In the kind dusk, where there shall be no light,  
"Dear God, I thank thee for the faithful night."

VINCENT ENGELS.

## SMOKE WREATHS.

R. M. MURCH.

Have you never caught yourself in a pensive mood, thinking of what might have been, and of what might still become a reality? Have you never come back to earth from your flights of fancy without a sigh of regret at finding yourself in the same old arm-chair that has borne you through so many musings in the past? Never? Then you have only begun to live. Your life has been on the level. You should fly to the mountains and look to the future and the past. It is one of the real pleasures of life.

Many times have I awakened from such reveries. Once I was sitting in my old arm-chair pouring out great wreaths of smoke, and the centers of all those rings became great kaleidoscopes, pouring their treasures into my eager mind. I was an orator, an important orator, and I was addressing an equally important audience,—important because I was addressing it. What my subject was I do not recall; but the free flow of my words, the vivid portrayal of events, and the close reasoning I employed, so astonished and overcame my hearers, that I myself experienced a certain feeling of awe. My auditors were quiet, almost as quiet as my room. They were tense and so was I. There in the center of one wreath was my picture as it was to appear in the morning paper. The next ring bore bold headlines of my success. I was elated. I had become famous. Then a puff of wind piteously scattered my wreaths, and I was again in my old arm-chair.

At another time I was a soldier, a leader of men. I was about to engage the enemy in a mighty conflict. But this was a peculiar battle. I heard the din of arms, and my room was as quiet as a convent. I saw rockets flashing in the smoky air: my electric light was overhead and the room was filled with smoke. I had already received two medals for bravery. One wreath had a larger medal,—the one I was to receive after the attack. I awaited the fast approaching zero-hour. My nerves were strained; every fiber of my body sought an instant release. Then the clock on the mantle struck midnight and I charged—for my bed.

Smoke wreaths have always delighted me. When I saw them twirling through space, I fancied that I was wealthy and that each wreath was a double-eagle lavishly bestowed from my hand upon the poor. When my mind was religiously inclined, I was the smoke wreath, the frail product of a moment, capable of being eternally destroyed by the breath of God. Sometimes my wreaths even assumed the shape and brightness of haloes, but I never had the audacity to appropriate one.

How I ever came to enjoy my evenings thus, I cannot say. Perhaps I followed the suggestion of an elderly friend. Perhaps one of my novel practices developed into an abiding custom. It occurred, however, and I am the happier for it. The visionary enjoys his dreams simply because they are the children of *his* mind. I, too, am happiest when I can entertain such children. Each of them bears a burden from my heart. Whenever I soar above to the mountains, I forget to love God more tenderly. I see in Him only the all-wise protector, the prudent dispenser, and the extravagant strengthener. Life becomes worth while.

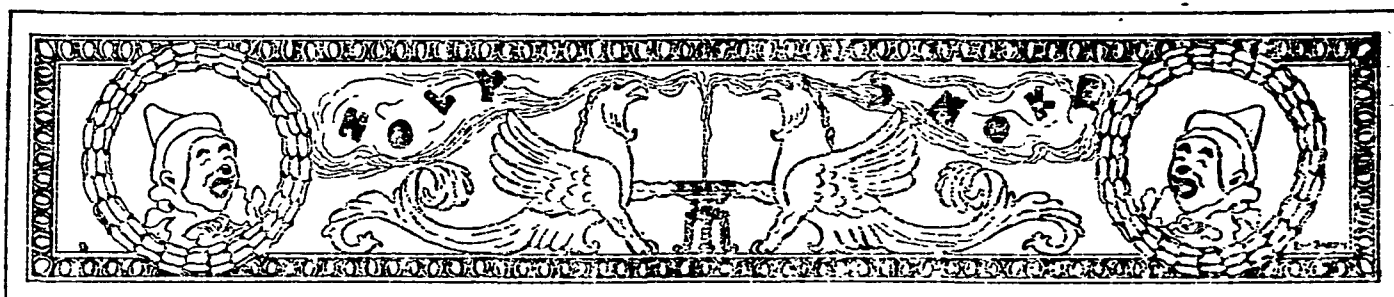
The most fanciful of all my musings was that of my death, and there was something in it that makes me long again and again for a repetition of that dream. There was my body in the casket; where my soul was, I no longer remember. All that I know is that I was happy. My relatives wept, as all relatives do. A fellow-man spoke of my virtues, for neither I nor they had yet been entombed. Then my body was brought to the foot of the altar. At the proper time an elaborate eulogy was preached. How eloquently that man extolled my life!—"The perfect model of all in the parish. The light of such example will shine before all generations with ever-renewing freshness—a fitting close to a life well-spent." I heard those words and they touched my heart. I only longed and do long for a lamp and ring to make this smoke wreath a reality.

## NOVEMBER.

What to the lover is more precious than  
These days of soft and meditative snow;  
When from the sky, a noiseless caravan,  
Come pure caresses, beautiful and slow.

M. E. W.





Holy Smoke:—There was a meeting of all the contributors to this page.

Stude:—And at what hall was it held?

Holy Smoke:—In a telephone booth.

\*\*\*

A man from Kentucky named Pope  
Was smoking a see-gar (not dope).  
He threw it away,  
And I heard him say  
I've come to the end of my rope.

\*\*\*

Helen:—Yes, I like John all right but I wish that he would not part his hair the way he does.

Mabel:—Now my Herbert never has to worry about his hair.

Helen:—How so?

Mabel:—He's bald.

\*\*\*

Teacher:—Our eyes are blue or brown or grey, according to their pigment.

Johnny:—My eyes are lovely black, I'd say, 'cause Jimmy Green's malignant.

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### TOO TRUE.

Shoe Hospital Adv.:—When Shoes Leave Our Shop One Can Scarcely See That They Are Repaired Ones.

\*\*\*

That Soph always flunks, never passes.  
No time on his work does he put.  
But still he must worship his classes,  
For he's always found at their foot.

\*\*\*

"What do you think of Dante's Inferno?"  
"Hot stuff."

\*\*\*

"Yes, I'd tell you the story about the castor oil, but it isn't good taste."

\*\*\*

Prof:—Why were you late for class this morning?

Stude:—I had no car fare and had to walk.

Prof:—That's a poor excuse.

Stude:—Certainly, I said I was broke.

\*\*\*

### ADV. IN AN OHIO PAPER.

Wanted—Twenty Salesladies. Baer and Wilde.

The Army is no bunch of rakes;  
Yale's fame flag's far unfurled;  
But everybody knows it takes  
N. D. to rock the world.

\*\*\*

Brownson:—And I want to say that I'm nobody's fool.

Sorin:—Cheer up. Somebody will claim you soon.

\*\*\*

"We have a finished saxophone player next door?"  
"Good, who finished him?"

\*\*\*

### THE NEXT NUMBERS IN ORDER WILL BE:

All By Myself—By Robinson Caruso.

I'm Nobody's Baby—By the Man Without a Country.

You're Making a Miser of Me—By Harry Softner.

Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes—By Volstead.

I Love the Ladies—By Stillman.

\*\*\*

Fresh:—You know that she must be very fond of cars.

Soph:—How so?

Fresh:—Why she even eats truck for dinner.

\*\*\*

Prof:—Now, I am going to give a quiz, and I refuse to answer any questions.

Stude:—That's a bet, Prof, neither will I.

\*\*\*

"I hope you get the hang of this," said the executioner as he pulled the trap.

\*\*\*

Lettuce razor voices and sing: Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold.—By the Old Faithful Geyser.

\*\*\*

First Stude:—We fellows at our boarding house feel like birds in wet grass.

Second:—How's that?

First Stude:—We have a little due on our bills.

\*\*\*

McCarthy, our star boarder and pianist beats time with a cruel gondola and if he reads this it is to warn him that if that wheel of his flies off while he's torturing the piano it will wreak a lot of havoc.

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This is Holy Smokes latest contribution: ————

—————; —————, —————, —————, —————

Received yesterday.

KOLARS.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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There is considerable encouragement in the interest that has been aroused in the recrudescence of the Players' Club. Despite its dormancy last year one could hardly believe, even SEAT ON THE AISLE, PLEASE then, that it was possible for this body of students to lack happy youths who would aspire to be second Edwin Booths or other Barrymores. The falseness of such an assumption has been proved, we think, by the number who are interested in the club this year. It might be wrong to believe, however, that all of these earnest thespians have lofty ambitions to reach the footlights. Some will be content to say, "The carriage awaits, m'lord," so long as they do it well.

Dramatics, like football teams and college widows, is almost an integral part of college life. The return of the Players' Club therefore adds an element in which Notre Dame has not been represented for several years to the same extent that it should have been. And now that rumors creep forth that we are to behold the first production before the Christmas holidays, our cup of joy should be full.

With success for this year almost assured, members of the club may look forward to a permanent revival of dramatics at Notre

Dame. We visualize already the lights flickering in and out on Broadway bearing the name of someone from our midst. The run of Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'" may be surpassed, the popularity of a Bernhardt eclipsed. But after all, who knows! MOLZ.

There is a certain pleasure in studying the means which the students take to get out of the stands after a football game at Cartier Field. The agility of some of them makes us believe they should be under the tutelage of Coach Rockne. A few of them can make fifty yard dashes at tremendous speed. Others demonstrate a new kind of jump in reaching the ground via the back of the stands. And once these men are near the gates—well, there is the wedge movement.

There are always crowds struggling to get through the gates. We wonder sometimes why almost all of us insist in hurling ourselves into their midst. There is no means, unfortunately, by which we can be suddenly transported to the campus. None of us have the wings of Hermes, and we have heard of no one who is equipped like a Rickenbacker. This brings us to the point we want to make.

Why shouldn't the students adopt a practice that is in use at so many other universities? It consists in their remaining in the stands at the close of the game long enough to sing the school song. Win or lose, the band strikes its chord, and with bared heads the students bring the day to its finale. The practice would not be without its possibilities at Notre Dame. Consider the opportunity which it would give the students to study the fair maidens who are quitting their places in the opposite stands. Or the chance to find another dime in a vest pocket to buy a "hot dog" on the way out. And not, least, it would lessen that growing number whose ribs are crushed at the gates.

Some day, we trust, the singing of the Victory Song after the last whistle will be a tradition. We wonder why the tradition can't be started now!

MOLZ.

Back to normalcy! Perhaps no phrase has been more misused than this one during the



past few months. It brings our thoughts to the condition of the nation's business, to the financial situation, and to the unemployed. At the same time it reminds us of our chief executive and turns our attention to what he is doing to bring us back to normalcy. Therefore it is with some surprise that we read the New York Hotel Review's report of the arrangements made for his visit to Atlantic City's Ritz-Carlton. The item reads in part: "Special kitchens have been provided to prepare the president's dishes—his favorite cigars and cigarettes have been ordered and an ample supply will be kept in stock, special barbers have been drafted to cater to his tonsorial needs—there will be special bellboys and valets, and a private orchestra for the entertainment of the party. A fleet of Rolls Royce automobiles has been placed at the president's disposal."

Such display as this was not the custom of Jefferson nor of the martyred Lincoln; in fact it seems almost an invention of the times of "peace, progress, and prosperity." Jefferson rode to the Capitol on a horse in 1801, and one hundred and twenty years later another president has at his disposal a fleet of Rolls Royce automobiles. Certain it is that "if money go before, all ways do lie open." Whence the money comes we do not pretend to know, nor is it especially important, but such spending does not seem at all consistent with the cry "back to normalcy." Indeed it more closely resembles another campaign of "give till it hurts."

HAGAN.

#### CORRESPONDENCE

##### TO THE EDITOR:

Under the heading "Correspondence" there appeared in your paper an exceedingly clever comment on the precedent recently established by the Senior Law Class of Notre Dame. Not that the composition would merit especial praise as English literature, but much originality was displayed by the author. Would that all Notre Dame men possessed the creative genius required to spell not, "Knot." How clever it was of this man to use a signature to inform us that he is not a Senior! As if the most backward child in the Minims could not read that glaring fact from the article itself.

As an interesting adventure in psychology, the article should be used by the philosophy teachers of Notre Dame. It demonstrates very well that

mental aberrations may be interspersed with lucid moments. The lucid interval in Mr. Knot's mental lapse occurred when he had the presence of mind not to sign his real name. Had he done this, perhaps some of our esteemed monogram men who are Senior Lawyers would have used their canes for a purpose other than that of displaying loyalty to their class. Seniors of other colleges might have impressed upon him that any reflection cast upon one college calls for a demonstration that the Class of '22 is a unit.

If Mr. Knot Head thinks he has gained admirers by his brazenness, he is laboring under a sad delusion. Anyone who is capable of intelligent reading should know that the Law Class of '22 merely established a custom which has typified Senior Lawyers in other universities for some time. Therefore, such stupidity on the part of Mr. Knot is inexcusable and should not be tolerated in a men's university.

COMMERCE '22.

#### FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Joseph E. Merrion, student of Journalism in '16-'17, has started this month a new community newspaper, the *Marquette Manor Sun*, published in Chicago. The *Sun* is a weekly and Merrion is owner, editor and manager. The first issue appeared on October fourth and by October eighteenth, the date of the third issue, the newspaper was on a paying basis. The editor got his first newspaper experience on the *South Bend News-Times* where, though only a freshman at Notre Dame, he was recognized as a star reporter.

Greek met Greek recently in the grid-iron struggle between St. Rita's A and the De La Salle Institute, Chicago, score 0-0. The Greek leaders bore the names respectively, of Shaughnessy and "Norm" Barry, both of whom, it seems, certain persons about Notre Dame have heard. The *Marquette Manor Sun* says: "Several of Notre Dame's off-tackle plays were attempted by the visitors upon the advice of Coach Norman Barry, the former Notre Dame halfback, but the St. Rita tackles were always on hand to break them up."

The body of Lieut. Charles A. Reeve, who gave his life for liberty on the fields of France, was brought home for burial Sunday, October 9, 1921. In presence of a great concourse of his proud and mourning fellow-citizens, he was reverently buried in the little

home cemetery of Plymouth, Indiana. "Charlie" is tenderly remembered by the faculty here and by the students of his time. He was an unusually promising young man. His death was a real sacrifice made upon the altar of human freedom. His memory, fragrant here, will be one of the sacred traditions of his home town. A committee of the Faculty and Students attended the funeral.

Branlio Munecas M. E., is a member of the firm of Castillo & Munecas, engaged in engineering construction at Manzanillo, Cuba. He writes that business conditions there are gradually coming back to normal. Recently, Branlio, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Munecas.

Harold V. Whelan, student in the law school during 1919-1920, who has been connected with the West Indies Corporation at Port au Prince, a short time ago was married to the daughter of a prominent French business man in Haiti. At present, the newlyweds are sojourning in France.

Pompilio Ortega, B. S. in Agriculture, 1920, is director of the department of agronomy in La Escuela Normal De Varones, Honduras. He is a frequent contributor of scientific articles to the Boletin, the official organ of that school.

Arthur Hughes, Ph.B., 1911, LL.B. 1917, has been very successfully practicing law in Chicago. He is counsel to the City National Bank, and is also on the legal staff of DeFreese, Buckingham and Eaton.

In the Plymouth (Ind.) Daily Democrat of Oct. 31, 1921, Mr. S. A. Stevens gives a very fine account of the tribute paid to George Gipp at the recent N. D.-Indiana football game. In his remarks, he says: "It came with added grace because it came from the worthy opponents of Notre Dame."

Saturday morning, November 6, Mr. T. Bernard Devine, of the class of '20, of Cleveland, Ohio, son of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Devine, of Roxabel, Ohio, was united in marriage to Miss Geraldine A. Buckley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Buckley, of Columbus, Ohio. Miss Dorothy Buckley served as maid of honor for her sister and Mr. Richard P. Devine, also of the class of

'20, was best man for his brother. The ceremony took place in St. Joseph's cathedral, Columbus, Ohio, Rev. C. L. Doremus, C. S. C. officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Devine will make their home in Cleveland.

Delmar J. Edmondson, editor, actor, author and producer, on the staff of the Goldwyn Film Co., has been picked as one of the seven critics, including Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rupert Hughes and Gouverneur Morris, to pre-review and criticise a new masterpiece about to be released by that corporation.

Louis Henry Hellert, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hellert on August tenth. The mother was formerly Miss Ethel Brooks, and was a student at St. Mary's.

Under the able coaching of Albert Feeney, Notre Dame All-American center in 1914, the Cathedral High School of Indianapolis team is now rated as the champion of the city. This is of interest to the University because the Holy Cross Brothers are in charge of the school and because the school is sending a large number of her graduates to Notre Dame.

SHEA.

### OURSELVES.

We often forget that we have in our midst a little magazine that carries the good tidings of Notre Dame around the wide, wide world. It doesn't mean as much in our college life as it ought to—this college life so hectically concerned "with many things." Some time ago a Freshman confessed how he happened to come to Notre Dame. His folks had never heard of it and thought their boy ought to go to a school nearby which had been good enough for a good many other lads. "What is Notre Dame, anyway?" they asked. The boy, fumbling for a reply, hit upon the right thing. "It's the place the *Ave Maria* comes from," he said. That settled the difficulty and we got another Freshman. At the present time, the total circulation of the magazine is forty-one thousand. During the week before last, nearly six hundred new subscribers were secured. The chief reason for this success has been the editorial policy, revealed principally in the department, "Notes and Comments." This

is characterized by an unusually firm poise of judgment and very wide reading.

\*\*\*

It is to be hoped that students will be eager and careful in filling out the religious survey questionnaires now being distributed. These are not Sherlockian devices for the solace of the inquisitive, but self-made diagnoses of spiritual health. They provide a realistic picture of the Notre Dame state of mind. The report on last year's survey will make very interesting reading; we shall try to give the matter due attention when the time comes.

\*\*\*

The assistant-librarian, Miss Blanchard, admits that she has discovered, at Notre Dame, the land of the strenuous life. Recently, she has provided for the benefit of all Freshman classes a certain amount of instruction in the use of reference works and periodical indices. Miss Blanchard avows that the men of '25 were green, but insists that at the present moment 'tis the upper class man who resembleth grass. When not otherwise employed, Miss Blanchard scrutinizes the Congressional Record for possible bits of trustworthy information.

\*\*\*

At a recent meeting of the Roundtable of South Bend, Professor William Farrell read a carefully prepared, conservative paper on the subject of Disarmament. Although outspokenly confident of the possibility of peace, his paper dealt closely with the many serious obstacles now existing in the world. The success of his effort was made apparent by the wide discussion that followed, a discussion that had to be cut short by the Honorable Chairman, Dean John M. Cooney.

\*\*\*

The "Encyclopedia Britannica" has prepared, in harmony with the New York Central R. R., a guide book indicating the noteworthy places along the Lake Shore route. Notre Dame has a "write-up," but unfortunately it is based upon information current ten years ago. Really, it would scarcely be possible to recognize U. N. D. from this description.

\*\*\*

Father Zahm C. S. C., one of the most famous and best known priests of the Holy

Cross Congregation, is lying dangerously ill with pneumonia at the present time in Munich. Prayers are asked for his recovery.

An authority on Science, Engineering and Commerce, Father Zahm did much for Notre Dame in developing these courses in the University, and at one time served as President of Notre Dame. He later became Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

\*\*\*

"Ghosts!"

"Spooks!"

Such were the exclamations of four off-campus students when they beheld mysterious lights in Cedar Grove cemetery one night last week.

The boys had attended an entertainment in Washington Hall and had afterwards agreed to walk down town together. They proceeded unconcernedly along the path, darkened by the arch of trees which borders Notre Dame avenue, until they had almost reached the cemetery. Then their attention was attracted by wavering lights which seemed to glow, now on one tombstone, now on another.

The four stopped and stared in amazement.

"My God! There's a ghost in that place!"

"There's something behind that tree! See that shadow move!"

"Right here in this corner! That's a skull coming out of that grave!"

"Let's run by as fast as we can," suggested one.

"I aint a-a-afraid of no ghosts b-b-but I aint g-going by there," replied one of his frightened comrades. "I'm going back."

"Maybe we can go across the road and sneak by."

"Pshaw! Come on; lets go right up and see what's making all those lights," one of the bolder two commanded.

And finally the four bolstered up their group courage and hesitatingly advanced, peering through the trees and bushes to find the cause of their scare.

"Ho, ho," laughed one. "Now I see. It's candles. Today is All Souls' day and folks put lighted candles on their people's graves."

"But I'd swore I saw a skull."

"That skull, Jim, was nothing but a globe to keep the wind from blowing the candle out."

And so with hearts beating normal once more, the disillusioned quartet went on. Having thus satisfied themselves that restless spirits are not required to make a cemetery uncanny by night, they joshed one another about *his* courage.

\*\*\*

Corby Hall's football eleven will hold forth on foreign soil next Sunday when they will line up against the strong Goshen team in that city in their first out of town game of the present season.

\*\*\*

On Thursday morning there was an organized demonstration in the city of South Bend with the two-fold purpose of greeting the victorious Notre Dame eleven on its return from the east and celebrating the double victory over the Army at West Point and Rutgers at the Polo Grounds in New York.

\*\*\*

A new plan has been adopted in the Commerce course. Each Junior and Senior commerce man has been given one or two yearlings to guide through this year's work. The purpose of the plan is to appoint a superior to whom a Freshman can go when he is in trouble, or in need of information. The upper classmen are responsible for their children's actions and school work. This plan creates a family spirit between the students and also makes their work more interesting. So far the plan has worked fine.

\*\*\*

A cake, two feet by three feet, was the gift presented to Manager Earl Carter, of the Cafeteria, on the occasion of his birthday, which occurred yesterday. The cake was the gift of the chef.

\*\*\*

The organization of a Central Illinois club is about to be undertaken at the University of Notre Dame. From the interest shown it will be one of the liveliest clubs on the campus. The club will include about ten counties.

\*\*\*

Father Bolger is well pleased with the turn out of candidates on the first call for

varsity debaters. The material that has presented itself thus far has encouraged a second call. The try-out will be held Tuesday night in the south room of the library.

Notre Dame has debates scheduled with Wabash, Detroit U., Indiana Normal, and other leading universities of the middle west.

MURPHY-ARNDT.

## WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

### AT THE POLO GROUNDS

Last Tuesday was a day of great importance in the city of New York. Not because two groups of common ordinary politicians were lazily struggling for the control of an office, but because the Knights of the Gold and Blue were appearing at the Polo Grounds. Against them Rutgers sent her favorite sons and 20,000 persons saw the favorite sons go down valiantly under the onslaught of the Knights.

It was the grandest exhibition of football ever seen in the old metropolis. These are not our words, but were written by a New York newspaper man.

Paul Castner is the best halfback seen in the East this season. That's what Jack Velock wrote, and Jack Velock, who is a cynical veteran of the Press Box has seen Davies of Pittsburgh, Aldrich of Yale, French of the Army, and McMillin of Center in action.

We have four Gipps in Mohardt, Wynne, Coughlin and Castner, and two All-American possibilities in Shaw and Kiley. We knew that before, but it is very nice to be reminded of the fact by the New York Herald.

And now that our own glories have been told, now that we have got this boasting off a cold-bound chest, it is only right to congratulate our gamey opponents of the Scarlet. They were forced to play the team that had crushed the Army a few days previously, and they played that team as if they expected to win. Rutgers was outplayed from the start of the game, when Paul Castner ran 51 yards for a touchdown, but they were never outfought. Duffy and Chandler and Waite, together with their less brilliant team fellows, were hard fighters, clean foes, and we respect them, every one.

The cause of Rutgers was hopeless from

the first. Hardly a minutes after play was called, Castner ran aorund right end, past right end and past all the secondary defense of the Scarlet for a touchdown. We have long accused Paul of his versatility, but we never suspected that he could run the ends. Now, of course, we know better. Nothing daunted by this coup, Rutgers lined up again and attempted to come back. Chandler punted, but his kick went out of bounds on his own 35 yard line. It was a very simple matter for Chetter Wynne to run 35 yards for our second touchdown.

The third and fourth scores were both obtained for us by Castner, who has an educated toe as well as an educated head. On both occasions, he dropkicked a field goal, once from the 45-yard line, and again from a point two yards further removed from the goal posts. That made the score 20-0 in our favor, and before the game was over, spectacular line plunging by Wynne, Coughlin and Desch, and able forward passing by Johnny Mohardt brought us 28 more points.

ENGELS.

## PLAY BY PLAY.

### FIRST HALF.

Raub kicked off for Rutgers to Dooley on the 45 yard line. On the first play Castner broke away around Rutger's right end for a touchdown; running the ball 55 yards. Shaw kicked the goal. Score Notre Dame 7; Rutgers 0. Garvey kicked off for Notre Dame to Rutgers' 25 yard line. Garvey stopped two line plays. Waite made four yards through the line. Chandler punted out of bounds on the 35 yard line and Notre Dame, after two plays and a penalty for offside play, scored another touchdown when Wynne got away for a 35 yard run around his left end. Shaw kicked the goal. Score Notre Dame 14; Rutgers 0. Paul Castner, Notre Dame's right half, dropped back to the 45 yard line and booted a beautiful drop between the scarlet goal posts.

Rutgers tried a forward pass to Dickinson and Mohardt broke it up. Wynne then blocked a Rutgers forward pass on his own 27-yard line. Wynne made six yards through tackle. Castner punted 55 yards to Rutgers' 30-yard line. Benkart went in at left half for Rutgers. Redmond fumbled the ball. E. Anderson recovered for Notre Dame. The quarter ended.

Score—Notre Dame, 17; Rutgers, 0.

Notre Dame resumed play on Rutgers' 43 yard line. Rutgers held for downs on her 40 yard line. Notre Dame was penalized 5 yards for coaching from the side line. Rutgers gained only two yards

on three plays and Raub punted to Thomas, who was downed on Notre Dame's 15-yard line. Castner punted to Maloney who was downed on Rutgers' 45 yard line, Garvey intercepted a pass from Maloney on Rutgers 40 yard line. Smith replaced Thomas for Notre Dame. Three passes grounded for Notre Dame and Castner kicked a 45 yard drop kick between the posts. Score: Notre Dame 20; Rutgers 0.

Lopfaker replaced Dickinson for Rutgers. Rut-an exchange of punts, Kiley took a pass from Mohardt and ran 25 yards for a touchdown. Shaw kicked goal. Score: Notre Dame 27; Rutgers 0.

Coughlin replaced Castner for Notre Dame. After gers again rallied at the close of the second period carrying the ball to Notre Dame's two yard line. Summerill replaced Lopfaker for Rutgers.

### SECOND HALF

Beckwith replaced Eckhardt at left tackle for Rutgers. Thomas went back to quarter for Notre Dame and Degree replaced Dooley at right guard. Rutgers failed to gain and punted to the Catholics 40-yard line. Wynne made a yard through the line and a pass, Mohardt to Anderson, gained two more. Mohardt then passed to Wynne and it was Notre Dame's ball on Rutgers' 8-yard line. Mohardt passed to Anderson who went over for a touchdown. Shaw kicked goal. Brown replaced Anderson at left guard for Notre Dame. Desch was substituted for Coughlin who was hurt. After Rutgers had broken up several forward passes, Desch gained 14 yards around right and then skirted left for 30. Wynne carried the ball to the two yard mark, where the quarter ended. Score end third quarter, Notre Dame 7; Rutgers, 0. Total—Notre Dame 34; Rutgers 0.

Castner went back into Notre Dame line-up for Wynne and Dooley returned to right guard in place of Degree. After Desch had failed on the first line smash, Castner carried the ball over. Shaw kicked goal. Total score—Notre Dame 41; Rutgers 0.

Captain Duffy went into the Rutgers back field in place of Waite. The scarlet backs carried the ball to midfield on line smashes. Lieb replaced Mohardt at left half, Carberry took Kiley's place at left end, and Mehre took Larson's place at center for Notre Dame. Thomas stopped the scarlet advance by intercepting a forward pass. Phelan took Castner's place at full back. Lieb broke through for a 10-yard gain. Another line play put the ball on the 6-yard line from where Desch ran around Rutgers' right end for a touchdown. Shaw kicked goal. Score 48.

Garvey kicked off to Maloney on Rutgers' 19-yard line. Rutgers failed to gain the required yardage and Raub punted to Notre Dame's 30-yard line. Lieb crashed through for a 20-yard gain. Walsh, who replaced Desch at right half, ran around his left to Rutgers' 40-yard line where Rutgers intercepted a forward pass. The fourth period ended with the ball in Rutgers' possession on her 43-yard line.

Final: Notre Dame 48; Rutgers 0.

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## ARMY GAME.

### PLAY BY PLAY.

Both teams came on the field at 2:33 and ran through a light signal drill. Thomas was at quarterback for Notre Dame, Castner at right halfback. The Army won the toss and chose to defend the North goal with the wind behind them. Notre Dame kicked off to the Army's 45-yard line, Army's ball first down on her 45-yard line. Woods tried center and fumbled. Anderson recovered and ran the ball to the Army's 20-yard line. Notre Dame's ball on the Army's 20-yard line. Wynne made two through center. On the next play, Mohardt around end, Notre Dame was penalized five yards for off-side. Mohardt lost two yards as he attempted to gain around end. Castner tried a dropkick from Army's 30-yard line, but the ball went wide of goal posts.

Army's ball first down on her 20-yard line. Wood punted to Notre Dame 30-yard line, Thomas fumbled and White fell on the ball for the Army on Notre Dame's 40-yard line. Smythe made six yards through left tackle. Wood failed to gain through center, Garbisch dropped back to try a dropkick but it was blocked by Eddie Anderson, who fell on the ball for Notre Dame. Castner hit tackle but failed to gain. Mohardt was penalized five yards for the team's holding. Notre Dame was again penalized for using an illegal shift and time was taken out while the referee read the rules to the Fighting Irish team.

Mohardt made 10 yards through center, Castner kicked out of bounds at the Army's 20-yard line. Lawrence failed to gain through left tackle, Richards was sent in in place of Smythe, for the Army. Wood kicked to Notre Dame's 30-yard line. Castner went 18 yards on the first play making it Notre Dame's ball on her 48-yard line, on first down, Wynne failed to gain at center. Castner made three through right tackle. Breidster was hurt and Stewart was sent in by the Army to take his place.

Mohardt made three yards at end. Castner then punted to the Army's 3-yard line where they were downed. Wood punted to Thomas on Notre Dame's 48-yard line. He signalled for a fair catch and made no run.

First quarter ended here, with score, Notre Dame 0, Army 0.

### SECOND QUARTER.

Grant went in at quarterback for Notre Dame. Castner kicked to the Army's 27-yard line. Richards tried center and gained a yard. Woods punted to Notre Dame's 5-yard line. Castner kicked to the Army's 7-yard line. Woods downed after one yard gain. Richards made a couple through left tackle. Woods was stopped at center. Woods punted to the Army's 30-yard line. Notre Dame's ball on Army's 30-yard line. Coughlin replaced Castner for Notre Dame. Mohardt made a yard through center. A short forward, Mohardt to Kiley was good for eight yards. Mohardt made four through center. Pitzer was sent in to take Stewart's place in the



Army line. Wynne failed to gain at right end. Coughlin failed to gain. Dodd replaced Lawrence. Shaw attempted to place kick which went to the right of the uprights. Army's ball on 20-yard line. Woods made three through center. Woods kicked to Notre Dame's 30-yard line and Grant downed. Ball on Notre Dame's 18-yard line. DeGree went in in place of Dooley. DeGree punted to Woods who fumbled on Notre Dame's 46-yard line. Garvey got the ball on Notre Dame's 45-yard line.

A forward pass, Mohardt to Kiley on the Army's 35-yard line was good for a touchdown. Shaw kicked goal. Notre Dame 7, Army 0.

Mulligan kicked to Notre Dame's 7-yard line, Wynne ran to Notre Dame's 48-yard line, first down there. Notre Dame's ball on her own 48-yard line.

A forward pass by Notre Dame failed. On the next play Mohardt passed to Coughlin, who ran 30 yards to the Army's 22 yard line. Doyle went in for White and Gilmore replaced Richards for the Army. Wynne tried center but Notre Dame was penalized 5 yards for holding. A forward pass failed. Notre Dame was again penalized 5 yards for holding. Pete Smith went in at quarter, replacing Grant for Notre Dame.

A forward pass to Kiley was intercepted by Johnson on the Army's 10 yard line. The Army failed at two attempts at center and Wood punted 35 yards to Mohardt, who was downed in his tracks on the Army's 45 yard line. Coughlin failed to gain at left tackle. On the next play Mohardt passed to Wynne who ran 20 yards to a touchdown. Shaw kicked goal. Notre Dame 14, Army 0.

Mulligan kicked to Wynne on Notre Dame's 5 yard line and Chet returned the ball to his own 17 yard line as the half ended.

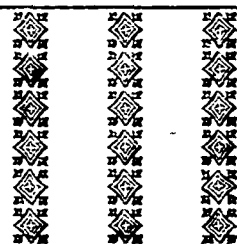
#### SECOND HALF.

As the teams took the field for the second half Smythe went in at right half for Army and Thomas went in at quarter for Notre Dame. Wood kicked off to Kiley, who returned 7 yards to his own 35 yard line. Coughlin went through center for 5 yards. McLaren replaced Dodd, who was injured. Degree kicked over the Army goal line and the ball was put in play on the Army's 20 yard line. Smythe went through left tackle for 2 yards. Wood went through the same place for 2 more. Wood punted high in the air to Thomas who was tackled without gain on Notre Dame's 42 yard line. Degree punted out of bounds on the Army's 43 yard line. Wood tried center for a 2 yard loss. A forward pass by Wood was incomplete. Smythe tried tackle without success. Degree's knee was hurt and Brown went in at guard. Wood kicked to Notre Dame's 20 yard line and the ball was returned to the 25 yard line. Mohardt made 2 yards at center. Wynne kicked to Army's 45 yard line to Wood, who fumbled and H. Anderson fell on it for Notre Dame. Mohardt skirted left end, carrying the ball to the Army's 35 yard line. Coughlin went around right end for 5 yards. Mohardt went through left tackle



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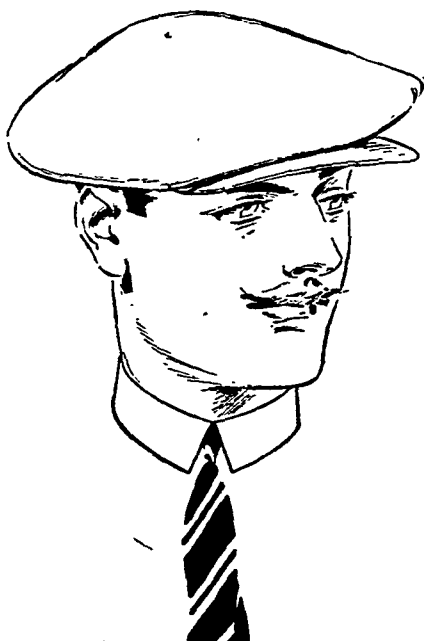
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end, carrying the ball to the Army's 18 yard line. Wynne broke through center for 7 yards. Warren replaced McLaren for the Army. Notre Dame was penalized 15 yards for holding. Mohardt was thrown for a 7 yard loss. A forward pass, Mohardt to Kiley brought the ball to the Army's 13 yard line, and the first down but Notre Dame was penalized 5 yards for off side. A forward pass from Mohardt to Kiley resulted in an easy touchdown. Shaw again kicked the goal. Notre Dame 21, Army 0.

Mulligan for the Army kicked to Notre Dame's 10 yard line to Mohardt who carried the ball back to the Army's 45 yard line where he was pulled out of bounds. Wynne failed to gain at center. A forward pass by Mohardt was intercepted by Warren, who ran to Notre Dame's 45 yard line before he was downed. Castner went in for Coughlin and Dooley for Brown, as the third quarter ended.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

Woods went through center for 3 yards. Shaw was injured on this play but was able to return to the game. A forward pass by Smythe failed. Warren went through right tackle for first down placing the ball on Notre Dame's 30 yard line. Smythe failed in two attempts to pass and Garbisch tried a drop kick which was blocked. Castner recovered the ball and ran to Notre Dame's 38 yard line. Mohardt failed to gain around left end. Storck replaced Pitzer for the Army. Wynne broke through center and ran to Army's 47 yard line for first down. Mohardt made 1 yard at left tackle. Mohardt again attempted left tackle but Notre Dame was penalized 5 yards for holding. Wynne broke through center, carrying the ball to the Army's 38 yard line. Thomas hit center but failed to make first down by a foot. Wynne made it first down by breaking through center to the Army's 32 yard line. On the next play Wynne broke through the left side of the Army's line, carrying the ball to their 13 yard line. Mohardt went around right end for a touchdown. Shaw kicked goal for a batting average of 1,000 for his day's work. Notre Dame 28, Army 0.

Carberry went in for Kiley, Lieb for Mohardt, Cotton for Garvey for Notre Dame, and Glasgow replaced Doyle for the Army. Army kicked to Castner at his goal line and he raced back 27 yards before being brought down.

Castner went through the line for 5 yards. Phelan broke through center and ran to Notre Dame's 48 yard line for first down. Thomas hit center for 2 yards. Castner punted to the Army's 15 yard line where Wood was downed in his tracks. Smythe failed to gain at left tackle. Flynn went in for Buck Shaw and Desch replaced Phelan. Smythe failed on an attempted forward pass. A forward pass, Smythe to Wood, netted a first down as the referee's whistle blew, ending the game. Eddie Anderson was presented with the ball. Final score, Notre Dame 28, Army 0.