

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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HERE WE ARE.

J. J. C.

**T**HIS is your homecoming, old boy. We're glad to see that smile of yours, glad to feel that firm grip which we felt—with some regret but also with more pride and joy—when you had packed the sheepskin into the trunk and were ready to face the world. The world has accepted your challenge, all right. Marks of the struggle may or may not have lined your face, but they can be found upon your mind. It is true, perhaps, that you have changed a little, hardened under the impact, learned much of men and their ways. Notre Dame and what she did for you may be a hazy and happy memory, something like the memory of a lark; and of books you have, for all we know, the same remote impressions as those you cherish of grandmother's ginger-bread. It is ever possible that you fancy a great deal of college education quite ornamental or, at least, valuable in the sense that fresh air is valuable.

We are not going to analyze you more deeply. Today you will witness a football game at which the old fighting Notre Dame colors will be carried again with honor. It will be a great game and a great spectacle. Your enthusiasm will be worthy of any college boy. But we wish to remind you that you have looked round a bit. Where have all these old chaps come from? Has Notre Dame really turned out so many? How do they draw such crowds to a game? When was this building put up, and that? Upon every side you have beheld a larger, stronger, more impressive school. The tramp of thousands is on a campus which used to bustle with hundreds. Like Odysseus who came home to discover that Penelope had forty suitors where one husband used to serve the purpose, you may feel a tinge of

dismay at the expansiveness of the old school.

Well, let this homecoming shake you out of that. This celebration is really "some stuff." It has been planned, diligently worked at, and gladly prepared for, so that you may know that older sons also have the fatted calf killed for them, no matter how many "kids" may have been born into the family. Eat and rejoice. Notre Dame has a future, but also a dear and sacred past in which not the least important thing is her memory of you. She will become great when you, who have gone and now return, look upon her really and truly not only as your Alma Mater in Latin, but as your Radiant Mother in English. Let this homecoming be a time of rejoicing but also a period of rejuvenation. Get back into the file that winds seriously to the class-room, and riotously to the field. Say "Hello" to the young chaps you meet. It will tickle them to death, and you'll find a hearty response.

Naturally you want, first of all, to get in touch with "the fellows" who stayed in Corby from—to—. You have come back mostly, perhaps, because of that. It doesn't spoil the affair to see that some haven't come back, that others cannot, ever, come back. Somehow they are Notre Dame men. The light will go on in their old rooms presently and you will drop in for a chat. You will discuss the refectory, the profs and the charms of the girls you took to the class dance. It will seem that yesterdays can become, with magic ease, todays, that dreams are realities. The team that is proud now to uphold the traditions of Notre Dame will be merged somehow into the team of such and such a year. And over all will be, as ever, the brooding peace of Indiana skies and the glory of gold—the gold of the sun in the mirror of the dome.

And here's rosemary for remembrance.

## CHEERING FOR OLD N. D.

TIMOTHY P. GALVIN,  
*Editor, the '16 Dome.*

History (according to the teachings laid down by Professor Hines for the edification of all Notre Dame Freshmen) can be understood and appreciated best when it is divided into its various epochs; and the beginning and the end of each historical epoch is marked by some great historical event. Particularly is this true of Notre Dame's football history. Its epochs are two, which, for convenience, we can call the Ancient and the Modern periods. The great historical event which marked the end of the ancient, and the beginning of the modern period occurred at Ann Arbor in 1909, when an ill-fated Michigan goal post collided with the brawny back of "Pete" Vaughn as he catapulted himself over the Michigan goal line and ended for all time the "practice" games between Michigan and Notre Dame. It is not the purpose of this article to relate the details of that collision. The writer has no desire to enter into the controversy as to whether the goal posts were of oak or of steel; neither will he attempt to give the exact width of the Gold and Blue stripes which adorned the great fullback's sweater after the touchdown; indeed the author even refuses to either confirm or deny the report that a flying splinter from the goal posts struck Coach Yost in the eye and so affected his sight that to this day he has been unable to "see" a Michigan-Notre Dame game. All these matters can well be left to Father Walsh for decision; and if any doubt as to the exact details of the goal post incident remains in the mind of any Notre Dame rooter, there can be no question that Father Walsh's vivid recollection will serve to supply those details with minuteness and accuracy.

But the fact remains that Notre Dame's victory over Michigan in 1909 marked the culmination of a long upward struggle on the part of our Alma Mater. In those days, the glamor of Heston's achievements still lingered over Michigan and made victory over the Wolverines the goal towards which the teams of the west were ever striving. Notre Dame was no exception. The long

cherished dream of each N. D. man was realized when "Red" Miller, "Cap" Edwards and the other heroes of '09 brought home the Wolverine scalp. Arguments over the eligibility of players resulted in the cancellation of the Michigan game in 1910 and graduation broke up the great eleven of those years. As a consequence, Notre Dame began to look for new worlds to conquer and for a new team with which to conquer them; and thus began the modern period of our football history.

Horace Greeley once said, "Go West, young man, go West," but it remained for Jesse Harper to say, "Go East, Notre Dame, go East." When Harper arrived on our campus in 1913, he found that he had inherited from Jack Marks a real football machine, made up of men who had associated with enough of the old players of '09 and '10 to have imbibed the spirit of Lynch and Dwyer and Matthews. When Harper came to us, Notre Dame had already produced the team with which to conquer; it remained for Harper to supply the "worlds" for our conquest. His determination to invade the East was probably the most momentous decision in our football annals. Who of us can forget that fall of '13 when Captain Rockne led his warriors on the first invasion of the Army Plains? Harper had added to the battering line attack of Eichenlaub, Pliska and Finnegan, the first great football "battery," Dorais and Rockne. In one afternoon, Notre Dame smashed and passed its way into the exclusive circles of the effete East. Without making a single substitution and taking time out only once (and then only to allow Joe Pliska to tie his shoe string) Notre Dame overwhelmed the Cadets, 35 to 13. Then in order to let the world know that we intended to remain in the sun, the same team a few days later defeated Penn State on her own field, a feat that no team had accomplished for a period of eighteen years. The football critics still talk and write of our great '13 team, chiefly because it was that team which first demonstrated the real possibilities of the forward pass. Yet the team of '13 was but little, if at all, superior to the teams that followed. The elevens led by "Deak" Jones in '14, Fitzgerald in '15 and Stan Cofall in '16, were all typical Harper machines, play-

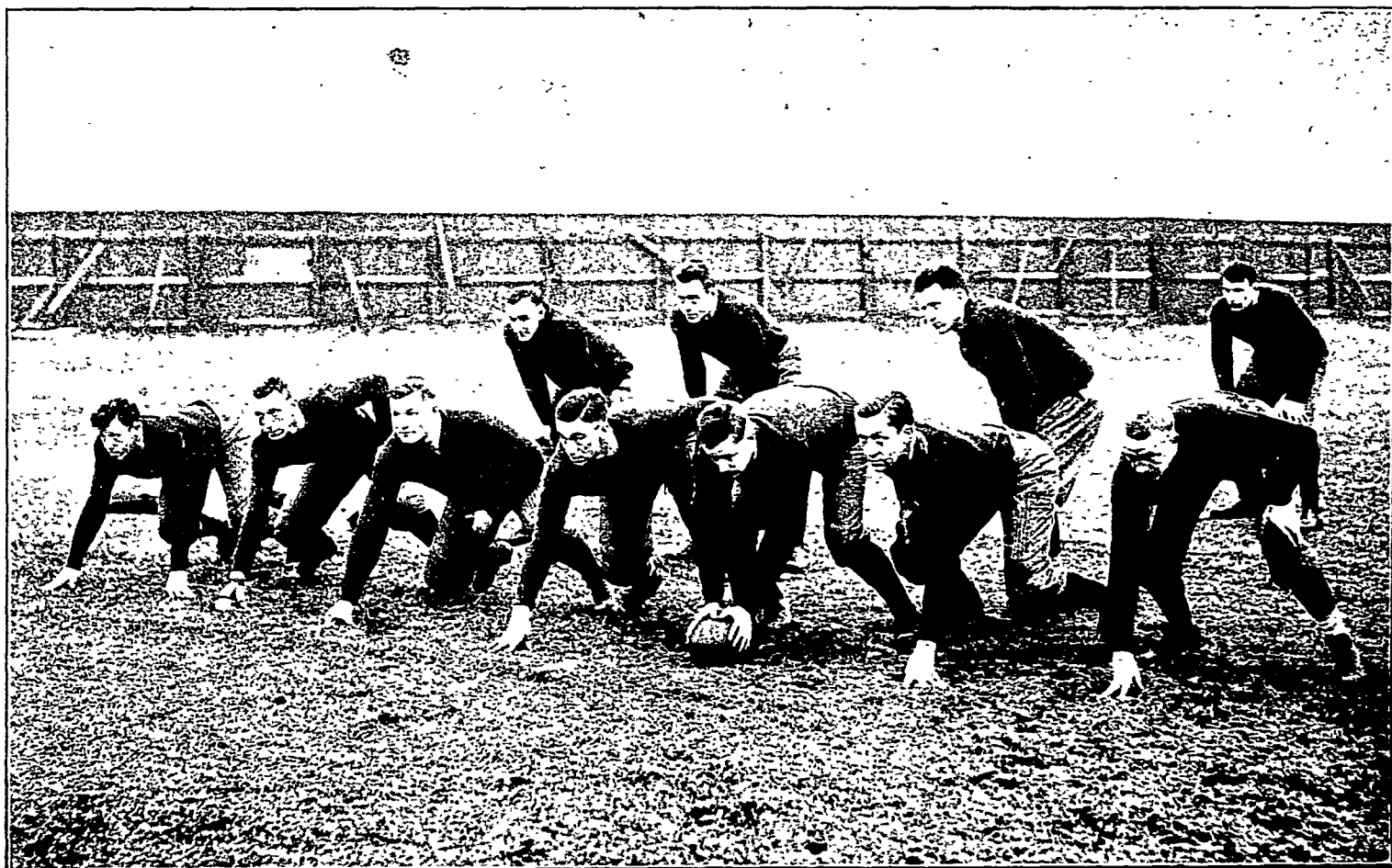
ing hard, fast brainy football, losing but seldom and fighting always.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen, the last year of Harper's regime, was a crucial one for Notre Dame. War called most of the old stars before school opened in September: Captain Phelan went to the colors in mid-season; the coaches scarce knew from one week to another what men would remain on the squad. Yet either a friendly Providence or the genius of Harper and "Rock" plugged every gap, and the season had its climax when diminutive Joe Brandy crossed the Army's goal for a 7 to 2 Notre Dame victory over an eleven that outweighed our team on an average of fifteen pounds to the man. It was the same Brandy who a few weeks later kicked a field goal that brought victory over W. and J. in the only meeting that has ever taken place between the "Presidents" and our team.

Rockne took charge in 1918 and while the S. A. T. C. team which he coached that year cannot be strictly classed with the varsity elevens of other years, it served to introduce to Notre Dame, men whose names were to be the glory of the years that followed,—Kiley, the Andersons, Larsen and a half dozen others. The things that Rockne has done since the war are too fresh in our

minds to need recounting; the deeds of Gipp and Mohardt, of Barry, of Coughlin and of Shaw have not yet been relegated to the things of yesterday. The end of the season of 1921 saw the passing of another great Notre Dame eleven and only Captain Carberry, the superb Castner, Ed Degree, Bill Voss and Frank Thomas remain this year to steady the new men who have already demonstrated so well their ability and their willingness to carry on the magnificent Notre Dame football tradition.

Slowly but surely the football world, so long half hostile, half incredulous, has yielded to Notre Dame its just meed of recognition. The critics now admit that year in and year out Notre Dame must be ranked amongst the country's leaders. But the struggle for that recognition was not ended when Vaughn demolished the goal post; indeed it was only begun. With a small student body from which to draw players, with inadequate equipment and finance, in spite of lack of home support, without a real football field, with a staff of coaches that was scanty in number, playing all big games on foreign soil, Notre Dame struggled on, never complaining, never quitting, until those who long had scoffed were forced to cheer. Can the East deny its tribute to the team that



THE '13 SQUAD. ROCK AND DORAIS IN ACTION.

has bearded the Army in its own den eight times and been defeated only twice? Can it be said that our Army victories have been due to luck, when in one decade Syracuse, Pittsburgh, Penn State, W. & J., Carlisle, and Rutgers have each been vanquished by our team? Will the South dispute our claims after two successful invasions of Texas, one in 1913 and another in 1915? Does not this Hoosier state, once slow to concede superiority, proclaim to the four seas its champion, Notre Dame? And what of the West? South Dakota and Nebraska attest our strength. The Cornhuskers have been worthy foes, but not even a Nebraska victory at Lincoln this coming Thanksgiving day (perish the thought) would serve to even the slate between Nebraska and Notre Dame. True it is that two defeats remain on our chart that have not been balanced and overbalanced with subsequent victories, but in neither instance have we been accorded the opportunity to meet our conquerors the second time. In short, Notre Dame has gone onward and upward until the eyes of the football world are upon her each autumn, watching her plays and her players, awaiting the statements and the comments of her coaches, and in every way conceding her superior class. No all-star selection is considered comprehensive that does not recognize N. D. Gipp was, of course, the outstanding star of the decade and great as was the praise he won, it was no greater than he deserved; his is the incomparable niche in our football hall of fame.

The final tribute to Notre Dame football has come in the demand for Notre Dame coaches. Elward at Grinnell, Dorais at Gonzaga, Madigan at St. Mary's, Bachman at Kansas Aggies, Phelan at Purdue, Duggan at Franklin, "Maury" Smith at Columbia, Shaw at Nevada, Brandy at St. Thomas, and "Eddie" Anderson at Dubuque, are but a few of the men who are teaching Notre Dame football in other schools, and their presence in these schools demonstrates the fact that the world has learned that Notre Dame knows how.

But, after all, how does Notre Dame do it? Why is it that "what though the odds be great or small," Notre Dame has almost literally "won over all"? Coaches and players

have had their part, but other schools have had great coaches and great players. What is it that has sent Notre Dame to the front time after time, in the last half and even in the final quarters, after she was apparently beaten? What has brought the winning touchdown after the strategy of coaches and the skill of players had apparently failed? Always it has been the *old Notre Dame fight*, the spirit of the men who know that we have risen, step by step, in the face of adversity, and that we have a tradition that does not permit Notre Dame to quit.

Times have changed as the times will change. Prosperity smiles upon Notre Dame and upon her team. Today, splendidly equipped, perfectly trained and adequately coached, the Notre Dame team trot onto its own splendid football field, surrounded by modern stands that accommodate cheering thousands, where once but hundreds sat. All this brings joy to our alumni and yet there is danger in this change.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Thus far prosperity has failed in any way to dim the tradition and the spirit of the school or of the team. Neither publicity nor plaudit has turned the heads of our stars. The teams of today are real Notre Dame teams. If succeeding teams keep up the fighting tradition as do the teams of the present, then indeed may goal posts shiver. If each succeeding generation of Notre Dame men catches the torch of loyalty to Notre Dame as the passing generation hands that torch on, then we will continue to have elevens that will match the fighting teams of the past. Then, instead of the society write-up of the Notre Dame-Northwestern conflict of 1920, which Rockne pictures with his inimitable wit, we may live to dedicate the Notre Dame stadium. And if we do live to witness that great event, its crowning glory will be the history and the tradition of a long line of teams, not always winning teams perhaps, but always and everywhere real Notre Dame teams.

Homecomings are a solace to the man with griefs and a joy to him whose nose is on the grindstone.

## A CITY OF SUN-BORN PEACE.

VINCENT ENGELS.

THOSE who have lived at Notre Dame and felt its tranquility, appreciated its gentle humanness, and sensed, in its deep glory, the true tradition, will believe with me that it is the lofty statue of Our Lady placed above the gilded dome, watching the fresh generations come and go, waiting the years through to see her cherished ones die, and live again in the faces of their sons—rising like the spirit of a mountain above the lovely valley of the St. Joe, challenging the winds of unrest and of evil to disturb the serenity of her home, that keeps from this place most of the hurried artificiality of a new age, and brings to it leisurely atmosphere of an old.

The campus seems to them a spot wholly apart from the crowded world—a wooded knoll in the marsh of industrial life. If impotent heralds of a bizzare epoch fascinate the slaving cities, we at Notre Dame know them not, and still less are we bothered. If there are wild and reckless currents surging through the thoughts and deeds of men, they have been calmed here by a drop of the Virgin's oil.

One cannot escape from this sense of an imperturbable repose that surrounds Notre Dame. View it as you approach from the south along the Niles road, its roofs and tower rising calmly, almost beneficently, above the trees. Strike through the Bertrand woods, follow the crooked stream, but whenever you turn your face southward, you see the dome standing mutely against the sky, like a prayer to heaven, and the church steeple, like a promise. Go north and east you reach the top of a very high hill; there, stretching far below you will be a wide and pleasant meadow, and at its further end a group of buildings breasted by tall trees, dominated by one building with a head of gold. Each turret expresses concord, each wall, amity, and the whole seems forever placid, majestic and serene.

It is like a bit of the middle ages that has survived in form and in spirit the dreary grind of years, and now is merrier and more mysterious than ever. There is a warm mellowness about it in the day time that catches your heart, and in the night when the wet

mist envelopes it like living gossamer, the gothic solidity of the church looms up, a dream of mysticism. At such an hour you will believe, and rightly, that there are fairies dancing beneath the pines on the campus, and goblins lurking in the shadows of Corby, and ghosts walking in the graveyard beyond. You will find this resemblance to a mediaeval town at Notre Dame during any season—in spring when the trees are flushed with graceful green again, and dandelions dot the lawns; in summer when a thousand heaps of flowers show off the colors of the rainbow; in winter, when the white snow stretches out over field and campus like the vision of a prophet's mantle.

Are not the symbolic colors—the gold and blue, aptly chosen? For all through the day a blue sky dreams above her sun touched towers, while all through the night a yellow moon is shining, and its rays break up into little golden arrows as they strike the serene figure of the Virgin who points what way to travel as she watches from the Dome.

## TO THALIARCHUS.

*Horace Book I Ode IX.*

Note you how hoary Soract stands  
Shouldering gleaming snow;  
How streams are caught in icy hands  
And burderend woods bend low.

O Thaliarch, dispel the cold,  
Fagot the genial fire;  
Draw forth the mellow wine and old,  
Drink to your heart's desire.

Leave to the gods the gods' decrees,  
Winds warring with the deep,  
The bearded ash and cyprus trees  
Buried in snow and sleep.

Be not concerned with future things  
When Fortune gives today,  
For all is gain whate'er it brings  
Of tender loves and play.

While you are far from testy age  
Seek boulevard and lawn;  
Let soft speech all your love assuage  
In tryst as dusk comes on.

A merry laugh the spot betrays  
Where waiting maiden stands.  
Go seek her, and a keepsake raze  
From half-reluctant hands.

FRANK B. SUMMERVILLE.

## NOTRE DAME COACHES.

FRANK WALLACE.

When Notre Dame defeated Georgia Tech at Atlanta, the football minds of the country received various impressions. Surprise that



the school whose 1921 squad was so thoroughly wrecked could produce another winner in such a short time was mingled with a consciousness that it might have been expected—that for some reason football flourished at Notre Dame. The colorful teams of the Indiana school have darted into all sections of the country, grasped swift victories by employing the newest and the spectacular brand of football and then have departed as swiftly as they came, always leaving a welcome behind. For years Notre Dame has done this thing; few schools in the country can boast of the uniformly successful elevens which represent Notre Dame. Something essential to football is interned at Notre Dame—something more powerful than the mere loss of a squad of stars.

It is not our object to investigate the causes of athletic success at Notre Dame but rather to present the results of that success and to introduce the men who have figured in the football triumphs of the school.

Football has been a sport at Notre Dame for 33 years during which time the "Fighting Irish," as the teams are known, have won 187 games, lost 38 and tied 8. The first seven teams won 13 games and lost six with-

out the services of a coach. In 1896, Frank E. Hering, of South Bend, captained and coached. From the time of Hering until the present, eleven coaches have handled Notre Dame teams. The last, and gradually being recognized as the greatest football teacher in the land, is Knute Rockne.

The 33 years of Notre Dame football divides naturally into two periods. The first period of 17 years witnessed 65 victories and 25 defeats. The second period of 16 years, beginning in 1906 with the advent of Red Miller and his associates, is the period of glory which ran higher each succeeding year. In these latest 16 years the teams of Notre Dame have won 119 contests, tied four and lost but ten. Seven teams of the last 16 have never met defeat. Seven of the 33 teams in the history of the school went through the season without having a score registered against them.

The record of Rockne is peculiarly bright. The present coach played end at Notre Dame in 1911, 1912 and 1913—during these years Notre Dame won 20 games and lost none and defeated such teams as Pittsburgh, Penn State and West Point. Rockne captained the 1913 team which walloped Penn State 14-7 and, in the now famous game in which Rockne and Dorais introduced the forward pass to the east, won from the Army 35-13.

Since he became head coach at Notre



EDWARDS.

M'CARTHY.

Dame, the teams of Rockne have won 45 games and lost but two. Nebraska, West Point, Indiana and Purdue have been victims for three consecutive years and Georgia Tech and W. and J. have fallen once. Only Iowa and Michigan Aggies have lowered the colors of Rockne-coached teams—and both defeats have been traced to over-confidence.

Except for startling figures like Red Salmon and Red Miller, the average Notre Dame fan knows little of the history of the past—when football was a brute and beef was king. Knowledge of Notre Dame coaches is confined to Jesse Harper and Knute Rockne.

The teams which Frank Hering coached in the distant past included John F. Farley, who later entered the Holy Cross Congregation and was well-known to students as late as 1920 when he was transferred to Oregon. Angus McDonald, now vice-president and general manager of the Southern Pacific

railway, was also a pupil of Hering for two years. Farley captained the 1900 team which included as a rookie, the famous Red



HARPER.

Salmon, who is considered by some critics as all-time fullback. Salmon captained the teams of 1902 and 1903 and coached in 1904.

Red Miller, Don Hamilton, Sam Dolan,



ASST. COACH HALAS.

Ralph Dimmick, Joe Collins, Luke Kelly, Ed Lynch, George Philbrook, Cap Edwards and Pete Vaughan introduced the real days of Notre Dame football after 1906. Dorais came in 1910, Rockne in 1911 and Jesse Harper began coaching in 1913. The rest is recent history.

Year	Captain	Coach	Won	Lost	Tied
1887	Henry Luhn	None	0	1	
1888	Edward Prudhomme	None	0	1	
1889	Edward Prudhomme	None	1	0	
1890	Patrick H. Coady	None	1	0	1
1893	Frank M. Keough	None	4	0	
1894	Frank M. Keough	None	3	2	
1895	Daniel V. Casey	None	3	1	
1896	Frank E. Hering	Frank E. Hering	4	3	
1897	John I. Mullen	Frank E. Hering	4	1	
1898	John I. Mullen	Frank E. Hering	4	2	
1899	John I. Mullen	Frank E. Hering	6	3	
1900	John F. Farley	Patrick O'Dea	6	3	1
1901	Albert C. Fortin	Patrick O'Dea	8	1	1
1902	Louis J. Salmon	Jas. Faragher	5	2	1
1903	Louis J. Salmon	None	8	0	
1904	F. J. Shaughnessy	Louis Salmon	5	3	
1905	Patrick A. Beacom	Henry McGlew	5	4	
1906	R. L. Bracken	Thos. Barry	6	1	
1907	D. L. Callicrate	Thos. Barry	6	0	1
1908	Harry Miller	Victor Place	8	1	
1909	Howard Edwards	Frank Longman	7	0	
1910	Ralph Dimmick	Frank Longman	4	1	1
1911	Luke Kelly	L. H. Marks	6	0	2
1912	Chas E. Dorias	L. H. Marks	7	0	
1913	K. K. Rockne	Jesse Harper	7	0	
1914	Kieth K. Jones	Jesse Harper	6	2	
1915	Freeman Fitzgerald	Jesse Harper	7	1	
1916	Stan Cofall	Jesse Harper	8	1	
1917	Jim Phelan	Jesse Harper	7	1	
1918	(S. A. T. C.) P. Bahan	K. K. Rockne	6	1	
1919	Pete Bahan	K. K. Rockne	9	0	
1920	Frank Coughlin	K. K. Rockne	10	0	
1921	Eddie Anderson	K. K. Rockne	10	1	
1922	Glen Carberry	K. K. Rockne	5	0	
			187	38	8

From 1906-1922 (the last 16 years) .....119 10 4  
 Under Coach Rockne ..... 40 2 0

Seven years of the last 16 no games were lost.

Seven years of the 33 the Notre Dame goal line was not crossed.

AUTUMN-TIDE.

HENRI ROUSSEAU.

Dead flowers scent the air  
 Like alder blossom wine;  
 The fields are cold and bare  
 In autumn time.

The birds have hushed their song  
 And to the southland fled,  
 But they'll be back ere long  
 So redbreast said.

BROWNSON HALL.

Through leafy oaks and pines tonight,  
 I see a brilliant glowing light,  
 That shines down in the study hall  
 Upon the students, one and all.  
 In endless rows, they frown at books.  
 Some slumber on, in obscure nooks.  
 And after night prayer has been said,  
 They saunter slowly, up to bed.  
 And now that those old times are o'er,  
 I'd like to be back there once more.

J. C. R.

HOMEcoming PROGRAM.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

7:00 P. M.—Red Torch Parade in South Bend.

7:45 P. M.—Reception of Indiana Team and Alumni at the Oliver Hotel.

9:00 P. M.—Novelty Nite in Washington Hall (On the Campus).

10:30 P. M.—Preparations for the Barbecue (North of Gymnasium).

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

8:30 A. M.—Mass for the Deceased Notre Dame Men. Sacred Heart Church.

10:00 A. M.—BARBECUE! Music by University and Studebaker Bands.

2:15 P. M.—Indiana vs. Notre Dame at Cartier Field.

2:13—Opening Salute.

2:14—Indiana Salute.

2:15—Notre Dame Salute.

6:00 P. M.—Monogram Dinner. Junior Refectory. (Admission \$2.00. Tickets at all Information Booths and Hullie & Mike's.)

9:00 P. M.—Homecoming Dances.

Rotary Room at Oliver Hotel.

Tribune Building.

The Elks.'

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

8:15 and 10 A. M.—Colemnn Masses in Sacred Heart Church.

THE FIGHTING TEAM.

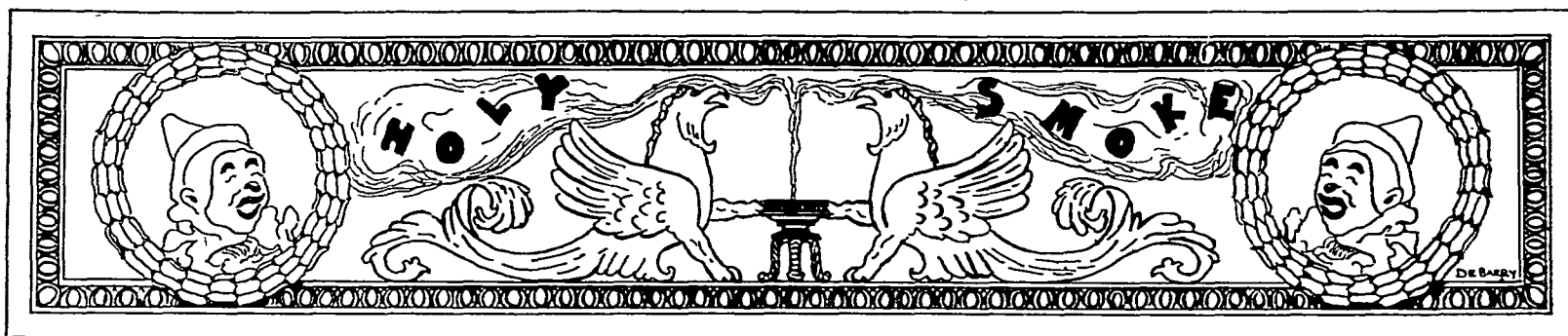
Words, John Shea, '06. Music, Rev. Michael Shea, '04.

Fighting team, so stalwart and true,  
 All N. D. is loyal to you.  
 Say can you hear  
 We're cheering the Gold and Blue. Hurrah!  
 Oh! U. N. D. Rah! Rah! Rah!

CHORUS.

Here's to you Fighting Team, who wear the Gold and Blue.  
 In victory or defeat, our hearts are all for you.  
 Onward to victory then, and show the world how N. D. men  
 Can Fight! Fight! Till we cross that goal line,  
 Touchdown for Notre Dame.





RESTAURANT RAMBLINGS:

First Stude: What do you say to a little stewed chicken?

Second Stude: I never speak to them.

\*\*\*

Pull: Did they have candles on the cake at the party given in honor of Jones' girl's birthday?

Man: No, they used that new incandescent bulb just invented by Edison.

\*\*\*

Prof: Who puts out the strongest Plaster of Paris?

Stude: Siki.

\*\*\*

Rosie Tosie says: "A Miss is as good as her smile."

\*\*\*

Valet: How do you like your bath, sir?

Guest: Great!

\*\*\*

Mazie: He certainly throws popular parties.

Dazie: Who is he?

Mazie: A wrestler.

\*\*\*

Another candidate for the Knotted Club: The Freshman who thinks that Dead Sea Fruit is a window display of ripe eggs.

\*\*\*

We must admit  
That the lowly Indian  
After hearing the  
Big mouths  
Of the White man  
Jabber incessantly,  
Had ample reason  
To call us  
Pail Face (they're always open).

\*\*\*

First Stude (rehearsing): Full many a flower is born to blush unseen—

Second Stude: In a dark parlor.

AXIOMS.

It's funny  
But true that  
A girl  
Who wears cotton  
Hose  
Never sees a  
Mouse.

\*\*\*

PAGE BARNUM.

A Freshman tells us  
That he and his  
Girl  
Were out riding,  
And almost got lost,  
Trying to follow  
The signs  
To a town named  
Detour.

\*\*\*

A FRESHMAN WRITES HOME.

Dear Dad: I am writing to tell you to never mind getting me that Ford that you said you would if I pass the first quarter. I thought it would be all right, but now I want you to send me a horse instead as I got to keep in style and all the fellows are talking about getting ponies for the first quarter.

Infectionately,  
Your Son.

\*\*\*

He: Would you scream if I kissed you?  
She: Certainly, but there's no one home.

\*\*\*

THAT SENSE OF HUMOR.

"Well then I asked her if I could see her home, and——"

"And she said that she'd send you a picture of it. That's easy."

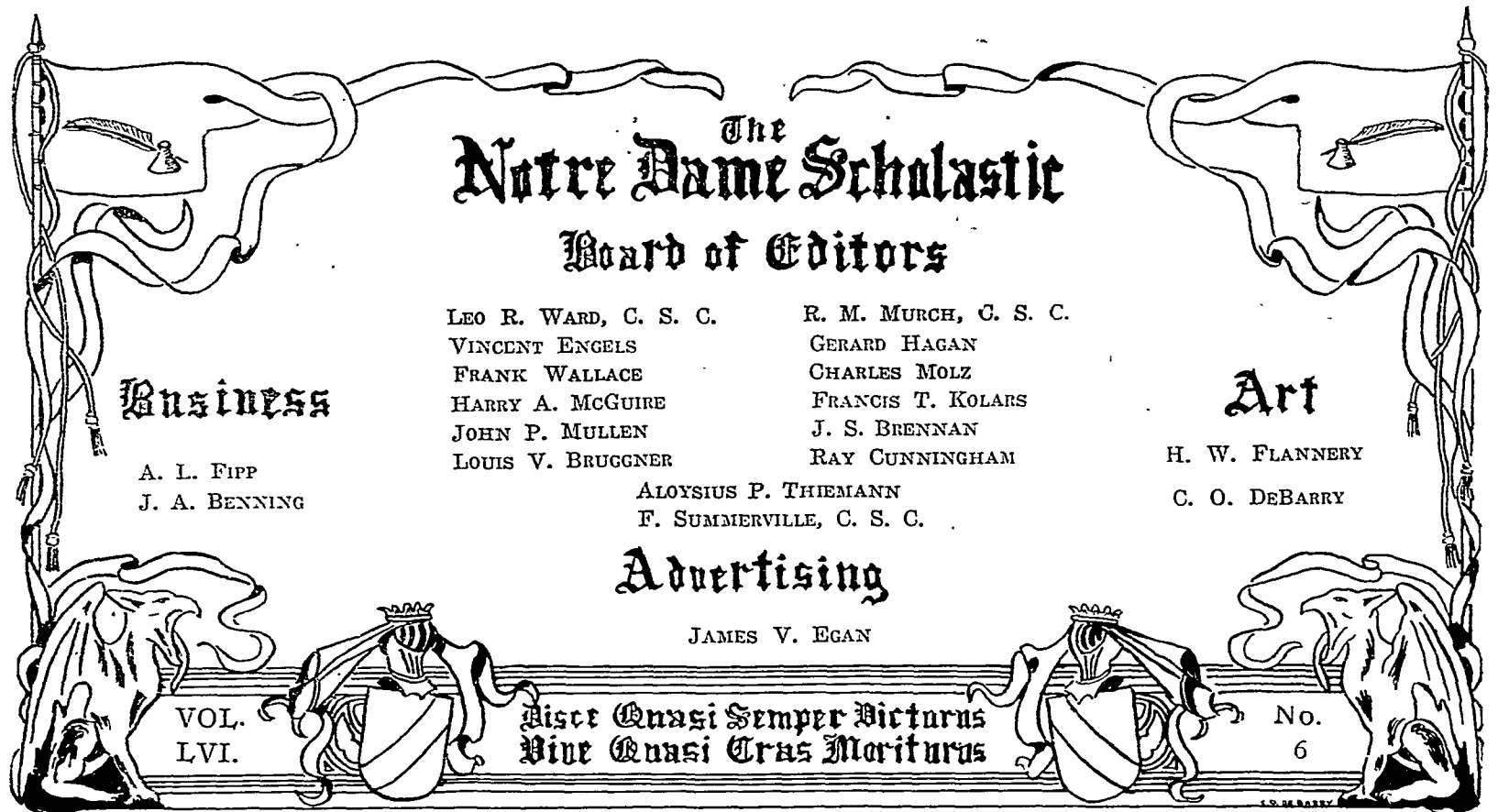
"No, what I mean is that I asked if I could take her home."

"And she replied that the mortgagers were going to take it tomorrow. Easier still."

"No not that. Listen, what I wanted is to take her home——"

"You're lucky she didn't go with you. Your parents would have thrown you both out."

KOLARS.



Notre Dame opens her arms today to her sons of former years. From east and west, from north and south, the old men are returning. They are coming home — home, a hallowed place. Under the porch of Sorin, they will stop to chat and look across the quadrangle as they used to do. They will listen again to the bell as it calls the hour, and they will have memories of hours of long ago. They will walk the quiet aisle of the church, and they will pray. Paths, hard worn since they trod them, will receive their footsteps again. They will see old faces; there will be hands to clasp, old voices to hear. Somehow the years are bridged, and old times are back again. There is a benediction in the air. This evening as dusk settles over the campus, a holy awe will stir the old men. As the lights twinkle across the darkness, they will see the Notre Dame of yesterday, and the night mists will conjure pictures of long ago. In a sense, the University cannot give them a better welcome than they will find for themselves. There is gladness here at their return, but none to equal, we think, their own joy at being once more within the shadow of the Dome. MOLZ.

remembered if for no other reason than that the struggle to get enough wealth to pay the expenses are so unforgettable.

THREE BALLS AND THE SENIOR BALL.

This year's Senior ball may be remembered because the struggle to accumulate coin was less devastating. Every year many means have had as end the slicing of a hunk off the total expense. This year the project to cut costs is new and likely of better results than in any previous year. This year's plan is to show moving pictures of the year's big games played by Notre Dame. The idea is distinctly original, and the members of the class who are responsible for it, have been enthusiastically patted on the back by the producers, the theatre management, and others, while Seniors who now see a chance of escorting the fairest one to the ball have their wrists bent and poised above the same backs. It is unnecessary to urge every man in the university to see the five hundred feet of Notre Dame football as played at Georgia Tech, at West Point, at Nebraska, and with Indiana, when these pictures are shown at the Blackstone the week after the games are played. It is unnecessary to urge every man to see all the pictures, buying tickets at Notre Dame, when the cost is so low, the subject so interesting, and the object so worthwhile. And, as a result of every

Senior balls at Notre Dame have always cost so much that the affairs are always well

man's purchase of a dollar ticket, smiling faces of Seniors thus enabled to attend the last big event of their years—the Ball—will smile more and more. H. FLANNERY.

Indiana's first visit to Notre Dame is an occasion for a word in behalf of the friendship that has existed for many years between the state university and Notre Dame. There has been a bit of rivalry along with that friendship, but why were friends not as well rivals also? The gold and blue, the crimson and white, fly side by side. Conditions that prevented the appearance of an Indiana football team on Cartier field being now absent, we welcome the Bloomington team to our midst. To the visiting students, we are glad to say "Hello." Notre Dame students and graduates may only be sorry that they have not been our guests before. Welcome, Indiana. We hope you come again. MOLZ.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE STUDENT AND WASHINGTON HALL.

Editor of the SCHOLASTIC.

It was at a banquet shortly after the close of the Civil war. There were present many statesmen and generals, among them General Grant. After the last course had been cleared away and speeches and stories were in order, a certain senator noted for his disgusting ribaldry arose and with a sickly grin began in his usual manner, "Well, since there are no ladies present—" "No," interrupted Grant, "but there are gentlemen."

If those individuals (may their tribe diminish!) who have been causing such annoyance in Washington Hall will take this incident to their rooms, study it out, find the point, and then act according to it, they will be doing more than their share to build up a "Greater Notre Dame." What can we do when we get the money, if we haven't got the *men*?

E. J. R.

#### "WHAT A WORLD OF MELODY."

Editor of the SCHOLASTIC.

Dear sir: How many of us know that Notre Dame has the largest carillon in North America? Do we even know that carillon means chimes? Do the authorities know that many students and visitors were disappointed last summer school because they had heard so much about our carillon and had

expected to hear it play? Would you believe it if I told you that there are people in America who know of Notre Dame only as the largest Catholic boarding school in the world and a place where there are chimes? I met them this summer. Is it not a shame to let this great twenty-three bell carillon go silent year after year when all that is required to play it is the comparatively slight effort needed to wind it up every morning? Would you not like to hear these chimes every hour? Ought not the authorities take it upon themselves to see that what is one of Notre Dame's greatest lights is not hid under a bushel? Once the chimes were a sort of tradition here. Is it not significant that as long as Father Sorin was at Notre Dame there were never two consecutive hours on which the chimes did not fill the church belfry with music? Through my agitation the carillon has played a bit during the last ten days. Ought not the authorities to see that it plays all the time? SUMMERVILLE.

#### FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Mark Storen, ex-prefect in Corby Hall, recently went into partnership with Louis Finske. Both members of the firm are graduates of the Notre Dame Law School. They will practise in Michigan City, Indiana.

\*\*\*

According to word received from Sylvester Steinle, he has returned from a trip to Alaska and is now in Kobe, Japan. He will leave Kobe shortly for Manila on the "President Jackson."

\*\*\*

Through the efforts of the Reverend John F. O'Hara, C. S. C., dean of the College of Commerce, arrangements have been made with the University of Buenos Aires department of economic sciences for mutual recognition of credits. This is the first time that an agreement of this kind has been made without an educational treaty between the two countries.

\*\*\*

We quote the following reference to us from Father Hugh Blunt's excellent book, *Great Penitents*: "One of the treasures of the library of the University of Notre Dame is a copy of the tragedy of 'Thomas Morus' inscribed by the author, Silvio Pellico, to that other great lover of liberty, Daniel O'Connell."

\*\*\*

From Saltillo, Mexico, comes the news of the marriage of Juan Garcia Gonzalez (N. D. engineer) to the Senorita Carmen Villar-

real. The ceremony took place on October twelfth. Our best wishes are on the way.

\*\*\*

Jimmy Hayes, '17, was married last June to Miss Marie Brennan of Fort Wayne, Reverend Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., performing the ceremony. Jimmy is now Chief of the Legal Division, District Four, of the War Risk Insurance Bureau. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes have made their home in the Alwyn Apartments, Washington, D. C.

\*\*\*

Word has been received of the marriage of Earl O'Connor to Miss Eleanor Ada Nagle at Erie, Pennsylvania, on September 30.

\*\*\*

A new book, "When Winter Comes to Main Street," by Grant Overton, has been received by the Department of Journalism for review. Dr. John M. Cooney asserts that its discussion of modern popular authors will be a source of inspiration to those interested in this field.

\*\*\*

Raymond Girardin, who was a student in St. Edward's, Carroll and Brownson, is enrolled at the University of Michigan. He made a special trip to Notre Dame to arrange for his ticket for Homecoming. Ray is merely experimenting at Michigan and will return here next year.

\*\*\*

Eugene (Pat) Rooney, student in Chemistry in 1917-18, is a senior in the college of Medicine at St. Louis University. Not only that but he leads the class academically and socially. Joe Heiman and Judy Shanahan are also enrolled in the Jesuit institution.

\*\*\*

Charlie Bachman, '17, after getting married last September in Tulsa, Oklahoma, located at the Kansas Agricultural College, where he is employed as athletic director. Jesse Harper, former Notre Dame coach, who refereed a game at Wichita in which K. A. C. made a good showing reports that Bachman is a successful football mentor. Harper is still on his ranch at Sitka, Kansas, superintending his three thousand acres which he devotes to wheat fields and registered cattle. He declares his intention of coming to the Homecoming game if it is at all possible. Harper placed Notre Dame on

the football map and it was he who encouraged bringing South Bend to Cartier Field to witness athletic contests. Now he is coming back to see his ambitions and dreams realized in the hearty support which Notre Dame receives from its neighbor.

\*\*\*

Fred Mulcahy, '15, who achieved an enviable record as an aviator during the war, is on the campus renewing old acquaintances. His job during the late unpleasantness was to take charge of a bombing squad in the North Sea. It was Fred who first reached Melville Sullivan, well known here during his prep days, when he fell to his death at Quantico, Virginia. He is now aviation advisor in the Marine Corps at Washington.

\*\*\*

Joe Henneberry, who left here last year, has passed the examinations for commercial agent with the Department of Commerce and is with the Division of Transportation at the Central Office in Washington. He registered at Georgetown to continue his studies in Foreign Service which he began under Father O'Hara.

\*\*\*

A dance to be held December 26 at the Anthony Hotel ballroom of Fort Wayne was the subject up for the consideration of the Fort Wayne Club when they met Sunday morning in the Law Building. The committee appointed to take charge of the matter comprised Joe Luley, chairman, Robert Gordon, Clifford Ward, and Herman Centilivre.

\*\*\*

From Chicago comes the news of the marriage of Fred Glahe to Miss Frances Evelyn Welch. Fred graduated in Chemical Engineering in 1922.

\*\*\*

Art at Notre Dame during the past few years has ranged all the way from scraping paint from a rare old painting to listening to symphony orchestras, but an innovation of the present season takes us into the field of sculpture. The subject of the artist's chisel is no less a celebrity than Coach Rockne, who was induced through the oratorical ability of Father McGinn to pose for Molz, a pupil of Lorado Taft. The bust has been on exhibition in South Bend throughout the week and miniatures are now being

sold for the benefit of the Endowment Fund. A sale at a meeting of the South Bend Elks brought an offer from Mr. Weisberg, of the Oliver, of \$325 for the original bust. Mr. Weisberg has presented the piece to the Elks.

\*\*\*

Don Marquis and other columnists of note have a pair of worthy disciples at Notre Dame in the persons of Paul Funk of the *New-Times* and Frank Wallace of the South Bend *Tribune* and the SCHOLASTIC. Morning and evening the reader may find the pages of both the *News-Times* and the *Trib* brightened with the jests and sparkling quips of these two aspiring journalists. So much attention has been attracted that it is rumored Mr. Wallace has been receiving bombs and other such playthings in the mail from the victims of his inky thrusts.

\*\*\*

Herman B. O'Hara, a cousin of Reverend John F. O'Hara, C. S. C., has returned to New York after spending a year in Mexico in the silver mines. He has promised to suspend his industrial chemistry long enough to attend the West Point game.

\*\*\*

Robert Riordan, whose drawings in the *Juggler* have delighted its readers for some years past has become a member of the Fine Arts Club of South Bend.

\*\*\*

A candidate of unusual interest to Notre Dame men at this time of approaching elections, is Mr. E. A. Zeitler, Democratic contender for the office of County Commissioner, middle district. Mr. Zeitler attended Notre Dame during the years '85-'89, and his father was also here.

\*\*\*

G. F. Meehan, who was a student at Notre Dame under Fathers Walsh and Sorin, has perfected a new metal to be known as "Meehanite," which will greatly improve the quality of malleable castings. On October 14 he was presented with an old English silver punch bowl by the manufacturers of Cleveland in token of his achievement. Mr. Meehan's mother, Mrs. Eleanor Meehan, of Covington, Kentucky, is the donor of the gold medal which is awarded every year to the Senior who writes the best essay in English.

Mr. Meehan is a member of the firm, Ross-Meehan, of Chattanooga.

\*\*\*

Thomas J. Waters, '20, announces his engagement to Miss Martha Ruby, of Dorchester, Massachusetts. Tom left with an architectural degree and is now in Boston.

\*\*\*

According to a letter received by George Schwartz, his brother, Mike, '21, is with the United Steel Corporation in New York. Mike occasionally sees Oliver Schell and Bill Neary who are connected with the Norton, Lilly Steamship Company.

\*\*\*

Ember's Quartette, entertainers in Washington Hall Saturday night, October 28, was not, as a Walshite was heard to say, "a hot sketch." The usual quartette selections were well rendered and the usual mediocre attendance was noted. "We could stand being bored by anything after a 13-3 victory," was the remark of an eminent member of the faculty after the entertainment.

\*\*\*

The Badin Hall "rec" room was the scene of a Hallowe'en smoker Monday night, October 30. An interesting program had been prepared and doughnuts, cider (soft), and apples were served as refreshments. Among the entertainers was Eddie McIntyre, monologist of Brownson Council 1030 of the K. of C., Chicago, Illinois. Eddie Mahon gave several Irish dances while John Doyle danced his well-known Frisco. Knock-out Schneider and Bear-cat O'Connor battled to a two round draw; while Eddie Ashe and Jack Shiels put on an exhibition bout of three rounds. Cahill refereed.

Short talks were given by Father Irving, vice-president of the University, who recounted many interesting gridiron anecdotes; and Father Hugh O'Donnell, rector of Badin Hall. Father O'Donnell convincingly stated that "there is just as much pepper in '22 designed to cover up the fact that their selections were stale and their voices second-rate or not, but, whatever their purpose, it failed as it deserved to. Some people have a queer idea about funniness. The corpulent second bass is a worthy representative of this class. The Welsh lyric tenor had a voice like a pan-

as there was in '92. Notre Dame spirit still lives on the campus."

The committee in charge of the festivities comprised: Tim Callahan, chairman; Fred Allnoch, Fred Shannon, John Showel, Tom Byrne, Jimmy Egan, Ed Bailey, Al Bintz, and Harold Carey.

Music was furnished by Mike Dufficy's Blue and Gold Syncopaters. This orchestra, of recent organization, consists of Mike Dufficy, piano; Frank Howland, xylophone; Bill Sadleir, violin; Bugs Walthers, clarinet; Jimmy Egan, cornet; Joe Ensler, trombone, and Tom Hartnett, drums.

\*\*\*

On October 16, there was solemnized at the Sacred Heart church, Fort Dodge, Iowa, the marriage of Clement Mulholland, L. L. B., '16, to Miss Marian Flaherty, a graduate of Saint Mary's College. May endless blessings attend such a romance!

\*\*\*

Messrs. Halloran and McCaffrey were on the campus last week long enough to look up old acquaintances. "Tubby" is practicing law in Urbana and McCaffrey is building highways.

\*\*\*

John Lemmer, '17, is head of the department of mathematics in the high school at Escanaba, Michigan. Since leaving Sorin, John spent some time as Ensign in the navy and a year on the faculty at Columbia College, Portland, Oregon.

\*\*\*

Duffy Watson entertained Arno Reichert and "Smiles" McLaughlin at his home in Lafayette during the past week end.

\*\*\*

Paul Grinager, who left in the spring of 1920, is now in business for himself, after being associated with his father in the Northern Woolen Mills Corporation.

THIEMANN.

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### UNDER THE DOME.

The chimes after a long period of silence have been repaired during the past week and will remind the alumni at the Homecoming of former days under the Dome. Formerly the chimes were automatically played every hour. Father Sorin brought

them to Notre Dame from France in 1856. Their peal of twenty-three bells is considered to be one of the clearest and most melodious in the country. Would that Homecoming occurred every week!

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The members of the Notre Dame Glee Club have started to plan their annual Thanksgiving dance. The club has been granted permission by the S. A. C., to engage the Rotary and Turkish rooms at the Oliver Hotel for the evening of November 30th, and the services of the Notre Dame Music Masters have been secured to supply the necessary music.

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The first regular meeting of the St. Thomas Philosophical Society took place at eight o'clock last Monday night. Mr. Leo R. Ward led the discussion with an exceptionally meritorious paper on "The State and the Individual." Further discussion of the subject will take place at the next meeting during the week after examinations.

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Even Father Bolger's best hopes must have been realized ten days ago when fifty-six men responded to his call for debaters. Of these five have been members of former Notre Dame teams. The first preliminaries will take place within the next four weeks and will be followed immediately by the second eliminating contest. During the season such strong teams as Wabash, Indiana, Purdue and Earlham will be met. A debate with the University of Detroit may also be arranged.

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We do not know the name of the male quartet that furnished last Saturday night's fiasco in Washington Hall. We do not need that information as we feel sure that the director of amusements will not subject us again to their low-bred entertainment. A program may be excused for showing bad taste but never if it shows bad judgment. This entertainment gave an exhibition of both. The comportment of the members of the four was ill-advised as it was unmannerly. They might score a great success among rowdies and inepts, but never before a self-respecting audience. We are not in a position to say whether their conduct was

cake,—flat. His personification of a man meeting up with a bear reminded one of a wooden Indian attempting to act. Nearly every number given reeked of side-burns and hoop skirts they were so old,—“Widow Winslow’s Soothing Syrup,” for instance. Several of the Negro spirituals, however, were fairly well rendered. Nevertheless, those who were not present missed nothing, and those who were there were rightly disgusted. Even were we to grant, untrue though it be, that this quartet had all the requisite qualities of voice and well-balanced program, their fatuous conduct would put them in the same class with that celebrated mare who possessed every good quality except that of being alive, and only one drawback—that of being dead. We sincerely hope we shall never see their brand of entertainment in Washington Hall again.

\*\*\*

Unmindful of the slighting remarks anent most campus clubs made by one Krippene, the youths from the Rockies met and gave expression to their fond hopes and high purposes by organizing for the year. Earl O’Donnell, of Lamar, Colorado, and one-time king of the Notre Dame refectory, was honored with the title of President. Dan Regan, of Great Falls, Montana, succeeded to the vice-presidency, and Rabey Funk, of Unpronounceable, New Mexico, secured the position of keeper of the cartridges. In his speech of acceptance President O’Donnell gave his promise that the mountaineers would be much in evidence during the current term, especially during homecoming.

\*\*\*

Recently the Notre Dame branch of the A. I. E. E. held its third meeting. After the usual business had been disposed of Mr. M. Donato read an interesting paper on “The Power House System in Philadelphia.” Mr. Dooling then gave a demonstration of the “speaking arc,” and followed this demonstration with a radio concert. The first station to be heard was the *Atlanta Journal*, Atlanta, Ga. Among the news items came the information that in the impending clash between Georgia Tech and Notre Dame, the former was expected to win by a score of 30 to 0. Dallas, Texas, was the next point

of interest. The music and speaking from both places was clear and distinct. After the close of the Dallas concert, came the announcement that this station was able to broadcast farther and better than any other due to their use of an idea given them by Dr. J. A. Caparo, of the Notre Dame Engineering department.

Just at this point one of the men grew suspicious and wandered downstairs, when he made the startling discovery that Dallas and Atlanta were both located in the laboratory, and that the sending station consisted of a phonograph and transmitter operated by Mr. de Tarvava—the idea of this hoodwinking the crowd being, indeed, that of Dr. Caparo. Everyone present, however, thoroughly enjoyed the meeting.

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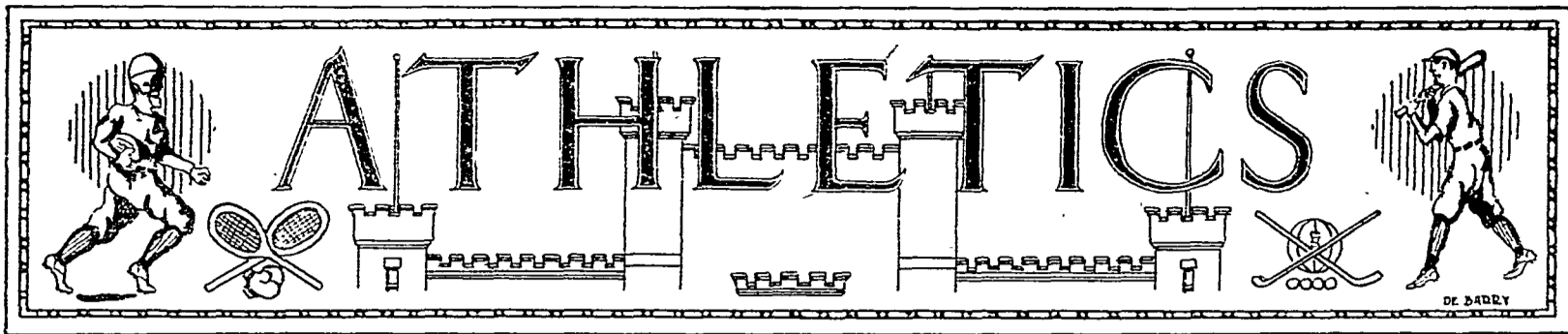
Mr. Gerald Hurst, formerly of Brownson Hall, and now of the Central News Photo Service, Inc., New York, is to be thanked for the clippings in this issue. Al King, of Chicago, (writes to say that he would like to get honorable mention for clippings from Chicago, only there ain’t none.

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If you were speaking to a man who turned his back and left while you were speaking a yet unfinished thought, you would be hurt and angry. The act would be insulting, and the man no gentleman.

Many students have insulted entertainers in Washington Hall in the same manner. They have left performances before they were completed. No matter how little the entertainment appeals a gentleman does not disturb others and insult performers. A gentleman does not talk loudly to his neighbor while an entertainer plays a selection from a master, nor does a gentleman laugh or express his disgust aloud when the entertainer does not play jazz music. The student who leaves an unfinished performance is no more excusable than he who turns his back on an unfinished speaker.

Some years ago, students were not permitted to leave Washington Hall before an entertainment was completed. Enforced gentlemanliness should not be again necessary for some who attend Washington Hall affairs.



### THE INVASION OF GEORGIA.

While 1500 cheering youths, et cetera, watching the game on the Gridgraph, nearly shook the gym from its foundations, the fighting men of Notre Dame went marching through Georgia Tech at Atlanta, dazzling 20,000 Southerners with their brilliant attack and stolid defense. For the first time in the history of football a northern invader has beaten the Yellow-jackets in their own stronghold.

Early in the second quarter Tech smashed its way to the Gold and Blue 30 yard line, where Brewster kicked a field goal. Then things hummed. Barron fumbled on a kick, and Cotton recovered on Tech's 22 yard line. Castner, Crowley and Miller took the ball to the four yard line, from which Stuhldreher heaved a pass to Castner for a touch-down. Biff!!

Again in the third quarter N. D. rushed the ball to the southerners' four yard line, but Tech held and took the ball on downs. But the close of the third quarter saw the opening up of Rockne's passes, until, after gains totalling 70 yards, Miller fumbled and lost the ball on Tech's five yard line. The fighting ire of eleven northerners had now been aroused, however, and after Tech punted N. D. again marched down the field through versatile football, and Stuhldreher wriggled over the line. Castner failed to kick goal.

No one Irishman stood alone in the spotlight, though Paul Castner was the biggest man of the day. He was used more than any other member of the backfield, gained constantly through the line, outpunted his opponents, and not only hurled passes, but also caught them. Talk about triple threat players is a bit overdone, but surely not when applied to Castner.

Don Miller worked like an accurate clock in hitting the line and skirting the ends, and picked passes out of the air in marvellous

fashion. Jimmie Crowley made good gains at end and sometimes also through the line, besides tossing passes far and accurately. Stuhldreher was a galloping general, and made some elusive runs also. The backfield proved itself wonderfully adept (thank Heaven!) at breaking up enemy passes, which were numerous and often threatened to be dangerous.

The line was a revelation. It usually held like so much steel, and Cotton, Brown and Degree broke through and tossed opponents for losses more than once. Capt. Carberry had to be taken out because of injuries in the first quarter, but the Judge went like a whirlwind while he was in. Mayl was all over the field, and plumped on two fumbles that meant a lot to us. Vergara was mighty good.

All of which is brief enough mention for a bunch of players who deserve a column apiece. But modesty forbids elaboration.

The Yellow-jackets gave us the kind of a battle that is fast making football the national game. It was tear, rush, slam, fight, every moment of the play, and the very excellence of both teams precluded long, sensational runs. Barron was Georgia's ace, a man to be feared at all moments, though he made four fumbles that helped greatly in the Southerner's defeat. McDonough and Brewster also played a fine game; a 50 yard pass in the last quarter from McDonough to Murphy, gave the Yellowjackets a last glimmer of hope, which faded when Barron fumbled inside our 10 yard line.

In the first quarter, after an exchange of punts, Crowley made 5 yards through the line and tossed a pass to Brown that put the ball on Tech's 30 yard line. Tech recovered a fumble and after a couple of nice runs by Barron, Brewster was forced to kick to our 28 yard line. Castner and Crowley made first down; Degree kicked, Barron fumbled, and N. D. recovered. But Barron intercepted



a pass on his 42 yard line, and Tech, with the aid of a 15 yard penalty, carried the ball to our 34 yard line, from which Brewster attempted a drop kick, which Layden received when it fell short. Degree punted 60 yards to Barron, who was stopped on a nice tackle by Carberry; Judge was injured on the next play and was taken out. Tech carried the ball into our territory, but two passes failed and Brewster kicked out of bounds on Notre Dame's 13 yard line. Degree punted 45 yards to Barron, and after a 5 yard gain by McDonough the quarter ended with the oval on our 28 yard line.

At the start of the second quarter Hunt made a 12 yard run, but the Southerners were penalized. Brewster stepped back and kicked a goal from his 30 yard line (an ominous silence in the N. D. gym). Exchanges of four kicks finally resulted in a fumble by Barron on his 22 yard line, which Cotton recovered. Castner, Crowley, Miller and Stuhldreher were all in the game now. Miller and Crowley made four apiece, Castner five, and the ball was on Tech's 10 yard line. After Crowley contributed four more Stuhldreher tossed a pass to Castner for a touchdown (17 new hats were ruined in the gym). Castner kicked goal. A 15 yard penalty on Notre Dame, an exchange of three kicks, then another long penalty, gave Tech the ball on her 45 yard line. Brewster plunged through for 10, and a pass from Barron to Hunt put the ball on Notre Dame's 22 yard line. Gene Mayl then sprang into the hero class when he pounced on Barron's fumble. The half ended with the score 7 to 3.

Castner kicked over the goal line to start the second half. Degree blocked Brewster's kick, which rolled out bounds on Tech's 40 yard line. Barron intercepted a pass on his 33 yard line, but had to kick to Stuhldreher, who made a nice run to his 45 yard line. Castner made five, but N. D. was penalized 15. Miller made three, and a pass from Crowley to Miller netted 15 yards more. Miller shortly after made first down on two plunges. Castner made a beautiful 15 yard end run, evading half a dozen Georgia tacklers. It was first down on Tech's 10 yard line, but the Yellow-jackets held during three plunges and an attempted pass. After Tech was given the ball on her 20 yard line,

McDonough made four fine dashes to his 40 yard line. Tech was forced to punt, but so was Castner after a couple of plays. His kick was blocked and recovered by Georgia on our 28 yard line. N. D. held Tech for downs, then Crowley and Castner made first down for us. N. D. completed two passes, Crowley to Castner and Crowley to Miller. Castner then tossed another beauty 27 yards to Miller, and the quarter ended with the ball on Tech's eight yard line.

On the first play Miller fumbled and Barron recovered. McWhorter had to kick, and Castner tossed the ball 20 yards to Vergara, putting it on Tech's 25 yard line. Another pass, Castner to Miller, netted 20 yards. Castner and Crowley made two apiece, and Stuhldreher went through for the score. Castner failed to kick goal, making the score 13 to 3. After Castner kicked off McDonough made two nice gains but Barron fumbled on his 48 yard line, and N. D. recovered. Castner punted, Brown made a sparkling tackle, and Tech punted. Castner made first down on three plunges, then failed at a drop kick from his 40 yard line. Barron, taking the ball from the 20 yard line, made 12 around end. Then came McDonough's beautiful 50 yard pass to Murphy, which put the ball on our seven yard line. Barron next did what 1500 souls were praying he'd do—he fumbled, and N. D. recovered on her 22 yard line. Castner punted and the whistle blew.

So ended a game that 20,000 Southerners will not soon forget, the first game in which Georgia Tech and Notre Dame have ever met. But we are mighty glad it is not to be the last, and that we are going to have the chance to greet the Golden Tornado next year with a "Big U. N. D."

Today's game with Indiana should not be a difficult one for the first string men, but the score may be close because Rockne will use his second and third teams throughout most of the battle, but forecasts in regard to Indiana are risky, as those who recall the 13 to 10 game in 1920 well know. The downstaters, moreover, have been priming for this game, and will stake everything on it. Rockne, on the other hand, must save his best men for the remaining games. So there

will probably be a real battle—and when, in fact, has Indiana failed to give us a fight?

Notre Dame.	Georgia Tech.
Vergara, Mayl _____	Staton, Mitchell
Right end.	
Oberst, E. Miller _____	Wyman, A. Staton
Right tackle.	
Degree, Kizer _____	Davis
Right guard.	
Walsh, Regan, Voss _____	Frye, Fleetwood
Center.	
Cotton, Stanga _____	Usry, Connell
Left tackle.	
Carberry (C), McNulty _____	J. Staton
Left end.	
Thomas, Stuhldreher _____	McDonough, Murphy
Quarterback.	
Connolly, D. Miller _____	Brewster, McWhorter
Right halfback.	
Layden, Crowley _____	Barron (C)
Left halfback.	
Cerney, Castner _____	Hunt
Fullback.	

Touchdowns—Castner, Stuhldreher. Points—  
After touchdowns—Castner. Goals from field—  
Brewster. Referee—Birch, Earlam.

INTER-HALL FOOTBALL.

Walsh stepped on the Day-Dodgers last Sunday to a 13-0 tune, and actually outplayed them more than the score would seem to indicate. The first marker was made by Whalen, and the second by Murray after receiving a nice pass from Whalen. Acalaro, Stanhope and Whalen were the brightest Walsh stars.

Badin ran rings around the Freshman Hall bunch, 28-0, showing the effects of Father O'Donnell's rigorous coaching. Their defeat by Walsh seems to have instilled in them a never-say-die spirit that they lacked in their first game. Mouch, Dorman and Allnoch played a fine game for Badin.

Walsh.	Day-Dodgers.
Dorschel _____	Ahern
Left end.	
Lando _____	Penrod (C.)
Left tackle.	
Scalero _____	Ceyack
Left guard.	
Franz, Stanhope _____	Maturi
Center.	
Adler _____	Riordan
Right guard.	

Birmingham, Powers _____	Landry Schmauss
Right tackle.	
Ward, Hurley _____	DeHoge
Right end.	
Ralph, Whalen _____	Cahill, Metzger, Abrams
Quarterback.	
DeGurse (C.) _____	McGowan, Blume
Left halfback.	
Joss, Joss _____	Kilduff
Fullback.	
Cunningham, Murray _____	Dailor
Right halfback.	

EXTRAS.

One reason for the remarkable success of the Notre Dame football teams is the versatility of the men with whom Coach Rockne experiments. On the squad of 1922, for instance, are found the captains of the five important athletic teams of the university.

Micky Kane, candidate for left halfback, who featured the opening game with a 50-yard run through the Kalamazoo team, is basketball captain and third baseman on the baseball team. Both Kane and Castner were approached by big league scouts after the end of the 1921 baseball season but each looked away from the professional game for one more year in college.

Neil Flinn, who stepped into the right guard position when Eddie Degree had a shoulder torn, captained the hockey team which won the undisputed western college title last year.

In addition to the captains, 12 other men on the squad have won letters in other sports than football. This number will be greatly increased by the end of the year when the flock of sophomores who will win football monograms this season will have had an opportunity to shine in other sports.

Glen Carberry of the Notre Dame football eleven, is an unusual product of the late war. After assisting General Pershing as a lieutenant in the A. E. F. for eleven months, Carberry was blown up with an ammunition dump and spent three weeks in the hospital.

He came out minus an ear drum but otherwise a he-man and entered Notre Dame university where he spent two seasons as a sub-

stitute for Rodger Kiley, all-American end of the famous eleven of 1921. That great team was blasted entirely; but before its members disbanded they named Glenn Carberry as Knute Rockne's lieutenant in the creation of another Notre Dame army capable of turning back Nebraska, Georgia Tech, Carnegie, Indiana and Purdue.

The lieutenant of Pershing who was blown up with an ammunition dump came down to assist another general—Knute Kenneth Rockne in an undertaking which is a very serious affair to Notre Dame men and which will be watched with interest by the football population of the country.

Capt. Carberry comes from a family of football ends. Two brothers formerly played that position on the teams of the University of Iowa and two younger brothers are now playing end on the high school team at Ames, Iowa.

When the genius that governs the destinies of football wrecked the 1921 Notre Dame squad he did a good job—but overlooked one big bet—Tom Lieb.

When the 1921 season ended Lieb was known as a substitute for Johnny Mohardt—and Johnny Mohardt's sub had little chance to show. So Lieb was left—apparently just an ordinary everyday halfback.

But Knute Rockne, who knows a thing or two of football flesh, and whose job it is to produce a winner from the remnant of his squad and incoming freshmen, took a second glance at Tom Lieb. He saw 200 pounds of mean muscle and bone. He recognized a he-man of herculean strength. He put Tommy at tackle; and Tommy has already made the fans forget one of the greatest tackles of the 1921 season—Buck Shaw.

Not alone in football does he star. Meet Tom Lieb, national college champion discus thrower, champion of the western conference, winner of the event at the Drake relays. In his first year of track competition Tom never met defeat. In his first year as a football lineman he is still throwing the discus harder than the others—this time the discus is human.

If you see Notre Dame meet Georgia Tech, West Point, Nebraska, Carnegie Tech or Indiana this year, watch the right side of the

Notre Dame line and the wave of humanity that rises there when a tackle play is attempted—that's Tommy O'Lieb.

Coach Knute Rockne, of Notre Dame, is one of the dramatic figures of the present football season.

After producing great teams at Notre Dame during his four years as head coach—teams which lost but two games in four years and which won three consecutive games from West Point, Nebraska, Indiana and Purdue, when the present season began, Rockne found himself shorn entirely of the masters of the game who made history in 1921. Ten men of that team had been picked for all-American by some expert or other. Paul Castner, who broke into a 50-50 division of the right half position as the season closed, was the only regular who remained.

In the meantime, Rockne, who is also director of athletics, track coach and almost every other thing there is in Notre Dame athletics, had scheduled Georgia Tech, Army, Nebraska, Carnegie Tech, Purdue and Indiana for major games. DePauw and Butler were carded as soft spots. St. Louis and Kazoo as set-ups.

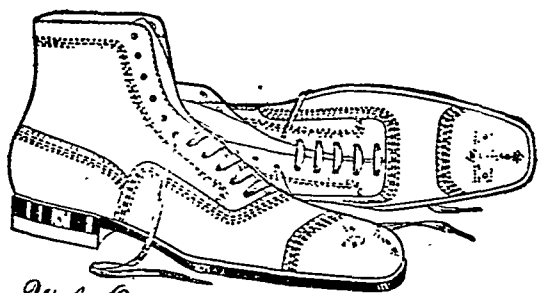
Kazoo acted nobly but St. Louis refused to be walked on. Then DePauw tied Indiana and Butler beat Illinois. Carnegie Tech tied and outplayed W. and J. And beginning with Purdue, Rockne faced eight hard games in a row—faced them with a team composed mostly of sophomores. And during the Purdue game he lost his most valuable lineman for the season—Tom Lieb—who went down with a broken leg.

Did Rockne quit? It was then that the wonderful personality which more than any other factor results in Notre Dame's greatness in football, began to fight. He told his men that he would be hard to satisfy from then on. That they must make up for lack of weight and lack of experience by something else—the something else which had given Notre Dame team the title of Fighting Irish.

"I don't want men who will go in and die gamely," he said. "I want men who will go in there and fight to live."

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## THE SHIFT.

BY WALTER TRUMBULL

*New York Herald.*

South Bend, Ind., Oct. 25.—This Indiana city of 75,000 inhabitants was in former days famous for its plows and its wagons. New industries have appeared. It is now famous for its manufacture of football teams.

There was a time when if you saw furrows in any field you knew that a South Bend plow had been doing its work. Now you are not so sure. If the furrows in the field are deeper than ordinarily it may be that a Notre Dame eleven has been frolicking about a bit.

The football industry really was founded here by Jesse Harper. It has been greatly enlarged and improved by Harper's successor, Knute Rockne. The latter has established a reputation of being the greatest exponent of the open game in the country. Many other coaches have attended his demonstrations and learned considerably thereby.

It was with the idea of looking over some of his specialties that we sought Mr. Rockne here to-day. We found him in his office trying to decide which of several hundred applicants really was entitled to the last remaining ticket for the game with Indiana. Even with the new wooden stands the seating capacity of the field is only about 15,000.

Mr. Rockne greeted us with his sunny smile, but then we unfortunately inquired concerning his team. It is terrible to see the sunshine go out of a life as it did then. The look on his face reminded one of nightfall in the Grand Canyon, except that it was gloomier.

"My tackles would be all right," he said in despairing tones, "except that they are in the hospital. My guards are of the subway variety and my center is as delicate and frail as a hothouse blossom. When I observe one of my wing men. I think I see the end of all things. My backs are all right aside from the fact that they don't know the game, can't run, kick or throw and are all hurt. My smart men are lighter than straws and my heavy men are paralyzed behind and above the ears. Some of my players may have seen a football before, I really couldn't say."

Pressing a handkerchief to our eyes we accompanied Mr. Rockne to the gymnasium. We spoke little, being unwilling to intrude on such grief. In the dressing room we found Rodger Kiley, last season's All American end, getting into a football suit. Kiley is an assistant coach. He is about six feet in height and weighs close to 180 pounds. There were also about fifty players dressing in the gymnasium. Some of them may possibly have been as small as Kiley.

We might as well digress right here to advise all followers of Georgia Tech and the Army not to take what Mr. Rockne says about his team too seriously. After due deliberation it would appear to us that he is a trifle pessimistic.

Just as we got to the field something zipped by

# After Every Meal

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## The Flavor Lasts

C-99

us, for a moment recalling war time memories. We supposed that it was a bullet.

"That's one of my halfbacks," said Rockne. "If only they were not slow," he murmured sadly.

The first thing that the sturdy little coach did was to form his players in a huge ring and put them through some setting up exercises. There was no fooling about. Each man went through the thing in deadly earnest. There was one exercise we never had seen before. One man lay on his back while his leg was grabbed by another and bent and twisted in all directions. We supposed that this was some sort of treatment for the fractured limbs of which he had heard, but Rockne claimed it was a great limbering up exercise.

The same earnestness of purpose was evident in everything which the boys did. There was no waste motion and no hesitation. Rockne is supreme in his domain and he has no use for slackers. The moment that a man showed any signs of taking things easy the coach was after him like a hornet. He knew what he wanted—and he got it.

The chances are that as a whole the Notre Dame team this season isn't as good as that of last year. But last year's team was one of the best—and probably the fastest—which we ever saw in football. This team is plenty good enough. Rockne, like most Western coaches, has a wealth of backfield material. He probably could put in three complete sets of backs if he so desired. Crowley, Miller and Castner are as pretty a backfield trio as you'll find in the game. Give any one of them a yard start and the next place you'll meet him will be somewhere back of the goal posts.

Rockne believes in the pass as a definite weapon of attack. It is his theory that, properly executed, the pass may safely be used from any part of the field and on any down. His teams have been known to forward pass from behind their own goal line.

Like John McGraw in baseball, Rockne prefers playing to win to playing for a tie. His idea of the pass often seems to be to stake everything on one throw and win or lose the game.

He is still using his backfield shift and, so far as we can see, he does it in such a manner that there is no doubt as to its legality under the rules. His men come to a distinct stop, although they hop to position fast. The shift is, as usual, perfectly timed.

Rockne never did shift his line. His theory is that a lineman can hit his objective better from a steady and braced position. Most of Rockne's theories are sound. Nobody who has watched him can doubt that he knows his business.

BY RAY M'CARTHY.

*New York Tribune.*

Virtually every man of Notre Dame's wonderful football team of last year has departed from college, but Coach Knute Rockne has an embryo eleven—rather, he has a couple of them that within two years' time will be even greater than his great machine of 1921. Green as it is—most of the players are sophomores and are playing their first varsity



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football—Notre Dame gives promise of having another successful season.

A combination of discipline, material and a great coach is practically invincible. That is what Notre Dame has. And so long as Knute Rockne is in command here, so long will the local university be a power on the gridiron.

They called Battling Nelson the Durable Dane. Rockne might well be called the Terrible Dane. Rockne's personality is not only dynamic, it is contagious and extremely influential. No football team could be a failure with him at the helm. Notre Dame may be beaten this year, but any team that defeats the Blue and Gold will have to be on its toes all of the time and play intelligent football.

Rockne not only teaches football, he instills the game into the very system of the students under his wing. He is the supreme ruler and exalted monarch in full control of the situation here. His word is law and his men know it. Woe to the man who disobeys any orders of the Notre Dame mentor. There is a great star in the squad who left an Eastern college two years ago and drifted out here. He figured to be with a winner in 1922, when he would be eligible.

That man is not even on the third team. He reports for practice every day, furnishing his own uniform, but one can't win a place on Rockne's team by loafing. A boy has got to be alert every minute he is on the field. That is an instance of the way Rockne handles men. Yet he is fair, kindly and loved by all.

To be sure Rockne has pretty good material to deal with. Most of the boys hail from the surrounding district. Several are from the East. It is an exceptionally light squad—Reagan, the regular center, for example weighs only 158 pounds. But most of the players as individuals are versatile and aggressive.

Notre Dame is rich in backfield material. Stuhldreher, a quarterback; Crowley and Don Miller, halfbacks, and Castner at fullback, generally start the game. Each and every one of these youngsters is a fine passer, all can run well, and Castner and Stuhldreher are great kickers, both in punting and in goal kicking.

Also Crowley is a broken field runner, who bids fair to be even greater than George Gipp. In appearance he is an easy-going, dreamy-eyed, slenderly-built chap, but given the ball he becomes a wild man. Dragging him to earth is as easy as stopping a wild fox.

Layden, another back, is also a remarkable punter, so is Degree, regular guard, and Stange, an exceptional tackle. Bergman and Kane are fine running backs and good passers, and Thomas is still another. Rockne needn't worry.

The entire squad reports at 4 o'clock sharp. Classes are over at 3:30. The first thing on the program is a strenuous drill in calisthenics, with Rockne acting as the leader. Then comes a session in tackling a part of the daily routine, but that tackling practice was entirely different from anything we had ever seen before.