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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men

THE WEEK

We are being groomed for the ring. That sounds like circus parlance, but in reality it is the announcement of the new refectory bell installation. Coming as they did immediately following the ninth—withing a year—"greatest fight of the century," it is certain the gongs were inspired by Tex Rickard. If you don't feel that pugilistic urge before and after meals—particularly after—you might best consult the university physician for his remedy—a look at your throat, a say "ah," and two grains of aspirin.

The Seniors met, balloted, met, balloted, and threatened to meet again. Whether cap and gown or tuxedo should be the mode of expression provided the subject for debate. On first consideration, the more formal dress was accepted; the second day brought victory for the truly academic regalia. Inasmuch as the third season was but a threat, the cap and gown won on a technicality. In the meantime, Rudy and his impudently faithful camera are marking time at \$80 a week—so the class was informed. And many of the Seniors, with graduation but a few months in the offing, despaired at the thought of the time which will pass before they mark time at \$80 per.

For week-end entertainment and stimulation, the S. A. C. offered Detroit. Mayor Smith presented a key to the city—albeit, without the neatness of Jimmy Walker. However, it was the same key for the identical mythical lock which is the bane of all mayor's existences. And police escorted the guests about the city—casting no aspersions upon the guests. The game was excellent and in the light of comparative figures, we should beat the Army. But comparative figures, like the "b" in honey, are not worthy of mention.

During the actual game, the News-Times transformed the Palais Royal into a

stadium and executed graceful plays. Among the phenomenal grid-graph exhibitions was as neat a forward pass from Flanagan to Riley as has ever been seen in this territory. Nevertheless, the performance was an heroic attempt without "smoking or spitting on the floor."

'Tenshun. Of course you're going to the Navy hop. MY DEAR, ACTUALLY those GREAT, HUGE, manly sailor men will be there. The poster cautions: "Get your St. Mary's date early." Fear not. The fleet of Yellow cabs will get her there early without your assistance. Coming are the Sophomore Cotillion, the Golden Tornado hop, the Band dance, and the personal representative of Terpsichore whispered gratefully, "Such a work-out as my boss is getting" One consolation, thought. The Scholarship Dance was endured with remarkable stamnia.

Le Cercle Francais met Tuesday evening for the first discussion of "Dictionaries, abridged, unabridged, new, old and personal recollections."

Surely you saw the title of the leading editorial in the last issue of the Scholastic. "Cheers and Handclaps!" Which sounds like a cross between a class motto in a girl's academy and the first line of a nursery rhyme.

Jack Mullen, the erstwhile Cyrano of Chicago and conductor of Hobnails, just raced in with this little offering: "Your page is short ninety-one words. What are you going to do for me?"

"Are you sure, Jack, that it's ninety-one words? You haven't by any chance miscounted, have you? I wouldn't be surprised if it were ninety-two."

He danced on one foot and apologized for being so precise.

Is it reasonable to expect a man to maintain a batting and counting eye after the World's Series?

Thus endeth the week, brethren.—J.T.C.

Friday, October 14—Band Men's Hop.—K. of C. home, South Bend—9:00.

Saturday—Navy vs. U. of Notre Dame game, Gridgraph, Gymnasium, 1:00. Movies, Washington Hall, 6:30 and 8:30.

Sunday—Rosary devotions, Sacred Heart Church, 1:30. Benediction, 7:30.

Monday Evening—Meeting of Scribblers, Library, 8:00.

Tuesday Evening—Meeting of Notre Dame Council, No. 1477, K. of C., Walsh Hall basement, 8:00—Meeting of Le Cercle Francais, Courtroom of Hoynes Hall, 6:30.

Wednesday Evening—Meeting of *The Santa Maria* staff, Room 308, Walsh Hall, 8:00.

Thursday Evening—Meeting of the Grand Rapids Club, Library, North room, 7:30. Meeting of the East-Penn. Club, Library, South room, 8:00.

Saturday Afternoon—Indiana U. vs. U. of Notre Dame, Gridgraph, Gymnasium, 2:30.—Movies, Washington Hall, 6:30 and 8:30.

On the thirteenth of October, the feast of St. Edward, King and Confessor, Notre Dame commemorates her illustrious founder and model, Father Edward Sorin, C. S. C. In keeping with the religious and sacred character of this feast, a Solemn High Mass was sung in Sacred Heart Church. Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., officiated as celebrant, being assisted by Rev. Emiel De Wulf, C.S.C., deacon and Rev. James Kline, C.S.C., as sub-deacon. A very eloquent sermon for the occasion was delivered by Rev. P. J. Carroll, C.S.C.

The day was particularly important for the minims, St. Edward being their patron and protector. After the celebration of High Mass a field day was held by the minims and the students of the University were excused from classes.

Bishop Muldoon of Rockford, Illinois, one of the most outstanding Catholic Churchmen in America to-day and a devoted friend and benefactor of this University, died at his resident in Rockford, Illinois, on Saturday morning, October 8.

Bishop Muldoon was well known here. For many years he has been a close friend of both Father J. Burns, C.S.C., present Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross and Father John Cavanaugh.

Ordained in December 1886, Father Muldoon soon made his power felt throughout the city of Chicago where he was stationed at that time. In 1901, due to his efficient efforts as a priest, Father Muldoon was made auxiliary bishop of Chicago.

Here Bishop Muldoon labored with the same devotion that has characterized his entire life and in 1908 was made Bishop of Rockford when that diocese came into existence.

The staff of *The Santa Maria*, organ of Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, Knights of Columbus, has been selected for the year.

Leo R. McIntyre, news editor of The Notre Dame Scholastic, is the editor of the magazine. Joseph V. Lenihan is the business manager. The other members of the staff are: Associate editors, Richard L. Novak, Thomas Griffin and Bernard Bird; manager of advertising, Paul A. Hemmy, Jr.; circulation manager, William P. Kearney; circulation assistants, Bert Korzeneski, William Gorman, Leroy Conway and Bert Metzger.

Last Saturday noon, October 8, just after dinner, an automobile traveling about thirty miles an hour hit John Murray of Howard Hall as he was crossing the road. Murray was thrown and appeared to be badly hurt. The two men in the car stopped and, accompanied by Father Patrick Haggerty, C.S.C., took the injured student to St. Joseph's hospital. Murray was not injured as much as was first thought, sustaining only minor injuries. He is now attending classes.

THE BAND MAN'S HOP

One of the outstanding events of the Autumn social season will be held this evening in the Knights of Columbus hall when the Band Men give their annual fall dance.

The outdoor music makers have spared neither themselves nor their wallets that this function may prove a gala affair for all present.

Special permission has been granted the young ladies of St. Mary's to attend the dance.

"The music," declares Jack Carr, "is the very best that can be obtained hereabouts, and the price of a ticket is reasonable indeed."

FATHER CAVANAUGH AT DETROIT

Father John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., former President of the University, has returned here after having preached the Jubilee sermon at the University of Detroit last Sunday.

Father Cavanaugh was the week-end guest of honor at the Detroit institution.

On Sunday the celebration of the Golden Jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the University of Detroit was observed in a fitting manner.

CHICAGO CLUB CONVENES

The Chicago Club held a meeting in the "Rec" room of Carroll hall, Wednesday evening, October 5. Plans for a fitting entertainment of the Notre Dame men in Chicago to see the Notre Dame versus Southern California football game were discussed. Bernard Leahy, during the meeting, was elected freshman vice president.

The other officers of the club, elected last May, are: Richard Halpin, president; Joseph Nash, junior vice president; Joseph Scales, secretary, Edmund Collins, secretary.

K. C. INSTALLS OFFICERS

Last Tuesday evening the officers of Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, Knights of Columbus for the current year were formally installed by District Deputy Wills, a member of the South Bend council. The impressive ceremony was performed in the chambers of Notre Dame Council, located in the basement of Walsh hall.



HOWARD V. PHALIN, Grand Knight of Notre Dame Council, No. 1477, K. of C.

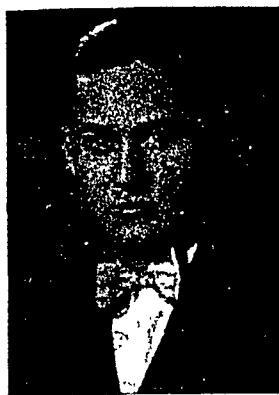
The men installed were: Grand knight, Howard V. Phalin; deputy grand knight, William P. Dowdall; chancellor, William Kearney; financial secretary, Thomas Mahon; recorder, John Dorgan; treasurer, William H. Murphy; warden, John McManmon; lecturer, Edward McKeown; trustees, Father Charles Miltner, C. S. C., Father Thomas Crumley, S. S. C., Fred Ruiz; advocate, Louis Buckley; inside guards, Robert Hamilton and Louis Niezer; outside guard, Edward McGanley. Father James Gallagan, C.S.C., is the chaplain of the council and Bernard Bird is the assistant warden.

During the meeting, Grand knight Phalin announced the following chairmanships: Building fund committee, Father James Gallagan, C.S.C.; entertainment committee, Edward McKeown; publicity committee, Leo R. McIntyre; membership committee, Charles Short; house committee, Bert Korzeneski; lapsations committee, Frank Kelly; sick committee, Michael Ricks; dances, Edward McKeown.

At Tuesday's meeting it was decided to hold a minstrel on the evenings of November third and fourth in the University gymnasium. The minstrel will be made up of campus talent and will be directed by the John B. Rodgers Producing company of Ohio. The money made on the minstrel will be placed in the fund devoted to the erection, on the campus, of the Council's proposed union building.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

"Did you have a good time in Detroit?" The arrangements didn't "just happen" you know. Back of it all was the S. A. C. and its president, Joe Doran. Of course, Joe doesn't expect any bouquets because of Detroit's geographical position.



JOE DORAN, President of the Students' Activities Council.

The Students' Activities Council has been fortunate in having Doran as a member for two years — now as president and last year as an active member who worked on the Election committee and on the committee for the student trip to Northwestern.

The *Juggler* too has had Joe Doran's aid for two years. He is now Business manager—no juggling ability implied. The *Dome* of 1927, the most successful edition yet published, gave Joe a task as Advertising manager, a position with much work and little credit which Joe successfully filled.

The last Junior Prom became the beautiful event it was because of the taste and ability of the Decorations committee with Doran at its head.

Indiana has often been criticized (but not in these days!) because of its weather, its topography and its sentimental songs. Here is one point in the Hoosier state's favor—Joe Doran's home is in Lafayette.

For the sake of emphasis, a most important item at the last: Joe is one of that small yet select group comprising the School of Journalism.

"LAWYER" APPEARS NEXT WEEK

"The Notre Dame Lawyer," publication of the law school, will make its initial appearance some time next week, it has been announced. Joseph P. McNamara, director of publicity at the University and prominent debater, is editing *The Lawyer* this year.

S. A. C. TRIP SUCCESS

With the generous assistance of the Notre Dame alumni of Detroit, the S. A. C. trip of last Saturday and Sunday to the Automobile City became one of the most successful trips in recent years.

The special train left over the N. J. & I. at five o'clock, Saturday morning, and arrived back in South Bend at five-thirty A. M. Sunday. Between these hours, the seven hundred men who made the journey were busy at the football game, the dance that evening, and in riding through the city of Detroit in busses furnished by the Alumni.

Upon their arrival in Detroit, the students paraded through the streets, and were afterwards transported both to and from the game at the expense of the Notre Dame alumni of Detroit.

The success of the trip can be attributed not only to the effort expended by Joe Doran and his S. A. C., but also to the splendid cooperation given by the Notre Dame grads.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

"Always Play Twelves," according to Joe Kinneary, is largely autobiographical, being an episode in a European trip in 1924. Joe is now a senior in the College of Arts and Letters.

Jasper Brent is a mystery. All that he allows to be known about himself is that he has "a local habitation and a name." We do know, however, that "Skating in the Heights" has much of the refreshing humor that readers admire in Corey Ford.

Cyril Mullen you already know. It is interesting to know that his beautiful verse in this issue grew out of a fondness for Galsworthy's closing passage in "The Forsyte Saga": "He might wish and wish, and never get it—the beauty and the loving in the world."

—R.C.E.

FATHER GEORGE MARR CHAPLAIN FOR TEAM

To Father George Marr, C.S.C., belongs the distinction of being the chaplain selected to accompany the football team on the trip for the important game with Navy.

NEW BOARD OF LAY TRUSTEE MEMBERS

Frank E. Hering, '02, of South Bend, and William P. Breen, '77, of Fort Wayne, have been elected to the board of Lay Trustees of Notre Dame by a mail ballot of the alumni of the University. Mr. Hering succeeds Angus D. McDonald, '00, of New York City, while Mr. Breen succeeds himself.

Mr. Hering and Mr. Breen are among the most prominent members of the Alumni Association. Mr. Hering is a former captain and coach of the Notre Dame football team, editor of the Eagles' magazine, and the founder of Father's Day. Mr. Breen, a prominent citizen of Fort Wayne, is the donor of the Breen Medal, which is awarded each year for excellence in oratory.

VILLAGERS CLUB OPENS PROGRAM

The Villagers Club of Notre Dame, composed of the South Bend men who are attending the University, opened its annual social program for the college year of 1927-1928 at 6:15 o'clock Monday evening with a banquet in the College Inn of the Hotel LaSalle.

Addresses by the Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., and Thomas A. Konop, dean of the College of Law, on "Mental Leadership" and "The Red Cross Drive" respectively, featured the program.

Following a conference of the club it was announced that besides the banquets on the first Monday of each month, the Founder's day dance, Oct. 11, a Christmas formal, a post-exam dance immediately following the semester exams, and Easter dance, and finally a dinner dance the last week of the second semester will be given.

The personnel of the committees which will function for the Villagers in arrangements for all activities was announced as follows: Membership, John Marcus, chairman; Robert Bailey, Earl Jennings and Charles Cashman; Tickets, Gilbert DuMont, chairman; Raymond Hertle, Kenneth Rexstraw, Raymond Swanson, and Clifford Hoenk; Publicity, Thomas Brandon, Frank Goetz, Rowland Poulin; Entertainment, Jay Walz, chairman; Kenneth Konop, Jack

Worden and John Marcus, and Team Reception, Kenneth Heck, chairman; William Bergan and Jack Shively.

Officers of the local organization are Burton Toepp, president; William Konop, vice president; Norm Hartzler, secretary; Francis Jones, treasurer and Kenneth Rexstraw, marshal.

The Villagers group is the official body which represents the University at welcoming all visiting athletic teams here.

WILLIAM MITCHELL MEMORIAL AWARD

The "William Mitchell Memorial Award," an annual prize to the Notre Dame student writing the best play of the year, has been presented to Notre Dame by Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Mitchell of New York City in memory of their son, William Mitchell, who died March 20, 1927, while a student at Notre Dame.

William Mitchell, who was a member of the playwriting course conducted by Mr. Phillips, was engaged in the writing of a play at the time of his death. Knowing of the interest of their deceased son in playwriting, his parents decided on the award in order to perpetuate his memory. The award will be a money prize and will be permanent.

BADGERS ORGANIZE

The Wisconsin club held its first meeting of the year Monday, October 10, in the court room of the Law school. Earl Lamboley, president of the club, presided.

It was decided at the meeting that the annual Christmas formal dinner-dance would be given on January 2, 1928, in Milwaukee. Jean LaBoul was appointed general chairman.

The officers of the club are: Honorary president, Father Carey; president, Earl Lamboley; vice president, Jean LaBoul; secretary, John Brannon; treasurer, John Holdampf.

Several new members were taken in at the meeting, consequently the outlook for the Badger organization seems bright for the coming year.

GLEE CLUB TRIPS

Every large city in the United States will probably be visited by the Notre Dame Glee Club this year, according to Andrew J. Mulreany, manager of the organization.

"Last year we traveled in the neighborhood of five thousand miles during the Christmas and Easter holidays," declared Mr. Mulreany. "This year we hope to double the distance by trips from coast to coast. Our program for the year is undoubtedly one of the most ambitious ever arranged by a college glee club."



ANDREW MULREANY, Business Mgr. of the Notre Dame Glee Club.

Plans now being completed by the Glee Club management call for a trip to the west coast and a return through the South during the Christmas season. About thirty-two men will be carried on this trip which includes in its itinerary appearance in the following cities: Des Moines, Denver, Salt Lake, Sacramento, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Antonio, El Paso, New Orleans, Memphis, and St. Louis.

The Glee Club will appear in the East during the Easter holidays, visiting such cities as Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Newark, Erie, Detroit and Cleveland. The club made a similar trip last year with considerable success. Many invitations have already been received by the management urging the club to return to cities visited last year.

The Glee Club has been rehearsing every noon under the direction of Joseph J. Casasanta, in the band room of Washington hall. The club met on the first day of the school year when 250 men applied for admission to the organization. This number will be cut until the membership stands at about 60.

The management is inaugurating a new program this year in that the club will sing on the campus more often than in the past. The club will appear in the Sacred Heart church and in Washington hall a number of times.

The Glee Club is managed by Andrew J.

Mulreany and conducted by Joseph Casasanta. The officers of the organization are the following: Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, honorary president; Vincent P. Ducey, president; J. Joseph Langdon, vice president; Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, faculty advisor.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Do you care for your dessert at the beginning of a meal? Well, the Palais management seems to be serving the musical meal in just such a manner for the first of their series of concerts brings to South Bend America's most popular baritone, Reinald Werrenrath. He is appearing on Oct. 24, and reservations will be taken within a few days so that those wishing to hear him will be given an assurance that they will not be troubled with a last-minute dash to the box office. Without doubt, a crowded house will hear Werrenrath and they will enjoy him not only because of his splendid rich baritone voice, but because he is one who sings with extraordinary understanding and intelligence.

The Oliver also opens the season with a musical program, for October 27, 28 and 29 sees the American Light Opera Company holding the boards when the silver screen is lifted for a time. Just what their presentation shall be is not yet announced, but it is a certainty that a company of such repute will give a creditable performance to whatever may be chosen.

"The Fog," a thrilling play by John Willard, has been booked for this same theater although the date has not been definitely announced. We shall wait, however, in great expectation of seeing a worthy play with a worthy cast when "The Fog" plays here before going to Chicago, where it hopes to duplicate its New York success.

And now that we have kept the best until the last we must tell you. South Bend and Notre Dame are to receive an opportunity which one could hardly dare wish for, and we are not afraid to say that it is the biggest thing for which South Bend has ever played host. But we are keeping you in suspense? Well then, sh—, for it is still somewhat of a secret: "The King's Henchman" is coming.

—A. S.

"Early last Wednesday morning robbers broke into the church and stole two valuable crowns from the shrine of the Blessed Virgin."

BLUE CIRCLE MEN NAMED

D. M. Meinert, chairman of the Blue Circle for this year, announced last week the following list of men for the Blue Circle:



D. M. MEINERT, Chairman
of the Blue Circle

Philip Lythe, Dick Greene, Francis Ahern, Joe Benda, Carroll Pinkley, James Conmey, Francis McAnno-
ney, Ray Drymal-
ski, Paul Hemmey,
John Dorgan, Art
Gleason, John Her-
bert, Tom Shea,
George Corry, Rob-
ert Nickells, John
P. Cavanaugh, Wil-
liam Loughran. Ed-

ward Welsh, Tom Ryan, Charles Cotton, Dan Williams, Leo Schneider, Bud McMorrow, James Harrigan, H. M. Veeze.

John Wingerter, W. Toussaint, Roland Rich, Frank Hegarty, John Igoe, John Houlihan, George Shay, Edward McSweeney, Bernard Crowley, Chet Rice, Charles Homer, Russell Riley, Mike Ricks, Bill Connor, James O'Toole, August Grams, Robert Strickle, George Weber, Frank Hetreed, Walter Layne, Martin Calligy, Joe Langton, Charles Borhman, Tom Kassis, Charles Norton, Larry Cullinan, Robert Mohlman.

TRAFFIC COMMITTEE

James Shocknessey, Lester Carrig, Edwin McClernon, Joe S. Morrissey, George Spalding, William Brown, Frank Holdamph, Frank Donovan, John Weadlock, John Victoryn, Dave Lehman, Bernard Zippier.

Leo A. Schneider, chairman, Francis Hegerty, Chester Rice, Michael Ricks, Robert T. Strickel, James Conmey, Daniel Williams, Bud Calligy, William Loughran, Joseph Langton, David Lehman, Arthur Gleason, George Spalding, Bud McMorrow. Francis Hetreed.

LIBRARY ANNOUNCEMENT

All clubs insisting to make use of the Library as a meeting place must consult Paul R. Byrne, Librarian. Mr. Byrne is keeping a schedule of the clubs this year.

PURCHASE MOTION PICTURE OUTFIT

A complete motion picture outfit has been purchased jointly by the Athletic and the Alumni associations for the use of the two organizations. The picture outfit was purchased following an investigation into the practical uses of motion pictures in connection with educational institutions.

Coach K. K. Rockne will use a slow motion picture camera and a projector, which are included in the equipment, for taking pictures of his men in action, for teaching football, and for analysis of football plays. The equipment is likewise intended for the use of the Alumni association, particularly among the 46 local alumni clubs throughout the country.

The motion picture outfit includes a projector, a telephoto lens for the taking of football pictures from the press box and other long distance pictures, a 16 millimeter film, and two cameras, a regular camera for the taking of ordinary pictures and a super-speed camera which may be used in "shooting" slow motion pictures.

COTILLION COMMITTEES

The committees for the Sophomore Cotillion, which takes place Friday, October 28, are: General chairman, Francis Dailey. Tickets—Earl Christian, chairman; Bernard Ducey, Robert Kuhn, Jerry Reidy, George Weber, Tom Purcell, Pat Hastings, Al Shipacasse, Bill Walsh.

Music—Joseph Haberkorn, chairman; Joseph Butler, Joseph McHugh and Lawrence Fitzsimmons.

Program—Frank Mosier, chairman; Jack Gillerlain and John Kissane.

Publicity—Richard Harrington, chairman; Cy Mullen, Thomas Hopkins and Harold Duke.

Floor—Thomas Kassis, chairman; Charles Norton, Francis Fiddler and Richard Grimm.

Decorations—Jerry Parker, chairman; Vernon Slack, Jack Hanlihan, Jack Sigler, Fred Zimmerman, Robert Hellrung, Joseph Kelligan, Jim McMurray, Tim Toomey, Harry Luzoc, Michael Bichko and Robert Driscoll.



THE EDITOR'S PAGE

BISHOP MULDOON

Death took a figure out of the American Hierarchy last Saturday in the person of Right Reverend Peter J. Muldoon. No other word carrying a smaller content of meaning will adequately set the great Bishop of Rockford in proper perspective. He was a Prince of the Apostles in the grandest acceptance of that traditional phrase. A prince in physical bearing, a prince in his intellectual outlook, a prince in spiritual nobility. He was a great bishop. Great not by virtue of the accidental greatness of ecclesiastical dominion, nor because of vast numbers of spiritual children nor by virtue of any trappings or additions outside and beyond himself. He was great because of his deep, kindly, merciful nature that hated iniquity.

The Catholic church in America is richer for the life and the love and the service of this great American bishop. Thousands mourn him, thousands cherish the memory of his great, gracious ways.

Notre Dame will miss the figure that so often inspired her young and eager sons with sage advice and splendid idealism. He will not come again. But his memory will be a benediction. We set him apart with Ireland, Spalding and Keane. He will share their immortality in the heart of Notre Dame.—P.J. Carroll

A SECOND TRIUMVIRATE

When the Navy and Notre Dame teams march out at Baltimore tomorrow, the beginnings of a New Big Three will be made.

The alliance will be representative of at least two sections of the country and will be composed of teams whose record over a period of years compare favorably with those of any University.

We hope that this new combination will produce, not only great football, but a new era of good feeling on the athletic field.—J.A.M.

THE OPEN ROAD

Through the tragic—almost fatal—accident of Saturday, a situation demanding immediate and efficient attention, has resolved itself into a student problem. What for a month has been a matter of unattended faculty administration now becomes an acute and vital consideration for every Notre Dame man. The hazards of the road which lies before the refectory must be eliminated, at least in part, immediately.

Speeding automobiles pitted against milling students should cease being the battery for the day's game. Rather, speeding automobiles pitted against a student patrol must be the substitute. The S.A.C. is called upon by THE SCHOLASTIC to act decisively and judiciously in its selection of guards.

Whether the road can be closed or not is a matter beyond our attention. The facts are apparent, however. The road is open. Student life must be protected. Upon the S. A. C. rests the burden.

For Saturday's accident there is neither excuse nor justification. A vandal with a flair for the spectacular bore down upon the hundreds of men attempting to negotiate the highway, with a negligence and abandonment punishable only by civil law.

Of the S. A. C., the Undergraduate Manual says, "The committee welcomes suggestions and complaints and gladly takes action on these expressions of student opinion which it receives. They are indicative of interest and co-operation in the student body." This highly necessary campus organization, with the aid of the Blue Circle, should work out a satisfactory solution in the establishment of a meal-time patrol fortified by signs of warning. Let it be courteous, free from factional affiliation, and sworn to one altruistic end—that of preserving student life—J.T.C.

HOBNAILS

TO SHERRY—DEAD

*Tonight there are but memories—
A dark and chil'y wind.
Tonight there is a dismal keep,
And longing in my mind.*

*When in lieu of dreams I had you
The night did not seem long;
The burning mantle on my heart
Was lifted by your song.*

*But glassy Dark came over us
And swept away your laughter,
And with it all the happiness
In days to come hereafter.*

*Oh, I had hurt you many times
And you were so forgiving,—
But now I know you're happy—dead,
And I must go on living.* —B. F.

HOW ABOUT MEXICO, L. L., UNTIL THIS BLOWS OVER?

DEAR AL: Who is this bird "Luckless Lad" who declares that I kept him out of print last year? I was cursed with no contributions from the scurvy fellow, and you may tell him, for me, that if he takes any more cracks at the former col. con., his pseudonym (he would probably spell it *soodenim*) will become all too appropriate. I will transfix him with a stout cloth-yard shaft. —CYRANO.

LUNAR TETE-A-TETE

*Last night I talked to the moon,
And it answered in silver bars.
Last night I talked to the moon,
As it laughed through a cluster of stars.
Last night I talked to the moon.*

—GEORGE R. CONNORS II.

READ ELBERT HUBBARD, AND YOU CAN RUN THE COLUMN YOURSELF

AL: Just how does one go about the business of joining your merry, mad, musical gang? Sounds like a Paul Ash advertisement, but anyway, here are my qualifications: I have the body of a man, the head of an ass, I will never offer any competition as far as Maid Marian goes, I am modest and retiring in disposition, am considered good-looking by my friends, have the skin you love to touch, use Listerine daily, would walk a mile for one, am the lucky one in every five, am mild yet satisfying, dance like my body, and sing like my head. How are chances?
—NICK BOTTOM.

AT LEEPER BRIDGE

Deep, swirling eddies of water, and these, eagerly hurrying forward, meet stolid gray piers and are hurled back . . . The soft murmuring voice of the stream cries out in a higher pitch at the pain it feels by the rebuff, and leaping forward, casts a spray of tears about as it finds its path again and speeds onward, eager, toward its end.

—WAZMUS.

SAILBOAT

*I saw a moth
With shadow-black wings
And one bright green eye.
It drifted down the river
When the new moon
Was high in the sky.* —HEJAS.

AND THE WALSHES—AND SULLIVANS— AND KELLYS—

DEAR ALLAN: "Rock" told Coach Nicholson that the way to get acquainted at Notre Dame was to start with the "Mac's", next to skip to the "O's", and then he would know nearly all of us. But how, oh how, could a man claim he was acquainted at Notre Dame if he didn't know the *Murphies*?

—THE PUP.

PROPHECY

*When I unwisely whispered "Dove!"
You played my meaning false, you jay;
I merely meant to speak my love,
And not that you should fly away.*

*You had a keen perception then;
Employ it now to draw the true
Ironie implication when
I whisper "Boomerang!" to you.*

—BEAU ROGUE.

A LOVER'S PLIGHT

You say that I forgot to kiss your hand adieu?
How can that be! 'Twas not my fault, and yet
your blame I rue;

You hold my heart, my lips, my soul belongs to you;
Had I two hearts, two mouths, I'd kiss your hand
adieu. —C. EVERETT MICHAEL.

Of course, the fact of no classes on Founder's Day is a boon. But according to the monument behind the Library there were six good Brothers that had a hand in the founding, too. Can't we—or, we mean, oughtn't we—do something about *their* birthdays? Justice to all, we cry, and favoritism to none. (Hey, Oscar, chalk up six more blank days!)
—ALLAN-A-DALE.

LITERARY

*Always Play "Twelves"**A Word to the Wise from One Who Knows*

JOSEPH P. KINNEARY

YES, Deauville is quite the playground, that is if one has the requirement; the requirement being "beaucoup d'argent." Unhappily, Joe and I didn't have the requirement. Our financial plight, however, didn't interfere with our fun until a sizeable bill had been run up at Madame Prichard's place "Café L'Hippodrome," a very nice little place, a bit out of the way, but most comfortable. Of course, the Madame thought "Les Américains" were just dripping with gold, and would undoubtedly remember the same when figuring our bill. And how we would disillusion the dear old lady. There we were, Joe and I, Notre Dame '24, somewhat respectable-looking despite a two-week sojourn with the crew of the "Cardiff Castle," with the grand total of fifty-five francs representing our combined capital.

When youth is stricken with the "go" germ the case is hard to diagnose. Such was our condition when we shipped as A. B. seamen on the good freighter "Cardiff Castle" out of Baltimore with very little money, but a strong desire to see how the other half lived. I fell in love with France and that quaint old Norman town on a bright Sunday morning.

"How about crossing to Deauville before we try to make Paris?" inquired Joe. "The mate tells me it's just across the bay and a great place to play."

"Taken," I replied; "Where's the boat that's going to carry us across the bay?"

Well, it's the usual story. We could double our money at the Casino, then move on to Paris, and later on perhaps to London. Ambitious plans. But alas and

alack! What price experience? During our first three days in the French playground we were content to bask in the bright Normandy sun, sip the Madame's excellent "Bordeaux" while the gentle channel breezes played on our faces. You know, just enough to remind us that we were still on earth, although we were firmly convinced that heaven could be no grander.

"I wish the gang back at the dear old alma mater could see their esteemed classmates now," remarked Joe.

"Same here," I replied, revelling in the strange delight of a drive in a handsome cab. Cabs come cheap in France. They had to be cheap if we were to ride.

The third night in Deauville, despite our lack of evening clothes, found us mingling with the best of Continental society in the famous Casino. Of course, we promptly donated to the general fund. Now I can understand how they can afford to dress up those lackeys in their plum-colored breeches, white silk stockings and powdered wigs. That's all atmosphere. Atmosphere is a great thing, but mighty expensive, especially at the Casino.

"We'll play a piker's game until we get ahead and then increase our bets," said Joe as we attempted to pass into the playing enclosure. The interpreter who guarded the entrance eyed us suspiciously and said "Avez-vous vingt-et-un ans, monsieurs?"

His surprise was almost ridiculous when I answered, "Oui monsieur, nous avons vingt-et-un ans."

"Nice going," said Joe as we edged up to a table between an oily-looking Indian

in his native head-dress and an exceedingly homely English woman.

"Faites vos jeux, monsieurs—Rien ne va plus," cried the sad-looking croupier.

Some day I hope to know more about those French croupiers. Surely they are a class apart. I suppose they just happen. Their immobile faces and dark hungry eyes bespeak scant pity for those who would break the bank or even for less ambitious persons.

"Five chips on the red; going along with me, Joe?" My partner was just then trying to figure out what it was all about, and not succeeding very well.

"May as well," replied Joe; "can't do any good with you playing red and me black."

The wheel spun, the electrical indicator overhead lit up, and the little ivory ball stopped on red. The bet was increased to ten chips. The proverbial beginner's luck, we won again. A gambler's money is nobody's money and before we realized how little the nice little chips care who owns them, we were reduced to five apiece.

"Let the ten go on black," was Joe's suggestion.

We did, and we lost, as so many before us had lost.

"Well, that's that," mused my dejected mate as we moved toward the terrace.

"Also one hundred francs, if you remember," I ventured by way of a snappy comeback. "We'll catch them tomorrow night."

"Or they'll catch us," I replied, as we sipped our benedictines outside of Madame Prichard's, in a vain attempt to assuage our disappointment.

What is the fascination of gambling? Why must we all worship at the altar of the great god "Chance"? And it had to be chance for us if we were to carry out our plans, make merry in Montmartre, watch the silent moon come up over the "Pont Neuf". Everything was going out, nothing coming in. In short, our financial condition was most distressing. Yes, we must woo the little ivory ball if Paris was to be a reality.

The next evening was different from the first, very different. We succeeded in losing another hundred francs in about half the time required the first night.

"Why didn't we stop when we had doubled our money?" I groaned.

"Yes, why didn't we?" returned Joe. "However if we must starve, I couldn't imagine a more charming place than Deauville."

The next morning called for a thoughtful consideration of the situation. Luckily we had fifty francs that the Casino had not as yet absorbed. But what was fifty francs? We couldn't pay the Madame. In fact, our sadly reduced capital would hardly get us to the nearest American consul, and most likely he'd laugh and say there were hundreds more like us.

"Joe, these French jails are very nice, they say, but I much prefer American jails, or better still a ticket to dear 'Paree'," I lamented, looking out over the pretty little rose garden outside our window, with the famed Normandy orchards stretching away to the hills beyond. Isn't there some song about those Normandy orchards? Our spirits, however, didn't call for song that morning.

"Well, it's a delicate situation and we must have money, however we get it," was the mate's profound observation.

"Let's see, the Casino is two hundred francs ahead of us, but our luck should turn soon. What say if we give it a final fling tonight, and if I'm as right as I think I am, we'll register at the Crillon Wednesday evening."

"I'm ready for anything," replied Joe, "only let's get out of this toy town. I'll bet the Madame gets delirious with joy when she thinks how large our bill will be."

That evening, after debating all day as to whether we should risk our remaining capital or take our chances with the French authorities, we repaired to the altar of chance, determined to recoup our losses. We had little to lose and much to win.

"You play too carefully, my boy."

Someone was addressing me in perfect English. I turned to see a kindly-looking middle-aged American. I must have seemed very young to him, for he had a patronizing smile on his face. His eyes had that "I'm-tired-of-the-whole-business" look. Here was a chance for him to be of some service to an unsophisticated countryman.

"But I'm just about down, sir. How else can I play?" I asked.

"I've been watching you," he returned. "You should move from table to table. Let's try it together."

"Mighty good of you," I said, "but I can't hope to play along with you on my stake."

"Here, take these." And he pressed a handful of chips upon me.

We moved from table to table playing "twelves". The thirty-six numbers on the wheel are divided into three combinations of twelve numbers each. The player may wager on any of the three combinations.

Then the fun began; I should say luck, for my new-found "angel" was decidedly "on" that night. As fate would have it, the "twelves" were coming up with almost monotonous regularity. We won for a while at the first table, and lost a few bets.

"Let's try another table," he suggested.

We moved from table to table far into the night, I not realizing how fast my chips were mounting. Time is as nothing when one is lining his pockets with the Casino's money.

"The 'twelves' are running out. Better play safe and call it a night."

"But, Mr. Morris," I stammered, "you must let me divide with you. It is only fair."

Everything was going round and I didn't have a coherent thought in my head. From the depths to the heights in one evening. Oh what a "break"!

"I must excuse myself," returned Mr. Morris, ignoring my offer to divide the profits of the evening. "You see I have a beach party on at five o'clock and must hurry along. Always play 'twelves', my boy, and as much luck the next time."

Before I could protest, he was out of the enclosure and lost in a crowd of people, gone as strangely as he had come.

My delightful partner promptly steered me to an exchange booth where I shoved my plaques to the perfectly unemotional clerk. A few calculations, and he handed me thirteen hundred francs in crisp new bills.

Joe grabbed me, and together we cheered for the Alma Mater, the U. S. Marines and whoever else might want a cheer, much to the disgust of the Casino attaches. We assured them that there would be no violence—just the American manner of expressing satisfaction over an evening's work. Or was it work?

"Deux très larges benedictines, garcon," I shouted to the bewildered waiter, who probably was wondering what strange animals are these Americans. Yes, we would celebrate. Madame Prichard would be paid, with a liberal service fee added to express our satisfaction with Deauville.

"Deux billets à Paris," and we were off to the mecca of all American tourists—to visit all the museums.

France is nice, Deauville is great, but the Casino is greater, especially if one plays "twelves".



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Skating In The Heights

What to Do for that Tired Feeling

JASPER BRENT

THE other night, about quarter to eight, I sat comfortably in my room, a cigarette in my fingers and a copy of the "New Yorker" in my other hand. There were no duties for the next day, a fact of which certain of my readers will be skeptical, I am afraid; I was really enjoying an evening of quiet and rest. Strange to relate, I had not even the slightest premonition of coming disaster. I was, on the contrary, disposed to look back upon certain evenings during the summer vacation which were, perhaps, more enjoyable than legal.

Well, to come down to realities, somebody knocked on the door. I said something to myself which was not "Come in," and then shouted the latter.

Two friends entered, each wearing a most benevolent smile.

"Hello, J. B.," said they in unison, and then one continued: "Art thou prepared for adventure this delightful autumn evening?"

I was pleased. Adventure? Sure, I loved adventure: what kind?

"Well, this is a triple date. We need another guy."

Would I? Oh! Oh!

"Where are you going?" I asked, scarce able to contain my delight. "You're not going to wish anything on me, are you?"

"No; it's over in the Heights. You'll go, won't you?" They appeared just a trifle worried, but I suspected nothing.

"Sure, I'll go. I'll have to change first."

"No, you won't; this is a skating party."

"A skating—a what?"

"A skating party," said my lovely tall friend, while my equally lovely small one looked guilty.

"Oh, well—Ha! Ha!" I laughed unconvincingly. "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Really, I'd love to go, but I haven't skates."

"Oh," said my tall friend, negligently; "we've taken care of that. The girls will

have an extra pair." I could feel myself sinking rapidly.

"But you know, I can't skate anyway."

"Can't skate? Slop and nonsense, as one of our professorial friends so frequently remarks. You ice-skate, don't you?"

"In the winter," I conceded.

"And you used to skate when you were a kid?"

"No," I lied.

"Well, you said you'd come, and now you have to. Toss a bit of staycomb on your hair and we'll beat it."

I was too weak with surprise to argue; so I followed his directions and, after passing through the ritual required for escape from my hall, we blew.

Nothing more of great importance occurred until, some time later, we sat upon the steps of a certain house to put on our skates. There I was faced with a frightful dilemma: should I, or should I not assist my lady in attaching her skates to her feet? My friends had failed to instruct me in the etiquette of skating-parties, and I had seen no reference to them in Emily Post. To strap or not to strap?

At last, my foresworn comrades began to help their respective ladies, and I concluded that it was the thing to do.

I went at the job with some vigor, but after at least an hour of pulling, pushing, manipulation of skate keys, and despairing squeals on the part of my lady, the clamp of one skate suddenly fell apart and I collapsed in despair. By that time, both of the perfidious ones had succeeded in adjusting not only their ladies' skates, but their own, and were awaiting impatiently.

"Here, Henry," said my tall friend to my short friend, "you put on this helpless bozo's skates, and I'll do what I can with Janet's."

Henry, who, I am sure, appreciated the honor, put on my skates forthwith, while I

cursed him as I had cursed no one before. Meanwhile, the tall gentleman who had once been my friend, ably assisted my lady, so that in a moment she was skating about with appalling abandon.

In despair, I saw that she was an excellent skater, but I soon forgot her in the new problem of arising from the steps.

"Henry," I whispered, "help me up."

"Get up yourself."

"I can't." I could have done unspeakable things to Henry just then.

"Well, you've got to."

I essayed to arise, carefully placing my hands upon the step, and thus lifting my body a few inches. The results were unexpected and painful. My feet, ordinarily well-behaved enough, suddenly started for places unknown, and I was left in an exceedingly undignified posture, clutching the steps desperately and expecting, at any moment, the supporting arms to give way.

My tall friend paused for a moment, to regard me as only snakes and other contemptible animals should be regarded, before coming to my rescue. My lady tittered, and I felt most unnecessary.

But I was momentarily filled with the courage of those who do not know what will happen next. My five companions struck out along the side-walk, and I attempted to follow, bravely swinging my arms and striving to appear nonchalant. I wanted my lady to realize that I knew all about this skating business, and had previously been simply clowning for the amusement of the party.

Perhaps I would have succeeded in my deception had not my left skate, at an inauspicious moment, developed a perverted sense of direction. There is a possibility that it entertained a filial affection for its fellow on the right foot; at any rate, the success with which it defeated all of my attempts to make it go through the motions of a normal self-respecting skate was admirable. On every stroke, it would curve gently inward until, just before I lifted it for a new attempt, I bore a distinct resemblance to the club-footed boys who are always having their legs straightened in magazine advertisements. My lady was suffering inwardly, probably from pity at my unhappiness. Suddenly, the left

skate deserted my foot entirely and dragged pathetically by its strap, while the right, ignorant of the disaster, continued on its happy way. I stopped between them, on the side-walk. Everybody laughed, and I began to sympathize with the poor, hunted animals.

Here I would like to pause in my narrative long enough to deliver myself of a few warnings to those who are not trained in the matter of skating parties, and who are likely to partake of this dubious pleasure in the future. Beware, first of all, of places where careless workmen have allowed gravel to be sprinkled on the sidewalk. Gravel is an implacable enemy to the efficient and comfortable operation of roller skates; it is a treacherous foe which, almost invisible in the semi-darkness dispensed by South Bend arc-lights, awaits secure in the knowledge that it can upset the most stout-legged and courageous skater. The mutual dislike existing between skates and gravel is so strong that when a skate strikes gravel, it refuses to go farther. Unfortunately, the upper portion of the skater's body is not a party to this hatred and it continues onward, usually concluding its journey with forceful collision between itself and the sidewalk. The impact of the collision is in direct ratio to the weight of the skater.

The second foe of the skater is even more treacherous in its methods and more thorough in its consequences. Beware the alley as you would avoid a class in physics, for the alley comes upon you suddenly and leaves you struggling dazedly on the pavement. If you are escorting a lady, such a mishap is likely to be ruinous to her disposition, and to your own clothing.

To return to my tale of sorrow, after the accident of the skate-strap, I was spared embarrassment for a time. Gradually I learned to overcome the perverted direction of the one skate, and I gained confidence in myself simultaneously. The evening was becoming a brilliant success, when we reached the top of a long hill, and started downward.

I was without previous experience with hills, and was ignorant of their philosophy; consequently, I swung along at an unusually rapid clip without thought to the future. The remainder of the party dropped behind me

for no reason that I could imagine, unless it was to discuss the striking improvement shown in my ability during the evening. My reveries became more and more blissful, my speed became more and more rapid, until the dream exploded suddenly in a pyrotechnical display of a splendor unequalled in my history. I heard screams and laughs and someone wise-cracking about "four-wheel brakes." I learned that I had come to the end of the hill and the side-walk at the same

moment, had developed a brief but graceful ability to fly, and had landed in the crushed rock mixture that passes for soil in Indiana.

To my unutterable happiness, I found that one skate-strap had broken under stress of the excitement. I then explained the accident to Henry, Joe, and the ladies; I vowed that I was very sorry but that I felt that I could go no further in the adventure and, limping slightly, I made my escape.

The Beauty and The Loving

*Oh, you may take the promise
That's in a lady's eyes,
And I will take a wisp of cloud
Adrift in summer's skies.*

*Oh, you may whisper softly
And hold her hand and dream,
And I will wisely listen to
A murmuring mountain stream.*

*Oh, you may say her heart is yours,
And feel its trembling beat;
And I will feel the roaring surf
A-swirling at my feet.*

*Oh, you may think on prettiness,
On soft warm lips, up-curled,
But I will for my mistress have
The beauty of the world.*

—CYRIL MULLEN.

SPORT NEWS

Celts Ride Hard; Defeat Detroit, 20-0

One balmy November day way back in the year 1913, Jesse Harper, then head football coach at Notre Dame, invaded West Point, New York, with his "Fighting Irish" outfit for the first of a long series of annual clashes with the Army. Prominent among his moleskin proteges was one Knute Rockne, an end, and one Gus Dorais, a quarter. The forward pass was then in its swaddling clothes, little known in the West, and practically unknown in the East. However, Eastern ignorance of the scoring potentialities of this new method of attack was entirely dispelled when Messers Dorais and Rockne pulled off a little exhibition entirely their very own. With the stocky Mr. Dorais doing the heaving and the wiry Mr. Rockne collaborating on the receiving, the Celts passed here, there and everywhere, but mostly across the Army goal line to achieve an electrifying 35-12 triumph over a formidable West Point eleven.

Some fourteen years later the scene shifted to Detroit, Michigan. The one time teammates, still the best of friends but now rival coaches, faced each other across the turf of another chalk-lined field. For sixty gruelling minutes a spirited battle ensued between their two elevens. Their progeny, or rather the off-spring of their progeny, the modern forward pass, was flung with great frequency by both sides. But it was Knute Rockne's "Fighting Irish" from Notre Dame who were the most successful in this aerial attack, and Gus Dorais' "Fighting Irish" from Detroit went down under a 20-0 defeat.

By a singular coincidence, each combination tried the same number of aerial heaves, thirteen. However, Notre Dame was successful in eight of these passes for a total gain of seventy-four yards while the home team completed only six for a net profit of

forty-one yards. One Detroit heave was also intercepted. While only one touchdown was actually scored on a pass by the visitors to Dinan Field, aerial heaves were the main factors by which the other two six-pointers were scored also. Detroit, except for a flurry in the waning moments of the game when a few short passes were completed for small gains, was able to accomplish little with this mode of attack.

The Scarlet and White, a hardy team composed mainly of veterans augmented by a few capable Sophomores, and possessed of one of the strongest forward walls in collegiate football today, made the Gold and Blue fight every inch of the way for their score of points. Imbibed with the same spirit which made them rise to great heights in holding the Army the previous Saturday to a one touchdown victory, they played their best football in keeping the Notre Dame score down.

The South Bend Irishmen too, flashed a formidable attack, doubly effective in this game because teamwork was more coordinated and polished than on the previous Saturday against Coe. Line plunges and end runs, varied now and then with well-timed aerial heaves, were the main weapons employed by the Detroit guests in tearing through the powerful line of their hosts for numerous yardage. Rockne's conception of the new lateral pass was employed but twice during the battle. The first occasion it resulted in a short gain for the initial touchdown, and on the second it advanced the ball about eleven yards to the one yard line in direct position for a second score.

Both coaches started their second elevens and a pretty duel was waged throughout the entire first quarter by these shock troops, with neither side having the advantage. Rockne sent his first string troopers into the

fray at the start of the second fifteen minutes and Dorais countered by doing likewise. With the oval in mid-field the Gold and Blue attack started functioning immediately, Flanagan advanced the ball forty-six yards on three plays to the Detroit two-yard strip. A penalty postponed the imminent score for a minute, and then two short passes, with the Notre Dame halfback on the receiving end of the second, accomplished the trick. Dahman's place kick for the extra point was good and Notre Dame went into the lead, never to be headed.

"The Texas Phantom" also scored the second touchdown for his team. A series of line plunges and short passes in the middle of the third quarter shoved the ball from Notre Dame's forty-one yard strip down the field to the home three yard line. Flanagan went through tackle on the next play for the score.

The hosts made strenuous efforts to prevent further scoring by their hard-riding visitors when their guests threatened seriously in the last quarter. Twice the Titan eleven repulsed the Notre Dame ball carriers when they were within five yards of their third touchdown. However, the Rox were not to be denied, and after Niemiec had intercepted Connell's pass deep in Detroit territory, another series of line bucks and short heaves culminated in the final Irish points with Dew collecting the tally.

While the Celtic backfield was working overtime the Notre Dame forward wall was also functioning brilliantly. Pitted against a husky group of flankers that played the Army line to a standstill the previous Saturday, the light visiting line led by their captain, Smith, more than successfully withstood the attack of their opponents. Aided materially by their secondary defense which backed them up in wonderful style, the Gold and Blue forward wall put up such an impregnable defense that the nearest the home clan came to scoring was in the first quarter when Maloney's attempted place kick from the thirty-third yard line fell short of the mark. This was the furthest the Titans marched within Irish territory at any point during the game.

Captain Connell and Brazil in the back-

field, and Lardner and Phalen on the line flashed a consistently brilliant game for the Jesuits. The whole Notre Dame team played well, with perhaps the performances of Smith, Niemiec and Flanagan standing out above the rest of their mates.

NOTRE DAME		DETROIT	
Hurlbut	L. E.	Young	
Ransavage	L. T.	Anderson	
J. Cannon	L. G.	Williams	
Moyhan	C.	Nanry	
Bond	R. G.	D. Shea	
McGrath	R. T.	Becker	
Benda	R. E.	Navin	
Morrissey	Q.	Maley	
Niemiec	L. H.	Murphy	
Chevigney	R. H.	Maniere	
Dew	F. B.	Maloney	
Notre Dame	0	7	6
Detroit	0	0	0

Touchdowns—Flanagan 2, Dew 1. Goal after touchdown—Dahman, Niemiec.

Substitutions—Notre Dame: Walsh for Hurlbut, Miller for Ransavage, Smith for J. Cannon, Fredericks for Moynihan, Leppig for Bond, Polisky for McGrath, Voedisch for Benda, Riley for Morrissey, Flanagan for Niemiec, Dahman for Chevigney, Wynne for Dew, Colerick for Hurlbut, Bray for Niemiec; U. of D., Phelan for Young, Long for Anderson, Ruhlin for Williams, Lardner for Nanry, O'Halloran for D. Shea, Ryan for Becker, Goodnow for Navin, Vachon for Maley, Brazil for Maniere, Connell for Murphy, Mullins for Vachon, Janosky for Maloney, Zettel for Janosky, Masacek for O'Halloran.

Referee—Joe Magedsohn (Michigan). Umpire—Fred Young (Ohio State). Field judge—Tom Shaughnessey (Notre Dame). Head linesman—A. G. Lipski (Chicago). Time of periods—15 minutes.

IRISH AND MIDSHIPMEN IN GRID CLASSIC TOMORROW

Relations between the new all-powerful Triumverate of College football, Army, Navy and Notre Dame, will be inaugurated in the huge Venable Stadium in Baltimore tomorrow. There, under the sunny skies of the foremost Maryland city will be enacted one of the preeminent gridiron classics of the present season. The Navy Blue will mingle with the Notre Dame Blue and Gold in the first game of football ever played between these two institutions. The outstanding attraction of the

And it WILL be a battle in every sense of the word. The strength of the Irish is well known around these parts. "Wild Bill" Ingram's eleven is equally as strong. It is composed mainly of last year's substitutes and plebes it is true, but it is materially strengthened by five sterling veterans, and three near-veterans of last fall's grueling campaign when not a game was lost by the Navy crew. A tie with the Army is the only spot on the 1926 record of the Midshipmen, which includes victories over such powerful opponents as Michigan, Princeton, Colgate, Georgetown and others.

Singularly enough, the future admirals possess the same offensive thunder as their guests. Forward passes and end runs are their main stock in the touchdown trade. They are especially proficient in the former particularly, beating Davis-Elkins and Drake their earlier opponents, chiefly through this mode of attack.

this Middie forward wall will outweigh their Irish opponents by about ten pounds per man. For that matter both line and backfield are exceedingly heavy. The former averages around 185 from end to end, and the latter 180.

Coach Rockne and three complete teams left yesterday morning for Baltimore. The Irish realize the seriousness of the task before them and are invading the East with a firm determination to begin the Big Three series in the proper manner, by sinking the Navy football ship.

♦
♦ SPLITTERS FROM THE PRESS BOX ♦
♦ ♦

They carried little of value away with them, however, in regards to brand-new Celtic plays, as Notre Dame employed her usual time-worn, and nationally-known formations throughout the whole game.

The Irish Band outdid themselves at the half. Forming into a human N. D. they played the "Victory March." Finishing this they immediately resolved themselves into the huge initials D. U. much to the delight of the Detroit partisans.

Dinan Field's largest football crowd, over 28,000 all told, crowded into the Jesuit stadium to view the clash. It would have taken a stadium three times as large though to hold the crowds of fans that would have liked to witness the engagement.

Over eighty thousand people are expected to at-

tend the battle in Baltimore tomorrow. The Venable Stadium where the game is to be held is a municipal project and is owned by the city of Baltimore.

Forecasting tomorrow's score is an extremely difficult proposition indeed. However, we will venture Notre Dame, thirteen, Navy, nothing.

The Rockne system, as exemplified by the numerous ex-Notre Dame players under his regime who are now head coaches or assistant head coaches at various institutions throughout the country, enjoyed an extremely prosperous day Saturday.

Jimmy Phelan's and Nobe Kizer's Purdue Boiler-makers covered themselves with glory by humbling dear old Harvard under a nineteen to nothing score.

Harvey Brown's and Jimmy Crowley's Georgian's took a fourteen to nothing fall out of Yale.

Charley Crowley's Columbia eleven had no trouble disposing of Wesleyan, twenty-eight to nothing.

Harry Stuhldreher's Villanova outfit ran Leban Valley ragged with a thirty-two to seven score.

Chuck Collins' and Bill Cerney's North Carolina Tarheels upset the Maryland Terrapins seven to six.

To mention only a few of the accomplishments of the numerous array of coaches who have drunk deep of football lore while attending school here and have gone forth to spread their learning after graduation.

—The Navy record so far this season follows:—Navy twenty-five, Davis-Elkins, nothing; Navy thirty-five, Drake, six.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ON THE ENEMY'S TRAIL ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Coach Bill Ingram's stalwart Navy Tars ran roughshod over a strong Drake eleven at Annapolis, last Saturday, winning 35-6. Five touchdowns, two points after touchdowns, and a field goal by Captain Hannegan were the sum total of the Midshipmen's efforts against the visitors from Iowa. In spite of the score the contest was extremely hard fought from beginning to end. A bewildering aerial attack was used with great effectiveness by the future admirals. Hannegan, Schuber, Lloyd, and Sloane, played well for the Navy.

Marquette's strong outfit threw a wholesome scare into the Army camp by holding Biff Jones' pupils to a 21-12 victory. The Jesuits scored early in the first quarter, but

Cagle's sensational sixty yard run for the Army touchdown in the second period was the signal for a determined West Point assault upon the visiting goal. The game was bitterly fought throughout.

Murrell, Landon, and Cagle, starred for the home team while, Dunn and Corbett, shone for Marquette.

Captain Morley Drury and his Trojan supporting east eked out a 13-12 triumph over the strong Oregon Aggies. The Southern California visitors proved unexpectedly troublesome with their well-executed end runs and lateral passes. Two attempted points after touchdown failing to materialize were responsible for the Methodist victory. Drury as usual showed the way to the rest of his mates.

Tulane's Green Wave and the Georgia Tech Tornado clashed at Atlanta, the Tornado engulfing the Wave in a 13-6 win. Effective use of forward passes paved the way for both teams' scores. Barron and Thompson bore the brunt of the Yellow Jacket attack.

Alonzo Stagg's Chicago eleven provided a big upset in Big Ten circles when they decisively defeated Pat Page's Indiana Hoosiers by a 13-0 score. The flashy Scarlet attack simply could not get started against a formidable Maroon defense.

Doc Spears' "wrecking crew" disintegrated their weekly gridiron victim in the shape of the Oklahoma Aggies. The score was a little lower than usual—only 40-0. Barnhart, Almquist, and Nydahl as usual led the attack. Joesting remained on the sidelines in preparation for the Indiana game tomorrow.

HARRIERS PRACTICE FOR ILLINI MEET.

With their inaugural clash with Illinois but a week away, the Blue and Gold harriers are slowly reaching top form, and it looks as though they might dispel some of

the pennant hopes of the Illini cinder artists. The meet with the Urbana squad will be, as it has been for the past few years, the toughest grind on the schedule. Only hard, earnest practice now can make Illinois look insignificant in defeat next week.

Try-outs will be held some time this week to determine who is to make the trip. The thirty-five men that made their appearance the opening of the season have persisted and are conditioning every day. Some of last year's freshman, Vichules, Schlikert and Dayton, are showing up exceptionally well and are giving the veterans on the team some stiff competition. Six men are to travel to Urbana to meet Coach Harry Gill's trackers on the twenty-second.—R. P. D.

CALIFORNIANS MEET

The California Club held its first meeting of the year in the Library, October third with the largest attendance in the Club's history. More than fifty Californians were present.

President-elect Edward Cunningham was in charge, and a very informal business meeting was held. The main event of the evening was the election of a treasurer to fill the vacancy left by William Yore, who failed to return to school. Edward Freitas was chosen for the position.

Committees were selected by President Cunningham to arrange for a banquet to be held within the next few weeks, and suggestions made apropos of the activity of the Club at the time of the Southern California vs. Notre Dame football game. —J.M.



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HENNESSEY, TENNIS STAR, PLAYS HERE

John Hennessey, international tennis star, one of the ten ranking players of the country, who this year defeated Henri Cochet of France in the National Championships, played two matches on the University courts last Thursday. In the singles, he defeated Bud Markey, champion of the University, 6-1, 6-1, and in the doubles, paired with Tom Ruckleshaus, he played an unfinished match against Markey and Griffin, the score being 4-6, 6-2, 3-1, when Hennessey was forced to leave in order to catch an early train.

Hennessey's hard driving, off both his forehand and back-hand, prevented Markey from threatening his lead at any time during the singles. Bud's splendid work overhead, however, combined with the team-work between himself and Ted Griffin in the doubles, made the second match close and interesting.

After the matches, in an interview, Mr. Hennessey declared that he had enjoyed playing at Notre Dame, and that he hoped to return later in the Fall for one of the football games.

When asked about America's chances for recovering the Davis Cup, recently lost to France, Hennessey said: "I hardly think that we shall regain the cup this year. The French are very strong, and their players have the added advantage of being younger than most of the Americans."



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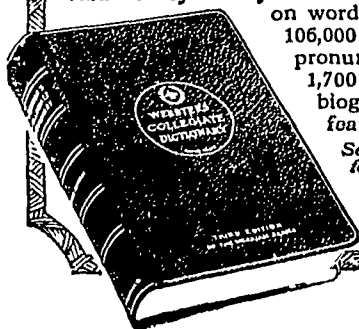
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