

19-20

# Notre Dame Scholastic

VOL. LVII.

OCTOBER 12, 1928

No. 4

*United States Naval Academy  
Football Number*



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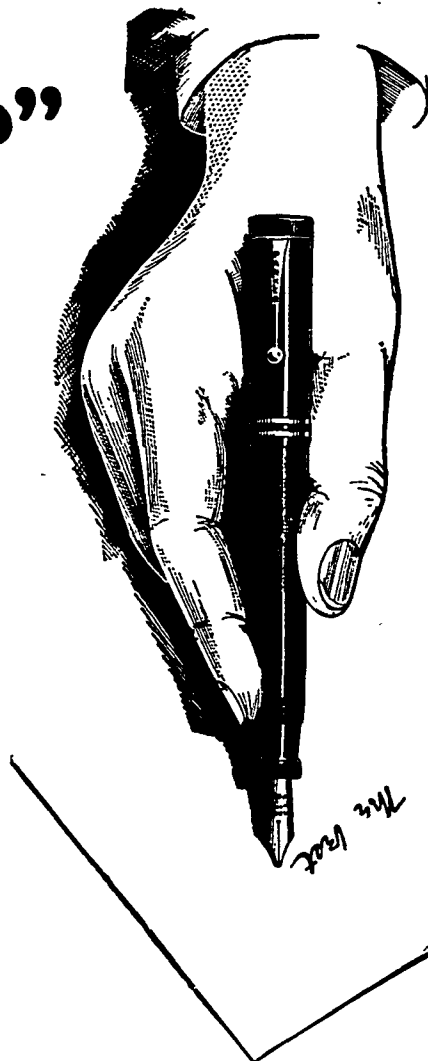
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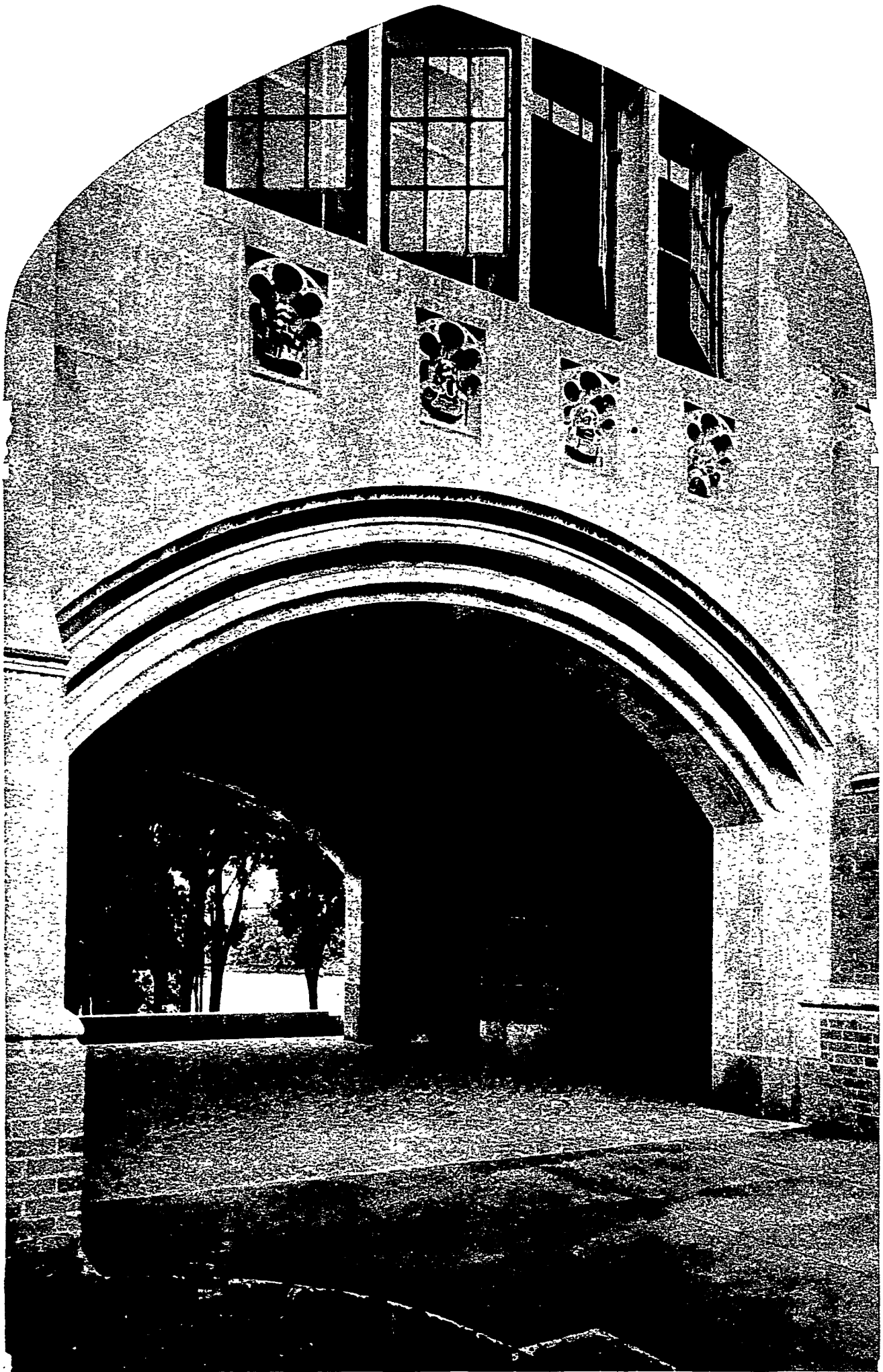
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**The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men**



ARCHWAY IN LYONS HALL



## THE WEEK

Interhall football, a pastime that has given rise to innumerable myths about the irrepressible virility of Notre Dame men, has reasserted itself. The myths at least, are quite extraordinary. There is, for example, the one that Chicago business men will tell you. It seems that the Dome was originally meant to represent half a football—some even say that it had the laces painted on,—but as the University gradually emerged from the darkness of athleticism, the cupola came to be known as the Dome instead of the Pill. High School boys will tell you that no freshmen are admitted that cannot pass a stringent football examination before at least ten members of the faculty. The requirements, they will also tell you, include the ability to run, pass, and to kick, both the ball and the opponents' biscuspids.

We think, however, after watching the games last Sunday, that inter-hall football does not derive its significance from the quantity of players. We know at least five ill-adjusted students that have received diplomas without having played that great game. It is the quality of the football played, and the bizarre trappings that accompany it, that make it a vital institution. For one thing, in all the games we saw last Sunday, it was considered very poor form to run two consecutive plays without fumbling. Any team that didn't fumble consistently was considered unsportsmanlike, and was liable to be barred from competition. We also noticed that while at a Varsity game you see only a football game; at an inter-hall clash you see, free of charge, a three-ring circus. At one part of the field we observed a group of players from both sides, alternating at dropping the ball and falling on it. We were even treated to the rare sight of a runner being tackled by his own man. At another part of the same field, a few stragglers were playing at the minor sport of "you twist his neck while I sit on him." The

jerseys, which generally ran to mauves and scarlets, were, we have heard, donated by a physician's club which takes a keen interest in clean sports—if they are rough enough.

The literati of the campus sat down in the hallowed dust of Rockefeller Hall a week ago to see what could be done about rejuvenating a reputation that had, last year, gone suddenly limp. It was decided that the best way to restore the glory that was the Scribblers, is to hold weekly meetings, a theory entirely at variance with last year's program. The club members expressed the hope that their new spiritual director, Murray Young, will act as an intellectual shot in the arm, or grain-in-the-pipe, to the striving little imaginations intrusted to his care. Mr. Young in closing his reception speech, said that the Scribblers would first examine the Undergraduate Manual, the Student Directory and last year's *Dome* for their respective literary values. Then Mr. de Roulet made an impassioned speech against foul or unsportsmanlike tactics, such as the throwing of chairs during the innocent little controversies bound to occur between members. Because, as Mr. de Roulet said, although a chair might dent the skull, it could never disturb the intellectual beliefs of a true artist.

The defeat last Saturday has given the future posterity of eleven Wisconsin men something to hand down from generation to generation—"Your great-grandfather played on the Wisconsin team that beat Notre Dame." The thrill that runs through the middle west when Notre Dame loses reminds us, for no reason at all, of the special rejoicing in heaven over the redemption of the one sinner, compared to the minor celebrations incurred by any number of Saints. The fact that the team lost proves only that, like all other teams, they have their bad days. It is already a closed episode with all but those who care nothing about football, but scores and records.

—C.J.M.

# Welcome Navy!



*The Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C.,  
President of the University  
of Notre Dame.*

The University of Notre Dame, for the first time in its history, is in the happy position of acting as host to a team that represents one of the branches of the Government Service, our incomparable Navy. It is our hope that, apart from the immediate and pleasant experiences which athletic relations afford, something of much greater value may result for both schools and for the eager following they have,—perhaps an even finer spirit of fellowship, a deeper sense of solidarity, among these young men of today in whose keeping our traditions and our destinies will so soon be placed.

—CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

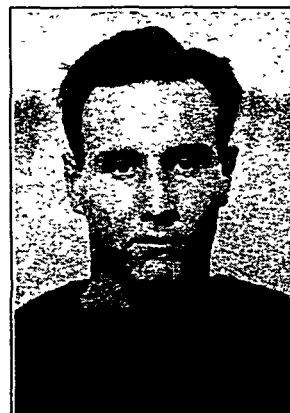
*Knute K.  
Rockne,  
Director of  
Athletics  
at the  
University  
of Notre  
Dame.*



Institutions are known by their product. The products of the Naval Academy, since the time it was founded by Mr. Bancroft, have been the finest of the fine—great in warfare, athletics, science, culture and citizenship.

We feel particularly honored to be able to play the representative of our great Naval Academy tomorrow afternoon. It is my sincere wish that this game will continue through the years and become a tradition.

—KNUTE K. ROCKNE.



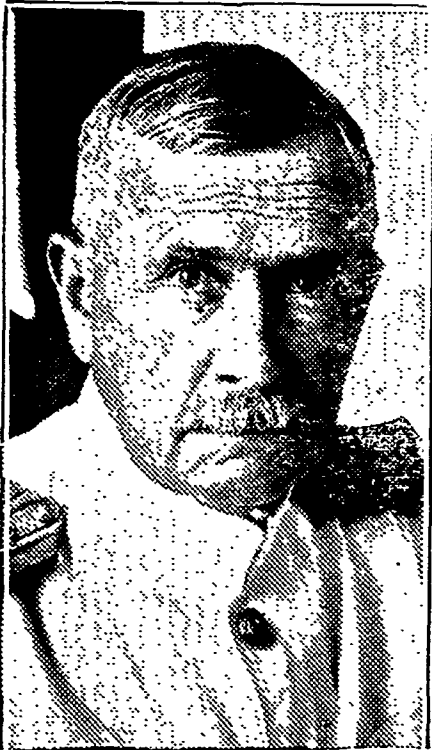
*Fred Miller, Captain  
of the Notre Dame  
Football Team.*

To the members of the Naval Academy Football Team: Recalling a wonderful reception last October at your institution, I wish, in the name of the Notre Dame football team, to extend to each one of you the most sincere and open hospitality possible.

—FRED MILLER.



# Greetings Notre Dame!



Rear-Admiral  
S. S.  
Robison,  
Superintendent  
of the  
Naval  
Academy.



Hon.  
Curtis D.  
Wilbur,  
Secretary  
of the  
Navy

The Navy is pleased with the friendly and cordial relation that exists with Notre Dame University. It is a pleasure to send a Navy team to the Middle West to renew the acquaintance with our many friends in that great section of the country, who have taken so much interest in our Navy.

We look forward to a wonderful show of sportsmanship and may the best team win—as it usually does. —S. S. ROBISON.

I was delighted to see the name of the "University of Notre Dame" again included in the football schedule of the U. S. Naval Academy.

Our past athletic relations with Notre Dame have left nothing to be desired and as Notre Dame has by her high standard of football placed herself high in the honor list of those universities which have made genuine contribution to better athletics it will indeed be an honor if our team leaves Soldier Field the victor. —CURTIS D. WILBUR.



William  
(Wild Bill)  
Ingram,  
Head  
Football  
Coach  
at the  
Naval  
Academy.

As captain of the U. S. Naval Academy football team I have always admired and held the Notre Dame eleven in the greatest respect. The Regiment of Midshipmen and the football team looks forward to our game with you with the keenest pleasure and I know that the relationship existing between our respective schools will become even more cordial as time goes on.

—E. J. BURKE.



Edward J. Burke,  
Captain of the Navy  
Football Team.

## HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

An abandoned army post, Fort Severn, at Annapolis was the nucleus of the United States Naval Academy. The site was chosen, not because of any advantages it possessed, but because the War Department was willing to transfer it to the Navy and it could be had free of charge. It was due to the efforts of George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy from 1845 to 1846 that this location was obtained. Other men before him had appreciated the need of a Naval Academy but they had always been blocked in their efforts by a Congress that was willing to allow half the value of a vessel for its annual repairs, but a Congress that thought too much of the votes of the corn-fed population to make any appropriation for a Naval Academy.

When the site had been secured, the next problem to be dealt with was the necessity of raising funds to convert the fort into an educational institution. This Bancroft did with a rather pretty irony by placing all the Naval instructors, who were at that time carried on most of the government ships to teach the middies everything from languages to astronomy, on waiting orders where they were not entitled to pay, and using the funds thus obtained to buy equipment. Thus the old time Naval school masters became somewhat unwillingly founders of the United States Naval Academy. In 1845 the school opened with seven midshipmen.

The original plan had been to take men from civil life, create them active midshipmen, give them a year's instruction followed by three years at sea, after which they were to return as actual midshipmen for another year of schooling. Until 1851, however, the Academy was used principally as a place for junior officers to study for promotion. They considered themselves less as students than as officers on leave of absence from the sea and conducted themselves accordingly. The chief military exercise practiced was dueling. The customary uniform was a dressing gown. Do not think that this time was entirely wasted, however, as they conducted some valuable researches into the subject of

how much spirits a junior officer can consume. This lasted but a short time, for in 1851 the rules were made much more stringent and the boys were not allowed to leave the enclosure without the permission of the superintendent.

During the year 1861 the Civil War began and the Naval Academy was moved to Newport aboard the historic "Constitution," the buildings at Annapolis being used as an army base hospital. At the close of the war the Academy returned to Annapolis; it was at this time that Vice-Admiral Porter, the superintendent, instituted regular dances and many other important reforms, chief among which was the honor system by which a midshipman's word was not to be questioned. The three years that up to this time had been spent at sea were eliminated and instead four years were spent at Annapolis, the nautical experience being provided by summer cruises and drills instead, without sacrificing the study of the theory and science of the naval profession. By the end of Porter's period as superintendent the system used at Annapolis had practically crystallized into its present form.

One of the most interesting things about Annapolis today is its military recitation system. The classes fall in line in front of Bancroft Hall, where the roll call is taken, then, led by drummers and buglers, they march one-quarter of a mile to the recitation building where, after a few maneuvers they receive the command "Section-leaders take charge." In sections they march to the classrooms, where the instructor waits inside the door. Each midshipman takes a position in front of his seat and stands at attention while the section-leader faces the instructor, who also stands at attention, and reports the absences. When the report is made the instructor replies: "Seat your section."

The section leader gives the command "seats" and recitation begins. Every man recites in every subject every day, a system which brings about a sharp competition and consequently that places a greater honor on scholarship than is customary in most universities.

The Middies are given thorough physical tests and if any are found that are not as strong as they should be, special work is assigned in the gym, and there is another member for what is known as the weak squad, this, together with regularity of sleep, exercise and eating is largely responsible for the physical fitness of the midshipman.

There are four reasons for the success of the Naval Academy: small sections, military discipline, definiteness of aim, and incessant competition.

The finished midshipman is well developed physically, has a fine sense of honor, has high ideals, and is a gentleman in every sense of the word.

WELCOME NAVY

#### HUSK O'HARE'S BAND TO PLAY FOR COTILLION

The various committees in charge of the Sophomore Cotillion are hard at work planning to make the first formal class dance of the year a complete success. Each individual member of the different committees has taken a personal interest in the affair, which in itself is an assurance that nothing will be left unturned to make the dance one to be long remembered. In fact, if the plans so far are any indication of the outcome, the Cotillion will be one of the best in the history of the University.

Husk O'Hare, the well known impresario of jazz, and his ten-piece College Inn orchestra, who play at the Hotel Stevens in Chicago, have been selected to furnish the music, according to William Felvey, chairman of the music committee. Those who have heard Husk and his boys play know that no other incentive will be needed to set high French heels and low flat heels to twinkling and shuffling. The Sophs can rest assured that Husk is "good," as those who have heard his daily broadcasts from station WBBM in Chicago can testify. It can be safely said that O'Hare has one of the best dance bands in the country.

Not to be outdone by Felvey, Chairman Robert L. Baer in charge of the decorations, announces that the setting in the Palais

Royale on the night of the Cotillion will be stunning, gorgeous, magnificent, or what have you! Furthermore the committee promises a big surprise, which at present they do not wish divulged.

Tickets for the dance were placed on sale Tuesday and many of the second year men have already purchased their pasteboards. On Monday the members of the ticket committee will begin a room to room canvas of the different Sophomore halls. No tickets will be sold after October 23, so it is advised to secure the coveted ducats early.

WELCOME NAVY

#### PRESIDENT MAKES GIFT TO LIBRARY

A valuable collection of autographs and original manuscripts has been presented to the Lemmonier Library by the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University.

The collection includes a poem "Defiance," by Father John Banister Tabb; a letter by Agnes Repplier, Laetare medalist; another poem "Mac Inver Bay," by Seumas MacManus; a manuscript of Percy Fitzgerald entitled "The Catholic Church in London"; and a sonnet, "Death of Pope Hildebrand," by Aubrey De Vere.

The individual autographs are those of Henry Sidney Harrison, author of "Queed" and "V V's Eyes"; William Yates, former member of the Irish Parliament; Father Walter Elliott, the Paulist missionary; Cardinal Aidan Gasquet; Lorado Taft, the American sculptor; Henry James, the American author; and Bishop John Lancaster Spalding.

Mr. Byrne, the librarian, will be glad to show the collection to anyone desiring to see it.

WELCOME NAVY

#### COTILLION SIGNS DISAPPEAR

Of the 15 announcement signs put up on the campus advertising the Cotillion of '28 last week nine had been removed by Thursday night. The publicity Committee requests that the signs be left in their respective show places at least until the time of the dance, which is but two weeks away.

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 ❖ NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS ❖  
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SATURDAY—Founders' Mass, Sacred Heart Church, 8:00 a. m.—Student trip to Chicago, 10 a. m., via New York Central R. R.—Football game, Notre Dame vs. United States Naval Academy, 2:00 p. m.—Dinner Dance sponsored by the Notre Dame Chicago Club, Stevens Hotel, 6:30 p. m. to 2:00 a. m.—Return trip for Students, 9:00 and 11:00 p. m.

SUNDAY—Masses, Sacred Heart Church, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00 and 9:00 a. m.—Wranglers meeting, 10:00 a. m., Walsh Hall.—Boston Club meeting, Badin "Rec." room, 10:00 a. m.—October Devotions, Sacred Heart Church, 5 p. m.

MONDAY—Scribblers' meeting, Scribblers' room, Rockefeller Building, 8:00 p. m.

TUESDAY—Buffalo Club meeting, Badin Hall "Rec.", 7:30 p. m.

WEDNESDAY—Spanish Club meeting, Library, Hoynes College of Law, 7:30 p. m.

THURSDAY—October Devotions, Sacred Heart Church, 7:30 p. m.

FRIDAY—Meeting of Fort Wayne Club, Badin "Rec." room, 7:30 p. m.

SATURDAY—Football game, Notre Dame vs. Georgia Tech, Atlanta, Georgia, 2:00 p. m.—Gridgraph, University Library, 2:00 p. m.

WELCOME NAVY

S. A. C. GIVES PLANS FOR STUDENT TRIP TO CHICAGO

The Student Activities Council announces that the student trip to the Notre Dame-Navy game will officially begin at 8:30 tomorrow morning when the Student Special

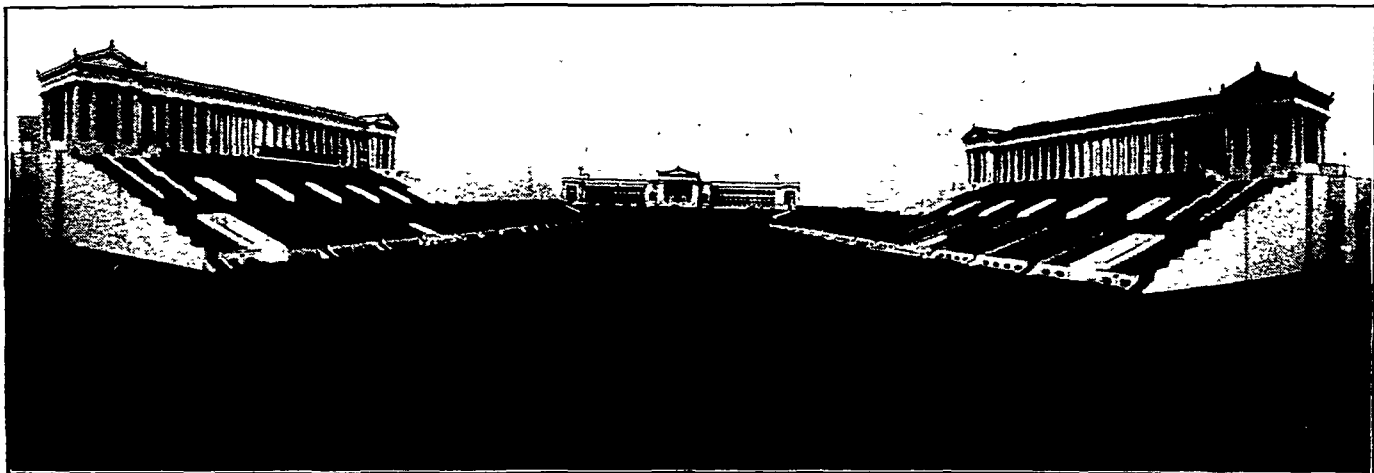
leaves the New York Central Station in South Bend. Beside the special train student's tickets are good on all regular trains leaving the New York Central Station Saturday morning. The student's round trip fare is \$3.65.

The return trip to South Bend can be made on any regular train leaving Chicago Saturday night. Trains will leave at 5:00, 9:00 and 11:37 p. m. The Student Special will leave at 1:00 a. m. Sunday morning.

The game, which will be played on Soldier Field, Grant Park, will start at two o'clock. The gates to the field will be open at twelve o'clock. Spectators at the game tomorrow will be required to show their tickets at the entrance of the park. They are advised to study the map drawn on the back of their tickets in order to locate their gate and section. Permanent stand seats are numbered from South to North. Gates with even numbers are on the East side of the stadium. The odd numbered seats are on the West side.

Busses marked "Soldier Field," moving south on Michigan boulevard, furnish one of the best means of transportation from the Loop to the Stadium. Ticket holders are urged to reach the field as early as possible, in order to avoid the Saturday midday traffic jam and to enjoy the game preliminaries.

Railroad tickets, game tickets, and athletic books must be shown to the rectors of the respective halls before permission will be granted for any student to attend the game.



SOLDIER FIELD, CHICAGO.

### DISTRIBUTION OF DRAKE TICKETS ANNOUNCED

The distribution of student tickets for the Drake game which will be played on Cartier Field Saturday, October 27, will begin the afternoon of Monday, October 15. On this day the seniors will receive their pasteboards. Juniors will get their tickets on Tuesday, October 16; Sophomores on Wednesday, October 17, and Freshmen on Thursday, October 18. The tickets as usual will be distributed at the manager's booth, main gate, Cartier Field.

WELCOME NAVY

### STANLEY TO EDIT "CATALYZER"

The staff of the Catalyzer for this year will be composed of the following men: Editor, Bill Stanley; Assistant Editor, Harold Bowlus; Associate Editor, Frederick K. Ryan. The Catalyzer is the monthly publication of the Department of Chemistry, and is edited by the Chemists' Club of the University. The Catalyzer is an important member of the Notre Dame publications, and it frequently contains contributions on scientific matters which receive widespread recognition.

WELCOME NAVY

### JUNIOR PIN COMMITTEE SELECTED

The Junior Class Pin committee has been announced by President Robert Hellrung. The committee will select the pins for next year's seniors from twelve or fifteen leading jewelry houses.

Ed England has been appointed chairman of the committee. He will be assisted by Laurence Mullins, Bert Metzger, August Bondi, Dennis O'Keefe and Michael Bishko.

WELCOME NAVY

### "DOME" WORK PROGRESSING

According to Editor-in-chief Thomas A. Keegan, work on the *Dome* is progressing in a very satisfactory manner and the 1928 edition will be one of the best in recent years. Editor Keegan claims that this statement is not merely for publicity purposes as he has seen the first proofs and they bear out his contention.

Work will start on the Senior and Junior pictures in a week or two in the Badin "Rec" by a well known Chicago photographer. No-

tices will be put up in the halls as to the exact date that the work will begin, and the upper-classmen are requested by Keegan to appear early for their pictures so as not to delay the plans.

An extensive campaign to boost the circulation of the *Dome* will begin on October 22, according to Business Manager Robert J. Cooney. Those signing up for the *Dome* during the campaign will receive a special price of five dollars. After the campaign the price will be six dollars. Students are earnestly requested to take advantage of this special offer.

WELCOME NAVY

### NOTABLES TO ATTEND GAME

In honor of the many notables who will attend the Navy-Notre Dame game tomorrow, the day has been set aside by the city council in Chicago as "Football Day." A delegation of aldermen headed by George M. Maypole arranged for the decorations on Michigan avenue and throughout the loop district.

Mayor James Walker of New York and Secretary of the Navy Curtis Wilbur will be guests of Chicago while there to attend the game, and will be speakers at the dinner for Naval Academy and Notre Dame alumni in the Stevens hotel in the evening.

Other guests of honor at the dinner will include the Right Rev. Bernard J. Sheil, auxiliary bishop of Chicago; Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University of Notre Dame; Admiral S. S. Robison, superintendent of the Naval Academy; Admiral T. F. Craven, commandant of Great Lakes Naval training station; the Honorable William Hale Thompson, mayor of Chicago; the Honorable Edward J. Kelly, president of the South Park commissioners, and Coaches William Ingram of the Navy, and Knute K. Rockne.

WELCOME NAVY

### FOUNDERS' DAY MASS

Founders' Day will be officially commemorated tomorrow morning with Solemn High Mass in the Sacred Heart Church at 8:00 A. M. Rev. Father Steiner, C.S.C., will be the celebrant, assisted by Rev. Father Hope, C.S.C., and Rev. Father Paszek, C.S.C.

### CHICAGO ALUMNI BANQUET AND DANCE TO CLIMAX WEEK-END

Tomorrow evening after the game the greatest activity ever promoted by an alumni club of Notre Dame will be the huge banquet and dance to be held in the Stevens Hotel, Chicago, sponsored by the Notre Dame Club of Chicago assisted by the Chicago Club of Notre Dame.

Plans call for the dinner in the Main Dining Room of the hotel at 6:30 p. m. with dancing in the Grand ballroom from 10 p. m. to 2 a. m. The immense crowd will listen to the rhythmic strains of Abe Lyman's Band from the show "Good News," and Maurie Sherman's orchestra from the College Inn.

Sale of tickets for both the dinner and the dance has proceeded in a lively manner on the campus, under the direction of President Collins of the Chicago club and his assistants in the various halls.

WELCOME NAVY

### BOY GUIDANCE SENIORS SPREAD OVER WIDE TERRITORY

This semester's work of the Boy Guidance seniors is of a practical nature, each student working full time as a staff member of a recognized boys' work agency under the supervision of the executive of that organization. The seniors will return to the University for the second semester and will graduate in June.

The location of these men during the first semester shows that this group is spread over a wide territory. The assignments follow: Lawrence H. Brown, Glenwood Manual Training School, Glenwood, Ill.; Cyril Costello, K. C. Boy Life Bureau, New Haven, Conn.; J. Francis Culhane, Catholic Boys' Clubs, New York City; Arthur J. Evans, Boy Scout Council, San Antonio, Texas; T. Russell McGrath, Kips Bay Boys' Club, New York City; Stephen M. Murray, Boy Scout Council, Chicago; Martin O'Phelan, Catholic Community Center, Fort Wayne, Ind.; John Reilly, Boys' Club, Syracuse, N. Y.; Stephen Schneider, Hull House, Chicago; George J. Ullrich, Boy Scout Council, Buffalo, N. Y.; J. Joseph Ryan, N. Y. Boys' Club, New York City.

### STUDENTS OFFER BLOOD TO SAVE DYING WOMAN

Four Notre Dame men from Lyons Hall, who requested that their names be withheld, volunteered to have blood tests made last Monday afternoon at St. Joseph's Hospital in South Bend for a lady patient who was critically ill and required a transfusion of blood.

Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., received word from the hospital in the afternoon that a transfusion was vitally necessary for the patient, and he immediately conferred with Rev. John Ryan, C.S.C., rector of Lyons Hall. Father Ryan had no trouble in securing volunteers, and these young men had their blood tested at the hospital. Only two of them had blood of the required test of the patient, and one of these was selected to give a quart of his blood at 10:30 Tuesday morning.

A rather humorous incident occurred during the testing operations. The blood of one member of the quartette tested somewhat out of the ordinary, and the doctor informed him that his blood would only be good for transfusion into a sick horse.

WELCOME NAVY

### ALIGN TREES FOR EXTENSION OF WALK

Students who have wondered and pondered, the past week, over the moving of the trees directly in front of the University Library and between Badin and Howard Halls, will probably be relieved to know that this is being done to make a straight thoroughfare from the dining hall to the lake.

Brother Ferdinand, C.S.C., who has been supervising the setting back of the trees, says that the wide concrete walk leading from the dining hall steps to the road will be continued on to the lake, affording visitors and students a pleasant and interesting walk.

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♦ The Faculty and Student Body, and es- ♦  
♦ pecially the members of the Board of Pub- ♦  
♦ lications, extend to Brother Mark, C.S.C., ♦  
♦ their prayerful sympathy in the sorrow ♦  
♦ which has recently come to him in the death ♦  
♦ of a devoted brother. ♦  
♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

## KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS MEET

The Knights of Columbus were well entertained in a meeting held in the Council Chambers last Monday night by the speakers and local talent furnished by Lecturer John Dorgan.



JOHN DORGAN

Father Charles Miltner, C.S.C., was the principle speaker of the evening. His address to the brothers was upon the all-important subject of the selective membership campaign which the Notre Dame council intends to hold this year. Trustee Ray Hoyer, following Father Miltner, C.S.C., reiterated the statements of his predecessor, emphasizing the careful selection of new candidates.

After these speeches the newly appointed Chaplain, Father Burke, C.S.C., entertained the Knights with songs of his own composition. Two of them, "A Notre Dame Girl" and "The Ten O'clock Walk" were well received by the audience.

Father Reynolds, C.S.C., then addressed the gathering and his speech contained many of the jokes for which he is justly famous about the Campus.

Immediately following the conclusion of his talk several boxing bouts were held. The first of them featured Johnny Burns and Preece, two of the contenders in the Tribune Boxing Tournament of last year. Following this main bout which seems to have been lost by Referee Bart McHugh, there were two fast matches staged by four of the aspiring pugilists from the Freshman class.

Plans which are well under way for the visit of John Philip Sousa to the University on December 4th under the auspices of the Council, were discussed and various committees were appointed to carry them out in a manner in keeping with the occasion.

## PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST ANNOUNCED

Mrs. James W. Gerard, wife of the former ambassador to Germany, has offered two prizes of one thousand dollars each for the best essay written by college students of not more than two years standing on the subject: "Why Alfred E. Smith Should Be Elected President of the United States." One prize is for women and the other for men. The contest will close on October 20th.

The New York World, Buffalo Times, Trenton Times, Raleigh News Observer, Richmond Times Leader, Arkansas Gazette, Gainesville, Fla., Sun; Columbia, S. C., Record; Nashville Tennessean, Lexington Herald, Nevada State Journal, Atlanta Journal and Providence News are co-operating with the College League in conducting the contest.

Essays may be sent to these newspapers or to the New York committee at 1775 Broadway, New York City; the Central Regional Committee at the Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis, Mo., or the New England Committee at the Hotel Statler, Boston, Mass. Each of the various committees will pick the two best essays written by men and the two written by women that are submitted to it. Only these sectional selections will qualify for the money prizes.

The essays are to be limited to 500 words and will be judged on strength of argument, form of composition and excellence in English. They must be typed, or written, on one side of the paper. The name of the author, with college and class must also be enclosed.

WELCOME NAVY

## GLEE CLUB AND BAND GO TO CHICAGO TODAY

The Notre Dame Glee Club and Band under the direction of Joseph Casasanta, were to travel to Chicago today. The Glee Club will make several recordings for Brunswick in Chicago. They are expected to record for Columbia likewise in the near future.

The Band will march into Soldiers Field prior to the Notre Dame-Navy game resplendent in their new uniforms. They have held several dress drills and will make the "ND" and "N" formations during the halves of the game.



## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

### WELCOME NAVY!

It is with the utmost pleasure that the SCHOLASTIC on behalf of the officials, faculty, student body, and alumni of Notre Dame, welcomes the football representatives of the United States Naval Academy, who will meet Coach Rockne's players on Soldiers' Field tomorrow. As the honored athletic delegates of an institution which has always occupied one of the highest places in honorable achievement, the Navy performers are welcome, primarily because their splendid reputation as true sportsmen in every sense of the word has preceded them here.

The cordial relations which have always existed between the Notre Dame and the Naval Academy, and which were manifested in former years in boxing contests, and last fall by the gridiron clash in Baltimore, are a source of great pride and delight to all Notre Dame men. In the blue-jersied representatives of the Annapolis institution, they see embodied all those ideals which they cherish so highly, regard with such reverence—the ideals of chivalry, truth, and honor which are priceless heritages of both schools.

Navy comes West this year without having won either of its two opening games, losing both by the narrowest margins. Nevertheless, it comes West with the same determination, the same fighting spirit, the same tenacity of purpose, which has characterized each representative of the Academy—in any field of competition—since its foundation.

Notre Dame too has felt the sting of defeat, and like the Navy is more than anxious to redeem itself; so the struggle tomorrow afternoon on the cleat-torn turf of Soldier Field will be a mighty battle indeed, a battle which is destined to go down in gridiron history as one of the most hard-fought, cleanly-played contests on record.

The eyes of the entire football world will be focused on the clash tomorrow; more than one hundred thousand human beings will pack the vast enclosure for the battle. But it is not the publicity, not the nationwide attention which the game attracts that is of particular interest to Notre Dame or the Naval Academy. It is the fact that the engagement will serve to forge more closely together in bonds of the finest friendship, two great institutions which have always had so much in common. So again we of Notre Dame say, "Welcome Navy! May the best team win tomorrow, and may the cordial relations firmly existing between our two schools become even stronger with the passing years!"

—J.V.H.

### THE WISCONSIN DEFEAT

Notre Dame men are so accustomed to victory that a defeat, to say nothing of an early season defeat, usually leaves them a little dazed and uncertain. We know of several instances last Saturday where students who happened to be out of town, refused to believe the score until they got back to school that night. Such faith is most unusual but it is not misplaced. It is this sort of thing that the team needs now more than ever. This blow has affected it more than the students. It remains for the school as a whole to continue to have faith in the team and in its coach and to make a public as well as private display of this faith.

Knowing full well that its defeat by Wisconsin ranks as one of the big upsets in the last decade of football, and realizing that the fickle world of sport asks for an explanation; modest in victory; proud of the fact that our record of the past leads all others, as far as modern football extends, keenly aware that its defeat is all the more painful because it was unexpected and most unusual, Notre Dame has no excuses to make, no alibis to offer.

—H.A.S., JR.



?????

We find that it is necessary to rechristen the column which graced this page last year. It seems that hobnails must not be worn in the classroom or in the residence halls, therefore Hobnails cannot be permitted in the SCHOLASTIC, which is to depict campus life as it is, not as it was. We must do something better than hang a motto over the door: "If You Want Hobnails, Join the Army" because the old band from Sherwood forest would promptly enlist. Disasterous! The Luckless Lad is entirely dependent upon those old friends, Friar Tuck, Nick Botton and the others, Attache, Number 55—in short, all who contributed to *Hobnails* last year.

But we have to find a NAME for the column; so we must run a contest. Suggest a name and win a prize! The prize for the name chosen will be all of last year's SCHOLASTICS which have not as yet been sold to the Freshmen of Howard, Brownson and Carroll.

\* \* \*

*"He of the unlovely nose" is gone,  
His irony, his bitter laugh is fled;  
And after him, gay Allan with his song  
To Marian, the Maid,—yes all are dead.*

*A doleful message must I give today,  
No word but loss and sorrow to be had,  
The cynic and the singer gone! I beg  
Your mercy! Help the Luckless Lad!*

\* \* \*

#### TO A DEAD CAT

*A Cat! I saw the gleam  
In his one eye;  
And saw that he was dead  
As I passed by!*

*Struck by some car, perhaps;  
Half sunk in mud;  
The moon reflecting in  
His eye and blood,*

*He lay all cold and stiff  
In bulk, in limb;  
All senseless to the cars  
That mangled him.*

*No slow nor painful death,  
But quick, like that,  
Is what I hope death deals*

*To me, old cat. —NUMBER 55*

While on the subject of death, we might repeat the crack made by one of the lay faculty when asked what he thought of putting the golf course so close to the cemetery?

"Well," came the response, "the ghosts ought to play a rattling good game."

\* \* \*

#### A PHILOSOPHER'S FRIDAY NIGHT

*The atoms and electrons  
May argue all they wish,  
I only hope Scholastics  
Would not feed us on fish.*

*Oh, matter's homogeneous—  
At least so Leibnitz yelps—  
If this is true then why not  
Give us beef—it he'ps!*

*The pork chop and the cutlet  
Are both the same, some say;  
So why feed us on salmon  
In that Scholastic way?*

*Let's rearrange the monads  
And have a better dish,  
For after all, my friends, you know  
That lamb's the same as fish.*

—PLATO.

(Ed. Note.—We doubt that Plato really wrote this, although some remarkable discoveries have been made in the ruins of Ancient Greece. All this, however, does not account for a prophetic sense; and Plato was we recall an earlier bird than Leibnitz. Which all goes to show, that one never knows what a Greek will do next!)

\* \* \*

The week's work is nearly over; and it is a strange sensation that the first issue is on the press. It is a queer feeling, this realization that not only Cyrano and Allan-a-Dale are gone, but with them a host of others; the Troubador, Jasper Brent, the Runt, and the rest of them—old friends and old faces. Still, it is not unpleasant to feel that before the year is over we will meet new friends and see new names in the column! If you like Hobnails tell us about it; if you think it pretty poor, help us improve it by contributing your favorite jokes and bits of poetry. We will close the first week's work with another plea for help, in the manner of Eddie Guest:

*Come on now boy, and spread some joy,  
Just show some pep, be glad!  
Write something new, for if you do,  
You'll help—*

—THE LUCKLESS LAD.


 LITERARY
*Blue Symphony*

JAY WALZ

ALEXANDER was writing to Asberine, but somehow an hour had passed and he was still staring at the paper upon which he had written nothing. There seemed to be a chasm between himself and Asberine which he found increasingly difficult to bridge over. It was so possible that he would say the wrong thing, or perhaps he didn't know what to say. It was that same confusion which after seeing her had always made him despondent at his own awkwardness, his dullness, his practicalness, and everything that made him just the opposite of Asberine.

He had dared to ask her to that dance because he had been trying to make up his mind to do so for a week. In order to overcome any indecisiveness in his methods, he had had to ask her, at the risk of any consequence. She had said yes.

\* \* \*

Alexander's Ford stopped quickly and quietly in front of Asberine's house. It was a good feature of the new models; it gave Alexander an excuse for seeming to be in a hurry. He jumped out of his car, slammed the door shut, ran up to the front door, and before he had had a chance to develop self-consciousness, he had pushed the door-bell, spoken to Asberine's mother and found himself alone in a heavily cushioned chair in the living room. For the first time he was conscious of heart beats, but it did not worry him, as he knew Asberine would not appear until he had had plenty of time to get over that. At such times he developed a naturalness which one does when finding himself in a strange environment—artificial perhaps, but none the less practical. Alexander studied the tapestried windows, the rough hewn mantel-piece with a model of the *Con-*

*stitution* upon it, the chocolate plush in the carpet on the floor, and the brilliant chinz covered rocking chair in the opposite corner from him. It was the mate to the straight back one in which he was sitting—Yes, indeed, he was sitting in the mate to it. It was comfortable, and Alexander had absorbed, it seemed, much of its cushiness into his veins, and it made his heart stop pounding.

Alexander heard a light tap on the stairs, but it didn't frighten him. A first glance of her would reassure him. The stairway was open, and came down one end of the living room towards Alexander. He was aware of a pair of white slippers, tripping down the steps—a skirt of gauzy fullness with morning-sky blueness and freshness, which merged into the darker, more earthly blue of her velvet bodice. Whiteness of ivory in her neck, and a bloneness in her hair that forbade any attempt to make out lines about her head! One did not notice the hair, in fact. It was simply the bloneness that one saw.

Soft whiteness—heavenly blueness—velvety blueness—ivory-like whiteness—and bloneness. But it was the blue that predominated. The other colors seemed to pour their abstractness into it, and in return take a tinge of the blue which they cast off again, unifying the whole effect. Blue—a symphony in blue.

Asberine was at the bottom of the stairs, and Alexander suddenly noticed her face. She was smiling at him.

"Hello, Zanny." It would have jarred him if she had called him Alexander.

"Hello, Asberine." He stood up.

"Guess I'm late," she said.

"Who cares?"

"We shan't hurry anyhow, shall we?"

"No use. We'll have a nice ride out to the Club house."

"I'm glad. No fun hurrying, when it's so nice just to glide along easy-like."

She was sparkling with lightness, and Alexander couldn't help catching the spell of it.

"Should I wear a hat?"

She was asking him a question. He was taken unawares. A hat on Asberine! He was afraid it would make her seem too real, too earthly, too concrete. "No," he said, "you won't need it."

Alexander had no sooner shifted the roadster into high gear than he was glad he had all the speed he wanted under the sole of his right foot. There was something about fleetness that harmonized with the blueness in Asberine's dress. Sky-blue—that was it—soaring through the air, like a great bird. And even if he mustn't drive fast—Asberine had said she didn't like to—he was glad he had so much power in reserve that they coasted along easily. He was so occupied with this thought that it took a question from Asberine's lips to awaken in him a realization that she was at his side. She had seemed no nearer to him than a cloud in the sky.

"Zanny," she said, "we do get together once a year, don't we?"

"Yah—I just thought of that too." Actually, he knew he hadn't been out with her for two years, not since Grace Merrill's birthday party.

"You must be awfully busy to forget about me the rest of the time—never call me up—or ask about me."

"Aw, I do too—sure I think about you." He wanted to add, "I know that makes so much difference to you." But somehow he didn't want to admit that even to himself.

He knew she didn't mean what she was saying, but she had a perfect right to complain, and to save him he couldn't think of a clever thought that would reveal her insincerity. In a manner that proved to be blunt, he asked,

"Bet it keeps you busy going to all the balls there at school?"

"Balls? At a girl's school? Say!"

His face was an expression of "I know all about it, all right." Then glancing at her without turning his head, he asked, "You have them don't you?" He had read of her attending some of them.

There was a pause before she replied,

"You think I'm fast, Zanny. I'm not really."

Alexander found himself accelerating the speed of his car.

This was the way Asberine had with Alexander. It wasn't hypnotism, because it made him conscious of pleasantness. She raised his spirits and made him forget his own boorishness of which he was so self-conscious. Nevertheless it was a spell. Perhaps it was the blueness of her dress that permeated him as well as herself. All that she said seemed to be a part of that blueness too.

They arrived at the club house. The orchestra was already playing *Just Like a Melody*—soprano saxophones were screeching the chorus in a duet.

They danced the next dance. It was uneventful. Then Asberine saw Leatrice Henshaw, also one of Madame Beatrice's girls. Letty was with Bob Thatcher. Asberine introduced them to Alexander. The girls talked together. Alexander supposed they should trade dances. He meant to ask his new acquaintance.

"Don't believe I got the name," he ventured by way of starting conversation.

"Thatcher."

"Oh, yes—a fellow ought to remember that name," a moment's pause and another attempt of Alexander's, "a nice crowd here tonight."

"Yah, fair but plenty stiff."

"Yah, maybe, but it'll warm up. The band's plenty hot."

"You think so? I'm not stuck on it. Plenty tame!"

Silence. The music started, and Thatcher tugged Leatrice's arm, "Come on, Kid, let's dance this one," and he whirled her off. It was a fast one. Alexander hated fast dances. They required concentration and didn't take care of themselves, like slow ones did. The second half was more to his liking.

"Didn't you like Letty though?" Asberine said in the midst of it.

"I bet she's nice."

"Did you like Bob too?"

"Yah."

"Of course I didn't used to think so. Not until he started going with Letty. They're 'steadies.'"

"They are?" Alexander was, of course, glad to hear it.

"It's a case. They had quite a time last year, when she was away."

"It's stupid to be like that."

"I know it. I told her so. She's so cute, though."

"Yah."

Alexander liked the idea that they understood each other. He grasped her hand tighter, and he felt that she yielded just a little in response. Blueness dazed his sight. It completely engulfed him so that he did not know anyone else on the floor. He bumped somebody. Turning he saw Letty smiling at him over Bob's shoulder. He abandoned the idea of trading dances.

The hours went by quickly. Alexander couldn't realize it was getting late. They sat on the veranda. It was cool there. Other couples were present, and groups were chatting indistinctly and laughing gayly. In the midst of them Alexander and Asberine were alone. Alexander was thinking of this. He knew that Asberine belonged really with the others. They would be admiring her charm, which was that of an actress. In such company Alexander would be bored, and self-consciously boring. He was happy that it was like this. He had Asberine, and she was willing to be his. He was actually proud of this enviable situation.

They sat in silence for a time. Alexander thought only of the pleasantness of it all, which did not mean being clever, or charming, or entertaining. He enjoyed just sitting with no thought whatsoever on his mind. Of course Asberine liked it too. But it was she who broke the silence.

"You might tell me something about yourself. You know I don't see you so often."

"Asberine—you don't understand me—about that."

She pinched his sleeve and laughed, "We're not going to get serious now, and quarrel like we were 'steadies.' Gee, that'd be terrible!"

"Sure, anything like that is stupid. I didn't mean that. Gee, Asby, I never have thought anything about getting married—so don't get me that way. You didn't did you?"

"Well, you're the kind to fall hard when you do. Never thought about getting married—Gee, I have. But I'm not going to." A pause. "But I suppose I'll be married a long time before you are."

"You know, when I was little I used to think we might be married about the same time."

"Zanny, you are clever," then after a pause, "I'm awful sleepy, what time is it?"

"Quarter to one. Shall we dance the next one? It'll probably be the last."

"I'd rather sit here and talk. Weren't you going to tell me about yourself?"

And so Alexander told her about his job and what he intended to do—as much as he himself knew. She offered a suggestion now and then, but for the most part inspired his confidence with "I think so," "Why don't you," "You can," "Won't that be grand," "Zanny!"

It was time to go home. The moon lit up strips of fog, which Alexander permitted his car to glide through. He took Asberine to the doorstep. Pshaw, he couldn't think of anything he had said except "Good-night." She had said that too.

He went over the whole affair as soon as he was home, stretched out face down across his bed. He had a feeling of having tried vainly to make Asberine his own. She wasn't any more his than she was anybody's, except her parents'. All evening he had thought she was, and it came suddenly upon him that her willingness to put up with him was just a way she had of being charming. She would do the same with anybody. She made a fool of him, and if so he was a fool. They had been alone all evening, and might just as well have stayed at home.

Of course they had talked to Letty and that Bob Thatcher. How revolting he was. Bob didn't think of Letty as he, Alexander,

did of Asberine. "Come on, kid, let's dance this one." He couldn't have said that to Asberine. Then he thought of her as she tripped down the stairs. He had not noticed her, he remembered; instead it was the whiteness of her slippers, the blueness of her dress, her blondeness, or was it just the blueness that haunted him? He could conjure up no picture of her. He could not visualize even her features now. There was only a vague feeling in his mind, which he couldn't escape, or explain, except that from it evolved an emotion he had never experienced before. It remained with him.

He had not been with Asberine since that night. He had not even called her up, or gone to see her train off when she had returned to Madame Beatrice's school for girls in Connecticut. He had had brave intentions of doing so. But it would be so much easier to wait and write a letter to her.

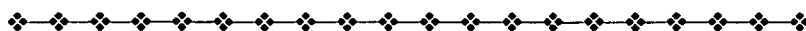
\* \* \*

For two hours he had been sitting at his desk, and not one of his ideas was he able to write down. He was even scared of the

greeting, "Dear Asberine"—afraid that his hand would not carry him through it. He couldn't write he, at last, concluded. It was for the same indefinable reason that he had avoided seeing Asberine.

That it might be love, came suddenly to him. The idea stunned him. If he was in love with Asberine, it wasn't the usual kind of love, like Bob Thatcher had for Leatrice Henshaw. His must be some kind of love that poets are victims of. God! He couldn't cope with a poet's love. He wasn't a poet—not by any means.

He was tired; Asberine's reality faded away, and he began to think of her as an illusion. Oh, she was alive, alright, but it was funny how he couldn't picture to himself what she looked like. Carefully he lay the sheet of stationery back into its box. Leisurely he prepared himself for bed. As his head fell into the enfolding coolness of his pillow, which seemed to absorb all his thoughts into its cushiness, there lingered in his mind only the impression that in the morning he would see things differently and in their truer proportions.



## The Shore

WILLIAM FRANK CONNALLY

*"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain."*—BYRON

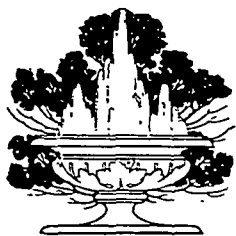
IT HAS ever been a source of keen delight to me to walk along the seashore during a storm. In the riot of the waves there is something of the terrible anger of God. The giant billows hurl themselves upon the shore as projectiles are hurled against the breastwork of a fortification. Heard from a distance, indeed, the thunder of the waves resembles nothing more than the booming of artillery. On the shore, you see the tides as they swirl and shift in a mad vortex of delight. Presently, far out from the shore you perceive a tremendous column of water raise itself from the deep. In an unbroken line it advances like the charge of well-trained cavalry. Swift is its rush; and as it nears the shore a feathery foam tops its crest. (The

cavalrymen have drawn their sabers). A few yards from the shore it reaches its highest peak (the cavalrymen have risen in their stirrups) and a moment later hurls itself with reckless abandon upon the beach. The waters rush back and reform their ranks. All day long the billows charge the shore.

During my walks along the seashore in a storm, I have many thoughts. My mind dwells on shipwrecks, and I realize how weak man is in conflict with the forces of nature. I think of the storm at Yormouth when Steerford was drowned, and of the countless tragedies of the deep.

But if the shore is wild and desolate in times of storm it is equally delightful when the weather is fair. I remember one of those





## The Joining

*Thunder steps of rushing stallions maned in moon ivory,  
 Come white torrent-like down the Brain's creaking purple stairs,  
 The Mind, iron-fettered slave of puny passions, creek-like thoughts,  
 Raises Autumn leaf hands to stay driver and steeds.  
 Fiery planet-girded Beauty knows no brooking,  
 Sun-cushion red gongs in either hand,  
 She sweeps through to death-black inner gates.  
 A silvered pause; they swing clangingly back;  
 There comes forth Eternity's companion,  
 Lustful Earth's one flame of pure fire,  
 Lone pride of fleshy centuries, sole boast of brothel-satiated Man,  
 Undying witness of mighty God above.  
 Beauty bows before her Master.*

\* \* \*

*And in a burning sacrament of orchid blaze,  
 The two are made one,  
 Beauty the Soul  
 The Soul, Beauty.*

—MURRAY HICKEY LEY.

## SPORT NEWS



GEO. E. LEPPIG

## Wisconsin Defeats N. D. in Upset; Score 22 to 6

*Fumbles at Critical Moments Fatal to Rockmen.*

*First Big Ten Defeat Since 1921.*



JOHN NIEMIC

For the first time in eight years and the second time under the Rockne regime, the Blue and Gold of Notre Dame bowed in defeat before the colors of a Western Conference football team when the Cardinal of Wisconsin triumphed over the Rockmen on the Camp Randall gridiron in Madison last Saturday afternoon. The score was 22-6. Underdogs for the major portion of the first half and on the short end of a 6-2 score at the intermission, Coach Glenn Thistlewaite's Badgers took instant advantage of the numerous breaks which came their way in the last half. In exactly eighteen minutes after the opening whistle of the second thirty minutes of play had sounded, had capitalized on errors of both commission and omission by their guests to the tune of a trio of touchdowns and a pair of extra points. A safety, the lone Wisconsin score secured in the initial half, accounted for the other Cardinal points.

Fumbles, fumbles, and yet more fumbles, coupled with a forward pass defense that cracked badly at times, tell the real story of this startling upset, because in practically every other department of play the Blue and Gold reigned supreme. Eleven first downs the Irish rolled up to their hosts' one, and they carried the ball 121 yards from scrimmage to the Cardinals' 50. Yet numerous fumbles at critical times nullified the Notre Dame offensive efforts and paved the way for each of the Badger six-pointers.

Wisconsin inaugurated the scoring in the middle of the first quarter when Elder's attempted punt from near his own goal line was blocked by Katelaar of the Cardinals. The Notre Dame halfback managed to recover the pigskin, however, but it was behind the Rockmen's goal line and a safety resulted for the home team.

In the second quarter Notre Dame displayed the brand of football that has made it famous. An exchange of punts gave the Irish the ball on their own 28 yard line. Thence began a methodical march to the Badgers' goal-line, Niemic bearing the brunt of the attack. Twice he whipped beautiful passes to Colrick and finally he himself broke through off-tackle for fifteen yards to place the ball on Wisconsin's six yard line. A five yard penalty brought the ball back to the eleven yard line, but Chevigny immediately crashed off tackle to the three yard line. On the next play Niemic slid through the opposite tackle for the Gold and Blue's only score as the half ended.

After the kickoff and a punt it was Notre Dame's ball on it's own twenty yard line as the third quarter started. Elder fumbled, but recovered on his own eight yard line. Morrissey also fumbled on the next play and Gantenbein recovered for Wisconsin on the Blue and Gold's three yard line. On the next play Bartholomew circled the Irish left end for the Cardinal's first touchdown.

Two minutes later the Badgers got their



second break when Chevigny fumbled on his own 17 yard line and Smith of Wisconsin fell on the ball. A penalty nullified two short gains but on the next play Cuisinier passed perfectly to Smith for the second Badger touchdown. Bartholomew kicked goal.

The third and last Wisconsin touchdown came early in the fourth quarter. It was Wisconsin's ball on it's own 45 yard line. Behr passed to Cuisinier, who ran for twenty yards behind perfect interference and then sped the last twenty-five on his own for the final score.

It was an inspired Wisconsin team that took the field in the second half last Saturday, for only an inspired eleven could have beaten Notre Dame despite the numerous breaks against the Irish.

Eddie Collins' fine defensive work and Niemic's excellent running and passing were outstanding for the Blue and Gold and Captain Miller was great in defeat, but standing out above all was the way that the team as a unit fought to the end, as hard and as fiercely when it saw bitter and certain defeat staring it in the face as it did earlier in the game when it led.

Cuisinier, Smith and Kettelaar shone for Wisconsin.

NOTRE DAME:	WISCONSIN:
Collins -----LE	----- Davies
Miller -----LT	----- Lupradovich
Leppig -----LG	----- Linden
Moynihan ----- C	----- Conry
Law -----RG	----- Backus
McGrath -----RT	----- Kettelaar
Vezie -----RE	----- Warren
Brady -----QB	----- Cuisinier
Elder -----LH	----- Price
Chevigny -----RH	----- Lusby
Shay -----FB	----- Rebholz

Substitutes: (Notre Dame) ends—Colerick, Conley, O'Brien, Murphy; tackles—Ransavage, Twomey, Donoghue; guards—Bondi, Cannon; center—Nash; quarterbacks—Carideo, Morrissey; halfbacks—Niemic, Mullins, Dew; fullback—Williams.

(Wisconsin) ends—Gantenbein, Mansfield, Casey, L. Smith; tackles—Wagner, Binish, Rottman; centers—Shomaker, Miller; guards—Kresky, Horowitz, Binish, Connors, Parks; quarterbacks—Behr, Oberndorfer; halfbacks—Sheehan, Bartholomew, Rose, Davidson, K. Smith, Hayes; fullbacks—H. Smith, Rose.

Wisconsin scoring: Touchdowns—Bartholomew, L. Smith, Cuisinier. Points after touchdown—H. Smith, Bartholomew. Safety—Kettelaar.

Notre Dame scoring: Touchdown—Niemic.

Officials—Masker, Northwestern, referee; Schommer, Chicago, umpire; Daniels, Loyola, field judge; McGovern, Northwestern, linesman.

WELCOME NAVY

## MIDDIES TO BATTLE IRISH ON SOLDIER FIELD

To-morrow a squad of husky midshipmen will encounter the Rockmen on Soldier Field, the scene of their thrilling 21-21 game with the Army in 1926. Memories of that sensational conflict will linger before the eyes of the future admirals, inspiring them to duplicate that remarkable stand. The middies will also remember that they have a 19-6 defeat at the hands of the Blue and Gold in Baltimore from last year to avenge. These psychological factors indicate that the Irish are in for an afternoon which, even in Chicago, would be called rough.

A peculiar thing about to-morrow's contest is that both teams have had very similar experiences in their two opening games. The Navy has twice met defeat at the hands of supposedly mediocre elevens; and Notre Dame, forced to extend themselves to win from Loyola of New Orleans, 12-6, later suffered an unfortunate set-back at the hands of Wisconsin. The first chapter of the middies' tale of woe was written when the brawny mountaineers of Davis-Elkins College triumphed over the Annapolis crew by the narrow margin of one safety. And then last week the fighting Jesuits from Boston College registered a touchdown which, by a decree of Fate, happened to be the only score of the day. This game greatly resembled the Badger affair at Madison, in that the losers succeeded in making far more first downs than their opponents, outplaying them in almost every branch of the game.

So far this season, the middies have had absolutely no use for a goal line or goal posts, for the sum total of their attempts to score is exactly zero. But this circumstance must be accepted with modification, because it is by no means a true indication of the existing state of affairs. It is

generally conceded by sports writers, especially by those who witnessed the Boston game last Saturday, that the Navy possesses a high-powered team offensively. As for their defense, the Navy is reputed to be a big and heavy as well as a fast team. The Navy's board of strategy will probably call upon the aviation forces to-morrow and the middies' forward passing attack has always been particularly effective.

*Clifton a Powerful Plunger.*

Clifton, the Navy fullback is a player of the Joesting type—he is always good for some yardage. A smashing back with plenty of power and speed, this gentleman will be one of the centers of attraction at Chicago to-morrow. Another of the Navy stars, whose name has frequently adorned the headlines of sport annals is Lloyd, the veteran half-back. Lloyd is a brilliant performer on the cinder-track, and considering that he is a big man, his speed is actually startling. Beans is another visitor who may be expected to sport and frolic about quite a bit to-morrow. If Captain Burke and his associates in the line can manage to open up holes in the Irish forward wall, this trio of backs may perform wonders. This man Burke, by the way, is a mighty linesman. He is reputed to be one of the best guards in the East, and is rated as a very likely candidate for All-America honors.

The gridiron hopes of the Naval Academy have been greatly hampered by a series of unfortunate occurrences this fall. To begin with, "Rip" Miller, who had developed stone-wall lines at the Navy in past years, resigned as line coach. Shortly afterward, Miles Fox, the outstanding performer of the 1927 plebe team, died from an attack of sunstroke. And more recently, Sloan, the stellar end, and Kiernan have been lost through the ineligibility rule.

In the course of his long and successful career as a football coach, "Navy Bill" Ingram has developed certain ambitions. Among these was a gnawing desire to beat a Big Ten team; and when the middies trounced Michigan last year, this wish was fulfilled. Ingram's next great aspiration is to wallop Notre Dame and return to Annap-

olis with the cup which the Fighting Irish took away from Baltimore last fall. Whether or not this wish is gratified will be decided tomorrow.—J. G. P.

WELCOME NAVY

INTERHALL TEAMS DISPLAY REAL OFFENSES

Hardly to be recognized as the teams of a week ago, who then fumbled and bungled their way to victory or defeat, the Interhall squads last Sunday pleasantly surprised the many spectators with some very fine exhibitions of football. All going to prove what a whale of a difference just a few days can make when they are utilized to the utmost. The coaches must have spent a busy week, but the time was well invested for it is the first time in years that Interhall teams have gone on the field with definite offenses and used them to advantage. In previous years the victor was always the team that had the most impregnable defense; this season the order is reversed and, in every game, the victor was the team that played the best offensive game. This is football as it should be and the coaches deserve highest commendation for their efforts in building up strong offensive football machines.

As there are no games scheduled for the interhall teams next Sunday, Oct. 14, football of almost varsity calibre may be expected from the teams on their next appearance if their present rate of improvement keeps up.

Resume of the game, October 7th:

HOWARD, 14; BROWNSON, 7

With both teams displaying an attack that was missing in their earlier practice, Howard defeated Brownson, 14-7 in an all-frosh tilt Sunday morning. The Brownsonites opened the scoring within five minutes after the opening whistle when Haas plunged over for a touchdown and then kicked goal. A fumble, recovered by Olrick tied the game for Howard in the next quarter and Fitzgerald went over for the winning score in the third.

Olrick's passing and kicking for the winners and Haas' flashy line plunging were the high spots, while Red Higgins gave Howard the extra points by two accurate place-kicks after touchdowns.

## OFF-CAMPUS I, 6; CARROLL, 0

The Off-Campus Freshmen scored a 6-0 victory over the Carroll gridgers Sunday afternoon on the varsity practice field. Law, right halfback, crossed the goal line late in the third quarter on a 30-yard run off tackle. Carroll threatened to score in the fourth frame but the downtown boys repulsed the attack and the ball was see-sawing in mid-field at the gun.

Law played a good game for the off-campus frosh while Smurthwait and McCarthy made the best showing for Carroll.

## SOPHOMORE, 18; OFF-CAMPUS II, 0

Scoring in the first three minutes of play on a beautiful pass and a brilliant end run the Maroons rapidly took the heart out of the Day Dogs' playing and had an easy time of it after the first quarter. Varying a perfect running attack with short, deadly passes Coach Gavin's men scored again in the first part of the second quarter and punched over the third six-pointer shortly before the end of the game. The variety of the two-year-olds' attack so bewildered the Off-Campusites that the only question left after the first few minutes of play was how large the score would be.

## LYONS, 13; CORBY, 0

Holding the He Men helpless in their air tight defense the Gold Coasters tramped rough shod over the Corby line to score early in the second quarter and again in the late fourth. Believing, apparently, in the old axiom that a good offense is the best defense the Lyonites smothered the first Corby threat at its inception and thereafter kept possession of the ball for a great majority of the time.

## BADIN, 6; MORRISSEY, 0

To climax the most hectic and likewise the best game of the day in the approved movie fashion a Badin half snatched McDougal's long pass out of the air in the last twenty seconds of play to, uninterrupted, cross the goal line with the winning and likewise the only touchdown of the fray. In a game where every type of football thrill from an intercepted pass to a forty or fifty yard run was the rule rather than the exception this

play climaxed what many declare was the greatest interhall game ever played.

—J. H. ZUBER.

## WELCOME NAVY

## FALL HANDICAP TRACK MEET

The annual Fall Handicap Track Meet is to be held on Cartier Field Thursday, October 18. The events are scheduled to begin at 3:30 and any student in the University is eligible to compete.

There will be competition in every event of track and field including the 100, 220, and 440 yard dashes; the half mile, mile, and two mile runs; 120 yard high and 220 yard low hurdles; high jump, broad jump, and pole vault; and the discus, shot, and javelin throws.

Gold, silver and bronze medals are to be presented to winners of the first three places in each event. The medals are now on exhibition in the entrance to the gym and in the cafeteria.

Coach John P. Nicholson urges anyone with ability to come out for practice at once in order that they might be in shape for the meet. By making this handicap meet an annual affair Coach Nicholson hopes to arouse more interest in fall track and he is expecting the student body to show their support by attendance.

—T.H.C.

## WELCOME NAVY

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❖ ❖

The early season defeat by Wisconsin does not forestall the possibility of this year's team being classified as "great." Many critics believe the 1921 team to be the greatest ever developed at Notre Dame and yet this team lost an early season game to Iowa, 10-7.

\* \* \*

Three times on three successive punts in the first half last Saturday Eddie Collins went down the field, smashed the Wisconsin secondary who was covering him, to the ground, and dropped the Cardinal safety man in his tracks.



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\* \* \*

Out in Des Moines, Drake showed real scoring power when the Bulldogs rolled up a score of 40-6 against Simpson. The big Blue team from Drake seems to be developing into a positive menace this year and will bear careful watching.

\* \* \*

Southern California, playing its first major game, bowled over Oregon State to the tune of 19-0. This marks the Trojans' second decisive victory of the season and places them among the leading elevens of the country. Next Saturday, U. S. C. will encounter the scrappy outfit from St. Mary's College of Oakland.

\* \* \*

Penn State deflected the attack of the Gettysburg bullets and set the Lutherans down to a 12-0 defeat. The Nittany Lions held the game well in hand throughout every quarter; but during the opening period, the men from the battlefield town made things highly interesting. Carnegie Tech, in the meantime, toyed with Ashland, winning easily, 65-0.

\* \* \*

W. A. Alexander's Georgia Tech team played its first Southern Conference game against Virginia Military Institute and emerged the victor by a 13-0 count. The Yellowjackets were never seriously threatened at any time. Weather reports from the southland indicate that a Golden Tornado is brewing to sweep the country this fall.

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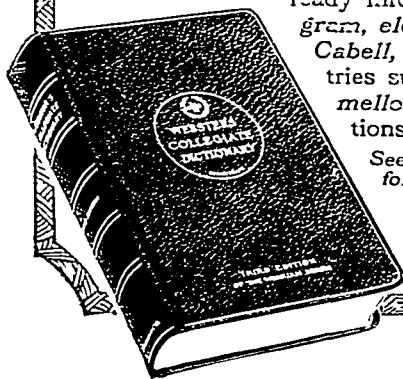
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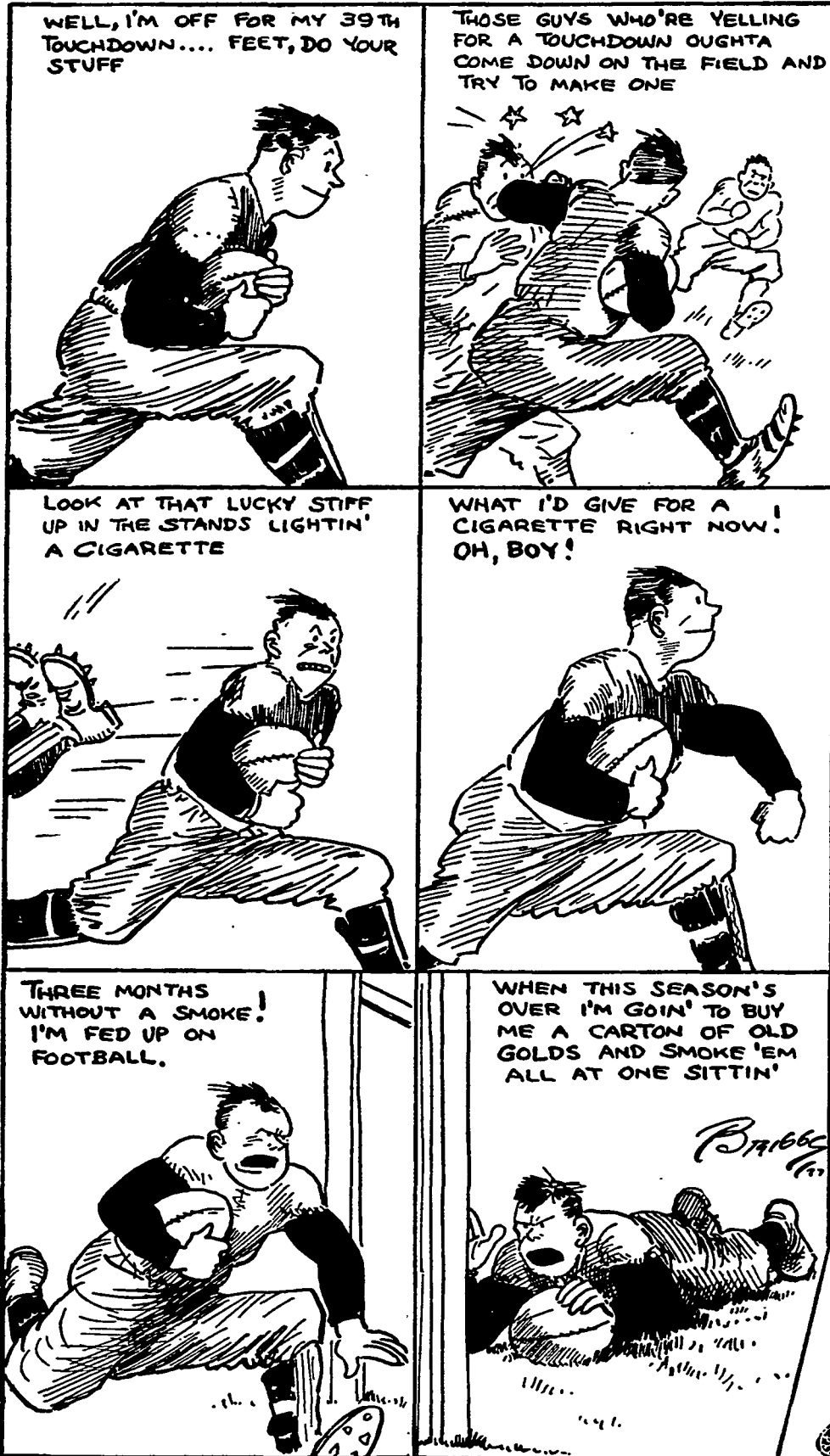
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