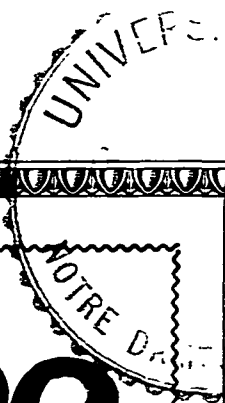


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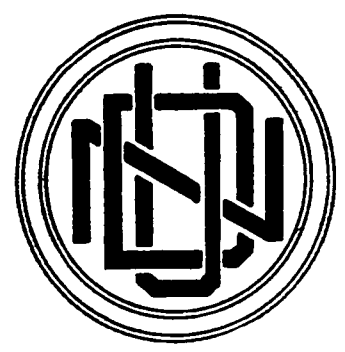


Notre Dame Scholastic

VOL. LVII.

OCTOBER 19, 1928

No. 5



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No. 5

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

THE WEEK

The game last Saturday was one of those biggest games—the third one in fact. With considerable edification, however, we noticed that the Sunday papers mentioned the game itself as distinct from the human interest fables about the crowds; the names of the various Navy goats since 1880; the cut of Mr. Walker's vest; and the politicians who always attend biggest games because watching football develops fine, strong, straight-thinking men, a type that politicians have ever sought after. If you doubt our veracity in regard to the politicians, we refer you to the program.

By noon Saturday it looked as though Chicago's down-town population had adopted Notre Dame. We should have liked to have had the arm-band concession. Everybody, from the gaudy old boy who hoped that someone would mistake him for an alumnus, to Elsie the waitress, had an arm-band. This, of course, is legitimate. It is well known that those who do not attend Notre Dame, but who buy tickets and cheer for her at the games, belong to the soul of the University. But beside the arm-bands there were other evidences of abstract loyalty. The Stevens, the Congress and the Auditorium were crowded with the flower of our young womanhood, with dowagers, and with anxious wives, hoping that William wouldn't sing too loudly in the lobby, William being slightly mellow. In such a collegiate atmosphere, the studentry who had migrated to Chicago with the determination of being "college" where every one could watch and appreciate, never had a chance.

By two fifteen the fans who had lately transferred their persons from the hotel to the stadium, began to remember that they had come to see a football game. The cheer-leaders, each with a different following in the stands, proved, like the modernists, that you can obtain stranger, if less euphonious effects,

by individualism, than by unity. Finally the teams trotted out, the Navy in blue, and Notre Dame in green and silks. The cheer-leaders established contact and the desultory yells merged into a roar echoed by the boys that always start a minute too late. The students lit cigarettes nervously; their sisters muttering things about inhibiting conventions, had to content themselves with warming up a new stick of gum. Even the mellow Williams felt a tenseness run through the stands. . . .

The game itself was largely a matter of Notre Dame running hither and yon, with a minimum of consideration for the sailors. The linemen could be seen reclining in more or less statuesque poses upon their opponents, while Chevigny and Niemic played "I-got-it" with the Navy backs. The Navy, no doubt, will lodge a complaint against Niemic. Chevigny's antics were rather anticipated, but no one could possibly be expected to know that the Butch, who, rumor had it early this year would have to do his passing from a wheel-chair, would run in such an un-invalid fashion. He often limped painfully around end, or tottered off tackle for gains of from five to twenty yards. And then, as a final proof of his lack of delicacy, he would usually climax a gain by jumping knees and head foremost into a pile of journey-men tacklers.

After the game all those who had ever attended Notre Dame, all those who knew someone who attended Notre Dame, and all those who hoped to attend Notre Dame, along with a few hundred others, set themselves to the serious business of having a good time. The chief means to that delectable end was something at the Stevens called, we believe, a dance. From the general air of recuperation on the campus Monday we infer that it was a success.

—C. J. M.

❖
❖ NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS ❖
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SUNDAY—Masses, Sacred Heart Church, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00 and 9:00.—Meeting of Cleveland Club, Badin "Rec." room, 10:00.—October Devotions, Sacred Heart Church, 5:00 p. m.

TUESDAY—Wisconsin Club meeting, Law Building, 8:00 p. m.

THURSDAY—Chicago Club meeting, Lay Faculty room, University Dining Hall, 8:00 p. m.

SATURDAY—Football, Notre Dame vs. Drake, Cartier field, 2:00 p. m.—Victory Dance, sponsored by the Senior class, Knights of Columbus ballroom, 9:00-12:00 p. m.

The Honorable Frank L. Polk, secretary of state in the Wilson administration, who is President of the College League for Alfred E. Smith, asks students competing in the League's \$2,000 prize essay contest to submit them not later than Saturday, Oct., 20. The contest closes on that date, essays bearing such a post mark being acceptable.

All college students and graduates of the classes of 1927 and 1928 are eligible to try

They can be submitted to Essay Contest committees at 1775 Broadway, New York City; Hotel Statler, Boston, Mass.; Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis, Mo.; or to any one of the sixteen leading newspapers that are co-operating in the conduct of the competition which were announced in last week's issue of the "Scholastic."

A few tickets that remained several days ago for the Army game at New York on November 10 have been sold and no more are available, according to a report from the Athletic Association offices.

Tickets for the unofficial homecoming game with Carnegie Tech on November 17 are selling rapidly and persons desiring choice seats will have to hurry for the pasteboards will not last long.

Thomas A. Keegan, editor of the 1928 *Dome*, announced Wednesday that Russell, of Chicago, has been given the contract for individual photographs for the yearbook. Work is to be started early next week on the senior and junior pictures in the studio in the Badin "Rec.", site of the former cafeteria.

A very active advertising and sales campaign which is to be started immediately has been arranged by Robert J. Kuhn, business manager of the book. The business staff has a right to expect the full cooperation of the student body in this sales campaign, which will be held the week of October 22 to 29. During this week the price of the *Dome* will be five dollars. After October 29 the price will be six dollars. The price can be entered on next semester's bill if so desired.

THE JUGGLER MAKES ITS FIRST APPEARANCE

Tinkling sounds of bells descended on the campus Wednesday evening, October 10, when the Funny Fellow of Notre Dame



JOSEPH D. McNAMARA,
Editor of the Juggler.

stepped to the front of the platform and doffed his cap to the Freshmen. Joe McNamara, director of the Juggler's performance this season, assisted by Charles Gass, business manager, and Paul McElroy, art editor, made an excellent showing to predict a successful season. The assisting staff, thinned to the bone by last year's graduation, was aided by the largest list of contributors the Funny Fellow has shown in a long time. Of these Jack Dempsey and Dick Zimmerly were awarded the only prizes for the best work and best art work, respectively.

Paul McElroy's attractive cover, with its eye-arresting color, is only a taste of what is inside. Just so many pages filled with interesting matter, subtle humor, agile phrases, bright "cracks," and art work that bears up the Juggler's reputation for having the best in art and humor. Tom Lawless, John Kuhn and T. J. Ryan are Mr. Elroy's assistants on the art staff, with a number of contributors prominent in the book.

In its humor, the *Juggler* shows a tendency to give more space to its long stories. "Alice Registers" can be cited as a good example of this new tendency which is making the Funny Fellow a deal more palatable, for the smaller jokes, interspersed between the

longer accounts, have an added spice to them.

Theatre notes, with boxed comment done in true "Time" fashion, and the usual attractive young lady (this time Presenting Arms to the Freshmen) should give the boys a lead on worth-while theatrical activities in Chicago.

Editorially, the Funny Fellow wishes success to its former star actors, now performing in the bigger stage of professional humor, and says farewell to Dick Harrington, who has passed to another stage.

The staff, besides those already mentioned, is as follows: Frank J. McAdams, circulation manager; William Craig, David S. Lehman, John Nanovic and Walter McMorro, associate editors; John Zaback, Edward W. Mehren, Thomas F. Monahan and Eugene Felikenstein, business staff.

LAW COLLEGE NOTES

During the illness of Judge Wooten the class in Torts is being taken care of by Professor L. A. McCabe of the Commerce Department. Professor McCabe is a graduate of the Yale Law School.

Judge Orlo Deahl of the Superior Court of St. Joseph's County is conducting the class in Court. The class is held at 7 o'clock every Thursday evening.

* * *

The Honorable Edward J. Dempsey will address the Law Club on Friday evening, November 16th, at 7:30 P. M. in the law building. Mr. Dempsey is one of the most distinguished attorneys in Wisconsin and holds many honors. He is president of the State Bar Association, and of the Board of Bar Examiners of Wisconsin, and also president of the State Board of Teachers' Colleges.

SOPHOMORES NOTICE!

Sophomores attending the Cotillion are requested to send in the names of their guests for the affair to John Bergan, chairman of the publicity committee for the Cotillion, or to any of the publicity committee. The names are desired for publication in the special Cotillion Number of the SCHOLASTIC, which will be issued next week.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS TO INITIATE NEXT MONTH

The Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus plans to initiate one hundred new members, in the early part of next month.



BART MCHUGH, *Chancellor*

During the course of the last few weeks, and up until one week before the time of initiation, the membership committee, supervised by Chairman Frank McGreal will have received all applications for membership in this November class.

Chancellor Bart McHugh, who has charge of the initiation, vouches for the fact that this next class will excel all previous classes in both the number initiated and in the impressiveness of the ceremony. All members having applications should bring them to the meeting next Monday night, in order that their candidates may be included in the next class.

After the initiation a banquet will be given in honor of the newly initiated at one of the downtown banquet rooms. Grand Knight, Martin H. Carmody, will be a guest of the Notre Dame Council at the banquet, along with several other noted men. Elaborate entertainment will also be provided for the banqueteers.

ELMER BESTEN TAKES BAR EXAM IN HOSPITAL

Notre Dame men fight, no matter how great the odds are against them. This tradition was nobly upheld by Elmer Besten, star Notre Dame pitcher in 1925, '26 and '27. Elmer proved his gameness many times while "serving them up" for the Irish against some of the best teams in the middle west, but his most courageous fight against odds took place a few weeks ago in Des Moines, Iowa.

In a letter to Dean Konop of the College of Law, Besten writes that after he had prepared for the bar examinations in Des Moines, Iowa, he was stricken with acute

appendicitis and had to be operated on immediately. Realizing that his chance of taking the examination would be lost if something was not done, a lawyer appealed to the board to give the former Notre Dame star a chance. Attorney-General John Fletcher, of Iowa, arranged matters so that Besten could take the examination while confined to his bed at Mercy Hospital in Des Moines. A stenographer from the state house brought the questions to him every day, and though he was unable to sit up he dictated the answers to her. But let his letter to Dean Konop tell the rest.

"Early this morning," (October 4th) Besten writes, "the Attorney-General came to the hospital to congratulate me, as he said that I wrote a very excellent paper, thanks to you and your professors, Dean. I also claim the distinction of being the first Notre Dame graduate to pass the bar while lying flat on my back."

This summer Besten was a member of the Des Moines baseball club. He plans to give up baseball for good after he is discharged from the hospital and return to his home in Davenport to practice the profession he so pluckily fought to enter.

ALUMNI GATHER IN LARGE FORCE FOR NAVY GAME

The members of the Alumni showed their appreciation of the team's victory over Navy and assembled in the Stevens Hotel after the game to form one of the largest gatherings of Alumni in the history of the organization.

James E. Armstrong, Alumni Secretary, says that he never met and renewed acquaintances with so many of the Alumni at one time as he did last Saturday. The number present even surpassed the large assemblage at the commencement exercises last June.

COPIES OF STUDENT DIRECTORY NOW ON SALE

The 1928-29 edition of the Student Directory has been released and copies may be procured at the news-stand in the University dining hall.

It contains the name of every student in the University, his home address, school address and classification.

OCTOBER "ALUMNUS" OUT



Jim Armstrong's October *Alumnus* made its appearance recently and is as interesting to students as it is to the Alumni. The frontispiece is the latest view of the University from the

air. For those Freshmen who did not see St. Mary's on "Black Sunday" this is a good chance to identify the buildings across the road.

The Deans of the respective colleges of the University are featured in short articles on the status quo (they also laughed when I played the piano) of their colleges. There is also a list of those members of the lay faculty who find that the government requires an income tax.

A new understanding of those who are responsible for the administration can be acquired by reading the *President's Page*, a page which we hope will continue until the end of the year.

Hugh O'Donnell (of New York) presents his much-heralded impression of "Up in the Air." If we had not seen this after awaiting it a month our faith in Jim Armstrong and Hugh A. would have been destroyed as completely as the ancient Egyptian civilization.

The vital statistics this month are chiefly concerned with the weight, height and age of each football player. The *ALUMNUS* will also be interested in noting the names of those who have joined the ranks of the married.

Completing this exceptionally interesting issue of the *Alumnus* are John Rickord's athletic news and the gossip inclusive of the class of '75 to the class of '28. If the *Alumni* keeps on we predict, here and now, its appearance on the newsstands from Dacca to Honolulu going west. Congratulations Jim!

CHICAGO ALUMNI BANQUET NOTABLES AFTER NAVY GAME

The Notre Dame Alumni Club of Chicago was host at a banquet held in the main ballroom of the Stevens Hotel last Saturday evening after the Navy game. Approximately eighteen hundred guests, including many men prominent in national affairs attended the function.

Joseph Sullivan, president of the Windy City Alumni, presided as toastmaster, and was introduced by Norman Barry, chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

The Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University of Notre Dame, was the first speaker on the program introduced by Toastmaster Sullivan. Father O'Donnell spoke of the cordial relations existing between the Naval Academy and Notre Dame, and in addition congratulated the Chicago Alumni Club for its cooperation with the Chicago Club of Notre Dame on the reception given the two teams when they first arrived in Chicago.

The Honorable Curtis D. Wilbur, secretary of the Navy, was the next speaker, and he also remarked on the friendly relations which exist between the two schools. During his talk Secretary Wilbur referred to the spirit of the Navy team which made it fight to avert defeat until the last minute of the game had ticked away. He said it was just another manifestation of the spirit which has been handed down to Navy men from the time of Barry, Lawrence, Perry, and the rest of the earlier Naval heroes.

The Honorable James J. Walker, mayor of the City of New York, then spoke, and was followed by Coach Rockne of the Notre Dame football team, and Rear-Admiral Craven, commandant of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Each of these speakers lauded both schools and expressed their gratification at being able to attend the banquet.

Music for the affair was furnished by the Stevens Hotel orchestra, and together with the other excellent arrangements made the banquet one of the most enjoyable functions ever given by the Chicago Alumni.

SCRIBBLERS ELECT NEW MEMBERS

Seven new members were admitted to the Scribblers at their fall elections held Monday night in the Library, making the total membership of the club seventeen. The new Scribblers are: Basil G. Rauch, Richard Sullivan, Bayard Kurth, Jay Walz, Everett Michael, William Knopp, and Raymond Drymalski.

Poems were read by Murray Hickey Ley and Murray Young. Papers to be read at the next meeting were assigned to John De Roulet and John Nanovic.

SENIOR CLASS TO SPONSOR DRAKE DANCE

The Senior Class announces the Drake Dance for October 27. This affair will be held in the Knights of Columbus ballroom on the night after the Drake game. No orchestra has yet been decided upon, but the committees announce that one of the foremost dance bands in this locality will play. The price will be the usual one dollar for "stags" and one-fifty per couple.

The committee for the affair includes: William Loughran, general chairman; Al Sebesta, tickets, and James C. Roy, publicity.

OPEN DINING HALL TO PUBLIC

The Dining Hall, as in the past, will be open to the public November 17th, the date of the football game with Carnegie Tech. Plans are being made to serve the alumni and guests in the refectory in order to accommodate all who will be anxious to reach the field early.

A definite announcement as to arrangements will be made in a later issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

MANAGERS EFFICIENTLY HANDLE NAVY GAME DETAILS

In cooperation with the South Park Commissioners, the Notre Dame student managers, under the direction of Head Manager August Grams, handled a number of important details in connection with the Navy game in Chicago last Saturday.

Among the novel duties of the organiza-

tion was the assignment of one manager to each of the radio broadcasting stations in order to identify the Notre Dame players to the announcers and to give the many thousands of listeners-in all over the country a more accurate and detailed play-by-play account of the game. The issuing and packing of equipment and the assistance rendered to various men on the entrance gates were also performed efficiently by the managers.

From many sources this efficiency of the managers was commented upon. The present system of managers is as yet in its infancy and the future will no doubt bring continued and rapid progress for one of the most capable and active, yet comparatively unknown, campus organizations.

LAW CLUB TO HOLD INFORMAL DANCE NOVEMBER 23

Gerald Roach, president of the Notre Dame Law Club has announced that the annual informal dance given by the Law Club of the University will be held the night of Friday, November 23 in the Palais Royale ballroom in South Bend.

Each member of the Club will be entitled to two tickets, and the proceeds of the dance will go towards the support of the "Notre Dame Lawyer," official organ of the Law School at the University.

Tickets were placed on sale last Wednesday, October 17. Negotiations are already underway to secure a prominent orchestra from Chicago for the affair.

Albert Smith has been named General Chairman of the informal by President Roach and he will be assisted by the following chairmen of various committees: William Coyne, Reception; Ross Harrington, Music; Michael O'Keefe, Tickets; Charles Haskell, Publicity; Joseph Hempling, Program, and Joseph Dedario, Arrangements.

The compilers of the Student Directory regret to state that the first few copies which came from the press did not contain the name of Mrs. Mary Beyer, secretary of the University. The omission was supplied in later copies.

SOPHOMORE COTILLION NEXT WEEK

The Sophomore Cotillion, the first of a trio of formal class dances, will be held next Friday evening, October 26, in the Palais Royale ballroom, South Bend, from 9 to 1.

TICKET DEADLINE

Wednesday, October 24, will be the final day to buy a Cotillion ticket. A list of the members of the class attending the dance must be in the hands of the Faculty Dance Committee on the next day. Tickets may be procured from Frank McGreal, chairman, Frank McCollough, Norduff Hoffmann and W. J. Taylor, Sophomore Hall; John Raleigh, Walsh Hall; Gordon Salmon and Joseph Munizzo, Morrissey Hall; and Matthew and Michael O'Brien, Lyons Hall. All Off-Campus sophomores will receive their tickets from Frank McGreal or any of the members of the committee residing in Sophomore Hall.

ORCHESTRA

"Husk" O'Hare and his orchestra from the Hotel Stevens, Chicago, will play for the dance. This orchestra ranks as one of the foremost dance bands in the middle west. They have broadcasted over numerous radio stations of Chicago and have made several continental tours. "Husk" will appear in person with his full twelve-piece band for the engagement.

DECORATIONS

The ballroom will be decorated in the form of a garden with over-stuffed suites of furniture and lamps surrounding it. On entering the guests will be confronted with a large N. D. and smaller pennants will be on the walls.

DRAKE GAME TICKETS

Sophomores who are planning to escort their guests to the Notre Dame vs. Drake football game on the Saturday following the dance, and who have not as yet received their tickets may do so Monday evening at 3:30 at the ticket office, Cartier field. The sophomores and their guests will occupy a special section on the forty-five yard line at the game.

PROGRAMS

As the faculty ruling forbids favors being given at the Cotillion, a handsome program has been substituted in its stead. The program, which is of blue suede and is embossed with a gold seal of the University on the front and program of dances on the inside is very attractive.

CHAPERONS

Chaperons for the Cotillion are: Mr. and Mrs. James E. McCarthy, Mr. Paul Fenlon and Mr. Paul Byrne.

PATRONS AND PATRONESSES

Patrons and Patronesses for the Cotillion will be: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Casasanta, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Plante and Mr. Andrew Smithberger.

PUBLICITY

A limited number of guests' pictures will be published in the South Bend newspapers. Those wishing their guests' pictures to appear in these papers kindly get in touch with John Bergan or any member of the publicity committee by Monday noon.

COMMITTEES

The following men constitute the Cotillion committees:

Ted Huebsch, general chairman.

Tickets—Francis J. McGreal, chairman; John Raleigh, W. Jeffrey Taylor, F. Shermer McCollough, Norduff Hoffmann, Gordon Salmon, Michael O'Brien, Joseph Munizzo and Matthew O'Brien.

Publicity—John Bergan, chairman; Raymond Conners, Thomas A. Cannon, Don A. Beaton, Arnold Beibel and Arthur H. Knoblock.

Music—William Felvey, chairman; Vincent Busch, Arthur Wallace and William Kerrigan.

Programs — Carl Waltman, chairman; Lawrence P. Kral and Ray Manix.

Floor—Jack McNerney, chairman; Jack Hughes, Albert Maloney and Sidley Craine.

Decorations—Robert L. Baer, chairman; Phillip Angsten, Joseph Kirby, Francis J. Chambers, Joseph Vertasnik, Ronald Zudeck, Howard M. Moloney, Gerald J. Desmond, Joseph Keough, Edward Phelan, and William Cassidy.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By Thomas A. Cannon

CLUB SECRETARIES, ATTENTION!

Hereafter all notices of meetings, smokers, dinners, and banquets should be handed in Monday evening at the latest to Tom Cannon, 118 Sophomore Hall, or to the Publication Office, Second Floor, Main building.

With this issue of the SCHOLASTIC Tom Cannon becomes Club Editor, succeeding D. D. Halpin, who has resigned from the staff in order to devote more time to his athletic managerial duties.

WABASH VALLEY CLUB FORMED

The first regular meeting of the Wabash Valley Club was held Thursday night, October 4, in Badin Hall Rec. room. The club is a new organization on the campus this year and it was formed by men living in the Wabash Valley district of Indiana. Any student living within a radius of fifty miles of Logansport is eligible for membership and is urged to join.

The next meeting of the club will be held Monday, Nov. 12, at eight o'clock in the Badin Hall Rec. room.

CLEVELAND CLUB MEETS

The Cleveland Club, after a very successful summer season and a preliminary get-together meeting for the Freshmen, held its first regular meeting of the fall on Monday evening, October 15. Club officers were introduced to the new members and plans of the club for this year were discussed. John Collins of the class of '32 was elected as representative of his class.

President Otis Winchester appointed a committee of four members, Joe Butler, Ed Blatt, John Collins and Gilbert Dolwick, to make arrangements for a smoker to be held soon.

PHARMACY CLUB PLANS TRIP

The first fall meeting of the Pharmacy Club was held Tuesday evening, October 9. The main topic of discussion during the meeting was the several trips that the club is planning to take this year. President Phil Tompkins appointed a trip arrangement committee consisting of E. R. Lowell, Louis Georges, J. C. Simons, and Frank Meyer. Trips are to be arranged to the following places: The Standard Oil Co. at Whiting, Ind.; Eli Lilly Co. at Indianapolis, Ind.; Parke Davis Co. at Detroit, Mich., and the Upjohns Co. at Kalamazoo, Mich.

A publicity committee was also appointed by the president, consisting of R. J. Schulze, Leo Oster, and S. Rosselitt.

The officers of the Pharmacy Club for this year are: Dean Robert L. Green, honorary president; Phil Tompkins, president; Butch Ullrich, vice-president, and Edward Meyers, secretary-treasurer.

CALIFORNIA CLUB

The initial meeting of the California Club was held October 4. Charles Phillips of the English

department was elected honorary president of the club. Due to the failure of Ted Strong, secretary-elect, to return to school this year it was necessary to elect a man to fill his place. Robert French was chosen to take over the duties of secretary. Joseph Hiss and Jackson Hay were appointed on the activities committee by President W. R. Siedenfadon.

The club dance held in Los Angeles this summer was one of the best in the history of the club. Much credit for the success of the dance is due T. A. Moore, general chairman.

MINNESOTA CLUB BANQUETS

The Minnesota Club held a banquet Wednesday evening, October 10, at the Hotel LaSalle. Professor Gilbert Coty was guest of honor and principal speaker.

Following the banquet, plans were discussed for the Christmas dance which is to be held in the Twin Cities by the Alumni, assisted by the undergraduates.

The new officers of the club elected for this year are: Louis J. Regan, president; Robert Sullivan, vice-president; John Eldredge, secretary, and Lionel Theissen, treasurer.

A. I. E. E. INITIATION

The Notre Dame branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers held their annual initiation of new members Monday evening, October 8.

President Donahue opened the ceremonies by introducing Bernard O'Leary, the chairman of the initiation committee, to the guests and members. Mr. O'Leary then took charge and the fun commenced. At the conclusion of the initiation refreshments were served to those present by the new candidates.

Guests of the evening included Father William Carey, C. S. C., Registrar of the University, Father Frederick Gassensmith, C. S. C., Dr. Caparo, Professor Northcott, Professor McCoy, Professor Greene, and several alumni members of the club, who returned for the initiation.

PHYSICAL ED. CLUB ELECTS

The second step in the formation of a Physical Education Club met with success during the last week. A meeting was held Monday evening, October 15, at which time a constitution was presented to the club. After a lively discussion it was accepted by the members.

Following the acceptance of the constitution an election of officers was held. The following men were selected as officers: Joseph Abbott, president; Bill Artman, vice-president; Pete Morgan, secretary, and John Nichols, treasurer. Mr. Masterson, an instructor in the School of Physical Education, was elected to the capacity of Faculty Adviser for the club.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

CHICAGO HOSPITALITY

Notre Dame will not soon forget the unstinted hospitality rendered to her officials, faculty, football players, students, and alumni by the City of Chicago during the past week-end.

Everything that could be done to make the short stay of the Notre Dame visitors in the Windy City as enjoyable and as pleasant as possible, was done, and done in an unostentatious, yet withal, sincere manner. Every citizen of the great city from the mayor down, who came into contact with the Notre Dame men made the guests welcome. Decorated streets, banquets, dances, and a display of all-around good-feeling and fellowship were concrete evidences of this welcome.

To a great extent, however, the extremely cordial reception tendered to Notre Dame, may be traced to the efforts of the Notre Dame Alumni Club of Chicago, one of the most powerful and progressive alumni groups of any city in the country. Alderman George Maypole, Mr. Joseph Sullivan, Mr. Thomas Donovan, Mr. Norman Barry, and the other members of the Windy City alumni were untiring in their efforts to make Notre Dame's visit to their city one long to be pleasureably remembered. The South Park Commissioners, and other officials of the city also did all in their power to cordially greet Notre Dame and her friends.

Such hospitality, courtesy, and cooperation extended to Notre Dame the past week-end goes a long way towards cementing the cordial relations already existing between the City of Chicago and the University. It is just such consideration which make it a pleasure for Notre Dame to play football in Chicago, and to desire to play football on a Windy City gridiron for many years to come.

—J. V. H.

THE BAND AT CHICAGO

Over 122,000 people packed into the huge gray horse-shoe of Soldier Field, Chicago, last Saturday afternoon, were made aware of the fact that Notre Dame can produce worthwhile organizations other than football teams, when the University Band entertained the huge assemblage with difficult formations and stirring music during the halves of the gridiron classic staged within the huge stadium.

Resplendent in their neat gray uniforms with new capes, the Bandmen executed the difficult formations of spelling in human letters the word NAVY and then forming the huge N D without a hitch, and well-merited the tremendous applause they received.

But how many of the great throng were aware of the fact that they were watching and listening to an organization with less than a month of practice behind it; and an organization whose personnel was replete with first-year men. Few, indeed, and these facts add still further to the honor and credit achieved by the Band last Saturday, and by its leader, Director Joseph Casasanta.

—J. V. H.

THE "PEP" MEETING

Proof of the veracity of the signs on the campus telling the world that "Notre Dame Fights" was demonstrated at the Pep Meeting held over in the Gym just before the Navy game. Practically the whole student body was there to proclaim their loyalty and confidence in the team.

Lately there have been a few back-fence criers who have loudly bewailed the fact that Notre Dame today is not the Notre Dame of old. They have said that it no longer deserves the name, "Fighting Irish." But they were effectively silenced by last week's turnout and enthusiasm.

—D. A. S.

LITERARY

The Secret

MURRAY YOUNG

THE thin eyelids wrinkled up like two worn curtains, leaving the filmy eyeballs exposed to the faint green light that seeped in through the tightly closed window. A dry, twisted hand shakily crawled over them shutting out the pale glow. The fingers slowly parted letting the light gradually filter between.

The green light spread around the room; lighting up the high old chest of drawers; turning to a sullen emerald the cracked mirror in the walnut dresser, and picking out the stiff portraits of mustached men and tightly coiffured women who formed austere conjugal groups in black frames about the walls. It lay with a sickly pallor on the great white sheeted bed where the old lady was submerged in the slothful sea of a gigantic feather mattress, only her head and hands showing like portions of a partially unwrapped mummy.

She painfully raised her head when the light no longer bothered her and stared out the window where the world seemed to be swimming in the center of a green crystal. The grape-vines shutting in the tiny garden were a tangle of snakes carrying pointed leaves in their mouths. The grass was a wet silver, and the clouds were already distinct and white in the yet dull sky. The old lady noted with a smack of her withered lips that no rain was falling. She couldn't venture out in rain no matter how tender the dandelion leaves were or how much she wanted them to satisfy her greedy old hunger. Rain was one of the many things she had to avoid—it brought death to old ladies. Its wet chill fingers slipped down through shawls and woollens and got hold of their hearts and stopped the faint beat and they were done for. If it had rained she would have stayed in with her old black cape about her shoulders watching the rain from her rocker before the window, feeling dis-

appointed and sullen until she went to sleep. The slow monotone of the rain always closed her dim eyes. But now that the day held out this lovely green promise of being beautiful she would have those greatly desired greens, slightly greasy and sleek tasting, for her dinner. Her thin, high chuckle broke the silence of the spectrally lighted room.

She got out of the huge feather billows of her bed like an enfeebled fish making its way through a succession of waves. Her dressing was accompanied by a grotesque medley of creaking bones, sharp gasps, and little broken exclamations of pain. She draped her shrunken body in a variety of thick garments, and slipped on, with great effort, her elastic-sided shoes that followed the convolutions age and much walking had brought to her old feet. Before the emerald mirror she twisted her grass-like hair into a small, tight knot at the back of her head. Her hair made a dry, rustling sound when she ran her palsied fingers through it. In the mirror she looked like a senile frog staring through clear green water. Her cheeks were puffed and flabby, her hands were claws, and her eyes had a bleared, unblinking gaze. And there was something amphibian about her movements and her walk—like an old frog in masquerade, performing on its hind legs. She concluded her toilette by placing about her shoulders a frayed grey shawl. It hung there like the limp wings of a sick bird.

She hobbled then into her cold bare kitchen where the specters of ancient meals hung unhealthily in the corners. Not one careless crumb on floor or table hinted of food. The old lady couldn't afford to have careless crumbs scattered suggestively about because there was always only just enough for herself and Tim the cat, as antique as herself, who, when she came in the room, pulled his bones together in the scraggy bag of his

body and stood up. His yellow eyes like dead topazes looked pleadingly at her. She would not stop to feed him now, she wanted to get back before sun-up, she would feed him then. All this she told him in her high querulous voice, in which there was a tone of complaint as in the voice of one speaking to a demanding child. She took from the wall an old high-crowned bonnet that covered a calendar proclaiming the days of a month ten years past. On the little pine table, scrubbed to the whiteness of bone that rested in the center of the floor, a small basket of woven reeds in which was a long, bright-bladed knife, waited for her. She picked it up and with a final shrill admonition to Tim, she opened the door. The air that came in was touched with a sharp chill, the old lady drew her shawl more closely about her, and placed the grey bonnet on her head like a winged hood shutting her from the cold young eye of the morning.

She tottered across her narrow garden, passed the old well covered with moss, like rich, dark velvet, passed the pear trees with their pink buds swollen to burst, and on by the bare, grassless spot, fenced in by slim, pointed palings, leperous with aged white-wash, where her bronze chickens had already begun their eternal stiff-legged promenade. The rooster stood arrogantly on one leg in shadow of a gnarled apple-tree. His blood-red comb fell over on one side like a flabby crown. The old lady looked at him with bright points of hatred in her dull eyes. She resented his presence there, resented his autocratic manner, his blatant, possessive crow, the warm amber shine of his breast feathers. She would kill him some day,—cut his haughty throat,—he would not stand there with so much detached grandeur if he knew what gnawed at her dim old mind.

She passed through an opening in the fantastic tangle of the grape-vines and the clear beauty of the long sloping fields spread before her insensible old eyes. It might have been the Elysium of some young ghostly world. The green light of the dawn gave to it a strange unreality,—made it seem submerged in cold clear water. The trees that were scattered over its slopes and

bordered the coiling path down which the old lady began her slow funeral progress, held out slim black branches covered with early leaves like waxed butterflies, to the beauty of the morning. The grass was frosted with glimmering silver dew, and here and there bunches of yellow buttercups lay like heaps of newly minted coin.

In the trees a chorus of birds began their morning song. The high, clear notes fell through the tinted air like a diaphanous rain. The old lady could not hear the singing of birds, but as she hobbled along she crooned in the obscurity of her grey bonnet an aged tuneless song that she thought she remembered. It spilled out of her mouth with a dry, rasping wheeze. She felt like singing, she didn't know why, this morning was just like any other; no, it was better,—it wasn't raining. She could get the dandelion greens she wanted. Maybe it was because of something she remembered,—but what was it?—Something that had made her glad long ago—maybe. But what made her glad now was being up before anyone of her neighbors for the green gathering. She would be back even before they stirred from their houses. And the gathering would be easy this morning with all of the stalks untouched. In hardly any time she would be coming up the path, her basket filled. It was good to slip out like this, get the pick of the dandelion greens, and be back before anyone knew you had gone or had seen and called to you, and learned where you were going. It warmed the old lady's heart to do things unknown to her neighbors. It gave almost a sense of elation to her deadened senses,—she chuckled over it for days.

Moving through the exquisite beauty of this dawn world the old crone seemed some drab, grotesque fancy, an intolerable flaw in an otherwise perfect stone. Her black skirts dragged over the silver grass on either side of the path leaving it bordered with stripes of dull green. Some of the smaller trees under which she walked were shaken by the crown of her bonnet, and a few drops of dew fell from them and glistened on the dull grey cloth like diamonds.

As she drew near the stream of water that

ran at the foot of the long field, a wind with a sharp, crystalline edge, blew up from the East. It crept under the shadow of her bonnet and stung her wrinkled cheeks to a blue tinge. Her body shivered beneath all her clothing. She hadn't known it would be so cold. It might be fatal to her. The thought clawed her weak, fluttering heart, but at that moment her eyes fell on a bed of dandelion growing luxuriantly on the bank of the stream. Here were the tender greens for which her hunger cried. Fear fled. Her sunken mouth quivered greedily.

The sky now was quite blue, rose and yellow were creeping up into the first green, spreading like a great fan behind the eastern hills. There was a suggestion of these shades in the clear water that gurgled over sharp-edged quartz-stones laying like blue shadows in the bottom of the stream.

The old lady after a careful survey of the dandelion bed found a spot she thought looked particularly rich. She squatted down by it like a black bag suddenly giving way. The long, bright-bladed knife she took in her right hand, and with the left extended like a brown hairless spider, she held the leaves by their delicate tips and with a surprising precision cut them from the stem. She threw them in the basket like rare flowers. She was very particular, taking only the smaller and more tender leaves, getting up and moving on when she had stripped a bed of its choicest offerings. She stood up and squatted down again with an ease that belied the creaking of her bones and the slowness of her efforts. Her greed seemed to have given a magic oil to her stiffened joints.

From somewhere in the field a lark soared up from its nest with a sweet, thin trill, and seemed to beat against a white cloud floating in the pale, fresh sky. A fish, with scales gleaming like pearls, leaped up from the water and curved itself momentarily in the air.

As the old lady rounded a clump of bushes that hung over the water as though to dip the tips of its white, flowered branches in the coolness, she came upon a figure lying limply on the rank grass. A tramp, sleeping, she thought without fear. She no longer had any of the dread of stray men which

she might have had when she was younger. He was youthful she could tell, by his body. She would pass him quietly and go on with her green gathering; he would not bother a harmless old woman. But when she drew nearer she saw that his face was very pale—white,—it looked livid against the dark green of the exuberant grass. Dead! Yes, he was dead. She was too old to be really shocked. She came up closer to him. His throat was ripped by a long slanting cut. The grass on his left side was a deep maroon. His lips were twisted as lips are twisted when one screams. His right hand held a white-bone jack-knife with a broad, dangerous-looking blade. His fingers gripped it so tightly the knuckles seemed almost to be bursting through. The other hand was thrown back over his head, and dangled in the crystal water. It had a white, rigid look.

All around the body grass had been trampled and bushes broken. A bit of cloth torn from a shirt, an almost toothless comb, and two crumpled hats, rusty with age, decorated the spot. A fight between tramps, the old lady slowly decided. Too bad this one was so young. She stood looking at him, but without real sorrow or pain. He was young and dead,—death was for old people, old women such as she, not young people. Death would happen to her if she went out in the rain gathering dandelion greens,—but young people——.

She went up to him, and stooping perilously over the stream, lifted his stiffened arm from the water, and laid it by his side. He looked more comfortable that way, she thought. She didn't know what she would do. Go for some one? She had come out to get greens, not to find dead people. It rather irritated her that this fellow should be lying there dead. He would be found, why should she bother?

She picked up her basket and knife and moved on past the body. As she hobbled down the stream squatting here and there for good leaves, it struck her that she was the only one who knew of the murder. Of course, there was the other tramp who committed it, but one didn't count him. It was a secret she alone possessed. Her neigh-

bors still in their beds were quite innocent of this thing. She alone knew. She alone had this exciting bit of knowledge. It made her feel important and full of wisdom. To know this set her apart, made her wiser than the people around her, made her a figure of awe and mystery. She had become suddenly strange and portentous as fate.

She chuckled to herself over this thing that she possessed. She lost interest in the greens, cutting the leaves indifferently, muttering to herself, and looking out unseeingly over the water of the stream that was flushed crimson now from the ever-spreading fan in the west. When the basket was finally filled she went back up the stream, stopping for a moment before the body, lying there, if one would not see the face, like a young boy asleep. Her eyes saw him not as a newly dead young person, but as a rare and secret bit of knowledge which she alone possessed, and which made her feel important and happy and wise. Her cackling chuckle was horrible against the lucent trills of the birds and the tinkle of the running stream.

By the time she had reached the coiling path and begun her ascent the first thin gold edge of the sun was curved over the Eastern hills. The great rose and yellow fan had faded to a few faint flushes on a low, hanging cloud. The crystal edge had dulled away from the wind and had left a pleasant coolness. The remote ethereal green had quite vanished from the field and with it the ghost-like loveliness, but what remained was beautiful, young and satisfying,—slim trees, exquisitely proportioned, a rich carpet of grass, a prodigal wealth in buttercups, and the reckless singing of a hundred gay birds.

The old lady was extremely happy. What a wonderful morning! She had gone down the path singing and now she was returning chuckling over a marvelous secret, a secret that made her strange and even oracular. As she passed beneath a delicate young elm her bonnet struck against a branch and shook the tree like a wind. A flock of small sparrows resting there wheeled up from it with a furious fanning of wings. But the

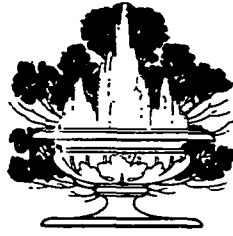
old lady, lost in the wonder of her secret, walked on unseeingly.

When she got back to her little house she laid aside her shawl and bonnet, and gave Tim his breakfast with an unwonted kindness and generosity. But her excitement was such as to make the eating of food impossible. She filled a stone bowl with water, and taking it with the basket of greens she went out on the small porch where she spent most of the pleasant days. It was shut in by a dense growth of honeysuckle vine that caused it to always be dim with a shadowy green light. The density of the vines kept people passing in the streets from seeing in, but allowed her to watch them with ease,—an arrangement that delighted her immensely.

She put the bowl on her lap, and the basket on a table at her side. With great care she took one slender jade leaf at a time, dipped it into the clear water with her wasted hand, shook it thoroughly, and laid it on the table by the basket. The rising sun stuck long slim fingers of gold through the openings in the vines, barring the green shadows. A dappled light fell on the old lady. She seemed to be covered with a net of green and gold.

Her withered lips quivered with a sly smile. Occasionally her cackling chuckle cut through the silence. Her neighbors would begin to run in soon to tell her of the murder. They would be excited and flushed, eager to give her this latest and vivid bit of news. But she knew already. She had seen the body, touched it, long before they were even out of bed. Silly people telling her what she already knew.—She was old, oh, yes, but wise, very wise,—they could tell her nothing she did not already know. She cackled until tears ran out of her bleared eyes when she thought of how she would sit calm and unmoved at her neighbors' eager recital of the murder,—knowing everything, everything already.

Her twisted fingers dipped a leaf into the water, shook it in a glinting shaft of sunlight—it gleamed like a jewel—and then laid it on the table by her side and reached for another. . . . A chuckle spilled out of her toothless mouth, thin, high, cackling. . . .



Nocturne In Eternity

(Two Sonnets)

I.

*Soft strings shall strum the slumber hymn to me,
With subtle witchcraft steal my mind away
From care; embalm the misery of day
And set me dreaming on the silver sea.
Yet as I drift I hear the harmony
Of long-forgotten tunes that seem to say
"Forsake the world and go the very way
Of those that went before"—strange melody
Of life and death.—A cymbal foils my dreams
And I awake, the mem'ry of that air
Still in my mind, and in my heart it seems
That I can see you, dearest, standing there.
But when you're gone the music dies in me
And leaves cold ashes of a symphony.*

II.

*You came—the utter darkness of the night
Around you, wove a veil of things unsaid.
But with the splendor of the morning's light
I knew that you were gone and I—was dead.
Those fleeting hours we spent—your hand in mine,—
Were far too short to satisfy a heart
Time-maddened for your soft voice and the wine
Of sweet, sweet kisses but we had to part.
Could night recall the pleasures of the years
When life was worth the effort of each day?
Could one short hour erase the bitter tears
I shed, on finding you had gone away? -
What agony I suffered—you had fled;
But now I've seen you—I am happy, dead.*

—PHILIP de ROULET.

?????

?????

Are we being damned with faint praise, or did you, in your own quiet way, like our little orphan? Of course the lack of a name is something of a handicap, and we realize how difficult it is for you to congratulate the Luckless Lad on the excellence of his — column, but we would like to know just what you thought of “? ? ??”, nee Hobnails. Perhaps it would be better though to ask you not to think but to act instead. It really doesn't pay to tax the mind, and we can't use thoughts in our questionable column. What we want is a name, and any number of contributions—prose, verse and wise-cracks. We trust that the Freshman Juggler did not drain the campus of its jokes, but if such was the case, how did all the frosh survive?

* * *

A POEM IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY NOTHING

“Where are you going,
Oh little “Frosh”
With your corduroy trousers
And bright mackintosh?”

“Why to Saint Mary's
To dance and to cheer
At the party that's given
For Freshmen each year!”

“And who asked you over
I'd like to know?”
“Why the Senior Class president
Didn't you go?”

When you were a freshman?
Tell me how it feels!”
“No, don't go to tea dances,
Keep your ideals!”

—TWENTY-EIGHTER

In case any of the Freshmen resent the above verse, now is the time for retaliation. Tell us just what you think of the upper classmen and of their idea of humor, but don't be too hard on them. Remember that you will be Sophomores next year. Alas, Alas!

* * *

RETORT COURTEOUS

If someday when I die
St. Peter then would say:
“My son you may return
To earth for just one day.”

I'd thank him cheerfully
And this retort I'd give
(In my Coolidge manner)
“I do not choose to live!”

—PLATO

* * *

Do you read the *Chicago Evening American*? Do you vote a straight Republican ticket? Do you talk to your roommate about the “sweetest little girl in the world?” Do you play the saxophone, or read the editorial page, or say “Hey, Hey?” Do you talk about the good old days back in prep school? If you do admit any of these vices, then don't contribute to our column. If, however, you can plead “not guilty” to the questionnaire, you are just the man we want. Let us see the works of such fine, such righteous young men. Come right in, hang up your hat, make yourself at home, but don't give your right name!

* * *

LAMENT

Nothing is ever quite enough
To heal old wounds or ease the pain
Of ancient bruises, or the rough
Hurt of one that once I loved—
And now, I cannot love again.
No joy can ever quite appease—
That is no pageant or display
Of drama with its artful ease
Of happy love and virtue's gain—
My heart-ache when you turned away.
No kindly kiss, no friend's caress
Can now erase that cold rebuff—
Which hid from me that loveliness
Of yours I held above all else—
For nothing, dear, is quite enough.

—WISTFUL WILLIE

* * *

And the second week's appearance is just about completed. It wasn't really as hard as we expected it to be, even if we have no name as yet! But what happened to last year's crowd? So far there have been no contributions from The Runt, or from Friar Tuck, or from Will Scarlet! Not even a name suggested; not a wise crack; not a quatrain. Well, Life is like that, saith the Luckless Lad with an epigrammatic air. We do, however, wait patiently for the baptismal services! While we are waiting, we are open to suggestion. Name the orphan and win a prize! But above all, send in some contributions and help—

THE LUCKLESS LAD

SPORT NEWS

Notre Dame Downs Navy In Hard-Fought Game: Score 7-0



JOHN CHEVIGNY
Right Halfback

*Record Crowd Watches Close Contest.—Win-
ning Score Culminates Second
Half Attack.*



JOHN LAW
Right Guard

Before a gathering of approximately 120,000 people, the largest crowd to ever witness a football game, the Blue and Gold of Notre Dame swept to a clean-cut victory over a fighting Navy team on the wind-swept gridiron of Soldier Field, Chicago, last Saturday afternoon. The score was 7-0 and just about tells the difference in ability between the two elevens.

It was a vastly different and improved Notre Dame team which played through four quarters of gruelling football than the one which fell before Wisconsin the previous Saturday. The same might be also said for the Midshipmen, who were bent on inaugurating a winning record at the expense of their hosts. Both elevens played absolutely the best football they were capable of, and the Rockmen won, because they took full advantage of a break which came their way late in the third period and capitalized on this advantage to the extent of a touchdown which eventually proved the deciding points of the engagement.

Several times before the Blue and Gold had made serious bids to score, being repulsed once for downs on the Navy six-yard line in the second quarter, but it was not until early in the final period that Notre Dame mustered enough sustained drive to score on a perfect forward pass from Niemic to Colrick. A stubborn Middie defense which arose to great heights when their goal line was threatened effectively repelled previous efforts of the hosts to score.

In direct contrast to their play at Madison the week before, the Notre Dame ball-carriers held on to the pigskin, but one fumble which occurred early in the first quarter and which proved but slightly damaging, marring their efforts along this line. Their defense against forward passes also functioned smoothly. Co-ordination and team work in the line was by far the best exhibited in any of the three games played so far this fall by Notre Dame. Offensively too, the Irish showed the results of Coach Rockne's driving during the last week of practice, and it was as smooth as could be expected against a combination as strong as the Navy.

The Blue and Gold launched their first offensive drive in the middle of the initial period but were halted on downs after they had penetrated to Navy's thirty-three yard line. Another beautiful scoring effort was inaugurated in the second fifteen minutes of play, when Chevigny and Niemic gave perhaps the finest exhibition of halfback play that has been seen this season. With the ball on Notre Dame's thirty-nine yard line, Niemic went off-tackle for seven yards; Chevigny cantered around end for nine more, and on the next play made it first down on the Middies' thirty-three yard line on another off-tackle smash. Between them they then carried the oval to the Sailors' six-yard strip before a forward pass on fourth down with four yards to go was knocked down by Castree of the Navy.

A poor punt by Lloyd, huge Navy half-back, which went out of bounds on the Midshipmen's twenty-eight yard line late in the third quarter, proved the turning point of the battle. Dew, Niemic and Chevigny between them rushed the ball on short line plunges to Navy's fifteen yard line. The period ended as Chevigny smashed center for two more yards. On the first two plays of the fourth quarter Chevigny and Niemic made three yards apiece off-tackle and it was fourth down on the visitors' seven-yard line. Taking the ball from center, Niemic faked an end run, stopped, wheeled quickly, and whipped a beautiful pass to Colrick just as the rangy end crossed the goal line. Carideo place-kicked for the extra point.

Navy died gamely. With defeat staring them in the face, the blue-jersied players opened up with everything they had during the last few minutes of the game and constantly threatened to shove over a six-pointer. Castree, Lloyd, and H. Bauer succeeded in smashing their way to Notre Dame's six yard mark on a completed forward pass and a series of line plays, but with fourth down, one yard to go, Leppig crashed through to stop Castree behind the line of scrimmage. Montroy's interception of a Navy aerial heave on his own seventeen yard line several minutes later terminated the Middies' second and last desperate attempt to score.

It was a clean, hard-fought contest throughout, with both teams giving everything they had to the very end. Johnny Chevigny was perhaps the outstanding star of the entire engagement. In addition to securing the most yardage of any individual player during the battle, he also gave one of the finest defensive exhibitions ever witnessed on Soldier Field. From the opening quarter, when he was knocked unconscious, to the final period when he was carried off the field he proved an almost unstoppable nemesis to the Navy players.

Butch Niemic, Chevigny's running mate, overcame the physical, and what is worse, the mental handicap of an injured leg, and also turned in as fine a game of football as he ever has. Leppig, Twomey, Brady and the

rest also came through with splendid "heads-up" football.

Beans, Lloyd, the Bauer brothers, and Castree played well for the Navy, and Captain Burke was a bulwark on both defense and offense in the Middle line, until injuries necessitated his removal.

Following is the lineup:

NOTRE DAME (7)		NAVY (0)
E. Collins	L. E.	Maret
Miller	L. T.	Wilson
Leppig	L. G.	Eddy
Moynihan	C.	Hughes
Law	R. G.	Burke
Twomey	R. T.	Gray
Vezie	R. E.	Beans
Brady	Q. B.	Welshel
Bray	L. H.	H. Bauer
Chevigny	R. H.	Castree
Dew	F. B.	Clifton

SCORE BY PERIODS

Notre Dame	0	0	0	7—7
Navy	0	0	0	0—0

Touchdown—Colrick. Point after touchdown—Carideo.

Substitutions: Notre Dame—Niemic for Bray, Colrick for Collins, O'Brien for Colrick, Carideo for Brady, Collins for O'Brien, McGrath for Twomey, Twomey for McGrath, Colrick for Collins, Cannon for Law, Montroy for Chevigny, Herwit for Leppig, Metzger for Herwit.

Navy—Mauro for Clifton, Hardin for Hughes, Bowstrom for Wilson, Chapple for Eddy, Byng for Beans, Crane for Maret, Spring for Castree, Lloyd for H. W. Bauer, Morse for Maura, Koepke for Burke, Toth for Spring, Miller for Kohlhas, R. C. Bauer for Byng, Crinkley for Giese, Wilson for Bowstrom, H. W. Bauer for Spring, Giese for Crinkley, Burke for Koepke, Castree for Morse, Beans for Byng, Maret for Crane, Gannon for Welshel, Brandy for Lloyd, Peterson for Gannon.

Referee — Eckersall, Chicago. Umpire — Coffin, Cornell. Field judge—Hackett, West Point. Linesman—H. Gardner, Cornell. Time of periods—15 minutes.

GOLDEN TORNADO HOST TO IRISH AT ATLANTA TOMORROW

Ever since 1922 when a scrappy Georgia Tech outfit, led by the famous "Red" Barron, held Notre Dame to a 13-3 score, the southerners and the Irish have been staging annual gridiron tea parties, the latter emerging the victor on every occasion. Indeed it would seem that Tech has fallen into the habit of losing to Notre Dame. But this year the Atlantans are out to break bad habits,

and Yellowjackets, so the zoologists tell us, are remarkable for their sting. Remembering their sensational upset of the haughty University of Georgia eleven as a climax to their successful season last fall, the Techites have learned to scoff at the predictions of the so-called dopesters of sport. Tomorrow the Georgians will take the field in the role of the underdog; they hope, and confidently expect, to leave it as the lion of the day.

Although the genesis of this long-standing Georgia Tech-Notre Dame feud is not particularly inspiring from the Yellowjackets' point of view, a comparative survey of the records of the two teams might leave an entirely different impression. To date, the Irish have encountered one defeat out of three starts, and have actually been outscored by their opponents by the narrow margin of three points. On the other hand, Georgia Tech has kept its goal line uncrossed, nor have they ever permitted it to be seriously threatened. In the opening stanza of the 1928 verse of their football history, the Yellowjackets bowled over the strong Virginia Military Institute eleven, 13-0. Then last Saturday, Alexander's men whitewashed the nationally-known Tulane team at New Orleans, 12-0. These facts must be reckoned with in considering the strength of the south-erners.

Captain Peter Pund, a gigantic center, will be the master of ceremonies as far as the golden-clad warriors are concerned. Incidentally this gentleman is one of the outstanding linemen of the South, and is regarded as a possible prospect for All-American honors this year. In the backfield, "Stumpy" Thomason is expected to perform in brilliant fashion, and is a consistent ground-gainer. His understudy, Fitzgerald, is also a hard man to stop; according to reports, there is little to choose between these two. At left halfback, Dunlap, a newcomer to the Tech lineup, has been making the critics sit up and take notice. Lumkin is another back of known calibre who will have to be watched.

The coaching staff at the Atlanta institution is perhaps even stronger than the squad itself. W. A. Alexander, who was himself

once a star performer at Georgia Tech, has developed some wonder teams during recent years. He is assisted by a certain Don Miller, better known as one of the celebrated "Four Horsemen" of Notre Dame.

Georgia Tech is always welcome to a place, and an honorable place, on the Notre Dame schedule. The annual affair between these two colleges is an interesting and a colorful one. It is a pleasure to welcome the Yellowjackets to Cartier Field; it is now an added pleasure to accept southern hospitality way down in sunny Atlanta. —J. G. P.

LOVING CUP TO BE AWARDED INTERHALL VICTOR

Competition in interhall sport ranks received an added impetus during the past week when the Monogram Club announced its intention of awarding a large loving cup at the end of each year to the hall excelling the others in all branches of interhall sports for that year. This cup will be given on a point basis and will be left in the possession of the hall winning it until the following year or until one hall has won three legs on it, when it will become the permanent possession of that hall.

Under the present plan a certain number of points will be given to the victorious hall team in each branch of interhall sports—football, basketball, baseball, swimming, and track—a lesser number to the hall finishing second in each branch, and a decreasing number of points for each position below. At the end of the school year the points will be totalled and the hall possessing the greatest number will be awarded the trophy. This makes for uniform fairness for it gives the hall that finished poorly in football a chance to remain in the running by winning in the other branches.

The following interhall games are scheduled for Sunday, Oct. 21: 9:30 A. M.—Bronson-Freshmen, south of Gym; Sophomore-Badin, Minims field; Howard-Carroll, Varsity practice field. 2:00 P. M.—Walsh-Off-Campus I, Minims field; Lyons-Off-Campus II, Varsity practice field; Corby-Morrissey, south of Gym.



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The two greatest crowds which ever witnessed a football game saw a Notre Dame team in action on each occasion. We refer to the Southern California game of last year and the Navy game of this year.

* * *

It is seldom that one sees a pair of halfbacks work so smoothly and well at the same time as did Niemic and Chevigny last Saturday.

* * *

Captain Burke of Navy is one of the finest guards in the country. Navy was handicapped in the second half because injuries prevented him from playing.

* * *

Perhaps the finest, though least obvious display of teamwork last Saturday was Notre Dame's airtight defense against the forward pass.

* * *

The team will wear specially made jerseys of airplane cloth in the Georgia Tech game because of the warm southern climate.

* * *

Predicted score for tomorrow's game: Notre Dame, 13; Georgia Tech, 6.

* * *

Jimmy Walker, New York's travelling mayor, spoke a few words between halves. The mayor has always been an ardent supporter of Notre Dame, never missing an Army game in New York.

Punting on the last down with less than a yard to make turned out as well as it did in the Loyola game. Notre Dame kicked to Loyola and on the next play recovered a fumble in the shadow of the Southerners' goal. It was from this position that the drive for the winning touchdown began. The only touchdown against Navy came after Lloyd, on an exchange of punts, kicked out-bounds on the 28-yard line to pave the way for the grand march to the goal.

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J. G. P.

Out on the Pacific Coast, Southern California continued to make things anything but pacific by grinding the plucky St. Mary's eleven into the dust under a 19-6 count. It was the third consecutive triumph for Howard Jones' men.

The only one of Notre Dame's opponents for this year to fall by the proverbial wayside last Saturday was Penn State. The Nittany Lions battled fiercely against the charge of the Bucknell Bison, and carried off the honors for three periods, only to lose on a costly fumble by Hamas in the last quarter. The final score: Bucknell, 6; Penn State, 0.

Carnegie Tech continued to accumulate scoring totals of the telephone number variety, burying Thiel under a 45-13 avalanche.

Drake journeyed to Milwaukee and scored a great 26-7 victory over Marquette. Tomorrow the Bulldogs will play their first Missouri Valley Conference game of the current season against Grinnell.

The Army mule had no mercy for Providence College, mauling the Rhode Islanders to the tune of 44-0. All of the Army players were evidently stars.

Coach Alexander's Golden Tornado ripped and tore its way to a 12-0 victory the Green of Tulane at New Orleans. Neyell and Thompson carried the brunt of the Georgia Tech attack.



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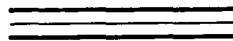
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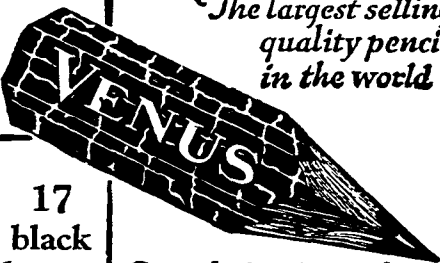


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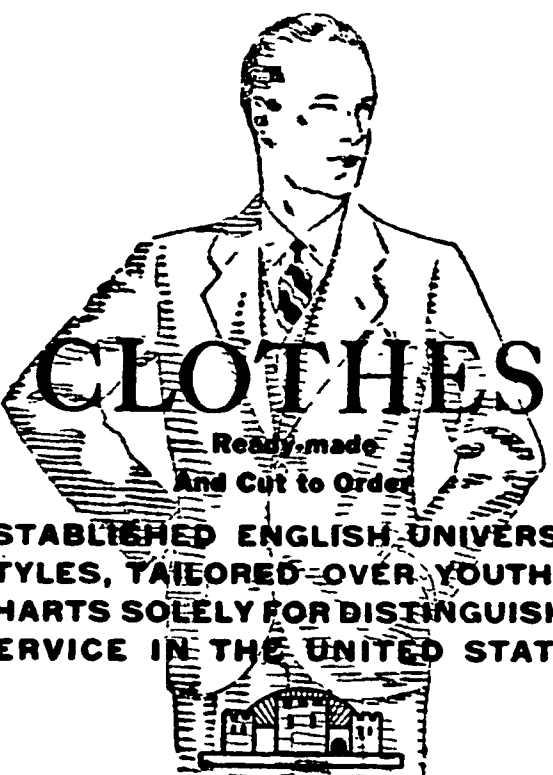
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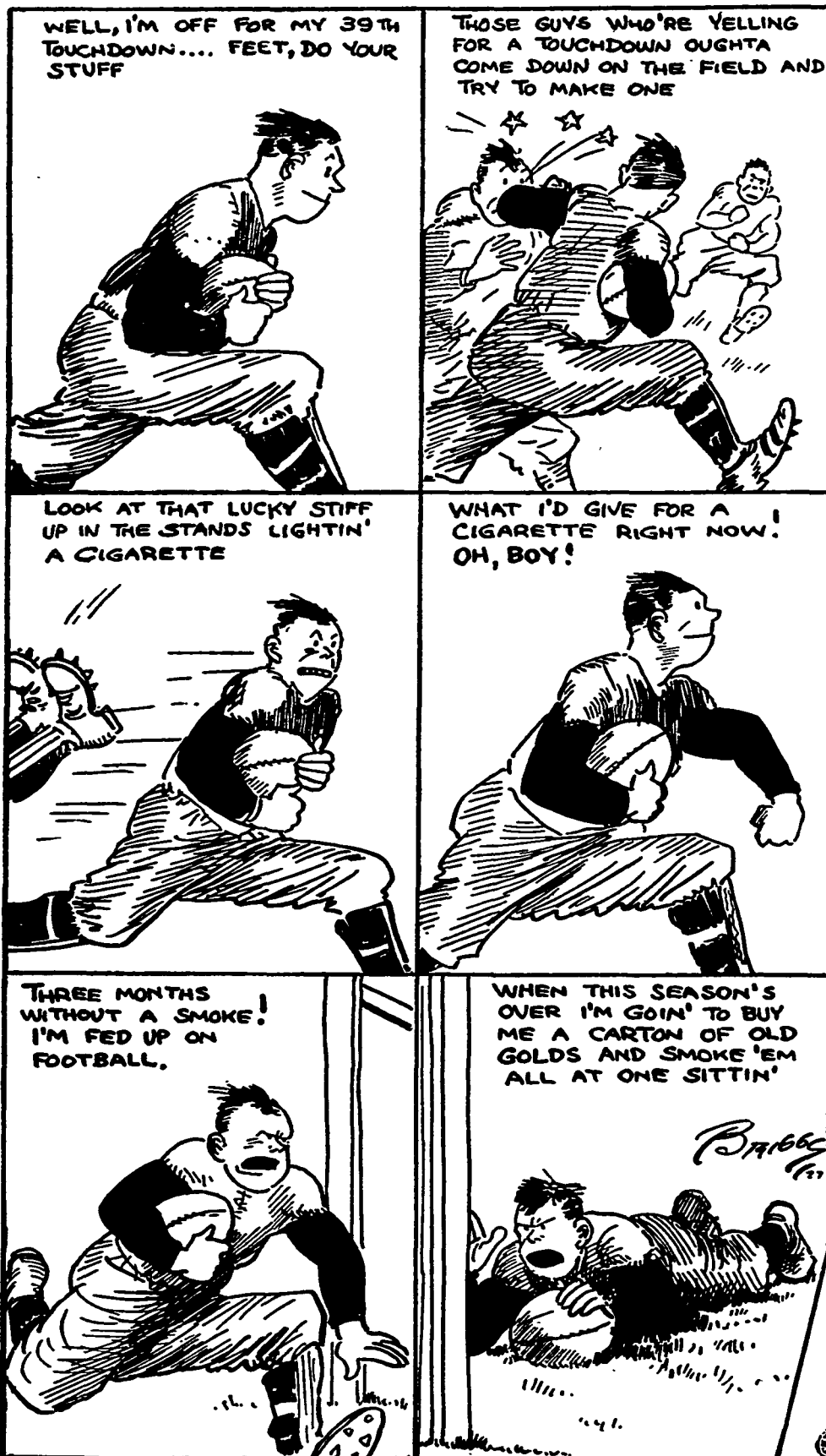
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