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National Champions



The Notre Dame

SCHOLASTIC

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December 12, 1947



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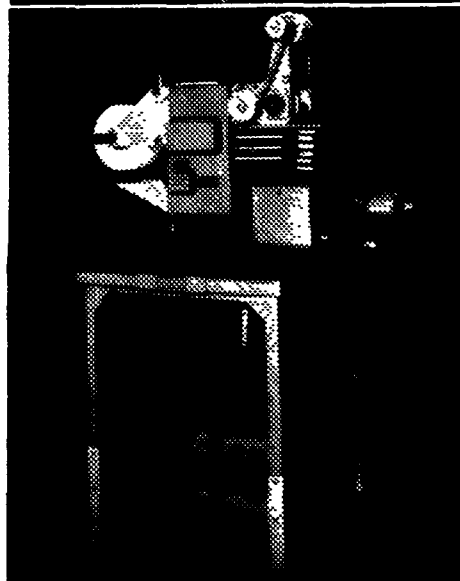
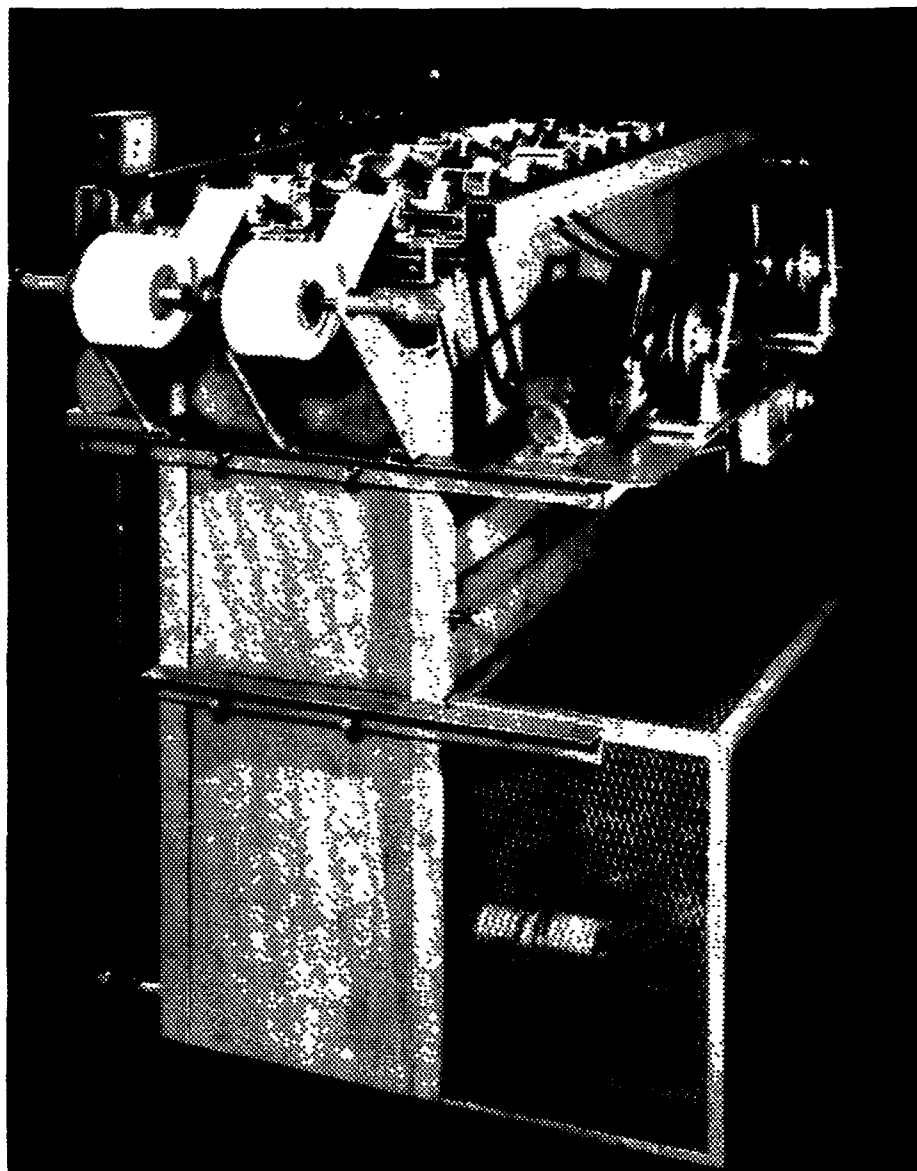
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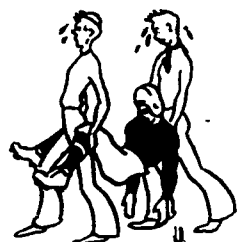
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KNUTE K. ROCKNE

To whose memory this issue is dedicated.

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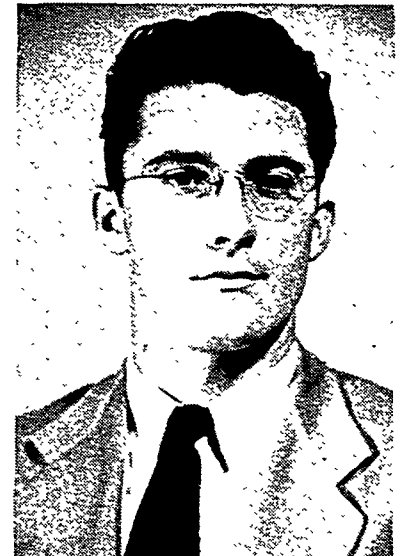
MEET THE EDITORS



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From the Editor's Desk . . .

Football in 1947--Some Observations

WHEN a football season comes to a close, especially one which produced such a record share of thrills and controversies as the season just past, one is inclined to indulge in a bit of reverie, looking back over the excitement, the issues, the bits of human interest that go to make football the great collegiate sport it is. Inspired by such a mood the SCHOLASTIC has selected two or three outstanding features from the maze of memories and recollections which even at close range appear to have dominated the season's activities.

Foremost among these was the ability, demonstrated time and again by the Irish to turn on the power whenever it was needed. Just as in boxing and other sports one of the attributes of championship football teams is the capacity to capitalize on scoring opportunities—to spot an opening and take advantage of it rather than dissipating power in fruitless, sustained effort. Notre Dame convincingly laid claim to championship status in this regard as in others—for the caliber of the opposition almost always determined the caliber of Notre Dame play. A comfortable margin of victory seemingly was all that was desired. For not until the Tulane game did the score mount to the proportions of a rout. In this instance skeptical critics necessitated such a result, forcing the Irish gridmen to prove they had the power to overwhelm an opponent at will, and thus were entitled to top position among the nation's football machines. Previously, however, Notre Dame power was turned on only long enough to establish clear-cut decisions. Nor is the Northwestern game an exception—as a glance at that game's statistics will show. When a series of breaks allowed the Wildcats (who played magnificently, let it be understood) to dangerously narrow N. D.'s winning margin, the Irish promptly proceeded to reverse the process with a convincing power drive. Although halted by a goal-line fumble it left no doubt as to Notre Dame's supremacy.

This, then, was the 1947 Notre Dame football team—truly a championship aggregation. But what of the future—especially in regard to opposition for the Irish juggernaut? Here the outlook took on a bleak aspect this past fall. The termination of the long and honored Army-Notre Dame series undoubtedly was responsible for focusing such widespread attention on the situation. Briefly, it boils down to the inescapable conclusion that many of the better high-ranking college teams are deliberately avoiding Notre Dame—purposely closing their schedules to the South Bend powerhouse. In this regard, however, SCHOLASTIC hastens to recall how Naval Academy officials expressed the Annapolis position on the matter. The job of the Academy is to produce the highest type of Naval officer. Football contributes to this end in that the Midshipmen engaged in this activity meet the strongest and most worthy competition. For Navy officials believe that only by competing with the best, regardless of outcome, can courageous officers be developed to lead a fighting Fleet. It is indeed unfortunate that all do not share these sentiments, for it is an undeniable fact that wherever college football is played the sport's ultimate end is the greater development of men of courage and strength. Hand-picked competition, designed to insure successful seasons, will never permit the realization of that objective.

Whenever talk among football fans centers about great Notre Dame elevens the theory is almost inevitably proposed that an unlimited supply of talent at the University accounts for Irish gridiron success. To an extent, perhaps, this is true. No great football team has ever been formed without a relative abundance of good material. However, it has long been the SCHOLASTIC's contention that Notre Dame does not have a corner on the manpower market.

Yet when one considers the fact that America is populated by nearly 145,000,000 hardy souls, a good proportion of whom are husky young high school lads, the possibility of one school attracting the fifty best football players is unthinkable. That there are fifty, or even five hundred, young men who are essentially and innately better athletes than their millions of brethren is equally impossible. No—the secret of great Notre Dame football teams lies only partially in material.

What then is the secret, if it be such, behind the constant flow of great Notre Dame football machines, which year after year vie for national championship honors? SCHOLASTIC maintains the considered opinion that this success has been the result, fundamentally, of hard work. Hard work, directed by a crew of dogged, driving coaches, who pound the fundamentals of football into a highly receptive group of alert young athletes who never seem to lose their enthusiasm for the game. It is this attention to detail, so characteristic of Rockne's coaching brilliance and so obvious a trademark of his remarkable young successor, Frank Leahy, which accounts for the smooth perfection of Notre Dame teams. Fundamentals are never lost sight of in Irish football—a boast shared by all of the University's departments—not even when the attention of the tacticians is directed toward the more complex details of attack and defense. For it is perfection in fundamentals which guarantees success in the complexities of modern college football. And it is this basically well-coached ideal, carried into action by groups of Irish warriors inspired by the very real "Spirit of Notre Dame" which has kept Notre Dame constantly in the fore-front of college football.



CARS, CARS AND MORE CARS FLANK STADIUM AS 'FULL HOUSE' WATCHES IRISH GRIDDEES IN ACTION

Football at Notre Dame-1947.

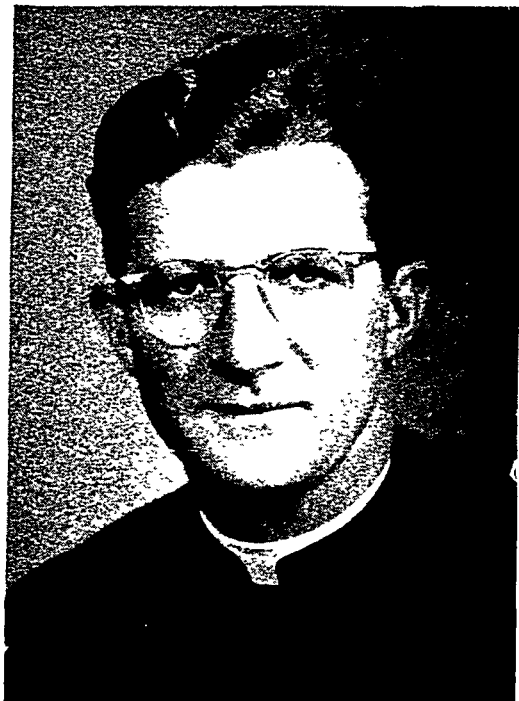


THE CAMERA CATCHES A PORTION OF THE CROWD AT THE ARMY RALLY

A dramatic presentation of football as played by Notre Dame's Fighting Irish and a tribute to the men in the scenes and behind the scenes—told in word and picture.

CROWDS

Crowds, perhaps more than any other single phenomenon, characterized Notre Dame football in 1947. In this second post-war football season the Fighting Irish soared to heights never before reached by any college football team, and captured the fancies and imaginations of additional millions of American football fans. And the observable results were crowds! Crowds that made every Notre Dame game a complete sellout. Crowds—the 10,000 who crammed the fieldhouse for the Army pep rally; the more than 59,000 who overflowed the stadium for the grand finale of the Army-Notre Dame series; and the year's top mark of 103,000 at Los Angeles for the climax game of the year between Notre Dame and Southern California. A total of approximately 566,000 fans saw the Irish in their nine games this past season.



ACT I- *The Producers ...*



ABOVE: Faculty Board in Control of Athletics. TOP ROW: Rev. Joseph A. Kehoe, C.S.C., Rev. John H. Murphy, C.S.C., Chairman. BOTTOM ROW: Dean James McCarthy, Rev. Thomas Lahey, C.S.C., Prof. R. E. Rich, Rev. William McNamara, C.S.C., Dean Clarence Manion.

LEFT: M. Robert Cahill, Ticket Manager, and Herbert E. Jones, Business Manager of Athletics.

• ACT II---THE DIRECTORS ...

FRANK LEAHY---

"Anybody, Anywhere, Anytime"

By JOHN A. O'CONNOR

At a Quarterback Luncheon in Chicago one bright October Monday this fall an inquisitive guest carefully pondered his thoughts, sized up the speaker, and blurted out: "How bad do you think Michigan could whip Notre Dame?"

Frank Leahy, the speaker, leaped to the challenge. "I just wish we had an opportunity to beat Michigan," the Irish coach replied. He masticated each word, and his blue eyes glinted eagerly. "We'd be happy to play them anywhere, any Saturday, any fall."

That was Frank Leahy the fighter speaking. Like a bristling tiger turning to defend its tawny brood, the Notre Dame coach set his firm Gaelic jaw and came out scrapping for his team. Newsmen, having lapped up their own pre-season publicity which pegged Irish power in terms of atom-bomb potentialities, had been unimpressed by the low-gear pick-up with which the Blue and Gold had started the season. So they sat back and picked their teeth, jibed and jabbed about rifts in the squad, diagnosed the case as one of acute over-ratedness, and hurled their criticisms accordingly. The crack about Michigan was going too far. They poked censure at the wrong guy. They got Leahy's Irish up, and he flung down the gauntlet at the Ann Arbor aggregation, which, because of their top-ranking position among the nation's teams, could mean a challenge to any football club in the U. S. It reminds one of the cartoon dated about 1930 that pictures a cleated Notre Damer straddling the continent, and through cupped hands yelling across the ether to all the whirling planets, "Anybody want to play football?"

Frank Leahy and his lads are a fighting crew. He instills that into them at every practice session. "Be a fighter, gents," he reminds them: "not only out there on the football field, but out in life as well." This goes for the tuckered ball-carrier, laden and haltered with tacklers, who churns a few more steps, and scraps for another foot of yardage. In the spirit of Notre Dame's teaching it goes for the college man who must scrap his way in

the business world, fighting for his faith, his family and his country.

Coach Leahy has always been a fighter. Back in Winner, South Dakota, little "Monk" Leahy tangled with neighborhood kids in the ring between scheduled events to pick up small change. At Omaha's Central High young Frank fought his way to captaincy of his high school team. Under Rockne at Notre Dame in 1929 the 180-pound Leahy thumped the road to the first-string tackle assignment before injuries cut his playing days short. In New York, where he coached the "Seven Blocks of Granite" under the Drowsy One, handsome Frank fought his way through Brooklyn subway throngs to win his sweetheart, Flossie Reilly. Even today he almost has to fight his way in and out of his office, always clogged with reporters, ticket-seekers, admirers, business-men, friends, and his lads. In handling this latter chore he has the assistance of charming, pleasant Snub Pollard, and able, friendly Frank Sullivan.

Coach Leahy loves his football. To the eternal distress of opponents, he approaches the game from a scientific angle. His concept of the T-formation as the game's best system of play comes from long, late hours of mathematical approach. The lamps in Leahy's office burn at all hours. He has a scholarly knowledge of the sport. Switching to a box huddle, with Lujack facing the sidelines, was no mere artistic whim. The Old Fox figured Johnny could better observe the defense, the boys could jog out faster, and more running plays would follow. They did.

An example of the thoroughness Leahy injects into his brand of ballplaying is his instructions to the fullbacks on block-

(Continued on Page 65)

The Head Coach in character. ABOVE: Instructions during the game. CENTER: Promises to the students at Pep Rally. BELOW: Well-chosen words at practice session.



The Assistant Coaches . . .



MOOSE KRAUSE
Grand Exalted Ruler

EDWARD KRAUSE . . . the number one chief exalted ruler of the Notre Dame "Mooses" . . . does a coaching duo here taking the tackles on the football squad and head-coaching basketball . . . As is appropriate for N.D. athletes he came from Chicago where he had starred in football, basketball, track and baseball for Norm Barry's De LaSalle club . . . played three years of varsity ball at Notre Dame from 1930 to '33 and received many All-American and All-Western notices in his senior year . . . in basketball he was making the late George Keogan practically delirious by breaking all scoring records . . . scoring in a single game, single season and three seasons . . . He was an All-American all three years with the hoop squad . . . He is the only Notre Dame athlete ever voted a trophy by the student body . . . His coaching career started with the Director of Athletics and head coach of all sports at St. Mary's College in Minnesota . . . He went from there to Holy Cross as a line coach and then back to Notre Dame in the spring of 1942 . . . Krause went into the Marine Corps in 1944, had a commission in 1946 . . . He spent 14 months in the Solomons and Philippines as an Air-Combat Intelligence Officer . . . He returned to Notre Dame in 1946 and was on hand to shape the great line that led the way for last year's National Championship . . . He is married and has a boy and a girl . . . a fine speaker, Moose usually fills in on the dais in the absence of head coach Leahy . . .

JOHN DRUZE . . . One of Frank Leahy's fellow-travelers when the head coach headed west from Boston College

. . . Irish fans have never been sorry he tagged along . . . The coach of ends here, Druze played his high school football at Irvington High in New Jersey and college ball at Fordham . . . At Rose Hill he played end three years under assistant coach Frank Leahy and in his senior year captained the "Seven Blocks of Granite" . . . He graduated from Fordham in 1937 with an AB degree in Economics . . . Played a year of pro ball in Brooklyn under Potsey Clark in '38 . . . in 1939 he went to BC as line coach for Leahy and he came right along with him a few years later to N.D. . . . He en-



JOHN DRUZE
Where there's a Leahy . . .

tered service in April of '42 and was commissioned an ensign in the Navy . . . he was discharged a full lieutenant three years later . . . in the meantime he was putting in much time in the Atlantic and Pacific on carriers and landing barges . . . he participated in the landings at Leyte . . . He did one of the finest coaching jobs in the country last year in developing sets of ends that were never outplayed . . . He was married to a former hometown girl, in January of 1942 . . . The Druzes have one child, a girl . . . He has always played under or assisted Notre Dame men . . . At Fordham his head coach was Jim Crowley, at B.C. he helped Frank Leahy and here at N.D. he has become an essential part of the great modern Notre Dame football era . . .

JOSEPH McARDLE . . . is no stranger to the ways of the pessimistic-optimist, Frank Leahy . . . Joe was introduced to the "Leahy System" in his junior year at Fordham when Head Coach Jim Crowley had an up-and-coming line coach in one Frank Leahy . . . while at Fordham he garnered three football monograms and a set of freshman numerals . . . took some time off from playing football to work for the New York World-Telegram and to sell a little insurance . . . Leahy called him back to football to join his staff at Boston College as line coach in 1939 . . . he made the shift to Notre Dame in 1941 . . . still rates his biggest football thrill as the time he blocked a Bucknell punt to score two points for the Fordham Rams . . . calls Lowell, Massachusetts, his hometown . . . left his name carved on the walls of Lowell High School by winning letters in baseball and football . . . entered the Navy on April 15, 1942, for 44 months of service . . . signed up for a lifetime hitch with Miss Eleanor Sullivan on May 24, 1942 . . . they have two children, a boy and a girl . . . was discharged as a Lt. Commander on January 2, 1946, after service which included 10 months in the Pacific theater, nine of which were spent aboard the carrier Wasp . . . returned to Notre Dame shortly thereafter to help engineer the Irish to the 1946 National Championship . . . this red-faced, brown-eyed line coach handles the Irish guards and takes the



JOE McARDLE
Best insurance — mean guards

... Scouts and Scrimmagers

credit for building a stubborn set of linemen who make the center of the Notre Dame line a bad spot for backs to show their wares...



BERNARD CRIMMINS ... was one of the first victims of Frank Leahy's conversion policy ... had already won two monograms at Notre Dame in '39 and '40 as a halfback and fullback ... upon Leahy's arrival in '41 he was shifted to guard, winning his third monogram in that position and a spot on the majority of major All-American elevens that year ... in the off-season he caught for the Irish baseball nine for three years, captaining it his senior year ... this red-headed Irishman comes from down in the blue grass country, calling Louisville, Kentucky, home ... coached for about a month at Cardinal Hayes High School in New York City in the fall of 1942 ... but was soon back at Notre Dame, this time to win his commission as ensign at the Midshipman School here ... exactly 32 months to the day after receiving his ensign's commission he was discharged with the rank of full lieutenant ... his service included duty in the Pacific as a PT boat skipper ... Bernie joined the wave of veterans returning to college campuses all over the country in early 1946 ... but he didn't come back to crack the books, but



BERNIE CRIMMINGS

For backs — poise and drive

rather to teach limber-legged backs how to crack opposition lines on Saturday afternoons ... he contributed his share to building the backfield poise and drive which boosted Notre Dame into the Number One spot in the nation last year.



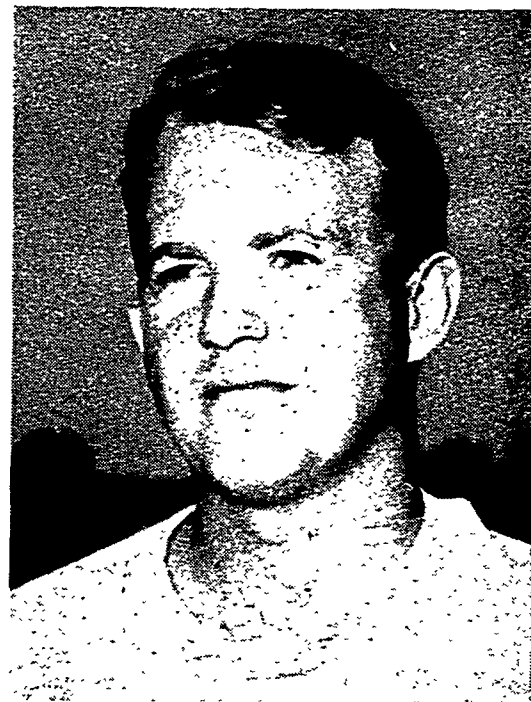
WALTER ZIEMBA ... one of the most dangerous coaches in the country ... he can ruin your team on the practice field before they have even played a ball game ... Wally is a tremendous 6'6" and a good 240 lbs. ... He gives the



WALLY ZIEMBA

... The games look easy

Notre Dame centers a toughening up process which leaves them longing for Saturday and easier opposition ... the Big Coach is from Hammond, Ind., where, at Hammond High he played four years of football at three different positions, end, back and center ... He was All-State in football in his senior year and won the State Interscholastic championship in the shot-put the same year ... He came to N.D. as a tackle and played that spot on the freshman squad and the following monogram earning year with the varsity ... He was shifted to center the next year by Coach Leahy and stayed put there for the rest of his playing days ... In 1942, despite injuries to his knees he won many All-American selections ... He reported to Paris Island for Marine training imme-



BILL EARLEY

From B to A

diately after graduation in '42, but was soon discharged because of physical disability ... He has just finished his fifth year of coaching here, having joined the staff in 1943 ... He was married in the log chapel on the Notre Dame campus on January 6, 1945, to the former Julia Krukowski of Hammond ... they have one child, a boy ...



WILLIAM EARLEY ... if the Irish don't score on Saturdays it certainly isn't the fault of the Earley boys ... Bill having moved up from B squad coach to varsity backfield coach sends the ball-toting quartet through its paces during the week, while brother Fred, "Automatic Earley," sharpshoots the extra points through the uprights ... Parkersburg High School in Parkersburg, West Virginia, honored Bill's athletic efforts with letters in football, basketball and track ... he collected his share of N.D. monograms ... earning his freshman numerals in 1939 and varsity monograms in '40, '41 and '42 ... earned his '41 and '42 monograms as right halfback under Frank Leahy ... the Army Air Forces had need of his services for some 31 months during '43 to '45 ... saw duty in Italy as bombardier in a B-24 ... just before entering service Bill took on a permanent teammate by marrying Miss Louise Katherine Schilling of Parkersburg on February 18, 1943 ... they have two children, Michael Henry and Cathy Louise ... Bill returned to Notre Dame in 1946 to take up the "B" squad duties and moved into a varsity berth this year to keep the "Irish backs marching by."

ACT III--THE CAST . . .



LED BY CAPTAIN CONNOR, AN EXUBERANT IRISH SQUAD RUSHES ONTO CARTIER FIELD TO OPEN FALL PRACTICE

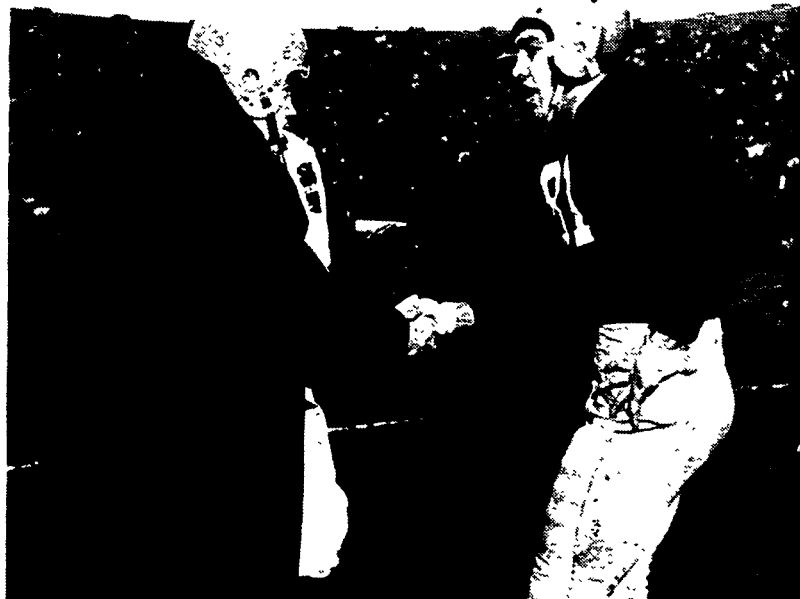
The Leading Man



CAPTAIN GEORGE "MOOSE" CONNOR

George Connor

George Connor. . . All-American tackle and Captain from Chicago, Illinois . . . recognized as one of the greatest line-men ever to play college ball . . . the number two "Moose" in the Irish football managery. . . Connor says he will play pro ball only if given the right offer . . . otherwise he will go into business . . . can't see himself as a coach . . . played a lot of football for Holy Cross before coming here as a Midshipman . . . returned after discharge . . . like the present Notre Dame line and basketball coach, "Moose" Krause, Connor played high school ball at De LaSalle, tackle at Notre Dame and captain of the "Fighting Irish" . . . George also played an aggressive game of basketball for N.D. last season . . . 'Tis rumored the big Irishman has had many proposals of marriage . . . 'tis also rumored that that's the one field in which he is not interested at the present time. . .



CAPTAIN CONNOR WELCOMES TULANE CAPTAIN



ENDS — ESPENAN, HART, KOSIKOWSKI AND LEONARD

Raymond Espenan

Raymond Espenan . . . has come up from the land of bayous and Basin Street . . . and has the track team jumping, broad jumping that is . . . earned a monogram last year with his leaps . . . strictly a fried shrimp and broiled steak man . . . before moving up to Yankee-land he picked up a few athletic souvenirs in New Orleans' high school circles . . . six letters in football and track among them . . . put in two years with the Navy . . . spending a portion of that time in the South Pacific . . . is aiming for a physical education instructor or coach's job after graduation . . . has been getting some practical experience in those fields by working as a playground instructor during the summer . . . finds anatomy the most interesting subject in his schedule here.

Frank Kosikowski

Frank Kosikowski . . . pre-season injury slowed him down and kept him from showing his full capabilities . . . hit the headlines in 1945 while playing for the Fleet City eleven, service champion that year . . . broke into high school athletics up in the land of Schlitz and schnapps for Cudahy High in Milwaukee . . . earned three letters in football, two in boxing and one in track during that high school career . . . while competing for the Cudahy thin-clads he tied the Wisconsin state scholastic record for the 200-yard dash . . . Irish opponents were treated to a show of that speed coming from the general direction of right end . . . his hobby of sketching keeps him in shape for drawing opposing backs out of position and shading enemy linemen.

Leon Hart

Leon Hart . . . played monogram-winning ball last year as a freshman with glue-fingered handling of Lujack's aerials . . . also put the catch on nine letters in football, basketball and baseball at Turtle Creek High School in Pennsylvania . . . did duty as captain of grid and diamond in his senior year . . . classes football as his hobby; second, however, to the enjoyment he gets from ruining any steaks which are put within his reach . . . spends his spare time with the slide-rule set over in the Engineering Building . . . after smashing any opposition which dares to step in front of him for these four years he wants to get into engineering and do something constructive for a change . . . summer occupation is painting, but spent some time this summer in the hospital . . . however, hasn't shown any signs so far this season of having been a recent hospital case.

William Leonard

William Leonard . . . returned to Notre Dame this season after 18 months Army service . . . still remembered by Irish football fans for his dramatic part in the 1945 Navy game at Cleveland . . . injured, he caught a last-minute pass from George Ratterman and made a gallant attempt to out-distance the Middie secondary to a far-away goal line . . . though he could not do the impossible and ND failed to break a 6-6 tie on subsequent plays this run set up the most controversial action of the season with Tony Minisi's tackle of Phil Collela on the goal line . . . Bill is from Youngstown, Ohio, where he won two football letters and played on the city championship team his senior year . . . has one football monogram from ND as a result of his '45 play.





James Martin

James Martin . . . "Jungle Jim" invaded Notre Dame after a 30-month hitch in the Marines and promptly had the situation at left end well in hand . . . followers of East Tech High School in Cleveland, Ohio, are more accustomed to seeing him posted at the center slot . . . the change of neighborhood hasn't had any bad effect on his brand of ball . . . captained the football and swimming squads his senior year in high school . . . won a total of five letters in these two departments . . . a physical education major who is looking for a coaching job after graduation . . . has been getting valuable practice helping his high school coach in the periods he isn't working for the Cartier Field Maulers . . . throws a rocking block that can be felt in the top row of the Stadium . . . gave the halfbacks some competition as a ground gainer with a deceptive end-around play unveiled at mid-season.

Douglas Waybright

Douglas Waybright . . . charter member of "Sitko's Bridge Club" . . . handicaps dog races when he isn't helping handicap opposition tries around the Irish left end . . . hails from Saugus, Massachusetts . . . where he won two letters each in football and basketball . . . played in the backfield in high school but was switched to end and earned his first Irish monogram as a freshman in 1944 . . . served 24 months in the Army . . . rejoined N.D. varsity last spring . . . celebrated his return by scoring a touchdown in the Old Timers game . . . as yet undecided about what major he will start in January . . . captained both football and basketball teams in Saugus High School . . . a crossword puzzle fiend who denies that he peeks at references.

William Michaels

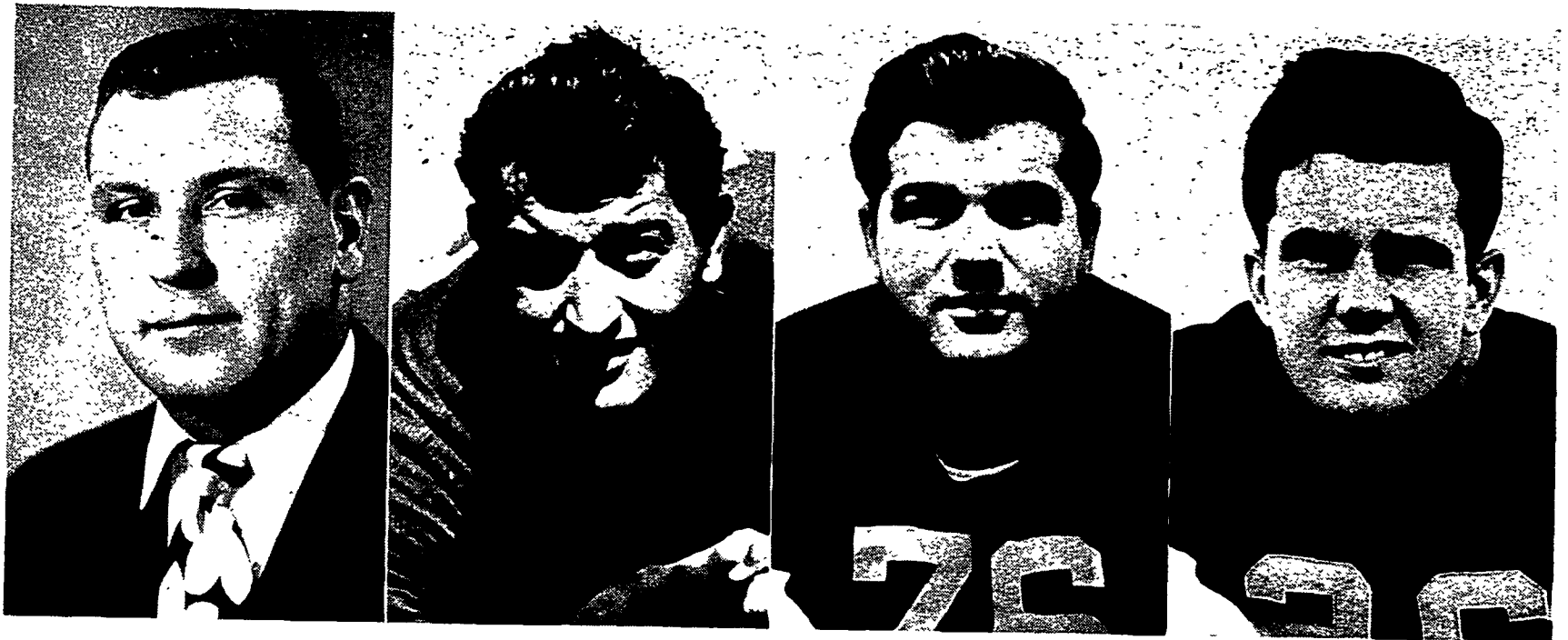
William Michaels . . . a tremendously improved end from last year's squad who made more and more frequent appearances in the Irish lineup as the season progressed . . . he's from Girard, Ohio . . . at Girard High school Bill won six monograms . . . they were divided between football, basketball and track . . . he captained the football and basketball teams his senior year . . . 19-year-old Michaels is of Hungarian ancestry . . . he is a Commerce major at Notre Dame who is holding down an 83 average . . . playing in the great tradition of Irish ends Bill has a long way to go to rank with Martin and Hart but his steady development has the ND coaching staff listing him high among their surprises for opponents in '48.

William Wightkin

William Wightkin . . . awarded Hering Award at close of 1947 spring practice as the "best blocking end" . . . likes Strauss waltzes which may explain his eagerness to gather in opposing backs and "swing his partner" for a loss . . . present home is Santa Monica, California, but attended Catholic Central High School in Detroit . . . earned a total of six letters while there . . . two each in football, basketball and baseball . . . served a year in the Coast Guard . . . majoring in mechanical engineering . . . mathematics is his favorite subject . . . has developed amazingly this season and entered the select circle of J. Lujack's favorite receivers . . . roommate of end competitor Leon Hart . . . a charter member of the "California-is-Heaven" Club.



ENDS — MARTIN, MICHAELS, WAYBRIGHT AND WIGHTKIN



TACKLES — BUDYNKIEWICZ, CIFELLI, CZAROWSKI AND McGEHEE

Theodore Budynkiewicz

Theodore Budynkiewicz . . . the Chicopee, Massachusetts, "Bull" got his football training at Cathedral High in Springfield, Mass., which sent to Notre Dame two of its greatest backs—Milt Piepul and Angelo Bertelli . . . at Cathedral he earned eight letters in four sports—football, basketball, track and hockey . . . fought his way up this season from virtual obscurity to a prominent tackle spot . . . plays aggressive football with the accent on fight . . . has one numeral and one trophy from Notre Dame . . . the numeral is for freshman football in 1942 and the trophy is the result of more aggressiveness, this time in the ring, which won him the University heavyweight boxing crown as a freshman . . . claims the state of Massachusetts polka championship . . . collects old pipes (meerscham not lead) as a hobby.

Zygmunt Czarowski

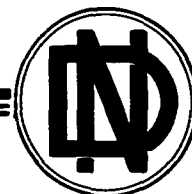
Zygmunt Czarowski . . . alias the "Alderman," magnanimous Ziggy is friend to all except the poor guy wearing the wrong color jersey who lines up against him on fall afternoons. . . He's N.D.'s campus politician, pep rally speaker and baby kisser par excellence . . . he's from Chicago and is already laying plans for his mayoralty campaign that is to come after graduation. . . Won six letters for Mt. Carmel High School in the Windy City and captained the football team . . . served 34 months in the Navy some of it spent on the football field at Bainbridge, Maryland. . . Clinched his fourth N.D. monogram this season . . . squad's representative in all things requiring vocal presentation.

August Cifelli

August Cifelli . . . will stop and talk if you call him "Gus" or "Blaze" . . . one of the biggest men on the squad, the towering ex-Marine has been sidelined most of the past two seasons with injuries . . . did his high school work at La-Salle College H. S. in Philadelphia . . . which included winning three football and two track letters . . . recently made a certain lovely lady in the University Publications Office happy with the squad's first engagement of the year . . . ran for Sophomore class presidency this year . . . received the Chicago Tribune's Arch Ward "The Sportsman Trophy" in the University boxing competition . . . spent three years with the Marine Corps . . . represents a South Bend clothing store on campus and his personal appearance is one of their best ads.

Ralph McGehee

Ralph McGehee . . . another one of the liniment-and-iodine Irish whose injuries have kept him sidelined this season . . . moved down from the Windy City with Tilden Tech teammate Mike Swistowicz . . . collected three letters in football and one in wrestling while at Tilden . . . grappling with Irish opponents on Saturday afternoons has given him a chance to use both to good advantage . . . is one of the few who were able to crack the winner's circle and earn an Irish monogram his first year here . . . his Commerce course will prepare him to keep balanced books after he has finished unbalancing opposing linemen and cancelling the accounts of all charging backs.





George Sullivan

George Sullivan . . . a good-looking six footer who is president of the Senior Class, Boston Club, and Monogram Club here on campus . . . in between times he plays some truly great tackle for Frank Leahy's "Lads" . . . has been operating behind Zig Czarowski and George Connor for two years and winning his third and fourth football monograms for his efforts . . . he took the first two as a freshman and sophomore in 1943-44 . . . George is another Massachusetts boy from East Walpole and played his high school ball at Walpole High . . . there he collected ten letters, three in football, three in track, and two each in basketball and baseball . . . has continued his work as a shot putter on the track squad here and has two monograms in that sport to show for it . . . between all this activity for Notre Dame he sandwiched in 30 months of Navy duty some of which was spent as an ensign on destroyer duty in the Pacific.

Gasper Urban

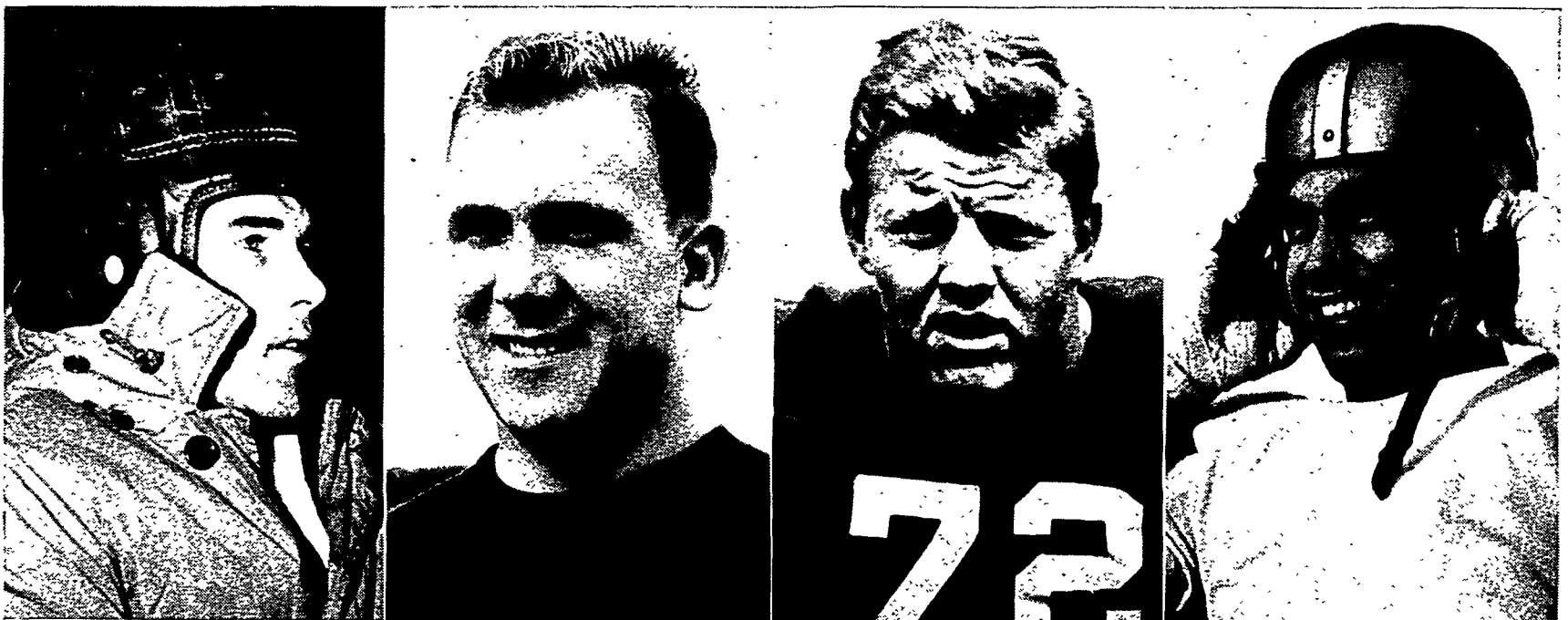
Gasper Urban . . . the "fighting Lith from Lynn, Mass.," as one sports writer tabbed him, showed Irish fans a surprising display of aggressive tackle play this season . . . all of which resulted in his third ND football monogram . . . he won one in 1943 and another last year . . . played his high school ball at Lynn Classical High where he earned three letters for his labors in the tackle spot . . . was captain of the team and an All-Massachusetts selection in his Senior year . . . between national championship teams he spent 45 months' service with the Marine Corps' 2nd Marine Division . . . most of this time was spent in the South Pacific . . . played service football with the Camp LeJeune Marines .

William Fischer

William Fischer . . . second vice president of N.D.'s "Moose" Lodge . . . a 230-pound excuse for opposition backs to avoid the center of the Irish line . . . doesn't intend to stop worrying those backs after he graduates, but hopes to take up post-graduate work in "Play Smearing" with one of the play-for-pay clubs in his hometown, Chicago . . . has already given Chicagoans a preview when he won three letters at Lane Tech in the Windy City . . . taking the reins as captain his senior year there . . . smashingly captured the Hering Award as the "best blocking guard" in the '47 spring practice . . . Army's "Mr. Inside" and "Mr. Outside" get his vote as the best of the opposition he has "contacted" while playing for N.D. . . . rates Lee Ortoe of the Chicago Bears and Lou Rymkus, former N.D. tackle, as his favorite gridiron stars. . . .

John Frampton

John Frampton . . . an explosive mixture of Irish and English . . . spent last summer in the California hills with a construction crew . . . put in time this fall just outside South Bend with a green-clad destruction crew . . . received his high school football experience in Pomona, California . . . was named to the All-Southern California eleven in his senior year . . . a possible future private eye . . . is majoring in sociology with emphasis on criminology . . . served 33 months in the Naval Air Corps being discharged as an Ensign . . . played ball for the Iowa Seahawks and Corpus Christi while in service . . . spending his winters in Indiana has deprived him of his favorite snowtime sport of skiing . . . gliding thru opposing centers and guards is helping him keep in condition for latter.



TACKLES—SULLIVAN AND URBAN; GUARDS—FISCHER AND FRAMPTON



GUARDS — GAUL, LALLY, ORACKO AND SIGNAIGO

Francis Gaul

Francis Gaul . . . all lines are divided into many parts when he starts operating against them . . . a big boy from Cleveland, Ohio, where he was a teammate of Bob Lally at Cathedral Latin High school . . . there he won two football letters . . . played on their city championship team of 1945 . . . and on the state championship squad of 1945 . . . a combination of Irish and Scotch, Frank lists as his greatest athletic thrill playing against the great Massillon, Ohio, grid schools . . . the late Damon Runyon is his favorite author . . . he plays a leading role in the cast of players forming the nucleus of a new, great Irish line for the years to come.

Stephen Oracko

Stephen Oracko . . . the kick-off expert playing at guard for the Irish, planting them high, deep and hard to handle . . . usually follows up by filtering through to help nail the receiver . . . displayed a back-spin on short kick-offs in the Tulane game which sent the ball bouncing back into the arms of the onrushing Irish line, a twist which kept the Green Wave in hot water all afternoon . . . calls Lansford, Pennsylvania, home . . . earned three letters in football while playing for Lansford High . . . received honorable mention for all-state honors in 1943 . . . served 16 months in the Army . . . is a graduate of that fungus-covered "educational" institution of the Southwest Pacific, the Fifth Replacement Depot . . . is a student in the College of Arts and Letters and hasn't chosen his major yet.

Robert Lally

Robert Lally . . . trying to bring home another All-American award to match the one his father won while playing for Washington and Jefferson . . . was teamed with Irish squadmate Frank Gaul on Cathedral Latin High School championship teams in 1944 and 1945 . . . was named to the All-Cleveland and All-Ohio elevens for those two years . . . also collected three letters in track in high school . . . his greatest thrill was anchoring the Cathedral mile relay team to a city championship in 1946 . . . Captained both the football and track teams . . . uses fan mail as a regular source to enlarge his stamp collection . . . the name of Lally is still running through Cleveland sports circles as his brother Tom has taken over his berth on both the football and track teams . . . wielded hammer, saw and cleaver this summer as a roofer for his Dad and as a heavy handed butcher. . . .

Joseph Signaigo

Joseph Signaigo . . . proved a pleasant surprise for the N.D. coaching staff and fans this season with great guard play which earned him a starting berth in late-schedule games . . . An ex-Marine, Sig returned to the Notre Dame scene last season just in time to win his second monogram with the '46 National Champs . . . He had been with the Corps 38 months . . . played service ball for Camp Lejeune in 1944 and the Pearl Harbor Marines in 1945 . . . 15 months of his service was spent in the Pacific . . . Signaigo is the only Tennessee boy on the squad, emanating from Memphis . . . he played his high school football there with Catholic High . . . his efforts on that school's behalf netted him nine letters . . . four in football, three in baseball and two in basketball . . . started his football career at N.D. in 1943.





Martin Wendell

Martin Wendell . . . became the second man in Notre Dame history to win three monograms at three different positions . . . Marty played fullback for the Irish in 1944, center in 1946 and guard this season . . . Bernie Crimmins pulled the "hat trick" from 1939 to 1941 at halfback, fullback and guard . . . Wendell migrated south from Chicago to South Bend as have so many high school stars in the Windy City . . . He played there with St. George's . . . earned three letters in football under Max Burnell, Notre Dame grad. . . . He was All-State fullback in 1943 . . . Wendell's football labors here were interrupted by 24 months' Navy service . . . while in uniform he played center for Paul Brown at Great Lakes . . . he has been rated as one of the finest line backers in college football.

George Strohmeier

George Strohmeier . . . the middle name is Ferdinand and a hard kept secret . . . if you know it, don't say anything and you'll hold on to your teeth . . . a married veteran, the big pivot man hails from McAllen, Texas and "it's a great state, pardner" . . . at the local high school George busted records with great vigor including some sort of mark about monograms . . . he won 24 in all, nicely distributed between baseball, basketball, track, football, boxing and swimming. . . At Iowa-Pre-Flight he was switched from fullback to center and made All-Service first string in that position in 1944. . . After Pre-Flight, he went on to his Navy wings coming out of uniform after 36 months service . . . won the Hering award as the "best blocking back" in spring practice . . . wants to coach after finishing at Notre Dame.

Walter Grothaus

Walter Grothaus . . . a big reserve center from Cincinnati, Ohio . . . played for Purcell High school of that city . . . while there he won five letters . . . three in football and two in basketball . . . He served as captain of both squads and was named to the All-State football squad in his senior year . . . He came to Notre Dame in 1945 and won a monogram in his first season of play for the Irish . . . He left for a year's service with the Army . . . His Air Corps work centered around meteorology and weather observation . . . He returned this year as a valuable reserve for Walsh and Strohmeier and is viewed by the Irish coaches as a great future respect . . . At Notre Dame he is studying in the College of Commerce.

William Walsh

William Walsh . . . batting 1.000 in the N.D. monogram league . . . has hit for two letters in two years by his football labors here . . . took over Frank Syzmanski's center spot in 1945 when only a freshman . . . won nine letters in sports in Phillipsburg, N. J. High School . . . three in football and baseball, two in basketball and one in track . . . he was an All-State center in football in '44 and All-State catcher in baseball the following year. . . He is another member of the squad who wants to start telling other guys how to do it after he has finished his course of instruction under Mr. Leahy. . . His father is an accountant back in Phillipsburg and, needless to say, is the president of the "Walsh for All-American Fan Club."



GUARD — WENDELL: CENTERS — GROTHAUS, STROHMEIER AND WALSH



CENTER—CARTER: QUARTERBACKS—ASHBAUGH, BEGLEY AND BROWN

Donald Carter

Donald Carter . . . one of a string of fine centers who pivoted the Irish line this season . . . a product of De La Salle high school in Detroit . . . there he made a great athletic record . . . he earned nine letters in football, basketball and baseball . . . was named on All-City basketball team in 1944-45 . . . he twice made All-City in football, in 1944-45 . . . was named all-state center in 1945 . . . in addition he was captain of both football and basketball teams . . . is majoring in the School of Commerce at Notre Dame . . . wants to be an accountant upon graduation . . . his ancestry makes him a valid candidate for "fighting Irish" fame.

Russell Ashbaugh

Russell Ashbaugh . . . much better known to the N.D. gentry as Pete . . . one of the finest defensive backs that Notre Dame has ever had . . . a vicious tackler and perhaps the main reason the Irish pass defense ranked among the nation's best these past two years . . . spent 49 months as a B-29 pilot in the Pacific . . . started throwing footballs to uniformed ends at South High School in Youngstown, Ohio, where his pet receiver was Bob Dove, former N.D. All-American . . . besides doing business with Dove, he managed enough other football efforts to net him All-City honors his last two years . . . this year's monogram makes number three that Russ has collected for football here . . . his father was captain of the 1913 Brown University team . . . in spring practice he won the Hering Award as the "most versatile back." . . .

Gerald Begley

Gerald Begley . . . one of the quarterbacks supporting Johnny Lujack . . . played with the Irish "B" squad last year moved up to varsity competition for this season . . . was a quarter miler with the Irish track team the past indoor season and ran some races with the mile-relay team . . . prepped for his grid activities at ND in New York City with perennially-powerful Mount St. Michaels . . . there he won seven letters . . . four in football, three in track . . . was a half and quarterback with the "Mounties" . . . was selected on All-City and All-Metropolitan teams in his senior year . . . here at Notre Dame he is a Commerce major carrying an 85 average . . . the future of the T formation for the "Fighting Irish" largely depends on continued development of Gerry and the other sub quarters.

Roger Brown

Roger Brown . . . another Windy City product displaying his football stuff in a Notre Dame uniform . . . his father is Warren Brown, famous Chicago sports scribe and both brothers are students at Notre Dame, one, Pete, editing the sports pages of the SCHOLASTIC . . . played his high school football with Fenwick . . . in 1945 he filled a halfback spot on the All-Chicago backfield in company with Swistowicz, Gay and Coutre . . . all four have reassembled at Notre Dame this year . . . got his biggest thrill so far by being in the 1945 Kelly Bowl game in Chicago . . . if he makes good here, he may well inherit a "Moose" title . . . it has been tried on him "for size" by some member of the squad this season. . . .





John Lujack

John Lujack . . . has won more monograms in one season and been on more magazine covers than any other Notre Dame athlete . . . also receives more fan mail . . . successor to the great Angelo Bertelli as the nation's leading collegiate . . . Preferred Notre Dame to West Point appointment . . . hopes to connect for a TD on a ring pass to a certain young lady in Davenport, Iowa, shortly after Christmas . . . has been drafted by the Chicago Rockets and Bears . . . wants to play his pro ball with one of the two . . . carries an 84 average as a political science major . . . chased subs as a Navy Ensign during the war . . . his greatest thrill was the '43 Army game when he found out Bertelli's shoes were a perfect fit . . . he heaved the Irish to a 26-0 win that day . . . has played baseball and jumped for the track team at Notre Dame. . . .

Frank Tripucka

Frank Tripucka. . . A potential night club owner, he is prepping with a Business Administration course here . . . has been pitching out of Johnny Lujack's shadow for two years . . . one of the finest and most deceptive quarterbacks that ever pulled the T-formation out of a helmet . . . from Bloomfield, N. J. where he won nine letters in football, baseball and track . . . wants a quick (2 year) fling at pro ball upon graduation . . . was named All-State halfback in his senior year . . . Lou Gehrig is his sports idol. . . He's a second semester junior who does most of the team's punting . . . loves to take chances from all spots on the field . . . threw over 50 passes in a B squad game at Miami in 1945. . . .

James Brennan

James Brennan . . . the shorter, but older, half of the Brennan combination from Milwaukee . . . intends to be the number two man behind his father in the lawyer team of Brennan, Brennan and Brennan . . . Terry will eventually get that tailback spot . . . made an explosive debut in Irish football by replacing the injured Bob Kelly in the 1944 Northwestern game . . . seven minutes after entering the game he had reeled off two touchdowns . . . which is a gold-plated brand of ball for a freshman substitute . . . Marquette High donated ten letters to his collection for work in football, track and hockey . . . captained all three teams in his senior year . . . returned last year after serving 24 months in the Navy . . . Brother Terry opened up the Army game this year and Jimmy closed it with an interception of an Army last-minute pass to make the Cadet affair a family show.

Terence Brennan

Terence Brennan . . . the younger of the Brennan brothers now playing ball for N.D. . . . is a campus politician . . . president of last year's Sophomore class . . . wants to follow his football fan father into the realms of law . . . has a sharp dislike for opposing linemen and current literature . . . prefers guys like Connor, Fischer, Martin and C. Dickens . . . was All-Catholic Conference back in 1944 . . . an 85 average student in Arts and Letters . . . played hockey and participated in track in high school . . . was only 19 last June but has played three years as a regular Irish back . . . one of the most consistent ground-gainers and under-rated ball players on the squad . . . always good for three or four yards when the going is roughest and a first down is needed. . . .



QUARTERBACKS—LUJACK AND TRIPUCKA; HALFBACKS—J. BRENNAN AND T. BRENNAN



HALFBACKS—COUTRE, EARLEY, GAY AND GOMPERS

Lawrence Coutre

Lawrence Coutre . . . attracted the attention of the Notre Dame coaching staff with a 75-yard sprint in Old Timers game this spring . . . from Chicago, and played his high school ball for St. George's . . . a sophomore, he has been hitting an above 90 average since coming to South Bend. . . Finds a big difference in high school and college ball with the emphasis on work in the latter . . . he was all-city halfback and captain of the football team at St. George in '45 . . . helmet hides a thatch of red hair normally visible from the Dome to the New York Central station in South Bend . . . his speed is geared to meet Lujack's heaves . . . and then take them a long way homeward . . . has been a spot runner most of this season, getting in to liven the Irish attack with a long haul. . . .

Frederick Earley

Frederick Earley . . . the "hill billy booter" . . . Earley can kick extra points blindfolded and in all kinds of weather . . . remains to be successful barefooted . . . in '46 Purdue game which N.D. won 49-6 he was the highest scorer on the field with the total of seven points from as many tries at the bar . . . for this he was featured in Ripley's "Believe It or Not" . . . is a fiend for hill billy music and bangs out some of his own on available pianos . . . from Parkersburg, West Virginia and the brother of Bill, N.D. backfield coach . . . a bad knee keeps him from running or trying field goals. . . He won monograms in '43, '46 and this season . . . was twice All-West Virginia half back in high school . . . hopes for a law degree in June . . . collects clippings but not his own . . . they concern his younger brother who is now rolling up points as a halfback in junior high back home. . . .

William Gay

William Gay . . . promising freshman halfback candidate who was just getting the feel of playing with the Irish varsity when the combination of a broken jaw and the flu forced him to withdraw from school near the end of the season . . . was a member of the 1945 Illinois all-state backfield quartet which emigrated as a unit to the Notre Dame campus . . . earned that berth while playing for Tilden Tech, Chicago . . . won three letters in track as well as three in football while at Tilden . . . co-captained the gridgers one season . . . served a year as a pill-roller with the Army in Japan . . . already has the speed and blocking ability to fill a halfback's shoes . . . with a little more college experience and poise he will give the Irish even greater veteran depth in the leather-packing department . . . is majoring in commerce.

William Gompers

William Gompers . . . harmonica playing senior from Wheeling, West Virginia . . . a big six-footer who has won two N.D. monograms under as many coaches . . . the first was in '45 under Hughie Devore and the second was earned under Frank Leahy in 1946. . . Won three football letters at Central Catholic High School in Wheeling and was named on the All-City team in his senior year . . . scored three touchdowns for last year's team . . . upon graduation in June he hopes to enter Law School . . . teamed with his brothers, Gompers and Gompers, he hopes to be chalking up victories in the field of law after doing the same thing for three years on the gridiron for Notre Dame. . . And why shouldn't he??? . . . for his barrister father will coach him in torts and damages, etc., as well as he did his other sons. . . .





Robert Livingstone

Robert Livingstone . . . recovered from leg trouble to play fine football for Notre Dame this season . . . great pass defender . . . it was his interception of a pass and TD run in this year's Navy game that started him going . . . had his football career at Notre Dame disrupted by three years as a combat infantryman in the Southwest Pacific . . . ran 73 yards for a score the first time they gave him the ball in high school . . . had a great year here in 1942 when he was high scorer. . . A good-looking six-footer from Hammond, Indiana, he played football and basketball in high school . . . was captain of the basketball team and all-city and state in football in 1940 . . . tremendously popular on campus and probably has the largest student rooting section during the season of any player . . . he's a Phy-Ed major who lists Tom Harmon as his football hero. . . .

Coy McGee

Coy McGee . . . the "Jackrabbit" from Texas . . . turned into the long sought-after breakaway runner in the Irish backfield this year . . . played high school ball in Longview, Texas . . . earned nine letters in football, basketball and track . . . captained all three teams in his senior year . . . ran 109 yards from his own end zone in a high school game only to be stopped 1 yard short of a tally . . . aero engineer at N.D. with a high average . . . like most Texans on campus he wears cowboy boots (uncleated) . . . habit of doing brisk setting-up exercises while awaiting a punt in the safety spot has caught the fans' fancy . . . is a sensational runner using every trick and fake in the book to keep moving . . . got his big break in last year's Southern California game when he ran wild and earned a prominent star in Frank Leahy's little black notebook . . . made that star dance and twist its way across the nation's gridirons this season. . . .

Emil Sitko

Emil Sitko . . . runs and plays bridge hard, speaks easy . . . a human piledriver with no neck, from Fort Wayne, Indiana . . . he still snickers when he thinks of the big part he played in Great Lakes' upset of the championship N.D. team of '43 . . . was the Lakes' spark-plug runner that season . . . at Central High in Fort Wayne played on two state championship teams and captained the '41 squad . . . entered Notre Dame in '42 but hadn't gotten to know half the buildings on campus when the Navy beckoned . . . played service ball at Great Lakes, Norman, Oklahoma and St. Mary's Pre-Flight . . . strictly a ground-gainer, the only thing he pitches at N.D. are horse shoes . . . in high school he supplemented a great football career by sprinting and broad jumping into a track letter. . . .

Lancaster Smith

Lancaster Smith . . . a backfield hero of many legends from the settlement of Lebanon in Marion County, Kentucky . . . is terrifically fast and has been utilized as pass defender this season with great success . . . is modest about his abilities and claims they all stem from family traits . . . it seems there was a great grandfather Smith many years ago in Kentucky who had great speed of foot which, under uncomfortable circumstances, he put to good practice playing hide and seek with the local Indians . . . "Lank" says he is bubbling over with old grandpa's blood and just can't stop running . . . it has been noted that in a football uniform, once pointed in the right direction, grandson Smith can travel far . . . the Swift One has high ambitions in politics and toward marrying a rich girl . . . extends world-wide invitations to visit the great state of Kentucky and stop in on a boy who is doing things with a football which may outshine the famous feats of another ancestor, Daniel Boone. . . .



HALFBACKS—LIVINGSTONE, McGEE, SITKO AND SMITH



FULLBACKS—CLATT, PANELLI, SIMMONS AND SWISTOWICZ

Corwin Clatt

Corwin Clatt . . . a hard-driving fullback who returned to the N.D. campus last year after four years of service with the Army Medical Corps . . . this is his third year of play for the Irish, making his initial appearance in '42 . . . his most loyal fan is his wife, the former Miss Dorothy Dixon, who, from all reports, kept Cornie in more suspense waiting for her final "yes" than he ever experienced sweating out the kick-off . . . is from East Peoria, Illinois . . . was captain and rated All-Illinois his senior year in high school . . . played some ball for the Camp Grant team but was generally out of contact with football until his return here last season . . . he has had much contact since . . . was also a track and basketball man in high school, having considerable success with the shot put and the pole vault. . . .

John Panelli

John Panelli . . . Italian fullback from Morristown, New Jersey . . . has earned three letters in three years of football at Notre Dame . . . alternated between fullback and right half during his first two years . . . played full all this year . . . at Morristown High School he earned four monograms in football and one each in baseball and basketball . . . in 1943 he was an all-state fullback . . . and while taking a post-graduate course at Cheshire (Connecticut) Academy, in 1944, he was voted by the sports writers of that state as Connecticut's most valuable prep school player . . . Pep is studying pre-law work, and his ambition in life is to become a top-flight lawyer . . . really enthused about it too . . . goes down town as often as possible to sit in on court cases . . . After lights in Sorin Hall his neighbors can hear him debating the current political issues with his roomie . . . Pep says that if he plays any professional ball at all it will be only for a year or two so that he will have enough money to buy all his lawbooks.

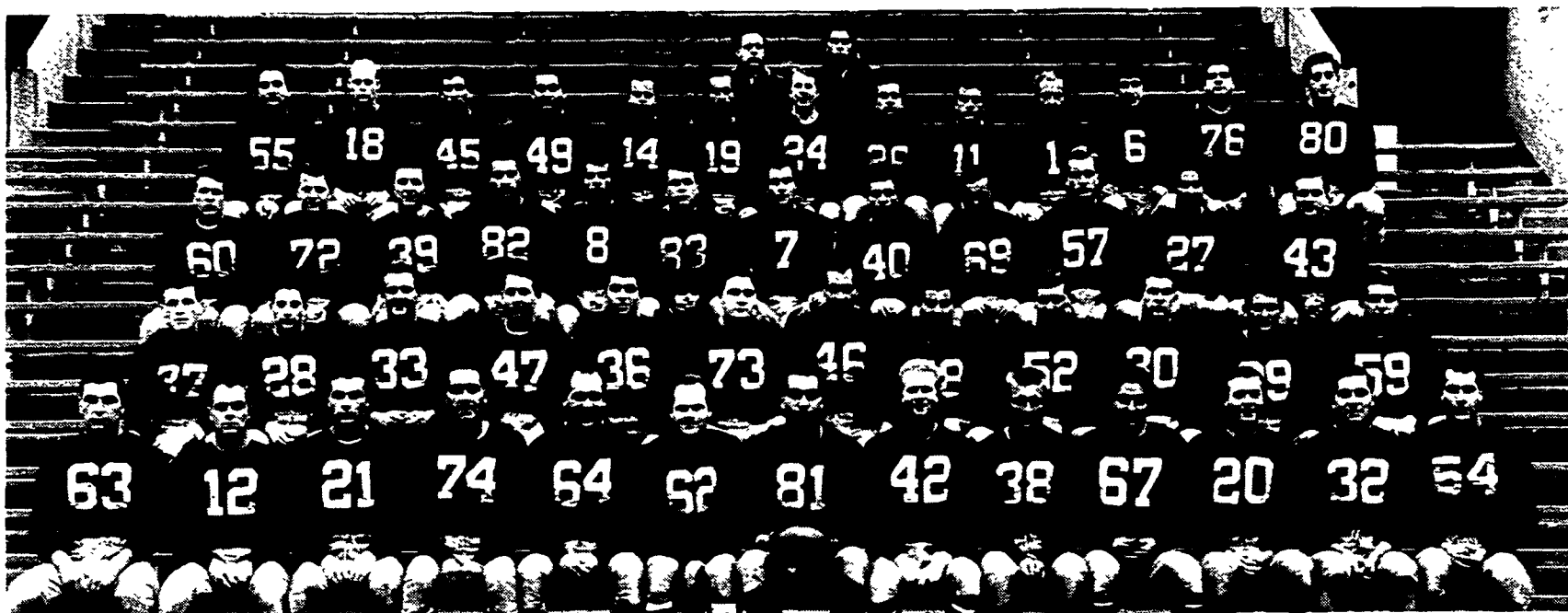
Floyd Simmons

Floyd Simmons . . . has collected monograms in track as well as in football, handling the shot put and javelin throwing chores for the thinclads in 1946 and 1947 . . . represents another of Coach Leahy's halfback "conversions" which helped to bolster a weakness of depth in the fullback spot . . . an injury jinx has followed him for two seasons preventing a real show of his ability . . . is an importation from the Northwest to the Irish squad, picking up his mail in Portland, Oregon, during the summers . . . captured a total of nine letters in four sports, football, baseball, hockey and track, while attending Jefferson High School in Portland . . . saw 21 months of service in the Navy . . . has more than the required punch to collect extra yardage when needed . . . throws a neck-snapping block which has cleared many a halfback's path to paydirt.

Michael Swistowicz

Michael Swistowicz . . . one of the greatest young backfield prospects ever to hit the Irish campus, "Swisty" continued to develop this season . . . another native of South Bend's suburb, Chicago . . . he scored his high school touchdowns for Tilden Tech . . . garnered initial sports honors at the age of 11 when he carted off a pair of silver skates from the Chicago *Tribune's* annual ice brawl . . . had the skates enlarged and took them on the ice for Tilden as its hockey captain . . . made All-Illinois team twice . . . has played three backfield positions at N.D. . . . is a student in the Arts and Letters School and still undecided about the future . . . but there's no hurry for Sophomore Mike has two more years to figure that out and keep Irish football fans happy in the meantime. . . .





FRONT ROW (left to right): Budynekiewicz, Ashbaugh, Statuto, Signaigo, Urban, Simmons, Capt. Connor, Waybright, Martin, Panelli, Smith, Lujack, Sullivan. SECOND ROW: T. Brennan, Spaniel, Kosikowski, Helwig, Frampton, Gaul, Walsh, Wendell, Grothaus, Gompers, Dailer, Zmijewski. THIRD ROW: Strohmeier, Fischer, Oracko, Hart, Tripucka, Wightkin, Begley, Livingstone, Clatt, Lally, Espenan, LeCluyse. FOURTH ROW: Swistowicz, Johnson, Michaels, Hudak, Sitko, McGee, Coutre, McGehee, J. Brennan, Earley, Skall, Czarowski, Cifelli. TOP ROW: Leo Costello, associate manager, and Larry Ryan, senior manager.

Roger Brown
 Lloyd Simmons
 Corwin Clatt
 Bill "Zek" Connor
 Emil "Chachi" Cichanowicz
 Jack Jeffers
 Jerry Begley
 Van Huntson
 Gus Cifelli
 Al Zmijewski
 Fred Earley
 Art Statuto
 Walter Grothaus
 Marty Wendell
 Pete Ashbaugh
 John Helwig
 Jim Sullivan
 "Rodney" Johnson
 Lem Martin

Ray Espenan
 Jack Connor
 Joe Fallon
 Cliff Walke
 Ted Budynekiewicz
 Hank Smith
 Jim Dailer
 Tom Saggan
 Ed Hudak
 Jim Brennan
 George Sullivan
 Zig Czarowski
 Len LeCluyse
 Bob Lally
 Coy McGee
 Bill Wightkin
 John Panelli
 Ralph McGehee

George Strohmeier
 Frank Spaniel
 Michael Sirostowicz
 Stephen Oracko
 Frank Kosikowski
 Lawrence Coutre
 Joseph Helwig
 Doug Waybright
 George Connor
 Emil Sitko
 Leo Hart
 Bill Gompers
 Joe Signaigo
 Terry Brennan
 Bill Michaels
 Bill Fischer
 Bob Livingstone
 Bill Walsh
 Johnny Lujack
 Jasper Urban
 Francis E. Gaul
 Bill Leonard
 Johnny Frampton
 John Helwig
 Alex Lesko
 Leo Maney
 Don Carter
 Leo Couch
 Paul C. Boudine
 Russell E. Skall

ACT IV -- THE GAMES THEY PLAY

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 4.—Grimy Pittsburgh Stadium shone dully under a toasting autumnal sun this afternoon as some 64,333 sunkissed, soot-covered spectators—first capacity crowd here since the halcyon days of Marsh Goldberg—watched and waited.

Watching, they saw a scrappy Panther football team stem the Notre Dame tide until a flood of Irish substitutes coupled with the uncompromising heat, finally to overwhelm a virtually one-string Pitt eleven in a 40-6 defeat.

Waiting, they failed to see the visitors from South Bend assume their 1946 championship mein which had been so glowingly reissued them this season by grid experts.

The Panthers had obviously polished their available talent in last week's tussle with Illinois, while for Notre Dame it was the initial clash of the '47 season—and they showed it. Reportedly sluggish and far off stride in practice sessions this fall, the Irish looked every bit the part, gaining a paltry 209 yards rushing and being guilty of six fumbles. It was only John Lujack with his devastating arm who saved the varsity from sinking into oblivion on offense.

The first Notre Dame touchdown of the '47 season came after six minutes of play, the honors going to Terry Brennan who wound up a 57-yard drive by ramming over from the three. The march was sparked by a Lujack pass to Jim Martin good for 34 yards and a first down on the Pitt 14. Earley's conversion sent the Leahymen ahead, 7-0. The Panther's countered midway in the second stanza when Frank Tri-pucka, gazing downfield from the Irish 21 in search of pass receivers, was hit and fumbled, McPeak recovering for the Pennsylvanians. Four plays placed the pigskin on the Notre Dame 11, first and ten. On fourth down DiPasqua elected to run the injured and absent Moose Connor's left tackle slot. It was good judgment on the part of Pitt's quarterback for the play picked up the necessary seven yards and a touchdown.

Twelve seconds before the second quarter ended, Lujack again inserted himself into the proceedings and fired a 9-yard flat pass to end Doug Waybright who stood unencumbered on the Panther goal line. The Irish had taken possession of the ball on their own 20 following Hardisty's punt into the end zone. Brennan and Gompers shared chores with Lujack's accurate arm in bringing the ball to the Pitt 30 where Johnny again faded as if to pass but changed his mind and hoofed it down to the nine, where he was knocked out of bounds. At this juncture, John whipped incompletely to Brennan but made amends on the next play by hitting Waybright and paydirt. The clock ran out after Earley missed the up-rights and the visitors romped off the field leading, 13-6.

Leon Hart kicked off for the Irish to open the second half. Three running plays netted Pittsburgh only one yard, but Hardisty's spiralling 57-yard boot set Notre Dame back on their own 18. Red Sitko scooted 13 yards in two tries before Lujack resumed his aerial attack. Waiting until fourth down Lujack dropped back and winged to Martin for the third Rambler score. Fred Earley booted his second conversion in three tries and the scoreboard read, Notre Dame 20, Pittsburgh 6.

With the fourth quarter came the Irish rebellion. Having refused to surrender more than one score per quarter, the single-string Panther hide finally wore thin and was pierced for 20 points. Bob Livingstone and Coy McGee lugged thirty yards overland enabling Lujack once again to pick out his target—this time Leon Hart. Earley's boot made it 27-6. A recovered fumble and one play, a twisting sprint over left tackle, was all Coy McGee required to cover the distance. The score rested temporarily at 33-6. Lank Smith soon shook loose and only stopped after 17 yards to avoid hitting a goal post. Wee Fred Earley sent his fifth placement over the crossbars and Notre Dame had neatly disposed of the Panthers from Pittsburgh, 40-6.

Scene 1---A New Season Opens...

Notre Dame 40 Pittsburgh 6

By BOB LEANDER



Strohmeyer (60) and Wendell (58) close in on Pitt's Robinson as he lunges for a pass which sailed by out of reach.



Lancaster Smith (20) flies into the air after being hit by a Pitt tackler. Oracko (39) and Pitt's Shanta (83) move in.

Scene 2---Lujack Up, Critics Down

Notre Dame 22 Purdue 7

By PETE BROWN



T-Master Lujack gallops past Purdue's Feldkircher for a long gain. Wendell (58) and Fischer (72) form his rear guard.



A pair of Boilermaker tacklers play tug-of-war with Floyd Simmons and Joe Signaigo (foreground) lays watching.

WEST LAFAYETTE, Ind., Oct. 11.—A once-defeated Purdue football team today displayed the greatest form reversal of any one team in this young season. The Boilermakers threw up a defense that held Notre Dame to three touchdowns and a fieldgoal as the Irish triumphed 22-7.

On the first play from scrimmage after Purdue took the opening kickoff, Quarterback Bob DeMoss threw a wild pitch on a shovel lateral to the left. Before the Purdue backfield could gather their wits, John Panelli was on the ball giving Notre Dame possession on the Boilermaker 21-yard line. In six plays the Irish had picked up a first down inside the ten, but penalties moved the ball back to the 21. On the seventh play after the fumble John Lujack hit Terry Brennan in the end zone with a pass for six points. Steve Oracko missed his first try for the conversion, but the Purdue line was offside and on the second try Oracko made the point good to put the Irish ahead 7-0.

Later in the same period Purdue started its move. Interference was ruled on a pass from DeMoss to Ned Maloney, Purdue end, giving the Boilermakers a first down on the Irish nine-yard line. Three plays later Purdue was in the same spot, so on fourth down DeMoss unlimbered his throwing arm and connected to Harry Szulborski in the end zone. Art Haverstock kicked the extra point. This marked the first time that a team had made a conversion against Notre Dame since the end of the 1945 season.

Purdue was on its way to another score later in the first period when a fumble on the Irish 29 upset the march and gave Notre Dame another break which led to a touchdown. After two running plays and an offside penalty, Lujack threw a pass to Larry Coutre who was brought down on the Boilermaker 21. Then Lujack faded to pass but found it more expedient to run. He crossed the goal line unmolested. The play covered 21 yards. Oracko failed to convert.

In the second quarter the Purdue forwards tightened their grip on the Irish offense. Only once in the quarter were the Irish able to move into scoring territory, but the attack slowed down on the Purdue 11 where it was fourth down and one. Rather than try for the first down, the Irish called upon Oracko who kicked a field goal from the 18, putting the Irish out in front 16-7. It was the first field goal that Notre Dame had scored since the Navy game in 1942. The half ended with Notre Dame holding the lead.

The final score of the game came in the third period after Coy McGee fielded a Purdue punt on his own 40 and side-stepped and feinted his way back to the Purdue 17. After a few thrusts at the line by the Irish backs, Floyd Simmons carried the ball into the end zone from the three. Oracko again failed in his conversion attempt.

Purdue, which had dropped an early season game to Wisconsin, was not given a chance to put up a battle with the Irish. But the Boilermakers thought differently and from the opening kickoff to the final whistle they made it a battle. The ends Clyde Grimenstein, Bob Heck and Maloney kept the Irish wide run attack bottled up all afternoon. The defensive work of these three left the Irish with but one recourse, the forward pass, which Lujack and Frank Tri-pucka used on 26 occasions. The two hit their receivers 16 times for 184 yards. On the ground Purdue outrushed Notre Dame 128 yards to 89 chiefly through the efforts of Harry Szulborski and Norm Adams. The game sent Irish rooters and critics home with the question on their lips, "What's wrong with Notre Dame?"

The game heralded as a battle of beefy lines turned into a romping revue for scampering halfbacks as stubborn Nebraska succumbed before Notre Dame's concentrated land and air attack, 31-0.

A capacity throng of 56,000 sun-drenched fans saw the Irish open a four-game backyard stand by outplaying the undermanned Cornhuskers in all departments to regain a capsule of their pre-season reputation, fastly waning in the past two games. With Johnny Lujack masterminding the T, Notre Dame piled up 20 first downs to the Huskers' nine; covered 255 yards in land skirmish to 149 for its heavier adversary; completed 10 out of 17 passes for 135 net yards while Nebraska's Del Weigand was hard-pressed to get across a lone heave out of eight tries for a trifling four yards.

Yet the leading men of this afternoon's pigskin panorama were not the big, bruising linemen, but a trio of swift scat backs led by one Coy McGee, whose spine-tingling display of halfback choreography had the crowd on its feet during much of the game. Seasoning his role with pre-punt return gymnastics, McGee picked up 66 yards in 10 shots at the Husker line. In the other stellar roles were Emil Sitko, top ground gainer of the day with 53 yards in five attempts and Terry Brennan, the Irish workhorse, with 42 yards in eight tries.

Notre Dame began its first touchdown drive toward the end of the first period. Starting at the 26-yard line, John Panelli, Mike Swistowicz, Larry Coutre, and McGee picked up five straight first downs to bring the ball to the Nebraska eight from which point Panelli drove over for the marker. Oracko failed to convert.

The Irish picked up their next touchdown at the start of the second period as Swistowicz moved the ball from Notre Dame's 45 to Nebraska's 33 in three smashes off right tackle. Frank Tripucka flipped a pass to Brennan who galloped 22 more yards. With three more shots at the Nebraska line Swistowicz carried the mail over for the second score. Once again Oracko's toe failed to yield the extra point.

McGee set the stage for the third touchdown, returning a Husker punt 35 yards to midfield. Lujack hit Swistowicz for 36 yards and a first down on the Nebraska 14 and then McGee wiggled through tackle on a quick-opener to scamper across standing up. This time Fred Earley tried his luck with the toe and scored a bullseye.

A 91-yard march netted the fourth tally early in the last period. Sitko opened the proceedings with a 33-yard slash off tackle, followed by successive thrusts by McGee, Bill Gay and himself before Tripucka completed a 20-yard aerial to Gay to put the ball on the Nebraska 13. A penalty pushed it back to the 18, but a pass to Sitko picked up four yards, and another to Waybright notched the score. Earley's kick was wide.

Nebraska fumbled the ensuing kickoff and George Stroh-meyer recovered for the Irish. In successive line plays, Sitko, Gay and Floyd Simmons moved the mail to the Husker 10, where Sitko capped the afternoon's touchdown proceedings with a 10-yard jaunt around left end after a shovel pass from Tripucka. Earley's kick was blocked.

The game was the rubber match of the Irish-Husker series, leaving Notre Dame with six victories against five for Nebraska. One game ended in a tie.

Scene 3---Old Rivalry Resumed, As ...

Notre Dame 31 Nebraska 0

By ED SNYDER



Michaels (45), Spaniel (28), and Carter (51) converge upon Nebraska's Mueller in fourth quarter of home opener.



Coy McGee, whose scampering antics thrilled 56,000 fans, decoys Nebraska's Becker to the turf during a long run.



Iowa's King (12) makes a futile lunge for Terry Brennan who gallops to N. D.'s second touchdown in the second period.

Rain threatened teasingly and the crowd sat speculatively this gray, gloomy afternoon. But the Notre Dame football squad solemnly went about its business of accomplishing four ends all within the space of two hours before a sellout crowd of 56,000 in the Notre Dame Stadium: it played as hard as was necessary to defeat ever dangerous Iowa, 21-0; it evened the all-time series with Iowa at three victories apiece; it restored itself to No. 1 position in the national rankings; and it convinced many a sportswriter that he labored under misapprehensions.

From Des Moines, Davenport, Sioux City, Marshalltown, Missouri Valley, and even little Boone came the Hawkeye hopefuls to watch their team try to recapture the Indian sign it once had on Notre Dame. Back to the farms, back to the offices went the Hawkeye hopefuls nodding, somewhat incredibly, but convinced that the Irish and Frank Leahy had meant business.

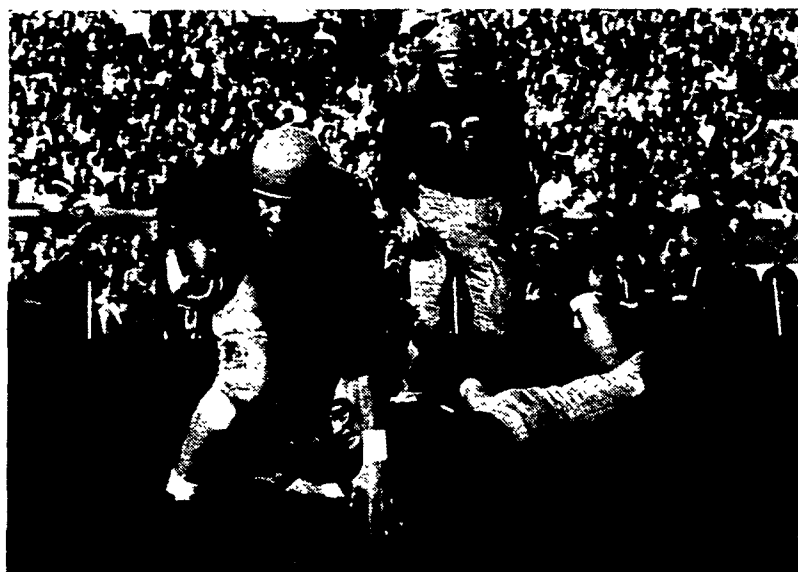
Despite what any dope sheet had to say, Iowa, like all its predecessors on the Notre Dame schedule, had pointed for this one since way back when you were lolling on the beach last June. And the Hawks played that way, too. Rousing them on was its student-cheering section and a very well organized, 100-piece band, part of the Iowa student trip.

The game was about three plays old when Billy Walsh, the Jersey Jumbo, recovered an Iowa fumble on the Hawkeye 29. It was one of Iowa's few fumbles of the afternoon but a very costly one. With Lujack at the controls and mix-

Scene 4---Hawkeyes Fall in Line...

Notre Dame 21
Iowa 0

By DAVE WARNER



Iowa's Schoener heads for a fall after being thrown off balance by Jim Martin (on the ground) while returning a punt.

ing his plays expertly, he sent Brennan off tackle in two plays for sixteen yards. The Comet hit Jungle Jim Martin with a bullet pass for a first down. Then Brennan knifing nicely through the Iowa defense, went over. Freddy "The Foot" Earley converted his first of three successes for the afternoon, and the game took on the appearance of a rout.

Usually though, you don't rout a club which has Eddie Anderson, Jack Meagher, and Frank Carideo on its coaching staff. Still, it continued to look that way when Coy McGee, the Texas looper, returned a punt to midfield. Red Sitko dashed, slammed and hurdled to the Iowa 18. Again, Terry Brennan, playing one of the most brilliant games of his college career, galloped like a man possessed for the second T.D. Four players had shots at him; nobody stopped him.

Iowa, striving desperately to draw even, fought back fortuitously for the most part. Into the game came one of its top-billed performers. Al DiMarco, the mighty mite from Mason City. DiMarco, though always a threat, didn't put on the show that was expected of him. Frequently, he was smothered by the charging Irish forward wall; at other times he never came near his target. The one Hawkeye threat that really smelled of touchdown vintage was a thing of beauty. Just after the second half had gotten under way Emlen (The Gremlin) Tunnell slanted off tackle between Connor and Martin, a rare feat in itself. Tunnell, suddenly realizing that those gates open seldom, made the most of it. He reversed his field and sauntered 65 yards before being forced out on the 10 by Brennan and Lujack who had shrewdly jockeyed the runner and blocker close to the sidelines all the way down.

From here on, Lujack, wary of opponents' scouts, used basic plays to direct a 98-yard drive which was interrupted only briefly by a Sitko fumble. Larry Coutre sliced off guard from the Iowa one for the final tally.

Both teams had touchdowns nullified, but the one in which Frank Tripucka pitched a 30-yard toss to Bill Wightkin was one of the best executed plays of the game. That one was a symphony in faking. McGee and Billy Gay were great little crowd-pleasers catching the fancy with their dippy-doodle running. On the line there was many an able hand but Bob Lally from South Euclid, Ohio, was red hot! On six successive running plays he personally brought, or assisted in bringing, the runner down.



Bill Fischer charges in to haul down Navy's McCully after a short gain.



Navy tackler tugs at Terry Brennan whose expression gives a plea for help.



Irish secondary, Brennan (left) and Lujack, bring Navy's Hawkins to a dead stop.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 1.—Like a blind elephant throwing his ponderous weight around in all directions, sometimes stumbling and generally looking somewhat clumsy as a striking force, but always wreaking havoc and consternation on all sides of him, Notre Dame's unstoppable football team today crashed through Navy, 27-0, for its fifth straight victory.

Over a thousand Notre Damers, in Cleveland on the annual student trip, were on hand to watch the fun, and the Irish, aided by clear skies, still air and bright sunshine strangely suited to All Saints Day, did their best to make the trip a complete success.

It was an ideal day for passing, and Johnny Lujack and his suddenly-sensational understudy, Frank Tripucka, passed the Middies off their poop deck. Two aeriels accounted for the first two touchdowns in the first and second quarters, one a 29-yard pitch from Lujack to Terry Brennan and the other a 31-yard fling from Tripucka to Leon Hart. In the third period, Brennan's one-yard plunge and Bob Livingstone's 42-yard romp with a stolen Navy pass finished the day's work. Faithful Fred Earley converted after all but the second score.

The dozen Army scouts who helped set an all-time crowd record of 84,117 for Cleveland's Municipal Stadium must have gone back to West Point feeling bitterly frustrated, for Notre Dame showed nothing but straight football.

Except for a single spectacular play, most of the game's highlights came on the passes of Lujack and Tripucka. Lujack, operating in standard form, completed ten of 18 throws for 172 yards; Tripucka, rendering his peak performance of the year, completed eight of nine for 136 yards.

Lujack brought the mob roaring to its feet in the second quarter when, with the ball on the N. D. six, he dropped back for a pass, saw a hole, and galloped 72 yards before being nailed on the Navy 22. Unfortunately his anti-climactic fumble gave Navy the ball right there. John's run, longest of the day, did much to build up Notre Dame's total ground gain of 185 yards.

Navy plugged away at the Irish defense for a good total of 131 yards on the ground and 112 in the air, but threatened seriously only twice. With second and third stringers in for N. D., the middies moved on passes to the 21 in the third quarter and to the three in the fourth, but couldn't do much more about it.

The first Irish score came at 12:03 of the first period. After both teams had fooled around for a while, Leon Hart hopped on a Navy fumble on the Middies' 42. Emil Sitko went off guard for ten yards and a first down, and he and Terry Brennan picked up three more on a couple of shots at the line. Then Lujack, running wide to his right, flipped a 29-yarder to Brennan deep in the end zone. Nobody was near Terry as he raced down the field and into the right corner to snag the pass.

Notre Dame scored again in the second period soon after Lujack's ramble had put the ball deep in Navy territory. A few plays after John's fumble, fullback Bill Hawkins obligingly gave the ball right back. This time John Framp-ton made the recovery on the Navy 38. Tripucka tossed to Bill Wightkin for seven and then hit the towering Hart as he crossed the goal line. The T. D. came at 4:40.

Another recovered fumble spread the carpet for the first score in the third quarter. Again it was omnipresent Leon Hart on the spot, this time on the N. D. 46. Passes to Brennan and Jim Martin ate up most of the yardage, and Brennan bucked over at 7:10.

Bob Livingstone added the fourth and final touchdown when he fielded a Navy pass with ten seconds left in the third period and scurried 42 yards down the left sidelines.

The unqualified success of the Irish aerial attack in today's scrimmage threw a significant light on next week's feud-ending fuss with Army. As the Notre Dame students filed out this afternoon, the "Go Irish; Beat Army!" chant rolled across the vast spaces of the Stadium.

Scene 5---Middies Bite the Dust...

Notre Dame 27
Navy 0

By BOB STOCK

Scene 6---Famous Series Ends . . .

Notre Dame 27 Army 7

By JIM BUTZ

Before an all-time record crowd in Notre Dame Stadium of 59,171 the Fighting Irish ripped the vaunted Army line to shreds and piled up a 27-7 victory over the Cadets on November 8 in the temporary finale of the greatest series in collegiate football history.

Just as their predecessors of 34 years ago, the 1947 Notre Dame squad surprised Army with their offensive play. Disdaining their powerful air attack, the nation's second best at the time, the Irish struck early and often along the ground to roll up 361 yards net from rushing, the medium which accounted for all four of their scores.

The death knell for Army hopes was sounded in the opening 18 seconds by Terence Patrick Brennan who gathered in Mackmull's kickoff on his five-yard line with a fine over-the-shoulder catch and threaded his way 95 yards down the west sidelines to score. Brennan was aided by some fine blocks thrown by Jim Martin, George Connor, Bill Fischer, and Bill Walsh, but he used each block skillfully and picked his way through until he reached his 25 from where he simply out-ran everyone. Earley added the seventh point as the crowd went delirious with joy at the prospect of an Irish scoring orgy.

Army received the next kickoff and was forced to punt after gaining a first down, Notre Dame taking over on its own 20. In just thirteen plays Notre Dame had covered the 80 yards to paydirt. Terry Brennan carried on six of the plays, gaining 29 of the yards, and adding a second tally to his brilliant opening run. The march was a masterpiece of quarterbacking by Johnny Lujack who came up with several "surprises" for the Cadets at moments when it seemed as though the Irish attack would stall. Earley missed his conversion try, but with more than six minutes of the



Emil Sitko scampers out of the reach of Army's Lunn, who trips teammate Trent (80) with his futile maneuver.

first period remaining, Notre Dame led 13-0, and it seemed as though the slaughter was to be realized.

The Army showed its mettle, however, by driving to the Irish 35 after the next kickoff before being halted. Gillette featured the drive, picking up 28 yards in three attempts through the line.

The remainder of the first half saw both teams battle back and forth with Notre Dame having a little the better of it. Early in the second period the Irish began to roll from their own 14, and they swept Army back to its own 10-yard line where the soldiers stiffened and, aided by a penalty, stopped the drive.

Cadet rooters got a momentary thrill late in the second period when Galiffa recovered Simmons' fumble. The nimble Galiffa faded back and tossed a beautiful pass downfield to halfback Winfield Scott who was behind the Irish secondary, but he dropped the ball inside the 25-yard line.

Largely due to a fumbled kickoff, Army was in a constant hole in the third quarter until Livingstone capped a 47-yard Irish march by scoring from six yards out. Swistowicz and Livingstone sparked the Irish, and Fred Earley converted to make the count read 20-0.

The Army attack, which had sputtered several times earlier, finally began to roar late in the third stanza, and Rowan, Stuart, and Galiffa paced the Black Knights as they swept 56 yards down the field through an Irish line that had been unscored upon for 18 consecutive periods. The quarter ended with Army threatening on Notre Dame's 23-yard line.

Elwyn "Rip" Rowan bucked over from the four in two tries to climax Army's one scoring drive of the afternoon. Capt. Joe Steffy added the extra point from placement.

Stung by Army's touchdown, the Irish retaliated by smashing 80 yards on the ground in 11 plays. Mike Swistowicz and Larry Coutre were the big guns in this sequence, the two Chicago sophomores ripping through Army's forwards for huge gains. Coutre tallied from 11 yards out and Earley added the 27th and final point for Notre Dame.

The remainder of the game saw Army filling the air with desperation heaves, few of which connected. And it was a Brennan who ended the game in Notre Dame's favor just as a Brennan started the Irish off on the right foot. Jim Brennan, brother of Terry, intercepted a wayward Cadet aerial to finish the day's activities.



Brennan circles Army's end while Martin (left) blocks out Yeoman. Others: Henry (63), Walsh (46), Steffy (61), Lujack (32)

Cadets Invade N. D. Campus



BLUE CIRCLE'S JERRY HEKKER WELCOMES
REGIMENTAL COMMANDER BRASWELL



MAJ. GEN. MAXWELL D. TAYLOR, RIGHT, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ACADEMY
AND BRIG. GEN. BURDETT FITCH WERE THE GAME GUESTS OF THE PRESIDENT



CLASHMORE MIKE LEAPS INTO THE AIR AT HIS INTRODUC-
TION TO ARMY'S MULE, SEEMINGLY BORED WITH IT ALL



CADETS GIVE THEIR VOCAL CHORDS A WORKOUT IN HOPES
OF INCITING THEIR TEAM TO ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN



SOME OF THE VISITORS ATTENDED THE VICTORY DANCE WITH DATES
FROM ST. MARY'S AND FOUND A HOSPITABLE WELCOME AWAITING THEM



CADETS WAVE GOODBYES UPON EMBARK-
ING FOR THE POINT AFTER SWELL TIME

Scene 7---The Score of the Year...

Notre Dame 26 Northwestern 19

By JOE WILCOX

CHICAGO, Nov. 15—Chicago, on a foul November day with rain mingling with the mist and smog, is not a pleasant place to watch a football game. Notre Dame's Fighting Irish, who came out on the long end of a sparse 26-19 score, found out that it was definitely not a pleasant place to play one. Rolling over Northwestern in the statistics, Notre Dame piled up 284 yards rushing to a mere 49 for the Purple. For once in their lives, sports writers who had been saying "anything can happen when Notre Dame plays Northwestern" had their trite predictions come true. Northwestern turned out to be a tougher tribe of Wildcats than anybody supposed, least of all the Irish. They were not nice kittens.

Notre Dame started out as if the afternoon were going to be one big practice session. With less than seven minutes of the game gone, Notre Dame drove from its own forty-yard line to score when Panelli, who had featured the Irish drive downfield, took the ball over the Wildcat goal from the nine-yard line. Earley's kick failed.

Then, a mere 90 seconds later, Notre Dame struck again, this time through the air. When Northwestern fumbled the kickoff on their own 8-yard line, Notre Dame recovered. After several incomplete passes, Lujack finally dropped a shot into the waiting arms of Terry Brennan, who stepped over the goal to make the score read Notre Dame 12, Northwestern 0. This time Earley's kick was good.

It began to look like a rout. The 48,000 fans who had braved the afternoon's elemental outrage began to squirm in their seats and wish that they were home by the fireside. However, after an intercepted pass, Northwestern found itself on Notre Dame's fifteen-yard line. Then, following a pass which set the Wildcats on the five-yard line in the first play of the second quarter, Northwestern finally crossed the goal on its fourth try. The kick was wide.

On an exhibition of acrobatics by Lancaster Smith, Notre Dame scored once again late in the second quarter. After Smith had stepped out of the end zone on a pass thrown by Frank Tripucka from the Northwestern 21-yard line, "Trip" threw another one from the Northwestern 37, where a holding penalty had set back the Irish. This pass clicked, as Smith made a baseball catch over the goal. Earley's kick was good, and the score was Notre Dame 20, Northwestern 6, when the gun went off ending the half.

After Northwestern had kicked off to the Irish to start the second half, they stopped a sustained Irish drive on their own 9. From there, via a series of long passes from Burson to Vuravleff, the Wildcats drove to Notre Dame's 9. The Irish held for three plays, but when Brennan slipped and fell in the end zone covering a fourth down pass from Burson to Aschenbrenner, Northwestern had another six points. The try for the extra point was blocked, but the Wildcats were within eight points of Notre Dame.

Notre Dame came back in the opening moments of the fourth quarter to score its fourth and final touchdown. The Irish went from the Northwestern 38 across the goal line with Lujack tossing a six-yard pass to Hart for the counter. Earley's extra point attempt was blocked.

But Northwestern wasn't done. With Notre Dame deep in its own territory, Frank Tripucka gambled with a third down pass from his own ten-yard line. On the slippery turf his receiver stumbled and the pass fell into the grasping arms of a covetous Northwestern man, who galloped over the goal unscathed. The kick was good, and Northwestern trailed by only one touchdown.

With the first team in again, the Irish drove to the Northwestern one-yard line before a fumble restored the ball to Northwestern's possession. On the next play, Northwestern also fumbled, but the game ended one play later.



Panelli (67) skirts Northwestern's end pursued by Wiltgen (86) with Brennan leading the way. Others from left to right: Burson (21), Tunnecliff (15), Everist (30), Carle (69), Fischer (72), Hart (82), Perricons (34), Martin (38), Wendell (58), Eggers (79) (being blocked by Connor), Walsh (46), Day (60), Ford (73), Czarobski (on the ground), Gorski (82), and Lujack (32)... Note all 22 men are in the picture. (Chicago Sun Photo)

The Notre Dame power plant exploded again this afternoon before 57,000 chilled witnesses and an equally cold Tulane team. The final was a 59-6 triumph gained by an endless array of glittering backs operating behind a fierce-charging line.

"Moose" Krause, directing the attack in place of the absent Frank Leahy, saw his lads roll up a total of 559 yards while amassing the highest point total of any Leahy team.

Wise patrons streamed in early in case of kickoff spectacles but they had three minutes to wait. Then, Terry Brenann captured an enemy pass on the Tulane 42 and bolted to the five, from where Emil Sitko did the honors in two smashes. Earley's kick was wide.

The Tulane backs only watched the kick-off, so Jim Martin fell on it on the Green Wave's 20. Lujack immediately hit Sitko with an end zone pass which Emil took over his shoulder at full speed. Earley appeared for the second time in a minute and converted.

Tulane successfully fielded the kick-off but was soon forced to punt and the Irish juggernaut proceeded to stage another march. After Sitko's 30-yard dash had placed the ball on the 18, Brennan smashed off guard, slithered off four defenders and angled into the end zone.

After Earley's kick sailed wide, Oracko put his back spin to work again and the ball popped into Leon Hart's hands on the Tulane 37. Then Bill Gompers swept around left end, cut back, and scored standing up behind great downfield blocking. Earley made it 26-0 and the quarter hadn't ended.

Czarobski stopped a budding Green Wave rally by recovering a fumble on the Notre Dame 40 and soon the fifth touchdown was in the making, as Brennan, Gompers and Panelli brought it to the enemy five. Lujack then shot a bullet pass to Brennan in the end zone. Earley, having his worst day of the season, missed again, making it 32-0.

Tulane made its one sustained drive at the start of the second quarter, marching 83 yards from the Irish 17. Price dashed for 20 and a lateral pass brought the ball to the Rambler's 21. Van Meter and Price alternated to the Irish four and Price bulled over on fourth down.

Thrills started early in the third quarter when Bill Gompers, back in top-notch form for the first time this season, shot around end from his own 24 and continued 76 yards for a would-be score which was nullified by a clipping penalty. The march stalled, but only for a time as Jim Martin

Scene 8---Back Up With Vengeance

Notre Dame 59 Tulane 6

By TOM McNALLY

and Bob Livingstone set the scene for Panelli's one-yard thrust. Earley converted to raise the score to 39-6.

Tulane, who made only 19 yards in the second half, was soon forced to punt to Livingstone who picked up a host of blockers and returned the ball 51 yards to the enemy eight. Clatt smashed to the four and then Livingstone made the rest. Earley again made the point.

Fourth period proceedings were conducted principally by third and fourth stringers. Principal workhorse in the first drive was Corny Clatt who bulled his way for runs of 14, 12, and 8 yards before crashing over from the four.

The last few minutes were used to give valuable experience to quarterbacks Gerry Begley and Jake Skall and other newcomers but the score continued to mount. Jim Brennan carried on the family tradition with an eleven-yard dash into the same corner brother Terry had previously visited in the first quarter and Earley's successful kick made it 5 out of 9 for Fred and 59 for Notre Dame.

However, there was bad news along with the good as Emil Sitko and Terry Brennan both joined the injured list. Emil, who was hurt in last year's Tulane game too, suffered an injured ankle in the first quarter and Brennan was later carried off with a torn ligament in the knee.

The statistics were staggering: the Irish amassed 24 first downs to Tulane's seven in addition to their 559 total yards.



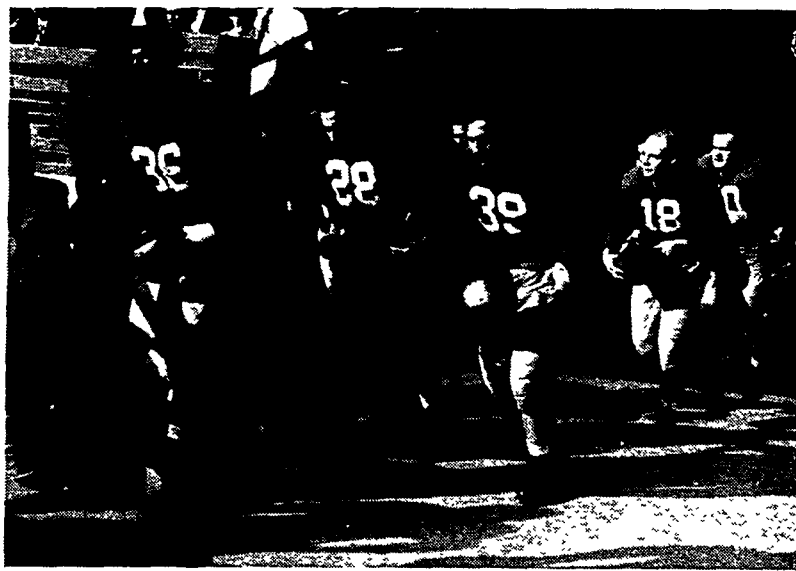
Cornie Clatt plunges into Tulane secondary as Signaigo (left) and Fischer (center) clear out the opposition.



Panelli gives Tulane's Van Meter a straight arm in the neck as Svoboda (88) prepares to lend a hand in the tackle.



After 24 hours aboard a train and cavorting about Cleveland weary student trippers sacked in on cots at Public Auditorium



The Fighting Irish thunder out of the dressing room and on to the field while a jammed stadium cheers encouragement.

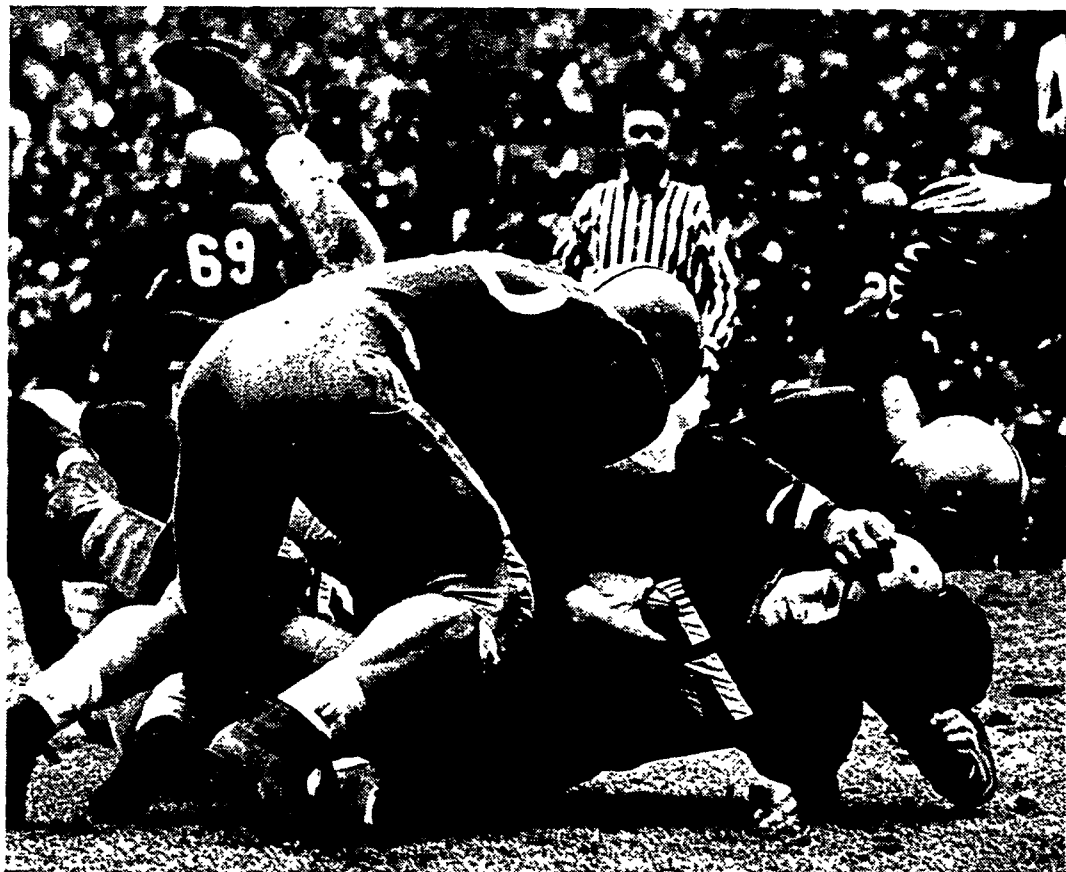


Paule Croset, RKO's ascending starlet, in a radio interview during Nebraska game



Coach Leahy's throne stands vacant as he missed Tulane game to scout Southern Cal

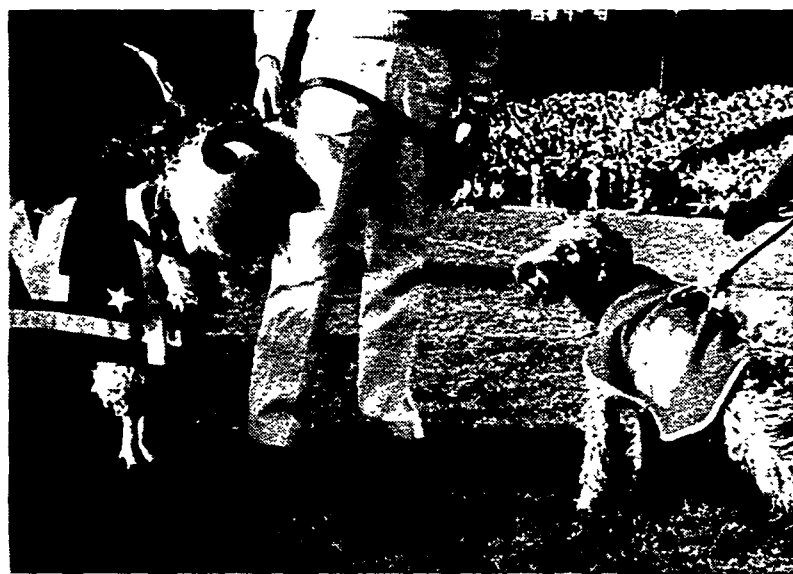
Pictorial Highlight



Legs protrude at all angles as Tulane tacklers smash Mike Swistowicz to the earth, ripping off his helmet. Note grimace on Mike's face. SCHOLASTIC Photo Editor J. Ferstel considers this one of his best action shots of the season.



Television came to Notre Dame stadium for the last three home games. Here the camera sweeps the field for a panoramic shot.



Clashmore Mike completely ignores Navy's goat at their meeting in Cleveland Stadium to cast a cocky eye toward the camera

of the Past Season



Pat O'Brien, the screen's Knute Rockne, chats with Lt. Gen. Kenney at Army game



The tables are turned as grid star stands by while photographer poses. Ferstel caught this interesting study during spring practice as LIFE'S Hy Peskin leaped into the air to show Johnny Lujack the type of pose he wanted.



This study of twisted torsoes at Navy game gives a graphic picture of gridiron grit

Scene 9---Greatest in the Nation...

Notre Dame 38 So. California 7

By JOHN A. O'CONNOR

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 6—Notre Dame's pent-up power burst into glorious flower beneath a dazzling California sun here in Los Angeles' Memorial Coliseum today, as the star-studded Irish trampled the Trojans 38 to 7 before a phenomenal crowd of 104,953. It was the first time in 17 years, since the last great team of the immortal Rockne, that the Blue and Gold from the twin-laked campus near South Bend, had come through the season undefeated and untied. And for Coach Leahy it clinched once again the national championship, the second in a row, and the third since his advent at Notre Dame.

The Irish attack, vicious, hard-thumping, persistent and quick-firing, so astonished the baffled, but tenacious, Trojans that little was left to be said except that once more Notre Dame superiority had been established from coast to coast.

In the first half the contest was at its tightest, and the vanquished were at their best. On the first play from scrimmage Murphy, the Cardinal quarter, bobbled the ball and George Connor, N.D.'s mighty tackle, lunged in for the recovery. Nine plays later, after meeting stubborn, inspired defense from Cravath's crew, Notre Dame went out to a 3-point lead, by virtue of little Fred Earley's angular boot from the 18-yard line.

They battled on, Southern California cheers roaring from an ocean-voiced, white-shirted cheering section. But the Irish wore them down. Lujack, Livingstone and Panelli led the way, and Notre Dame marched 87 yards to tally again in the first minutes of the second period, Sitko belting over from one yard out. Earley's kick was good; 10 to 0.

A few minutes later Jim Powers, Trojan quarter, stepped in to snag an N.D. pass on the Irish 44. The Beverly Hills

Bomber then proceeded to shoot the Ramblers' pass defense full of holes, projecting the Big Red team deep into Notre Dame territory, from where Jack Kirby sprinted over for the lone Trojan score on a fourth down gamble. Walker's kick made it 10-7, and that was the last of the fun for the home team. They cheered mightily, they fought hard, they uncorked some nifty performers in ponderous Jay Perrin, Dean Dill, Paul Cleary, and Powers, but they just didn't have the stuff to withstand the bruising charge of the Irish forwards, or the lightning breakaways of the Leahy backs.

Only once more did the Trojans look threatening, and then Cleary dropped Powers' long desperation heave out in the open.

The second half saw Notre Dame explode in a rash of long runs and an ample ration of touchdowns. Scarcely had the Irish taken possession after the kickoff when Emil Sitko burst through to go all the way, his stumpy legs churning and kicking, 76 yards to touchdown town. Connor's guillotine block on Gray sprung Emil into the open. Earley's goal made it 17-7.

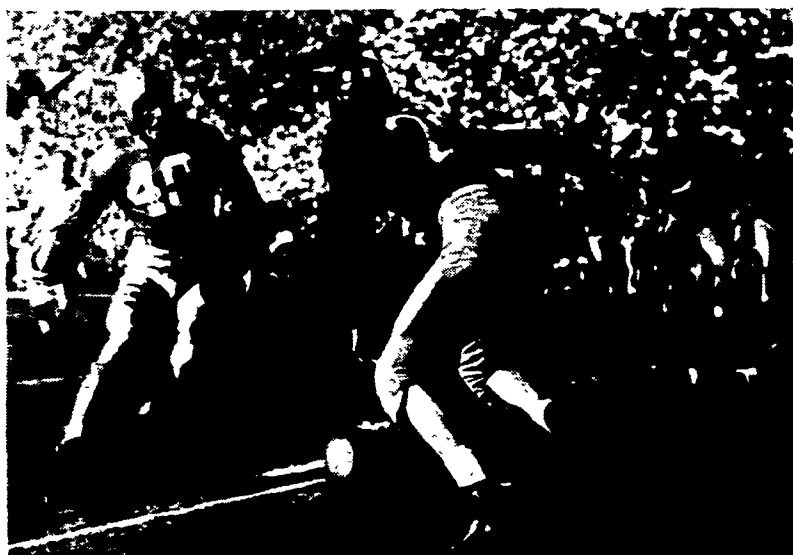
A few minutes later, after Lujack had intercepted a Cardinal pitch, Sitko and Panelli teamed to power the Irish to the 5-yard line, from which point the "Pepper" boomed it across. Earley made it 24-7.

In the fourth stanza the Trojans moved all the way downfield to inside the Irish 10, but Bill Walsh batted down Dill's fourth-down pass and the visitors took over.

With unexpected daring the Irish scored again. This time, after stopping the Trojan march, they struck on the first play upon taking over. Bobby Livingstone, the flashy-eyed favorite, romped 92 yards to stand the mad thousands on their heads and shoot the Irish ahead even farther, this time 31-7, with Earley's perfect placement.

In the dwindling moments of the game, with shadows leaning down from the gray walls of the concrete Coliseum, the fighting Trojans passed in prayerful desperation. Into one such throw loomed the bulky figure of Al Zmijewski, burly Polish tackle from Newark, N. J. Big Al snatched an S.C. lateral and ran 30 yards for the final marker. Earley's try was right on the button. And the spree was over.

The game was highlighted by the inspired play of Connor and Lujack, Ashbaugh, Signaigo, Czarobski, Urban, Sitko, Earley and Bob Livingstone. It was the Irish all the way, a fitting end to a great season, another crown for Notre Dame, another coronet for Leahy, more wonderful memories for the men of Notre Dame.



Bob Livingstone (40) circles the Trojans' right end for a 10-yard advance in the first quarter. U.S.C.'s McCardle prepares to haul him down. (Acme Telephotos)

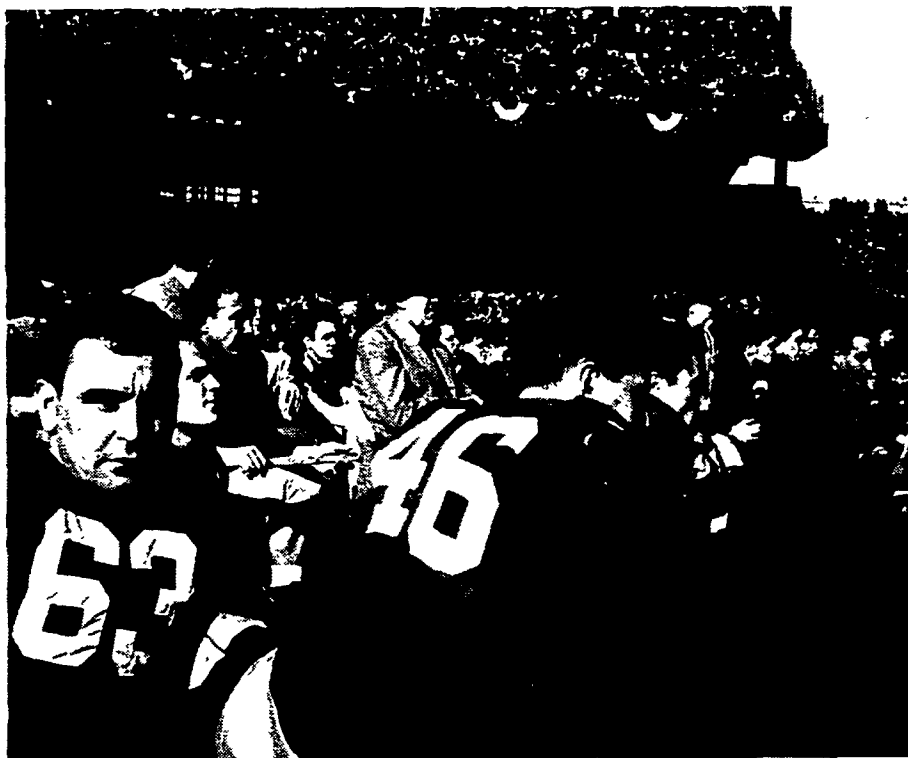


U.S.C.'s McCardle (28) and Clark (60) reach Bob Livingstone (40) as he completes a lateral to Emil Sitko (left) which was good for a 15-yard gain.

Complete 1947 Individual and Team Statistics

Player	Touch-downs	Points After Touchdown	Field Goals	Points	Times Carried	Net Yds. Gained	Average Gain
Lujack	1	0	0	6	12	139	11.1
Martin	1	0	0	6	10	86	8.6
Gompers	1	0	0	6	20	136	6.8
Sitko	5	0	0	30	60	426	7.1
Smith	2	0	0	12	13	70	5.3
Swistowicz	1	0	0	6	58	257	4.4
McGee	2	0	0	12	36	158	4.4
T. Brennan	11	0	0	66	87	404	4.6
Clatt	1	0	0	6	11	49	4.4
J. Brennan	1	0	0	6	4	18	4.5
Coutre	2	0	0	12	34	127	3.7
Panelli	4	0	0	24	72	254	3.5
Spaniel	0	0	0	0	4	13	3.3
Gay	0	0	0	0	12	36	3.0
Le Cluyse	0	0	0	0	3	9	3.0
Wightkin	0	0	0	0	1	3	3.0
Livingstone	4	0	0	24	45	242	5.5
Simmons	1	0	0	6	23	35	1.5
Brown	0	0	0	0	2	3	1.5
Tripucka	0	0	0	0	5	-36	-7.2
Hart	3	0	0	18	0	0	0.0
Waybright	2	0	0	12	0	0	0.0
Earley	0	26	1	29	0	0	0.0
Oracko	0	1	1	4	0	0	0.0
Zmijewski	1	0	0	6	0	0	0.0
Totals (Team)	43	27	2	291	512	2429	4.7

Player	Passes Attemp.	Passes Compl.	Passes Had Int.	TD Passes	Pct.	Net Yds. Gained	Passes Rec'd.	Net Yds. Gained	Passes Int. by	Yds. Int. Ret.
Tripucka	44	25	1	3	.567	422	0	0	0	0
Lujack	109	61	8	9	.559	777	0	0	3	53
Brown	1	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	0	0
T. Brennan	0	0	0	0	.000	0	16	191	1	36
Martin	0	0	0	0	.000	0	13	170	0	0
Wightkin	0	0	0	0	.000	0	11	149	0	0
Hart	0	0	0	0	.000	0	9	158	0	0
McGee	0	0	0	0	.000	0	7	92	0	0
Coutre	0	0	0	0	.000	0	4	87	1	5
Sitko	0	0	0	0	.000	0	4	48	0	0
Waybright	0	0	0	0	.000	0	4	47	0	0
Simmons	0	0	0	0	.000	0	4	32	0	0
Livingstone	0	0	0	0	.000	0	3	73	2	45
Swistowicz	0	0	0	0	.000	0	2	37	1	18
Gay	0	0	0	0	.000	0	2	20	0	0
Smith	0	0	0	0	.000	0	1	37	1	6
Leonard	0	0	0	0	.000	0	1	15	0	0
Espanan	0	0	0	0	.000	0	1	15	0	0
Panelli	0	0	0	0	.000	0	3	27	0	0
Compers	0	0	0	0	.000	0	1	1	0	0
J. Brennan	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	1	0
Zmijewski	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	1	30
Totals	154	86	9	12	.558	1199	86	1199	11	193



OUTSIDE THE SPOTLIGHT

Each fall America's football fans are entertained by the galaxy of gridiron greats who bask in the limelight made so brilliant by the incomparable color of big-time college football. There are others, however, through whose efforts these stars gain their lustre, and there are the stars themselves, off the field and on the sidelines. For the closing act of its pig-skin panorama, SCHOLASTIC takes its readers behind the scenes of Notre Dame football for a glimpse of the men who played, equipped, trained, publicized, understudied and made colorful the great Fighting Irish team of 1947.

ON THE SIDELINES . . .

ACT V

. . . AND BACKSTAGE

ABOVE: Myriad players surround Coach Leahy (center) awaiting their crack at Navy's grid machine. LEFT: Sitko, Connor, Smith, Ashbaugh, and Tripucka fill in spare moments with a game of cards.



HUGH BURNS - -

By BOB VIERHILE

Many a football fan, stoutly convinced that football is 90 per cent tomfoolery, gives out with a big belly laugh whenever he reads about an injury to a star player. "He wasn't hurt," the skeptic smirks. "The coach is only trying to make his team look bad so the bettors can smoke out some of that underdog dough before Saturday."

If the gents with the galloping tongues could look into the Notre Dame training room after a bone-crushing scrimmage, their chins might quickly drop to half-mast. To Trainer Hugh Burns, director of Notre Dame's Department of Cuts and Bruises, the injury list is no social register. He repairs black eyes, twisted cartilages, sprained ankles, and wrenched shoulders that were products of the football field, not of a sports scribe's typewriter. A football player on the bench is worth a hundred in the infirmary; that's what makes Hugh Burns' job the most important of any on the training staff.

The man entrusted with keeping Notre Dame athletes in top physical condition is medium in stature but giant in skill and confidence. As Irish as the shillelagh, he is a graduate of Notre Dame ('39), a dynamic worker, a warm personality, and a sound Catholic husband and citizen. To the boys on the dressing tables and under the heat lamps, Hugh is "the guy who will lend you five bucks without asking you for a pint of blood as security."

Some months ago, as he was about to close his office in the field house, a student tore through the door and asked him if he would patch up his bleeding nose. "Sure, but how did you get it?" Hugh asked. "I—I got it in a bridge game," the student replied. Hugh threw in a smile when he said it, then went to the medicine shelf for a swab of cotton.

Burns, who is 31 and looks even younger, tempers his enthusiasm with consideration for the facts of physical conditioning. Says he: "I believe the first commandment of athletics is the prevention of injuries. A player who forgets about physical and mental conditioning and relies entirely on his hip and shoulder pads for protection is a detriment to sport and his fellow players."

For three years, he has carried on a hammer-and-tongs campaign against injuries. He took charge of the training tables, introduced a special balanced diet. He designed his own calisthenics aimed at tight joints and muscles. This year he wrapped 316,000 yards of tape around weak ankles, knees, and wrists to prevent sprains and breaks. His office is equipped with the latest in whirlpool baths, electric massagers, and ultra-violet lamps. Commented a husky fullback: "Hugh's got more stuff around here than you'll find in Bellevue Hospital in New York. What amazes me is that he knows how to use it, too."

Hugh was born in Michigan City, Ind., which is almost as much a part of Notre Dame as Farley Hall. Inasmuch as his uncle, the Reverend James A. Burns, C.S.C., was president of the University of Notre Dame from 1919 to 1922, Hugh had a one-way ticket to the Dome. He entered in September 1935, graduated in 1939 with a degree in physical education. His athletic career was limited to the shagging of fly balls

(Continued on Page 54)

... Miles of Tape and Oceans of Wintergreen



"Doc" Burns tapes Halfback Frank Spaniel's ailing shoulder before a gruelling practice session.



Convalescents meet as Wightkin gets a whirlpool treatment for his arm and Czarebski bakes his leg in a heat chamber.



Senior Manager Larry Ryan and his able aide Bill Brown form the braintrust of the quartermaster corps in charge of equipment, travel, etc.

Magazines and radio swamp the reading and listening public with the details of titanic struggles that take place each fall Saturday afternoon over the nation. The headlines scream results from Yankee Stadium and the Coliseum in Los Angeles. Yet, a little more than a 20 or 30-word blurb serves to describe the Armageddon staged daily, Monday through Thursday, on the practice fields.

The Fighting Irish's greatness has been credited to about everything from the excellence of the coaching staff to the Notre Dame spirit, but it is these daily practice sessions on Cartier Field that supply the real answer. Every year scores of Irish stars are graduated and every year from the laboratory on Cartier, Dr. Leahy produces more monsters to haunt the Friday night dreams of the nation's coaches.

Inside the high green fence that circles Cartier Field, the football day starts for Coach Leahy's charges at 3:30 P.M. Most of the players have finished their afternoon classes by that time. When the whole squad hits the field at about 3:30, the calisthenics start. The backs and linemen divide into two groups to go to work under Coaches



Floyd Simmons, Ray Espenan, Jim Brennan and Joe Helwig buckle on their armor in preparation for a gruelling scrimmage on Cartier Field.

Football Games Are Won on Weekdays . . .

By DAVE WARNER and CHICK SLATTERY

Crimmins and Ziemba. Meanwhile, the quarterbacks are off to the side with Coach Leahy practicing their fakes and spins, the essential part of a successful T-formation.

After the calisthenics the guards, tackles and ends move over to one corner of the field with Coaches McArdle, Krause, Druze and Ziemba. There, the bonecrushers practice their blocks and tackles on inanimate objects such as tackling dummies and two and four-man blocking trays. At times the men go to work on each other. On one of the three gridirons the backs practice running and pass catching.

When these rituals have been completed the whole squad is called together for a scrimmage. Before the season and for the first few weeks of the schedule, these scrimmages are run according to game regulations so the players can gain their competitive edge. At other times the scrimmages are more specialized. Punt and pass scrimmages give the squad members a chance to polish the rough edges of their defense against passes and punts. Before games the third and fourth teams are given the opposition's plays to run against the first and second teams. This gives all involved a chance to see what they are getting into on Saturday.

All during the practice sessions Coach Leahy and his assistants keep a watchful eye on the proceedings. They do not let one mistake go uncorrected. At times Leahy climbs to his 15-foot green tower so that he can follow the whole practice with a minimum of motion.

It is little wonder that hulking 200-odd-pound tackles overtake and pull down fleet opposing backs. All week they are either chasing speedsters such as Jimmy Brennan or Frank Spaniel, or Coach Leahy has them taking laps around the practice field or charging 50 to 100 yards in wind sprints. Barging into such granite-like obstacles as guards Jim Dailer and Jack Connor makes Saturday's work like child's play.

When Paul Brown, present head coach of the Cleveland Browns, tutored "Zeke" O'Connor at Great Lakes in 1945, he announced publicly that Zeke was one of the finest ends he had ever coached. The blocking backs don't find their tasks so difficult on Saturdays after they have spent a couple of hours each day trying to move Zeke out of the play.

The spirit that keeps these men coming out night after night to absorb most of the punishment and little of the glory can best be seen in the story about gigantic Emil Ciechanowicz, the largest man on the squad. Coach Ed (Moose) Krause, who is only slightly larger than Emil, patted his charge on the head and told him to get in there and "eat 'em up" on the next four plays. Emil nodded his assent and queried, "OK, coach, but what'll I do on the four after that?" Emil's last name was a stumper for the coaches and his teammates when he first joined the squad. Finally, after much mispronunciation and deliberation, the whole group with Emil's approval decided to call him Chicken-sandwich.

... Daily Practice Sessions Provide the Fighting Irish With the Toughest Football They Encounter All Season

When the backs bounce to their feet after a hard tackle in Saturday's games, the crowd gives them a big hand for their display of intestinal fortitude. But, to those men it is nothing new, they have been taking knocks harder than that from their own teammates, men like centers Art Statuto, Walt Grothaus or Don Carter.

Nobody knows better than the varsity players that at the first sign of a letdown, Tom Saggau, Cliff Wilke, Jerry Begley or Dick Leous will move up to take over the varsity spots. The men on the second and third teams can't afford to coast for a minute because substitutes like Bill Gay and John Sinkovitz are gunning for their spots.

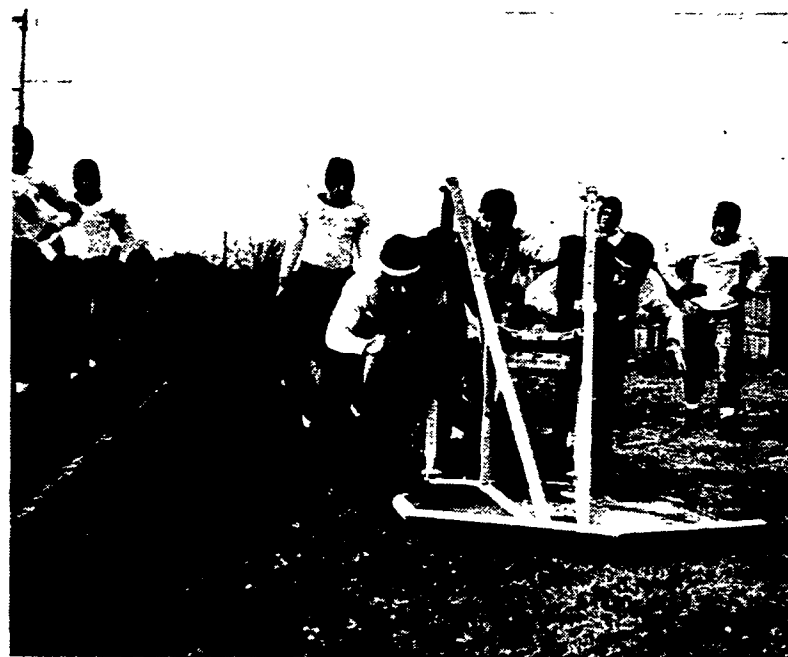
Someone has tagged those men you don't see on Saturdays as "hamburgers." At any other school in the country men like Ray Espenan, Joe Fallon, Bill Leonard, Al Burnett, Ed Hudak, Joe Fallon, Frank Gaul and Bill Russell would be received with open arms, not as hamburgers, but as blue plate specials. The price of hamburger would shoot skyward if Russ Skall, John Jeffers and Len LeCluyse were suddenly put on the market.

Al Zmijewski, a forgotten man as far as Notre Dame tackles went, made only one appearance away from the Notre Dame Stadium this season. In that one appearance he made sure that the people of Southern California will remember his name. In the closing seconds of the USC game he intercepted a lateral pass and returned it for a touchdown.

Besides the hard work of the whole team, some of the individuals have their own struggles which keep them up on top of the greatest collegiate football team of the year. Ziggy Czarowski, an All-American in any man's book, played first string tackle on the 1942 and 1943 teams before he went into service. In those two years Zig played his tackle position as well as any man he faced. Last season he won back his starting berth, but the back-of-the-hand talkers said he talked his way out of more situations than he blocked. Early in the summer he was given an ultimatum to return to school in shape or else. Zig was determined to hold his starting berth, so he went to work with a construction gang in Wisconsin. He often got up at five A. M. to do road work. Back at school in the fall, he frequently sandwiched in a private practice session. The results of his work and determination made him the Notre Dame players', the opposing players' and the coaches' All-American.

You have no doubt basked in the warm October sun in stadia like Illinois Memorial, Purdue's Ross-Ade or Northwestern's Dyche and admired the gold-helmeted, green-shirted horde pounding down the ramp onto the veld. All clean, shiny and sleek they look. Here is what you didn't see. Just before the Pitt game, Dr. Leahy prescribed three hours of gruelling calisthenics, scrimmage and miscellaneous head banging. A sudden downpour sent all spectators for cover. Leahy stayed and so did his lads, for five laps around the field. "Can't tell when we might have to play in the rain," he jibed.

The locker room is the forum room for the players. Here they talk over all subjects, but mostly their conversation centers around football. Most of the men arrive early to give themselves plenty of time to don their pads. Coach Leahy



Drive! Drive! Drive echoes across the practice gridiron as Coach Druze puts Ends Begley and Waybright through blocking maneuvers.

makes them do laps around the field if they are late for practice. At one end of the locker room Manager Leo Costello lords over an equipment room. If one of the player's T-shirts is ripped or his socks have holes in them, he has to argue with Leo for replacements. Leo wins most of the disputes. Across the hall from Leo, Hugh Burns, the team trainer, holds forth in his fully equipped training room. When Hugh is not rubbing stiff muscles or taping swollen ankles, he is matching jokes with Ziggy Czarowski. Occasionally Zig will sing a few verses of some Irish ballad for the boys. The consensus of opinion is that Zig is at his best when he is standing under a hot shower.

It is all this and more that takes place daily behind Cartier's green walls and in the locker room. These are the men behind the men: like Russ Skall, who likes it better the rougher it gets. Russ bicycles to practice, but there is no one to find him back pedalling in scrimmages. These are the men who make Notre Dame football — the little known guys who work just as hard, just as long as the All-Americans.



They also serve who only stand and wait. A group of reserves (Carroll, Jeffers, J. Sullivan, Ciechanowicz, Wilke, Kenefick) huddle on the sidelines awaiting the call to action.

INTERHALL FOOTBALL

"... Born to Blush Unseen"

By JOE ARCHIBALD

An essential part of Notre Dame athletics is the inter-hall sports program. The program which runs the full school year gives the average non-varsity student the opportunity to back up his bull session claims with actions. The first sport offered is football, which is under the direction of Mr. Dominic Napolitano of the Physical Education Department.

Every residence hall on the campus has the privilege of entering a team in the competition. This year 12 teams including a squad representing the off-campus students were entered. Before he was issued a uniform each potential competitor had to get a medical certificate affirming his top physical condition from the University physician. To facilitate scheduling the 12 teams were divided into Eastern and Western divisions depending on the location of the hall. The Western division was made up of Lyons, Dillon, Alumni, Walsh, Badin and Morrissey Halls; while the Eastern listed St. Ed's, Farley, Cavanaugh, Zahm, Breen-Phillips and Off-Campus. The schedule was a round robin affair with each member team getting one crack at the other five teams in the division. Games were scheduled according to the afternoon free time from classes of the competing members.

On October 21, after several weeks of practice in which muscles were toughened and made jolt-proof and coaches were appointed by Mr. Napolitano or elected by team members, the official season got its start.

All of the games during the season except one were decided by one or two touchdowns. Five of the games ended in ties. The exception to the low scoring contests took place when Cavanaugh, the eventual champ, rocked Breen-Phillips, 34-0.

Cavanaugh romped through the Eastern division with five victories and no defeats and did not once have their goal crossed. Zahm gave them their only scare in a game which the men of Cavanaugh came out on top, 7-0. Pete Varda and Bernie Powers served as co-coaches of the team. In the Western division Lyons pulled through for the second year in a row as division champs with four wins and one tie. The tie came at the hands of Morrissey, the cellar dwellers. Morrissey held Coach Ray Chamberland's

lads scoreless. It was the first time in nine games that Lyons had suffered such a blow.

The championship play-off game was held in the Stadium on November 23 before an estimated 1000 people. Neither team was able to score in the first half. The second half also looked to be scoreless until late in the third period. Cavanaugh took possession of the ball on their own 35-yard line and marched 65 yards through Lyons' forward wall to a score. Jim Presley covered the last three yards after the Lyons defense had held the Cavanaugh attack for three downs on the three. Presley then stepped into tail-back and booted what proved to be the winning point. Lyons roared back to a score with Bob Cianchetti getting the last five for the score. Paul Lane's attempted forward pass for the conversion was knocked down by Bernie Powers of Cavanaugh. That was the ball game. Cavanaugh held off a last minute drive by Lyons and came up with the championship, 7-6.

On the spectacular and aggressive side of football interhall did not have to take a back seat to its bigger brother, varsity football. The games produced such things as: a 60-yard return of an intercepted pass by Farley's Tom Moorman . . . Pat Shannon's 55-yard pass to Walsh teammate Don Jost . . . Lyons' highly potent forward pass battery, Paul Lane, pitcher, and Tom Muscatello, catcher . . . the punting of Walt Mahannah of Lyons . . . the coordination of Cavanaugh's backfield, Presley, Powers, Higgins and Bruno.



LYONS' CHAMBERLAND
A chance to prove . . .



CAVANAUGH'S VARDA (RIGHT)
. . . bull session boasts



CAVANAUGH HALL — INTERHALL CHAMPIONS
Kneeling, left to right: Biggert, Booth, Wise, Rotchford, Sanders, Clement, Guiltinan, Butler, Harbert, and Goheen. Standing: Hopke, Dirkin, Hopper, Doherty, Bruno, Co-Coach Powers, Presley, Higgins, Nicholas, and Wolfe.

THESE ARE FOOTBALL'S GUINEA PIGS

By TOM ADAMS

It may well be said that the unsung heroes of this year's varsity gridiron campaign are the members of the 1947 freshman football squad. Each week these green-jerseyed frosh have had the suicidal task of preparing the varsity for Saturday's game. Each afternoon, during the super-secret scrimmages on Cartier Field, the freshman squad has run off the plays of next week's opponents in order to sharpen the varsity defense. Although they have won no fame for their efforts this fall, the time will come when their names will be written into the annals of Notre Dame football.

When the freshman ineligibility rule went into effect this fall, after a lapse of five years, forty candidates for the reincarnated freshman football squad reported to Coach Bill Vangan and his assistants, Bill Heywood, Jack Fallon, Joe Yonto, and Marty Brutz. Coach Vangan has been well pleased with the progress of the team, and declares that several members of the squad will be serious contenders for varsity berths next fall.

Head Coach Leahy has been high in his praise for the freshman line, which has performed commendably against the varsity front wall in scrimmages, and has stated that there are several frosh linemen that would be playing varsity football this fall, if it were not for the ineligibility rule.

At center, Jerry Grooms and Phil Yanoschick have looked outstanding. Both have played well on offense, while Grooms has received praise for his able defensive play.

Bill Higgins and Dick Kuh have been standouts at the guard positions. Louis Polman and Chuck Feigle also deserve mention for their rugged line play. Frank Palmisento, a cousin of All-American John Mastrangelo, captain of the '46 Irish National Championship team, also looked promising before he was sidelined with injuries.

The varsity tackle posts, which will be vacated after graduation of All-Americans George Connor and Ziggy Czarobski, George Sullivan, and Gasper Urban, will have some able candidates next fall in Dean Thomas, Tom Holmes, Vince Ste. Marie, Jim Mahoney, Phil Schwartz, and Tom Huber. Coach Vangan describes all as being very promising.

At ends, the competition has been keen with Jack Murphy, Ray Jonardi, Phil Cantwell, Ray Yanics, Bill Yanics, Ben Klepek, Martin Hayes, and Bob Crump all receiving praise for their determination and fine play. Although the ends, for the most part, lack size, they have displayed a lot of spirit in practice sessions.

Bob Williams, 18-year-old quarterback

from Baltimore, Md., has been outstanding in that position. Williams is described by Coach Vangan as being "not only an exceptionally good passer, but also a good punter." Don O'Leary, of Seattle, Wash., has also shown remarkably well in practice sessions, and has proven himself a good passer also. Others who have received praise from Coach Vangan for their work at the quarterback post are Tom Carter and Bill Whiteside, the latter also working at the halfback position.

Leonard Kroll, of Boys Town, Nebraska, and Jack Landry, of Rochester, N. Y., have been the outstanding candidates for the halfback posts. Leo McKillip and Lyle Pearson have also shown well in scrimmage.

Dick Cotter, erstwhile Bengals boxer, has manned the fullback position, followed by John O'Neil, Steve Herr, and Ray Miller. Cotter has shown a lot of drive in scrimmage sessions, and has made great strides forward.

The frosh squad also boasts of an extra-point specialist in Jack Voit who has displayed remarkable accuracy from any angle in the drop-kick.

Other members of the freshman squad who deserve mention for their fine play are Gene Smith, Tom Logan, Ed Conley, Bill Hanousek, Ed Smith, Bill Hickey, Jim Sheerin, Earl Ruen, and Bill Kerchner.



BOTTOM ROW (left to right): Smith, Pearson, Logan, Polman, Smith, Voit, Higgins, Klepek, Hayes, Krall. **SECOND ROW**: Cotter, Yanoschek, Carter, Schlesly, Herr, Miller, Whiteside, Williams, O'Neill, St. Marie, Jonardi, Garrity, Coach Brutz. **THIRD ROW**: Coach Fallon, Coach Yonto, Crump, McKillip, Cantwell, Holmes, Yanics, Feigle, Kerchner, Grooms, Murphy, Schwarz, Mahoney, Coach Vangan, Coach Heywood. (Missing from the picture): Landry, Kuh, O'Leary, Bishop, Thomas, Huber, Palmisento, Logan, Harmon, Conley, Hanousek, Hickey, Sheerin, Ruen.

N. D. FOOTBALL SPELLS

By JOE WILCOX

For the first time in years, perhaps within living memory, the Notre Dame Band appeared this fall in uniforms



'Admiral Imposter' addresses Navy rally

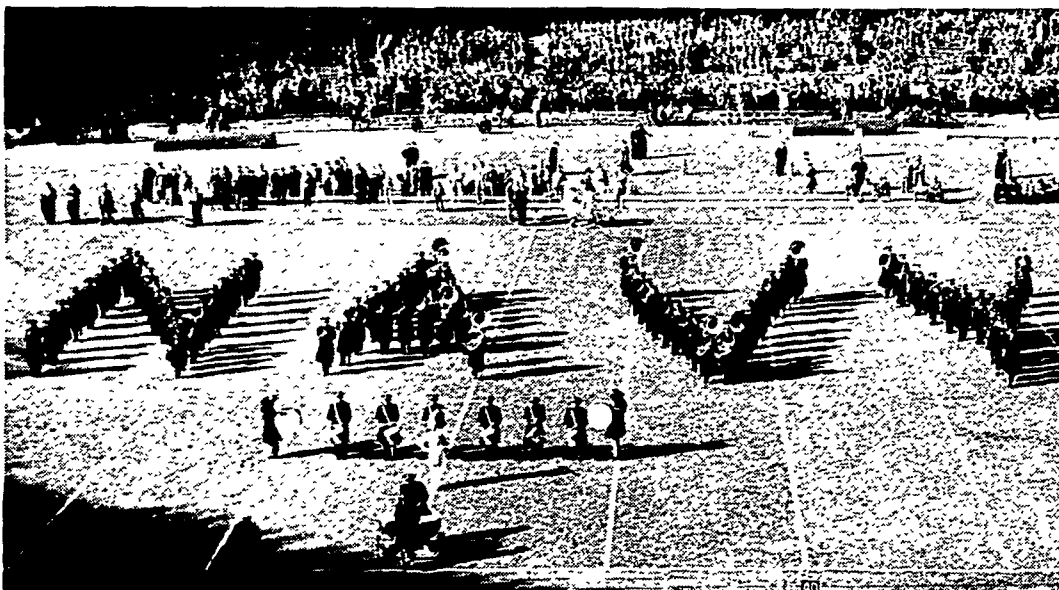
which did not look like something collected in a clothing drive. Complete even to spats (yellow) the new uniforms were to the old as the full moon to a skillet. The change in uniforms brought out enthusiastic new band candidates, no longer wary of being taken for ushers in all-night theaters on skid row.

Another inducement which helped swell the band to a total strength of over a hundred was the fact that band members with five semesters' service may now wear letter sweaters with letters patterned after the new band emblems.

Under the direction of Mr. H. Lee Hope, and with expert Jim Kress of Detroit, as drum major, the band appeared at all home games with a sparkling new routine and travelled to one game away—Navy at Cleveland. Students regretted that the band could not be transported the relatively short distances to



Cheerleaders Robillio, Freed, Blair, Reardon, Marhiene, Barnett and Christian



Band spells out NAVY to salute Middies at Cleveland

C-O-L-O-R

Lafayette for the Purdue game and Evanston for the Northwestern game, but the band had to be content with making the student trip to Cleveland. On this trip the new members were initiated according to the traditional mumery of the band, whereby the new men were submitted to all manner of indignities and were forced to memorize heroic odes which were composed of language never heard anywhere this side of nowhere. At the ungodly hour of three A. M., the band members were jolted out of the half-sleep that is the lot of the railway traveler and summarily herded into the baggage car, where a group of elite guards who had been around a semester or so longer gave the "schmoes" the same treatment they themselves had received not long before.

The band was foiled in its planned welcome of the Army Cadets when the Cadets were delayed by a train wreck and arrived just in time to take their seats in the stadium before game time. The band led them into the stadium playing the Army song.

During the half time of the Iowa game, the band put on a new version of the old nursery rhyme, "Four and Twenty Blackbirds." It was necessary, however, to substitute pigeons, alas, which proved to be recalcitrant in coming out of the huge "pie." Even after the second half of the game had started, the pigeons tumbled out of the pie and got a birds-eye look at Notre Dame demolishing the Iowans.

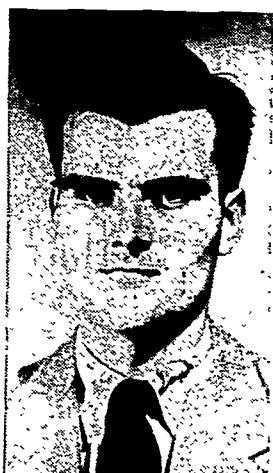
Aiding in the merciless massacre of Tulane, the band put on an old-fashioned southern minstrel show during the half-time. With a competing wind, which mixed up band members and streamers, the band also had to compete for interest with a fight which was going on hot and heavy in the south end zone. Nevertheless, they received very favorable comment on the exhibition.

Notre Dame's cheerleaders, abandoning some of the old cheers, introduced a new jazzed-up trumpet yell during the 1947 season. They reached the climax of their efforts at the Army game, when they actually succeeded in provoking cheers from the student body, which has developed a penchant to cheer when it pleases. Nevertheless, the cheer leaders stirred up great interest among the St. Mary's contingent, which was sometimes suspected of making more and better noise than Notre Dame.

OVER THE GOALPOSTS

With Pete Brown

Terry Brennan started the national championship march with a three-yard scoring advance through the Pittsburgh line in the opening game of the season. Al Zmijewski finished it with a 40-yard touchdown return of an intercepted Southern California lateral. It was only just that one of the tackles score at least once during the year, but it had to wait until only 20 seconds remained in



the season before the unsung could cash in on the touchdown glory.

Prior to and following Brennan's initial score the Irish had a most peculiar footing in the national championship picture. Before the season opened, some experts considered them

the greatest collegiate football team ever to take the field. They were supposed to have everything — passers, runners and line. However when N.D. opened against Pittsburgh, the Irish did not look too impressive even though they scored six times. Purdue, their second opponent, lowered Notre Dame's stock by battling the Irish on even terms for four quarters. Notre Dame had to resort to passes to win the game. For this reason questions began to rise about Notre Dame's running attack.

The Irish gave a partial answer to the questions in their next two games. They scored seven times in the two contests with Nebraska and Iowa. All scores came on the ground. But to beat Navy, the fifth opponent, they had to go back to the pass as a means to score. Again the doubts blossomed. These were quickly dispelled by Terry Brennan when he ran 96 yards with the opening kickoff against Army. The team followed up that quick blow to Army's pride by making 20 of 22 first downs on the ground and scoring four times along this route.

Northwestern stayed true to form by scaring the cleats off the undefeated Irish. Three times in the past 25 years the Wildcats have done the same thing to undefeated Notre Dame teams. Notre Dame rolled up impressive yardage on

the ground but had to pass for three scores when Northwestern's line tightened.

For the last two games of the season it was all uphill for the Irish. Tulane made mistakes in the first quarter and Notre Dame took advantage of every one of them to run up 32 points. They kept going from the 32 count to score 59 points in the allotted 60 minutes. Southern California, the last hurdle in the national championship path, fought for one half but fell fast when the Irish opened up both barrels. Bob Livingstone romped 92 yards through the Men of Troy for the longest run of the day. He was not alone in the lengthy jaunts. Emil Sitko hit paydirt after a 76-yard trip.

From Brennan to Zmijewski the season was full of breaks, both good and bad. The Irish were quick to capitalize on the good breaks and make the most of their own bad breaks. They had to open their season with Captain George Connor on the bench with a bad ankle. He was slow hitting his peak form because of the injury. John Panelli, first string fullback, wrenched his arm in the Nebraska game and was out for three weeks. Emil Sitko was kept out of several games because of an injured leg. Coy McGee spent most of the season on the sidelines with bad ankles. Terry Brennan had to sit out the Southern California game with a badly wrenched knee. Mike Swistowicz missed the Navy game because of a groin injury suffered in the Iowa match. Even with these apparent holes in their offense, the Irish scored an average 32 points per game. Not once in the season were they held to less than three touchdowns.



BOB LIVINGSTONE and TERRY BRENNAN
92 and 96—but with lots of help

This team was a unit—the best unit in collegiate football this year. Terry Brennan ran 96 yards against Army, but only with the help of the 10 other Notre Dame men blocking for him. Bob Livingstone found a 92-yard clear field at Southern California only after his linemen had eliminated all the Trojans in his path.

CREDITS

SCHOLASTIC's cover shot of Coach Frank Leahy is from the South Bend TRIBUNE. Game action pictures of the Pitt game are by Jim McLaughlin; Northwestern game by Chicago SUN; Southern California game by Acme Newspictures; all others by Jim Ferstel.

Missing from the masthead are John Krueger and Bill Lyman who worked on the issue. The players' and assistant coaches' biographies were written by Greg Halpin and Harry Monahan.

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Departing Seniors

When the Irish take the field next fall Notre Dame followers will swallow hard and look with dampened eye on a squad depleted by the loss of a large number of very good men, familiar faces all.

Pete Ashbaugh, tricky stepper, defensive ace, cool and confident. During pre-game warm-ups he'd pitch sixty-yard passes and the crowds hollered for more.

Corny Clatt, bruising fullback, buffalo-shouldered, hard smacking, remembered for those huge rips through the Seahawk line and the Great Lakes forward wall.

George Connor, All-American, the Big Moose, Captain of his team, and first to trot out of the tunnel to receive the ovation of the thousands.

Ziggy Czarobski, the portly jester, a Falstaffian character, well-liked, a born

Fred Earley, the little place-kicker, number one on his jersey; we'll miss his modest jog.

Bill Gompers, the contact-lensed scat back; break-away artist, possesses the vanishing hip.

Bob Livingstone, "The Liver," popular hero, flashy, ahead of Creighton Miller in '42, foot-trouble after the war, deft at the cross-over, dangerous, fast.

Johnny Lujack, All-American, "The Luj," one of the greatest of all times, a fine gentleman and Notre Dame man.

Joe Signaigo, the Southern gentleman, and black-eyed terror in the middle of the Notre Dame line.

Floyd Simmons, speed on the straight-away, hard hitting, the Oregon trail-blazer.

Art Statuto, burly center, hard charger, bullish tackler.

George Sullivan, mighty tackle, senior class president; started out as a boy wonder, played probably his greatest game against Army in the '46 Yankee Stadium battle.

Gaspar Urban, another great tackle, plays the game with gusto.

Lujack, Czarobski, Fischer, Connor Top All-America Choices

Associated Press

FIRST TEAM

Paul Cleary	E	USC
Bob Davis	T	Georgia Tech
Steve Suhey	G	Penn State
Charles Bednarik	C	Penn
BILL FISCHER	G	Notre Dame
Dick Harris	T	Texas
Bill Swiacki	E	Columbia
JOHN LUJACK	B	Notre Dame
Bob Chappuis	B	Michigan
Ray Evans	B	Kansas
Doak Walker	B	SMU

SECOND TEAM

ZYGM'T CZAROBSKI	T	Notre Dame
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THIRD TEAM

GEORGE CONNOR	T	Notre Dame
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United Press

George Poole	E	Mississippi
GEORGE CONNOR	T	Notre Dame
Joe Steffy	G	Army
Charles Bednarik	C	Penn
BILL FISCHER	G	Notre Dame
John Ferraro	T	USC
Bill Swiacki	E	Columbia
JOHN LUJACK	B	Notre Dame
Bob Chappuis	B	Michigan
Bobby Layne	B	Texas
Doak Walker	B	SMU

International News Service

FIRST TEAM

Paul Cleary	E	USC
Bob Davis	T	Georgia Tech
Joe Steffy	G	Army
Charles Bednarik	C	Penn
Steve Suhey	G	Penn State
ZYGM'T CZAROBSKI	T	Notre Dame
Bill Swiacki	E	Columbia
JOHN LUJACK	B	Notre Dame
Charley Conerly	B	Mississippi
Bob Chappuis	B	Michigan
Doak Walker	B	SMU

SECOND TEAM

BILL FISCHER	T	Notre Dame
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Collier's Magazine

Paul Cleary	E	USC
Bob Davis	T	Georgia Tech
Joe Steffy	G	Army
Richard Scott	C	Navy
Steve Suhey	G	Penn State
GEORGE CONNOR	T	Notre Dame
Bill Swiacki	E	Columbia
JOHN LUJACK	B	Notre Dame
Bob Chappuis	B	Michigan
Ray Evans	B	Kansas
Tony Minisi	B	Penn

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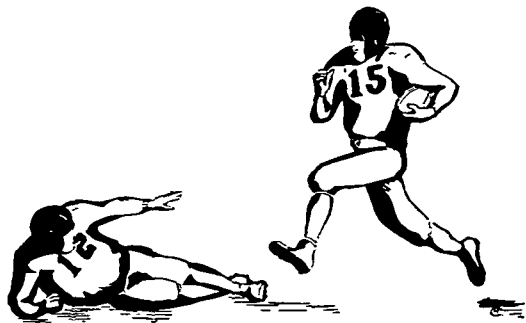
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LOOK — Football Writers

FIRST TEAM

Paul Cleary	E	So. California
George Savitsky....	T	Pennsylvania
Joseph Steffy	G	Army
Richard Scott	C	Navy
WILLIAM FISCHER	G	Notre Dame
Robert Davis	T	Georgia Tech
LEON HART	E	Notre Dame
JOHN LUJACK	B	Notre Dame
Robert Chappius ..	B	Michigan
Robert Layne	B	Texas
Charles Conerly	B	Mississippi

SECOND TEAM

ZYGM'T CZAROBSKI T Notre Dame

THIRD TEAM

TERRY BRENNAN.... B Notre Dame

The Sporting News

George Poole.....	E	Mississippi
GEORGE CONNOR.....	T	Notre Dame
Joe Steffy	G	Army
Richard Scott.....	C	Navy
BILL FISCHER.....	G	Notre Dame
Bob Davis.....	T	Georgia Tech
Paul Cleary.....	E	USC
JOHN LUJACK.....	B	Notre Dame
Bob Chappuis.....	B	Michigan
Bobby Layne.....	B	Texas
Doak Walker.....	B	SMU

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Chicago Tribune "Players"

FIRST TEAM

Paul Cleary	E	So. Calif.
Bob Davis	T	Georgia Tech
Joe Steffy	G	Army
Charles Bednarik..	C	Pennsylvania
Paul Burris	G	Oklahoma
Dick Harris	T	Texas
William Swiacki...	E	Columbia
JOHN LUJACK	B	Notre Dame
Charles Conerly ...	B	Mississippi
Chalmers Elliot ...	B	Michigan
Russ Steger	B	Illinois

SECOND TEAM

ZYGM'T CZAROBSKI.. T Notre Dame

New York Sun

BILL FISCHER.....	T	Notre Dame
JOHN LUJACK.....	B	Notre Dame

So. California Rout Inspires Writers To Superlatives

Jim Costin, *South Bend Tribune*: Sparked by the sensational running of Emil Sitko and Bob Livingstone, the Notre Dame football team today climaxed its first unbeaten and untied season in 17 years by rolling over the Southern California eleven, Pacific Coast Conference champion and Rose Bowl entrant, by the thumping score of 38-7 before the season's largest crowd anywhere—104,953—and clinched the 1947 national championship so convincingly that even the Los Angeles authors are convinced.

Arch Ward, *Chicago Tribune*: Lujack's performance was brilliant and, above all, workmanlike. He made no mistakes. His passing was accurate, but his team today didn't rely on Lujack's marksmanship. It ground the Trojans into the soggy turf by one of the most devastating running attacks this historic field has seen.

New York Times: Notre Dame, unbeaten, untied and virtually unchallenged—has been selected as the outstanding college football team of 1947, winning the honor for the second straight year in the final poll conducted by the Associated Press.

Grantland Rice: There no longer is any doubt as to the best team in college football. It happens to be Notre Dame. College football never before has known a team so big, so fast and so experienced. Especially big and experienced. Martin and Hart, two giant ends, gave the line from flank to flank an average weight of some 215 pounds, easily a match for the best pro line in football today.

Bill Cunningham, *Boston Herald*: It is the greatest Notre Dame squad of all time. Its third string could whip most varsities. There are enough able-looking backs to staff an entire Ivy League. Lujack and Frank Tripucka, his understudy, are terrific. No other team in the nation can boast two such quarterbacks. This team has never yet been keyed for an all-out performance.

Stanley Woodward, *New York Herald Tribune*: There is a suspicion in this department's mind that the Notre Dame football team is the best it ever has seen. It is a big team which is fast and combative and it employs a varied T-formation repertory that puts a terrible burden on the opposition. Notre Dame has a dozen backs who could run for any team.

(For game-by-game comment see page 56.—Editor)



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Hugh Burns

(Continued from Page 43)

in Cartier Field and to the circling of St. Mary's lake as a member of the track team.

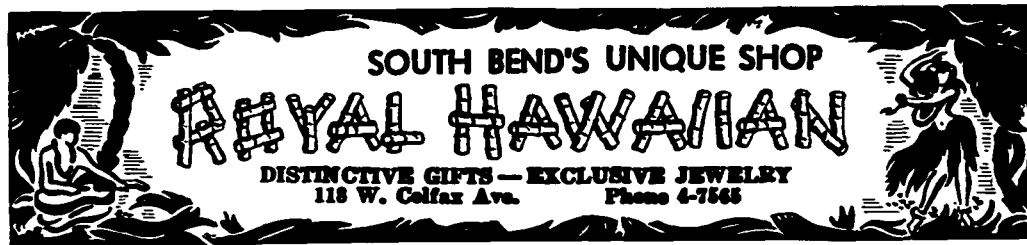
When "Scrapiron" Young decided to pick up his paraphernalia and go to work for the Chicago Rockets in 1943, the University didn't wait long to pluck Burns off the pond. He was coaching the back-field at Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio, when he received a wire saying the job of head trainer at Notre Dame was open. Hugh boarded the first train to South Bend. He never used the complete round-trip ticket.

Burns is fond of talking to the athletes as he gives them their alcohol rub-downs. It is nothing new for a lineman to pour out the troubles he is having with Susan back in Jersey City. Hugh enjoys administering his painless psychology. By his training room chats with the boys, he is able to make the men forget their problems when they get out on the grid-iron. He takes their minds off old injuries and rebuilds their confidence. "He's a regular Doc Anthony with a Dorothy Dix line," commented an ailing tackle. "Hugh ought to be answering some of those letters to the lovelorn in the papers. And I thought I knew women."

The training department cares for the athletes in all of the major sports at Notre Dame. Football, however, leads all other sports in injuries by a ratio of 10-to-1. Some of the mishaps don't occur on the playing fields. Before the season opened, Halfback Emil Sitko got his foot caught in his bed while sleeping. In the middle of the night, he rolled out of his bunk and twisted his knee into a knot that would make a Boy Scout envious. Sitko had to bring his roommate around to verify the story before his teammates would believe him.

Hugh's family, wife Mary Eileen, sons Michael Patrick and Daniel Shamus, and little 7-month-old Susan Eileen, don't see much of the breadwinner during the football season. "When he does get home," says his wife, "he usually makes his family spend the evening perfecting a new type of calisthenics that he has dreamed up."

Save for the "boys" who know Hugh and his work, few people appreciate the importance of his job. But yet, that last statement isn't exactly correct. Athletes who have learned the means of proper conditioning carry that knowledge to their sons and daughters, to the teams they will coach, to the men they will lead. Hugh's efforts don't evaporate like the alcohol on a lineman's shoulder. They go more than skin-deep. The courage and stamina of the athletic field become the health and physical happiness of life.



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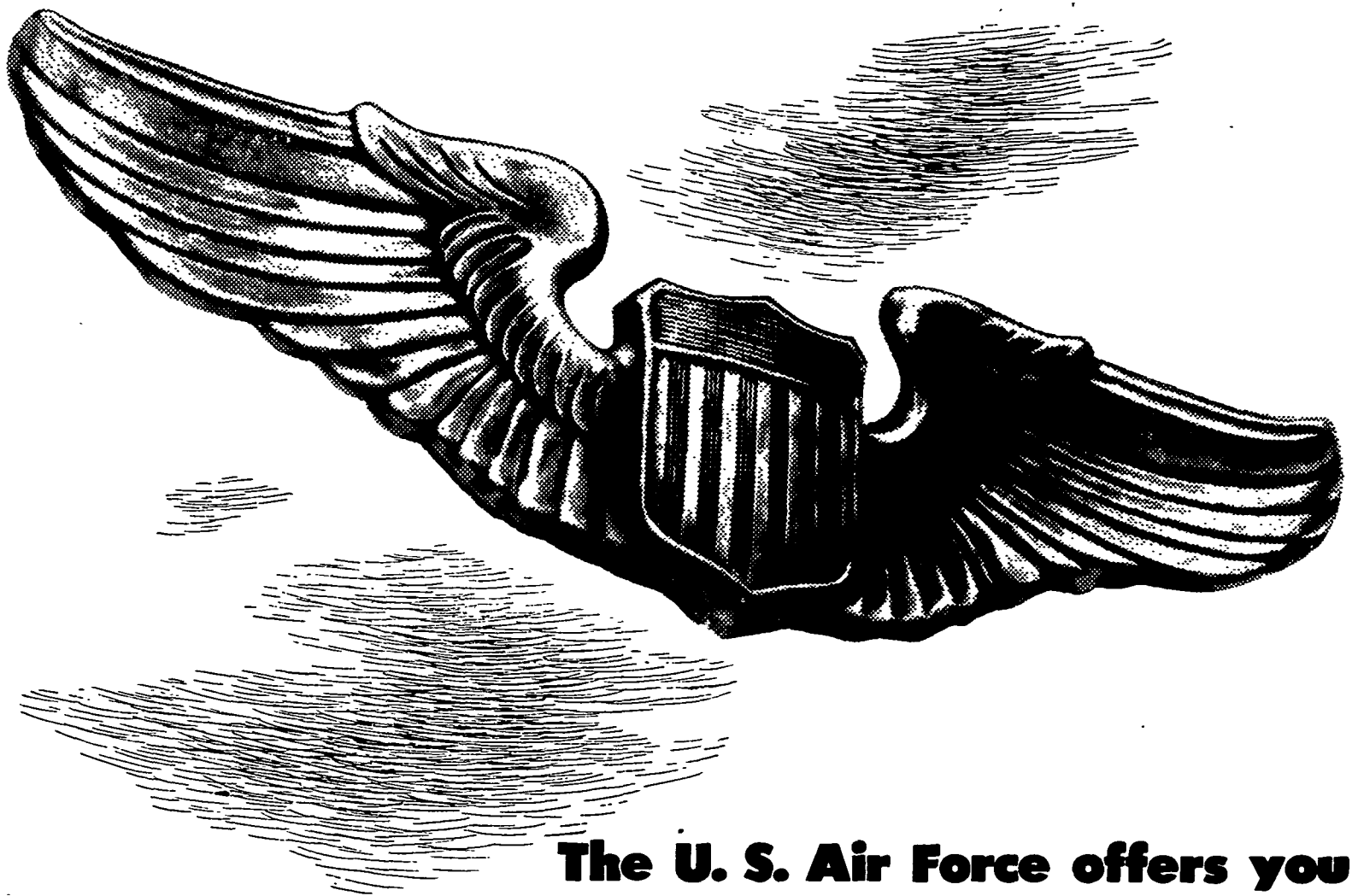


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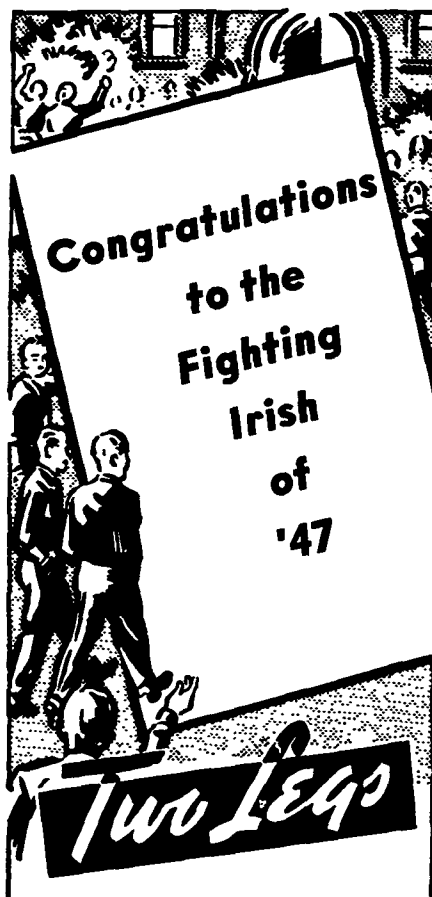
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SCHOLASTIC's Christmas issue will appear next Thursday, Dec. 18, one day before vacation begins.

Expert Opinions Vary on Sunday Morning

Sportswriters give deserved praise and also barbs in game summaries in Sunday sport sections.

PRE-SEASON

Tom Siler, *Football Pictorial Yearbook*:

"Notre Dame is the machine most likely to go through undefeated and untied—"

Wilfred Smith, *Chicago Tribune*:

"It isn't news that Notre Dame unanimously is nominated to retain its national football championship."

Lewis Burton, *New York Journal American*:

"The era of Notre Dame terrorism is with us again today."

NOTRE DAME, 40; PITTSBURGH, 6

Jack Henry, *Pittsburgh Press*:

"The Irish of Notre Dame have been here and gone, but district fans still are puzzled as to exactly how good the 'best collegiate eleven in the land' really is . . ."

NOTRE DAME, 22; PURDUE, 7

Associated Press:

"Out-rushed and out-fought for four full quarters, Notre Dame's football Irish defeated Purdue's battling Boiler-makers today, 22-7."

Harry McNamara, *Chicago Sun*:

"... their (Notre Dame) victory was nowhere near as imposing as the score indicated."

Jim Costin, *South Bend Tribune*:

"A stubborn Purdue university football team battled the vaunted Irish of Notre Dame for four terrific quarters . . ."

NOTRE DAME, 31; NEBRASKA, 0

John C. Hoffman, *Chicago Sun-Times*:

"It's a little too early yet to tell whether the Irish of Notre Dame are bums but they have a few things in common with the Brooklyn Dodgers . . ."

NOTRE DAME, 21; IOWA, 0

Associated Press:

"Out of a lineup including such worthy gladiators as Czarowski, Swistowicz, Kosikowski and others, rose Irishman Terry Brennan today to score a pair of touchdowns which gave unconquered Notre Dame a 21-0 triumph."

Tom Siler, *Chicago Sun-Times*:

"Notre Dame's undefeated and untied

Nice Going **IRISH!**



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WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY
AND SUNDAY

Fighting Irish operated today with poise, power and efficiency that befits a team defending the national championship."

NOTRE DAME, 27; NAVY, 0

Warren Brown, *Chicago Herald-American*:

"The Irish were in command most of the way . . ."

Stuart McIver, *Baltimore Sun*:

" . . . The Notre Dame victory could hardly be passed off as just a matter of breaks."

NOTRE DAME, 27; ARMY, 7

Lewis Burton, *New York Journal American*:

"It took just 21 seconds for Notre Dame's fierce hand of doom to strike down Army into the cold, sodden turf this afternoon. It took only that long for the aroused Irish, sweeping like scythes of destiny, to receive the kick-off, return it for a touchdown and shatter the Cadets' hopes with swift notification that the knell had tolled."

Dave Egan, *Boston Sunday Advertiser*:

"Striking with savage, sudden ferocity and scoring on the opening kickoff, the inspired Irish of Notre Dame today rolled to a 27-7 victory over Army . . ."

Gordon Cobbledick, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*:

"Notre Dame got its revenge for those wartime years of humiliation today."

Grantland Rice:

"The famous 24-year-old series between Army and Notre Dame came to an end this afternoon on South Bend turf with the green flag of the Irish far in front."

Lou Smith, *Cincinnati Enquirer*:

"A scythe-like Notre Dame offense, whetted to a razor sharp efficiency for 'the final game of an ancient rivalry,' cut down a dogged Army eleven, 27 to 7, today in an awe-inspired display of power that left the Irish unbeaten in their last 15 games and a record breaking crowd of 59,171 amazed by the cohesion and versatility of the Fighting Irish attack."

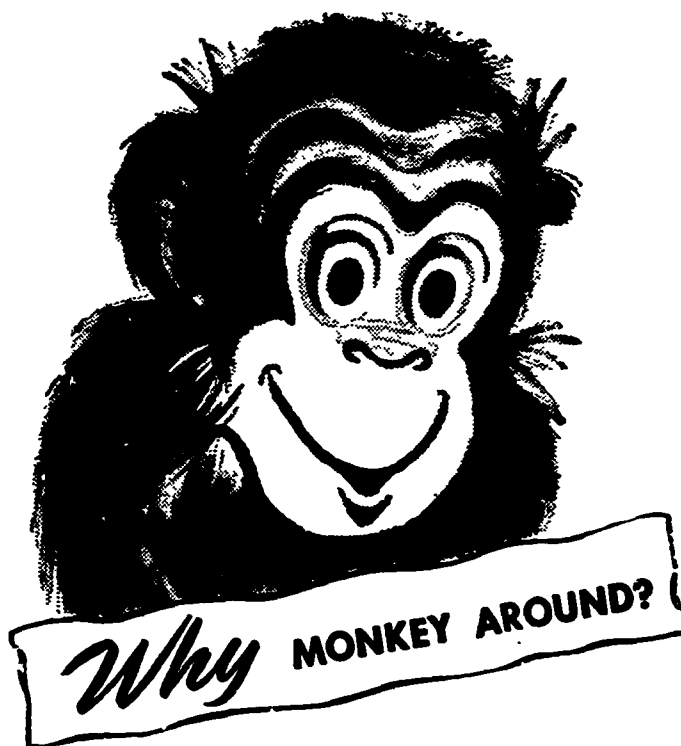
Jimmy Powers, *New York Daily News*:

"New York fans who journeyed to South Bend for the Army game gleefully report modest prices on the Irish campus: 60c for a turkey dinner at the cafeteria; three cents for a roll, five cents for coffee, etc. Several purchased

(Continued on Page 60)

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Lujack Fans Give Sorin Mailman Round Shoulders Delivering 'Dear John' Letters

By LOU ALMASI and TOM HIGGINS

Have you ever received a "Dear John" letter? Take it easy chum, remember your blood pressure and stop feeling sorry for yourself. There's a man right here in Sorin Hall who gets those mis-les at the rate of 50 a day and it doesn't faze him a bit.

Stagger along with us any bright sunshiny morning shortly before eight to 115 Sorin and await the arrival of the mailman with the morning round of let-ters. Here he comes . . . "One for you . . . two here, doc. . . . nope, not today . . . three sackfuls here . . ." and down at the door he dumps them. The husky occupants of the room open the door and drag the letters inside, to be opened by the person to whom they are addressed, Mr. Johnny Lujack.

Some of this mail is addressed merely *Johnny Lujack, Notre Dame*. That's all. It's up to a kind-hearted postal em-ployee to see that this mail reaches its final destination.

To the kids of America who write most of these letters, "The Luj" is the hottest thing since Superman, and they're not far from wrong. To the girls of America who write their share of this fan mail, he's the country's most eligible bachelor . . . next to Li'l Abner, of course.

Each of these letters is read by John

and almost all of them are answered personally by him. Many of them come in the form of requests . . . autographed pictures, four tickets to the Army game (on the fifty-yard line, if possible), game jerseys, shoes, warm-up jackets . . . or *some old letter sweater you don't want*.

Insofar as is possible, these requests are fulfilled. That is, of course, pro-vided that the post office, or the Railway Express, can handle a steady outgoing of old pads, shoes, helmets, and blankets. Sometimes these servants of the public rebel, however, and Irish fans must be content with mere autographed pictures of the Notre Dame passing wizard.

Many of the letter-writers are not sat-isfied with pictures or other personal items belonging to Lujack. Some of them want personal contact with their hero before they will be completely happy. Two girls from Dayton wrote inviting John and Irish Captain, George "Moose" Connor to a sorority dance, Nov. 21. The letter ends, "Here's hoping that you have no serious romantic entanglements. You both have kind faces and we know that you wouldn't refuse to help two poor girls in distress. So how about escorting these two lovely damsels to the dance? We'll root for you (at the football games, that is) forever, if you

(Continued on Page 70)



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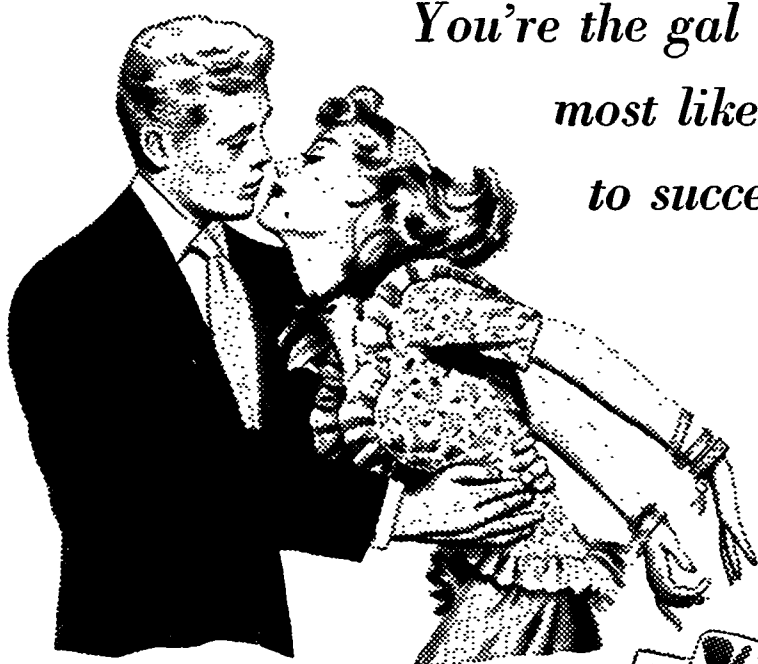
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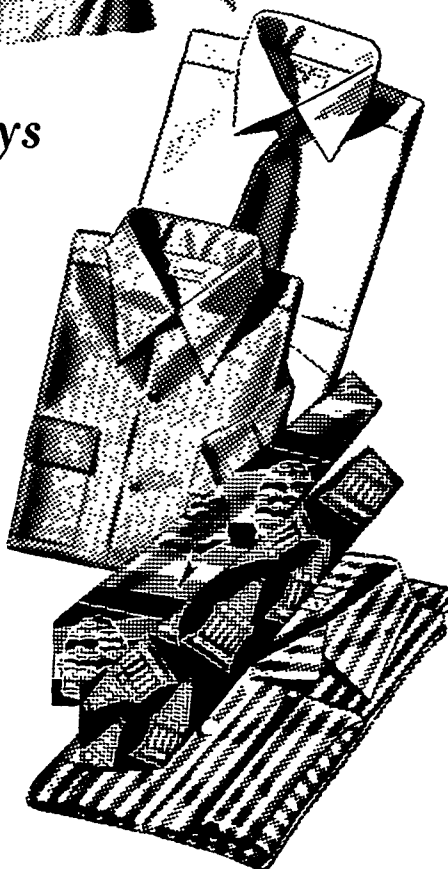
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Congratulations, Irish of 1947



126 N. MICHIGAN

Expert Opinions

(Continued from Page 57)

tickets for the game from students who accepted only the regular box office amount . . ."

NOTRE DAME, 26; NORTHWESTERN, 19

Jim Costin, *South Bend Tribune*:

"A battling bunch of Wildcats wearing the purple of Northwestern university put up a game show here this afternoon before the hardiest of 48,000 ticket holders who ventured into rain-drenched Dyche stadium, but the gallantry of the home team was not enough."

Wilfred Smith, *Chicago Tribune*:

"One touchdown is the maximum undefeated Notre Dame has granted any football team for two years. Three Irish opponents this season have failed to score. Yesterday afternoon, Northwestern's Wildcats, ensconced in last place in the Big Nine, crossed Notre Dame's goal line three times and, while they were beaten, 26 to 19, their sturdy battle against the national champions again proved that this particular rivalry always produces the unusual in football."

NOTRE DAME, 59; TULANE, 6

Associated Press:

"Undefeated Notre Dame, exploding for five opening period touchdowns, rolled up its eighth straight victory and its largest score of the season with a 59-6 routing of bewildered Tulane before an Irish home finale crowd of 57,000 today."

EGAN ON N.D.-HARVARD

Dave Egan, *Boston Record-American*:

"Rockne still lives on the Notre Dame campus, while Perry Haughton is as dead as the dust of Harvard Yard, and this is another of the differences between Notre Dame and Harvard. For many years you have been hearing of Harvard indifference, for it is a college which attracts, in the main, blase young men who try to be sophisticates. Notre Dame, however, attracts just plain young Americans who are completely lacking in this phony sophistication and react, at their throbbing — okay, call them corny — rallies as normal young Americans should. Yes, they know Rockne and what he stands for out there, as they know their chemistry and their Latin poets, and it is a crying shame that Harvard has forgotten Haughton, who, in my day, meant so much to that generation of students as did president A. Lawrence Lowell — or maybe more."

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And here's another great record —

More people are smoking **CAMELS** than ever before!

SPLINTERS

from the Pressbox

By JIM BUTZ

The Notre Dame press box, the largest in the country, was jammed to capacity for the final Army-Notre Dame game. Charlie Callahan, the man in charge of the Irish press box, was flooded with requests beginning last January when the initial announcement was made that Notre Dame would play host to the Cadets for their final tussle.



Word of Notre Dame's thrilling 27-7 triumph was broadcast over three national networks besides eight other stations which did their own play-by-play broadcasts. In addition, two television companies telecast the game. Newspapermen representing 102 of the country's largest papers were present in addition to representatives of six press associations.

Early in the week many of the biggest names in the sports writing business



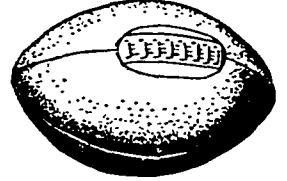
SPORTSWRITER RICE
From the Dean on down

made South Bend their headquarters in order to send out authentic reports of Notre Dame's preparations for the big game. Daily visitors to Cartier Field and the Athletic Department were: Joe Williams of the New York *World-Tele-*

gram; Jimmy Cannon of the New York *Post*; Allison Danzig of the New York *Times*; Bill Heinz of the New York *Sun*; Frank Graham of the New York *Journal-American*; Gerry Hern of the Boston *Post*; Dave Egan of the Boston *Record*;

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"Red" Smith of the New York *Herald Tribune*; Ken Smith of the New York *Mirror*; and Francis Wallace, noted novelist.

Coach Leahy held press conferences each day at 2 p.m. in the Rockne Memorial lounge. Many of the little-known facts about Army and Notre Dame, about Leahy and Blaik, and about the chances of the Irish in the coming game were hashed out here.

All of the sports writing fraternity were admitted to the very secret practice sessions, and they saw much of Notre Dame's unrevealed offense which the Cadets were to see on Saturday. However, they also saw much which the Irish did not choose to unleash against the Army, saving it for another time.

As the week wore on and as game time neared, Charlie Callahan's office or his temporary press headquarters in the Oliver Hotel took on the appearance of a Who's Who in the athletic world. Grantland Rice; John Winkin of *Sport* magazine; Tim Cohane of *Look*; Dave Camerer of *Pic*; Walter "Red" Barber of CBS; Stanley Woodward of the New York *Herald Tribune*; H. G. Salsinger of the Detroit *News*; Arthur Daley of the New York *Times*; Larry Robinson of the New York *World Telegram* and others were in and out all day.

In the middle of the week Chicago's leading journalists began descending upon the campus. Arch Ward, Warren Brown, Tom Siler, John Carmichael, Jerry Liska, Ed Sainsbury, Charlie Einstein, Bill Fay, and Jim Enright began filing daily stories.

The job of personally taking care of this group from their information needs to their entertainment needs fell to Charlie Callahan. Arranging hotel rooms, trying to handle ticket requests,

explaining to disappointed seekers of press box space why they couldn't get in, and handling the myriad of publicity details connected with the biggest football game in history made the "Thin Man" even thinner.

Callahan did a tremendous job of satisfying the needs and whims of the working press and handling the other details of his job during this week. In
(Continued on Page 68)

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Modest J. McAllister Runs Equipment Room With Vise - Like Grip

By JOHN KRUEGER

John W. McAllister, superintendent of equipment, is one of the men behind the Notre Dame scene (as the football programs put it). Behind the scene can be taken in its truest literal sense as regards McAllister. M is for modesty, his greatest virtue. If Mac had his way the aforementioned spread in the football programs would be left out.

Tommy Devine of the *Detroit Free Press* used the right technique to get McAllister to talk about himself. Devine had an assignment from *Sportfolio* magazine to write up the men behind the football scene at Notre Dame. Tommy always stopped in the Field House to visit Mac on his excursions to Notre Dame. With nothing said about an interview he had his customary gab session with our Superintendent of Equipment. There was no one more surprised than McAllister when the magazine hit the stands with Devine's article including the writeup on Mac, "the man who doesn't like to talk about himself."

McAllister, despite his 62 years, is what you'd classify as the strong, silent type. The silver-haired, square-jawed Irishman tends diligently to his job of supervising the care of all the athletic equipment at Notre Dame. Mac began his career at Notre Dame in 1926 during the regime of Knute Rockne. He has served under all of Rockne's successors: Anderson, Layden, Devore, McKeever, and Leahy. McAllister recalls how Rockne introduced silk pants and jerseys for show and speed. The next first for Notre Dame in equipment came in the early 40's with the innovation of nylon as material for pants and jerseys.

The football team averages about one new set of uniforms a year. This past season the Irish took the field against Southern California in new outfits. The discarded uniforms are put aside for use in freshmen and old-timers' games. Besides the regular game equipment, light rubber pants and mud cleats are carried on every trip. As regards practice wear, Notre Dame could outfit 10 or 12 teams. The total value of all the football equipment is approximated at around \$60,000.

Now the team travels with 20 standard size trunks, but Mac remembers Rockne's passion for trunks of hulking proportions—big men, big trunks. Needless to say Railway Express men didn't

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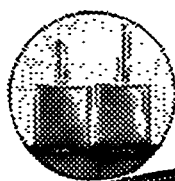
Chair No. 5

GOOD LUCK to NOTRE DAME

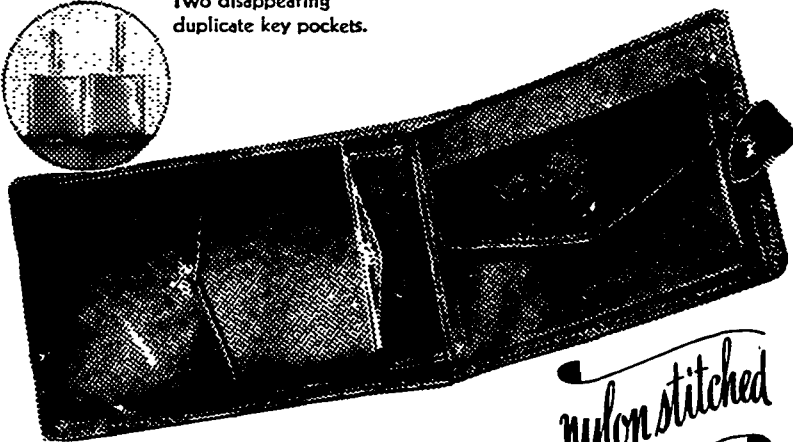
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look forward to handling the Notre Dame baggage. The closest any of the trunks has come to being lost is when it was placed on the wrong train, and that was only after the game was over.

The equipment rooms have expanded since 1926. The "A" squad now has its quarters in the stadium. Mac divides his time between there and the Field House, aided by six student assistants. McAllister is the answer man for queries of all sorts, ranging from "what's the combination of lock 167" to "can the managers use the basketball floor for their big game next week?"

In his kind of work a man like Mac couldn't help but have a storehouse of thrilling, ironic, humorous memories. But there are some things on which he is non-committal.

"Every year a great team," is the way he feels about the best Irish squad he's seen and "players are all the same to us" in reference to the greatest individual performer.

Head Coach Frank Leahy

(Continued from Page 13)

ing for runbacks of punts or kickoffs. "Knock your man down, and when he gets up, knock him down again, and if he gets up again, knock him down again, and if the ball-carrier is still fighting his way down the field, KNOCK YOUR MAN DOWN AGAIN!" So it goes.

In picking his linemen Leahy likes fighters. "Gents, if you can physically whip the man across from you on every play, we can score touchdowns. It's a test of strength between you and the man opposite you. And if you can whip him, and that happens all the way down the line, seven men physically whipping the men across from them, we can win ball games."

Have a look at the time two light scrappers put in this past fall. Johnny Frampton and Bob Lally, both "B" material last spring, blocked and tackled and fought their way to high varsity positions this fall. That's what Leahy means when he says "determination to succeed and a will to win." That's the "old thumperoo." That's the fight he expects from every man who trots out there on Cartier field to play for Notre Dame.

And Coach Leahy knows his boys have that spirit. That's why, when inquiring persons foolishly suggest the possibility of Michigan beating the Irish, Frank Leahy springs to the defense. He knows that Notre Dame drops no one from its schedule because of fear, rears back at no challenge, respects no ballyhoo. His lads will take on "anybody, anywhere, any Saturday, any fall."



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SYSTEM SINCE 1882

Cheney's Chatter

By JOE CHENEY

"... Not the Atcheson-Topeka, not the one that leaves at Midnight, not the Chattanooga Choo Choo," ... not even



the Freedom Train rattled the rails as loudly as the Notre Dame Express on its way back from sunny California with the majority of the Associated Press' voters knocking themselves out with word bouquets about the 1947

edition of the Fighting Irish. Glad to have them aboard again.

I'd like to look back over the season and pick out a few laughs that I enjoyed as the week-ends quickly skipped by. Our first game of the year in smoky but friendly Pittsburgh found the Irish playing in 85-degree temperature. That was the week-end that Ziggy met movie actress Lizabeth Scott and movie producer Cecile B. DeMille and introduced them to the rest of the team as "Liz" and "Cec." After the Pitt game, the team took over the "Gay Nineties" room of the Henry Hotel and put on one of the best shows that Smokeburgh had seen since Olsen and Johnson brought their "Hellsoppin" there in 1944.

Traveling to Lafayette the following week, Notre Dame found the Boiler-makers tough. Coach Leahy was so disgusted after the game that he wouldn't allow any photographers in the dressing room to take pictures. His gymnastics along the side-lines during that game brought many laughs to the fans at the game as well as those listening to their radios. Some announcers drifted away from their play-by-play of the game to give a vivid description of his antics.

The following two Saturdays Notre Dame played host to Nebraska and Iowa in that order. Coach Leahy's psychology did an about-face and the team seemed to settle down to play the kind of football that it was capable of playing.

Leaving South Bend a week later for Cleveland and the Navy game, the Irish boarded the 3:40 along with a car-load of St. Mary's seniors who made this their Senior Trip. Bridge games, maga-

zines, and Czarowski (telling about his tan cap that gave him the New Look) shortened the trip.

Two motorcycle cops met the team outside the station and escorted the players (all of whom walked) six blocks to the Carter Hotel. Seemed kind of silly watching those badge boys balancing their bikes along the curb going about 3 miles an hour.

The Navy game was so rough that Moose Fisher suggested that each of the Notre Dame players should pick out a Navy man and let him have it on the next play. Captain George Connor talked him out of it. Czarowski was busy during the game asking his opposing lineman about the guy from Annapolis who got caught scalping tickets. "Must be quite a guy," Ziggy told him, "I scalped four Navy tickets last night that cost me \$3.75 apiece and all I got for them was \$2 apiece." On the next play Marty Wendell was laughing so hard at Ziggy that he missed his block.

Sports writers from all over slipped into South Bend a week before the Army game and the local telegraph office was swamped with press wires. The Irish were confident of winning; the student body disagreed on whether or not the score should add up to the total of the '44 and '45 Army scores; the coaching staff (as usual) was willing to settle for a one-point margin of victory. Everyone at Notre Dame was satisfied when the final gun sounded.

The Army game this year brought about the longest run and the longest walk. The fans saw Terrific Terry lug the pigskin 95 yards to pay dirt on the opening kick-off, but very few (and none of the sports writers present mentioned it) witnessed the dramatic "long walk." After the game ended, Coach Leahy and Coach Blaik met at mid-field, quickly reached for each other's hand, immedi-



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ately released their grips and walked ALONE ten yards apart to the SAME exit. And, brother, it was a long walk!

Rain-soaked and slippery, the Wildcats' field in Evanston was nearly marked as the National Championship Graveyard of Notre Dame. The statistics whispered that Notre Dame had thoroughly outplayed Northwestern but the 26-19 score yelled that the Irish weren't invincible.

After the game the Irish crowded into the "606 Club" where (you guessed it) Zygmunt Czarobski took over the master of ceremonies job long enough to have the whole joint cheering the son of a butcher and singing the praises of the Leahy Lads.

The Tulane game a week later was a quiet affair. Nobody expected much competition from the Green Wave but those 32 points in the first quarter made a guy wonder how Alabama, the number one team of the Sugar Bowl this coming New Year's, dropped its opening game to this same eleven. Head Coach Frnka of Tulane refused to shake hands with acting Head Coach Krause after the game.

Last week after the Southern Cal fracas, Liz Scott kept her date with Ziggy and entertained him royally in Hollywood. After meeting in Pittsburgh, they corresponded occasionally with the idea of getting together when the season ended. They got together!!!

Splinters

(Continued from Page 63)

the days that followed he received letters from writers all over the country who covered the game and were amazed at the wonderful treatment.

Walter "Red" Smith of the New York *Herald Tribune* wrote Father John Cavanaugh on behalf of the New York writers that "we appreciate the great work done this week by Charlie Callahan. He had the most difficult job, and no one could have handled it better."

John Winkin, ass't. editor of *Sport*, commented: "I am sure I voice the opinion of all of us who were there at the game that the treatment received by the press was beyond reproach. I am sure everyone felt that it couldn't have been better, and time and time again I heard it said that this was the best treatment the press had ever been accorded anywhere or anytime. I would like to say that I concur entirely with this."

Perhaps the tribute which Callahan appreciates most came from Joe Petritz, for 13 years the Notre Dame publicity man and now in charge of publicity for the All-America Football Conference.

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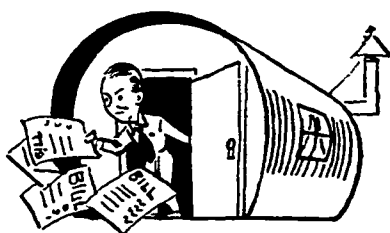
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Do you buy \$50 shirts?

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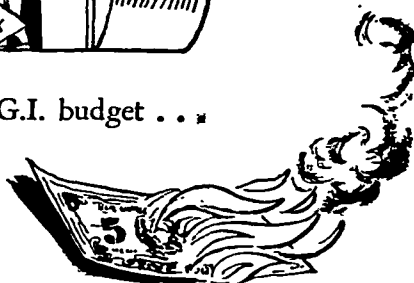
...if so—read no further



BUT ...

If you are a veteran — on a G.I. budget ...

*If you don't light your cigars
with five dollar bills ...*



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MAIN AT COLFAX

Petriz said, "Thank you again for your courtesy of last week. Congratulations on the very excellent manner in which you operated the press box. It was the most exacting assignment in the history of Notre Dame stadium, and I'd say that you and your crew did an outstanding job."

Notre Dame has long been recognized as having the best relations with sports writers of any college in the land. Consequently, the Army game was a challenge to our press facilities and hospitality as well as to our unbeaten grid-ders. The Irish scored a smashing victory in both respects.

Lujack's Fan Mail

(Continued from Page 58)

would. . . . P.S.: If you can't make it substitutes would be appreciated." Since the date in question was the eve of the Tulane game, the lads invited were unable to attend, and as Clashmore Mike was indisposed, he declined to act as a substitute.

It won't be enough that gridiron fans the country over will be seeing Lujack cavort on the greensward for a few more years yet, but those of you who are followers of the bangtails may also have the opportunity to see Lujack come thundering down the home stretch. We don't mean to infer that Johnny is thinking seriously of making the ponies a profession, or of entering himself in the Kentucky Derby, but if some girl in Florida has her way, there will be a thoroughbred named after him.

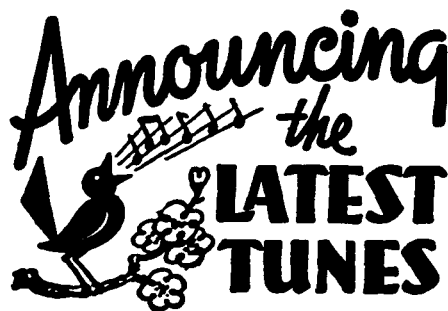
And speaking of names, a man out Los Angeles way, a rabid Notre Dame fan, sent John a hundred-word wire. He had just named his second son "Lujack" in honor of our lad from Connellsville.

What does John think of all this fan mail? Naturally he likes it and appreciates the fact that so many people are interested in his welfare. But it isn't just a passive appreciation; he takes a pen in hand and spends an average of two hours a day answering these letters.

"Now, take this letter," said John, "from a girl out in San Francisco. She's had infantile paralysis since she was seven years old and has never seen a football game, but that doesn't stop her from rooting for Notre Dame. I'm writing to her now. Listen to what she says in her last paragraph . . .

Johnny, I know I have been a pest to you but to me it was a pleasure writing this letter. I will pray to God to let you have a beautiful star to lead you to success in the future. Perhaps some day when I get well, I will really see you in action . . . or the wonderful Notre Dame team I read about. God bless you always.

It couldn't happen to a better guy.



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ley *Guy Lombardo*
White Christmas.....*Eddie Howard*
Humoresque Boogie *Hadda Brooks*
St. Luke's Christmas Album.....
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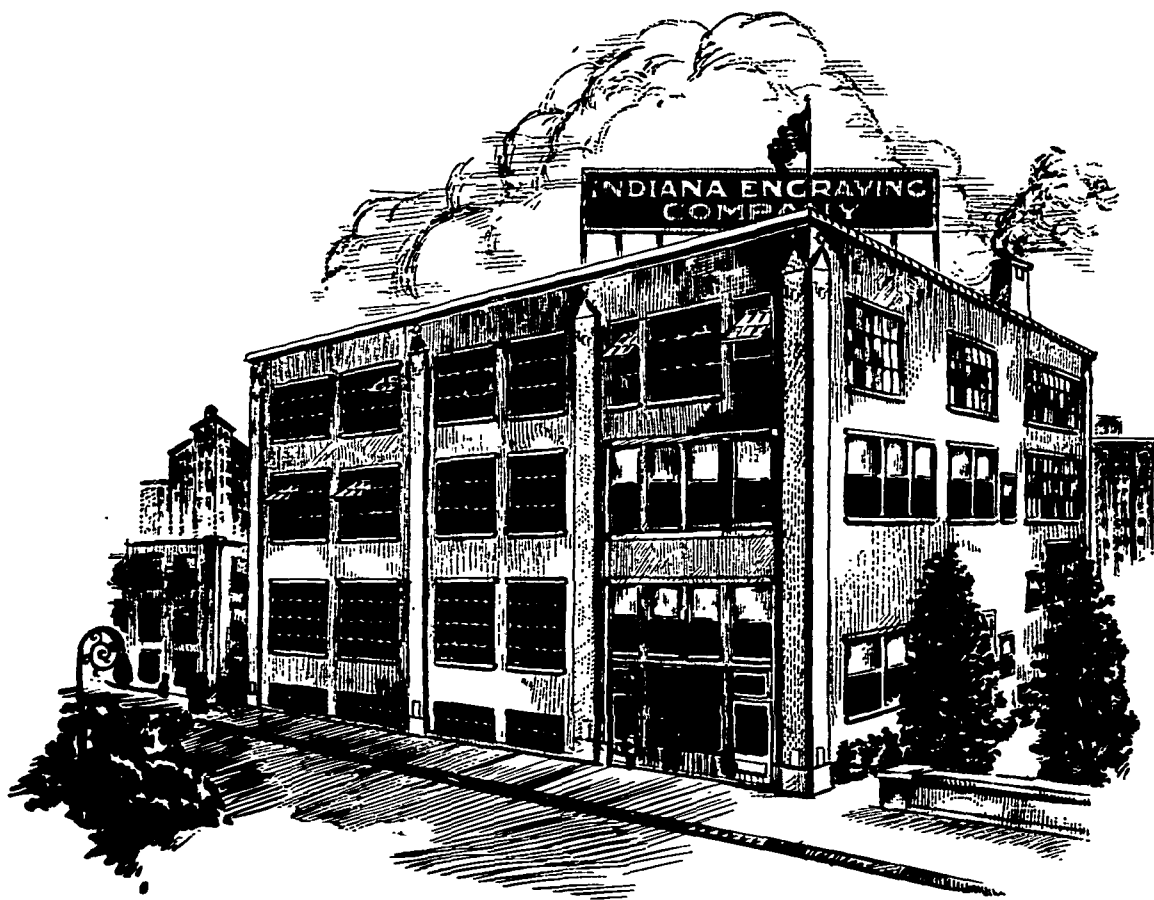
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for Notre Dame Games*

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Are you dough-shy? Get us! We give the stuff away. Folding money, too. Yes sir, Pepsi-Cola Co. pays from \$1 to \$15 for gags you send in and we print. Why worry about an honest living? This is easier. Just send your stuff, along with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Department, Box B, Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print.

There's nothing to it—as you can see from the samples below. If, by coincidence, the words "Pepsi-Cola" turn up somewhere in your gag, don't worry about it. We don't mind. (Matter of fact, we kind of like it.) So start your stuff in now—for Easy Money.

GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra

\$100.00

LITTLE MORON CORNER

Our well-known moron-about-campus, Murgatroyd—now a student in the school of agriculture—has developed a new theory on sheep-feeding. He makes a daily ration of Pepsi-Cola an important part of their diet. "Duuuuuuuh, of course," said Murgatroyd recently, when questioned as to his reasoning, "everybody knows that Pepsi-Cola is the drink for ewe!"

\$2 apiece, believe it or not, for any of these we buy!

Get Funny . . . Win Money . . . Write a Title



This is easy as falling off a log. A small log, that is. Just send us a caption for this cartoon. The best line gets \$5. Or you can send in cartoon ideas of your own. For cartoon ideas we buy, we pay \$10 apiece . . . \$15 if you draw them.



HE-SHE GAGS



If you're a He, and know a She—or vice versa—this should be your meat. Here's your chance to strike a blow for the home team in the battle between the sexes—and maybe win three bucks besides!

He Ubangi: I hear that Mbongo has left his wife.

She Ubangi: Really? Why?

He Ubangi: He says that every time she drinks a Pepsi, she smacks her lips, and he can't stand the clatter.

He: Why do you call my date "Pepsi," when her name is Betty?

She: Oh, we all call her "Pepsi" because she goes with anything!

He: I never knew what real happiness was until I married you.

She: Darling!

He: Yes, and by then it was too late.

Three bucks apiece for each of these we print. Let your conscience be your guide.

Daffy Definitions

Here's a column that must have some deep underlying significance. Darned if we know what, though. All we know is that these rate a buck each—and the daffier, the better.

Frustration—having a Pepsi-Cola and no bottle-opener.

Stork—bird with a big bill.

Professor—textbook wired for sound.

Thirst—obsolete term; dates back to pre-Pepsi-Cola era.

Cooperation—one bottle of Pepsi with two straws.

* * *

Paying \$1 apiece for these is like giving you a license to commit burglary. But—\$1 apiece for those we buy.

CHESTERFIELDS OF COURSE—
THERE'S LOTS MORE SMOKING PLEASURE TO THEM

—SAYS *Alan Hale*

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