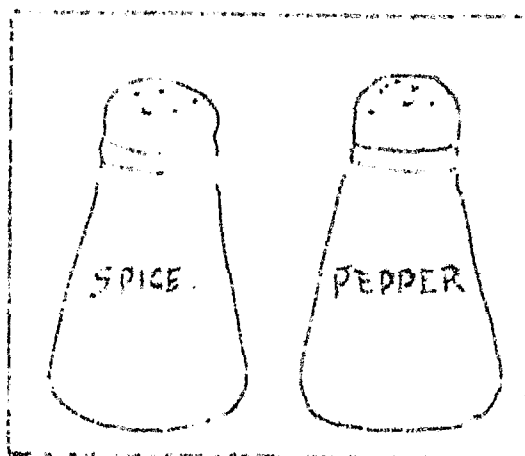


Spice And Pepper.



This is the First Anniversary of SPICE AND PEPPER, the short paragraphs that always get somebody's goat. Last year you voted for it 94%. Nobody's feelings were hurt--irreparably.

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Southern Methodist may not be able to give you lessons in theology or even in football but aren't they the models of sportsmanship? The way their cheerleaders and band put on that show after the game, you would think S.M.U. had won. Hats off to the Mustangs! *** As to their jive, well...it had plenty of bronche twist and sc'west'n yelps to it and it certainly held the mob. The Bulletin editor pulled his neck in apologetically, consoled himself with the thought: "Not a bad exhibition, but, O my, how can Zahn's Hot Club make it their steady diet?"

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Pat Manion and Father Brennan sure popped up your spirit for the game. Plan to keep it popped up the rest of the season. But don't plan to pop up the student-trip with "spirits." Fire-water does only two things. It inflames the passions and puts a damper on a real good time.

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Here's the inside story. The patroness of last week's game was Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Each player tucked one of her medals into his suit, recited her litany. It's good to have her on Notre Dame's side. *** Before blessing the squad with the relic of the True Cross, the priest howled up a joke which should have gone this way: "Father, I suppose you said Mass for the team today?" "No, I said it for the Deer Heads." -- "Oh, you said it for Southern Methodist, eh?"

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Well, Virgil Greenberg of Cavanaugh is

certainly up to form. He's as meticulous as a movie actress as to his make-up when he's getting ready to make his debut at St. Mary's: tie fixed just so, trousers pressed sharp as a knife, smooth-shaven and powderpuffed. But you should see the same Virgil in the dining hall. Believe it or not, he's there with his whiskers and corduroys and with never a thought concerning the gang. He's stretching for the bread or hoarding an extra dessert or monopolizing the conversation with trivia about the hometown; he's mussing the table with butter or swamping the cloth in a lake of cream and sugar and coffee. In Washington Hall he's making more noise than any other baboon in the memory of the oldest faculty members.

Now, Virgil, try to be consistent. If the girls at St. Mary's are worth your curtsy, then the gang on the campus is at least worth your common courtesy.

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A Sorinite, on his dignity, writes: "Don't call us the 'Dead End Kids' and those paleckas in Walsh 'The Gentlemen.' There ain't no justice."

Dear Brickbat Bill: "That's right, there ain't no justice....someone suggested Sorin should be called the Maginet Line. But last week your Communions dwindled to a mere 165. No Maginet monicker for the Creamyuff Brigade. *** As to Walsh, we are agreed, it ain't justice calling the paleckas "The Gentlemen." Half of them don't even know yet that their chapel was closed part of last week and re-conditioned. No longer home of gentlemen, Walsh shall be called "Sleepy Inn--Confy House of Wyaken, Blynken and Ned." Sleepy Inn last week made 198 Holy Communions. Next-door, Aluminum scored a much better 346. Cavanaugh led all with 599. Zahn dipped to 390. St. Ed's A.C. held its own which is low. Big Morrissey was far down, too. Those Pete Squala was breaking its record.

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Hellie of Niles overheard in the Caf: "Is the 50 yd. line on S.M.U.'s side or N.D.'s?"

PRAYERS: (See one) "Bud" Kellie (second anniv.); brother of Ed Barnett; friend of Frank Hopkins and Marty Shea; father-in-law of Prof. Bartholomew (1st anniv.); (Ill) Ed Rapp; mother of Leo Hagerty; Walter Sheffer; mother of Pat Flanagan; Judge Spraul.