
A Lesson In Fair Play.

A huffy young lady, down Boston way, fired two hot paragraphs at Bill Cunningham, Sports Editor of the Boston Post. One of the paragraphs involved Notre Dame. It sized thus:

".....after all your latest bleat is only in line with your practical public renunciation of your Alma Mater in order to make room for the shield of the Four Horsemen on your turned coat. I am the cousin of one Dartmouth man and the fiancée of another and am not alone in my shame to associate such names as yours even mentally with the college at Hanover. If the Irish ever have the luck to fall from football grace, I suppose you'll automatically become an alumnus of the Green Bay Packers or something."

Hot paragraphs don't seem to faze Bill. Before he tossed it into the still hotter furnace he cooled it off between the following pair of pincers:

"Being 'the cousin of one Dartmouth man and the fiancée of another,' should have done a little something toward dragging you by the elbows, sister, away from bigotry, ignorance, selfishness and unfairness. Since you presume to borrow the name of a man's college, Dartmouth, and make a sort of evening dress of it in which to parade your charms, you might as well know that Dartmouth stands for intelligence, justice, fair play and sportsmanship. The Notre Dame angle, while unquestionably beyond the grasp of an intellect as feeble as the one quoted here, is nevertheless comprehensible. When a team annually produces the greatest football stories in the nation, it's no more possible for a sports writer to avoid writing about it than it's possible for a political writer to avoid mentioning the President and the Senate, or a motion picture scribe to ignore Clark Gable or Greta Garbo. Even if the sports writer wanted to, and this one doesn't happen to.

"And if you challenge the statement that the Fighting Irish produce the greatest dramas of the year, I offer two of their masterpieces of 1935 and invite you to trump them if you can. The first was that Garrison finish against Ohio State in the most highly publicized battle of the year. The second was their wholly unadvertised and therefore triply beautiful, compelling and memorable tribute to their dead captain, Joe Sullivan. Stories are the major business of the man in the press stand and he devoutly and reverently thanks God when one comes along that is clean and fine and withal is so thrilling that it makes his every nerve tingle even as he's trying to write it. Implications that the proprietor of this filling station is a fair weather friend of Notre Dame or of any other college is likewise about as fair as the rest of the letter....If this femme knew as much about sports as she claims further on in her epistle, she'd know 'the Irish' fell from football grace in 1931 and stayed pretty well fallen until this year. I don't recall that I went chasing off after the 'Green Bay Packers or something', and if friendly letters from the officials of a big university mean anything, I don't gather that I'm regarded at Notre Dame, or a half dozen others I could name including that dear Dartmouth, as any fair weather friend."

Fair-weather friends don't write sentences like this one, Bill: "Stories are the major business of the man in the press stand and he devoutly and reverently thanks God when one comes along that is clean and fine and withal is so thrilling that it makes his every nerve tingle even as he's trying to write it." A lady should certainly see the nobility in that.

PRAYERS: (deceased) father of the friend of a student; father of Bill Tienkon; Father Kelly, friend of Joe Sullivan; grandfather of Robert Hackman (Lyons). 3 spec. ints.