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ARMY

PITTSBURGH

LULIANE

NAVY

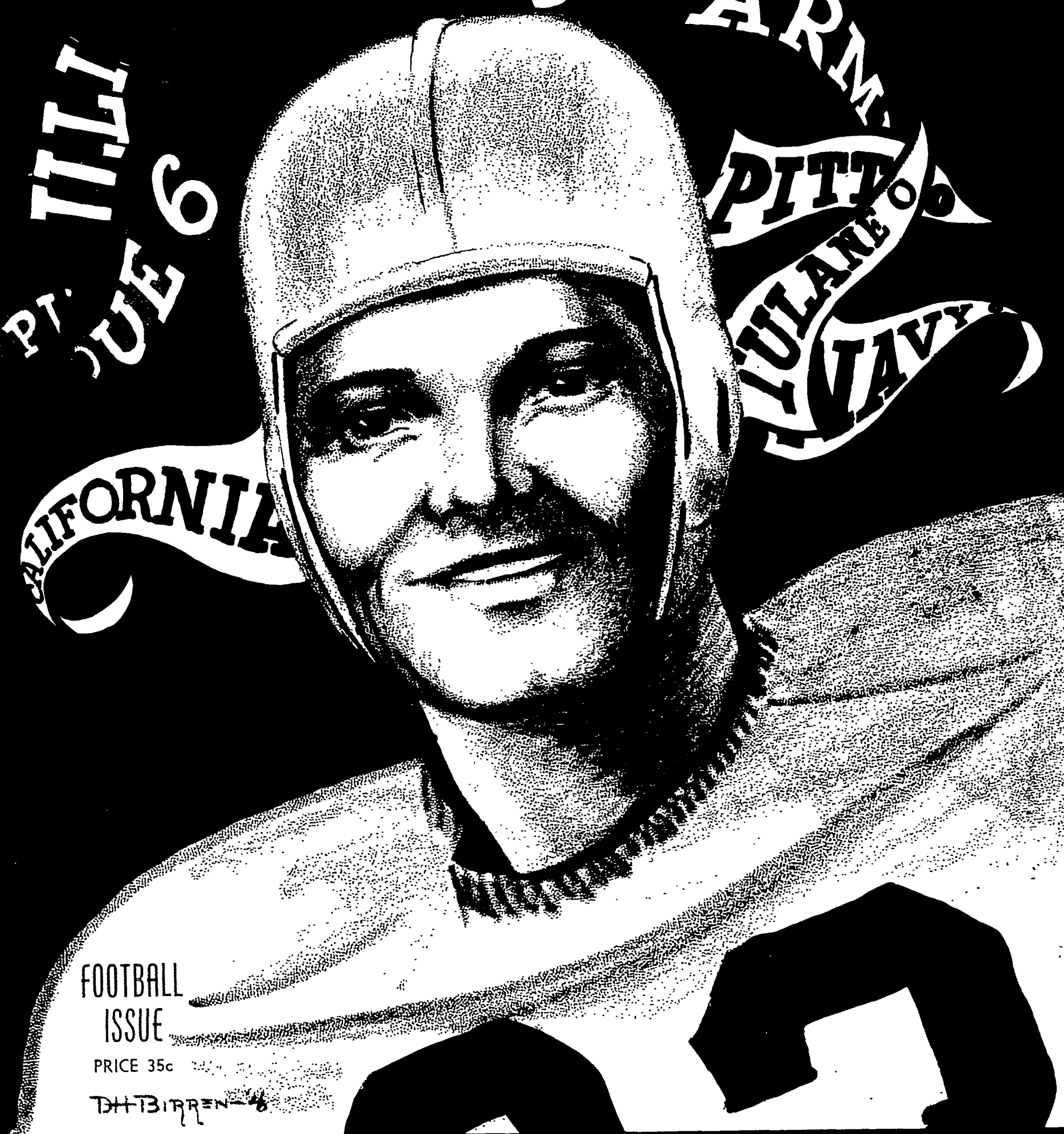
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CALIFORNIA

FOOTBALL
ISSUE

PRICE 35c

THIRREN



NOTRE DAME MEN

Here are the

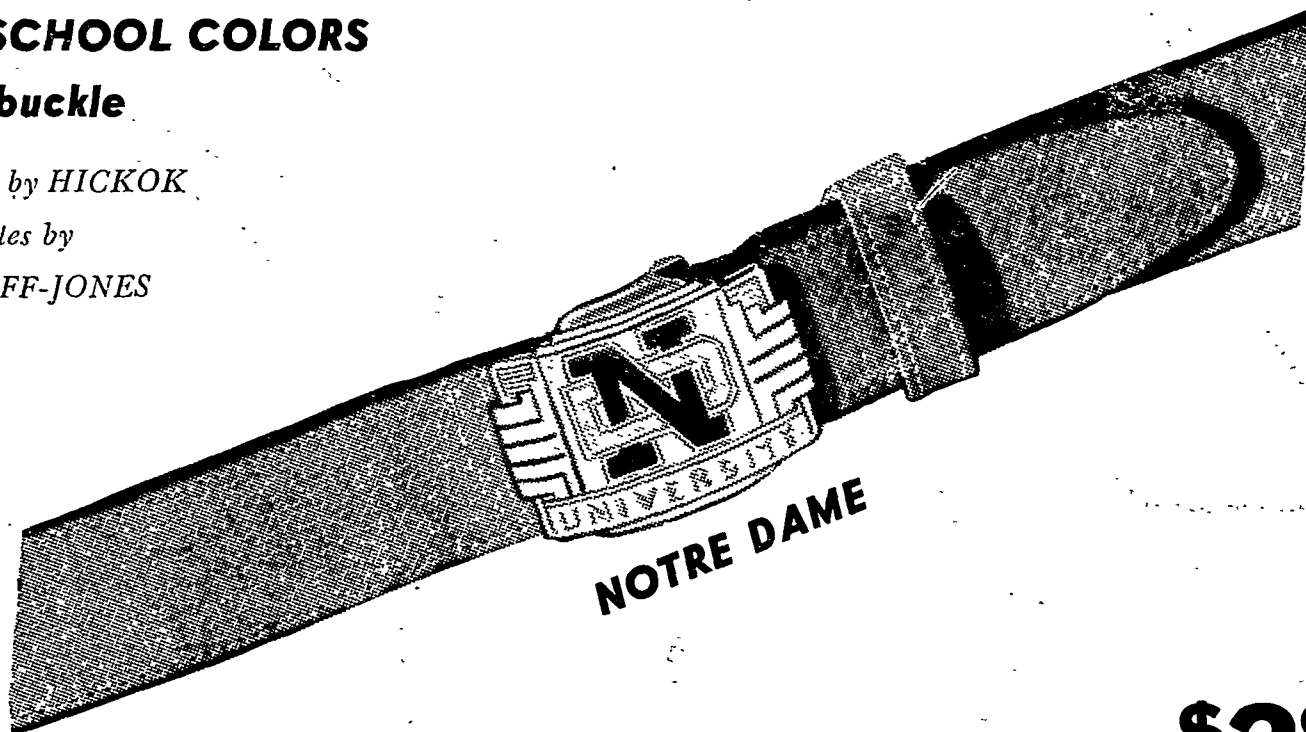
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With the closing of the grid season comes the time for picking "All" teams, handing out monograms, giving prizes, and getting the autographs of the heroes on a cheap football to be sent back home to cousin Joe. So to those who might be passed up in the scramble to award trophies, the following commemorative is dedicated, and written cognizance bestowed:

Hardest Little Little Man: Emil Slovak, who despite his short ration of stature, has been jolting the bigger boys into lullaby-land ever since he first reported at Cartier Field. Elsewhere this vest-pocket V-2 might have been a headliner.

Most Unfortunate Top-notch: Frank Tripucka, second-best quarterback in the land who plays behind the Number One boy Lujack. Not since Frank Carideo directed the 1930 campaign has there been a quarterback of such potentialities in this neck of the woods. He is like the man with the second-best hand in poker. He may yet move past the current glory-grabber.

Biggest Chow Hound: Frank Kosikowski. The Milwaukee Mauler makes Henry the Eighth's gastronomical gymnastics look like birdpickings. The only thing that will keep this clefted gourmet from All-America end berth in 1947 will be a heavily-loaded cafeteria tray.

Outstanding Freshmen: Take your choice, Hart, Martin, Strohmeyer, Sitko, Zalejski, Swistowicz. But keep your eye on the latter. No back starts faster or is as hard to bring down as Mike. Watch him go in '47.

According to Jim Mathis, our correspondent on the UCLA campus, Bob Waterfield, former Bruin star and pro luminary with the LA Rams, says he will take Ernie Case, the current UCLAN quarter, ahead of both Army's Tucker and ND's Johnny Lujack. That's saying an awful lot.

With the recent snub of Army by West Coast Conference (Northern Branch) heads came the threat of resignation from the league by the two Southern California schools USC and UCLA. Western sportswriters, acknowledging the growth of UCLA to a big-time basis, suggested the Bruins take on more intersectional foes, thereby building national prestige, luring bigger crowds, and breaking away from the ties that bind them to such breathers as Montana, Idaho, etc. This year the

Bruins are taking on Nebraska, and have a game scheduled with Northwestern in '47. Now why not a game with Notre Dame? Every time the Irish go to Los Angeles they fill the mammoth Coliseum with between 95 and 100 thousand wild fans. Going there once a year (against USC or UCLA depending on the home-and-home arrangements) would do no harm to our piggy-bank. In fact, after a few years maybe we could have a new gym and fieldhouse, or a new Union building housing theatre, lounge, dance floor and clubrooms. In fact maybe we could regild the Dome, or even slice the tuition.



Since everybody else seems to be picking All-Americans there really is no reason why we can't too, as it's all a matter of opinion anyway. So here goes:

Right End: Mr. Murray, of the Discipline Office. Murray covers his territory like a hawk, plays a floating flanker from his position in a back booth at Walgreen's. His campaigns against the Lido and the Melody have tripped many a highball carrier. You can't get by his post without a green card.

Right Tackle: Waldemar Gurian. This intellectual heavyweight has proven a solid unmovable mass when it comes to stopping verbal scatbacks. His knowledge of the game, from Aristotle to Maritain, keeps our tackle slot impermeable to commie onslaughts.

Right Guard: Father McAvoy, Head of the History Department. His vicious blocks, by way of outside reading tests, have jarred students from top to tarsal. You can't get around him, but you've gotta get by him.

Center: Hop-along-Cassidy. Despite injuries (he has a slight limp) old Hop-along is in their every Saturday at the Kid shows and serial shoot-'em-ups. He plays a clean, hard game, obeys the training rules, and isn't afraid of a fight.

Left Guard: For this position we sought a man who was a real play-wrecker, somebody that steps on everybody and is just a general meanie. Our only choice could be the guy that sat the ND students in the fox-holes at the Army game, giving them a very uncomfortable and memorable afternoon.

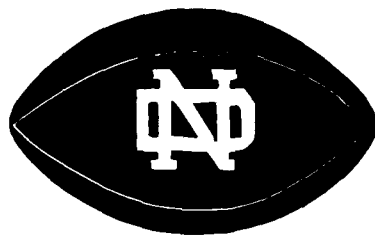
Left Tackle: John McAllister. This is the only guy who can say he's actually stopped Lujack, Zalejski, Cowhig, Connor, Fischer, Rovai, and all the rest. He

(Continued on Page 8)

A Good Job

Well Done,

Irish!



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- Dining Hall
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A NOTRE DAME CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN CULTURE

Comments on recent issues:

"I would like very particularly to congratulate you on the publication of Clara Menck's 'Germany Today!' It seems to me by all odds the most penetrating analysis yet made."

—Walter Lippman, noted journalist and author.

"I shall be very glad to draw attention to the *Review*. It is in my opinion the best of our political science periodicals."

—Hans Kohn, of Smith College, noted author and observer.

"This time it was the article by H. C. E. Zacharias, 'The Road to Indian Autonomy,' that I found most enlightening."

—Professor Albert Guerard, of Stanford University, former French Ambassador.

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THE REVIEW OF POLITICS

Vol. 8

OCTOBER, 1946

No. 4

Jacques Maritain:

**The Person and the
Common Good**

N. S. Timasheff:

**The Soviet Union and
World Peace**

Richard Pattee:

**The Argentine Question:
The War Stage**

Bernard Wall:

England in 1946

Wilhelm Roepke:

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isn't afraid of the Devil, sasses back to monsters, throws towels at All-Americans and gives ND athletes more of a cuffing around than all the opposition rolled together.

Left End: Harry Truman. Stepping into a position vacated by a 12-year letterman, Harry has been on the receiving end of Republican passes ever since.

Quarterback: Maureen O'Hara. A sure-fire pass defender, in excellent shape all season, this Irish doll far surpasses the more publicized candidates for this position. She can call our signal anytime.

Right Halfback: Louie Budenz. What a ball carrier! With Louie packing the leather the enemy's ranks are sure to be scattered. His knowledge of the opposition makes him a dangerous threat at all times. Lucky we have him on our side.

Left Halfback: Ex-Representative May. The Kentuckian took off like he was bitten by the blue-tailed fly once the Mead investigating committee moved in. His open-field running was phenomenal. Here's the break-away runner Leahy has been looking for.

Fullback: John L. Lewis, one man terror, snarls up the works once he gets his hands on the ball. His average per try is the best in the land. This bushy-browed bruiser is the most feared party-line crasher in the country.

Boy Shows Confidence In Our Blessed Lady

A little ten-year-old nephew of one of the Sisters became so confident and enthused over Notre Dame winning the Army game that he draped the Sacred Heart, Our Lady's statues, the Crucifix, and St. Michael's statue with Notre Dame pennants.



His mother, fearing there was a possibility of his being disappointed, said to him: "Son, remember Notre Dame has not a Blanchard nor a Davis on her team." "Yes, mother, that is very true, they haven't, but remember they have a Lady on their team that Army doesn't have, and *She* will stand on that goal line and not let a man pass for a touchdown for Army."—As told by the mother of Billy Gallagher, 825 K Street N.E., Washington, D. C.

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Reverend Fathers and the Great Reading Public:



Vet Club prexy Joe Dillon recently got himself embroiled in a radio discussion aired over a Chicago station. He and a Northwestern man were attempting to persuade a U. of Chicago Hutchinsite of the desirability of intercollegiate athletics. The U. of C. man was anti-athletics, as might be expected of one under the esthetic wing of Bob Hutchins. He sounded like all the sports denunciators; he was obviously an intense young man who couldn't be bothered with such hoi-polo things as football or basketball. This song is a favorite ditty of the parlor-tea intelligentsia. Joe Dillon and his Northwestern colleague explained pretty well that football and intellectual attainments are not incompatible, but our veddy veddy cultured friend could not agree. About all we can do with that type of mousy fellow is to ignore him and his entire clan. The U. of C. was interested in football as long as it was winning, but when the rest of the conference began to use the Chicago game as a practice session, Chicago suddenly had a revelation of truth and light. It faded out of the big time like a fairy dream melting away, soon decided that the whole thing was utterly beneath it. A fine Christmas present for the good chancellor and his vassals might be a very dead mackerel and an equally fishy sneer.



VAIN IMAGININGS

This column recently saw reprinted a famous sports commentator's story concerning a boxing match between Rockne and Eisenhower long, long ago. Apparently the magazine which reprinted this oldie was unaware that there wasn't a word of truth in it; it was cooked up in the kettle of said commentator's active brain. The public swallows tales like this, hook, line, and sinker. Apparently the word of a so-called authority is able to get the wildest stories general credence. We may be asked next to believe that Harry T.'s first haberdashery customer (buying a miner's cap) was none other than the great John L.

OVER THE AIR WAVES

The recent announcement of the most valuable player in the National League failed to reveal that anyone had voted for the pride of the Cubs' bench, Bill Nicholson. Apparently Bert Wilson has munched on his words of last spring. Whatever may be said of Wilson and his Nicholsonphileism, he does give a good account of a baseball game, which is more than another Chicago announcer does. If you listen to this worthy, especially on a wire reconstruction, you can be forgiven for getting the idea you are listening to the reconstruction of a chess match played in Persia in 1189 B.C. . . . it's like the old Abbott-Costello gag of Who's on first. This column is never sure exactly who is.



HERE . . . AND THERE . . .

Recent finger-pointing at Notre Dame's athletic methods by apologists for the Big Nine are a big haw-haw. The pious Big Nine, casting its eyes heavenwards, says with tears in its eyes that naughty old Notre Dame gets some of the athletes right out of its own backyard. Fie, for shame, N.D.! We might ask the embarrassing question, who came to South Bend and offered one of our football stars all this and heaven too if he would pack his bags and follow that individual in a northerly direction. Another big coach or two has been weeping and gnashing his teeth that they don't get their share of the booty. Judging from the scores of the past few years, these gentlemen weren't exactly behind the door when the wartime talent was passed out.



AND ACROSS THE ROAD . . .

The Ladies at St. Mary's recently had a field hockey championship playoff, but it was about as public as a secret treaty. This column hears that the SCHOLASTIC tried to cover it, got the coldest response since Hess's attempt to end the war five or six years ago.



ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE . . .

One Will Connolly, a bright young columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle (Continued on Page 12)



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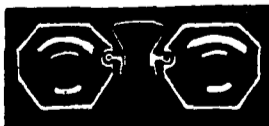


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Evenings by Appointment

icle, deprecates N.D.'s football issue of the SCHOLASTIC in the Nov. 15 issue of that newspaper. He suggests that the Football issue, "a textual record of South Bend's pomp, including a record of the dullest scoreless tie of this or any other century, with Army . . . should make a fine Christmas gift for distant acquaintances you wouldn't remember anyhow . . . as between a Christmas necktie and the Notre Dame catalogue, the latter is preferred by males of junior age and junior mind . . ." Taking brother C. at his word, the SCHOLASTIC has forwarded him a copy with its compliments . . .



WHOM HAVE WE HERE?

Primo Carnera is at it again, this time as a wrestler. Apparently he didn't have enough of American managers and promoters the first time he left his mines-trone and came over. That time he was bilked out of his eye teeth by a shady New Yorker who left the tall man flatter than an Indiana gold security. He seems never to learn that the whole American fight game needs fumigation.



FREE ENTERPRISE DEPARTMENT . . .

After years and years of having the sporting field almost to itself, the smug and sharp *St. Louis Sporting News* has a whole brood of new competitors. The *Sporting News* recently added other sports besides baseball, has little to fear from the inroads of seasonal mags like the football *Quarterback*. But the new slick monthly, *Sports*, put out by Fawcett, who fostered *True*, serves a need. Most of the other new sports sheets resemble racing forms, will probably end in the oblivion they deserve. The *Sporting News* is beyond anything smacking of pulpmags; this column drinks to its long life.



AND OF THE FOOTBALL CIVIL WAR . . .

The All-America Conference is ill of attendance figures. At least three teams, Miami, Buffalo, and Chicago, are about ready to go home to father Arch Ward who hatched them. The only All-America team winning consistent fan favor is the Cleveland Browns with an average home attendance of 57,000. One of these teams might move to Detroit, where the toothless Lions have angered fandom. Meanwhile the National League is filling the stadium every week.



POUR IT ON . . .

Michigan's 58-6 rout of OSU showed a complete lack of restraint on the part of the Wolverines. After they had al-

(Continued on Page 63)



THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus*

Founded 1867

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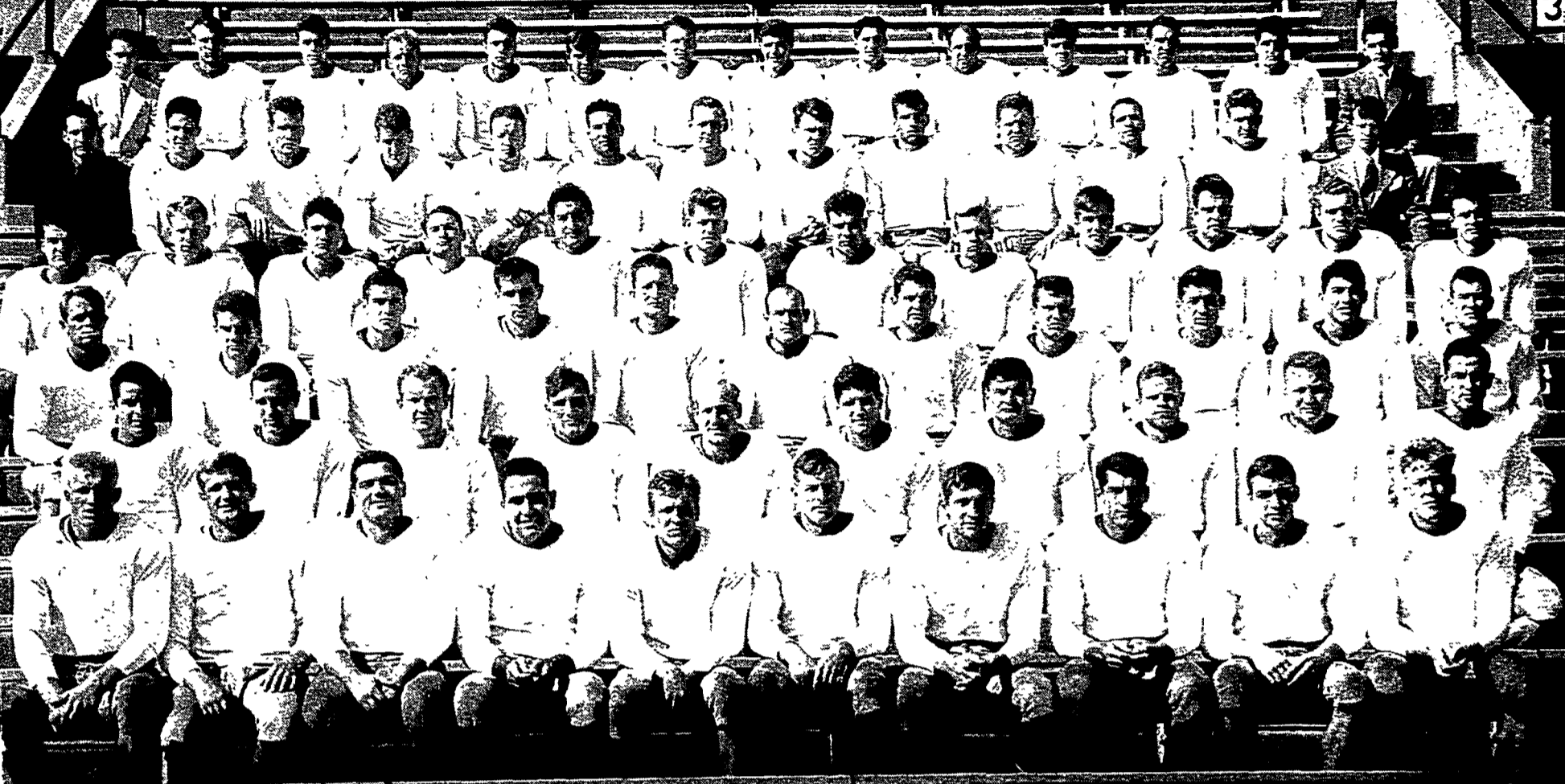
REWRITE

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~ NOTRE DAME 1946 FOOTBALL SQUAD ~

Front Row - Martin, Kosikowski, Casarowski, Signaigo, Strohmeyer, Vangen, Lujack, Malia, Livingstone, Creevey.
 2nd Row - Carroll, Kronburger, Barley, Meter, Potter, Limont, Mastrengele, Sitko, Iannocillo, O'Connor.
 3rd Row - Ashbaugh, Wendell, Fallon, Wm. Walsh, Dougherty, Dickson, Chas. Connor, McGhee, Cowbig, Frampton, Gompers.
 4th Row - J. Brennan, Coutre, Noristigri, Slovak, Cifelli, McGurk, Statuto, Ketterman, G. Bagley, D. Bagley, Russell, Wm. L. Smith.
 5th Row - Bass, Mcr., Espanan, Sullivan, Hanlon, Higgins, Brutz, Schuster, Wightkill, Tripucka, Fischer, Agnane, Mc Bride, Earls, Mcr.
 6th Row - Kelly, Mcr., Gortner, Flanagan, Zilly, R. Welsh, Clatt, Gasparella, Rovaj, Panelli, Scott, Skoglund, G. Connor, Heywood, Flaherty, Mcr.

Photo by
 Beeby South Bend

A TRIBUTE

The SCHOLASTIC dedicates this issue to the 1946 Notre Dame team, which in our book is the top collegiate team in the country. In nine games against Western Conference opponents and teams from every section of the country, it proved its right to the National Title.

Well done, Fighting Irish.

Irish Defeat Illini in Opener, 26-6

By JOHN A. O'CONNOR

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., Sept. 28.—Indian-summer's bright and torrid sun beat down on a record crowd of 75,119 frenzied football fans at Champaign as the visiting Irish from Notre Dame walloped the mighty Illini 26 to 6. Marking the curtain raiser to the 1946 season and the return of Frank Leahy as head coach, the contest saw the Fighting Irish, stymied at first, overcome a powerful enemy line, throttle a flashy enemy backfield, and pull away to a comfortable three-touchdown margin.

Tabbed by pre-season experts as the number two team in the nation, Illinois, loaded with such stars as Buddy Young, Julie Rykovich, Perry Moss and Alex Agase, shoved the South Benders all over the field during the first quarter, and looked like they were on their way to avenging the heartbreaking losses of '44 and '45. But their colors soon faded and the tide of battle turned. Hurling back deep into their own territory by a beautiful Illini punt, Leahy's lads rose to meet the occasion. Jimmy Mello, piston-legged fullback, started things rolling by charging from the three to the twelve, then Ashbaugh to the fifteen. Then it happened, the play of the day. Iceberg-cool quarterback Johnny Lujack looped a low lateral out to halfback Emil Sitko, after faking to Mello, and Red Sitko, the Strawberry Roan, was off to the races. Around the Illini right end, picking his way through the enemy secondary, dodging tacklers, cutting in, then out for the sidelines, and all the way down the field, 83 yards, till he was hauled down from behind by Julie Rykovich on the Illinois 3 yard line. A couple of plays later Bob Livingstone, jackrabbitt Irish left-half, dove over for the score, and the Ramblers were out ahead 6 to 0.

Two minutes before the first half ended the visitors struck again. With fourth down and three to go on their own 45 yard line, and the clock ticking away precious seconds, Lujack fooled the pass-suspecting defenders and sent Mello around end for a 30 yard gain to the Illini 25. Sitko picked up 11 more and then Jolting Jimmy Mello, who averaged 7.6 yards per try, hiked around right end for the tally. Little Freddie Earley booted the conversion and half-time saw the Blue and Gold in front by 13 points.

No sooner had the third period got underway than the Notre Damers were down there knocking again. Mike Swistowicz, freshman right half, made a miraculous catch of one of Lujack's passes for a 42 yard gain, only to fumble on the one yard line. After the Illini kicked out of that one they folded before another Irish drive that came as far as the 14 yard marker before it fizzled with a wide field-goal attempt by Earley.

In the final quarter Gasper Urban, reserve Irish tackle, jolted the Illini's dusky Paul Patterson and Czarobski was on the fumbled ball like a hawk on a baby chick. Ashbaugh took Lujack's flip on the 8, Panelli banged his way to the 4, and Terry Brennan tore over left tackle for the tally. Earley converted; ND 20, Illinois 0.

But the misery wasn't over for the highly-touted home team that hot afternoon. Joe Signaigo batted the ball out of the flustered hands of enemy quarterback Perry Moss, and pin-up boy Will Russell, Rambler tackle, was on it in a hurry.

Tripucka's pass to Swistowicz was slapped into the air by an enemy defender, but Mike was there when it came down. Corny Clatt, reserve Irish fullback proceeded to bull his way to paydirt. Earley's try for point was blocked, and the score stayed at 26 to 0.

In the ebbing minutes of the game, with lengthening shadows creeping up the last inches of Memorial Stadium, the Illini coeds got their chance to squeal. Bill Heiss, Orange and Blue end, got behind the reserve Irish backs to take in a lofty heave from Rykovich that netted 63 yards and 6 points, thus averting a shutout.

Most impressive in the Irish parade of stars was Red Sitko, a chunky, bullnecked halfback, who averaged 14.4 yards per try, and outshone the brightest luminaries in the Illini backfield. Johnny Lujack's cool quarterbacking and Jim Mello's line-busting highlighted the Leahy offensive. Up front it was George Connor, George Strohmeyer, and Bill Fischer who waylaid the Illini forwards and closed the door when the enemy ballcarriers tried to come through. Czarobski, Martin, Zilly and Wendell, as well as Rovai, looked like they meant business all the way.

The Illini's much publicized strength failed to materialize. Buddy Young, fastest man in football pants, was held to 40 yards in 11 tries, and was rocked severely by Connor, Strohmeyer, Czarobski and Martin on many occasions. Lujack, only man between the fleet Buddy and the Irish goal on several occasions, smacked him down decisively.

Perry Moss, Illini quarter and aerial bomber, was rushed off his feet by the Irish forwards, and probably wished they'd sent him back to Tulsa.

The Illini line, loaded with such name stars as Kasap, Agase, Denskus and Baumann, was no match for Irish fight.

Emil "Red" Sitko

Drawn by
Don Birren



Pitt 33-0 Victim in Home Opener

By MEL GODDARD

NOTRE DAME STADIUM, Oct. 5.—A surprisingly strong Pittsburgh defense held the powerful Irish scoreless for the first period before 50,368 fans in the Notre Dame Stadium, only to be routed 33 to 0. Coach Leahy's squad was obviously suffering a letdown in spirit after their victory over Illinois last Saturday. The stubborn Panther line made them look quite unlike potential National Champions except on those infrequent occasions when the boys forgot the heat and got down to the business of scoring touchdowns.

One of those moments resulted in the first Irish score early in the second quarter with Johnny Lujack passing first to Jack Zilly for 12 yards, then to Bob Livingstone for 24 and a touchdown. Creevy's conversion attempt was wide. George Strohmeier intercepted a Pitt pass to start the march for the second TD, which was scored by Terry Brennan after two passes by Lujack had put the ball on Pitt's 7. Creevy again failed to add the extra point. The Irish passing attack bogged down as the half ended with the score: ND 12; Pitt 0.

Soon after the second half got under way, a Panther fumble, recovered by Jim Martin, was quickly turned into a marker by Notre Dame, Lujack tossing one to fullback Jim Mello. Fred Earley split the uprights to make the scoreboard read Notre Dame 19; Pitt 0. More Lujack passes soon put the ball on the Panther 8, and Mello carried it over from there without a Pitt hand touching him. Earley again kicked the point to make the total 26 for the Irish.

In the fourth quarter, limited by orders to simple running plays, only eight plays were required to send Brennan over for the final touchdown of the afternoon. Earley made good on the placement try to end the scoring. The remaining minutes of the game were featured by the return of right halfback Floyd Simmons, who had been on the injured list. He showed both speed and power in the short time he was in the game, and should help fill the gap caused by Red Sitko's injury. Bill Smith and John Agnone both looked good in the ball toting department, but the highlight of the final period was the great kick by quarterback Frank Tripucka, which bounced out of bounds on the Pitt one. The boot traveled about 70 yards through the air.

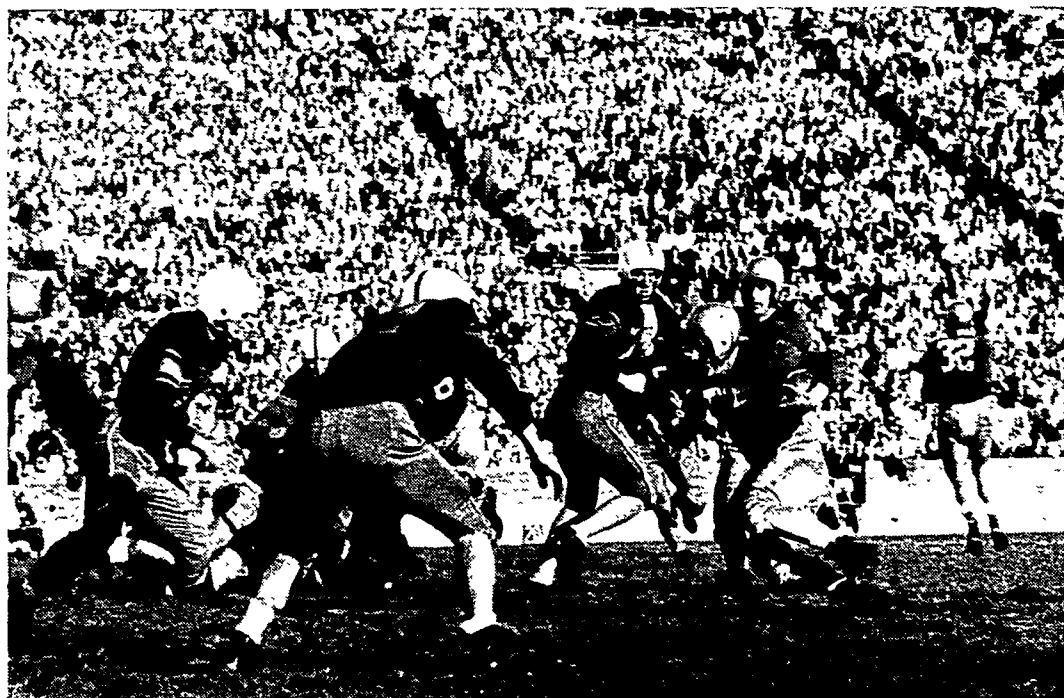
Pittsburgh was definitely handicapped by injuries and

more of their players were hurt during the game. In spite of all this, there were times when they made the powerful Irish look bad. Ward, Skladany, DePasqua, Cecconi and Bar-kouskie did a lot to slow down the Notre Dame running attack.

George "Beans" Connor and Moose Fischer were again outstanding in the Irish line with Czarowski, Rovai, Stroh-meyer, Martin and Zilly giving Lujack excellent protection



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NOTRE DAME
ELEVEN



for passing. The second team line led by Johnny Mastrangelo also worked well in front of Ratterman and Lujack.

Notre Dame piled up a lot of yardage, much of it after Pitt had been worn down by the heat and the Irish reserves, to dominate the game in every department. The Irish racked up 19 first downs to 4 for Pitt, and gained 468 yards to 42 for the Panthers.

Mike Swistowicz (55) picks up seven yards on a reverse late in the first half of the Pitt game. **Jim Mello** is behind Swistowicz and No. 32 is **Johnny Lujack**.

Notre Dame Crushes Purdue, 49-6

By JOHN A. O'CONNOR

NOTRE DAME STADIUM, Oct. 12.—Neither cold winds nor drizzling rains were able to dampen the crisp mettle of our Irish warriors, and Notre Dame made it three in a row, celebrating Columbus Day by smacking down Purdue, 49 to 6.

No matter how deep Frank Leahy dipped into his barrel of talent, he came up with a winner, and the entire squad looked much more impressive than it did last week. Thrown back in the first few minutes of play by a keyed-up Boilermaker line, the Ramblers finally found themselves, but not until Bob Livingstone had to be helped from the field.

Enraged, the Irish struck. Jim Mello took the ball on his own 34 and ripped through the Black and Gold for 33 yards, being hauled down from behind. Johnny Panelli lugged it for 18, then 10 more. From one yard out, Mello perforated the Boilermaker line and the score read 6 to 0. Freddie Earley, sans shoulder pads and looking like a Lilliputian among the gridiron Gullivers, trotted in to make the first of his 7 straight points-after-touchdown.

Urban pounced on a Purdue fumble in the second period, but ND's scoring rush fizzled on the 9 when Swistowicz fumbled and the visitors breathed easier. But not for long.

Terry Brennan, the winged terror from Milwaukee, did some fancy stepping for 27 yards, then again for 9, and again for 6. Bull-shouldered Corny Clatt rammed it over from the 2-yard marker, and Earley's goal made it 14-0.

Before the second period ended Jerry Cowhig broke loose on a 47-yard runback of an enemy punt, bowling the Boilermaker tacklers over, and packing it to the Purdue 33-yard line. After Switowicz picked up 5, Johnny Lujack stepped back and hit Terry Brennan in the end zone for the tally. Once again Mr. Earley did his stuff.

No sooner had the second half started than Jungle Jim Martin, who had been bear-crushing opposing backs all day, gobbled up a Purdue fumble on the 18-yard marker. John Panelli then took the ball on a reverse from Lujack, swung wide around his own left end, cut back near the sidelines, and with head down and knees high, zoomed by the defending safety man to score standing up, much to the glee of the idolizing St. Mary's girls who packed the stands just back of the goalline. Earley's kick was good.

While the Irish backs were running through the injury-riddled Purdue boys, the ND line was showing up in excellent fashion. Moose Fischer jolted the Purdue defenders with gusto, until a banged-up nose saw him retired for the day. George Strohmeier, unmindful that his mother was watching him from the stands, was making tackles all over the field. McBride and Mastrangelo proved practically unmovable in their positions, and Zilly, Hart, Wendell, Skoglund far outclassed anybody the visitors could offer.

Still in the third quarter, ND started to roll again, this time 70 yards to touchdown town. Johnny Panelli's 42-yard gallop set the tally up, and Zilly speared Lujack's pass on his finger tips in the end zone for the score. Earley's kick was good and the scoreboard read 35-0 as the final stanza began.

But all of a sudden Purdue came alive, and much to the chagrin of the Irish subs who manned our defense, the Boilermaker quarterback, Galvin, sprinted 52 yards to score, barely outdistancing George Tobin and John Fallon, both hot in pursuit. The try-for-point failed, but Purdue's cheerleaders didn't care; they were drunk with joy.

Bitten by the touchdown bug, Purdue now tried to take to the air, bent upon catching up at this late hour. But Bob Skoglund swiped the ball as it left the Purdue passer's hand, and scored once more for the Irish. That man Earley did it again.

With less than three minutes to go Leahy reached way down in his duffle-bag and produced an aggregation of unpublicized subs, many of whom promise to be headline makers once the breaks begin to fall their way. Floyd Simmons sparked the drive, running through, over, and around the visitors from Lafayette, until the ball reached the 25. Then another batch of reserves took over, and Billy Gompers threaded his way 20 yards for the final touchdown. Earley booted his seventh straight.

In this 49-6 rout against mediocre competition, the play took on the aspects of a fashion parade of football talent, one star following another onto the stage for his little part. Cowhig, Panelli, Simmons and Brennan looked best for the hometeam, along with Connor, Mastrangelo and Fischer. Ed Ehlers and John Galvin were outstanding for the Boilermakers, but most of the visitors' talents were limited to the neat strutting of the golden-clad drum majorettes.



JIM
MELLO

Drawn by
Don Birren

Irish Smash Hawkeye Jinx, 41-6

By JOE CHENEY

IOWA CITY, IA., Oct. 26—A crowd of 52,311 saw the Notre Dame football machine, led by the brilliant quarterbacking of Johnny Lujack, shackle the 25-year jinx and the Iowa football team, 41 to 6, this afternoon.

The Green Shirts from Notre Dame struck for a touchdown in the first three minutes of play when Lujack let go a beautiful 65-yard touchdown pass to Terry Brennan. Fred Earley booted the extra point and the first quarter ended, 7 to 0, in favor of the Irish.

Iowa started to march toward the Notre Dame goal but Dick Hoerner, the Iowa fullback, fumbled and Pete Ashbaugh recovered for the Irish on his own eight. Lujack punted the Irish out of danger. Notre Dame took over on its own 38-yard line after the Iowa team had lost the ball on downs. Jerry Cowhig tore off 8 yards and Leon Hart, 18-year-old freshman end, made a one-handed catch of Lujack's long pass and was tackled on the Iowa 11-yard line. Panelli and Swistowicz carried the ball to the 1-yard line where Panelli dove over for the score. Earley's kick was blocked.

After the Hawkeyes had punted over the Notre Dame goal line, the Irish took over on their own 20. Two passes, Lujack to Hart and Lujack to Swistowicz, brought the Irish up to their own 47-yard line. Lujack then fumbled but quickly picked it up and plowed through the left side of his line and raced 47 yards for another touchdown. Earley's kick was good, making it 20 to 0 with three minutes of the second period left to play.

Iowa received the ball on its 20-yard line and brought it back to midfield. On the first play, Tunnell threw a long pass intended for Dittmer which went 10 feet over his head. Dittmer made a gallant try for the ball as he dived for it. The officials ruled that there had been interference on the play by Ashbaugh and awarded the ball to the Hawkeyes on the Irish 10-yard line. Four plays later Hoerner went around end for the score. Sullivan's kick was wide and the half ended 20 to 6 in favor of Notre Dame.

Iowa punted to Brennan who brought the ball back to midfield. Lujack called on McGee, Sitko, and Mello to run the ball deep in Iowa territory. Red Sitko finally drove over from the 3-yard line. "Number 1" raced out on the field and made it 27 to 6.

Pete Ashbaugh started Notre Dame on its fifth touchdown as the fourth period opened when he intercepted one of Tunnel's passes on his own 15 and ran it back to Iowa's 47-yard line. Lujack set up the touchdown with two bullet passes to Hart which carried the ball to the Iowa 13-yard line. Sitko crashed the line on three successive plays and finally wound up scoring another Irish touchdown. Fred Earley booted the extra point. Score: 34 to 6.

Coach Leahy tossed his reserves on the field with instructions to use only straight plays but the thoroughly discouraged Iowa team was unable to keep the third stringers away from their door. Bill Gompers shook himself loose on a 25-

yard sprint around his own left end and scored Notre Dame's last touchdown. The extra point was good as Earley booted it straight through the uprights. Final score: Notre Dame 41, Iowa 6.

Iowa was overrated according to the score and the players. Notre Dame was looking for a more rugged game than the Hawkeyes gave them. Most of the players cited the Iowa-Michigan score, 14 to 7 in favor of Michigan, as the basis for their claim that the Iowans were going to be tough. Red Sitko was Notre Dame's work-horse, carrying the ball 13 times for 59 yards, while Coy McGee, a sophomore from Longview, Texas, made his debut in the Notre Dame backfield. He showed great speed and drive for his 160 pounds.

Notre Dame wound up with 16 first downs to 12 for Iowa. The Irish rolled up a total of 256 yards on the ground and 136 in the air for 392 yards while Iowa came up with a grand total of 170 yards, 80 of which came through passing. The jinx had been broken.



George Connor

Johnny Lujack

Drawn by
Don Birren



65,000 See Irish Sink Navy, 28-0

By JOE CHENEY

BALTIMORE, MD., Nov. 2.—The Notre Dame football team left Washington, D. C., this morning with one objective in mind, to beat Navy without showing the fans anything but straight football. A high spirited Navy team had other plans for the day until Jerry Cowhig broke through after the clock had ticked off 11 minutes of the first period and scored on a 31-yard jaunt around his own left end. Fred Earley kicked the extra point.

In overpowering the Middies, the Irish used a ground attack so powerful that Navy had no chance of getting its second breath. In sweeping to its fifth straight win of the season, Notre Dame racked up 27 first downs to 8 for Navy. In total yardage, Notre Dame gained 444 yards, Navy 139. The Irish attempted 16 passes, completing 8 good for 115 yards, while the Middies attempted 18, completing only 5 which were good for 50 yards.

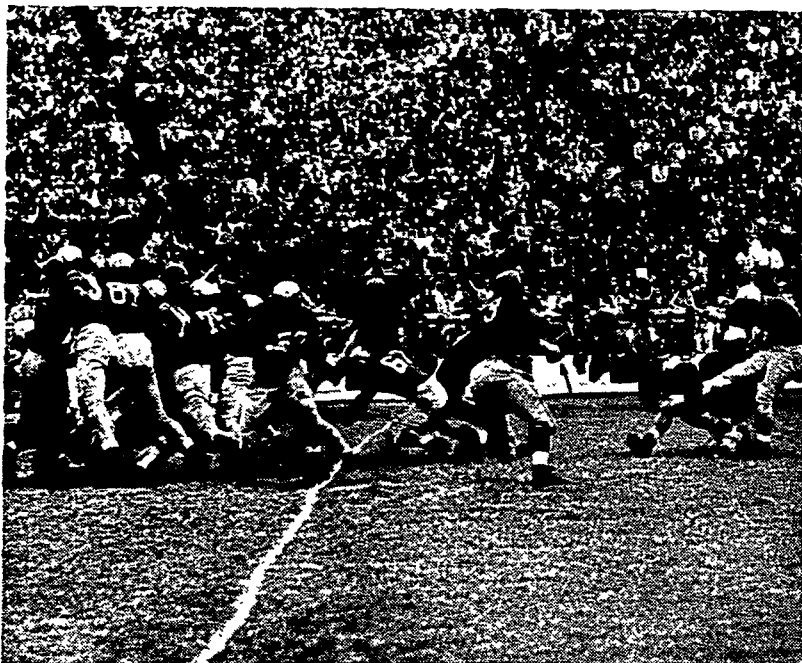
Notre Dame's second and third teams looked better than the first team. The sub backs, aided by substitute linemen, tore through Navy's forward wall time and again. Jerry Cowhig's running was far superior to any he had done so far this season. Floyd Simmons, who had been hampered with injuries all year, tore the bandages off and ripped through for two scores in the second period. The Irish were leading 21 to 0 as they headed for the shower room at half time.

Navy came back for the second half with a determined idea of stopping the high-stepping Notre Damers. It wasn't until 26 minutes of the second half had passed that Coach Leahy sent in Ernie Zalejski and Bill Gompers. They put some punch into the Irish attack. Frank Tripucka, who was in at quarterback, engineered six successful plays which were good for another score, Gompers carrying it over from the 2-yard line.

It was this display of power by an inferior team against the vaunted Irish line which caused some experts to predict Army will send Davis, Blanchard, and Fuson through similar quick openings off the T for winning points next Saturday in New York.



GERRY COWHIG (Drawn by Don Birren)



Fred Earley boots his fourth point after touchdown to make the final score read 28-0.



The Navy goat poses prettily between two Annapolis Academy cheerleaders in Baltimore Stadium.

Notre Dame, Army Battle to 0-0 Tie

By JOE CHENEY

YANKEE STADIUM, NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—The football game of the year between the nation's two top-ranking elevens ended in a 0 to 0 tie as 74,000 onlookers waited for either team to explode in Yankee Stadium this afternoon.

For the first time in three seasons of overpowering success against 25 opponents, Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis were stopped by the charging Notre Dame line. Army, the gridiron giant, remained undefeated but the Fighting Irish had checked its winning streak and Coach Frank Leahy's record of never having an Army team cross his goal line was wrapped up for another year.

The predictions that Notre Dame would flood the field with substitutes and beat Army through its depth of material were given in vain. Notre Dame brought 36 players on the trip to New York but only 22 of them saw action. Blanchard, Davis, and Tucker were caught behind their line of scrimmage more often in this game than they had ever been in the last three years. Blanchard made a run of 21 yards but Davis never got too far past the line of scrimmage.

Terry Brennan, playing a terrific game again for the Irish, made the longest Notre Dame gain when he broke through tackle for 21 yards. Brennan's defensive play was also outstanding. Lujack's pass to Skoglund for 25 yards and Davis' pass to Blanchard for 23 yards were the only two passes of the game which carried much distance.

Notre Dame fans got their thrill of the afternoon watching the Irish march 85 yards down the field only to be held by a determined Army line three yards short of the Army goal line. This was the closest either team got to pay dirt.

This Notre Dame-Army game was a fiercely fought defensive struggle between two teams that wouldn't be beaten. The thrill that goes with an offensive game could not be found in Yankee Stadium today but the crowd was on edge throughout the struggle waiting in vain for one team or the other to get the break that it needed to score. That break never came.

Looking over the statistics, Notre Dame made ten first downs to Army's nine. In yards gained rushing and running back punts Army gained 224, Notre Dame 219. On forward passes each team gained 52 yards and the yardage on punts was the same, 40. Army tried 16 passes, completed 4; Notre Dame tossed 17 and completed 5. The whole Notre Dame team sparkled on defense but Army stopped each one of its drives.

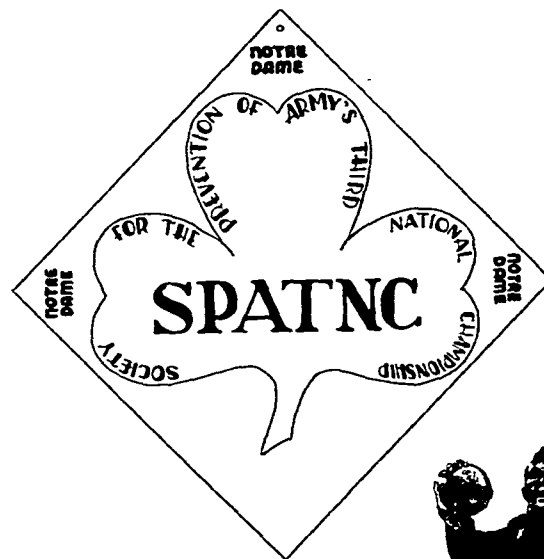
The dressing room scenes after the game were quiet. Both teams had wanted to win this one, particularly Notre Dame after being humiliated 59-0 and 48-0 by this same team the past two years. Coach Red Blaik looking downcast said, "There is no jubilation in this dressing room. It was a vigorously-fought, terrific defensive game. Both teams played beautifully on the defense and that affected both team's attacks." There were no smiles coming from the faces of the Army players either.

Across the way in the Notre Dame dressing room, the Yankees' quarters, the players were undressing as Coach

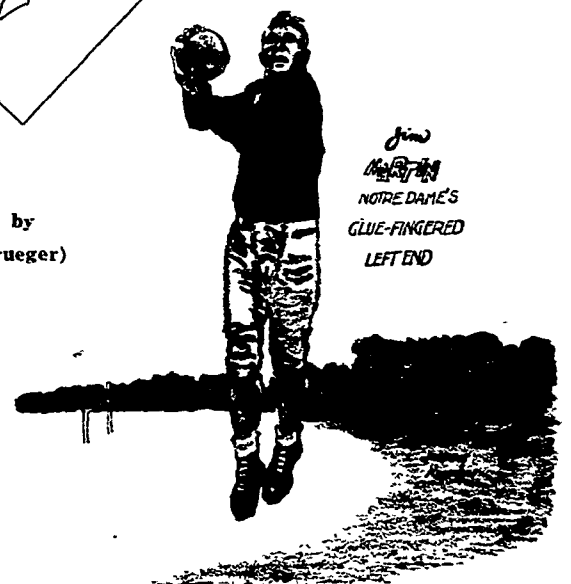
Frank Leahy walked around the room telling each and every one of them what a fine game they had played. When the reporters came into the room, Leahy graciously said, "I suppose I should be elated over the tie. After all, we didn't lose, but I'm not. You know, of course, that I had expected to lose this game, but five minutes after the game had started, after we had stopped Army in the first period, I had a feeling that we might win." Agreeing with Blaik that the game was overshadowed by the brilliant defensive work of both teams, Leahy paid tribute to a fine Army team. Army's head coach had tossed bouquets to Notre Dame's team only five minutes before.

Coach Leahy was asked why the Irish hadn't used more trick plays in today's game. "We did try a couple of new things, like a screen pass and a double reverse, which we didn't use before this season," was his reply. He disagreed with Coach Blaik's statement that the cadets "owned the second half."

So the resumption of the rivalry between Earl Blaik and Frank Leahy, back from two years' service in the Navy, ended on the same low note that it began in 1941. That year, too, when Leahy left Boston College to coach Notre Dame and Blaik was called to West Point from Dartmouth by General Robert Eichelberger to revive Army's sunken fortunes on the gridiron, their teams played to a scoreless deadlock.



(Drawn by
Johnny Krueger)



Irish Rout Northwestern, 27-0

By MEL GODDARD

NOTRE DAME STADIUM, Nov. 16—A capacity crowd of 56,000 rain-soaked spectators saw a stubborn Northwestern team collapse in the final quarter before strong Irish reserve power as Notre Dame scored its sixth victory in seven games, 27 to 0.

Notre Dame needed only eight plays to cover 63 yards for a touchdown the first time the ball was in its possession, and the game had the appearance of a runaway. The Irish were able to pile up yardage at will until they were near the Wildcat goal, where their attack became ineffective. They were so hapless when in sight of scoring territory that it took them 43 minutes and 40 seconds to score the second touchdown after Sitko had plunged across for the first one.

When the number two TD was marked up, George Ratterman was directing the attack. He led the team in scoring marches of 43 and 59 yards in less than 11 minutes of the final period. The signal calling was turned over to Frank Tripucka, who engineered another score in less than three more minutes. The final drive was for 38 yards and was a result of a Northwestern fumble.

Northwestern actually outplayed Notre Dame after the Irish had marked up their first score in quick fashion. Notre Dame was able to penetrate Wildcat territory only once in the remainder of the half and that time they were stopped on the Northwestern 40. Northwestern drove into Irish territory four times in the first half only to be stopped. Twice, pass interceptions halted the Wildcats.

At the start of the third quarter, Notre Dame moved from its own one-yard line to the Northwestern 10 where they were thrown for a 13-yard loss. Fred Earley was sent

in to try a field goal which missed, and Northwestern moved the ball out of danger. Soon after that the reserves came in and took complete charge of the game.

The first Irish touchdown came as the result of some outstanding running by Emil Sitko, Bob Livingstone and Jim Mello. Sitko contributing a run of 34 yards and a plunge of one foot which was good for six points. Fred Earley kicked the first of his three extra points.

The next score was made by Pep Panelli in the fourth quarter after he, Cowhig, and Gompers had carried the ball to the Northwestern two. Earley missed the kick. McGee, Gompers and Panelli drove to the Wildcat one in the next scoring drive with Panelli again crossing the goal line.

Emil Slovak circled left end for 18 yards and the final touchdown as the game neared its end. More Irish subs came off the Irish bench and had the ball on the Northwestern 27-yard line as the game ended.

The Notre Dame passing attack turned out to be the saddest feature of the ball game with Lujack completing only one of seven and that for a loss of five yards. Ratterman failed to connect on the only one he tried.

On the ground the story was quite different. Notre Dame made 27 first downs to 4 for Northwestern, and gained 423 yards to 73 for the Wildcats. Northwestern got 52 of their yards on the ground and completed two out of 10 passes for 21 yards. The Irish intercepted three passes and had one caught by the Wildcats.

There were several outstanding ball carriers on the field for Notre Dame with Emil Sitko and Jim Mello back in their best form. Gerry Cowhig and Pep Panelli were up to their usual standards, while Bill Gompers played one of his best games of the season. In the line George Connor and John Mastrangelo were again far above average as was Jim Martin until he suffered a knee injury and had to be carried off the field.



Sitko sets up first touchdown against Northwestern as he carries ball to one-foot line in first quarter. On the next play he went over for the score to put Notre Dame ahead, 6-0.

N. D. Smothers Green Wave, 41-0

By JOE CHENEY

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 23.—Notre Dame's football machine invaded the deep south this afternoon and routed the Green Wave of Tulane, 41 to 0, before 68,000 frenzied football fans.

Johnny Lujack, quarterbacking the Irish attack, never looked better than he did today as he completed his first six passes which set up Notre Dame's drives to touchdown town. The Irish marched 91 yards to their first score as Lujack mixed his plays superbly. His two passes to Brennan gave Notre Dame first down on Tulane's 20-yard line. Jim Mello carried it over for a touchdown on four successive line plays.

After Tulane punted from its own 40, the Irish were again on the march and seven plays later Lujack hit Brennan with a long aerial on the Tulane 3-yard line where "the Irish work-horse" lugged it over for a score. Fred Earley's kick was good and the first period ended 13 to 0 in favor of Notre Dame.

The second team took over in the second period and for the first time this season were slow in getting started. Bill Gompers raced 35 yards for a touchdown but the play was called back and Notre Dame was penalized 15 yards for holding. Tulane then got a break when Kotteman recovered Cowhig's fumble on the Notre Dame 36-yard line. Tulane's attack was mild and Nutt kicked out of bounds on the Irish 9. Livingstone, Panelli, and Gompers teamed up on running plays and brought the ball all the way to the Tulane 21-yard line. Gompers twisted through to the Tulane 4, but Notre Dame was penalized for backfield in motion. Ernie Zalejski, the highly-touted freshman who has been on the bench with bad legs, broke into the clear and galloped 24 yards for the third Irish score. Fred Earley booted the extra point.

Less than five minutes later, Ernie scored his second touchdown of the afternoon. Notre Dame took possession of the ball on Tulane's 49-yard line and four plays later Zalejski plunged through right tackle for the score. By this time the crowd had taken a liking to Fred Earley, who never wears any shoulder pads and looks like a sixteen-year-old kid when he trots out onto the field to boot the extra points. Fred again matched the numeral on the back of his green jersey by splicing the uprights to give the Irish a 27 to 0 lead at half time.

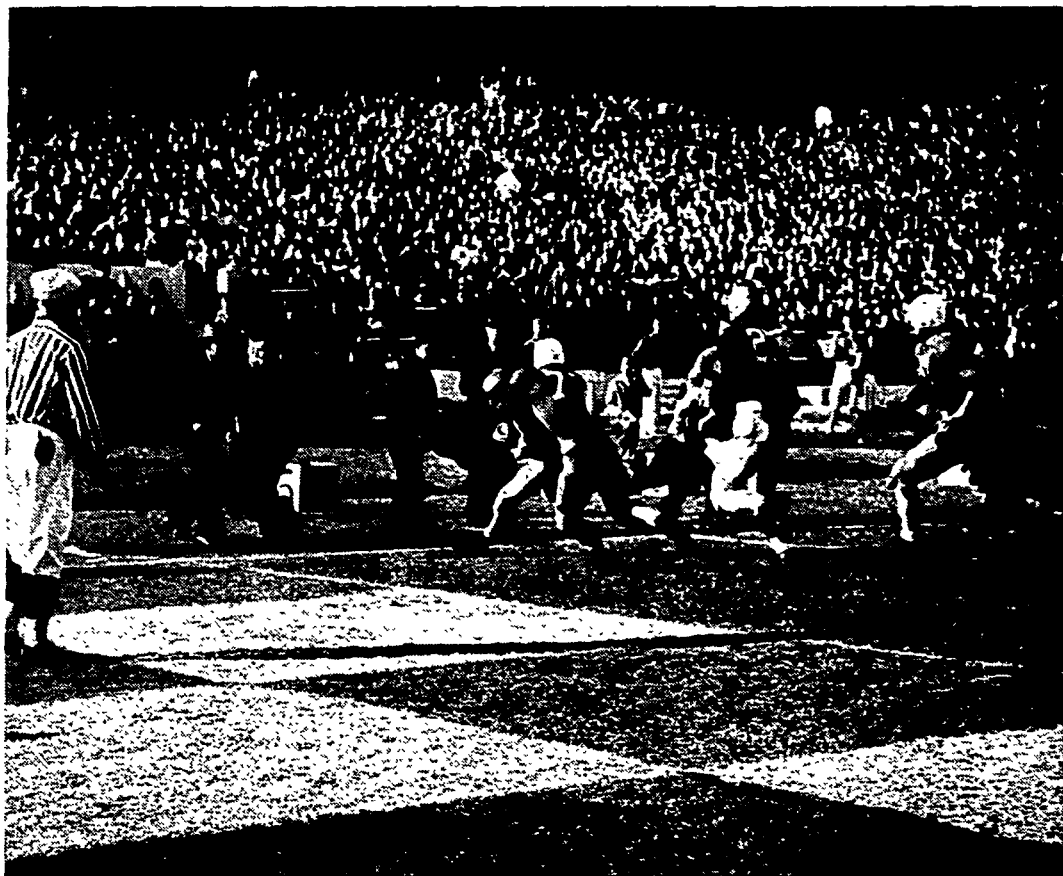
Lujack's passing again brought about another Notre Dame marker. The Irish this time marched 81 yards using both air and ground attacks with a little bit of everything tossed into the drive. Gompers picked up 23 yards on the old Statue of Liberty play and the Irish were again rolling. Lujack completed a pass to Limont who immediately lateraled to Zalejski. Ernie was forced out of bounds but not until he had picked up another 11 yards. Two more Lujack passes brought the ball to Tulane's front door which the hard driving Notre Dame line swung open and Mello scooted

through. Earley's kick was good and the third quarter ended 34-0.

Mike Swistowicz ran wild in the final quarter. He picked up long and short gains along with Ernie Zalejski and Coy McGee. McGee ended the drive with a five-yard jaunt off his right tackle and scored his first Notre Dame touchdown. Fred Earley's attempt for the extra point was good, giving him a total of 29 points scored for the Fighting Irish this year out of 34 attempts. Tulane's bid for a score fizzled as the game ended with the Irish ahead 41 to 0.

The victory proved costly to Notre Dame because it lost the services of Emil Sitko, leading Irish ground gainer of the season, and Ernie Zalejski, leading ground gainer of this game, for the rest of the season. Sitko was injured as he was tackled early in the first period. Bill Gompers proved a good substitute for the injured halfback. Zalejski tore a cartilage in his knee after gaining ten yards in the middle of the fourth period. No one was near him and it appeared that he was going 43 yards for another score. But his knee snapped and he fell to the ground. It is probable that the injury will keep him on the shelf during spring practice.

Today's statistics give Notre Dame 25 first downs to Tulane's 6. The Irish rolled up 428 yards on the ground while the Green Wave netted 22. Notre Dame gained 124 net yards through the air while Tulane gained 79. Notre Dame completed 9 out of 13 forward passes; Tulane completed 11 out of 22. In the penalty parade the Irish lost 55 yards while the Tulane players managed to get through the afternoon without a single infraction of rules.



Ernie Zalejski carries for a touchdown as the score mounts against Tulane.

Notre Dame Swamps Trojans, 26-6

By JOHN A. O'CONNOR

NOTRE DAME STADIUM, Nov. 30.—Basking in Autumn's sunny farewell-weather, 56,000 football fans filled Memorial Stadium on the last Saturday of November to see Notre Dame wind up its 1946 season by trouncing the Trojans of the University of Southern California 26-6, to remain unbeaten and stake claim for the mythical National Championship.

Behind the greatest collection of fierce-charging linemen in the history of the school, the Fighting Irish, led by Coy McGee, Floyd Simmons and George Ratterman, crushed the crimson-clad men of Troy for their first unbeaten season in five years, the second national championship in three years, and their fifth all-victorious tour in 22 seasons.

While Head Coach Frank Leahy was confined to his home by a nasty case of the flu and complications, his lads rolled on, ably directed by cigar-chewing Ed Krause, line coach, and formerly All-American on both the gridiron and basketball floor for the Irish.

The way things started out it looked as if the ponderous Trojans, only a week before nosed out by the breaks in their slushy battle with the undefeated Bruins of UCLA, might have the stuff to stop Notre Dame, holding them to a scoreless first quarter and scaring the homecoming crowd with some beautiful passing and punting.

But not for long did the invading Californians threaten. At the start of the second period a jack-rabbit halfback from Longview, Texas, named Coy McGee, grabbed the ball and the spotlight as well. Hurdling, sprinting, dodging and twisting, this leggy little Texan, whose picture didn't even appear in the program, pirouetted his way through the Trojan defenders all the way to the SC 17 yard line. But the Irish fumbled the next one, and Lillywhite, Southern Cal's quarterback, got them out of the hole by sending a superb punt soaring high over the Notre Dame safety man's head, 83 yards in all, over the goal.

Then McGee did it again. Taking a swift shovel-lateral from quarterback George Ratterman, the Texas Terror tore around his own right end, pranced past tacklers, picked up some devastating downfield blocking, pulled away from the last Trojan defenders, and galloped 77 yards for the first Irish score. The try for point failed.

Fired up, the Irish struck soon again. Simmons and Livingstone pummelled the Trojan line and circled the ends, while Panelli bowled 'em over. Then slick George Ratterman, who piloted the Irish to all four scores, faded back and fired one to lanky Leon Hart, freshman end, who gobbled it up over the goal for another TD. This time Freddie Earley's eye was good.

Terrific line play highlighted the first half, with the Irish forwards, led by Mastrangelo, Connor, Fischer, Rovai and Strohmeier wearing down the heavier enemy line. On several occasions Lujack led the lads to within scoring position, but fumbling and penalties nullified the gains.

Southern Cal roared right back into the ball game once the second half got under way. Murphy's passes paved the way, and the ref's decision on one of them gave the apple to the Men of Troy on the Notre Dame one yard line. Naumu, SC's Hawaiian halfback, hammered over on his second try, but the kick failed, so the score remained 13-6.

Deciding that possibly the Trojans were serious about

their attempt to get back into the ball game, the Notre Dame lads unloaded a series of line plunges that ripped the opposing wall apart just as the quarter ended. Back into the game came the second stringers, and Ratterman engineered the machine downfield. Floyd Simmons, tethered all fall by aggravating injuries, opened up and gunned around his left flank, wheeling inside secondary defenders, twisting and turning 49 yards to the Trojan 11. A few plays later Coy McGee scampered across the goal on a beautiful hidden ball play. The conversion failed.

Once more the Blue and Gold surged down the field, only to be thrown back by the vicious defense of the enemy. Oestreich's gorgeous kicking kept the ND wolf away from the Trojan door, but not for long. Petey Ashbaugh, gathering in one of those nifty punts, dashed thirty-five yards to the Californian's 25 before he was spilled. Simmons circled his left end again, pounding past the would-be tacklers, only to be run out of bounds inside the fifteen yard line. On the next play, a lulu, Gerry Cowhig, in his first run of the game, swept through a yawning hole for the touchdown. To this day most people don't know just what happened, but it was some sort of an unorthodox prank, pulled out of Leahy's bag of tricks by the master of the hour, George Ratterman, and it completely foxed the Trojans as well as most of the 56,000 fans. Earley's boot was right in the nose, and the scoreboard read 26-6.

The Trojans came back eager, grabbing a pass and threatening as the clock ran out, but it was too late. The Irish finished the season as they had begun it, with a 26-6 win.

Besides the terrific running of McGee, a sub half from way back in the ranks, and Floyd Simmons, who may develop into our finest running back, the play of Jim Mello, John Panelli (how this guy hit those Trojan ball carriers!), and the usual fine performances of Strohmeier, Wendell, Skoglund, Zilly, et al, the supercharged play of Joe Signaigo and Bill Fischer shone out brilliantly. In fact so explosive were the blocks these two gents threw at the opposition, that, besides caving in most of the Trojan line, they wound up nursing injuries of their own, fruits of suicidal downfield blocks thrown to protect a hustling Irish back. The ovation given Signaigo as he was carried from the stadium, and the applause rendered to the mighty Moose Fischer as he shook his groggy head and jogged from the field (with two broken ribs) was significant of the appreciativeness and admiration Irish followers hold not only for these two, but all Notre Dame linemen, whose fierce play has put ND back on top of the heap, and given all men a healthy fear of "The Fighting Irish."



The Sports Experts Say - - -

Before the Season Opened

"The strength of the T formation is down the middle, center, quarterback, and fullback. That's where Notre Dame will have the first edge on Illinois in the game at Champaign Saturday."—Francis J. Powers, *Chicago Daily News*.

Illinois Game (After the Game)

"A new Notre Dame football comet soared over the gridiron of Memorial Stadium this afternoon and crushed Illinois' championship hopes into dying embers, 26-6. It is a comet which promises to grow in brilliance as the season progresses and eventually light up the gridiron picture with victories over Navy, Army, Northwestern, and Southern California for an undisputed National title."

—Gene Kessler, *Chicago Times*.

Pittsburgh Game

"Notre Dame struck in every quarter on the ground and in the air to hammer out a 33 to 0 decision over Pittsburg. Quarterback Johnny Lujack was the Irish standout with a cross section of tricks and passes that had Pitt exhausted at the end."—William Moloney, *Chicago Herald-American*.

Purdue Game

"The 1946 Notre Dame football team smashed the Boilermakers of Purdue this afternoon 49 to 6. The Irish may be on their way to another National Championship Title.—Associated Press.

Iowa Game

"The Fighting Irish of Notre Dame startled the Iowa fans today by trouncing the Hawkeyes 41 to 6. Lujack's passing and Connor's line play were outstanding."—United Press.

Navy Game

"For two hours this gray afternoon 65,000 fans yawned and dozed while Notre Dame demolished Navy, 28 to 0, with dreamy indolence that was only slightly more thrilling than cold boiled potatoes. Although the Irish turned out a horde of muscular and able Irishmen named Czarobski, Signaigo, Kosikowski, Strohmeyer, Zalejski, and Panelli, their attack did not look up to the task of whipping Army next Saturday."—Red Smith, *New York Herald-Tribune*.

Army Game

"Notre Dame and Army played football Saturday with one thought uppermost in the minds of both: neither team must score. Seldom have two clubs waged such a standoff defensive battle. Terry Brennan was the Irish work horse, aver-

aging 5 yards per try in 14 trips with the ball."—John P. Carmichael, *Chicago Daily News*.

"A team that won't be beat can't be beat. That's the story of yesterday's Army-Notre Dame scoreless battle in Yankee Stadium."—Bill Corum, *New York Herald-American*.

Northwestern Game

"They took the OPA off Notre Dame touchdowns today, but Northwestern fought hard to continue the ceiling. The Irish got four tallies and won 27 to 0."

—William Moloney, *Chicago Herald-American*.

Tulane Game

"When asked if he thought Tulane had a chance to upset Notre Dame, Coach Frnka quipped, 'Yes, if they let us use the two team system—two teams at one time.' It is possible that the Notre Dame team is the greatest in Irish history as a defensive unit. It has given up only three touchdowns in eight games, all scored against the second and third stringers, and is the only team in more than two seasons to hold Army scoreless."—Fred Digby, *New Orleans Item*.

Southern California Game

"Notre Dame's tremendous football squad won its right to be rated the 1946 National Intercollegiate Champion this afternoon when it wound up its season by defeating Southern California, 26 to 6, for the Irish's first unbeaten season in five years. A sellout crowd of 56,000 roared approval in the Notre Dame Stadium."—Jim Costin, *The South Bend Tribune*.

Ed Burns, *Chicago Tribune*

"Great team thoroughly coached. This Notre Dame football team belies the statements made earlier that returning servicemen could not get back into shape again to play good football. The Notre Dame record speaks for itself."

Al Santoro, Sports Editor, *Los Angeles Examiner*

"After watching Notre Dame battle Southern California this afternoon, I can see why Notre Dame followers have been enthused with this year's team. I never saw such perfect line blocking in my life. Yes, sir, you have a terrific team here at Notre Dame."

Mannie Pineda, Sports Editor, *Pasadena Star News*

"Notre Dame has the smartest, smoothest football machine that I have

ever seen. It strikes fast and keeps moving."

Lou Effrat, *New York Times*

"One word—GREAT. I wasn't too impressed when I saw them against Illinois but I loved them against Army. And today, I'd hate to be on the other side of that line. As I said, one word, GREAT."

Ted Husing, Mutual Broadcasting System

"I've seen better Notre Dame teams. That second team looked marvelous against Southern Cal today though. Didn't you think so? It's a great team and one we won't forget for a long time."

Bill Stern, National Broadcasting Company

"Notre Dame has another fine team but I'm sticking with that '38 team of yours. I never saw the Four Horsemen, but I have been watching the Fighting Irish since 1931. Lujack is still my All-American."

Christy Walsh, Sr.

"Notre Dame has a great team. It's amazing how the holes open up for the running backs and the protection the passers receive is wonderful. Coy McGee reminds me of Wedemeyer of St. Mary's. He's outstanding and so is this year's team."

Francis Wallace, *New York Daily News*, and magazine writer

"Notre Dame has a terrific team. I think that this line is the best that Notre Dame has ever had. Best all-around backs I've ever seen but no particular combination like the Four Horsemen. They all performed in wonderful style all season."

Edgar Hayes, *Detroit Times*

"Any resemblance of this Notre Dame team and any other college team is purely coincidental. The Irish have proved themselves the best of this great post war year with spectacular victories over the Western Conference champions and good teams from every section in addition to being the only club to hold Blanchard and Davis scoreless in three years."

Jim Costin, Sports Editor, *South Bend Tribune*

"Great team but I'll take the '43 team if you put the first eleven men on the field. But if I had to choose between the '43 squad and this 1946 squad, I'll take this one. Boy, this squad has a lot of power. Too bad McGee and Simmons couldn't have played throughout the season."

Frank W. Leahy

Director of Athletics and Head Football Coach

By JOHN A. O'CONNOR

Historians may well note the year 1946, for it marked the return from the wars of a jut-jawed Irishman, Frank Leahy, to his helm as Athletic Director and Head Football Coach at Notre Dame and the resurgence once more of the School of Our Lady to its destined dominant position among the nation's football champions.

Though manned largely by teen-aged fledglings and service rejectees, the grid outfits at ND during Leahy's absent years, '44 and '45, fared splendidly, but old grads and honorary alumni across the nation smiled confidently to themselves when the news of Leahy's return was made known. No more shellackings from Army now; no more years of drought; Irish followers from the parish priest to the all-wise barber, from the sneaker-shod school kid on the sandlot to cigar-chewing, swivel-chair quarterback, knew that Notre Dame would soon be back on top of the hoghide heap again. The Golden Age in all its grandeur would return to the Golden Dome.

The man entrusted with such confidence from millions of Notre Dame followers was and is big enough for the job. An Irishman from 'way back (his forefathers included such Gaelic appellations as O'Boyle, Kane, Torpey, and hailing from the Ould Sod), he is a graduate of Notre Dame, a tireless worker, a zealous perfectionist, a driving tutor, a magnanimous personality, a good Catholic husband and father, and a great guy.

Leahy Follows A Nerve-Wracking Pace

Drop around Breen-Phillips Hall just about any evening during football season or the Spring session and you'll see the lights burning late in the Athletic Office. In the outer office "Snub" Pollard, a swell character and Guardian Angel to the team's burliest bruisers, pounds away on her typewriter rattling off letters to business firms, old friends of the Coach, inquiring alumni, rustles through stacks of urgent telegrams, diplomatically handles eager and insistent phone calls, and even takes time off from her grave-digging office pace to soothe the clouded mind of a despondent All-American who fearsomely reads all kinds of insinuations into the local sports pages. Behind the door to "Snub's" right, Frank Leahy, sometimes huddled with his assistants, sometimes alone, pores over diagrams of new plays, sketches revisions of pass defense formation, outlines schematics of proposed changes in the Tee, broods over the latest scout's report on next Saturday's opponent. His nerve-wracking pace and fatiguing hours have driven close friends and Administration heads to the realization, that his health may be permanently injured and his career cut short. For this reason school big-wigs have ordered him to take a vacation in December.

From Frank Leahy's appearance you'd never guess he played first string tackle on Rockne's 1929 National Champion outfit. No hulking giant, Leahy is of medium build, walks with an easy athletic gait, shoulders back, with a slight leg swing not unlike some of his relaxed pupils, Simmons, Vangen or Zilly. He likes plain Sahara brown sport coats, and broad-brimmed hats, but out on the practice field he wears a faded, crush-peaked baseball cap, a baggy sweat-suit, and sometimes sneakers instead of cleated shoes. His

hair is reddish-brown, flecked with grey at the sides, and wavy on top; he parts it at the side. His eyes, hooded like Rockne's, and underlined by branching crow's-feet (from squinting into the sun to see who missed that block, and from grinning manifestations of a keen-edged sense of humor), are blue.



Coach Leahy

But Frank Leahy's eyes were not always blue. As a youngster back around Winner, South Dakota, his eyes were often puffed and blackened by neighborhood fistieuffs. Young Frank, known as "Monk" in those days, was a handy man with his dukes, picking up soda-pop money in kid-matches between wrestling bouts at the local amphitheatre, and capitalizing on the artful instructions of his father, who, too, had done some ring work in his day, in the clashes with village roughnecks.

Frank was born in O'Neill, Nebraska, August 27, 1908, from where his family moved to Roundup, Montana, and thence to Winner, South Dakota. At the age of 3, armed with a pocketful of matches, the toddling Frank proceeded to set fire to and burn down the family barn, hay, stalls, pigeon rafters and all. Since then he has been burning down rival coaches' playhouses.

When his senior year in high school rolled around Frank Leahy attended Central High in Omaha, Nebraska, new home of his family. There he captained the football, baseball, and track teams, and made many friends, such as the late Tommy Mills, and Snub Pollard, who were to become closely associated with Notre Dame.

Frank entered ND in September, 1927, learned his college football under freshman coach Tommy Mills, advanced

under the tutelage of the immortal Knute Rockne, where, after trying tackle, center, and tackle again, he moved into the first string tackle assignment at the opening of the 1929 season. That was the year Elder, Twomey, Carideo, Law, Cannon, Vezie, and One-Play Johnny O'Brien were leading ND to the National Championship. The habit of playing with a championship club has been one that Leahy has never been able to shake off.

In 1930 a twisted cartilage in his right knee kept Leahy benched, out for the season, while teammates Brill, Schwartz, Mullins, O'Connor, Conley, Kosky, Kurth, Hoffmann, Kassis, Metzger and Yarr, led by the brilliant Carideo, were rolling to their greatest heights, the second consecutive National Championship, the zenith, and end, of Rockne's career.

During his limping days Frank Leahy became a close buddy of the Rock, joined him as room-mate in a trip to the Mayo clinic, listened to his discourses, learned his ways with men, recorded his stratagems, attended his every word.

Out of ND Leahy accepted his first coaching job under Tommy Mills at Georgetown, where he handled the line to such a masterful degree that Sleepy Jim Crowley asked him to take over his forward wall up at Michigan State. This he did, and the Staters dropped only one out of 8 contests in 1932. Crowley moved on to Fordham the following year, and with him went Leahy.

At Fordham Frank Leahy's long hours with the bruising linemen harvested a thousand fold. A gridiron Bernini, Leahy sculptured seven blocks of granite for the Fordham forward wall. During the 1936 and '37 seasons, opponents, including Pitt's wonder-runners and Purdue's great Ishbell, banged their noggins futilely against Leahy's line. The result was Fordham skyrocketed to a place of national prominence, and Leahy was on the way up. His chisel has moulded mighty lines ever since, both at Boston and South Bend.

But while at Fordham Frank Leahy was on the receiving end of a flying block, administered by an aggressive gent named Dan Cupid. After a subway courtship, Miss Flossie Reilly of Brooklyn, and the Omaha Irishman, middle-aisled it at St. Pat's in the Bronx, Father Scanlan witnessing.

The Coach Returns To Notre Dame

During the lean years Frank Leahy worked for the U. S. Rubber Company, selling athletic equipment throughout the nation. At one time or another during his days Leahy had been a soda jerk, clerk, cowboy, camp counselor, advertising agent, and shoe salesman.

When the job at Boston College opened up Frank Leahy stepped out of his assistant's role at Rose Hill and took over the pilot's wheel as headman at B. C. There he developed two Bowl teams, led the Eagles to 20 out of 22 games, reared such stars as O'Rourke, Tosczykowski, Goodreault, Currihan, Gladchuck, Kerr, Ananis, and Mike Holovak.

It didn't take long for the good Holy Cross Fathers to contact the grinning, square-jawed Irishman after Elmer Layden stepped out into the Pro game in 1941. After two brilliant seasons as head coach at Boston College, where he put the Jesuit institution on the gridiron map, Frank Leahy was called back to his Alma Mater on the twin lakes, on the wind-swept flats of Northern Indiana. With him came his corps of assistants: Johnny Druze, ex-Fordham end, natty dresser, easy goin', and coach of the flankers; Joe McArdle, hard-bitten ex-Fordhamite, slave-driver and cleated Captain Bligh, coach of the guards; Ed McKeever, from down Texas way, graduate of Texas Tech, coach of the backs.

Everybody knows the story from there on. The 1941 outfit, led by Ziemba, Wright, Evans, Crimmins and Bertelli, went undefeated, scotched only by Army's 0-0 tie, where

Hank Mazur, formerly a Leahy pupil at Boston College, threw a wrench into the Irish gears. Dove and Juzwik were two more ND stars picked that year on All-America.

In 1942, after watching the Chicago Bears rip through the pro leagues in their Model Tee, Frank Leahy did something that just isn't done around Notre Dame. He broke tradition! Gasp! He junked the world-famous Notre Dame shift and installed the revolutionary T-formation, already clicking at Stanford under Shaughnessy, and elsewhere.

The change worked marvelously, though the team was not so successful in its schedule as in the previous year. However Leahy was sold on the Tee's strength: fast-breaking backs, quick-opening holes, more deception and chicanery, more running backs in one backfield, pocket protection for the passer, efficient blocking assignments. A nervous crack-up landed Leahy in the hospital for a rest-cure while McKeever carried on. After a slow start the team went on to conclude their first season under the Tee, rolling over USC, Northwestern, Army, Navy, Illinois, Iowa Seahawks, and Great Lakes, tying Wisconsin, and dropping close ones to Georgia Tech (Castleberry did it) and Michigan (here Kuzma was the culprit).

Produces National Champs Upon Return

Came 1943 and the final year for Miller and Bertelli, and the Irish rode to another National Championship, the season's perfect record marred only by Great Lakes' last minute victory, spawned of Steve Lach's desperation heave to end Anderson in the end zone. The Tee came through in '43, and then Leahy went off to war.

But 1946 found him back; back after service with the Pacific Submarine Command; back to his Alma Mater; back to rebuild, and go on.

The lectures Frank Leahy gives aren't ramblings styled only for the ears of prospective grid enthusiasts. He talks slowly, enunciates perfectly, and interjects good old Christian philosophy into his instructions. "Be a fighter," he pounds home to the athletes in front of him, "and not only on the gridiron, gents" (he always refers to his boys as gents or lads) "but out in the world as well." He drives home to the attentive gridgers the necessity of physical conditioning. "Strive for physical perfection" is one of his favorite axiomatic expressions. Time and again he reminds his enthusiastic aspirants that there is no substitute for hard work, and he sets the example himself.

From a South Dakota schoolboy he rose to Head Coach at Notre Dame. He made friends on the way up, and hasn't forgotten a one of them. Business executives, wealthy old grads, equipment salesmen, Army officers, Priests and Bishops, professors, Admiral Nimitz, movie stars, janitors and day-laborers, ball-players and just plain students jam his office, ask to see him, talk with him, and they all find that each one is treated in the same kind and gentle way.

His family, wife Flossie, 10-year-old Frank Jr., daughters Florence and Susan Marie, and little brother Jerry, don't see enough of him these days. He's devoting most of his time to Notre Dame.

When asked once from whence he came, Frank Leahy grinningly replied: "When we win the people from Nebraska claim me and so do the folks in South Dakota. But when we lose, neither of them want me." Coach Leahy hasn't been in the game all these years without coming to the realization that everybody loves a winner. That's why you see those lights burning so late. He wants to keep on winning for Notre Dame. That's why Irish followers throughout the land were cheered to have him back. They know he'll go on winning for Notre Dame.

The Notre Dame Coaching Staff

Edward W. Krause

Dean of the Moose menage, line coach Ed Krause is a familiar figure on Notre Dame's campus. It was from here in 1934 that he was graduated and became the only Notre Dame athlete ever to be voted a trophy by the student body. The record he amassed while attending Notre Dame more than recommended him for this singular honor. He distinguished himself in football, basketball and track.

On the gridiron, Moose Krause was a fixture at tackle for three seasons, meriting All-American recognition for his splendid performance. In his senior year he played 521 out of a possible 540 minutes, which is an iron-man mark now and again approached but seldom surpassed.



EDWARD WALTER KRAUSE

On the basketball court—over which he holds sway as varsity hardwood coach—Krause shattered all available records. He was adjudged All-American at the completion of each of his three seasons and established high-scoring totals for a single game, a single season, and over the course of three seasons.

Upon graduation the Moose spent five very successful years as athletic director and head coach at St. Mary's College, Winona, Minn., before proceeding to Holy Cross where he assisted Joe Sheeketski. In the spring of 1942 Frank Leahy asked Krause to join him at Notre Dame in the capacity of head line coach.

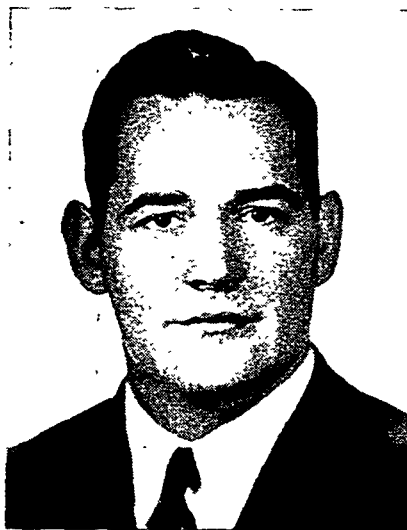
A Marine Corps lieutenant, Coach Krause spent 14 months in the Southwest Pacific acting as Air-Combat Intelligence Officer with a Leatherneck Bombing Squadron. He was discharged in January, 1946, and immediately returned to Notre Dame to resume his duties as assistant football mentor. In his absence the fortunes of the basketball squad

By BOB LEANDER

were entrusted to Elmer Ripley of Georgetown University. But at the conclusion of the present pigskin campaign Ed Krause again picks up the reins and ventures forth at the helm of the Irish cagers.

Walter J. Ziemba

Wally Ziemba is now starting his fourth year as an assistant coach at his alma mater. It was here in 1940 that he began three seasons of varsity gridding that were eventually to win for him severe knee injuries and several places on All-American teams. The bruises were sustained in Wally's junior year, but he sufficiently recovered by the time his last season rolled around to play brilliant ball for Notre Dame and; the next fall, for the College All-Stars. His first monogram was won as a varsity tackle, but Coach Leahy found himself lacking center strength the following season and called on 220 lb. Wally to fill the gap. He performed so capably that the center patrol was his until he graduated in 1943. Ziemba had been a member of the Marine Corps Reserve while attending school here, so upon receiving his sheepskin he was ordered to Parris Island, S. C. After several weeks in the Officers Training School there, Wally was mustered out for physical disabilities, the result of his gridiron days. He returned to Notre Dame and in successive seasons was an aide to Frank Leahy, Ed McKeever, and Hughie Devore. Teamed again with Frank Leahy, Ziemba spends



WALTER JOHN ZIEMBA

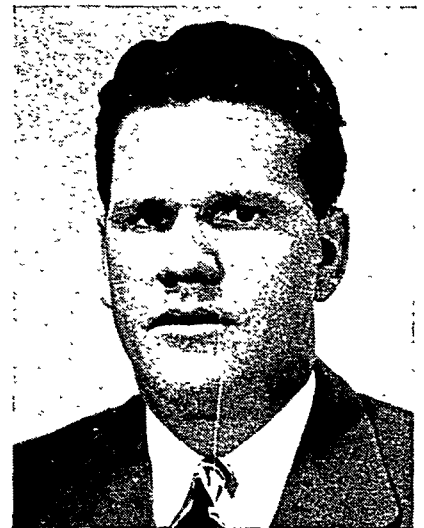
his springs and falls tutoring the Irish centers while his winter months are devoted to assisting Moose Krause with the local basketball chores.

Wally, a native of Hammond, Indiana,

married the former Julia Krukowski of that city. They have a daughter, Susan Gail, born December 16, 1945. Try as he might, Coach Ziemba has been unable to find any place for her in future Notre Dame football strategy.

Bernard A. Crimmins

The affable, red-headed Kentuckian is the possessor of many distinctions among his fellows on the Notre Dame coaching staff. Firstly, Bernie Crimmins is the only bachelor among the seven professors of pigskin. He is the only man ever to win three varsity football monograms at three different positions, right half, fullback, and guard. The same three seasons he garnered monograms as the number one backstop on the baseball team,



BERNARD ANTHONY CRIMMINS

and in his senior year was captain of the nine. But it was in football togs that he won greatest recognition, for the name Bernie Crimmins appeared on virtually every All-American round-up after the '41 season. The next fall, while on leave from his coaching post at Cardinal Hayes High School in New York City, Bernie was named captain of the College All-Star outfit. Resuming his duties at the helm of the Hayes eleven, Crimmins served only five weeks before entering Midshipman School at Notre Dame. He was commissioned an ensign in January of 1943 and spent thirty-five months at Naval beck and call. In that time he shipped to the South Pacific and assumed command of a PT. For heroism in action against Jap barges along the coast of New Guinea he was awarded the Silver Star. At the time of his discharge as a full lieutenant, Crimmins had in addition to the Silver Star, the Presidential Citation, Philippine Liberation medal, and three battle stars on his Asiatic-Pacific ribbon.

John F. Druze

As a high school and college athlete there are few men who can hold a candle to boyish, balding Johnny Druze. While attending Irvington High in New Jersey, he won twelve letters—four as an end on the football team, four as a forward in basketball and four in reward for effort



JOHN FRANCIS DRUZE

on the Irvington diamond. Entering Fordham in 1934, Druze played under Jimmy Crowley who at that time was ably assisted by one Frank Leahy. A regular end for three seasons, John captained the Rams 1937 edition anchoring the famous Seven Blocks of Granite. He persisted with his baseball activities and became known as a very fine fielding first-sacker. He was graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in June, 1938, and that fall played pro football for Patsy Clark's Brooklyn Dodgers. The following spring Frank Leahy asked him to contribute his services as end coach at Notre Dame.

The Navy commissioned Druze an ensign April 16, 1942, and proceeded to show him the world. Discharged November 17, 1945, John held the rank of full lieutenant and had eighteen months of sea duty in both the Atlantic and Pacific to his credit. In the Atlantic the escort carrier on which he was serving nailed two Kraut subs. Transferring to the Pacific theater, Druze participated in the landings on Leyte, and the Philippines.

Before entering the Navy he married the former Rose Stocki of Newark, N. J., and they are now the beaming parents of a seven months old baby girl.

Joseph A. McArdle

Another alumnus of the Fordham Rams, Joe McArdle emerged from that Eastern institute in 1935. He had won three monograms for football although never tipping the scales at more than a modest 170. As a sophomore he played for the beloved Iron Major, Frank Cav-

anaugh, and Line Coach "Hiker" Joy. The following seasons, Fordham was led into battle by "Sleepy Jim" Crowley of Four Horseman fame. As has been noted before, Crowley's line prof was Frank Leahy. Forsaking football after graduation, Joe became promotion man for the New York *World-Telegram*, spending Sunday afternoons exercising with the Stapleton pro team of the American Association. Finally the temptation was overwhelming, Coach Leahy wanted Joe at Boston College as head line coach. So in 1939 the stocky, red-faced Irishman returned to his first love, football.

McArdle's mother and father were born in Ireland but Joe bowed in at Lowell, Mass., June 2, 1911. He attended Lowell High and St. John's prep where he participated in baseball and football. The greatest thrill of his athletic career came in the form of his only scoring effort. During the 1933 season Joe blocked a Bucknell punt and fell on it in the end zone for a score. An assistant coach here at Notre Dame since 1941, McArdle joined the Navy in April of '42—the day before Johnny Druze—and was immediately a junior grade lieutenant. Nine of his ten months in the Pacific were spent aboard the USS Wasp with whose crew he received two battle stars and at least one uncomfortably close call. On the last



JOSEPH ANDREW McARDLE

day of hostilities a Jap strafing narrowly missed McArdle's compact Hibernian frame as it lay hugging the carrier's deck.

The McArdles, she was Eleanor Sullivan of Lowell, Mass., have two children.

Martin Brill

After entering the University of Pennsylvania in 1926 and playing football there his first two years, Marty Brill transferred to Notre Dame and in the company of Frank Carideo, Larry Mullins and Marchie Schwartz established himself as one of the greatest blocking backs in grid annals. As members of Rockne's 1929 and 1930 elevens, these

four men were acclaimed a backfield rivaled only by Rock's Four Horsemen of a few seasons previous. They rode rough shod over all comers and knocked over old records to replace them with new ones of their own design. If all the legends concerning Marty Brill were ever compiled the resulting volume would



MARTIN BRILL

make the Chicago Telephone Directory look like a nickel note book. An often told anecdote finds its scene in the Irish locker room just before game time. The players are donning their equipment and Marty, just within earshot of his immortal coach, is standing sad-faced before a mirror muttering, "Now get this massive build on straight, Marty, you great, big, beautiful, All-American. 50,000 people out there, all of them come just to see you, you great, big, handsome man." But now it was the head coach's turn: "O, Marty . . . how can any one so beautiful as you play so much football?" And so the yarns unravel, each one adding a bit more color to the figure who etched his name so deeply in the football history of Notre Dame in what was a Golden era for ND pigskin partisans.

Lou Little gave Brill his start in coaching when he invited him to join the Columbia staff. After two years tutoring the Lions' backs, Marty moved to neighboring Philadelphia where he became head coach at La Salle College for seven seasons. Thereafter followed two terms at Loyola U. in Los Angeles and a siege in Service that was typically Brill-iant. He began by entering the Army Air Corps and attaining the grade of Tech Sergeant. Then it happened. He resigned and went over to the Marine Corps, somewhere in the flurry becoming a First Lieutenant. Marty returned to Notre Dame last August immediately applying his wisdom and experience to Coach Leahy's abundant, if unpolished, backfield material.

Brill was married to Miss Barbara Thom of Los Angeles in April, 1941. They have two daughters, Joan and Clare, age 4 and 1½, respectively.

Bill Earley

Hailing from Parkersburg, W. Va., drawing, likeable Bill Earley is the man charged with the responsibility of laying the football foundations at Notre Dame. As coach of the "B" team he drills some 70 varsity aspirants in the fine points of the "T," pass defense, down-field blocking and all else that goes to distinguish an All-American candidate from just another football player. A notable graduate of his squad this past season was Coy McGee, the left halfback who so brilliantly displayed his wares against Southern California, after moving up to the varsity in the middle of the campaign.

Bill, who is place-kicking Fred's older brother, is well qualified to handle the Bees having earned monograms here in '41 and '42 as a right halfback on Head Coach Frank Leahy's first two Irish teams. Against the Midshipmen from Annapolis in '41, he reeled off his most memorable run, a 60 yard jaunt which ended on the Navy 1 yard line and set up Dippy Evan's game winning plunge that gave Notre Dame a 20-13 edge over the Middies.

Following his marriage to Louise Schilling in February, 1942, Bill entered the Army Air Forces and served with the 15th Air Force as a B-24 bombardier. Based in Venosa, Italy, Bill's crew flew 32 sorties and in keeping with the recognized pattern had a generous helping of close calls. After a year overseas and ten months of combat he returned Stateside wearing the Purple Heart, the Air Medal with three clusters and the Distinguished Flying Cross with one. Before receiving his discharge he played for the 2nd Air Force Superbombers, teaming with Frankie Sinkwich, Bulldog Turner, Bill Huber and Ray Evans.

Trading his captain's bars for a sweat suit and pair of cleats, Bill's first term as a mentor was highly successful. His team won three out of four games and at the conclusion of the season he was able to give the varsity nod to six men—Bob Lally, Jack Connor, Joe Yonto, Dick Leous, Paul Owens, and Jerry Ramsberger—all of whom are likely to see considerable action with the Leahymen next year.

Newspaper and radio coverage on the Notre Dame-Southern Cal game was the greatest on any contest played here in many years. In addition to all the big dailies and wire services of the middle west, representatives came from papers in such distant spots as New York, California, and Texas. There were 12 radio outlets including three networks.

Irish Place First In AP Title Poll

The final balloting has been completed by the Associated Press for the mythical National Championship Team. Throughout the 1946 season, Army has held first place but after almost losing to Navy last Saturday and Notre Dame's decisive win over Southern California, the sports writers placed the Fighting Irish on top by seventy-one points. Notre Dame received 100 first place votes while Army had to be satisfied with 48. Nine writers called it a tie between the first two teams. Georgia climbed to third place garnering 23 first place votes and UCLA finished fourth with two first place votes. Texas and Delaware also received one first place vote.

Notre Dame's 1946 football machine led the nation in offensive and defensive strength by piling up 3,972 yards in nine games for an average of 441 yards per contest while it held opponents to an average gain of 141.6 yards.

These figures prove conclusively that the Irish were, as voted in the A.P. poll, the No. 1 team in the nation.

By rushing alone, Notre Dame gained 3,061 yards for an average of 340 yards on the ground per game and also topped the nation in this department.

The first ten teams in order of their standing:

Team	Points	First Place Votes
1. Notre Dame	1,730½	100
2. Army	1,659½	48
3. Georgia	1,448	23
4. UCLA	1,141	2
5. Illinois	893	
6. Michigan	778	
7. Tennessee	507	
8. L.S.U.	402	
9. North Carolina	394	
10. Rice	207	



Gompers is stopped four yards short of Army's goal by Foldberg.

The Ivy League Joins America

Those who have been despairing of the Ivy League may take heart. It is true that Sterling Morton High School could take any of them this year, but things are looking up. A mere glance at the lineups makes it clear that the once Big Three have finally decided to become American, and that can be regarded as a first step toward becoming all-American.

To be sure, there is no encouragement to be found in the presence of a Hollingshead among the Yalesies. Such names suggest a retrogression to the days when it was thought that football was a game of, by, and for New Englanders. Mr. Hollingshead is, however, only one among eleven. No more alarms need be felt about Mr. Jackson, the Yale fullback, than is felt at Champaign over the appearance of Mr. Young's name in the lineup. Yale has its Barzilauskas, Prchlik, Nadherny, and De Nezzo, among others, to lead Mr. Hollingshead in the paths he should tread.

Princeton is a little slow. Old Nassau has discovered southern Europe, but still has much to learn about the riches that lie behind the iron curtain. A Peratoni and a Barbieri are evidence, however, of an awakening. Perhaps Mr. Finical may also herald the Princeton renaissance, but the name looks Irish in the sense not employed at Notre Dame.

Harvard has a Hauptfuhrer, a Feinberg, a Moravec, and a Florentino. We are glad to see these good American names in the box scores. They indicate that even the oldest of our colleges are not incapable of learning. In time these institutions may yet become thoroughly Americanized.

Chicago Daily Tribune,
Saturday, Nov. 23, 1946.

GREATEST PERSONAL THRILLS

All Americans

(Numbers in parantheses are the years of eligibility.)

Jack Zilly, (1) "Playing against Army in Yankee Stadium."

Ziggy Czarobski, (1) "Embracing my girl after the Navy game in Baltimore."

George Connor, (1) "Being named co-captain of the Northwestern game."

Moose Fischer, (2) "Hard to say, honest. Just playing was a thrill."

George Strohmeier, (2) "Seeing my mother after the Purdue game when I didn't even know she was watching the game."

John Mastrangelo, (0) Getting back my old job on the first team."

Jim Martin, (3) "I'm a freshman, Brother, so it was all something new to me."

Johnny Lujack, (1) "Getting the team off on the right foot against Illinois. According to the papers we were supposed to have something this year. It was good finding out for ourselves against the Illini."

Frank Kosikowski, (2) "Playing for the first time for Notre Dame."

Terry Brennan, (2) "Playing the Cadets in Yankee Stadium, especially after last year's score."

Emil Sitko, (3) "Getting away on my long run against Illinois."

Fred Rovai, (0) "Being named co-captain in my last game for Notre Dame."

George Sullivan, (1) "I had two of them. The first was playing again against Army. The second thrill was enjoying the great feeling that each member of the second team enjoyed all year long."

Paul Limont, (1) "Being named co-captain for the Tulane game in my old home town of New Orleans."

Jerry Cowhig, (1) "Finding myself in the Navy game."

Coy McGee, (2) "That last game was

thrilling for me. It was a great feeling running in front of those beautiful blocks that the fellows threw for me."

Pete Ashbaugh, (1) "Getting a chance to run with the ball for the first time in the Southern Cal game on that punt return."

Bob Livingstone, (1) "Coming back to play for Notre Dame and getting a chance to play once in a while."

George Ratterman, (2) "Hitting Hart with that touchdown pass in the last game of the season."

Floyd Simmons, (2) "Being able to take advantage of my chance in the Navy game."

Jim Mello, (1) "Coming back to Notre Dame and getting my old job back at fullback."

Ernie Zalejski, (3) "Dodging Tulane tacklers before I got hurt down in the Sugar Bowl."

John Panelli, (2) "Stretching my legs in the Purdue game."

Fred Earley, (2) "Getting ready to go into the Army game when it looked like we were going to score."

Gus Cifelli, (3) "When I played for Notre Dame for the first time against Illinois. Gee, I was nervous."

Bob Skoglund, (1) "Catching that pass of Johnny's in the Army game and being named co-captain in the Tulane game."

ATTENDANCE RECORD OF 1946 FOOTBALL GAMES

Illinois	75,119
Pittsburgh	50,368
Purdue	55,452
Iowa	52,311
Navy	65,000
Army	74,000
Northwestern	56,000
Tulane	68,000
So. Cal.	56,000
Total	552,250

Associated Press:

L.E. Baldwin, UCLA
L.T. Huffman, Tennessee
L.G. Humble, Rice
C. Duke, Georgia Tech
R.G. A. Agase, Illinois
R.T. Connor, Notre Dame
R.E. Madar, Michigan
Q.B. Lujack, Notre Dame
L.H. Trippi, Georgia
R.H. Davis, Army
F.B. Blanchard, Army

International News Service:

L.E. Foldberg, Army
L.T. Ambling, Ohio State
L.G. Mastrangelo, Notre Dame
C. Strohmeier, Notre Dame
R.G. A. Agase, Illinois
R.T. Connor, Notre Dame
R.E. Baldwin, UCLA
Q.B. Lujack, Notre Dame
L.H. Davis, Army
R.H. Trippi, Georgia
F.B. Blanchard, Army

Oscar Fraley, United Press:

L.E. Foldberg, Army
L.T. Connor, Notre Dame
L.G. Steffy, Army
C. Bednarik, Penn
R.G. Mastrangelo, Notre Dame
R.T. Barnes, Southern Cal
R.E. Baldwin, UCLA
Q.B. Lujack, Notre Dame
L.H. Davis, Army
R.H. Trippi, Georgia
F.B. Blanchard, Army

Transradio Press Service:

L.E. Baldwin, UCLA
L.T. Savitsky, Penn
L.G. Ambling, Ohio State
C. Mancha, Alabama
R.G. Connor, Notre Dame
R.T. Ferraro, Southern Cal
R.E. Bechtol, Texas
Q.B. Tucker, Army
L.H. Davis, Army
R.H. Blanchard, Army
F.B. Trippi, Georgia

All-Opponent Team:

(Picked by the Irish squad)

L.E. Foldberg, Army
L.T. Farrara, Southern California
L.G. Banks, Iowa
C. Scott, Navy
R.G. Barwegan, Purdue
R.T. Ivy, Northwestern
R.E. Poole, Army
Q.B. Tucker, Army
L.H. Davis, Army
R.H. Young, Illinois
F.B. Blanchard, Army

Ed. Note—Scott of Navy was the unanimous choice for Center.

"Scholastic" All-American Team

FIRST TEAM

Foldberg, Army
Connor, Notre Dame
Mastrangelo, Notre Dame
Strohmeier, Notre Dame
Steffy, Army
Davis, Georgia Tech
Baldwin, UCLA
Lujack, Notre Dame
Davis, Army
Trippi, Georgia
Blanchard, Army

End
Tackle
Guard
Center
Guard
Tackle
End
Back
Back
Back
Back

SECOND TEAM

Bechtol, Texas
Williams, Georgia
A. Agase, Illinois
Duke, Georgia Tech
Barwegan, Purdue
Chambers, UCLA
Poole, Army
Tucker, Army
Wedemeyer, St Mary's
Brennan, Notre Dame
Layne, Texas

The National Champions

By BILL SLAVICK

Invincibility in a football team isn't a matter of geography—14 states are represented on the Notre Dame varsity; it isn't a matter of age—the Irish average is around 23, ranging from 19 to 25; it isn't a matter of nationality—Strohmeier, Czarobski, Skoglund, McGee, and Mastrangelo could hardly be all Irish or Polish or Italians. An invincible spirit is that proportioned mixture of spiritual qualities and physical abilities, which with the proper goal, the proper determination, and finally the

proper coaching molds men of varying backgrounds and temperaments into an unbeatable team.

The 1946 Fighting Irish have these sterling qualities and abilities—now meet them . . . the team from the Golden Dome that stopped Army's claim to invincibility . . . the team that showed from its first Saturday afternoon that it had unconquerable stuff when it steam-rolled over Illinois, and proved it convincingly by winding up with a 26-6 triumph over USC.



John J. Agnone

JOHN AGNONE, Fullback, was a monogram winner for the Irish in '45, and saw a great deal of action in the Northwestern game this season. "Agony" is small, but exceptionally fast and deceptive, and a very hard worker. He is an active participant in boxing and copped the 165-lb. title in the annual Bengal Bouts last spring. He attended Rayen High in Youngstown where he captained his football team in 1941. His brother, Tony, former star at Ohio U., is his favorite athlete here.



PETE ASHBAUGH, Quarterback, replaced Lujack when Johnny needed rest and the Irish were on the defensive, and did a great defensive job, particularly against aerial attack. In '42 Pete was the "Player of the Day" as the Irish beat the Seahawks 28-0, then went off to the war, serving as a B-29 pilot in the Pacific. Pete's coach at South High in Youngstown, Ohio, was his dad, Brown University's Captain in 1913. Other Ashbaugh, Sr. proteges sent to N. D. include Mike Koken, Fréd Mundee, and Bob Dove. Pete's biggest thrills have been a 70 yard pass to Dove in a high school game and catching a 6 pound bass at the age of nine.



Russell Ashbaugh



Terry Brennan

TERRY BRENNAN, Left Halfback, surprised many when he earned a starting position over lettermen of the '43 National Championship team. The smiling Sophomore president is from Milwaukee where he captained the Marquette High eleven the year following his brother Jim's captaincy and graduation. Only 18, Terry was among the most consistent ground-gainers on the squad, scoring touchdowns against Illinois, Pitt, Purdue, Iowa, and Tulane. Brennan was named "Player of the Week" after the



August Cifelli

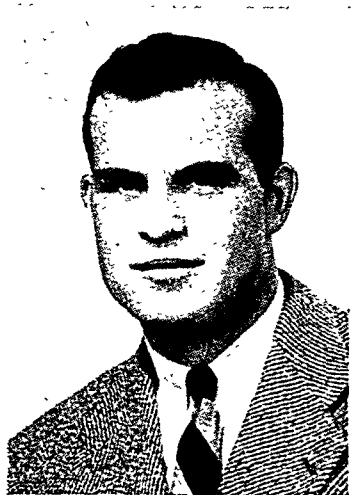
Pitt game in the Met Club poll, and turned in one of the best Irish offensive jobs in the Army game.



GUS CIFELLI, Left Tackle, sometimes known as August Blaze, came to N. D. after a hitch in the Marines. In the service, he was a boxing instructor, when not using a machine gun. Holder of the Purple Heart, he lists being hit by a Jap kamikaze plane as his most interesting experience. At 6' 4" and 250 pounds, Cifelli figured on being the biggest man on the squad, but circumstances whittled him down to 225.



CORNIE CLATT, Fullback, played in the same varsity backfield with Creighton Miller in '41, and is back at Notre Dame after 32 months in the Army Medical Corps, stationed in Mississippi and at Memphis, Tennessee. In '43 he played service ball for Camp Grant, and prior to his first two seasons at Notre Dame, earned eight letters at E. Peoria Community High, captained the grid squad, and was an all-state back. Corwin is a good line-backer, and one of the hardest runners on the squad. He played in both the '43 and '44 All-Star College games, helping quite a bit in beating the Redskins in '43, 27-7.



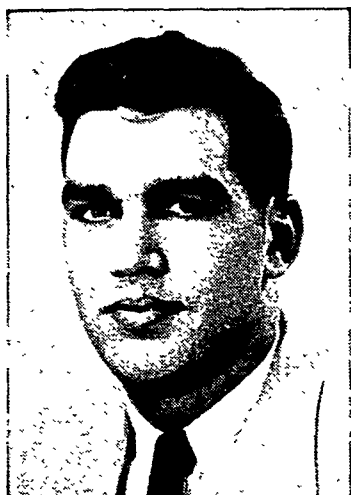
Connie Clatt

GEORGE CONNOR, Left Tackle, can righteously add "All-American" to his nickname of Moose after his performance with the Irish this season—Buddy Young didn't get by him, and neither did Blanchard and Davis. From Chicago, he attended Holy Cross (where his father once captained the team) two years prior to the war, where he was named to several All-American teams. He was discharged as an ensign last June after 35 months of service in the Navy. After the Purdue game, Connor was named "Player of the Week" in the Met Club poll. George is also No. 1 kickoff man.



GERRY COWHIG, Left Halfback, was switched from fullback prior to the Illinois game, and after a couple of weeks getting accustomed to the change became one of the mainstays of the Irish ground offense. Gerry returned in the spring after 36 months in the Army, mostly as a medic attached to the infantry in Europe. His greatest day prior to the Army was in '42 when he scored twice in the 28-0 upset of the Iowa Seahawks. Captain of the Army game with Lujack, Cowhig played one of his best games that day in New York; his only touch-down through the Tulane game, had

George Connor



Zetald Cowhig

come a week earlier against Navy on a 31 yard jaunt. From Dorchester, Mass., he has a brother, Eddie, who is a parish priest in Revere, Mass.

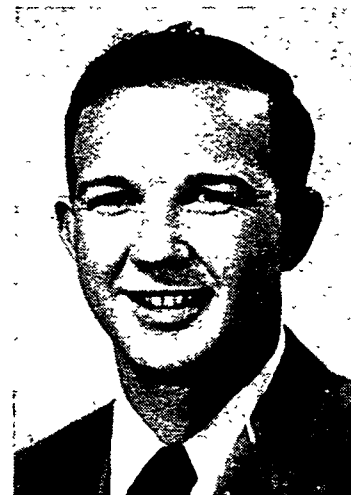


ZYGMONT CZAROBSKI, Right Tackle, was a regular on the '43 national champions, and took over his starting berth with no delay after serving at Bainbridge, Maryland, and on Leyte, Samar, and the Philippines. Zygmont (Ziggy) Peter is the official spokesman of the eleven, and writes a weekly "syndicated" column, "It Behooves Me Greatly." Listing his occupations as forest ranger and butcher, he numbers getting his tie caught in a meat grinder as one of his "narrow escapes." An injury kept him out of action in the Army game, but he made his favorite dish (Polish sausage) out of opposing linemen in every other game. During spring practice this year he was picked as the "best charging tackle."



FRED EARLEY, Left Halfback, has no playing time to his credit this year, but has a point total that isn't very far behind TD leader Mello. Due to a knee operation, Earley isn't able to play as a regular, although he was a mainstay in

Zygmont Czaroobski



Fred Earley

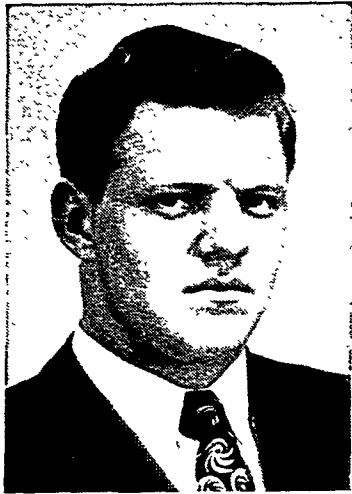
'43, scoring three times. But Earley can kick extra points, and is the best place-kick artist the campus has seen in some time. His best record in college is this season, with 29 out of 34 through the Tulane game. In high school he kicked 25 for 25 before a game between his Parkersburg, W. Va., team and Wheeling then missed his first try in the game. He is the brother of Bill Earley, N.D. graduate of '42, and B team coach, and is probably best known for his single point that beat the Iowa Seahawks 14-13 in '43. In the Navy, his most thrilling experience is of a plane crashing 22 feet from the spot he was standing on an L.C.I. Last season he played at Annapolis.



JOHN FALLON, Right Tackle, is the heavyweight boxing champion of the University and never will back down when the going gets tough, as was evidenced by his performance in the Bengal Bouts last spring. Fallon's first big chance this season came when Czaroobski was benched with an injury in the Army game, and he filled the bill well. From Alton, Ill., he is one of the few weight-lifting hobbyists on the squad.

Jack Fallon





Bill Fischer

BILL FISCHER, Left Guard, is another Moose from Chicago—Lane Tech, where he was team captain in his final year, making the All-Illinois team. A holdover from the '45 team, Fischer fought it out for the starting guard slot with half dozen veterans of the '43 championship team—and won out. He is one share of a three-way tie for biggest on the team with Connor and Gus Cifelli—all three weigh 225.

BILL GOMPERS, Right Halfback, has probably moved forward farther since '45 than any of last year's holdovers. Every game he has been more depended on to pick up needed yardage, and in virtually every case has delivered. In high school, Central Catholic in Wheeling, W. Va., he won three letters in football, and captained his team his senior year, winning all-city honors. This season he has scored against Pitt, Iowa and Navy.

LEON HART, Right End, has seen plenty of time in the Irish lineup this season, and is tabbed an exceptionally good pass-receiver. Listed as just as big as the biggest on the Irish squad—225, Hart is a newcomer from Turtle Creek,



Leon Hart

Pa. He only celebrated his 18th birthday the day of the Navy game. At Turtle Creek High, he won letters in football, basketball, and baseball, captaining the grid and diamond teams. Hart is an engineering student, and favors math among his studies.

FRANK KOSIKOWSKI, Right End, makes the fourth Pole in the lineup when he is in with Lujack, Czarowski, and Sitko. He played with the Fleet City Navy service champions last season with Buddy Young, Charley O'Rourke, Steve Juzwik, Lou Zontini, and Chuck Riffle. At Cudahy, Wis., High he lettered in football, track, boxing, and track, tying the State 200 yard dash record. Kosikowski's Fleet City record gave him berths on several pre-'46 season All-Americans, and he has well lived up to prospects.

PAUL LIMONT, Left End, went home to his old home town of New Orleans as co-captain of the Fighting Irish for the Tulane game after three years of service in the Navy, mostly in the Pacific. Although born in St. Paul, he attended Jesuit High in New Orleans where he was an all-state and. A mono-



Paul Limont

gram winner on the '43 champions, Paul also excels in football and sailing. His brother, Mark, is also an end at Notre Dame.

BOB LIVINGSTONE, Left Halfback, is the "crazyleg" runner of the Irish squad. His play against Illinois was outstanding, but a knee injury shelved him early in the Purdue game, and he wasn't all right again until the Northwestern game in which he served as captain with Moose Connor. He scored the opening touchdown of the year, following Sitko's long run to the Illinois four. Bob spent his service time with the infantry in the C.B.I. Theatre, and due to Army duties, was bothered with foot trouble in spring practice. He doesn't seem especially fast, but he is very effective on cut-back plays. His biggest athletic moment was when he went 73 yards for a score in his first game at Hammond, Ind., High. Coaching is his ambition.

JOHNNY LUJACK, Quarterback, returned from sub-chaser in the English Channel, to lead Notre Dame to an undefeated season. Co-captain in both the Illinois and Army games, Johnny's field generalship throughout the season, plus

Bill Gompers

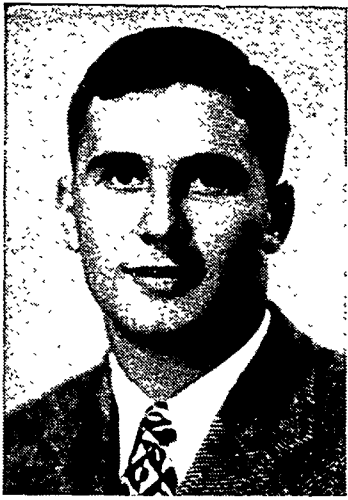


Frank Kosikowski



Bob Livingstone





Johnny Lujack

his superb passing and defensive play, gives him undisputed possession of All-American rating this year. The likeable Connellsville, Pa., representative on the squad made his first big appearance at Notre Dame in '43 at the age of 18 when he filled Marine service-bound Angelo Bertelli's shoes and passed the Irish to a 26-0 victory over the Cadets. The same year Lujack gathered letters in baseball, track, and basketball at Notre Dame.

JIM MARTIN, Left End, swam into the Irish '46 grid picture last spring, after 30 months in the U. S. Marines. While in the Pacific, he was cited for a swim ashore to the enemy-controlled island of Tinian to secure information on the terrain prior to invasion—he was captain of the East Tech High swimming team in Cleveland. Martin gave indication of his fine work this season, which won him All-American mention, when his appearance in spring drills won for him the Hering Medal as the "best blocking end."

JOHN MASTRANGELO, Right Guard, was named "Lineman of the Week" after the Navy game in '45, and

Jim Martin



John Mastrangelo

has played just as great ball on a steady basis all season. Following mention on All-Americans last year, he spent the summer washing windows in a foundry in his hometown of Vandergrift, Pa. An accounting major, John boasts an excellent 85 average. He entered the '46 campaign more reasonably sure of a position in the first eleven than any other line candidate, and has borne out that theory well, starting almost every game. He was elected president of the senior class last month.

BOB McBRIDE, Right Guard, returned this season after 39 months in the Army, and without question, the roughest experiences behind him of any of the grid candidates. A monogram winner in '41 and regular left guard in '42, Bob has been switched to right guard to fill a shortage there. As a machine gun squad leader, his outfit was rushed into action late in 1944, and on Dec. 19, 1944, during the Battle of the Bulge, he and most of his division were captured. His feet were frozen the day before capture, and after being taken into custody by the Germans, he was forced to walk for 13 days. As the German line began to crack, he and his buddies were forced to

Bob McBride



Coy McGee

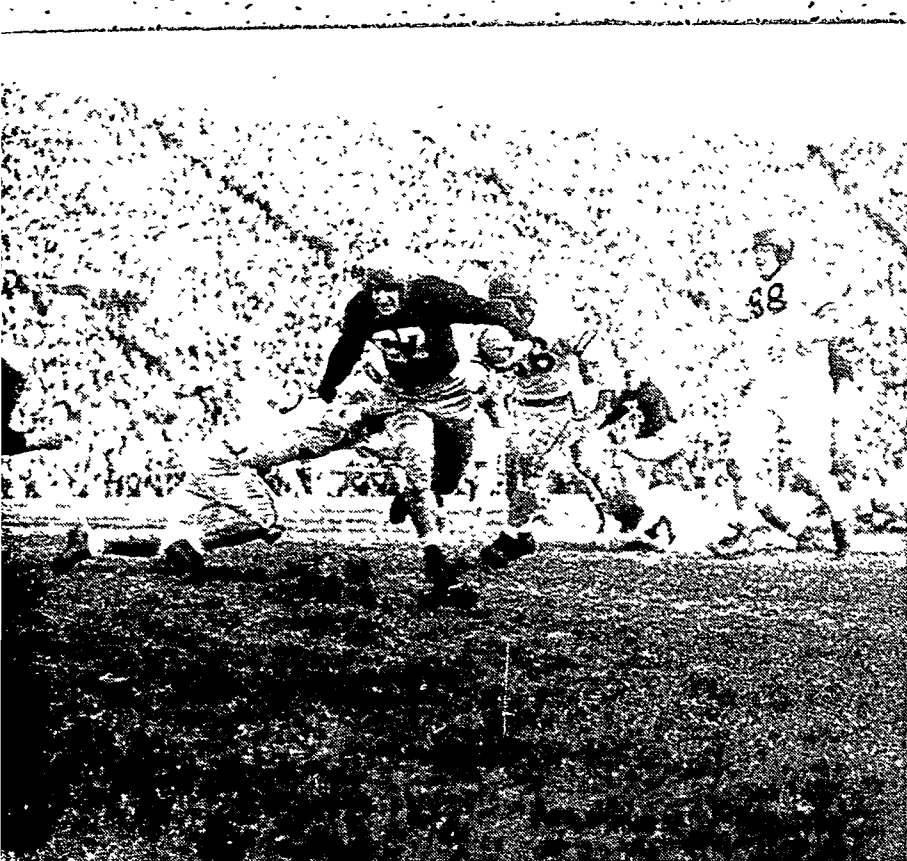
walk again from the 14th of February until the 5th of April. Their rations were one-seventh of a loaf of bread per day.

After 122 days imprisonment, he was liberated. McBride had lost 99 pounds, dropping from 213 to 114. Leg trouble bothered him in spring practice, but he has gotten back into condition and played a bang-up game in the Irish line all season. He has three battle stars and the Purple Heart, in addition to the presidential citation. At high school in Logan, Ohio, he captained football and basketball teams and won All-Ohio honors in 1939. Bob is married, and hopes to enter coaching upon graduation.

COY MCGEE, Left Halfback, from Longview, Texas played one year at Tulsa U. before coming to N.D. He has probably the longest run to his credit of anyone on the Irish squad—109 yards! Back at East Mountain High in '44, playing on the White Oak High team, his brothers, returned from the service, were seeing him for the first time—and the only time as it was the final game of the year. McGee returned a punt 65 yards for a touchdown but it was called back, then he intercepted a pass, going 55 yards to score—it was called back. Finally in the third quarter he faked a punt from the back of his own end zone and went to the opposing one yard line—his coach

Ralph McShea





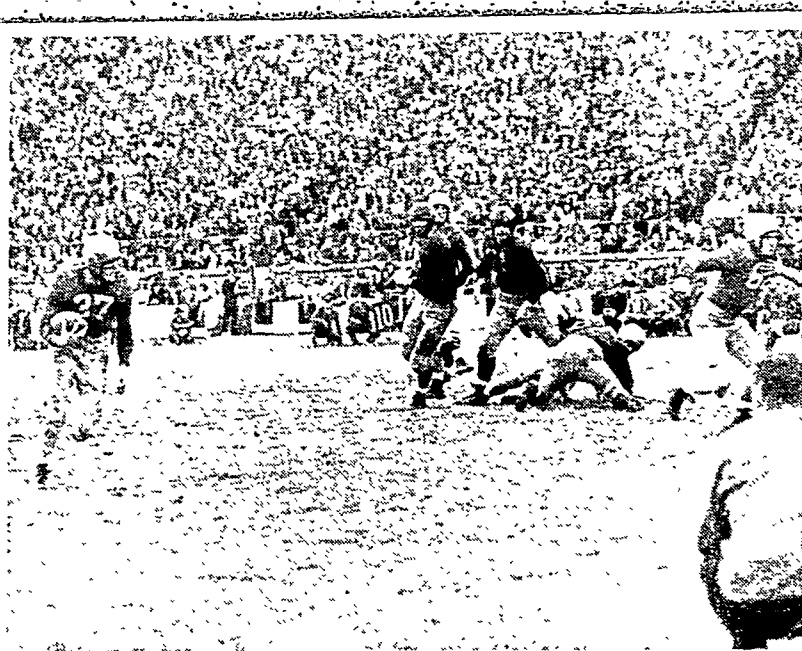
Above, Pep Panelli rambles on a 17-yard gain that carried to the Purdue 13-yard line. No. 98 is Purdue tackle Sam Nevills.

Bottom, extreme right, Coy McGee cuts around right end in Trojan game after taking a shovel pass from Ratterman. Panelli (67) and Rovai (42) are blocking, and Hart (82) is on his knees. Linehan (49) and Oestreich (40) look at McGee's heels.

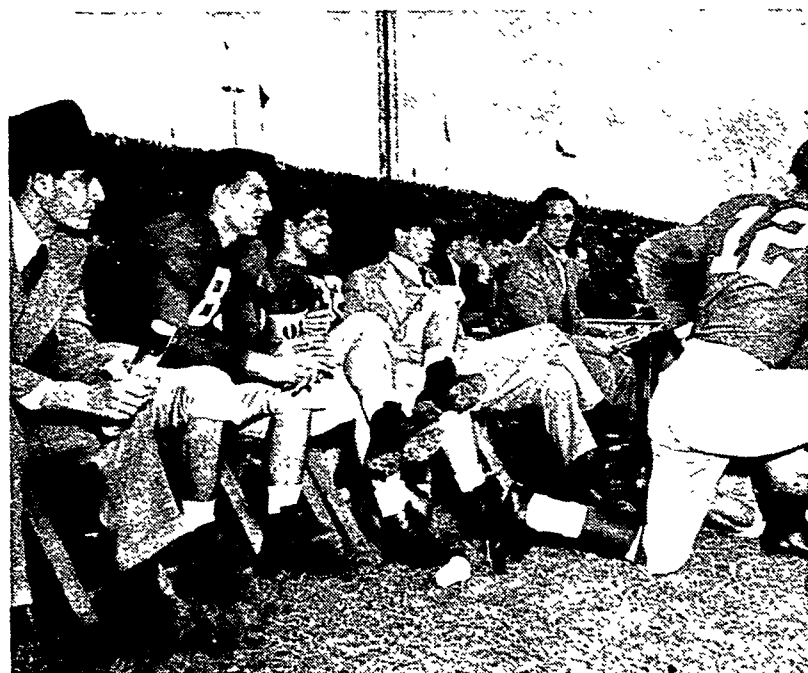
Bottom, second from right, Bob Livingstone scores the second Irish touchdown against Illinois. (Arrow indicates ball.)

Bottom, second from left, Strohmeier and McBride nurse sprained ankles in ice on train returning from Navy game. The team had its own Hallowe'en party on the train.

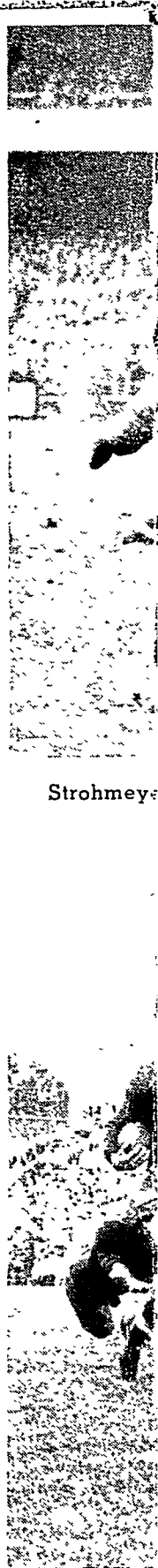
Below, Irish mascot Clashmore Mike overlooks football rivalry to win the affection of two lovely Purdue cheerleaders. Who wouldn't?



In the third period of Navy game Terry Brennan breaks loose on a 15-yard run.



During the Navy game Manager Bill Boss, Tripucka, Lujack and Coach Leahy watch from bench as Ashbaugh kneels along side-line.

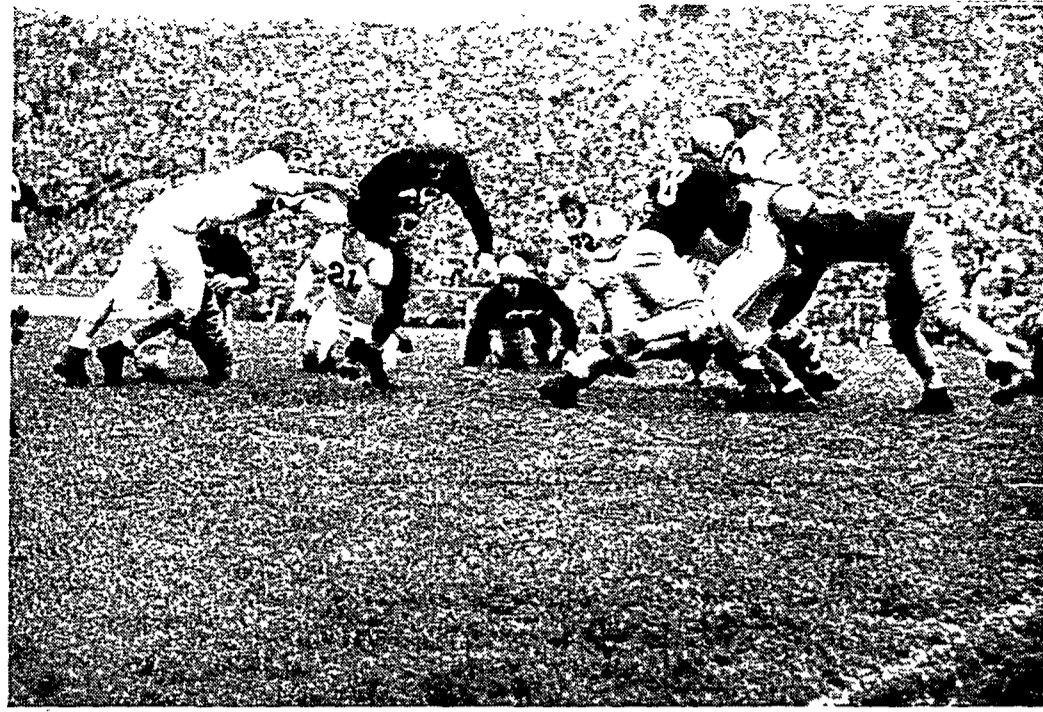


Strohmeier

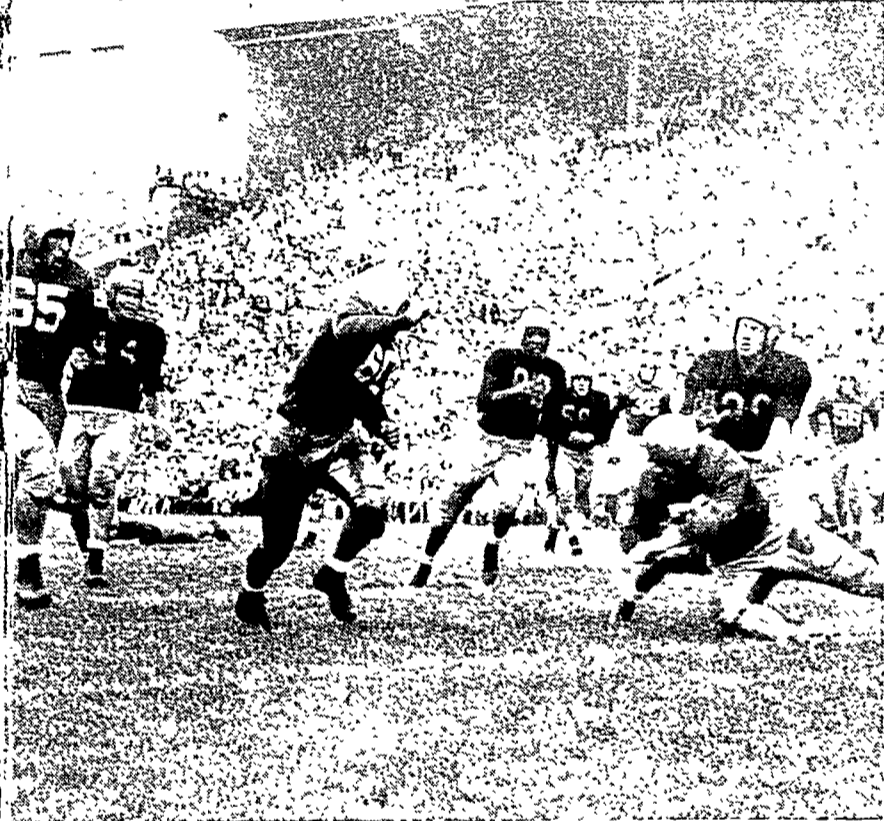
Jim Mello



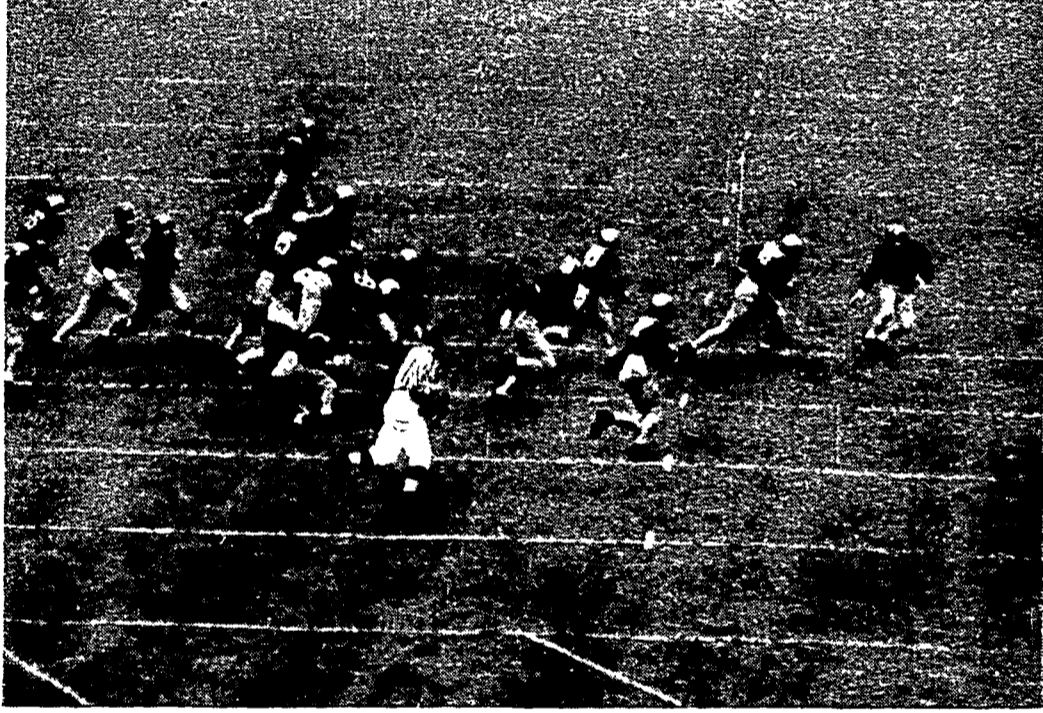
Rovai, and Skoglund stop Army's Glenn Davis on his 17-yard line.



Clatt (69) gains four yards through Purdue line as Fallon (68) and Mastrangelo (75) trap Nevills. At left Swistowicz blocks out Purdue's Hoffman.



begins a 35 yard run to set up a touchdown against Illinois.



Lujack carries the ball around right end for a five yard gain in the Army game.





Jim Mello

Winlon Knowles, former teammate of Ed McKeever, took him out then! His first blood at Notre Dame came with a touchdown against Tulane.

RALPH McGEHEE, Left Tackle, from Chicago, is one of the melting pots of the team—of Irish-Dutch-Scotch-English descent. McGehee was a teammate of Swistowicz at Tilden Tech, where he was all-city in '44 and '45. He also lettered in wrestling at Tilden. Ralph saw most of his action this year late in the season, and since he is only a freshman now, has great possibilities for the next three years. He is a commerce major.

JIM MELLO, Fullback, from West Warwick, R. I., returned to the campus of Our Lady after over two years in the Navy; married; father of a little boy, Jimmy, Jr.; and an ex-member of the '44 Great Lakes team that was beaten 28-7 by Notre Dame. As first string fullback in '43, he averaged 5.2 yards per carry for a total gain of 714 yards. With much more depth this year, Mello hasn't been forced to do such yeoman duty, but has been most dependable for the last few yards—going over for six TD's prior to the Southern Cal game. He was named captain for the Purdue game, and held



John Panelli

his starting team position for virtually every game.

BERNIE METER, Left Guard, returns after 38 months in Uncle Sam's Marines. A monogram winner in '42 and '43, Meter was discharged just before the start of the season. He was a Second Lieutenant at time of separation from the Marines. At Cathedral Latin in Cleveland, he helped his team win the 1940 city championship. Bernie played service ball at Camp Lejeune in 1944, prior to reporting to the Pacific. Meter is in the Commerce school and would like to go into sales promotion in Cleveland after graduation.

JOHN PANELLI, Fullback, from Morristown, New Jersey, is not only the No. 2 fullback, but could pass as Mello's brother, often creating confusion on the practice field. He went from All-State in '43 in high school straight to Notre Dame, and a year later was carrying the ball for the Irish varsity. Injured most of '45, he had a 6.3 average per carry, and has done just as well with about twice as much action this season. He scored against Purdue and Iowa, and twice against Northwestern.



Geo. Ratterman

GEORGE RATTERMAN, Quarterback, is one of the best all-round athletes in the history of Notre Dame, being one of the few to ever win four monograms in one year ('44-'45 in football, basketball, baseball, and track). At St. George's in Chicago he was all-state in football and basketball, and went to the state singles finals in tennis. The future lawyer usually has first bid on Lujack's position when Johnny comes out and the Irish are on the offensive. Although one of the greatest athletes at Notre Dame, the Cincinnati quarterback weighs only 165.

FRED ROVAI, Right Guard, was a regular in '44 and '45, and saw a lot of action again this season. A vicious blocker, Rovai got his high school training in Hammond, Ind., home town of Bob Livingstone, and Assistant Coach Wally Ziembra. He won All-State honors there as a fullback, and came on to be Freshman fullback at Notre Dame. His biggest grid thrill occurred that year when he scored against the varsity.

JOE SIGNAIGO, Left Guard, was the No. 1 guard on the '43 team in point of service, and came back this year after service in the Pacific just in time to get

Bernie Meter



Tom Potter



Fred Rovai





Joe Signaigo

in shape for the Illinois game. At Catholic High in Memphis, Tennessee, Joe lettered in football four years, leading the Terriers to two parochial championships. He was an All-Memphis football, basketball, and baseball man, won the prep boxing title one year, and twice won All-State berths in football. Highlights of his '46 season were stopping Pistol Pete Williams on the Irish goal line in the Navy game, a great game against Army, and co-captaincy in the Tulane game.

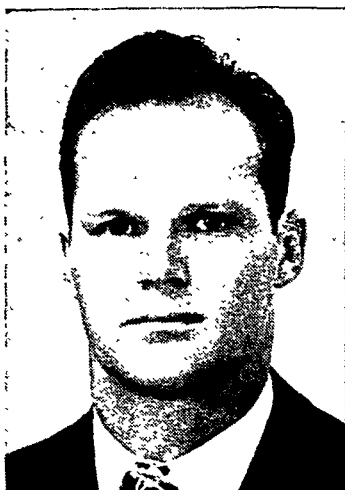


FLOYD SIMMONS, Right Halfback, saw action in the final three games of '45 after a discharge from the Navy, and this season has played regularly, leading the Irish attack against Navy with two touchdowns. The next week he was injured in practice, and saw very little game time afterwards. At Jefferson High in Portland, Oregon, he earned three letters in football, three in baseball, two in hockey, and one in track. He threw the shot on Coach Handy's team here last winter and spring.



EMIL SITKO, Right Halfback, better known as Bud, held the distinction of inaugurating the '46 season with an 83

Floyd Simmons



Emil Sitko

yard dash setting up the first touchdown against Illinois. Cousin of Steve Sitko, former Irish quarterback, Bud was away from Notre Dame 37 months at Great Lakes, Norman Naval Station, and St. Mary's Pre-flight. At Great Lakes he scored one of the touchdowns that ruined Coach Leahy's undefeated 1943 National Championship season. Following the Illinois game this year, the stumpy Fort Wayne back was out of action for some time with a leg injury, but returned late in the season to regain his starting line-up position.



BOB SKOGLUND, Left End, from Chicago, is completing his third consecutive year, although away from Notre Dame about 10 months during '45 and '46, prior to his discharge as an ensign during the summer. Mentioned on several All-American squads last year, Bob follows in the footsteps of his older brother, Len, who won monograms in '36 and '37. Vastly improved during the '45 campaign, Skoglund turned into an excellent defensive end besides improving his glue-finger technique. His TD for '46 was a beautiful one-man proposition as he took the ball out of the passing hand of Purdue's Mihalic and went fifteen yards to score.

Bob Skoglund



George Strohmeier

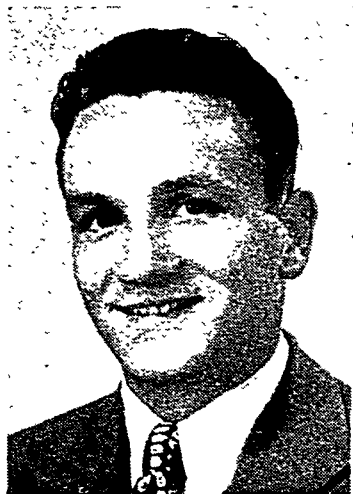
GEORGE STROHMEYER, Center, better known as Tex or possibly Ferdinand, holds the high school letter record at Notre Dame with 24 letters at McAllen High in Texas—four each in football, basketball, baseball, track, boxing and swimming. A fullback in high school, he switched to center and played with the Iowa Seahawks while in the Navy. Landing a plane with the wing half torn off is one of his most interesting experiences, along with taking a big share in stopping Big Doc in New York November 9th. Strohmeier, always hard-driving, is almost always first down on punts.



GEORGE SULLIVAN, Right Tackle, served in the Navy 30 months, which included a lengthy period as a deck officer on a destroyer operating in the western Pacific and China Sea. He seems to have a slight obsession for letters and monograms, collecting 10 in high school in East Walpole, Mass., then coming on to N.D. to earn his first in '43 at the ripe old age of 17. He won another monogram here in '44. "Sull's" best performance of this year was against Army when he filled in for injured Bill Fischer and won acclaim as "Lineman of the Week."

George Sullivan





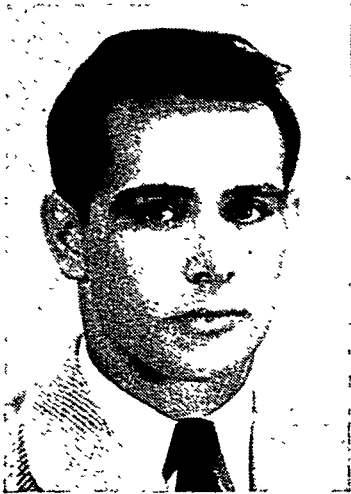
Mike Swistowicz

MIKE SWISTOWICZ, Right Halfback, hasn't been on the campus a year, but already has a reputation for his gridiron work. He was the outstanding Frosh back during spring drills, and seemed to forget that experience made any difference when fall practice started, landing a second team spot early in the year. At Tilden Tech in Chicago, he acquired 11 letters in a variety of sports, captaining football, track and speed skating teams. He was an all-state gridder as a senior, and played against Claude (Buddy) Young while in high school.



FRANK TRIPUCKA, Quarterback, nicknamed "Trip," was a freshman reserve signal-caller in '45, and has seen considerably more action this season. He tossed a touchdown pass against Tulane in '45, and lists that as his biggest thrill. At Bloomfield, N. J., High he earned three letters each in football, basketball, and baseball, and was an all-state halfback as a senior. As an understudy of Lujack, his passing abilities have been overshadowed, but his, as well as Ratterman's, passing skill is near the top in the Midwest.

Frank Tripucka



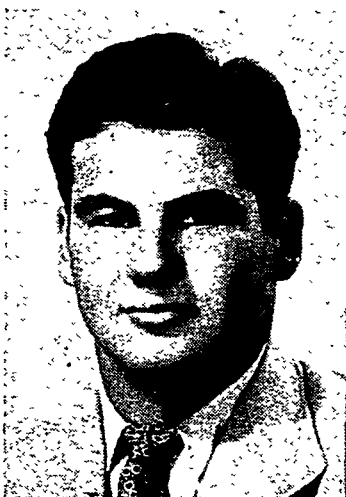
Bill Walsh

BILL WALSH, Center, had the momentous job of filling Marty Wendell's and Frank Szymanski's shoes when both left prior to the start of the '45 season, and did a whale of a job filling in. Only 18 now, Walsh has played the same brand of ball this year that won him All-State honors at Phillipsburg, N. J. High in 1944. He also served as captain there his senior year. The past spring he was given the Hering medal as the "best blocking center." A physical education major, he wants to coach following graduation.



MARTY WENDELL, Center, came back after Navy service at Great Lakes where he helped the Bluejackets defeat the Irish in the season finale. Marty immediately began a battle for the center spot with Strohmeyer, that ended with them splitting center chores and Wendell doing a lot of defensive duty in the fulback spot. Marty was being depended on to do stellar center work for the Irish last season, but was transferred from N.D. on the eve of the opening game. The Chicagoan's recognized performance of this season was against Army.

Marty Wendell



Ernie Zalejski

ERNIE ZALEJSKI, Left Halfback, is, after Lujack, about the most talked-of man on the squad. At South Bend Washington High, he set all kinds of marks for future high school backs to shoot for. Three times he was named all-state halfback, and led Washington to two state titles and the finals of a third. After service in the Army, "Rocky" was discharged just after the Pitt game, saw a few minutes of action against Purdue, then had two weeks to get ready for steady use. Against Navy, he almost singly conducted a touchdown march, and went over twice against Tulane on nice runs. His family lives at 427 Grant Street in South Bend.

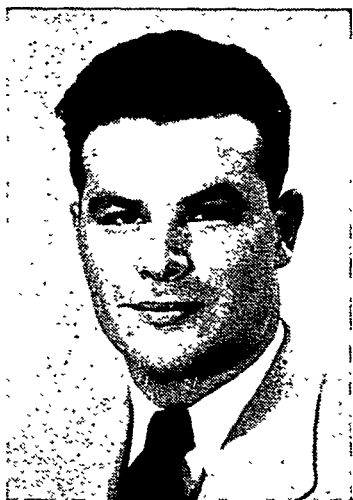


JACK ZILLY, Right End, captained the Irish against Pitt, and proved his right to the honor all season pulling in a good percentage of Lujack's tosses, and playing brilliant defensive ball that helped stop the end runs of Young and Davis. From Southington, Conn., Zilly earned his first monogram at N.D. in '43, prior to service with the Navy in the Pacific Theatre. Between hunting and fishing in New England's mountains, Zilly wants to coach following graduation.

John L. Zilly



THE "B" SQUAD



Arthur Statuto

ARTHUR JOHN STATUTO, Center. He returns from 37 months in the Navy being discharged as an ensign on August 23. His military duties included service as an engineering officer on an LSM. Last football season he played for the Fort Pierce, Florida Navy team. He was a member of the Fighting Irish squad in 1943. At Saugus, Massachusetts, High, he won four letters in football and two in baseball. His high school coach was Henry Toczowski. The latter played quarterback for Frank Leahy at Boston College. Statuto's favorite author is H. Allen Smith, and as a true Bostonian, his number one athletic hero is Ted Williams. He hopes to teach or coach following graduation.



GASPAR URBAN, Left Tackle, notched the second team tackle slot with no one over him but All-American George Connor. In Lynn, Mass., the lone Lithuanian on the squad, played on the same team with Frank Danczewicz, '45 Irish captain. He was captain there and made All-State at fullback in 1941. "Gas" is a commerce major and saw action in almost every game this season.

Gaspar Urban



EMIL SLOVAK, Halfback, is one of the smallest men on the squad at 155 pounds and 5' 7" tall, or rather, short. Coach Leahy calls him the "150-lb. Doc Blanchard" and he showed everyone that wasn't far wrong either with a nice touchdown run against Northwestern this year. A monogram winner in '45, Slovak hails from Oak Harbor, Ohio, where he won a quartet of letters in football and track. His older brother, Marty, played with the Cleveland Rams.

While passing out the bouquets for deserving football performances this season, let's not forget the "B" squad charges of Coaches Bill Earley and Jack Barry who racked up three wins in four outings and atoned for their single setback with a convincing 38-13 triumph over Michigan State in their season's finale.

The Great Lakes Bluejackets opened the season for the Irish by being 40-0 victims at Great Lakes. Emil Slovak, speedy back from Elliston, Ohio, set the pace against the Sailors with touchdown gallops of 13, 33, and 70 yards. Jim Brennan, right half, Milwaukee, Wis., also added a score on a 70 yard jaunt. The other two tallies came on a 4-yard plunge by Charles Wise, halfback, and a 35-yard sweep around end by Tom Owens, halfback from Atlanta.

Michigan State handed Notre Dame its only loss of the campaign at East Lansing on Oct. 19, when they took a 21-13 decision from the Irish. Joe Yonto, pile driving fullback from Orville, Ohio, was the big Irish gun in this fray as he tallied both markers for the Blue and Gold.

Lancaster Smith, scatback from Lebanon, Ky., scored twice to pace the "B" squad to a 14-6 triumph over Purdue in its third game of the season. The first score came on a 16-yard dash that overcame a 6-0 Purdue lead. Smith took

a 45-yard pass in the end zone for the second tally early in the fourth quarter.

The return game with Michigan State was the only tilt of the year that the "B's" played at home. They opened fast to take a 7-0 lead early in the first quarter on an 80-yard march, climaxed by a 7-yard plunge by Johnny Agnone, hard-hitting fullback from Youngstown. Jim Brennan added the point from placement. The Spartans scored late in the first period and the halftime score read 7-6 with the Irish ahead.

The second half fireworks were provided by Larry Coutre, left half from Chicago, as he scampered 80 yards around end in the third quarter. Jim McGurk, fullback, Montclair, N. J., added another six-pointer on a plunge from the one. Michigan State drove back to pull within 20-13 early in the fourth period, but Coutre iced the game with a 78-yard kickoff return to score. McGurk tallied once more in the fourth quarter, and shortly before the gun sounded, Jack Connor, guard, Chicago, intercepted a stray pass and dashed 60 yards to make the final count read 38-13.

Coach Bill Earley singled out several freshmen who seemed destined to see action with the varsity in their remaining years under the Dome. They are: Connor, guard; Lally, guard; Ramsberger, fullback; Carter, center; Yonto, guard; Owens, halfback; Ramsberger, fullback.—*Jimmy Brutz*



The "B" squad finishes the season with a 38-13 triumph over Michigan State in the Notre Dame Stadium.

INDIVIDUAL STATISTICS

Nine Games—Final Statistics

Player	Touch	Points After	Times		Net Yds Gained	Average
	Downs	Touchdown Points	Carried	Net		
Sitko	3	0	18	54	346	6.407
Simmons	2	0	12	36	229	6.361
Gompers	3	0	18	51	279	5.3
Mello	6	0	36	61	307	5.0
Cowhig	2	0	12	40	199	5.0
Livingstone	2	0	12	40	191	4.8
Lujack	1	0	6	23	108	4.7
T. Brennan	6	0	36	74	329	4.4
Panelli	4	0	24	58	265	4.6
Swistowicz	0	0	0	41	186	4.5
McGee	3	0	18	21	250	11.9
Clatt	2	0	12	28	105	3.8
Ratterman	0	0	0	4	24	6.0
LeCluyse	0	0	0	3	-9	-3.0
Zalejski	2	0	12	14	154	11.0
Smith	0	0	0	6	39	6.5
McGurk	0	0	0	4	7	1.8
Tripucka	0	0	0	1	-6	-6.0
Ashbaugh	0	0	0	2	-10	-5.0
Agnone	0	0	0	5	13	2.6
J. Brennan	0	0	0	1	1	1.0
Coutre	0	0	0	2	11	5.5
Slovak	1	0	6	1	18	18.0
Zilly	1	0	6	0	0	0.0
Skoglund	1	0	6	0	0	0.0
Hart	1	0	6	0	0	0.0
Earley	0	31	31	0	0	0.0
TOTALS	40	31	271	570	3036	5.3

Player	Passes	Passes	Passes	TD	Pct.	Net Yds. Gained	Passes Rec'd.	Net Yds. Gained	Passes Int. By	Yds. Gained on Int.
	Attempt.	Compl.	Had Int.	Passes						
Lujack	100	49	8	5	.490	778	0	0	2	31
Ratterman	18	8	2	1	.444	114	0	0	1	1
Tripucka	5	1	0	0	.200	19	0	0	0	0
T. Brennan	0	0	0	0	.000	0	10	154	3	18
Zilly	0	0	0	0	.000	0	8	152	0	0
Skoglund	0	0	0	0	.000	0	6	76	1	7
Hart	0	0	0	0	.000	0	5	107	0	0
Swistowicz	0	0	0	0	.000	0	4	70	0	0
Cowhig	0	0	0	0	.000	0	4	42	0	0
Martin	0	0	0	0	.000	0	4	37	0	0
Sitko	0	0	0	0	.000	0	3	55	2	3
Livingstone	0	0	0	0	.000	0	3	38	0	0
Mello	0	0	0	0	.000	0	2	40	0	0
Simmons	0	0	0	0	.000	0	2	43	1	8
Zalejski	0	0	0	0	.000	0	2	24	1	20
Limont	0	0	0	0	.000	0	2	7	0	0
Gompers	0	0	0	0	.000	0	1	35	0	0
Ashbaugh	0	0	0	0	.000	0	1	29	1	38
Kosikowski	0	0	0	0	.000	0	1	2	0	0
Strohmeier	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	3	19
Brown	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	1	2
TOTALS	123	58	10	6	.471	911	58	911	16	147

Headache Office

By JIM CLEMENS

This is the story of the least publicized members of Notre Dame's vast athletic organization. This is the story of an industrious group of persons who handled most of the headaches but received none of the glory for the success achieved by the Fighting Irish in the hectic football season of 1946. This is the story of what goes on in the Notre Dame ticket office.

Although the football season is actually only of three months duration in the fall, it is a year-round proposition in the ticket office. As soon as the moleskins are put away in early December, the ticket staff under the expert supervision of Mr. Robert Cahill, the ticket sales manager, begins work for the next season some nine months away.

Mailing lists are preened and new lists made up for the next season's games from the applications of fans who supported the games the previous season. The Army game, of course, is always an exception since this is virtually closed to the alumni and friends of the University who annually buy up Notre Dame's allotment of tickets the day the sale opens. These mailing lists must be accurate so that girls employed as extra help in early spring can, with very little instruction, type up the envelopes.

Around April, literature as well as application blanks for the following season's games, are prepared. All told there are twenty-seven different kinds of application blanks for a nine game schedule, since the alumni, season ticket holders, and general public each receive a different set of blanks.

Once the literature and application blanks are received from the printers, they are placed in the appropriate envelopes and sent to Notre Dame alumni and fans all over the country in sufficient time for returns to be made when the ticket sale opens on August 1st. A priority is set on season ticket information, and the prices are determined by the Business Manager of Athletics, subject to the approval of the Director of Athletics, for season ticket sale closes earlier than that of the alumni and general public, since the latter's allotment of tickets is determined by the demand for season tickets.

Several days prior to August 1st, the application blanks begin to pour into the office and then the real work begins. Each blank is checked and processed through to the files where it remains until it is time to fill the order. Daily reports are made up by Mary Monahan and posted in a record book so an ac-

(Continued on Page 45)

Knute Rockne *Edward J. Snyder*

Knute Rockne was born on March 4, 1888, in Voss, Norway. His dad was a carriage maker who came to Chicago for the Columbian Exposition of 1893 and later sent for his family to settle there. The boy went to Chicago public schools and after graduation wanted to go to college, but his family was too poor to send him. He had to work for five years in the post office to make enough money. In 1910 he enrolled at Notre Dame. By 1913 his name had spread across the nation, and when he died in 1931 he had become one of the most renowned figures in American sports. Today, 15 years after his tragic passing, they're still talking about him, this fellow Knute Rockne, and his spirit still hovers over the University he piloted to world-wide fame.

But Knute didn't go to college to play football. He was older than his fellow students, and most of all he sought an education. He was a shining light in chemistry. Some say he was a better trackman than a football player. Nevertheless, he teamed up with Gus Dorais in 1913 and helped forward-pass a favorite Army team to ignominious defeat. The name Notre Dame became associated with the name Rockne, and today no one mentions the one without thinking of the other.

After graduation in 1914, Rockne was offered a teaching post in the Chemistry Department, with a chance to coach football on the side. He took the job and married an Ohio girl, Bonnie Skiles. Within a few years, this hard-driving Norwegian had become head football coach. A keen student of human emotion and a great showman, he started Notre Dame rolling to fame on the gridiron. With a squad predominated by Irish boys, he coined the nickname "Fighting Irish" and dressed them in kelly green jerseys. He turned the maneuvers of chorus girls into the famous Rockne shift. In 1924 he came up with a backfield that Grantland Rice named the "Four Horsemen" as the speedy quartet of Crowley, Layden, Stuhldreher and Miller rode roughshod over Army. In 1924, 1929, and 1930, his teams won national championships, yet few times were they badly beaten or beaten often in one season. Notre Dame had become the



Mecca of the football world and mostly because of Knute Rockne.

There are many stories about the famous "Rock." If all were collected they would fill volumes. It is enough to look at his record as a coach and builder of men. He set a good example for his boys to follow, and followed their good example of attending Mass on a game day by becoming a Catholic. In 1931, he boarded a plane for California, but the ill-fated air-craft plummeted to the ground in Kansas, carrying Knute to his death. From the President of the United States to the poorest newsboy, there came signs of mourning and sorrow.

And so down through 15 years, Rockne-trained coaches have endeavored to keep instilling the ideals of the famous coach in the minds of their players. Notre Dame is still the Mecca of college football, and its greatest coach, Knute Rockne, is still as much a part of Notre Dame as the Golden Dome. When the going gets tough, on the football field or out in the world, Notre Dame men feel that the "Rock" is up there pulling for them, because he truly believed that "what though the odds be great or small, old Notre Dame will win over all." Notre Dame will always be proud of him, this man who spread her name to world-wide fame—this fellow, Knute Rockne!



Knute Rockne shows the tackles how they should go through—1926.

I SPOT FOR BILL STERN

By DAVE WARNER

The engineer has just killed the cheers and band music. Into his microphone Bill Stern, full of zeal and ready to spiel, begins his Saturday afternoon chore, "Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen wherever you may be. This is Bill Stern speaking from the Sleepy Hollow Stadium in East Hernia, South Dakota, where the National Broadcasting Company has swung its microphones to bring you a play-by-play description of today's game. And here are the starting line-ups." And here, also, is the point where the spotter begins to chew the pencil into splinters.

This was my second season as a Notre Dame spotter for NBC's sports director and announcer, Bill Stern. I was first assigned the job by Walt Kennedy, former publicity chief at Notre Dame, currently holder of at least five responsible jobs in the sports world. My first assignment could not have been more of a thriller. As a warm-up I would much rather have preferred something like Notre Dame vs. Slippery Rock Teachers. Instead, I plunged into the spectacularly disputed 1945 Mexican stand-off between Navy and Notre Dame which ended 6-6 before 82,000 in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium. That head-liner—the wrestling match on the goal line between Skip Minisi and Phil Colella happened so quickly and suddenly that I had to judge from Phil's characteristics that it was he. Luckily, for once, I guessed right! Usually a spotter has plenty of time to check a player by number, but there are those times when it pays to be familiar with a player's characteristics. How he stands, crouches, and runs. Plays like that of Colella's can make or break an announcer.

Spotting for Stern is all done with the naked eye, and this, too, can present a problem since broadcasting booths in various stadiums run the gamut from the lower mezzanine section to the rear wall. For any Stern broadcast I and all other assistants must be at the booth at least two hours before the kick-off. This is done to eliminate jitters on the part of the announcer who cannot be bothered worrying whether or not his assistants will be there in time for the game. Stern, himself, is one of the few announcers I have seen who arrives so far in advance of game time. If the game starts at two, invariably he will be there at noon tacking up biographical, color, and penalty data. Besides memorizing names, numbers and positions of all players, the spotter must have tongue-tip information in such statistics as weights, heights, ages, home towns, scores and whether

that tiny speck on the gridiron below talking to Lujack is Frank Leahy or Bernie Crimmins. For information I owe a great vote of thanks to Notre Dame's football publicity man, Charlie Callahan and his assistants, Helene Crockett, Jim Regan, Jim Brutz, Jack Kennedy, Chick Beaulieu, Pete Brown and Tom Tierney.

Stern's booth is usually the most manned of any. As the game starts it takes on the appearance of Macy's basement during the Christmas rush. Inside, there is a spotter from each school, a statistician, an engineer, a Western Union man, and a producer in addition to Stern

himself. Some booths are so small that by the time we all get in them the mice have to run around hunch-backed. At the Yankee Stadium there are no booths for football broadcasting; we divide a box seat with the patrons. At the 1945 Army-Notre Dame tilt movie eyeful Jinx Falkenberg was in touching distance of the NBC mike. Stern recognized her, leaned over and jokingly whispered, "Now you will find out what a liar I am. Don't expect to hear the same game you see out there today."

My most disastrous job of spotting was turned in during the Illinois game of 1946 when that Sitko to Zilly *faux pas* lateral cropped up. The game I enjoyed spotting the most so far was the scoreless tie Donnybrook against the Army of the same season.

I Spot for Connie Desmond

By TONY EARLEY

To the residents of the umpire-baiting borough, whose City Hall is Ebbets Field, and whose Chamber of Commerce is the Brooklyn Dodger baseball team, the name Connie Desmond has a familiar ring. During the summer months Connie Desmond and Red Barber team up to keep the anxious Dodger fans up to date with the daily antics of their unpredictable baseball club.

Connie is a comparative newcomer to the big time field of sports announcers, but so great has been his success at Brooklyn that the Mutual Broadcasting System decided to give him a ring at football commentating. On successive Saturday afternoons this fall, Desmond has scooted across the country to cover some of the top gridiron contests of the season.

My first meeting with Connie Desmond was at Iowa City where this year's high-riding Irish met the University of Iowa's Hawkeyes in what was slated to be a crucial test for the men of Leahy. Desmond was covering the game for Mutual on a coast to coast hookup. The game was the football attraction on that Saturday's card and the pressure was on any announcer who had been assigned to cover it. Desmond took it in stride and his chief concern before the kick-off was to bring an accurate and detailed account of the game to the listening audience. Too many of the sports announcers that I have spotted for have concerned themselves with building up their broadcast on unrelated chatter, which is most distracting and serves only to confuse the fans. I was impressed by Connie's familiarity with both clubs. He knew most of the players' numbers from memory, which lessened his dependence

on the spotter and enabled him to describe the play as it took place.

His system of spotting is fair but certainly not the best I've worked with. Desmond uses two large pieces of white cardboard, one for each school. On these, he has the teams three and four deep in every position. In the case of Notre Dame, the board is orientated so that the names on the board correspond with the exact way the team lines up on the field. For example, the names of the first string linemen are written in pencil across the top of the board and below each name is the name of his substitutes. Backing up the line are names of the backs arranged in a "T" formation. Specially constructed pins are used to indicate which players are in the game at the time. When a substitution is made, the pin above the man's name leaving the game is removed and placed over the name of the man replacing him. When the substitution occurs, the spotter, who is seated right next to the commentator, merely taps him on the arm to indicate a change and the announcer relates the change to the listening audience.

Desmond is new to football broadcasting. Since he spends most of the year describing baseball games in which there are often intervals without action he fails at times to give his audience the thrills and excitement that accompany most of the play. But in my opinion, a football announcer's number one attribute is accuracy and next his ability to transfer some of the thrills and excitement from the scene to the listening audience.

If I could choose my spotting assignments, I would cast my vote for the man from Flatbush. In another year he'll be up there with the best of them.

Clashmore Mike II

By CHARLES CARROLL CARTER

Just a year ago, a frisky little pup only six months old, hopped about the unfamiliar surroundings outside the office of Coach Hugh Devore, entirely unaware that he was about to become a very important member of the great Notre Dame family. Meanwhile his master, James McGarraghy of Chicago, was inside presenting Coach Devore with that wide-eyed pup's official pedigree and papers of ownership. Since Clashmore Mike I, Notre Dame's mascot of 11 years, had died on September 17th, last year and was later buried in the Stadium, this wiry Irish terrier was about to take his place as the fighting symbol of the Fighting Irish.

Irish mascots can be traced back only as far as 1924, when at the start of the season a squatty, ferocious-looking bulldog waddled onto the field, a football clenched in his teeth as the cocky favorite of a National Championship team. Some years later, after the Bulldog came an Irish terrier, Shawn Rue, who lasted until 1931. That year the team had a rather rough time of it, and after an unsuccessful season little Shawn Rue mysteriously disappeared. . . . Then in 1935 began the dynasty of Clashmore Mike, the name given to the new mascot by Mr. Dan Hanley, who was inspired by the name of a famous Irishman. Mike the First was presented to Head Coach Elmer Layden by a Chicago kennel owner, who turned him over to Dan Hanley for training.

With the aid of a collapsible bar, Mike was taught to jump two feet but as the weeks passed the bar was raised little by little. Mike had a little circus blood in him and soon afterwards he learned to leap over high hurdles. He had a way of making his jumps look spectacular to give the crowd a little bigger thrill and himself a little louder applause. A victorious encounter with the Pitt panther marked Mike's debut. Clashmore, in a lively mood that day, quickly went after the strange over-stuffed cat from the East and to the great enjoyment of fans who packed the Notre Dame stadium, the fighting little Irish mascot made the fur fly. It wasn't long before a worried student wearing the panther hide made a hasty retreat to the Pitt bench.

He was noted for his fracas with the Army mule, and having a particular distaste for the sea and all that goes with it, the Navy game each year was the scene of a hard fought tussle between the scrappy terrier and Bill, the renowned Navy goat. One Saturday afternoon in 1941, Mike not liking the

nautical atmosphere, strained at his leash, aching for another crack at the goat. Suddenly an accident occurred—or perhaps it wasn't. Mr. Hanley tripped, dropping the leash, and Mike raced in the direction of Bill. Dust flew as the two mascots captured the crowd's attention. It was dog and goat in a battle royal. But the goat soon retired from the fray, and the game little terrier trotted off happily with another victory to his credit.

It was into this colorful family of courageous canine favorites of the Irish that Clashmore Mike II was about to step as Notre Dame's most loved and cherished animal—her mascot.

His pedigree says he is actually a "Shannon Invader," his father being known as "Aristocrat Rumhound" and his mother a classy little canine called "Shannon View Peggy." But when he became a member of the Irish family, he was named the Second of a proud and worthy Notre Dame heritage — Clashmore Mike.

"Mike" made his first public appearance as the new Irish mascot before a packed house at the Illinois game last season. No sooner had he started to jump about the sidelines, straining at the leashes which kept him from snapping at "refs" and all others who may

stand in way of an N.D. victory, than did he become a beloved part of the team. At all the home games as well as the student trip each year, he is seen with his gold-trimmed, bright green blanket with a monogram on each side; his mouth wide open, a wet tongue hanging out and eyes strained so as not to miss a thing. But if ever there is trouble he has an assortment of angry growls ready to let loose, as well as many a bark if things don't meet with his approval.

Unlike most *canis familiaris*, Mike is a great deal more than a dog. All one has to do is watch him at one of the games and you will see, if you haven't already, that he is an ardent rooter instilled with an urge to fight and a desire to win. He is a symbol of support and loyalty to those on the field from those in the stands. And, too, we have to give him credit for being a great showman. Possibly you saw him chase that Army mule all over Yankee Stadium a few weeks ago, snapping at flying hoofs and letting the world know he didn't like horse meat. And then when the mule turned around to give him a run for his money, what did Mike do? He spread his four feet apart, let loose with a ferocious snarl and wouldn't budge! Mike is Irish and like Fighting Irish he doesn't give ground, as the Cadets later found out.



Clashmore Mike, after snarling at the animals in the band's half-time circus presentation at the Pitt game, makes friendly overtures toward the elephant.

They Also Serve *John A. O'Connor*

There is a school of historical thought which claims that history is written, not in terms of migrations of peoples, wars, or great social movements, but rather by the heroes whose lives have been mileposts along the great highway of time. So, through the corridors of the centuries, march Alexander, Caesar, Gregory the Great, Jefferson, Napoleon, and Abraham Lincoln.

Likewise on the gridiron, padded heroes stand out to mark the passing parade in America's Saturday sport. Football was written for history by Hinkey, Thorpe, Knute Rockne, the Four Horsemen, George Gipp and Tommy Harmon.

But as historians are sometimes apt to do, just recognition bypasses the little man: the schoolmaster who instructed St. Thomas, the guy who shod Paul Revere's horse, the fellow who carried the message to Garcia.

So too in football, hero worshipping sports writers too often pass up the very men who are holding the hero aloft, the guys who are making him step for his position, the scrubs who, in their own rugged way, develop the finished product in the blast-furnaces of body-contact and the crucibles of daily scrimmages.

Here at Notre Dame we have probably the greatest football squad ever to don equipment. So deep is the talent that sports scribes have not failed to claim that, were they at other colleges or universities not so favorably endowed with manpower, some of our Bee boys would be holding first-string varsity positions, and making the local headlines. Let us look, for a moment then, at the lesser luminaries.

Just where do you think Johnny Lujack would be if he wasn't being pushed by the greatest collection of rifle-armed quarterbacks in the nation? Even teammates agree Frank Tripucka is as good a passer if not better, and certainly excels in kicking. The deft ball-handling of George Ratterman, plus his bull-whip passing arm, would land him a first-string position at nearly any other school in the country, with the possible exception of Army. From Mt. Carmel High in New York is Gerry Begley, an excellent passer, while Rhode Island's Billy Heywood backs up his pitching with fancy stepping and slambang defensive play. Roger Brown was no slouch as a highschooler in Chicago, and Dick Leous looms as a promising performer, needing only experience to smooth out the rough edges. As far back as the quarterbacks go there's talent and promise, Johnny McMahon and Dick Soisson rounding out a roster of field-generals which any coach would think impossible to accumulate at one school at one time. Lujack had to be good to stay ahead of this pack of grid strategists and sharpshooters.



Front Row: Ritter, Wilke, Wolfe, Hodiak, Connor, Carter, Lally, McGill, Reis, Boullis, Cannon; 2nd Row: Couch, Earley, Lesko, McGuire, LaPonto, Romano, Harrington, Leous, Carr, McGuire, Don Begley, Dasey, Sullivan; 3rd Row: Ogburn, Paszkiet, McCarty, Saggau, Soisson, McNamara, Byrnes, Keenan, Cordasko, Owens, Kenefick, Kiszeli, Curran.

Cecil Isbell of Purdue went so far as to say he'd settle for any of our fourth-string halfbacks. We go him one better: we say go as deep as you like at the halfback spot and you'll find terrific ballcarriers. Everybody knew Livingstone, Sitko, Brennan, and Ashbaugh were tried and true. But they didn't know lowrunning, hard-hitting Mike Swistowicz was going to move into the inner circle as a mere frosh, nor did they expect Billy Gompers to take off like a branded billy goat every time he got his hands on the ball. Were he completely recovered from his injuries chances are Floyd Simmons, loaded with drive and speed, would be one of the top running backs in the nation. Despite hampering leg trouble, Gerry Cowhig is still the hardest driving ball-packer in the outfit. Ask Army! One little guy they couldn't keep down was Coy McGee, who rose from the humble Bees through his fierce aggressiveness and breakaway speed. Pound for pound there isn't a harder-hitting back in the squad than Emil Slovak, who races through, around and over opponents like a hopped-up jallopy. Jimmy Brennan has been content to let brother Terry collect the clippings this year, but potentially Jimmy is a whizkid, clammy-handed under passer and a tricky prancer in the open field. Fans may have to wait until next year, but Coutre, Owens, and Zalejski are bound to come through. Everyone knows Freddie Earley can boot 'em, but few realize Leahy has more than one goal-kicking artist, among them Louie Street, upon whom the task will probably fall should Earley fail or falter. Deep as you go are halfbacks galore: Byrne, Cordasco, Keenan, Kenefick, Mortell and Saggau, all biding their time until the trumpet sounds for their great day. Lancaster Smith is not only the team's poet laureate, but one of the niftiest leather luggers in the neighborhood. Hanlon is another capable performer yet untapped while Wilke, Wise and Sullivan round out the list of ball-carrying journeymen. Leahy isn't hiding a lamp under a bushel; he's got a whole raft of arc-lights under a carload of topnotch talent.

When old grads heard that Jimmy Mello and Corny Clatt were back in the fold there was much jubilation. Little did they realize that a sheiky sophomore, a burly, bull-necked Italian from Morristown, New Jersey, by the name of John Panelli, was going to make the nation's Saturday listeners sit up and ask, Who is this new Irish fullback? Panelli's defensive work last Spring, heaped on his fine showing last fall, guaranteed him a chance to shine this year. He did, and will again. Despite his stature, Johnny Agnone plays a housewrecking game at full, while Jim McGurk is familiar to ND fans for his stalwart backing up play and his ferocious linebucking. Unsung this season is Chick Iannuccillo, who may well crash into the headlines as well as enemy end-zones come the fall of '47. Built like a pill-box fortress, weighing 232 pounds, Iannuccillo, the tank that walks like a man, drives hard with his tremendous legs, and tacklers vow they would sooner hurl themselves in front of a runaway locomotive than try to stop the big boy. The '46 Irish were exceptionally deep at full: Creevey, LeCluyse, Boulous, McGuire, Ramsberger (watch this guy!), Sinkowitz, and Yonto backed up the varsity regulars, hot on their necks and made them step to earn their starting positions.

Up in the line it was the same way. The best center in the land was George Strohmeier; how eagle-eyed scribes ever passed over his magnificent performance, though injured to the limping point, in the Army game, is beyond credulity. But the Texas strongboy had to be good; back of him was the fightin'est bunch of terrors ever to assemble at one position, deeper here than at any other spot on the team. For Marty Wendell was tabbed by pre-season dopesters as a cinch All-America, Bill Walsh was last year's regular and turned in fine exhibitions of ball-snapping and defensive play every time he got in a game, and Bill Vangen, though hampered by injuries, would have been welcome at any college in the nation. Add Art Statuto, Aus McNichols, Harp Dougherty, Carter, Lapano, McGill, Ritter and Ogburn and you know why opponents didn't go any place through the Irish center this fall.

At guard Coach McArdle has moulded masterpieces of immovable mass. Moose Fischer should be All-America, so should Freddie Rovai; ditto John Mastrangelo. But back of these saber-toothed play-busters were fast-rising scrappers, eager to replace the top boys, and making them dig in to hold that starting job. There was Chuck Connor, little brother of the Big Moose, Marty Brutz, Johnny Frampton, Luke Higgins, Bernie Meter, Bucky O'Connor, Tom Potter, Vince Scott, Joe Signaigo and George Tobin. What coach wouldn't drool over the prospect of any one of these characters showing up on his campus? Where, except at Notre Dame, would these men be surpassed? And that isn't all: Lally, Gillespie, Harrington, Jack Connor, Haller, and Romano man the guard posts on down the line. No matter how deep Leahy struck, he was bound to hit talented ore.

At the tackle spot, where the brawny behemoths grow, no team in the nation could touch Czarobski and Moose Connor. For that matter, no college in the country could boast of a tackle combo like Sullivan and Fallon, or Urban, Cifelli or McBride. But back of them were men who elsewhere might have starred alone, but rather chose to contribute their blood, sweat and tears to the building of the best ballclub in the land. They were Bill Russell, the team's pin-up boy, Ralph

McGehee, determined fighter out of Chicago, Al Zmijewski, 210 pound frosh from Newark, New Jersey, Ken Schuster, another rough freshman, Emil Ciechanowicz, a pigskin Paul Bunyon, Ted Budynkiewicz, who ND fans will hear much more of next autumn, Johnny Glaab, injury hampered but potentially a standout, Hudak, Vellatuto, Cannon, Gaul, and Bob McBride, a rough-and-tumble ace at both guard and tackle who played bang-up games every time he got a crack at the opponents.

Ends were numerous at Notre Dame. Last Spring coaches were moaning a dearth of picketmen, but except for Army's brilliant twosome, where could our own Zilly and Martin be surpassed? Bob Skoglund, Bob Walsh, and Frank Kosikowski could make about any team in America, and have really not yet begun to show their wares. Leon Hart looks like a comer, as does Bill Wightkin, but remember too, that should anything have happened to our starters this fall, Leahy was well equipped with such flankers as Zeke O'Connor, Bill Flanagan, Paul Limont, Ray Espanan, Walt Kronburger, Bill Michaels (keep your eye on Mike!), and Tom McCarthy. Joe Helwig and Jim Reis are two more promising freshmen of whom much may be heard when they develop under Coach Druze. Leon Traney, end and ballcarrier too, may burst his sideline cocoon one of these days, and dislodge some of the more highly-touted regulars.

At every position the starting job was at the top of the ladder, with valiant scrubs and prospective All-Americans battling for every rung. There never was a champ without his trainers, spar-mates, and series of challengers to whip him on to greater heights. If we had a great team in '46, it was because the reserves drove the regulars to it. The contributions of the unsung subs built a champion. They gave (and took!) a lot. Theirs was the true Spirit of Notre Dame.

HEADACHE OFFICE

(Continued from Page 40)

curate check can be made on the sales at all times and sell-outs announced at the appropriate time. Deposits are made daily with the University treasurer so the financial reports are complete and up-to-date.

In early September the tickets are received from the printers. All football tickets are checked twice by Mr. Cahill and his staff; once when they come from the printers and again when the orders are filled. Mr. Cahill fills most of the orders personally, though he is ably assisted in this respect by Harry Thilman, assistant ticket sales manager, and George Koch, a teacher at Riley High School in South Bend, who works nights in the ticket office during the season. Tickets are mailed ten days before each game, the biggest mailing jobs being the home games and the Army game, since there is the added task of registering the latter.

During the season just concluded the Irish played to 218,000 in four home games, establishing a new home game attendance record by shattering the previous mark of 211,000 which was achieved in five games. For a job well done special commendation is due the ticket office staff who contributed unstintingly of time and energy in making this a banner football year at Notre Dame.



Cahill, Jones, and Thilman smile wryly at the Army game seating situation.

Music by the Band

Playing its swan song for the 1946 football season at the Southern California game, the Notre Dame marching Band, under the direction of Mr. H. Lee Hope, finished a season full of surprises and innovations, still paraded in ancient uniforms reminiscent of cast-offs from the corner Salvation Army unit.

Paced by returning vet Jim Kress, crack, high-stepping drum major from Dillon Hall and Detroit, Mich., the band entertained football fans between halves of games at home, made one trip where it showed its wares in New York's Yankee Stadium. Always noted for its unique formations, the band carried on the tradition this year by introducing a musical circus and a musical review of the four seasons.

Up to full (100 strong) size again for the first time since 1943, the marching band was expected to do great things. It got off to a sour start when a scheduled trip to Illinois was cancelled. The next week, when the Irish entertained Pittsburgh at the first home game, the band showed it wasn't peeved by presenting some novel formations and proving that it made pretty good music, although it admittedly wasn't the cream of the crop in marching technique. During the halftime of the Pittsburgh game the band formed a panther, serenaded the visitors from the Smokie City with their alma mater. Then it displayed its new "four seasons" formation, which was featured by the successive formation of an hour glass, accompanied by the playing of "Auld Lang Syne," a huge thermometer and the old hit "We're Having A Heat Wave," and other formations and numbers proper to the several seasons. For this the band got deserved plaudits.

The Pitt game also featured the first appearance of a local phenomenon, the "Forgotten Irishman." Clad in the traditional Kelly green of the Emerald Isle, the N.D. version of the unhappy Sad Sack cavorted on the field during the halftime, assisted the band in its seasonal exhibition. Under the green hat and pantaloons was definitely non-Celtic Ralph Thorson, of Minnesota, who gambled like a Spring lamb at the ensuing Purdue, Army, and Northwestern games, was nowhere to be seen at the final contest with Southern Cal, appeared indeed to have been forgotten.

Done out of its trip to Champaign, the band did make the Army trip to New York, accredited itself well to anybody fortunate enough to have a good enough seat to see it. On the way down on the

train, the band initiated its members who had not made the trip before, following its traditional custom. No more ridiculous than other initiations, this one consisted of absurd garb for the "Gooks," foolish questions with no answers, "unpleasantries" for failure to answer them.

At Yankee Stadium, the band found that its seats were as bad as the rest of the students, was worse off still because it had been separated from the rest of the students as if they had been contaminated. Put to the difficult task of matching the sleek, disciplined (and very unoriginal) West Point musical machine, the band failed to come up to soldierly standards, as would have been supposed, but staged a good "Lena the Hyena" show during the half in connection with its circus act.

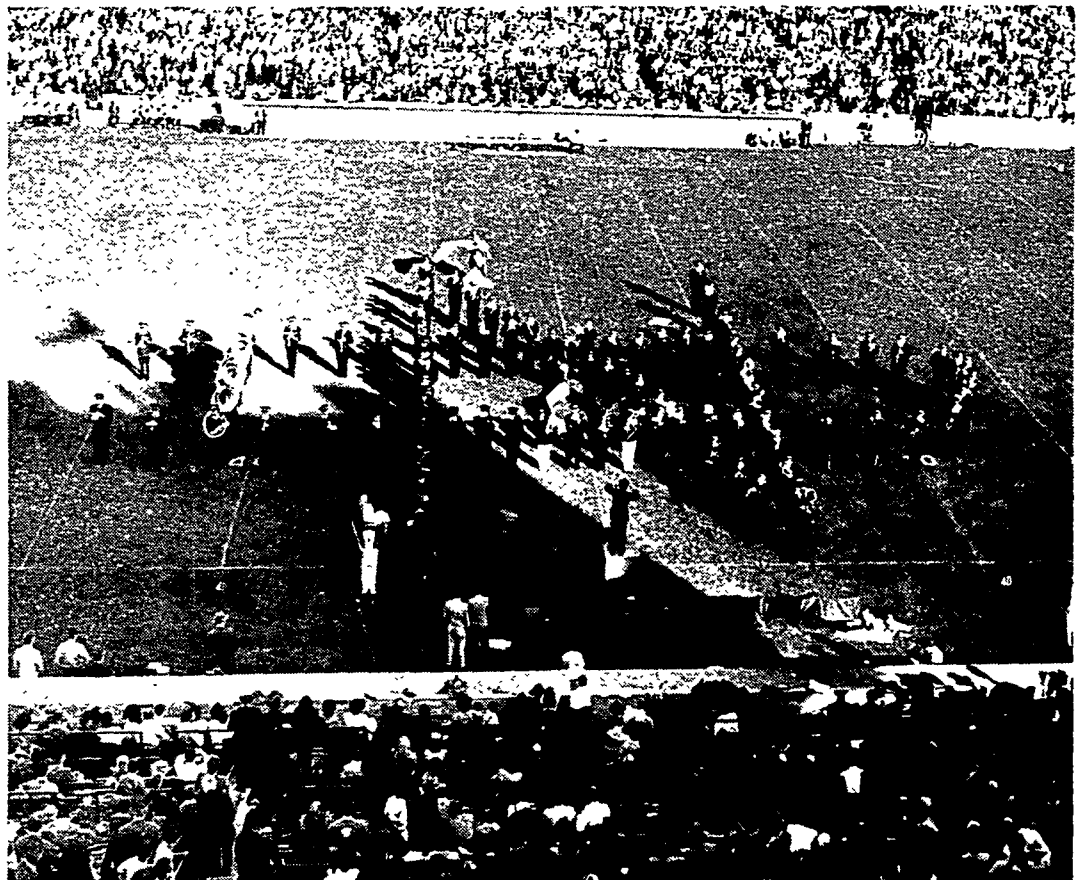
It received many complimentary letters from radio listeners. New York critics who panned it for not coming up to General Taylor's regimented boys forgot that the latter spend much of their time teaching each foot what the other is doing.

Back home again, the band was foiled at the Northwestern game by fickle Jupiter Pluvius, who decided to misbehave that afternoon. Because of the inclement weather, the band made a briefer appearance than usual, did manage to

form a wildcat for visiting Northwest-ernites.

The Southern California game was dedicated to the memory of the late Howard Jones, who coached the Trojans before his death in 1941. The band, in one of its best displays of the year, formed a huge "JONES" at the Southern Cal side of the field, played taps while the stands observed silence in tribute to the departed coach. Crossing the field, the band changed itself into 1946, saluted the end of the football season. At the end of the game, it paraded briskly from the stadium playing the Victory March.

Everybody who watched the band in the Stadium this fall agreed that it was making a fine comeback. Many of its members were recently returned G.I.'s who were band members for the first time or who had returned to it after prolonged absence. Jim Kress showed all comers he was no tyro, vied for twirling and fancy stepping honors with the best in the country. The band's appearance at pep rallies furthered old-time Notre Dame spirit, edified pep-rally guests. As time went on, the green squad rounded into better shape and by the end of the season its followers could see that it would soon again be a top-notch marching band. They were generally pleased with the present and hopeful of the future.—*Joe Wilcox*



The band forms an ND at half time during the Pitt game.

Splinters from the Press Box

By JOE CHENEY—Scholastic Sports Editor

Before the 1946 Notre Dame football team had taken the field for its first game, the nation's sports writers said the Irish had plenty of potential All-American material on hand but most of it was made up of returning servicemen. But pessimistic Frank Leahy had patience with these players, and now at the end of the current season, Notre Dame has replaced Army at the top of the football parade. Congratulations to Coach Leahy, to his assistants, and to the 1946 football squad.

Looking back over the season's games, we watched different backs come into prominence as the season progressed. In the first game of the year Emil Sitko ran wild to spark the first Notre Dame march toward pay dirt. Johnny Lujack and Ziggy Czarowski co-captained the Irish win 26-6 at Champaign. A week later Notre Dame opened its home season against Pittsburgh and pleased the home folks with a 33 to 0 win as Terry Brennan ripped through the Panther line throughout the game. Jim Mello captained the Green Shirts that afternoon.

The Boilermakers journeyed to South Bend the following week and were thoroughly trounced by Captain Jack Zilly's eleven. John Panelli got his chance in this game and proved that he could carry the leather with the best of them.

With the ol' crying towel packed neatly in his pocket, Frank Leahy and thirty-six of his pigskin pirates headed for Iowa City. George Connor was elected captain and he played one of his greatest games of the season against the Hawkeyes as did Lujack, Sitko, Strohmeyer, Mastrangelo, and Martin. Before the game began, Frank announced to the reporters, "If we win this one, we'll be about the luckiest team in the country." The Irish were lucky, winning 41 to 6.

Because of the great game John Mastrangelo played the week before, he was destined to lead the Irish against Navy who had held them to a 6 to 6 tie last year. From out of nowhere came Floyd Simmons and Jerry Cowhig to lead the Irish attack on the Middies. The Notre Damers racked up win number five winning this one 28 to 0.

The following week sports writers from all over the country gathered in South Bend to find out what kind of a team the Irish really had. Each afternoon they wandered around Cartier

Field looking for something to happen. And then it did—Lujack injured his ankle. The sports pages were filled for the rest of the week with Lujack's condition. When the Irish boarded the train for New York, so did Lujack. The game of the year was almost ready to begin. Everyone was excited . . . so excited that the National Anthem wasn't played. And with Army's band there too.

Lujack and Cowhig were elected to co-captain the Fighting Irish, who were determined that they could and would stop Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside. Terry Brennan played the game of his life both on offense and defense, but neither he nor any of the other Irish backs could break away for any long gain. The best defensive game of the century was played that afternoon in Yankee Stadium and the thrilled football fans sat on the edge of their seats until the final gun sounded. The game ended with the Army playing for just what it got, a scoreless tie.

Bounding back the following week, Notre Dame scored three touchdowns in the final period against the Wildcats of Northwestern to win 27 to 0. Bob Livingstone and George Connor led the Irish that afternoon in Notre Dame Stadium before a sellout crowd of 56,000 fans. George Ratterman, second-string quarterback, engineered the first two last period scores to prove to the country that Notre Dame was deep in quarterbacks too. Emil Sitko's running was the highlight of the afternoon as he crashed through for long gains every time he carried the ball.

The sunny south beckoned a week later and Notre Dame was gone before you could say Blanchard and Davis. Paul Limont, who graduated from Holy Cross High School in New Orleans, was elected to co-captain the Golden Pants along with Joe Signaigo. Ernie Zalejski, South Bend boy, proved that the advance notices which had been published about him were not so much space fillers. He broke through for two scores before he injured his knee, shelving him for the remainder of the season. Notre Dame, 41; Tulane, 0.

With only one game left to be played before the Irish could hang up another undefeated season Coach Leahy was

(Continued on Page 49)

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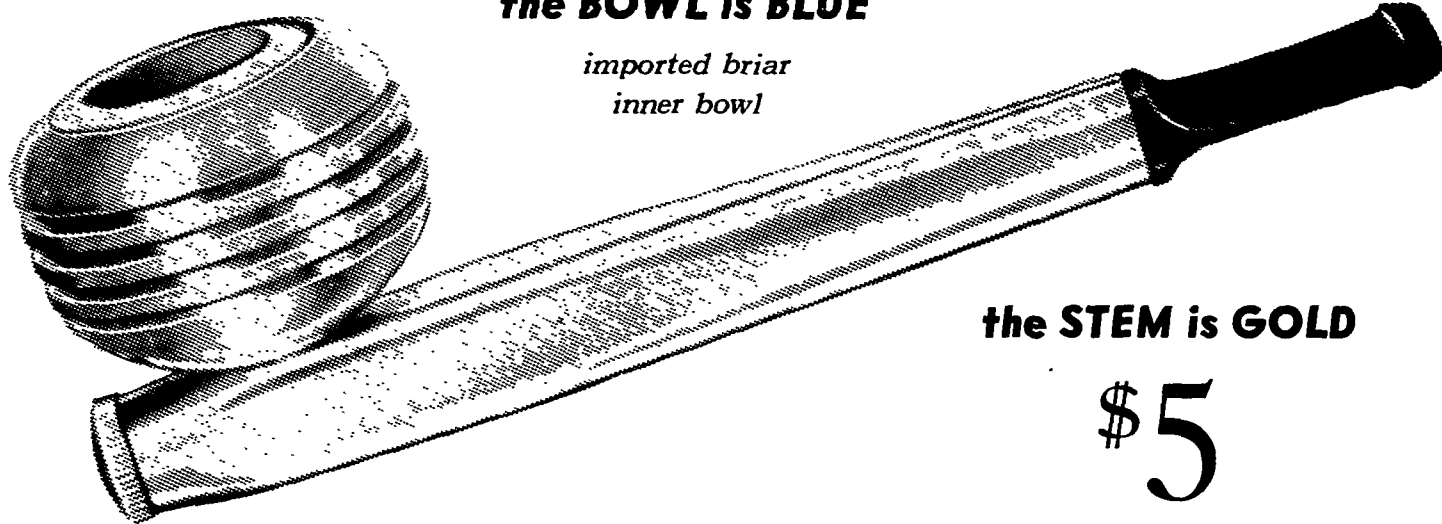
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MEN'S SHOP — FIRST FLOOR

ROBERTSON'S
of South Bend

Splinters from the Press Box

(Continued from Page 47)

tossed for a loss by a familiar tackler, Bad Cold. But Marty Brill came through with the towel treatment and line coach Ed Krause took over the reins. Bob Skoglund and Fred Rovai were elected to captain the Notre Dame charges against Southern California. The Trojans held the Irish scoreless in the first period and the word "upset" splashed across the lips of the Trojan fans on

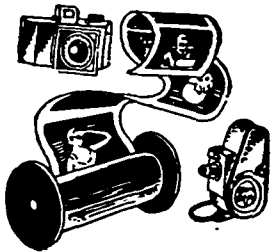
the other side of Notre Dame Stadium. And it might have come to pass if Texan Coy McGee, the 160-pound halfback, hadn't decided to do something about it. The first time that he carried the ball he gained 43 yards only to see the Irish lose the ball a second later on a fumble. The second time he took the ball he decided that if the Irish were going to score, he would have to go all the way, so he cut in and out on his 78-yard jaunt to pay dirt. He scored again in the third period after Southern California had marked up six points and the TD made it 19 to 6. The Trojan touchdown was the first score that any team has made against the Irish since the Iowa game on October 26th. Final score: Notre Dame, 26; Southern California, 6.

As the nights grow longer, sports fans the country over will be talking about this year's Notre Dame football team. Monday morning quarterbacks will play and replay the Notre Dame-Army game until sweat streams down their cheeks. But here at Notre Dame we know that Frank Leahy deserves all the praise the football world can give him for building up our 1946 team in so short a time. Congratulations, National Champions.

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WEAKENED AT THE WALDORF

By EDWARD J. SNYDER

The student trip, victim of wartime transportation curtailments, made its peacetime resurrection Nov. 8, as 1,200 Notre Dame men boarded special trains for New York City to witness the "battle of the century" between the unbeaten Cadets of West Point and the vengeful, unbeaten Irish.

It was like old times to see the special trains chugging up the St. Mary's siding and a horde of suitcase-laden students boarding them. Holy Cross Grammar School students, nuns and priests gave an impromptu sendoff with cheering and Beat Army banners waving to the departing travelers.

Scarcely had the trip got underway when the band began initiating its new members. Sandwich hucksters filled the aisle, but their product contained ham, and being Friday, their sales lagged badly. At different stops, the travelers made grabs for newspapers to see what progress had been achieved toward the healing of Johnny Lujack's ailing ankle.

Unlike most trains, the Blue and Gold specials arrived at Grand Central Station ahead of schedule. The 1,200 stu-

dents disembarked and midst yawns thundered a Beat Army cheer through the massive terminal. Rev Joseph A. Kehoe, C.S.C., prefect of discipline and commander-in-chief of the expedition, led his band of travelers to St. Agnes Church, where he celebrated mass.

Then the mad rush for sleeping accommodations began. Even those lucky holders of reservations found that they were skating on thin ice as tip-hungry hotel clerks formed habits of losing reservations. While the at-home easterners visited old haunts, the others viewed the wonders of New York City with open-mouthed awe. But sight-seeing tours had to be cut short because of the early kickoff time.

Shortly before 1 o'clock the grey-clad, mechanically-precisioned Corps of Cadets marched into Yankee Stadium to take their seats in the elevated section of the lower grandstand on the 50 yard line. The Notre Dame men also found themselves on the 50 yard line, but minus any elevation. As one mortified spectator put it, "They gave us the Army's seats; namely, the trenches." With a maximum of neck craning and seat standing, part

of the game was visible. It ended in a scoreless tie causing both student bodies to wonder which should celebrate. Neither took the initiative, but regardless, the police dismantled both goal posts before the game had ended to dispel any temptations either side might have had.

Saturday night in New York was a little different than any other Saturday night. The Great White Way was lighted in all its brilliance and after the game, the SPATNC-tagged Notre Dame men made a hurried jump on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Some visited the swankier clubs, a few were lucky enough to find tickets for stage plays, others tried the movies and a good sized group anchored at thirst-quenching ports. The night came and went with Herculean speed. It was time for bed, if you had a bed to sleep in.

The return trip got underway shortly before midnight Sunday. It was less eventful than the trip from South Bend. Everyone was tired after a big weekend in a big city. The talkative fellows, whose experience-telling kept many awake coming to New York, were slowed down to a whisper.

No one was waiting with band and cheering throng when the Blue and Gold trains reached their destination. Only nature responded with a typical South Bend welcome. It was raining.

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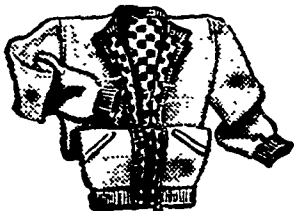
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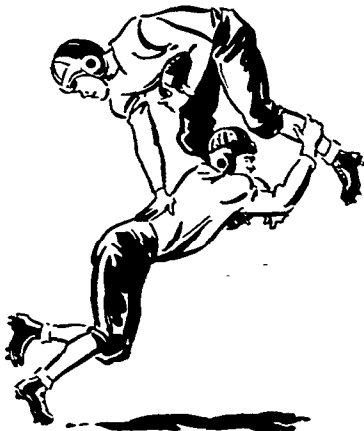
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David Van Wallace, although living in Detroit, still manages to see most Notre Dame home games.

SNITE AND VAN WALLACE

Living Examples of the Spirit of Notre Dame

You don't have to be hale to be a hearty ND rooter. Two of the heartiest in a hearty fraternity are Fred B. Snite and David Van Wallace; both are almost completely paralyzed and unable to get about by themselves. You've seen them in the stadium on football weekends—Fred in his house trailer-like vehicle, in the iron lung which he brought into the public limelight, and Van Wallace in his ambulance, both parked on the sidelines watching the game—Fred through a specially built mirror and Van from his cot. Despite their great handicaps, both men see all the Notre Dame home games they can, listen to away games by radio and follow the fortunes of the Fighting Irish through thick, and would follow them through thin if they waned.

Fred B. Snite, scion of a wealthy Chicago financier, graduated from Notre Dame in the spring of 1933. Two years later he was ready to enter his father's business, but to celebrate the event properly, the elder Snite took his family, Terry Dillon, one of Fred's classmates at ND, and Miss Teresa Larkin of Dayton, Ohio, on a world cruise. Snite was to enter the Chicago loan firm upon his return. But things didn't work out that way; fate had smiled in another direction. In China, Fred Snite was suddenly taken ill while on a plane trip to Peiping with

Dillon. Taken to a Peiping hospital after precious time had been lost and after a local physician had misdiagnosed his ailment, Snite was pronounced critically ill with the dreaded poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis. Fortunately the only "iron lung" in China was at that time in Peiping. Snite, unable to speak or breathe without artificial aid was placed in the lung, and little hope was held for his recovery.

However, the doctors didn't reckon with Snite's pluck. With splendid disregard for cynical predictions, Snite remained alive and within a few months he was not only talking again, but was speaking Chinese almost as fluently as a native. He never complained about his plight, but accepted the will of God philosophically. In 1937, after his case had been making the headlines for a year, Snite was returned by boat to the United States. The following year he was again watching Notre Dame football. He married Miss Teresa Larkin, and their family now includes three daughters. Fred is presently able to spend a few hours a day outside his lung, and walks by means of a special contrivance. He has made steady progress over a period of ten years despite a series of heart attacks, but it is considered doubtful that he will ever regain full health. He spends his summers in his Chicago suburban



Fred Snite views the Pitt game while lying in the iron lung.

home, his winters at the family winter home in Florida, where he is a racing fan. He is also a crack bridge player, directs the play by use of his mirror. He often plays tournament bridge. At football games, he watches the game from a spot directly behind the goalposts.

Less well-known but even more severely handicapped is David Van Wallace, of Mt. Clemens, Mich. Van attended Notre Dame in the fall of 1923 and the spring of 1924. That summer he suffered a broken neck in a diving accident and has been almost completely paralyzed since. Like Snite, he was given small chance for recovery at first, was not expected to survive the accident because of its almost fatal nature. His unflagging courage after severe disheartening relapses pulled him through.

Before the war, the Notre Dame Club of Detroit planned to send Van, a deeply religious Catholic, to Lourdes, the world-famous pilgrimage of France. The club raised funds for this purpose, but the advent of the war forced postponement of the trip.

Van has never married, and for many years he has conducted an insurance business from his Mt. Clemens home. Last spring, campus students contributed enough money to buy Van a new cot, since his old one had worn out. While he realizes the extent of his misfortune, he doesn't brood over it, and has managed to live happily and usefully in spite of it.

Although Van's injury prevented him from graduating from Notre Dame, Van follows the team's fortune as avidly as if

he'd been here for eight years. While the Rockne Memorial was being built, Van organized and promoted a Detroit "Buy-a-brick" drive to raise funds for the building.

Jackson Opticians

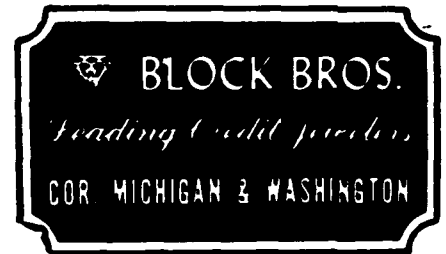
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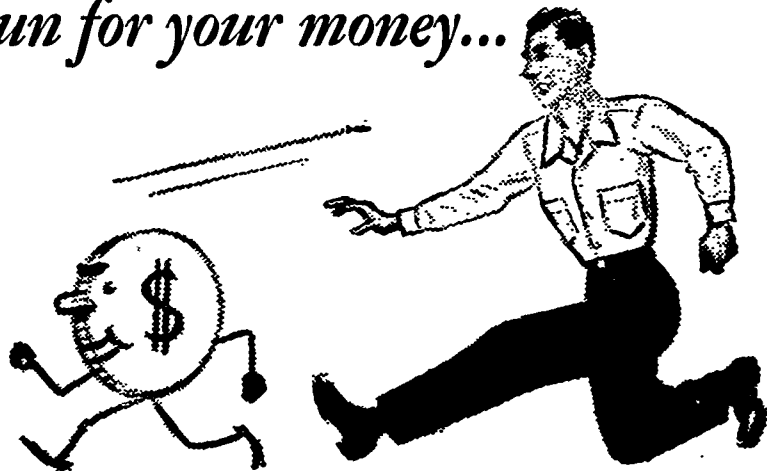
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NOTRE DAME ALL-TIME FOOTBALL RECORD

Year	Won	Lost	Tied	Year	Won	Lost	Tied	Year	Won	Lost	Tied	Year	Won	Lost	Tied
1887	0	1	0	1903	8	0	1	1917	6	1	1	1931	6	2	1
1888	1	2	0	1904	5	3	0	1918	3	1	2	1932	7	2	0
1889	1	0	0	1905	5	4	0	1919**	9	0	0	1933	3	5	1
1892	1	0	1	1906	6	1	0	1920**	9	0	0	1934	6	3	0
1893	4	0	0	1907	6	0	1	1921**	10	1	0	1935	7	1	1
1894	3	2	1	1908	8	1	0	1922	8	1	1	1936**	6	2	1
1895	3	1	0	1909	7	0	1	1923	9	1	0	1937**	6	2	1
1896	4	3	0	1910	4	1	1	1924*	10	0	0	1938**	8	1	0
1897	4	1	1	1911	6	0	2	1925	7	2	1	1939	7	2	0
1898	4	2	0	1912	7	0	0	1926	9	1	0	1940	7	2	0
1899	6	3	1	1913	7	0	0	1927	7	1	1	1941	8	0	1
1900	6	3	1	1914	5	2	0	1928	5	4	0	1942	7	2	2
1901	8	1	1	1915	7	1	0	1929*	9	0	0	1943*	9	1	0
1902	5	2	1	1916	8	1	0	1930*	10	0	0	1944	8	2	0
												1945	7	2	1
*National Champions				**Western Champions								Totals	352	77	28

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE ALL-TIME RECORD

★ In 57 seasons of football since 1887, Notre Dame teams have won 352 games, lost 77, and tied 28.

Under the late Knute Rockne (1918-30) Notre Dame won 105, lost 12, tied 5.

Under Heartly (Hunk) Anderson (1931-33) Notre Dame won 16, lost 9, tied 2.

Under Elmer F. Layden (1934-40) Notre Dame won 47, lost 13, tied 3.

Under Frank W. Leahy (1941-43) Notre Dame won 24, lost 3, tied 3.

Under Edward C. McKeever (1944) Notre Dame won 8, lost 2.

Under Hugh Devore (1945) Notre Dame won 7, lost 2, tied 1.

Biggest score for Notre Dame: 1905 — Notre Dame, 142; American Medical, 0.

Biggest score under Rockne: 1926 — Notre Dame, 77; Beloit, 0.

Biggest score under Anderson: 1932—Notre Dame, 73; Haskell, 0.

Biggest score under Layden: 1940 — Notre Dame, 61; Carnegie Tech, 0.

Biggest score under Leahy: 1943 — Notre Dame, 55; Georgia Tech, 13.

Biggest score under McKeever: 1944 — Notre Dame, 64; Dartmouth, 0.

Worst defeat, all-time: 1944 — Army, 59; Notre Dame, 0.

Worst defeat under Rockne: 1925 — Army, 27; Notre Dame, 0.

Worst defeat under Anderson: 1933 — Purdue, 19; Notre Dame, 0; Southern California, 19; Notre Dame, 0.

Worst defeat under Leahy: 1942—Michigan, 32; Notre Dame, 20.

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If you are not on our mailing list for Notre Dame tours mail your name and address to PETE REDDEN, WESTWARD HO! TRAVEL BUREAU, Oliver Hotel, South Bend, Indiana.



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factory use with Parker "51" Ink that *dries as it writes!* ● Three colors. \$12.50; \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00; \$7.50. Sets, \$17.50 to \$80.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

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The Apocrypha

III

There wast at The University of Notre Dame a great tournament field, and hereat, upon many a several Saturday of the months of October and November, were held ye jousts. Now there wast among ye scholars of ye University a band of worthy knightes, and it wast their wont to engage in tournament, other scoles of the land, that there might at length emerge a great champion. And for these jousts ye Fightinge Irish, for thus were the knightes called, didst gird themselves mightily, and being thus girded with bright colors and mickle armor (for there were present many fair damels) they didst go forth upon ye champ and there they didst do battle for the honor of the University.

Verily, Ye Fightinge Irish were indeed most valorous, and they didst conquer nigh onto all who didst come to do battle with them. And in the year of the great liberation they hadst conquered ye Knightes of ye Illini, ye Panther, ye Boilermaker, ye Hawkeye, and ye Goat, despite that the chief of them, yclept ye Coach, didst mourn and weep and wouldst not be comforted, for he didst constantly fear that ye Knightes might lose the day.

The champ upon which were held ye tournaments wast known as ye gridiron, and ye jousts were called football. And many pilgrims from the corners of that land were wont to come there, that they might pay homage unto the prowess of ye Knightes of Ye Green Shirte, as they were also called.

But there were other tournaments in which ye Knightes of ye Green Shirte didst engage, and these were in foreign fields; and of these the greatest wast in the place that is called New York, in the field of the Baron McPhail, that which is also called Ye Yankee Stadium. And this wast a most renowned joust; behold, it wast called ye battle of ye century, for ye Knightes of ye Mule, for such wast called the enemy, hadst reduced all who hadst come against them unto vassalage, even the Fightinge Irish, for they hadst for two yeres triumphed over them and hadst humiliated them.

An there didst follow the Knightes to New York many students of the University, who didst hope that ye Knightes of Ye Mule might be vanquished. And when they came unto that great city, they went them into a church, that they might beseech heaven that their knightes possess the day. And among these wast Ralph O'Rafferty, who had madst great sacrifice of his talents which he cannily hoarded in a sock that he might come

of Nicodemus

there, for he loved not ye Knightes of ye Mule.

And likewise came there many of the place that is known as West Point, for that was the castle of Ye Knightes of ye Mule. And these were also yclept Cadets, and they were clad in gray, every one alike. And they didst enter unto the stadium and sat them down in the best places, for they didst think that the champ wast truly theirs.

But when the scolars of Notre Dame didst also enter therein, they were placed in the worst seats; and verily, they couldst barely see the champ by standing one upon the other. And there didst come before Ralph a great giant, in height many hands, and of weight many stone, and this man didst set him down in front of Ralph, and behold, Ralph couldst see even less than the others. And he wast sad, and bethought him sadly of the talents which he hadst spent.

Anon the hour of the lists drew nigh; and there were present in the great stadium many thousands. Many of these didst desire that ye Fightinge Irish be victorious, and many of these were known as ye alumni of ye subway. These didst cheer mightily that ye Knightes of ye Green Shirte taste of victory once again.

But anon ye Fightinge Irish didst appear upon ye Tournament field; and they were girded mightily, in green and gold. Upon their heads they didst have helmets, that they might batter ye Knightes of ye Mule the more. And immediately there came also ye Knightes of ye Mule, and they were clad in gold and black. Among them were three knightes who were so forte that all who hadst come against them hadst been affrightened; and these were called Ye Knighte of Ye Outside, Ye Knighte of Ye Inside, and Ye Knighte of Ye Middle. But the hearts of ye Fightinge Irish were not daunted, for they hadst also many renowned Knightes, and they hadst not met defeat.

There didst appear then ye officials of ye tournament, and they were clad as did resemble zebras. And one of them cast down the gauntlet so that ye tournament might begin. And before the joust wast long waned the Fightinge Irish didst possess the ball, and they were nigh to the goal of ye Mule. But the same were valiant, and they didst not yield, so that anon the official didst give unto them ye ball. And then Ye Knightes of ye Outside, ye Inside, and ye Middle, and their lesser vassals didst strive mightily so that they might cross ye goal of Ye Irish, but their travaille came to naught. There wast indeed a

(Continued on Page 60)

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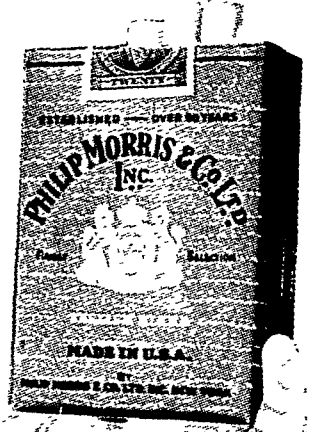
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Notre Dame Songs



NOTRE DAME, OUR MOTHER

Notre Dame, our Mother,
Tender, strong and true.
Proudly in the heavens,
Gleams the gold and blue,
Glory's mantle cloaks thee,
Golden is thy fame,
And our hearts forever,
Praise thee, Notre Dame.
And our hearts forever,
Love thee, Notre Dame.

* * *

VICTORY MARCH

Bally sons of Notre Dame;
Sing her glory and sound her fame,
Raise her Gold and Blue
And cheer with voices true:
Rah, rah, for Notre Dame (U rah, rah)
We will fight in ev-ry game,
Strong of heart and true to her name
We will ne'er forget her
And we'll cheer her ever
Loyal to Notre Dame.

Chorus:

Cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame.
Wake up the echoes cheering her name,
Send a volley cheer on high,
Shake down the thunder from the sky.
What though the odds be great or small,
Old Notre Dame will win over all,
While her loyal sons are marching
Onward to victory.

WHEN IRISH BACKS GO MARCHING BY

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Up! Notre Dame men! Answer the cry,
Gathering foemen fling to the sky.
Fight! Fight! Fight!
Brave hosts advancing challenge your name.
March to the battle, Notre Dame!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Chorus:

And when the Irish backs go marching by
The cheering thousands shout their battle cry:
For Notre Dame men are marching into the game,
Fighting the fight for you, Notre Dame,
And when that Irish line goes smashing through,
They'll sweep the foemen's ranks away;
When Notre Dame men fight for Gold and Blue,
Then Notre Dame men will win that day.

* * *

DOWN THE LINE

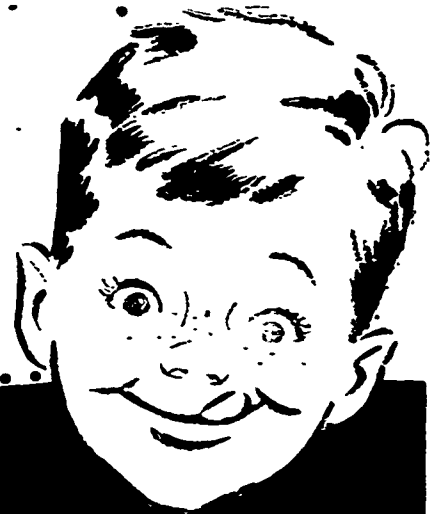
On down the line! beside the glory of her name,
On down the line! beneath the colors of an ancient fame.
On down the line! another day for her proclaim:
Old Gold and Blue — you're going through!
Go down the line for Notre Dame!

* * *

HIKE SONG

The march is on, no brain or brawn
Can stop the charge of fighting men.
Loud rings the cry of grim defy
Of hard attack let loose again.
Oh, it's the hike, hike, hike of victory.
The call, to rise and strike.
For Notre Dame men are winning
When Notre Dame hears hike, hike, hike.
Hark to the cheering song rising high,
Hark to the roar as the ranks go marching by;
Shoulder chanting her glorious name.
Burn high your fires and swing along for Notre Dame.

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SNAP!
-of the finger - the ball point is retracted. Safely tucked away.

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APOCRYPHA (Continued from Page 57)

great carnage, and many Knightes were injured.

And behold, upon the stand wast Ralph O'Rafferty, and before him wast ye great giant. And Ralph couldst not see, but because of the great tumult he wist that the lists had begun. And he made bold, saying unto the great giant, who wast standing, "Kind Sir, wouldst thou be seated, so that I may see even a part of ye champ?" But the great giant said nought, and he didst stand upon his chair. But Ralph said unto him again, and more boldly, "Verily, sit thee down." And the giant didst turn about, and he didst smite Ralph, who didst fall among ye cigar wrappers beneath the stand. And before he hadst again climbed to his seat, it was already the time in the jousts wherein ye knightes didst rest them so that they might start afresh. And when he hadst restored him to his place he didst learn that ye Knightes were as yet equal. And Ralph wast not pleased, and bethought him that it indeed were better had he brought with him the device known as ye radio.

Then ye jousts didst commence anew, and ye Knightes didst strive more mightily than before, for the time in ye houre glasse wast fast ebbing, and neither hadst pierced unto the goal of the other. But alas, Ye Fightinge Irish could not do so, and it wast of good fortune that ye Knightes of ye Mule didst likewise fail. And behold, the great giant who wast seated before Ralph didst slip and he didst fall, so that Ralph didst see a play. And he wast happy and didst praise the Lord for such a favor.

But anon ye referee didst signal that ye joust were at an end, and behold, neither ye Knightes of ye Mule nor ye Fightinge Irish hadst made a point, and the referee didst declare that there wast no victor. And both ye pilgrims of ye Irish and ye pilgrims of ye Mule were sad, and didst weep; and some sought solace in the cup that cheereth hearts. And Ralph O'Rafferty didst mutter, and say unto himself, behold, next year I shall bring unto this place ye tower of ye Coach so that I may procure the worth of my talents.

Upon the following daye ye Knightes of Notre Dame didst return thereto; and they were not disheartened, but upon the following Saturdays they didst vanquish ye Knightes of ye Wildcat, ye Knightes of ye Green Wave, and ye Knightes of ye Trojan; and behold, the time of the joust wast done, and ye Fightinge Irish hadst not been vanquished. And they were most glad, as also wast Ralph O'Rafferty; and the same said unto himself, "Behold, next year I shall myself be a knighte, and I shall indeed be famous. And the damsels shall

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from

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South Bend, Ind.

shower upon me roses, and I will kiss their hands, so valiant a Knight shall I be." But when he said this unto ye Great Coach, that worthy Knight didst weep the more.

Faculty Athletic Board Lays Down Sports Policy

The power behind the athletic scenes at Notre Dame is the Faculty Board in Control of Athletics. It is this organization which sets down and carries out the general policies of the University in regard to all athletics in which students of the University participate.

The Faculty Board is now faced with greater responsibility than ever before, since the transition from war-time to peace-time athletics created many problems, scholastic and academic as well as strictly athletic. These problems must be solved in order properly to carry on Notre Dame's traditionally stringent yet mobile policy in regard to intercollegiate sports. One of the Board's actions last spring was to restore 77% as the grade necessary for a student to maintain in order to participate in intercollegiate athletic contests as a member of a team officially representing Notre Dame. Under the generally less strict rules which obtained during the war, made to fit a military instead of civilian enrollment, only 70% was required.

The amateur standing of team candidates must be passed upon by the Board, which refers to the Prefect of Discipline, himself a member of the Board, any athlete who breaks the rules and regulations of the University. The Board also approves elections to team captaincies and appointments to team managerships.

The Board is at present headed by Rev. John H. Murphy, C.S.C., vice president of the University and chairman of the Board. He was appointed to this position in the summer of 1946, following the elevation to the Presidency of the University of Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., former Vice-President and Chairman of the Board. As Chairman, it is Father Murphy's duty to appoint Board members to committees on the eligibility of prospective athletes. He also acts in an advisory capacity to the Director of Athletics in matters of schedule making and monogram awards.

Present members of the Board, in addition to Father Murphy, include Dean Clarence Manion, Rev. Thomas Leahy, C.S.C., Rev. William McNamara, C.S.C., Rev. Joseph A. Kehoe, C.S.C., Mr. Ronald E. Rich, and Dean James E. McCarthy. The alumni advisors are M. Harry Miller, of Wilmington, Del.; Fred L. Steers, of Chicago; and Dr. John M. Culligan, of St. Paul, Minn.

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BELL



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IT BEHOOVES ME GREATLY

(Continued from Page 12-

ready humiliated them to the tune of 55-0, they kicked a field goal to add insult to injury. Had things been vice-versa, the Ann Arbor Wailing Wall would have had standing room only. How to win friends . . .



WHO PUT THE OVERALLS . . .

Somebody did something sinister in the Big Nine-Coast Conference deal. Now Coast Conference has selected two scape-goats, Montana and Idaho, who voted for the arrangement, and are trying to expel them. Army, after years and years of saying no, no, no, to all post season bids suddenly wants to go, picks up its marbles and goes home when it doesn't get invited to the Rose Bowl. While such conduct is juvenile, Army has a point . . . somebody staged a coup d'etat somehow. Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.



VALEDICTORY . . .

It seems that "It Behooves Me Greatly" is about to go the way of all flesh. This column appears, after all, to have been a nonce bit of journalistic endeavor, not a permanent addition to the SCHOL-

ASTIC'S column department. It is not without regrets that I bow off the literary stage; it is not without misgivings that I yield my toga as a member of the literati and allow the SCHOLASTIC to meander down the labyrinthine ways of fortune and misfortune unguided by my penchant for employing the language to turn a phrase. I had hopes that my efforts would meet a better reception than those of the man who built the rat-trap, and that for the next several aeons I would be besieged by thousands of writers, anthologists, and collectors seeking my words of wisdom to add to their own stores. So far, all I have had is several requests for autographs from small boys who want to ascertain if I can actually write by hand. That sort of thing is discouraging; even if I were begged on the SCHOLASTIC'S bended knee to continue my outpourings, I doubt if I would do it. Such questions concerning my literacy unnerve me. Therefore, to someone else I throw the torch of the Muse; may he hold it higher than I have. My public, farewell!

Why Friday?

In college dorms throughout the nation Friday is the day of concentration. On autumn Fridays as on no other day The minds of the students are on work, not play.

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COLLEGE PARADE

By LOU ALMASI and TOM HIGGINS

LUJACK'S SOLILOQUY

To punt or not to punt. That is the question—

*Whether it is nobler in the end to take
A chance and rush and perhaps make
A first down. Or, playing it safe, to take
heed of Leahy's worries,*

*And by kicking, end them. To punt—
to kick!—*

*No more—and by that kick to get a
break:*

*The wind, a wildly bouncing ball, a
fumble*

*That luck is heir to—it is a consumma-
tion*

*Devoutly to be wished. To plunge—to
rush!—*

*To rush—perchance to fail! Aye, there's
the rub,*

*For in that last down rush what ills may
come*

*When we have failed and given the ball
away*

*Must give us serious pause. There's the
respect*

*That brings gray hairs to a quarter-
back's noggin.*

*For who would bear the dull humility
Of being removed by the coach from the
game,*

*The pregnant anxiety, the wait on edge
Spent by a quarterback on the bench;
To sit like a hermit in his lonely cave
In silence? Who would bear the crucial
gibes*

*With which the player is daily teased
When he himself might prevent such
heartfelt griefs*

By playing it safe and kicking?

GABBIN' 'BOUT THE GRIDIRON . . .

During the Purdue game Coach Leahy took Jim Mello out to instruct him on a pass defense against Ed Cody, Purdue halfback. Leahy sent Jim back into the game; three plays later Purdue scored with Cody receiving a pass in Mello's zone and going all the way for the TD. Coach Leahy, trying very hard to act like a Christian gentleman, yanked Mello and said to him, "James, my lad . . . James, I thought I told you to watch Cody on those passes."

Mello answered, "I did as you told me, coach. I watched him . . . gee, isn't he a beautiful pass receiver, coach?"

In the Northwestern game, when the Notre Dame backfield was made up of freshman quarterback Brown, halfbacks

"Speedy" Smith and Larry Coutre, and hard-driving fullback John "Agony" Agnone, it was ND's ball and Brown was calling signals. A little nervous, he pointed to Coutre and called Smith's play. Smith made a fine run and a few seconds later the game was over. Brown, happy and excited, congratulated Coutre for the beautiful run (made by Smith), patted Smith on the back for his fine block (made by Agnone), and finally congratulated Agnone for a beauty of a fake (made by Coutre).

Also in the Northwestern game, Jack "The Ripper" Fallon was playing opposite Dick Eggers who was at Notre Dame as a Navy phy ed instructor. Eggers was playing a whale of a game for Northwestern until Fallon struck up a conversation. Eggers became so interested he scarcely noticed that Notre Dame ran two successive plays through his position and scored another touchdown!

By the way, we also hear that Fallon is quite the basketball player. 'tis said that he made All-State in high school. "The Ripper" modestly denies this.

Even though the 1946 football season is closed as far as Notre Dame is concerned, in the far-flung corners of this Union ex-ND stars are carrying on the Irish colors at other schools. Bill Huber scored the touchdown for Illinois that clinched the Big Nine championship. . . . Matt Bolger has been plucking passes out of the air for Ed McKeever at Cornell. . . . Art Fitzgerald has been a powerhouse all year at Yale. . . . there are also former Notre Dame men sparking teams at Southern Cal, North Carolina, St. Benedict's, Bucknell, Villanova, Navy, St. Bonaventure, and Canisius.

A peculiar situation existed a few Sundays ago when St. Bona's met Canisius in Buffalo for the "Little Three" crown. Two men who roomed together in Sorin last year faced each other on the gridiron. Tony "Red" Rocco was at fullback for Canisius and the inimitable Phil Colella was at halfback for Bonaventure. Colella and Co. triumphed 13-0. Phil had a terrific year with Hugh Devore and is by far the outstanding back in the conference.

Hats off from this department to Hughie Devore, who changed from the Blue and Gold to the Brown and White
(Continued on Page 67)

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... Salute ...

THE FIGHTING IRISH

of

1946

Du Pont Digest

Items of Interest in the Fields of Chemistry, Engineering, Physics, and Biology

Chemistry Provides New Colors for New Cars

In Detroit this spring, automotive engineers and designers were shown a dozen cars finished in glowing colors never before seen on any automobile—colors that diffused and reflected light back to the eye from within the finish instead of from the surface.

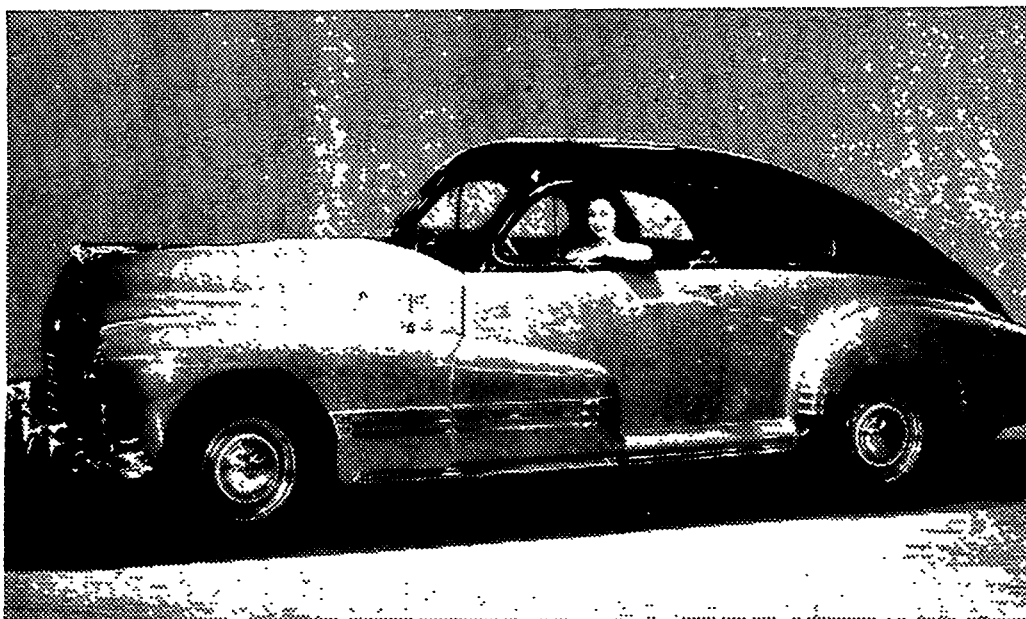
These new "Duco" Metalli-Chrome lacquers which attracted industry-wide attention are expected to give new beauty and durability to America's cars. The story behind their development is an interesting one.

New Techniques for Pigment Preparation

As many commercial pigments are now made, they are precipitated from chemical solutions in the form of fine particles, which are then dried, ground and reground with a liquid vehicle to produce the final paint, enamel or lacquer. The fineness of the particle-size largely determines the luster of the finish. Although mechanically ground pigment particles can be made extremely fine, they are not nearly as small as the particles originally precipitated.

A few years ago a program of research was started by Du Pont scientists to try to take advantage of the very fine particles formed by precipitation. They proposed to eliminate the drying and grinding processes entirely—to transfer the microscopically sized, precipitated, hydrated pigment particles directly from the mother solution to the lacquer vehicle.

Extended study by organic and colloid chemists, physicists and chemical engineers finally solved this problem. The procedure consists of mixing the wet pigment in a heavy-duty mill with water-wet nitrocellulose, dibutyl phthalate and castor oil. Dibutyl phthalate forms a colloidal solution with nitrocellulose. The colloid absorbs the castor oil and pigment, but eliminates the major portion of the water as a separate insoluble phase.



A New Range of Color Effects

After the method of transferring wet pigment particles had been established, the second development in this program was the practical utilization of precipitated ferric hydroxide. Although it had been used for a long time as an intermediate for the manufacture of dry ferric oxide pigment, ferric hydroxide in the wet form as a pigment had been applied only to a very limited extent and its true value had gone unrecognized. When used in conjunction with the new process, wet ferric hydroxide produced a lacquer of unusual brilliance and durability. In combination with other pigments, a whole new range of color effects became possible.

Because of their extremely small pigment particle-size, the Metalli-Chromes are somewhat translucent, having a distinctive, soft innerglow. This lustrous depth is further enhanced by introducing into the film aluminum particles which act like mirrors to reflect the light within the finish.

Not only are these new lacquer finishes more lustrous and more beautiful, but they are also more durable, as proved by four years of laboratory and road-testing. "Duco" Metalli-Chrome lacquer is a worthy newcomer to the ever-

lengthening list of developments by men of Du Pont that have helped in the mass-production of automobiles and the creation of new industries, new markets, new jobs for millions of Americans.

Questions College Men ask about working with Du Pont

WILL I FIND COMPETITION DIFFICULT AT DU PONT?

It is to be expected that there will be competition in an organization where every effort is made to select the best trained and most promising graduates. However, such competition is not deliberate or is it on an elimination basis. New employees are given every opportunity to grow in the organization.

Technical undergraduates and graduate students will be interested in the new booklet, "The Du Pont Company and the College Graduate." Write to 2521 Nemours Building, Wilmington, Del.



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this year and did a fine job directing St. Bonaventure to six victories in seven games and a bid to the Tobacco Bowl, played in Lexington, December 14th.



One of the best games seen all season on the Stadium turf was the first half of the "B" team-Michigan State Jayvee game. It was a nip and tuck battle until the end of the third period, but Potter and his followers racked up a victory, 38-13. The four "B" team backs—Begley, Coutre, Slovak, and Agnone—have been referred to as the "Four Ponies" but when we questioned a well-informed authority (Trigger) about this, he replied "Neigh."



COMMENTS ON THE SEASON . . .

The Army and Illinois games were a great success, but to put it mildly, the seats at the Illinois contest were much superior. . . . After the Army game Irish supporters were buzzing around New York wearing SPATNC labels with the added notation, "We did our part!" . . . The terrific blocking and tackling of both John Mastrangelo and George Connor and their consistently fine work every Saturday bringing them All-American nominations. . . . The superb playing of Johnny Lujack, both on defense and offense, making him one of the greatest quarterbacks of all time—and he still has two years of college ball ahead of him. . . . We were glad to see George Sullivan, who was plagued all season by injuries, play the outstanding game of his career against Army. . . . And also the fine late-season play of Jim Costin's boy Friday, Ernie Zalejski. . . . One thing that had us baffled all season was Coach Leahy's pessimism and tear-shedding because we had no breakaway runner. True. We had a few *fair* halfbacks like Brennan, Sitko, Livingstone, Cowhig, Gompers, Simmons, Swistowicz, Zalejski, McGee, Smith, Agnone, Slovak, and Coutre—and some fair-to-middlin' fullbacks in Mello, Pannelli, Clatt, and McGurk but . . . no breakaway runner. But regardless of what Coach Leahy thinks, in our humble opinion he has the greatest aggregation of backs any team has ever had. And we'll back up our line against any in the country. Now, the \$64 question is "How can some sportswriters still insist on rating Army over Notre Dame—in view of the November 9th skirmish?"

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