ensued. The arresting officers and a friend were arrested. Students were asked if they wanted to make a phone call. Boyle said that Pears then nodded Englert and himself to report to his office on Monday afternoon.

A new partition is being erected in the Student Government office on the third floor of the La Fortune Student Center. In order to provide SBP, Chris Murphy with more office space. The partition, which will enclose approximately one-sixth of the available space in the office, will be faced with wood paneling, which Murphy obtained second hand.

When questioned concerning the advisability of pursuing this kind of Student Government image, Murphy replied that he felt that one of the reasons for the failure of Student Government to act decisively in the past was that it was not professional enough.
Browning Denies Bid "Rigging"

Student Union President Mike Browning today denied a charge that the 1967 Homecoming Bid selection was rigged.

The indictment came from four graduate students in electrical engineering who complained that no Notre Dame graduate student was granted a bid to the Homecoming dance this weekend. Nearly 40 graduate students applied for bids.

Browning said the Union never considered graduate students part of the University social structure. "Graduate students don't even pay an activities fee."

The goals, headed by electrical engineer Jim Ruck, composed a 12 point thesis of discrepancies which among other things proved that the Social Commission of the Student Union did not use the Univac 1107 for random selection of the Homecoming dance.

"It makes a difference," said Ruck. "If you get a low number bid you probably get a better motel reservation for your date. We don't know how they were selected."

Browning explained that the computer was not used and that the Social Commission never said it was going to be used. "The cards were just picked like a drawing," he said.

Ruck said he was told by the Social Commission that it would be impossible to detect if people were grad students. The I.D. number contains this information.

Browning denied that all graduate applications had been processed with the seniors, a group that receives 40% of the bids.

5. We were told by the Social Commission that it would be impossible to detect if people were grad students. The I.D. number contains this information.

6. We were told that the method of selection was to "tab the cards are entered at all.

7. We were told that the lottery was programmed on the Univac 1107 using random selection. We have seen no such program, nor any Univac 1107 produced output. The available listings in the Cafe and the Huddle are made on the IBM 407 "off-line" printer which any sophomore taking CS-21 can distinguish from true computer output.

8. A lottery program if used must read at least 1400 cards and punch out at least 1000 cards for listing on the IBM 407 printer. Beginning Saturday 9/23 (when the applications were due) through noon Tuesday 9/26 (when the lists were published) only three such programs were executed on the Univac 1107. They are under accounts charged to Dr. Kilbride, Dr. Burton, and Payroll accounting respectively.

The indicted graduate students, Faculty and Administration, St. Mary's Students, Faculty, and Administration, $2.50 off-campus, $8.00 per year.

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THE OBSERVER

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Flowers by Frepan

Attention: Order corsages for Homecoming Weekend. Why be cheap with that special girl?

Phone: 233-1348
Once upon a time, eight weeks ago to be exact, there came into this harsh and pitiful world three soft rays of sunshine. Actually they were not any sunbeams but rather three brown and innocent puppies. Within a brief duration of a few weeks the three children of mongrelization had acquired not only appellations but also proud masters. Socrates, Dove, and Sophocles belonged respectively to F. Russell Figel, Donald Hynees and Schwartz. Soc, and Dove, the feminine members of the litter, rivaled Madame Bovary in their affection and general whoring instinct.

Only Soph, the rebellious child of the sun, inherited the male right of primogeniture. At any rate, three they were and three they would always be.

Alas and alack, in every dog's life there comes a time for a confrontation with the harder realities - a veterinarian's cruel hand and the poisonous venom of his drugs. Last Thursday Soc, Soph, and Dove stared inevitable fate in the eye and succumbed to defeat. The Animal Hospital of South Bend just its red brick facade onto Mishawaka Avenue, impervious to the nearby traffic and passing pedestrians. Its red exterior looms skyward without any suggestion of windows. It is red, hard, mean, and isolated. Inside sterility reigns as king. There are no chairs in the waiting room and the only sitting room is a straight-backed wooden bench.

Upon our three heroes' arrival there were already in the room two other canines: one a huge black beast and the other a small brown dog seated upon a middle-aged woman's lap. The beast belonged to her husband, who had secured his possession by a length of manila hemp.

Soc, Soph, and Dove proceeded to waddle around their new home and find appropriate places for their natural needs. Not so for the black beast. He found the floor not to his liking but discovered that Figel's loafer was the ideal place for a toilet away from home. Some say that this magnificent animal, realizing that the floor was already deteriorating due to daily contact with urine, had decided to spare the tile and do justice to T.R.F.'s shoes. At any rate the deed was done and the husband never blinked an eyelash. His wife was more helpful. She related that years ago she and her partner had placed their animals under the protection of a hospital insurance plan and had also made them beneficiaries to their estate as their sole surviving sons.

If the parents were to die, beast and brown dog would inherit a registration was next. We filled out our cards to the best of our sworn knowledge and ability, but had to take refuge in the receptionist's native judgment concerning the sex of our fierce friends. Inquiring about the family plan, we discovered that we could receive a substantial 10% off for all shots covering the prevention of polio, hepatitis, mononucleosis, strep throat, fever blisters and gangrene. Delighted by this prospect we forgot to inquire further.

The time had run out; the guillotine was about to fall, the thread of fate had been spun out. Soc, Soph, and Dove were at their end. For reasons of delicacy I have decided not to relate the excruciating pain that our three lovers of Gravy Train encountered. Let it suffice to say that they were poked, prodded, and injected and that all dread disease immediately left their bodies. It was time to leave.

Upon our departure we acquainted ourselves with the charge plan and also received a brochure from a local bank carefully explaining the advantages and convenience of a doggie loan. While we were engrossed in our reading, Lovey and Huggy came in, tethered by a joint leash. Lovey and Huggy's mother had brought her little babies in for their semi-weekly manicure. We smiled lovingly and took our proteges back to Du Lac, satisfied and a bit stupefied by our adventure in the real world. It was time to retreat into the swirling unreality of the campus.
A Reasonable Choice

Every year during the fall and spring a new group of Student politics falls into tanks and begin to assault our University. They are against overcrowding in the halls, against meaningless activity in the upper reaches of Student Government, for Pass/fail and for Student involvement and responsibility. In other words, they are for and against all of the "right" things. They believe in the things which we do. They are not above questioning the sacred cows of either the traditional or the liberal establishment.

They believe in Notre Dame. Notre Dame is fundamentally a decent place in which to pass one's college years, but realize that there are fissures which strike at the root of our generosity. By the nature and fact of their activity, they demonstrate their belief in Notre Dame. They are not attempting to destroy the meaning of the university community, but rather to vindicate its essence.

For the past several years students have attempted to organize themselves into a party in order to rationalize their efforts to attain their goals. Thus the Popular front was organized not so much to give ideological direction to these aims, but for practical direction. It was built around the hope that the will of the student would today have some leverage, and that necessary reforms would come, if not tomorrow, at least before the end of the world.

The heir of the Popular Front is the Action Student Party. They have the same aims, and a little better organization. We still object to some of their rhetoric (i.e. a reference to the "Blase cynicism of the Observer," which returns all responsibility "with a sneering senior grim grin.") We think that they will as they become more experienced be a little less idealistic concerning the possibility for reform through the apparatus of Student Government, but we congratulate them for avoiding that condition already.

We urge the student body to consider their proposals; and to realize that their agency may be the one to accomplish the common ends of the student body; if indeed they can be reached.

The last qualification is the greatest. The ASP seems to be far too optimistic and idealistic for its own good. As it experiences the frustrations involved in attempting to deal with the subterranean forces which somehow guide our University, we fear that they will be dissatisfied too easily and become victims of the Blase cynicism for which we are damned.

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Division of opinion over Vietnam ranges from small groups who favor the Viet Cong to extreme rightist groups who want to bomb Red China to deter them from aiding North Vietnam. There are so many shades of opinion that it now seems unlikely that even the Presidential elections of 1968 will be able to provide a new start in which majority opinion can rule on the conduct of the war.

Even taken in its broadest divisions, there are three distinct groupings of opinion. There are the doves, Johnson's supporters, and those who are more hawkish than Johnson. According to the latest Gallup poll, the three groups are of about equal strength. Thirty per cent of the population are doves. Thirty per cent support Johnson's Vietnam policy. Twenty-five per cent favor a more aggressive pursuit of the war. The remaining fifteen per cent are, of course, undecided.

Divide these three groups into two political parties and that leaves one out in the cold. Presumably, it will not be Johnson's supporters who are almost certain of their candidate's renomination.

Nor is it likely to be the war hawks. Sen. Everett M. Dirksen has been temporary chairman of the Republican platform committee and his retention in that post would work against the adoption of a peace plank on Vietnam. Furthermore, the leading Republican candidates seem more and more to be Nixon and Reagan.

There is some question as to whether a Republican platform of "drop a few more bombs" presents a real alternative for American voters. Certainly, it does not offer for the doves, who will be faced with a choice of voting for a man they distrust and dislike or for one who represents even more rightist views.

Unless Rockefeller, Percy or Kennedy manage major political miracles, the doves may be forced to support a third party to express their views. Since most of the major doves will undoubtedly refuse a third party nomination, this third party will probably nominate a political absurdist like Martin Luther King or Dr. Spock. The result of this would be to hurt the prestige of the doves and perhaps to elect Nixon or Reagan. And that's political life in America.

"Well, of all the narrow-minded, bigoted, stuff-shirted little editors! He published your letter."

The Reporter

The Laodicans

I don't understand these kids today. Everyone, from Young Republican to young socialist, is in revolt against the Establishment. Everyone wants a brave new world. But I don't know if this represents a deep commitment or an overdose of Vitamin D.

I talked to one genuinely bright and concerned young man. He was a Negro and he dwelt constantly on the moral bankruptcy of white society. He was a pessimist who foresaw great racial unrest and a lot of interracial killing.

His sincerity was unquestionable. His pride in his own race and his distrust of the white race seemed to be firm and stable beliefs. Yet here he was at a predominantly white school living in amity with white friends.

What seemed even more amazing was that he was in ROTC, thus committing himself to the defense of the society that he thought so corrupt. His reasons for this were purely pragmatic. He didn't want to be drafted into the low status of a Negro private. "I suppose I'll kill the VC if I have to," he concluded. "But my heart certainly won't be in it."

And this is true of a lot of us. We don't believe in war and we make fun of silly old LBJ and his absurd crusade to save Vietnam from Vietnamese. But we don't believe in pacifism or Communism either. So, with regrets and feelings of stupidity, when the call comes, we go.

And we don't believe in the American Dream. We don't want a wife, a dog, 2.4 children and a home in Levittown. We are the Pepsi generation. We come alive. We are brave, free and intolerant of the errors of the past.

But it really never washes us clean. We are the Apache White knight but we sell the same old Brand X. We believe in love and peace and brotherhood but then so do our parents. And look where it got them.

I don't know any words of wisdom which will set the youth of America on a course straight into the new Utopia. Unlike the various student leaders who cry "involvement" to what they consider the apathetic masses, I don't think that commitment to a cause for commitment's sake is a positive good.

But it seems that when we commit our minds, we must commit our lives as well are we to be whole men. If I oppose the war and make clever jokes against it to impress the leftist nieces of Indiana bankers, I have a moral obligation not to allude myself to be drafted to serve what I consider immorality. And if I believe that the Vietnamese war is a fight to save civilization, I ought in good conscience to enlist and not let high school dropouts fight my battles while I play CIU.

Yet I suppose that the inert structure which is society's defense against idealism will keep most of us from acting on our innermost beliefs. And we will become doctors and lawyers and business executives; and all live in houses made out of ticky-tacky even unto the fifth and sixth generation.

So it is that individual minds act collectively. We speak as men but we fall in line like sheep. And if I should fail, as I probably will, to love my ideas, to be a man, it will show again that knowledge is not belief and belief is not action, and that I, brother, am one of you.
SMC Becomes “Traveler” in Montmartre

BY SUZANNE SMITHER

What makes a Catholic university education? Four walls, one professor, assorted students with pens in their hands, lecture sounds in their ears, white-on-black board words in their eyes, and God knows what in their minds—these elements are inevitable on either side of the Atlantic, but they do not always tell the whole story.

Last year’s sophomore program in Angers, France, was a year in the mythology-propaganda that once made High School seniors grumble and complacent. We had an opportunity to drop that catechetical capital “C” experience, countless unexpected lessons, and come to an understanding of what Catholic, universal education is all about. The success of the program depended on each student’s utilization of the chances for growth and improvement that came his way.

One of the first impromptu lessons came when we arrived in Angers and settled in the co-ed dorm which was our home during the five weeks of intensive training prior to first semester. Soon we stopped thinking in terms of ND men and SMC half-women. “Good grief! They’re really human!” came to minds indoctrinated freshman year in the mythology-propaganda that once made High—way 31 seem a thousand miles wide.

Since we attended classes and meals together, toured the Loire valley in one large purple bus, gripped and groped our way toward adjustment together, the first week resulted in a definite shoo-oo atmosphere. Yet even this could have been prevented. The French students, for the most part, had not then arrived, and those who were there to help us were far too few. But the citizenry of Angers were not by any means hostile to us. The sight of dozens of Americans scrunching up to a cafe like a contingent of Hell’s Angels, the loud English we spoke among ourselves, the way we seemed to put up an “invisible shield” whenever we gathered for the evening—our actions spoke of an exclusive attitude toward the French. We had to show an interest in them before they would respond. As soon as we took a step in their direction, we found many good friends.

QUEEN PAM CLANCY—From Wayne New Jersey was elected Queen for Notre Dame Homecoming Ball this weekend. Pam a 5-foot-3 blonde hair green eyed freshman at Aultwell College New Jersey will be escorted by junior Craig Fenech, a junior Economics major. Craig and Pam met three years ago at a local swim club in Wayne, New Jersey. “We’re going together now,” said Pam, “But we’re almost positive we’re going to get married in two or three years.”

First semester brought changes, mostly for the better. Many students moved into families in the city, and those who lived in dorms had contact, though somewhat limited, with French peers. If all of us had been in families from the start, problems in spoken French could have been almost entirely eliminated. In future years, this will be done, and families who have “adopted” Americans before will be certainly better prepared to make contacts that will benefit both sides.

The greatest problem in the classrooms was, once again, limited contact, since courses were taught by French professors to students as strange to them as they were to us. Consequently, some courses were nearly impossible, while others were merely Mickey-Mouse.

Three of us had the opportunity of taking courses in the Faculte, or Arts and Letters College, with entirely French classes. When you walk into a French class, you notice that your classmates may not wear Weejuns, use Ban, or change to a new outfit each day but they do smile, talk, and include you in their activities.

This brings us to the social life, which is not at all couple-orientated. There is none of the “I’m-your-date-now-what-do-we-do?” tension that is rumored to dare many ND-SMC courtships from the beginning. If we did date French students, the dating came only after we had gotten to know them through the miniature United Nations meetings that turned cafes into the backdrop for stimulating cultural exchange.

There was another chance for contact that did not work out. The student restaurant, where bread flew across the room in greeting and lunch lines were raucous caucuses, has been eliminated from the projected plans for improving the year abroad. Meals will probably be eaten with French families, and neither malnutrition nor financial distress will be a danger any longer.

Travel was the best teacher, and not enough time was allotted for thorough investigation of the Continent. Yet some students chose to pass Christmas vacation at home. I was one of them, and I feel our choice was not a good one. Christmas in the mountains of Austria does not come every year, and now I’m sorry I missed it. Another pitfall was too much dependence on other Americans as traveling companions. The first time I stopped feeling like a tourist was the day our bus left me in Montmartre. The two hours I spent lost in Paris were more rewarding than frightening. For during that time I was an individual, and I had at least a fighting chance at disguising my obviously American accent and mannerisms.

Travel in and near Angers was grea-er, enhanced by the use of mopeds. These retarded Hondas, once we learned to drive them, enabled us to become familiar with the region, and to gain some independence from “the group.” Cars would have been an advantage on trips out of the country, but they would have hindered us considerably in Angers.

Due to the people, the places, and the experiences that were a year of my life, I have returned with an American “family” on these two campuses, French slang that creeps into my conversation, and memories of faces, foods, countries, wines, languages, and customs that will still be in my mind long after I’ve forgotten final exams and my GPA.

Standing on the banks of the Seine my last night in Paris, I watched both the cathedral and the friends that have that right to the name of Notre Dame. I hope I’ll have that right as well—because of Angers’ 66-67, there are quite a few girls over here who have begun to feel like Notre Dame women.
If there is one element two of the Senate candidates in Walsh do not lack, it is notoriety, for Walsh Hall provides the most visible student body. In the race for the student Senate, both candidates present an idea of what they hope to do, and the student body elections plus the establishment of a true hall community.

Dowd, who has been a senator in the past, sees the opportunity for cooperation in the university community. His opinion is that the hall should endeavor to stage events on a campus-wide basis and should endeavor, through its academic community, to bring faculty speakers and debates into Walsh. Thus to Dowd the need is twofold, the establishment of a true hall community.

O'Dea strongly supports ASP's ideas as to educational reform and university reform. These ideas took shape at ASP's convention Sunday, and must also be influenced by what takes place in the halls, for as O'Dea sees it, Notre Dame must become a participatory democracy. O'Dea's particular area of interest is the Free University. In a circular setting forth his ideas, O'Dea stresses the idea that the Free University must confront the issues ignored by the normal university curriculum.

O'Dea, the Free University must become a major area of student participation. As such, it shall be the students who choose what they are to read, the students who formulate new ideas. As such, the Free University would be something unique to Notre Dame.

O'Dea, like Dowd, sees the need for a new role of the Senate. In the ASP framework of participatory democracy, the Senate assumes importance as a forum for student viewpoints and as a source of pressure for change. O'Dea thinks such can be done in the area of reform, that much has been shifted to the area of education. There are still many people, such as the students in Walsh, who choose what they are to read, the students who formulate new ideas. As such, the Free University must confront the issues ignored by the normal university curriculum.

O'Dea and Dowd are different, but they see two sides being a match of sorts, provides the students with differing sets of ideas. In this time in which the proposals of two years ago are in effect now, new ideas are needed. So, too, is a strong Senate with a role all its own. The ideas of O'Dea and Dowd are different, and as such give a pretty good idea of the dialogue to be expected in this election, the Senate, and in the Presidential elections to come.
Dear Editor:

I have a few words to say in reply to Dennis Gallagher's "Dark Tuesday" column.

Dennis, I feel sorry for you. Your outlook on life shows a deep lack of self-confidence. You seem extremely sad. You think yourself as a student. You are not.

Tuesdays are dark only when they are viewed through dark spectacles. Dennis, most of the student body loves this university. The tradition, the spirit, the gold and blue, the beauty, the fellowship of the most exclusive fraternity in the world, these are things which instill a pride in me that will live forever. What the Golden Dome stands for is a way of life.

I can't stand to see anyone smear mud over the ideals of love.

Dennis Gallagher, if you are unhappy here, if you are counting the days till Thanksgiving and home, why don't you cross them all out and leave. There is no place at the University of Notre Dame for your attitude. You are not wanted.

Sincerely,
Ray Caston
2922 Miami St.
South Bend

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Dear Editor:

I am fed up with T. John Condon. First, I am forced to put up with his logy rhetoric. Yecch. Nothing at all is sacred for this poltroon. He mentioned me in the article about the rugby team (Observer, Oct. 7). He knows I am a small, but slow player, yet, to have a little joke, he said I weighed "a healthy 235." If journalists are permitted the random liberty to slander anyone who may find themselves in their displeasure, the traditions of free press and the American way will become a thing of the past. The blase manner that the aforementioned reporter has labeled anyone and anything in his path has infuriated many of the more sensible students. We've considered legal action, but will be satisfied with his immediate resignation.

Tom Condon
334 Dillon

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Dear Sir:

If there were any dumb animals on last year's Observer, they must have pulled stakes and moved West — no doubt to observe nude parties and other goings-on.

Congratulations on a first issue that can only be termed superb.

Robert Sam Ammon
Irish Shoot Down Hawkeyes

BY TOM FIGEL

Saturday Notre Dame, perhaps ever-reacting to its loss to Purdue a week ago, averaged itself on an onslaught Iowa team, 56-6. Not that Iowa didn't show some fight and held some terrors for the Irish. But Saturday afternoon the Green Berets couldn't have moved the Irish out of the way. The outcome of the game failed to surprise anyone, even the hardest of the diehard Iowa followers, but in some ways the Irish surprised themselves.

What Iowa faced last Saturday was almost perfection. Terry Hanratty, who has begun to show some fleatness of foot this year as well as a strong right arm, completed nine out of ten passes in the half he played. He was nine for nine going for his tenth when the ball slipped out of Don Seymour's usually sure hands. One of Hanratty's passes showed minus yardage when an Iowa defender knocked a Hanratty pass back into his arms and Terry couldn't scramble away. It was that kind of game. Iowa couldn't get a break if they worked all day.

The Hawkeyes showed more spark in the beginning than they did as the first quarter wore on. They stopped the first Irish thrust when Notre Dame failed to make its short way to the goal. But Hanratty, aided by Tom Schoen's punt return which put the ball on Iowa's twenty, brought the Irish right back. This time Notre Dame went all the way onto the scoreboard when Hanratty twisted over from the two.

Jeff Zimmerman, the big sophomore fullback carried the ball and a few Hawkeyes over three times, to lead the Irish runners with 64 yards in 11 carries.

But Schoen wasn't the only member of the Irish defense who was all over the Hawkeyes. The entire defense, determined to erase the previous Saturday, kept the Hawkeyes to an almost constant three downs and a faltering fourth. Schoen had plenty of opportunity to hear his "Go, Schoen, Go!" chant.

As the Irish score began to mount, the second and third stringers began to come into the game. Coley O'Brien took over in the second half and maneuvered his team ninety-four yards in ten plays. He had the Hawkeyes baffled all the way as, looking tiny among his blockers, he completed his last minute passes and ran when Iowa was looking for a pass.

Someone yelled from the stands, "O'Brien, you're the greatest!" and a new chant began: "Eight in a row, eight in a row." When Smithberger, Hardy, and O'Leary rejoined the team which romped last Saturday, it may be just that eight in a row and eight badly mauled by a team which last Saturday approached perfection.

THE IRISH EYE

Who is Joe Freeberry?

BY TOM FIGEL

The Irish came out stomping last Saturday afternoon and with their coach paced nervously on the sidelines, they outpaced, out-run and outkicked an undermanned and out of fashion team from the heartland of Iowa.

Their receivers picked off Hanratty and even Podolak bombs like they were half-starved migrants sprung loose in a Midwest cornfield. Their backs ran, kicked and clawed their way to first like they were half-starved migrants sprung loose in a Midwest cornfield. Their backs ran, kicked and clawed their way to first place and then they went out-ma"k her feel good. Bring you Homecoming date out—make her feel that she's seen the world.

By T. JOHN CONDON

The Notre Dame Rugby Football Club opened its Fall season with a convincing 33-0 thrashing of a good University of Chicago team at the rugby field behind Stetson on Saturday morning. The Maroons, loaded with several English and Australian graduate students, were no match for the speed and aggressive ness of the Irish.

The Irish had begun the season with a big question about the fly half position, one of rugby's most skilled labors. For the past three seasons, Dave Utser, perhaps the best fly half in the country, had graced the Irish backfield. He's gone, but if senior John Drendak continues to perform the way he did at the position on Saturday, Riser will fade quite quickly into the vault of fantastic rugby legends.

Drendak was all over the field, executing savage tackles, deft pop-kicks and continually terrorizing the smaller Chicago backs. At one point, he cross kicked across the entire face of the Maroon wing to outside wing Mouse Adams, who raced a brilliant 40 yard run around the left side.

Bill Keenly, who makes a habit of running wild, commanded attention in the second half. He scored three times, each time blasting through several Chicago ruggers. Keenly likes to run with the ball, and, if he continues as he has in the past, he will probably lead the season with the most.

The scrum also got into the picture. Huge Jay Forillo bulled through for a score, and Fricky Dick Carrigan, who handles the place kicking and line out jumping, sealed through for a try. Carrigan also converted six of seven placement attempts, giving him fifteen points for the afternoon. It was a good afternoon.

In a "B" team game, the Irish, led by Dave Yontto and Chad Love, trounced Chicago, 17-5.

Next Saturday, the Irish will face the University of Wisconsin, a team annually loaded with the likes of French counts, magicians, huge Orientals and Chicago gangsters. Bring you Homecoming date out—make her feel that she's seen the world.