FATHER CRADICK NEEDS
WITH THIRD ORDER 7:45
TONIGHT BILICK CHAPEL.

This is the First Anniversary of SPICE AND PEPPER, the short paragraphs that always get somebody's goat. Last year you voted for it 345. Nobody's feelings were hurt—irreparably.

Southern Methodist may not be able to give you lessons in theology or even in football but aren't they the models of sportsmanship? The way their cheerleaders and band put on that show after the game, you would think SMU had won. Hats off to the Mustangs!!! As to their five, well...it had plenty of broncho twist and sc'wost'n yelps to it and it certainly held the mob. It infl...L...er's side story. The Bulletin editor pulled his neck in last week and it showed after the game, but certainly up to form. He's as meticulous as a movie actress as to his make-up when he's getting ready to make his debut at St. Mary's; tie fixed just so, trousers pressed sharp as a knife, smooth-shaven and powderpuffed. But you should see the same Virgil in the dining hall. Allow it or not, he's there with his whiskers and corduroys and with never a thought concerning the gang. He's stretching for the bread or hordring an extra dessert or monopolizing the conversation with trivia about the hometown; he's musing the table with butter or swamping the cloth in a lake of cream and sugar and coffee. In Washington Hall he's making more noise then any other baboon in the memory of the oldest faculty members.

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

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

Here's the inside story. Theateness of last week's game was Our Lady of Forgiveness H.E.S. Each player tucked one of her medals into his suit, related her litany. It's good to have her in Notre Dame's kit.*** Before clearing the squad with the relics of St. Clare, they presented us a line which should be put to use: "Father, I suppose we will have the ten today." "Oh, I said it for the poor Souls." — "You said it for Southern Ill., Pat."***

A Sorinito, on his dignity, writes: "Don't call us the 'Dead End Kids' and these re-Jockers in Walsh 'The Gentlemen.' There ain't no justice."

Dear Brickbat Bill: "That's right, there ain't no justice...someone suggested Sorin should be called the Nagent Line. But last week your Communions dwindled to a mere 165. No Nagent monicker for the Creameruff Frigardes.*** As to Walsh, we are agreed, it ain't justice calling the palocks "The Gentlemen." Half of them don't even know yet that their chapel was closed part of last week and re-conditioned. No longer home of gentlemens, Walsh shall be called "Sleepy Inn—Cruffy House of Ferguson, Plykon and Odd." Sleepy Inn last week made 126 Holy Communions. Next-door, Aluminum scored a much better 366. Communald all with 354. John dipped to 350. St. Ed's A.C. held its own which in low. Big Morriscy was for dam, too. That St. Squirl was breaking its record.***

Kellers of Elena overheard in the C.O.: "Is the lazy line on S.M.U.'s side or R.P.'s?"