Some think the team could stand a little polishing; others are saying the same thing about us in the stands. The coaches will look after the team, and do a good job.

About us? Well, the better heads among the student body at last Saturday's game frowned upon the younger and newer elements' performance. It came after the first score -- a shower of tissue rained down on the heads of other students, visitors, and those on the field. Some glasses were broken, but no serious injuries resulted. Those guilty of the offensive action will want to know that the Junior and Senior groups were somewhat ashamed of the antic. They regarded it as possibly a brilliant gesture of loyalty at Podunk High -- but a little corny at Notre Dame. They found it lacking in good taste, unrefined, not at all in the best traditions of cleverness and originality, and a far cry from Christian culture. They labeled it a dismal effort at good fun. In fact, they thought the participants lacked a sense of humor because the action bordered on rudeness, even injury, to guests of the University. They regarded the performance as typical of small-minded, little boys who think they're climbing -- when they're merely swelling up. In short, the offensive and misguided show of school spirit made no contribution whatsoever to our reputation and wholesome traditions. Ditto for the Pep Rally.

Come, come, Egbert! Surely you can do better than that!

And A Time To Be Quiet

One time, years ago, when Notre Dame was playing another Big Ten team, the going was tough for our lads. And at a critical moment of the game when we finally got the ball and had begun to move down the field, students of the opposing school unleashed a roar that created havoc in the Notre Dame backfield. Our brilliant quarterback was helpless -- he couldn't be heard by his mates in the backfield. Our boys, along with the officials, and coach, and even opposing players, begged the crowd to quiet down -- but to no avail. The public, especially the newsmen and sportscasters, labeled the incident one of the poorest examples of sportsmanship they had ever witnessed. The instance lasted about two minutes. But the stigma remained in peoples' minds and on their lips for many years. And the school lost a priceless reputation that had been earned by many good men through many years of hard work. The school lost infinitely more than a ball game!

Why Bring Up......?

Because this week we go to the city. Hinterland antics on the part of a few may not sit so well with the refined element in those parts. They may frown on the rustic and sleazy manners such as some of our troops paraded last week. We hope the older men will shackle the small, offending segment. Over the years, so many good, clever, refined Notre Dame men have done so many brilliant things that you will be very much on the spot -- they'll expect as much from you. Hence, keep an eye for the "performers." Discourage them from talking to strangers, buying bridges, or drinking bright-colored and strange soda pops in dim-lit drug stores. And make sure that each has a clean handkerchief in his pocket. Neither would want it that way! And with your help, Egbert may escape the perils and pitfalls that lie in wait for the unwary Hoosier wandering in the alien Babylon that is Gotham. And have fun, good fun!

One last word: In recent years, special trains have known many accidents. Be prepared for any eventuality. The really "sharp" element on the trip will hit the box before they entrain. They'll have their Rosaries in their pockets and use them. And if anything happens, we won't worry about them at all. Better join this group!