

# The Saga of The Mighty Bouley; Football Stardom To Obscurity

By 'Wild Bill' Furlong

A traitorous suspicion that Notre Dame might not be the national champions on the gridiron that they are in the newspapers brought a hot retort from Frank Leahy last week. The shock of Leahy's sudden about-face caused heart tremors among veteran sports writers who long have hailed Leahy's prodigious use of the crying towel.

His pessimism has become almost a legend in the sports world. He forever views his "Fighting Irish" with alarm that becomes painfully acute as the football season progresses. Last season as his alarm became greater with every victim, Notre Dame notched the best offensive and defensive record among the nation's major colleges. During the current campaign he sighs mournfully, complaining that the Irish are weak in reserve strength—particularly at quarterback, where they have only one all-American.

Truthfully, Leahy uncovered another all-American quarterback late last year while entrenched on a hospital bed, listening to the Notre Dame-U.S.C. game. His name was George Ratterman, a 20-year-old youth who was not loathe to bend an elbow in a local pub upon occasions. That latter talent was frowned upon in certain scholastic circles and Ratterman found it expedient to yield to the fluttering of the sheepseyes and hand-some contract of the Buffalo Bills in the All-American Conference.

But the bulwark of the Notre Dame line was, and is one George Connor, a tackle of impressive proportions. Connor is a Chicagoan, who seven or eight years ago, committed his weekly stint of assault and battery for De La-Salle high school. Some claim his homicidal tactics on the gridiron stem from the fact that he lives a block from the fashionable Chicago home of the late Al Capone.

In 1942, then a senile seventeen, Connor vaulted into the national spotlight as a freshman at Holy Cross. His 225 pounds were distributed generously over a six-foot two inch frame. Hailed as certain all-American material, with each passing Saturday the praises rippling through the East in his behalf became more deafening.

But there were skeptics on the New England coast—among them the Boston college football team and its tackle, Gilbert Bouley. Boston college had yielded a meager 19 points during the course of its season, had remained undefeated, and was generally inclined to agree with the polls that selected it as one of the outstanding proponents of football on the east coast.

In a "friendly" game on November 28, 1942, Holy Cross was leading only 21-7 by half time and it was generally conceded that Bouley was well on his way to becoming the most "mouse-trapped" player in football history. When in the third quarter Bouley accidentally tackled a Holy Cross ball carrier, the stands set up a delighted chant, "Bouley made a tackle! Bouley made a tackle!" Holy Cross scored 20 more points that period and went on to record a 55-12 upset over the highly-touted Boston college eleven.

When dusk was settling over Fenway Park, Bouley walked up to Connor and apologized. "I'm sorry, kid. You're every inch a man." Then he gathered up his teeth and stole silently into obscurity.

# Techgirls Talk

by Eugene R. Stanley

**QUESTION:** What is your opinion of the longer skirts? Lorraine Virtue, Scy. at The Gas Insituate:

"Personally, I don't care for the longer skirts. They're impractical and too expensive. Buying new clothes in order to keep up to date is impossible on a limited budget. I definitely feel that the new skirts are not flattering. They make me feel like an old woman. To me,

the whole idea is just a scheme to force the women into purchasing new wardrobes."

**Celia Barteau, Junior Chem Maj:**

"Personally, I think the new style skirts are hideous. However, I also think that skirts which are too short are equally bad. I prefer skirts just a little below the knee. It irritates me to have to discard skirts which were new last year but are no longer in fashion."

**Marian Vogel, Freshman HE:**

"I like long skirts for evening wear, but I can't see them for

school. Have you ever tried to catch the "L" while wearing a long skirt? Don't! If you wear these new long skirts, you have to buy other new clothes to go with them. I still think they're cute though, and I'm going to wear them. For school, hems about 15 inches from the ground are about right. For evening wear the skirt length should be increased to about 12 inches from the floor—including high heels."

**Ginny Dorociak, Soph. Psychology:**

"Two inches below the knee is about right for school wear. Tired of being called a traitor for wearing skirts 5 inches below the knees, I decided to shorten my skirts.

"I don't see what objection men have to longer skirts when the designers are just detracting men's vision from legs by making the upper part more attractive. I must admit however, women, in general, are slaves to fashion."



# At Last—More Kenton Records

By Becker & Wangerstein

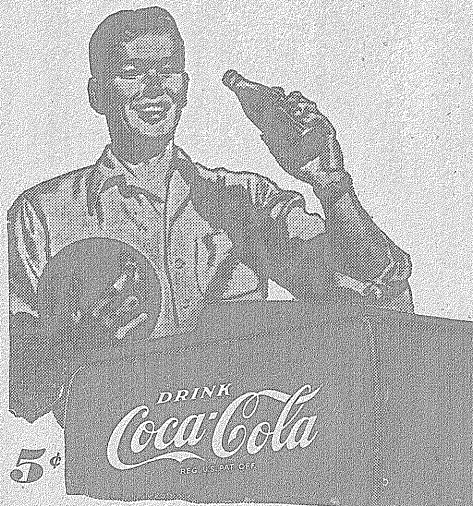
After a week's enforced absence we're back again spinning some pleasant news for you Kenton fans . . . (That should be everybody.) Stan, who hasn't done any recording since last spring has come out of his semi-retirement with two fine new sides. The "A" side, correctly titled *Cosy* arouses just that, though the spotlighted June Christy voice reminds us too much of *Feet's To Big For De' Bed*. The "B" side, *Theme To The West*, introduces something new from their versatile library. Written by Stan as Pete Rungillo, it features the Kenton piano — it's about time.

Ge, are we disappointed? Frankie Laine. After a long line of really great sides, his latest, *Lady Be Good* is a stinker. Perhaps it was lack of rehearsal, but it is quite obvious that the Pat Dunlap orchestra, constantly behind Laine. However, it is going to hurt Frankie to have a thorn in his rose bush.

In closing, thought we'd remind you that Jess Stacy, L. Wiley, Wingy Manone, and Red Baduc are at the Rag Doll, while Billy Eckstine opened at the SH. Houette yesterday.

SWAP DEPT. . . We still go Bijous.

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