



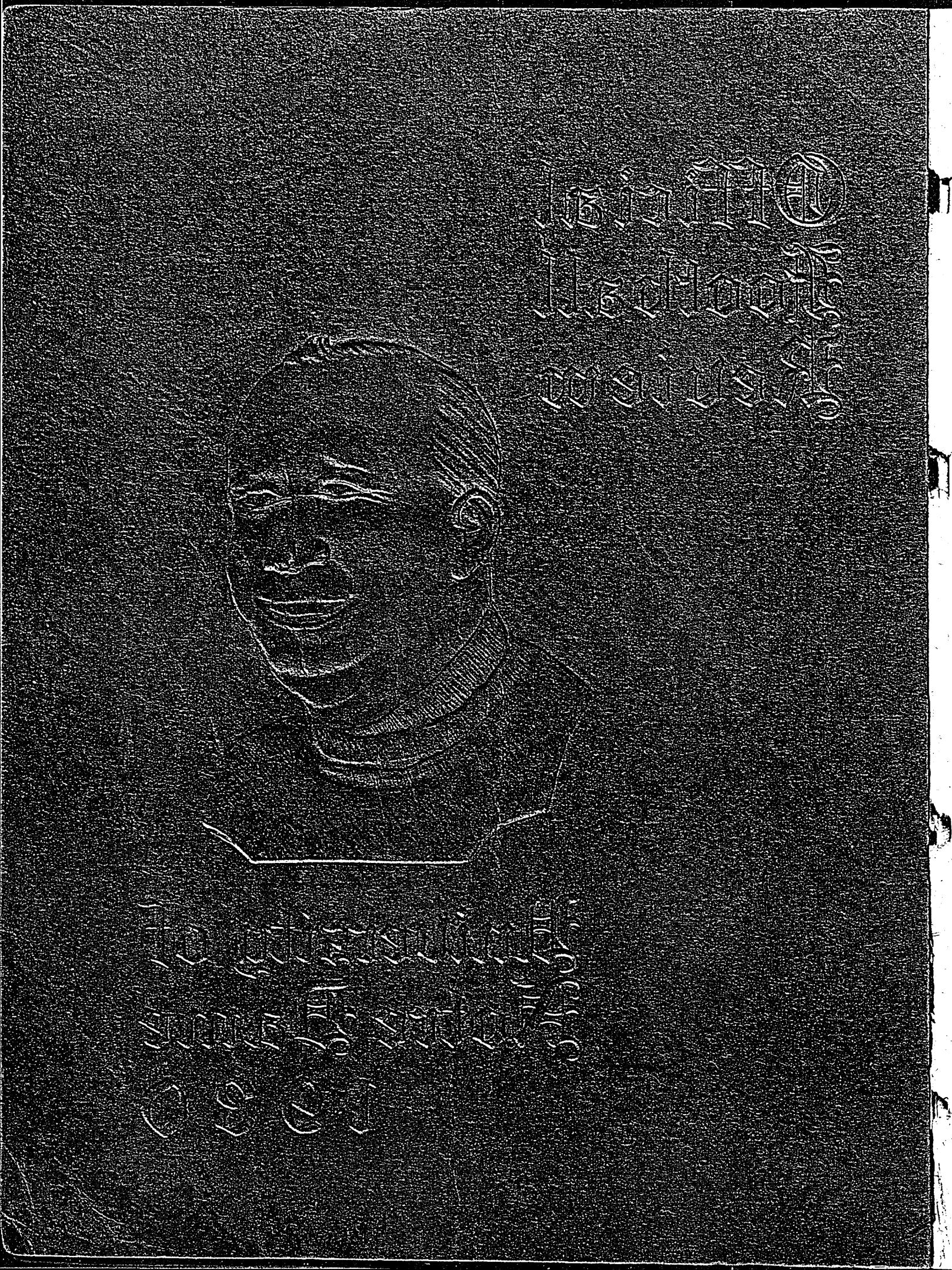
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Volume 100



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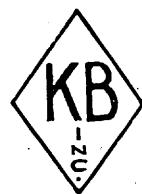
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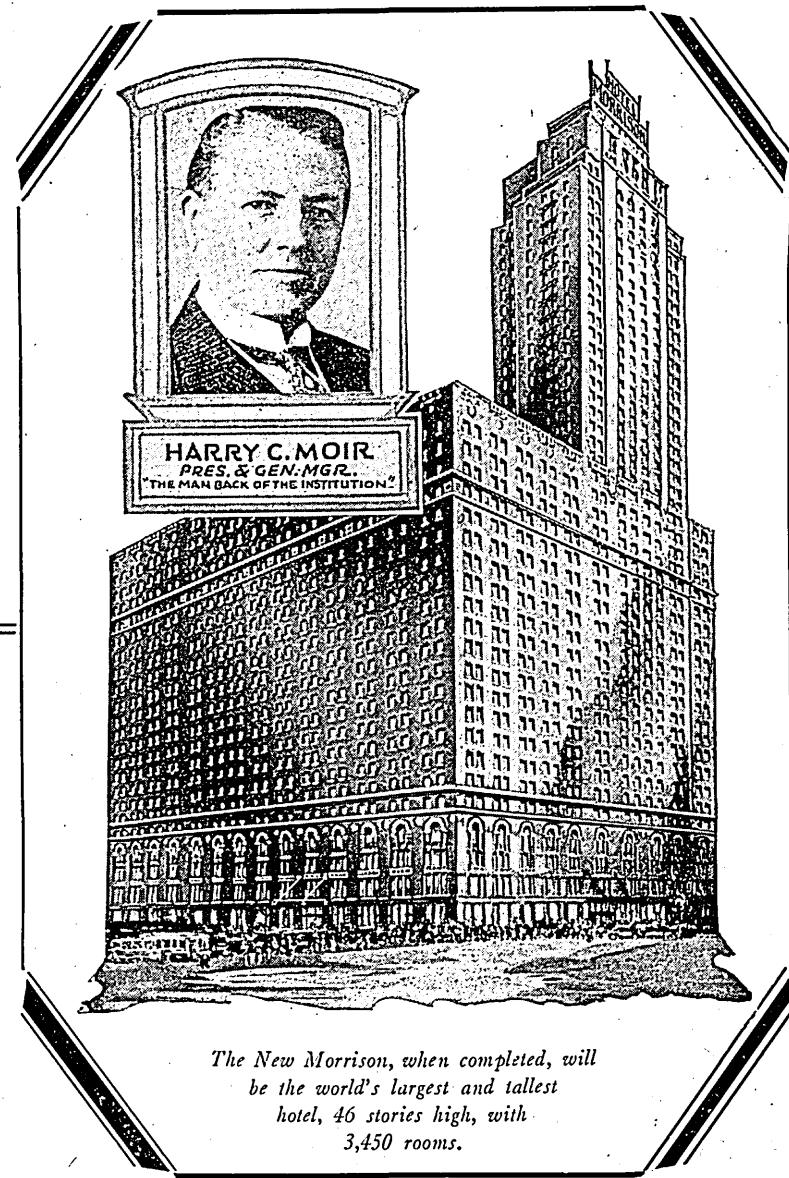
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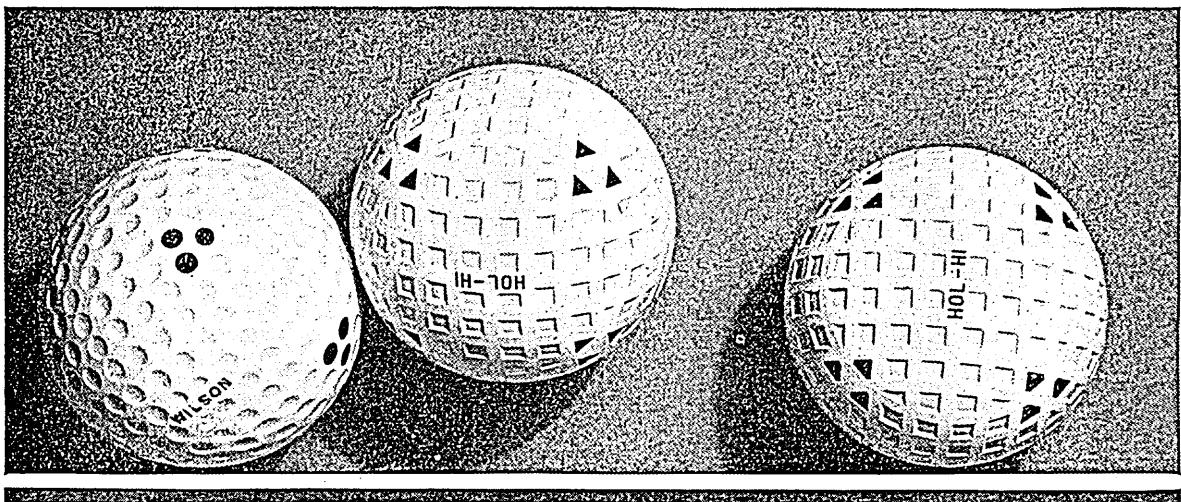
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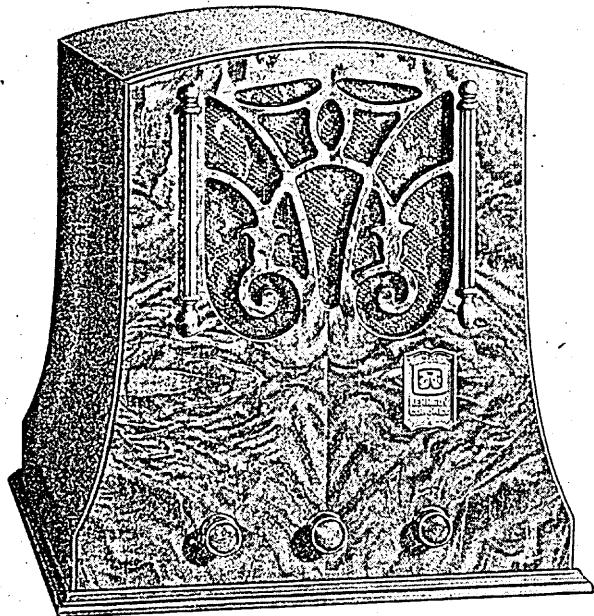
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« 1930 »

Official Football Review

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

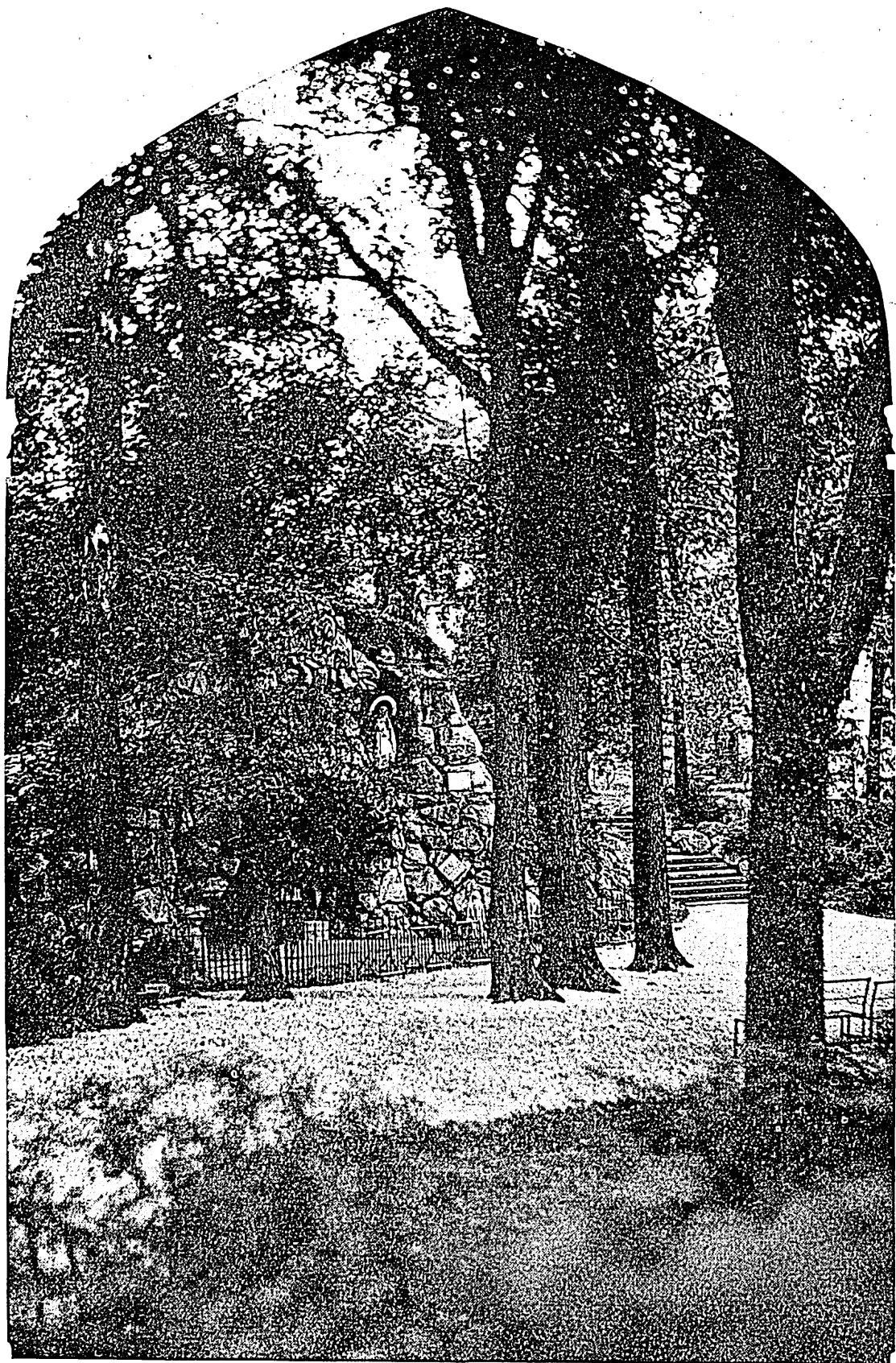


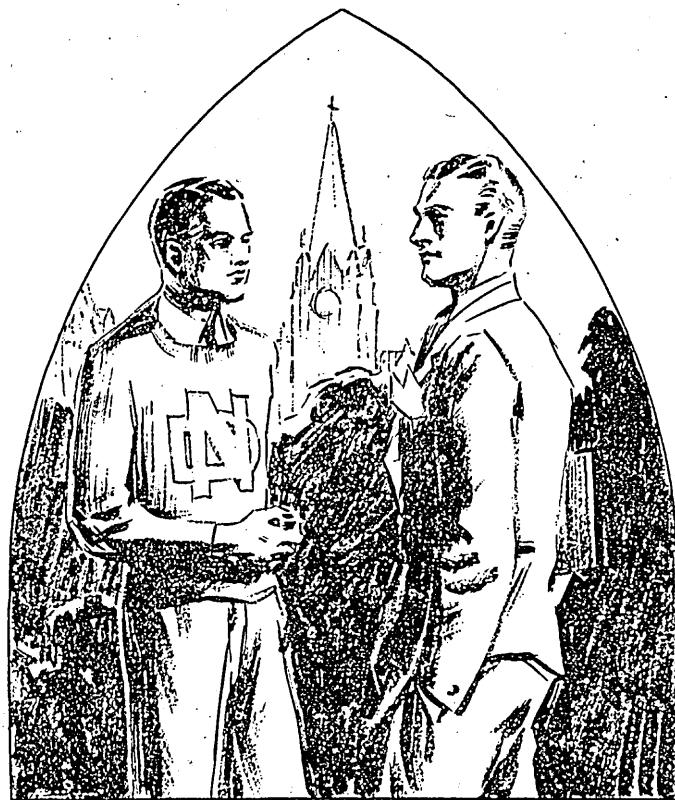
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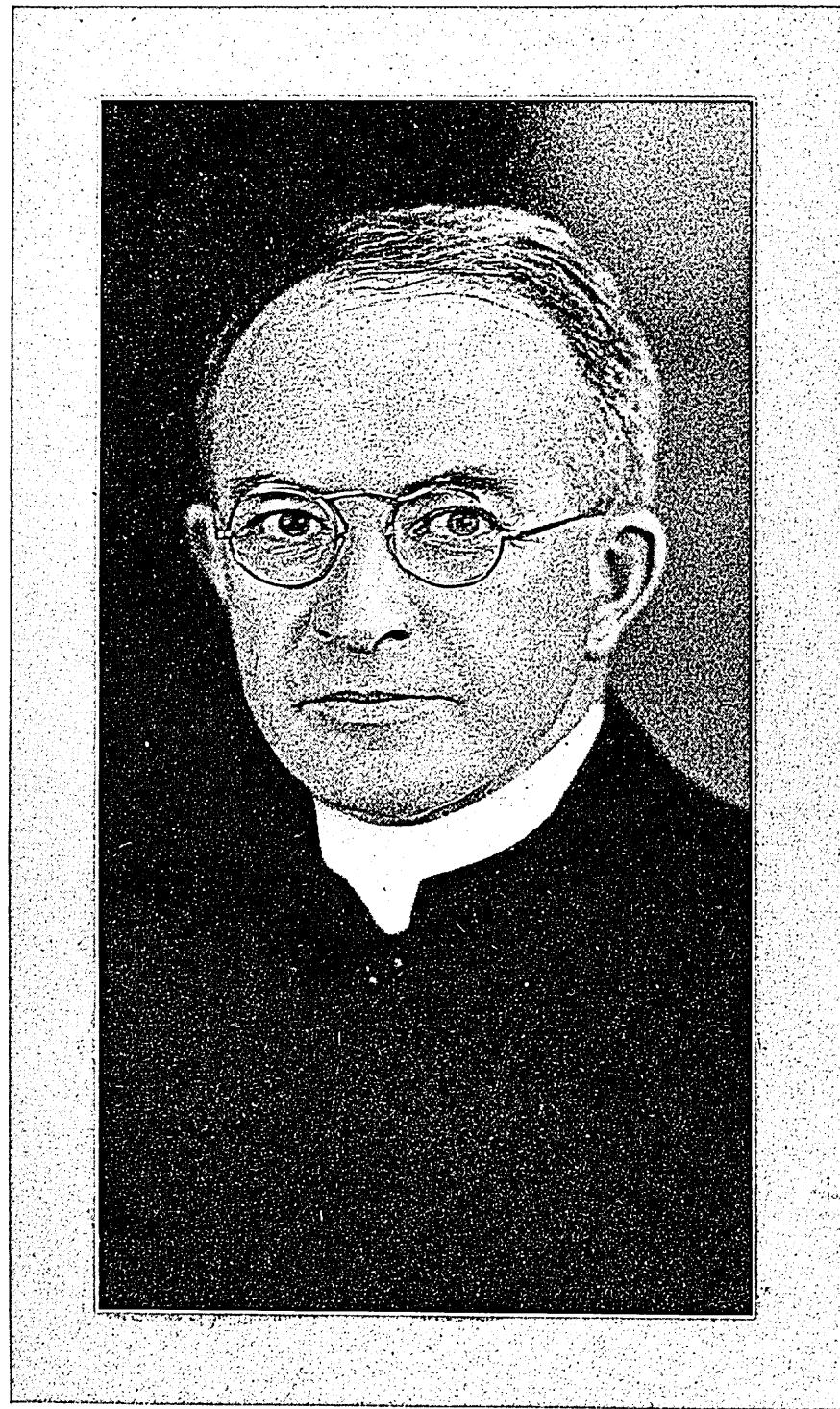


FOREWORD

THIS issue of the Official Football Review, like past issues, is meant to give homage to the fighting men of Notre Dame and to acquaint their many admirers and followers with facts concerning the team that might otherwise go unknown outside of the campus. Nothing said in praise of the 1930 squad is meant in a spirit of braggadocio; rather, our comments are made from the point of view of an outsider looking in at the team with an attitude of respect and awe. We make no attempt to exaggerate the qualities of the Notre Dame players because we feel that this is unnecessary. Various things said in this publication in their honor are the antithesis of what they would say about themselves. To us, they are real heroes and we only ask that the reader try to look at them through our eyes.

We wish to take this occasion to thank our many contributors and others who cooperated with us in this gesture of respect for what we honestly believe to be the greatest team in Notre Dame history.

—THE EDITOR.



REVEREND CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.
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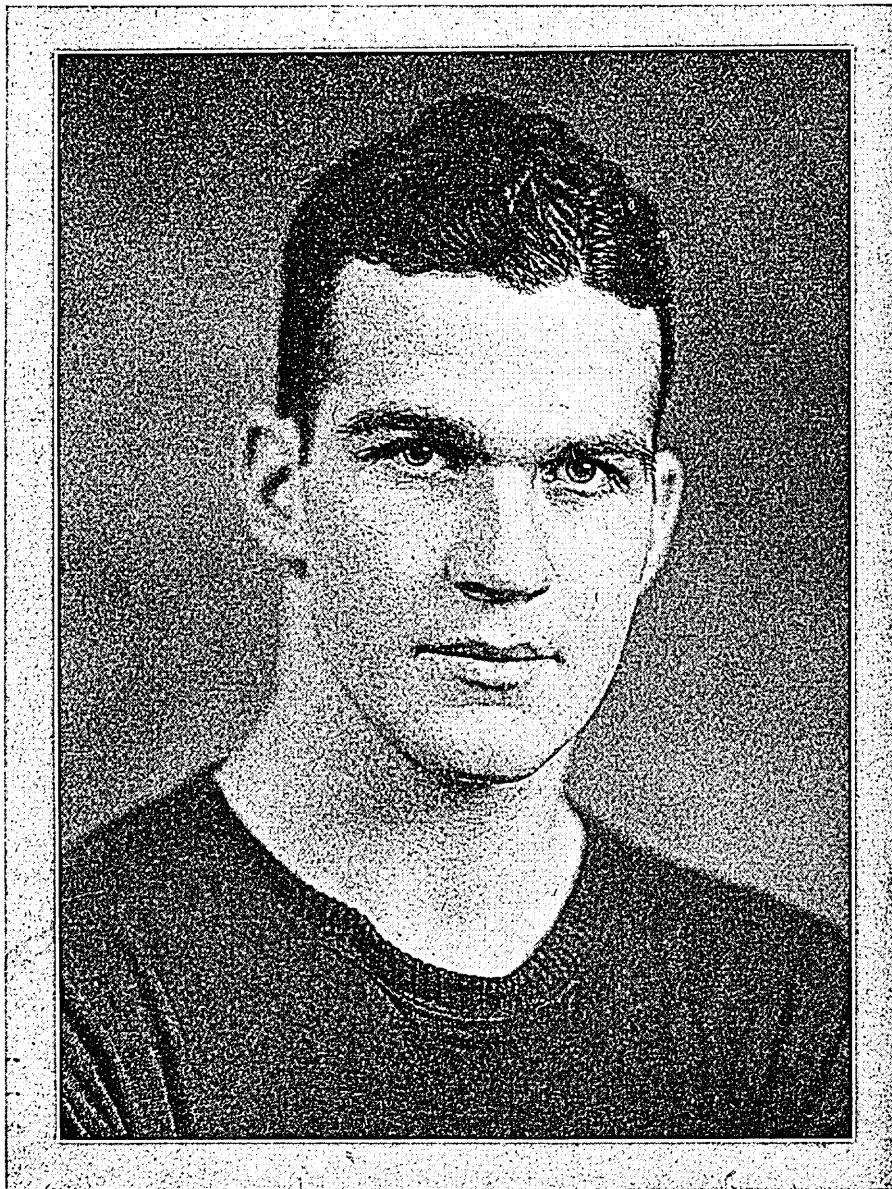
Photo by McDonald

KNUTE K. ROCKNE
Director of Athletics, Head Football Coach

*H*IS season has been a source of great satisfaction to me, not particularly because we won, but because of the fine feeling of friendship between myself, the boys, and the assistant coaches. The boys on the team responded as fine as any team I have ever had and in every way, on the field and off the field, they reflected credit on the school.

Heartly Anderson, Chevigny, Veedisch, and Moynihan made up the best varsity coaching staff I have ever had or ever hope to have, and their untiring, unselfish, and unostentatious work was very largely responsible for our success. Bill Jones and Vezie with the Freshmen were excellent and did a great deal to help bring our varsity team along. And to Dan Halpin and his student managers who have helped to make our season a success, my sincere thanks.

KNUTE K. ROCKNE



CAPTAIN THOMAS A. CONLEY, Notre Dame, 1930

*As CAPTAIN of the Notre Dame team of
1930, I wish first to express the admiration
of the team for the excellent sports-
manship displayed by our ten opponents. Every
game was cleanly fought and it was a pleasure
to meet teams who so well displayed the prin-
ciples of fair play.*

*Every man on the squad, whether with the
varsity or with the reserves, cooperated to make
my position as captain as easy as possible and it
was this excellent spirit of team play that made
our successful season possible.*

*It has been a great experience to play under
Coach Rockne and the other coaches who
worked so untiringly to make the season a
success.*

*Finally, let me thank the students and faculty
in the name of the players for their splendid
support, both physical and spiritual, which was
a constant source of inspiration.*

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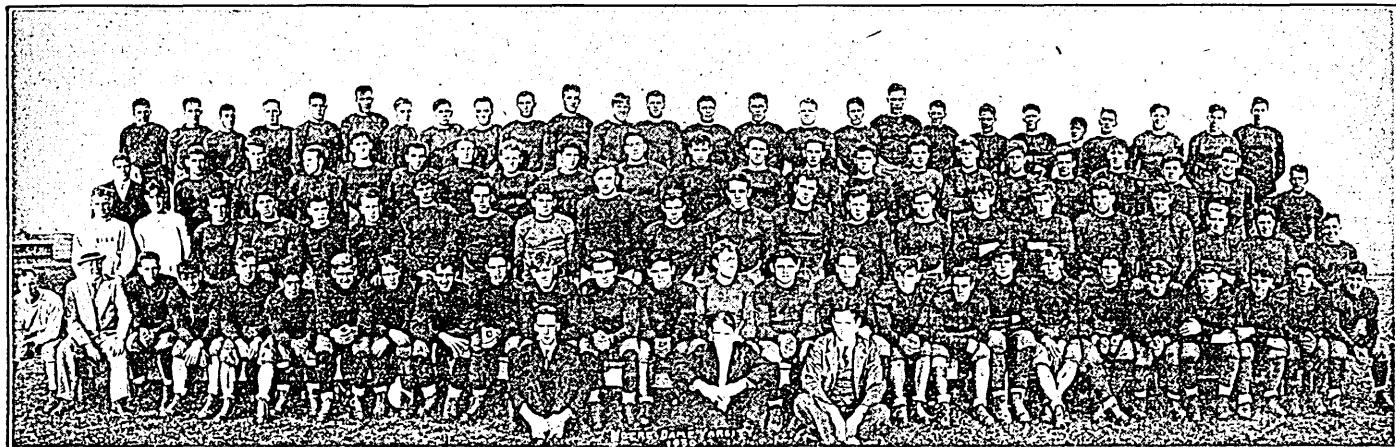
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1930 Record

Notre Dame	20	Southern Methodist	14
Notre Dame	26	Navy	2
Notre Dame	20	Carnegie Tech	6
Notre Dame	35	Pittsburgh	19
Notre Dame	27	Indiana	0
Notre Dame	60	Pennsylvania	20
Notre Dame	28	Drake	7
Notre Dame	14	Northwestern	0
Notre Dame	7	Army	6
Notre Dame	27	Southern California	0

1930 Coaching Staff

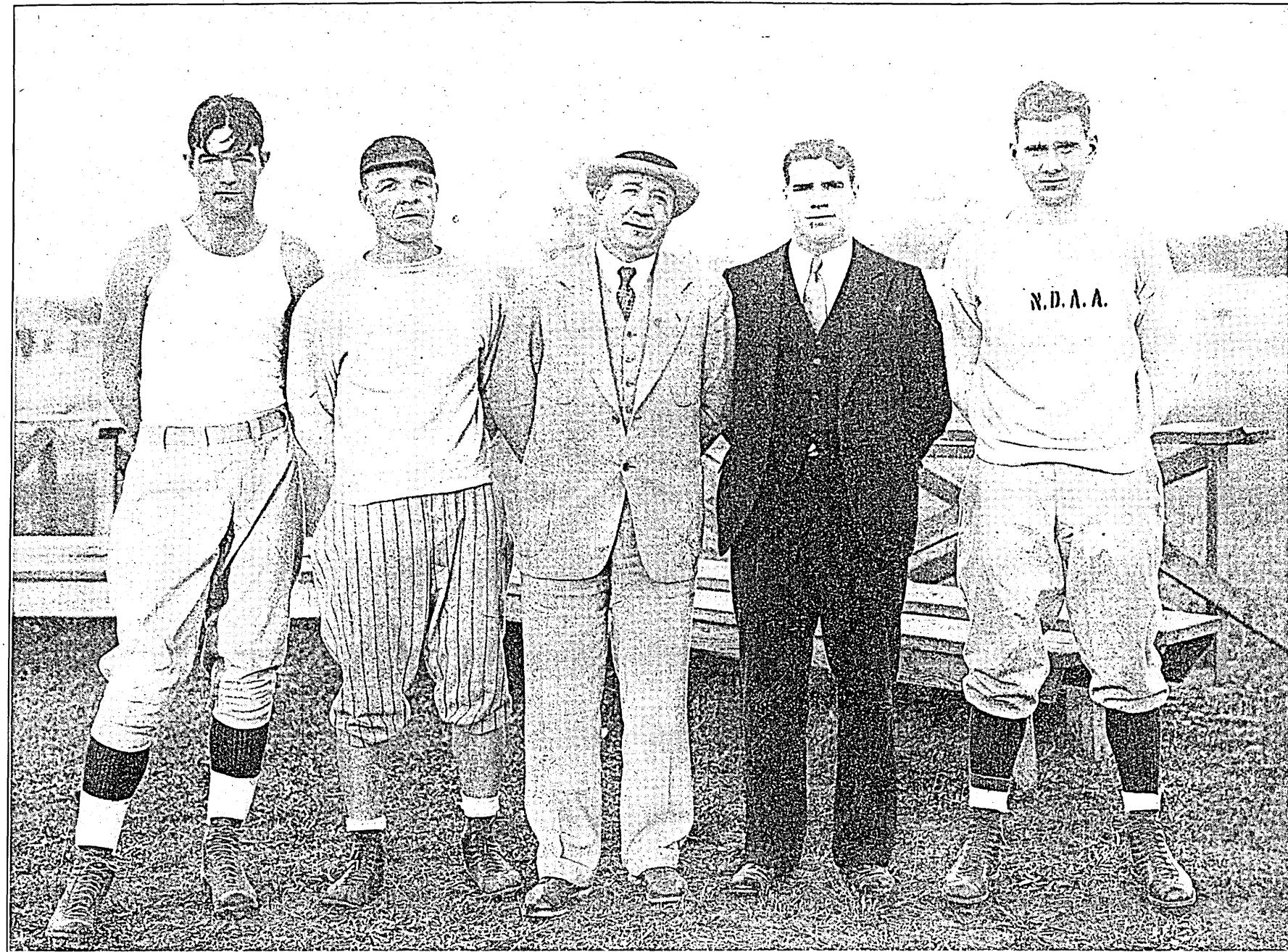
Knute K. Rockne	<i>Head Coach</i>
Heartley T. Anderson	<i>Assistant Coach</i>
John E. Chevigney	<i>Assistant Coach</i>
John T. Voedisch	<i>Assistant Coach</i>
Tim Moynihan	<i>Assistant Coach</i>
William B. Jones	<i>Freshman Coach</i>
H. Manfred Vezie	<i>Freshman Coach</i>

Varsity Personnel

Thomas Conley, *Captain*
Roy Bailie
Martin Brill
Frank Butler
Frank Carideo
Norbert Christman
Carl Cronin
Alvin Culver
Richard Donoghue
Norman Greeney
Daniel Hanley
James Harriss
Frank Hoffman
Paul Host

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KNUTE K. ROCKNE

JOHN CHEVIGNEY

JOHN VOEDISCH

« « Varsity Coaches » »

KNUTE K. ROCKNE *Head Coach*

Everyone already knows more about efficient, genial, inspiring, brainy, hard-working, successful Coach Knute K. Rockne than he knows about himself and we cannot, in this short space, elaborate on him.

Since he started as head coach in 1917, his teams have won 111 games while losing 13, less than one a season. His 1919 and 1920 teams were undefeated and were Western champions; his 1924 and 1929 teams and now his 1930 eleven all had clean slates and were awarded national championships.

Seldom has he dropped more than one game a season, and only once, in 1928, did his teams lose more than two. The 1928 season was called "disastrous" when the first string played almost every minute of each of nine hard games and lost four out of nine contests with leading teams of the country. Bedfast for all but three games last year because of a leg ailment that threatened his life, he inspired and coached his men to a national title and repeated this year with what newspapermen call the team closest to perfection of any in history.

He has taken stoically the edicts of rulemakers directed at him and has always come back defiantly to rise to greater heights. What it is that enables him to do this, we don't know. You can call it genius or whatever you wish, but we only know that it works, and probably will continue to work for the future glory of Notre Dame. His record speaks for itself.

HEARTLEY "HUNK" ANDERSON *Assistant Coach*

Few, if any, know more about line play than "Hunk" Anderson, Notre Dame's capable 1930 line coach. He played under Rockne in 1921, 1922, and 1923, and coached with him in 1925 and 1926. Then he went to St. Louis University as head coach for three years, but returned to the fold last spring. His familiarity with the Rockne style of play has enabled him to develop a varsity line that takes its place with any of the past, and a shock troop line that "clicked" soon enough to save the varsity many a bruise and bump. As a player, he was mentioned on a number of all-Western and all-American teams, and this year his students have carried on the distinctions that were his.

JOHN CHEVIGNEY *Assistant Coach*

One of the greatest defensive half-backs in Notre Dame history, "Chev" has shown himself to be as good a teacher as he was a pupil, and as one of the most promising of the multitude of the younger mentors. An excellent scout, he brought back on one occasion more plays of the opposition, so says Coach Rockne, than Notre Dame has itself. His keen mind, untiring energy, and almost inordinate love of football make him all that a coach should be.

JOHN "IKE" VOEDISCH *Assistant Coach*

Like the others, Assistant Coach "Ike" Voedisch is a former Notre Dame star. He finished his career as an outstanding wingman three years ago and has just rounded out his third year as a producer of steady, hard-playing ends. Tall, quiet, and unassuming, he has taught his men well all the tricks of boxing a tackle, covering a punt, catching a pass, turning in an end run, and the hundreds of details of end play. With him coaching, Rockne has never been without five or six capable men at the flanks.

TOM MOYNIHAN *Assistant Coach*

When "Big Tim" was graduated last year after three years of play at center which won him national recognition, Rockne knew that there was only one man who knew the strengths and weaknesses of the candidates out to fill Tim's shoes. He was the spark-plug of the great 1929 line and he has, in his first year as a coach, not only brought out the best qualities of his group of ball-snappers, but instilled in them the indomitable fire that characterized his play. A year's experience behind him, he should do great things next season when he has back his three best men, Yarr, Butler and Rogers.

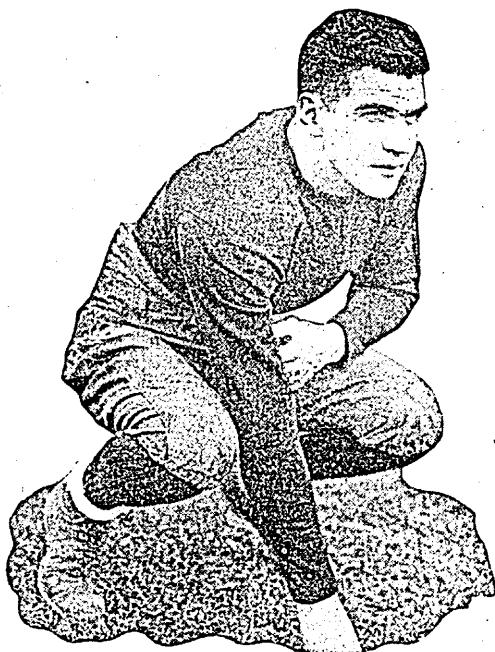
Varsity Roster

Name	Position	Prep School	Age	Wt.	Height	Years on Squad
Abbatemareo, John	R. End	Erasmus, Brooklyn	21	175	5 ft. 11½ in.	1
Agnew, Edward	Center	Loyola, Chicago	21	178	6 ft.	1
Aug, George	Center	Elder, Cincinnati, Ohio	19	190	6 ft. 1 in.	1
Bailie, Roy	L. End	Fairfax, Hollywood	21	173	6 ft.	1
Banas, Steve	L. Half	Hammond, Indiana, High	20	185	5 ft. 11 in.	1
Lassett, Charles	R. Tackle	Stratford High	20	180	6 ft.	1
Beirne, Roger	L. End	Peddie, (Fairfield)	19	170	6 ft. 2 in.	1
Bice, Leonard	L. End	Hollywood High	20	172	6 ft. ½ in.	1
Bittner, Louis	R. Half	Shadyside, Ohio	21	161	5 ft. 6½ in.	1
Blind, William	R. Tackle	St. Rita, Chicago	19	178	6 ft. 1 in.	1
Bloemer, Bernie	R. Guard	St. Xavier, Louisville	21	180	5 ft. 9 in.	1
Brancheau, Ray	R. Half	Monroe, Mich., High	20	180	5 ft. 11½ in.	1
Brill, Martin	R. Half	Penn Charter	22	190	5 ft. 10½ in.	2
Buchanan, Joseph	L. Guard	St. Leo's, Detroit	19	166	5 ft. 10½ in.	1
Burke, James	Q. Back	Sacred Heart, Pittsburgh	18	150	5 ft. 2 in.	1
Butler, Frank	Center	Tilden Tech., Chicago	19	202	6 ft. 2 in.	1
Capter, Albert	F. Back	Central Paterson, N. J.	20	185	6 ft.	1
Carberry, Jack	R. End	Ames, Iowa, High	22	175	6 ft.	3
Carideo, Frank	Q. Back	Dean, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	22	175	5 ft. 7 in.	3
Carmody, James	R. Tackle	Mt. Carmel, Chicago	20	200	6 ft.	1
Cavanaugh, Vincent	Center	St. Ignatius, Chicago	20	175	5 ft. 10½ in.	1
Christman, Norbert	Q. Back	East High, Green Bay	21	168	5 ft. 9½ in.	2
Conley, Tom (Capt.)	R. End	Roman Catholic, Philadelphia	22	175	5 ft. 11 in.	3
Connolly, John	L. Half	St. John's Toledo	20	160	5 ft. 9 in.	1
Coughlin, Tom	L. Guard	Whiting, Indiana, High	22	180	5 ft. 10½ in.	1
Cousino, Bernard	R. Tackle	St. John's, Toledo	20	170	6 ft.	1
Cronin, Carl	Q. Back	St. Rita, Chicago	21	155	5 ft. 7 in.	1
Culver, Alvin	L. Tackle	St. Thomas, St. Paul	23	212	6 ft. 2½ in.	2
DeVault, Howard	R. Tackle	Romney, Indiana, High	24	214	6 ft. 5 in.	1
Dilling, Leo	R. Half	Emerson, Gary, Indiana	22	166	5 ft. 11 in.	1
Donoghue, Richard	R. Tackle	Auburn, N. Y., High	22	215	6 ft. 3¼ in.	3
Donovan, Robert	Q. Back	Fordham Prep	18	145	5 ft. 8 in.	1
Foley, Milton	Q. Back	R. E. Lee, Jacksonville	20	150	5 ft. 6 in.	1
Goldstein, Samuel	L. Tackle	Marshall, Chicago	21	178	5 ft. 10 in.	1
Gorman, Thomas	Center	St. Phillips, Chicago	20	194	6 ft 1 in.	1
Greeney, Norman	L. Guard	J. Marshall, Cleveland	22	185	5 ft. 11 in.	1
Grisanti, Al	R. End	Cathedral Latin, Cleveland	21	160	5 ft. 8 in.	1
Hanley, Daniel	F. Back	Butte, Montana, Central	21	195	6 ft. 1½ in.	1
Harris, James	L. Guard	Linsley, Bellaire	21	185	5 ft. 9 in.	1
Herwit, Norman	L. Guard	Senn, Chicago	20	185	5 ft. 9 in.	2
Hoffman, Frank	R. Tackle	St. Martin's, Seattle	20	198	6 ft. 2 in.	1
Holman, Currier	L. End	Shattuck Military, Iowa	19	180	6 ft.	1
Host, Paul	L. End	LaCrosse Central	20	173	5 ft. 10 in.	1
Howard, Al	F. Back	Alhambra, California, High	21	170	5 ft. 10 in.	2
Hughen, Thomas	L. Tackle	Royen, Homewood, Illinois	19	190	6 ft. 1 in.	1
Jaskwhich, Charles	Q. Back	Kenosha, Wisconsin, High	19	164	5 ft. 11 in.	1
Judge, Bill	L. End	Manual Training, Brooklyn	24	170	6 ft.	1
Kaplan, Clarence	R. Half	Owatonna, Minnesota	23	156	5 ft. 8 in.	2
Kassis, Tom	L. Guard	Casper, Wyoming, High	20	185	5 ft. 11 in.	3
Kerjes, Frank	R. Guard	Kalamazoo High	22	192	5 ft. 10 in.	1
Koken, Mike	L. Half	South High, Youngstown	21	162	5 ft. 8 in.	1

Varsity Roster

Name	Position	Prep School	Age	Wt.	Height	Years on Squad
Kosky, Edwin	L. End	Yonkers High	20	182	5 ft. 11½ in.	1
Kremer, Theodore	F. Back	Woodsfield, Ohio, High	20	175	5 ft. 9½ in.	1
Kreuz, Paul	R. Guard	Menominee, Michigan, High	20	185	5 ft. 11 in.	1
Kurth, Joe	R. Tackle	Madison, Wisconsin, High	23	197	6 ft. 1½ in.	1
LaBorne, Frank	L. Half	Brooklyn Prep	20	161	5 ft. 11 in.	1
Leahy, Bernard	L. Half	St. Mel's, Chicago	22	175	5 ft. 11 in.	2
Leahy, Frank	L. Tackle	Winer, S. D., High	21	183	5 ft. 11 in.	3
Leding, Michael	L. Tackle	South Bend High	20	177	6 ft. 1 in.	1
Loughrey, Charles	L. End	Brooklyn Prep	20	185	6 ft. 2 in.	1
Lukats, Nicholas	L. Half	Froebel, Gary	19	178	6 ft.	1
Mahaffey, Thomas	L. Guard	Cathedral, Indianapolis	20	165	5 ft. 9½ in.	1
Mahoney, Dick	R. End	Catholic Latin, Cleveland	21	175	5 ft. 11 in.	1
Mangan, George	F. Back	Cathedral, Indianapolis	22	159	5 ft. 8 in.	1
Manley, John	L. Tackle	Dyersville, Iowa	21	170	6 ft.	1
Massey, Robert	L. Guard	Bloomfield, N. J.	21	170	5 ft. 11 in.	1
McManmon, Art	R. Tackle	Lowell, Mass., High	21	202	6 ft. 2½ in.	2
McNamara, Regis	L. Tackle	Binghampton High	22	192	6 ft. 1½ in.	2
Metzger, Bert	R. Guard	Loyola Academy, Chicago	21	155	5 ft. 8½ in.	3
Morrow, Thomas	F. Back	Regis, New York, N. Y.	18	172	5 ft. 11 in.	1
Mortenson, Walter	L. Tackle	Northern, Detroit	21	188	5 ft. 11½ in.	1
Mullins, Larry	F. Back	South Pasadena High	22	175	6 ft.	3
Murphy, Emmett	Q. Back	De LaSalle, Kansas City, Mo.	22	154	5 ft. 7½ in.	1
Nichols, John	Q. Back	Lakewood, Ashville, N. Y.	22	155	5 ft. 7 in.	1
O'Brien, Earl	R. End	Green Bay, Wis., East	22	170	6 ft.	1
O'Brien, Ed. A.	Q. Back	De LaSalle, Chicago	21	172	5 ft. 10 in.	1
O'Brien, John J.	L. End	Los Angeles High	23	185	6 ft. 2 in.	3
O'Connor, Paul	R. Half	East Orange, N. J.	21	180	5 ft. 10 in.	3
Pierce, William	L. Guard	Sherman, Texas	21	185	5 ft. 8 in.	1
Rogers, John	Center	Alexis, Illinois, High	20	170	5 ft. 8 in.	1
Rohrs, George	R. End	Fordham, N. Y., Prep	18	164	5 ft. 8½ in.	1
Savoldi, Joe	F. Back	Three Oaks, Michigan	21	192	5 ft. 11 in.	3
Schumacher, Al	L. Half	Shawano, Wis., High	21	168	6 ft.	1
Schwartz, Marchmont	L. Half	Bay St. Louis, Mississippi	21	170	5 ft. 11½ in.	2
Seifert, Otto	L. End	South Bend High	22	168	5 ft. 9 in.	1
Sheeketski, Joseph	R. Half	Shadyside, Ohio, High	21	165	5 ft. 7 in.	1
Smithers, William	L. Tackle	Gorton, Yonkers	22	195	6 ft.	1
Staab, Fred	F. Back	Madison, Wisconsin, Central	20	178	5 ft. 11 in.	1
Streb, Robert	Q. Back	McKinley, Canton, Ohio	23	175	5 ft.	1
Terlaak, Robert	R. Guard	J. Marshall, Cleveland	21	180	5 ft. 10 in.	1
Thornton, Joe	R. Tackle	St. James, Haverill	23	182	5 ft. 9½ in.	1
Tobin, John	R. Half	Janesville, Wisconsin, High	20	180	5 ft. 7 in.	1
Van Rooy, William	L. Guard	Catholic Latin, Cleveland	20	190	5 ft. 10½ in.	1
Vejar, Laurie	Q. Back	Hollywood, California, High	20	168	5 ft. 6½ in.	1
Vlk, George	R. End	Holy Name, Cleveland	21	175	6 ft.	3
Vysral, Edward	R. Tackle	Lindblom, Chicago	20	215	6 ft. 4 in.	1
Whelan, Vincent	L. Guard	Grantwood, N. J.	20	175	5 ft. 8 in.	1
Wunsch, Harry	R. Guard	South Bend High	19	200	5 ft. 11 in.	1
Yarr, Tom	Center	Chinacum Prep, Washington	21	195	5 ft. 10½ in.	2
Zoss, Abe	L. Guard	South Bend High	20	184	5 ft. 11 in.	1
Zoss, Oscar	L. Guard	South Bend High	20	172	5 ft. 10 in.	1

CAPTAIN TOM CONLEY
Right End
All-Western



To be elected captain of a Notre Dame football team is every small boy's ambition. To be the star end on the same team and to lead it through the hardest schedule in football history undefeated is more than even the wildest youngster dreamers visualize as their future lot.

It was more than Tom Conley had ever thought of doing when he was left tackle at Roman Catholic high school, Philadelphia. In the first place he never thought that Coach Rockne would move him to right end, and in the second place he had his doubts that he would ever make the first team at Notre Dame. Even as captain and all-city tackle for his high school, the thought farthest from his mind was that some day he would be a national hero.

The ovation he received as he trotted off the field at Los Angeles after participating in the worst drubbing Notre Dame has ever given Southern California was perhaps the greatest compliment he ever has or ever could receive. His team had just won a national championship and 90,000 persons whose hopes and prayers were all for the Trojans, rose as one to recognize his fine sportsmanship, his marvelously consistent play, and his great spirit of leadership.

Tom Conley's individual feats of splendor may be forgotten with the passage of time—he had defeated Southern California in 1929 with his brilliant catches from Jack Elder's arm, he had defeated Carnegie Tech to redeem a shattered tradition at Cartier field at the beginning of the season just closed, and he had broken into the limelight on numerous other occasions when he rose above his usual, hard, steady play to punctuate his career with brilliancy—but never will his overwhelming modesty, his friendliness, his great courage, his undying spirit, and his genial smile be forgotten as long as Notre Dame men talk about football.

FRANK CARIDEO
Quarter-back
All-American

Many were the responsibilities of Frank Carideo in his three years as Notre Dame's quarter-back. In 1929, with Rockne home in bed with a serious leg ailment for six of the nine games, his was the responsibility of the great coach himself. Only superlatives can describe how he combined his striking personal qualities to make himself the unanimous choice of the press of the nation for all-American honors.

First as a field general, his judgment in calling plays was beyond all reproach. He made absolutely the best possible use of the greatest array of attacking weapons any team has ever had.

The perfect rhythm and deadly blocking of Notre Dame was the marvel of all who witnessed the 1930 team. The rhythm came from Carideo's resonant voice as it called the signals, slowly, and so deliberately that by the time the ball was snapped, the entire team was straining, every muscle tense, ready to spring. "Twenty-three—eighteen—forty-five—hip—one—two — WHAM!" His blocking was that of a battering ram and as often as not he sent two or three opposing defenders flying as he struck.

His kicking was perfect. Against Northwestern and Army, in spite of the logginess of the ball in the latter game, he sent long spirals down the field from behind his own line when a slip might have meant the turn of the tide of battle. Against Northwestern and Southern California, especially, his punts out of bounds within the five-yard line on numerous occasions did much to demoralize powerful opponents. Finally, he did all of the kicking off for Notre Dame and missed only four points after touchdown from placement while booting 27 squarely between the uprights during the 1930 season.

He could run back a punt or catch a pass with the best, and, had it been necessary, he could have thrown his share of passes. He had the mind of an honor student, the physique of a Hercules, the leadership and craft of a Napoleon, and the natural ability of Frank Carideo—there is no other with whom to compare him.



University of Notre Dame

MARTY BRILL *Right Half All-Western*

"German" in the land of the Quakers means "Pennsylvania Dutch," and that in turn means determination and persistence. Marty Brill is a German from Pennsylvania and everything else still holds.

In 1925, as a youngster, he finished a brilliant career as a half-back at Penn Charter prep and went to the University of Pennsylvania where all good Philadelphians go. He spent a year with the freshmen and went out for varsity ball. He was not exactly an overnight success and, in fact was relegated to the second string. One day he dropped the hint to his father that possibly he ought to be on the first team. His father talked with the coaches . . . just long enough to tell them that Marty would make good with the best team in the country.

It was a dramatic gesture and what might be called a whale of a long shot. In 1928, though, Marty was again playing freshman ball, this time with some 300 Notre Dame aspirants. Then in 1929 the gesture became more than a gesture. Marty made good! Now it has developed that he not only made good with the best team in the country, but with the two best teams in the country. For two years running Notre Dame won the national championship and during those same two years young Martin Brill was an integral part of two of the greatest teams Notre Dame has ever seen.

He had an indomitable spirit, the greatest evidence of which was given when, after receiving a nerve injury in the Drake game which kept him awake for long agonizing hours and caused him to lose 10 pounds in a week, he went into the last three games of the season to give everything he had.



MARCHMONT SCHWARTZ *Left Half All-American*

The Southern gentleman who teamed with Carideo of New York, Brill of Pennsylvania, Savoldi of Michigan, and Mullins of California to make Notre Dame's 1930 backfield a really cosmopolitan one, was Marchmont Schwartz, of Bay St. Louis, Miss., whose all-around plain and fancy ability to play the great game of football made him an All-American in his second year of competition.

Marchy, who is immortalizing the name of a race horse—just a second-rate plug, by the way, with a distinctive name—was to the fellows on the campus just another quiet, refined, soft-spoken Southern Raleigh, unobtrusive, astonishingly modest. Once in a football game, though, he went crazy! He hit the line, blocked, and tackled with a fierceness and abandon seldom seen in a star mainly publicized because of his ability to trip lightly through an open field and to throw accurate passes over your own distance up to 50 yards. He was vicious, almost savage. He lived football. He played every minute of every game for all it was worth, relentlessly, giving all he had and taking everything the opposition had to offer.

The Rockne offense is built around a heady quarter-back, a smashing full-back, a blocking right half, and a swift, tricky left end. Schwartz had everything that Jimmy Crowley, Christy Flanagan, Johnny Neimic, Jack Elder and any number of other famous Rockne left half-backs had.

When Rockne ordered passes, Schwartz was there to put them unerringly where the moving target should be. If a pass was incomplete, it was invariably the fault of the receiver. When Rockne wanted a running attack, a word to Carideo was enough—Schwartz always came through.

He lives football, but not to such an extent that he did not find time during the past season to make himself an honor student. He has that way of going whole-heartedly into everything he likes; he merely ignores things that he dislikes or things that do not interest him and they never bother him. To millions of people last fall, all that mattered was that he liked football. He will continue to show his yen for the pigskin next year when he startles the football world further with his brilliant exploits.



LARRY MULLINS
Full-back

"They're lining up for the kick-off. Notre Dame is leading, 13 to 0, and they're starting the second half now. Rockne has sent Mullins in at full-back with the varsity." Then, a play later: "There goes a substitute. It's O'Connor. Mullins is coming out. I wonder what Rockne was thinking of." It was a radio broadcast of the Southern California game in Los Angeles.

And Rockne was thinking of a gallant, rough and ready lad, who with a chance to save himself and star before a rabid 90,000 crowd of his home town fans who wanted to see him play, had given his all the week before in the cold, mud, and ice of Soldier Field so that Notre Dame might win in its traditional game with Army. Half-crazy with pain from a knee which had been injured and injured again for two years, Larry Mullins had stuck it out against Army to keep his team in the ball game until fate might decree victory. With thousands waiting to hail him, with writers waiting to scream his praises from eight-column streamers, he had put his last ounce of courage, his last bit of energy into as gallant a game of football as has ever been seen.

His one minute of play against the one team he wanted to play against closed his Notre Dame career. He had been battered so badly that he scarcely could walk to his position for that one pathetic gesture which spoke volumes. There was none of the "I'm-doing-my-best-but-it's-killing-me" attitude about Larry. Not even his team-mates knew the pain he was in when he climaxed his glorious career in the Army game. Doctors were astounded after the game that he had been able to stay in at all.

Now he has gone, not with any especially dazzling record of performances left behind him, but with the respect and admiration of the thousands who knew him as a real "Fighting Irishman."

BERT METZGER
Right Guard
All-American

One hundred and fifty-three pounds of dynamite was little Bert Metzger, the lightest All-American guard in history. He came to Notre Dame four years ago and went out for freshman football. The coaches told him he was too small and he was dropped from the squad. But he went to Rockne himself and told him, "I may be small, but I can fight and I want at least a chance out there."

So he was given his opportunity and he went up to the varsity squad his second year as a third or fourth string man. In 1929, his colorful playing had won him a place under Capt. John Law with the shock troops. Even smaller than Law, one of Rockne's most famous "watch-charm" guards, Bert went to the varsity at the beginning of the past season. His ability was recognized, but it was thought that his small, slight build would be crushed to pieces before mid-season.

Instead, Bert outplayed some of the outstanding linemen of the country, older, heavier, more experienced men who had won great reputations. Almost every team Notre Dame met sent its crashing full-backs over the center of the line in an effort to wear out this dynamic little warrior, and all of them failed. After playing to a standstill All-American Woodworth of Northwestern, Metzger showed Capt. Humber of Army how to play guard, and went on to close his career in a blaze of glory against Baker of Southern California, another prominent mythical team choice.

He had a fighting heart and didn't know the meaning of pain. Accountable for his great success was his quick, clear head and versatility which enabled him time and again to outsmart first-rate linemen who weighed well over the 200-pound mark. He, too, has finished his time at Notre Dame, but his name will go down with the Clipper Smiths, the Cannons, and the Laws as perhaps the greatest product of that great school of "watch-charms."



University of Notre Dame

TOM KASSIS

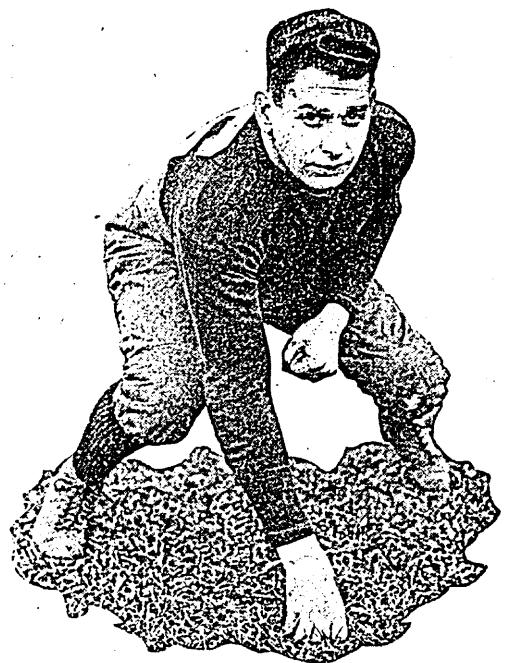
Left Guard

Probably better known to the folk of Casper, Wyo., as a rather impressive Casper high school center, Tom Kassis finished a brilliant career as a left guard at Notre Dame with the close of the past season.

Playing center his sophomore year under two such bulwarks of offense and defense as Tim Moynihan and Joe Nash, Tom didn't get very far, but 1929 found a comparative shortage of guards and Rockne realized that the talents of this aggressive 185-pound prospect should not be wasted with the third or fourth team. Kassis adjusted himself to the change from center to guard with remarkable swiftness and in the opening game with Indiana that year, he drew his first attention when he made three or four spectacular tackles behind the line of scrimmage. In spite of a chronic sprained ankle that season, Tom stuck it out under Jack Cannon and he was graduated to the varsity last season after proving himself one of the smartest defensive men in the game and as good a blocker as Notre Dame has ever seen.

Again, his path was beset with injuries, but he shook them off doggedly and turned in the same brilliant brand of play that had characterized those who had made football history before him. The usual thing with him was to be taken off the field one week in intense pain, almost given up for lost, rested for a week, and sent back into the next game heavily taped but as effective as ever. In the Southern Methodist game a gash, four or five inches long, was torn above his eye when he collided head-on with an opponent, and, even though the cut required three stitches to mend, he had to be literally dragged off the field before he would leave the game.

Such spirit as his was bound to have its reward, and, while he was overlooked by the star-hunting mythical team pickers, we give you Rockne's word that Tom Kassis was one of the smartest, "fightingest," best all-around guards that ever dug his cleats into the sod of Cartier field.



TOMMY YARR

Center

In 1929, playing with the third string against Northwestern, as an understudy to Big Tim Moynihan and Joe Nash, Tommy Yarr made one bad pass—he let fly with a 20-yard snap that later enabled Northwestern to score its only touchdown of the day. Since it was the Wildcats' only score of an afternoon which saw Notre Dame roll up 26 points, the pass got publicity which it seemed could never be lived down.

Big Tim and Joe went their way in June and Tommy was all that Rockne had left so he went to the varsity. Many were dubious. They said it would be better to take a chance with a Sophomore.

But seldom does Rockne misjudge a player, or anyone else for that matter, and he knew that Tommy Yarr had the stuff that makes for greatness. Yarr's great play in the season just past more than justified the responsibility Rockne placed upon his broad shoulders.

In many a game, Notre Dame was pressed deep into its own territory and Carideo had to kick from behind his own goal line, but did Yarr falter and get off to a bad pass? Did he on any occasion miss a signal and pass the ball to the wrong back or did he ever fail to have just the right speed and direction on the ball? Not to our knowledge.

He made an unusual number of tackles on punts after slipping a well-placed spiral into the outstretched hands of Carideo. Perhaps his most noticeable talent was that of intercepting passes, and, in his first game with the varsity, he made three interceptions when a completed pass would have meant a tie or defeat.

With another year to go, Tommy should add further glory to an already illustrious record.



JOE SAVOLDI
Full-back

One of the most brilliant and colorful stars in Notre Dame football history, an offensive power house, and a defensive wall personified, passed out of Notre Dame football history with the close of the 1930 season.

His name is Joe Savoldi and he came to Notre Dame from Three Oaks, Mich., unknown, unheralded. He was born in a small town near Milan, Italy, and came to America with his mother and father at the age of 13. He had played the games the Italian children played when he was in grade school, but football was all new to him. At Three Oaks high school, he went out with the rest of the boys and played, untutored but willing, and developed into a smashing, devastating full-back.

When he came to Notre Dame in 1927, Freshman coaches were amazed at his splendid physique—some 200 pounds of muscle—and his great speed. His lack of high school coaching was, however, no small obstacle to him. His natural ability was recognized, but when he went out for varsity ball his second year, he was relegated to the reserves. To learn the intricacies of the complicated Rockne offense and the maze of assignments to be remembered on defense against the best teams of the nation in one season was more than could be expected of any man.

In 1929, though, Joe came into his own with his bruising rushes through the line and his brilliant open field running. In the season just closed, he covered himself with glory from the first game against Southern Methodist when he countered the Mustangs' first touchdown with a 97-yard return of the ensuing kickoff. Against Navy, he scored three times.

It was that way in every game in which he played. He did not always score, but never did he fail to get away for great gains and never was a pass completed in his territory.

The story of how Joe Savoldi came to Notre Dame from nowhere, without anything, and made himself the most feared back of his two years with the varsity, is one that will be told and retold in the years to come.



AL CULVER
Left Tackle

If Al Culver has any fault, it is that of being too methodical. The words fiery, colorful, brilliant, and outstanding do not apply to him; the newspapers never carried a line about his great fighting heart and he never said a word himself concerning the fact that he was a Notre Dame varsity football player.

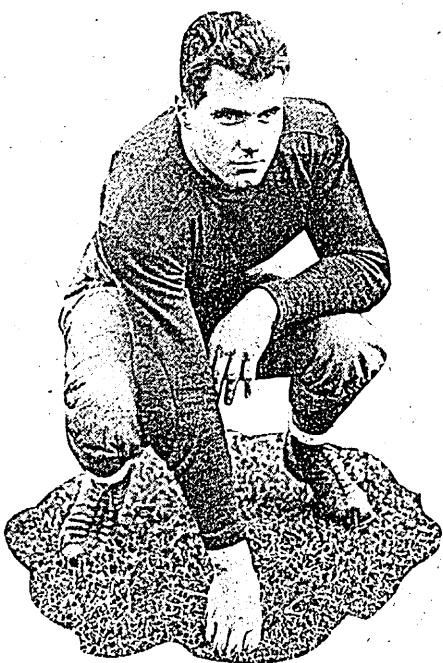
Both at practices and in games, he merely lined up with the rest of the team, shifted the right way, seemed to walk through the opposing line, made his tackle if he were anywhere near the play, rather if the play were anywhere near him, and then got up and walked back to his position to wait for the next play. On offense, he was much the same; he did his blocking exactly, cleanly, decisively, never missed a play, never missed his man.

In 1929 he had played with the shock troops and had gone through an entire season with scarcely a bit of mention, but he didn't seem to mind. Last season, he was again slated for the second team, but Frank Leahy was hurt and he went to the varsity; again, it didn't seem to make much difference to him.

Always there was an air of mystery about him, the mystery of silence. To those who knew him, though, this silence was easily explainable. He simply had the ability to mask his emotions, to cover up with apparent placidity the surging of his great competitive spirit, a spirit that carried him through the most rigorous campaign in football history with perhaps the greatest team in history.

His play speaks for itself. He stopped everything sent his way by ten first-class opponents, he opened wide holes for the backs, and his sturdy 210 pounds withstood every shock of ten grueling games without showing the least outward evidence.

Behind his mask of silence, his intimates knew there was a friendly, serious man; and coaches knew that in Al Culver they had perhaps the most dependable man on the squad. What won't he do, we ask, in his one remaining year of competition?



ED KOSKY

Left End

Quiet, friendly, and serene, Ed Kosky would never strike anyone as being a football player, especially a Notre Dame varsity football player, but it's no secret that when he got into a game he was an entirely different person, that he was transformed into a fighting, determined, dogged tackler and blocker.

Before the season just closed, Ed had spent a year with the reserves where it was thought he would stay the rest of his time at Notre Dame. His play was not especially brilliant and there was nothing about him that would cause the casual observer to stop and single him out of a group of some 15 or 20 other ends dashing up and down the field picking off passes. When John Colrick and Ed Collins were graduated last June, though, Rockne looked about and it took his trained eye less time than it takes Floyd Gibbons to say "Jack Robinson" to light on Kosky's tall figure.

Playing with the varsity during the past campaign, Kosky proved himself to be a clever pass receiver, a deadly tackler and blocker, and, strange as it may seem for an end, a capable ball-lugger. Rockne developed an end-around play on which the left end takes the ball from the left half on a spinner and cuts through outside the right tackle. It was on this formation that Ed earned his reputation as ball-carrier.

Since he has two more years of competition, Kosky should, by all that is logical, develop into one of Notre Dame's greatest stars.



DICK DONOGHUE

Right Tackle

Oppressed from the very beginning of the season by an injury jinx, "Big Dick" Donoghue nevertheless carried on with a dogged spirit which won him the respect of all with whom he came in contact.

He was alternate varsity right tackle with Frank Leahy during the 1929 season, but the graduation of Ted Twomey left a hole at left tackle to be filled and Frank Leahy was moved to this position. It seemed that Dick had finally come into the right that was his because of two years of splendid line play.

He went in with the varsity in the opening game with Southern Methodist, but, before the game was through the third quarter, he was carried from the field with what was at first thought to be a sprained ankle. No swelling set in and doctors were puzzled at first about his hurt; subsequent examination, however, showed that he had received a torturing injury to the joint in his ankle, peculiar in that there was no outward evidence of the harm done.

It was weeks before he was able to rejoin the squad and when he did, he was slowed up by the injury so much that he was never able to regain his place with the first string. On the occasions when he did play, he gave excellent account of his ideal physique and his two years' previous experience. He was aggressive and exceptionally fast for a 200-odd pound man, and he knew all there was to know about his position.

He has finished his career at Notre Dame and, although his name does not appear with those of the great, he will always be remembered as one good tackle and a man who gave all he had for his school.



JOE KURTH
Right Tackle



One of the problems confronting Coach Rockne at the beginning of the season was that of finding an experienced man for the position of left tackle. Inasmuch as two veterans who had battled throughout the 1929 season for the call at right tackle, Dick Donoghue and Frank Leahy, were still on the squad, the natural solution of the tackle problem seemed to be to shift one of these two to the other side of the line. Leahy was thus shifted, and the tackle posts were in the hands of experienced workmen.

This arrangement was seriously interfered with when Donoghue, in the opening game, incurred the painful injury which was to slow up his play for the rest of the season. This left an unexpected gap in the line, and Rockne inserted Joe Kurth, a sophomore, into the opening.

Kurth evidently realized that favorable first impressions are usually a good thing to make, for from the start he displayed a brand of football that was highly satisfactory. The feature of his Notre Dame debut was his vicious tackle of Mason, Southern Methodist star. Even old timers, such as "Cap" Edwards, said that this tackle was one of the hardest they had ever seen.

While Kurth's lack of experience naturally made him appear a bit unpolished in some departments of the game, he rapidly acquired the finer points which come only with active and strenuous competition. Rockne noticed some mistakes in his playing, but said that the former East Madison star never made the same mistake twice. The combination of his newly-acquired experience with his natural ability and great physique made him an ideal occupant of the right tackle post, and he held this position for the rest of the season. They have already begun to compare the 197-pound Wisconsin lad with Ted Twomey, 1929 ace, and the "little Brute" still has two years of competition!

MIKE KOKEN
Left Half

Koken was the smallest of the candidates for the left half-back position, but his superior speed kept him very much in the running at all times. Built along almost identical proportions as Jack Elder, the scrappy Youngstown ball-carrier resembled the Kentucky flash in more ways than one. In addition to their mutual fleetness, Mike also possessed a good share of Elder's skill as a passer.

Mike performed with regularity during the season as a member of the shock-troops. His presence on the field always was a threat to the opposition, for his size and speed made him unusually elusive. Koken is one of those players who are guided largely by football instinct, and many of his ball-carrying activities are almost second-nature to him.

Koken's best performances were against Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania. In the Pitt game, he crashed over from the five-yard line for a touchdown, while by means of a slightly longer goalward dash he gained six of the sixty points scored against Penn. The Ohio boy also gave a good account of himself in the Drake encounter.

The fact that Koken is small does not detract from the fact that he is also tough. His defensive play was featured by his hard-hitting bullet-like, tackling. Along with the other shock-troop backs, he took considerable punishment but was never injured. Mike is another of the boys who have two more years to fight for the Blue and Gold, and should accomplish big things before his career is ended.



University of Notre Dame

PAUL O'CONNOR

Right Half-back

The supreme test for any athlete is to come through when the competition is really crucial. Paul (Bucky) O'Connor closed his grid career by meeting the most crucial of tests in a manner that brought glory to himself and to his university.

When the team was enroute to Los Angeles for the all-important Southern California game, it became evident that an injury would prevent Larry Mullins from carrying on in the full-back position. Accordingly, in the two-day stopover in Tucson, Coach Rockne decided to convert Bucky into a full-back. In the two days that followed, O'Connor had to forget the signals and the shift which had become almost mechanical to him as a right half-back, and he had to learn the intricacies of the full-back position.

In addition to the extreme difficulties which came up in handling his new post, Bucky was under a severe mental strain. It is glorious football history, however, how he carried on for Mullins, his bosom friend, in the titanic grid epic and emerged as the star of the game. His brilliant 80-yard run gave the Irish their second touchdown of the day, and again in the third period he crossed the Trojan goal after taking a lateral pass and running 7 yards.

Previous to his big day on the coast, Bucky had served three faithful years on the shock troops, and he was an ideal understudy to Marty Brill. One of the fastest men on the squad, he gave one of the best exhibitions of this speed against Penn when he galloped 60 yards for a touchdown.

O'Connor's name would have lived at Notre Dame as a steady, dependable, and thoroughly capable athlete even without his sensational "swan song." As it was, the final burst of brilliance merely clinched his claim to stardom.



FRANK LEAHY

Left Tackle

The story of Frank Leahy's football career at Notre Dame is the story of a great struggle against handicaps that in the end proved to be overwhelming. Before the 1929 season opened he suffered a shoulder injury that forced him out of action for part of the year and slowed him up for the rest of the season. He resumed play before this injury was entirely healed, only to suffer a severely sprained ankle. Despite these discouraging setbacks, the end of the season found the good-natured Dakota Irishman back in his regular post playing his usual high-grade brand of ball.

Leahy returned last September and was slated for a regular job on the varsity. For once in his career he was free from injuries, and in the practices before the Southern Methodist battle he displayed great form. When it seemed that at last he was to have an opportunity to shake misfortune and show his true ability, another of life's little tragedies befell him. In making a long, diving tackle over the prostrate forms of two of his varsity mates, Leahy injured a membrane on his leg, the ailment known as "periostitis" set in, and he took another involuntary vacation.

He rejoined the squad during the week before the Drake game and during the next two weeks made a last, pathetic effort to thwart the adverse odds. This attempt was marked by the same dogged courage which kept him in the game last year, but this time Frank was forced to admit defeat. Use of his injured leg caused a recurrence of his trouble, and brought to a close the career of one of Notre Dame's "fightingest" and most unlucky stars.



DAN HANLEY
Full-back

The Drake game has come to have a somewhat symbolic significance on the Irish schedule, as new stars have a way of appearing in the games against the Iowa outfit. Jack Elder and Larry (Moon) Mullins both attracted notice for the first time in Drake games, while in the most recent game of the series Dan Hanley served notice upon the sporting world that he is a star in the making.

Midway in the season it became apparent that Rockne was going to need an extra full-back for the four hard games remaining. He put Hanley into the Drake game and the "Butte Beauty" soon made a flashy 20-yard run; after it had been called back and a penalty inflicted, he scooted 32 yards for the first score of the game. In the closing minutes, he took the oval for an 80-yard ride after several shorter gains.

The Montana flash showed the same high-powered, hard-driving tactics when he relieved Mullins and O'Connor in the Northwestern, Army, and Southern California games. He crashed over for Notre Dame's second touchdown against the Purple. His chief asset is his tremendous power which enables him to keep his feet when apparently downed. He carries his 195 pounds with the speed of a half-back and his defensive work is up to all the standards of his brilliant offensive performances.

Barring the unforeseen, he will star with the varsity next year and in 1932.



CLARENCE KAPLAN
Right Half

A great little ball player who would have been a regular and a star on almost any other team in the country—that's Clarence (Kap) Kaplan. This fleet-footed Minnesota prospect had a world of talent but was somewhat a victim of the circumstances at Notre Dame. "The circumstances" were that in Marty Brill and "Bucky" O'Connor, Coach Rockne had two high-powered right halves whose strength and ability simply were not to be denied. Furthermore, Kap's 155 pounds were not quite enough to carry the heavy burden which is placed upon the right half in the Notre Dame system.

In spite of these handicaps, Kaplan demonstrated beyond any doubt that his speed and skill entitled him to play a leading role in the Notre Dame attack. In his sophomore year, he saw plenty of action and distinguished himself against Indiana, Wisconsin, and Southern California. In the closing moments of the latter game, he knocked down a pass that otherwise might have brought victory to the lads from the West coast.

During the past season, Kap's best game was against the Navy. In two consecutive plays the Minnesota flash carried the ball a total of 71 yards and put his mates in position to score. He also won the favorable comment of Coach "Pop" Warner of Stanford for his brilliant play against U. S. C.

All in all, Mr. Kaplan's career has been one of splendid achievement made against odds. Long will the memory of his deer-like dashes through, around, and away from larger, more publicized defenders be remembered at Notre Dame.



JOHN O'BRIEN

Left End

The play which made Johnny O'Brien famous, the one in which he caught a pass to score the winning touchdown against Army in 1928, proved later to be a handicap to him. After that, whenever the smiling Californian was put into the game the fans remembered his immortal feat and expected him to duplicate its brilliance. In always looking for the spectacular in his work, they often overlooked the quiet, capable football he played.

O'Brien's greatest asset, of course, was his speed. Captain of the track team and a championship hurdler, Johnny used his agility to advantage on the chalk-lined turf equally as well as he did on the cinders. Primarily he was an offensive threat, partly because of this speed and partly because it was second nature for him to grab passes.

That he also had more than average defensive ability was shown chiefly in the 1930 campaign. In almost every game in which he played, Johnny broke through and threw opposing ball carriers for telling losses. He turned in an especially tight defensive exhibition in the Northwestern struggle.

When an athlete achieves undying fame in one sport and earns a captainship in another, there's only one answer—such success is the result of extraordinary ability. O'Brien will be remembered at Notre Dame, not as a "one-play" or even "one-sport" athlete, but as one of the best all-around athletes to wear the Blue and Gold in recent years.



FRANK BUTLER

Center

When Coach Rockne began looking around for a successor to Tim Moynihan, the figure of Frank Butler loomed up. From the standpoint of size, Butler's six feet two inches and 202 pounds made him the outstanding candidate. Moreover, the former Tilden Tech star proved that he did not fall into the category of linemen who are merely big.

Butler played the bruising type of football which is so devastating to the center of an opposing line. He used his natural power and drive to advantage, and handled his size remarkably well. Gifted with a huge pair of hands, he learned to wield them to get the desired results.

The Chicagoan was one of the hardest tacklers on the squad. In addition, he showed a well-developed ability to diagnose plays and an ability to break them up once he had gauged them. On offense, his passing was consistently accurate.

Butler gained much valuable experience during the season, and will be a leading candidate in the battle to understudy or to replace Yarr on the 1931 aggregation. With his natural advantages and the skill and experience which he has acquired, this powerful pivot man should distinguish himself in his two more seasons of competition.

JAMES HARRISS
Left Guard

Although 1930 was Harriss' first year with the varsity squad, he proved himself a worthy understudy to Tom Kassis of the varsity and practically a certain starter with next year's first string at left guard. The vigorous and heady play displayed by him in his initiation to "big time" football, and the experience he gained in games during the past season should place him in front next season.

Although he was not flashy, he raised havoc among the opposition, when given a chance, both with his terrific blocking on end runs and his ability to smash through on defense to nip plays in the bud. Seldom was he taken out of a play and this fact may be laid to his bull-dog spirit and aggressive charging.

His 185 pounds cemented a forward wall that was impregnable before the rushes of such stars as "Bull" Karcis of Carnegie Tech, Hood of Pitt, Brubaker of Indiana, and Van Koten of Drake, to mention only a few. The phrase, "unusually fast for his weight" has been used over and over until it has lost much of its original force, but it applies more to no one, perhaps than to this pudgy lad. To appreciate this, one has only to see him pull out of his position and knock an end flying before a ten-second back-field has had time to reach the line of scrimmage.

A monogram in one's sophomore year is a rare distinction indeed and it usually indicates that its proud owner will go places in his remaining two years of competition.

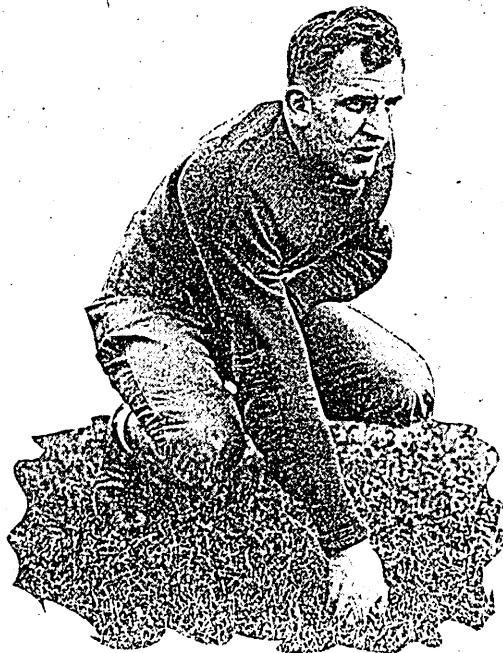


GEORGE VLK
Right End

When a coach has one experienced, fighting right end he is well satisfied; when he has a substitute for that position who possesses sufficient ability to make the squad two consecutive years, his satisfaction approaches elation. George Vlk, although the term "substitute" hardly applies, was this year's cause for Rockne's high spirits concerning the right end position.

Vlk has all the qualities of an end demanded by Rockne. He has fight, necessarily, and an uncanny way of sensing the direction of the opposition's onslaughts, which enables him to be at the point of attack in time to smash the play. His prowess on defense is accepted by those who have witnessed him time and again turn end runs in, or break through the interference and throw the runner. On offense he is tireless in blocking out tackles and racing down the field after punts. Every minute he plays is characterized by intense fighting that serves to demoralize the spirit of the opposition, and it is his stamina to withstand the smashes of opponents and yet fulfill his duties as an end that has placed and kept him in his position with the shock troops.

An interesting feature of this year's race for the right end position was that Vlk and Dick Mahoney, who also aspired for Tom Conley's place, both hail from Cleveland, Ohio, the former from Holy Name, and the latter from Cathedral Latin. Their rivalry of high school days assumed a more friendly nature, naturally, in their struggle for a berth on the regular squad.



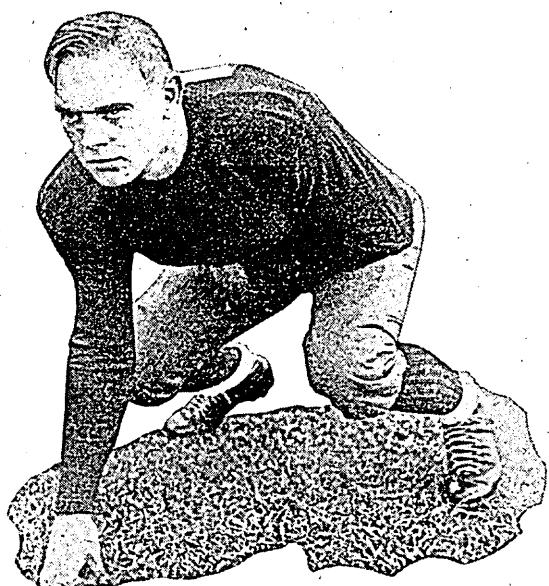
ROBERT TERLAAK
Right Guard

Although Bob Terlaak is scarcely a guard of "watch charm" proportions, since he weighs some 180 pounds, he nevertheless seems destined to carry on the traditions which the "watch-charm" school of guards have established at Notre Dame. Being Bert Metzger's understudy during the past season has given Terlaak an opportunity to observe one of the greatest of that group in action.

Terlaak was one of the most dependable men on the shock-troops. This was so largely because he was smarter than some of the other inexperienced men on the reserves. Terlaak could be relied upon to play alert, "heads-up" ball every minute of the time he was on the field.

His work was featured by the abundance of "fight" which he injected into it. He had the power and the drive so necessary for every good guard, and with these qualities he combined a scrappiness which made him an extremely stubborn man for opponents to handle.

The Cleveland product is another of the men who played their first season on the team this year. If he fulfills the promise which his work has aroused, he will be an unusually valuable lineman and an important cog in the next two Rockne machines.



CHARLES JASKWHICH
Quarter-back

Although Charlie Jaskwhich had had no previous varsity experience, Coach Rockne used him with regularity from the beginning of the season. By so doing, "Rock" expressed not only his confidence in Jaskwhich's present ability, but also faith in his possibilities for development as a quarter-back. Jaskwhich displayed talents which justified the opportunity which had been given him.

The Kenosha boy kept the Blue and Gold machine functioning smoothly at all times when he was its pilot, and contributed a brand of individual play which did much to help along the cause. His judgment was sound, and his decisions were generally confirmed by favorable results.

If Jaskwhich excelled at any one phase of the game, that department was probably punting. He did a good share of all the punting which was done during the season, and during that time got only one or two poor kicks. On several occasions he came through with punts of remarkable yardage, and he could be depended upon to send the ball a good average distance down the field.

Jaskwhich's greatest handicap appeared to be a lack of self-confidence. He lacked the assurance which marks the difference between stardom and mediocrity. This failing, however, comes entirely from inexperience and should be overcome in the two more seasons that remain for the Wisconsin lad. The best part of his career is yet to come.



FRANK HOFFMAN
Left Tackle



Football fiction contains many a story about the lad who had never played football in high school and who made good in a big way when he went out for the college team. Such is sometimes the case in real life, but it is seldom if ever that it occurs when the team in question has the high ranking that Notre Dame has. Frank (Nordy) Hoffman, however, is emulating the hero in the story-books, and, what is more, is doing it at Notre Dame.

When Hoffman went to high school out in Seattle, he never went in for the gridiron pastime. Coming to Notre Dame, however, he followed the line of least resistance and reported for the team. When the coaches got a look at Nordy's build (weight: 198; height: six feet, two inches) it is easy to understand why they gave him plenty of encouragement in his new venture.

Hoffman spent the 1929 season familiarizing himself with the game, and acquiring as much experience as possible. Then when last season started, Rockne gave him a chance in the varsity games and Nordy came through in great shape. Big and aggressive, he was naturally fitted for the game. From week to week, as the little crudities in his play were smoothed out by experience, Hoffman acquired a finesse that added greatly to his style of play.

With this added season of experience, Hoffman is now all set to accomplish really big things in the one remaining year of competition which he has. And when he does, the old crack about truth being stranger than fiction will have held true in regard to football.

BERNARD LEAHY
Left Half

One thing kept Bernie Leahy from being a great star at Notre Dame. He had everything a half-back needed: triple-threat talent, courage, good physique, and a great football mind, and still he never quite came through. The one fatal failing was a persistent over-anxiousness which he could not shake.

In practice sessions, Bernie was nothing short of brilliant. He displayed the highly developed sense of rhythm, the finesse, and the polish which set off the star from the average ball player. His was the super-technique of the All-American. He won the support of his coach and his team-mates. He had the enthusiastic backing of the students. Everyone wanted to see his talents crowned with success, but when under fire his old over-anxiousness returned to nullify his efforts. When he should have been cool and relaxed he was on edge and tightened up with the zeal to come through.

The season has closed. His career has ended with his genius unrealized and unrewarded—but not unappreciated; for all true followers of the team have hailed him as one of the greatest halfs in Notre Dame history.



University of Notre Dame

AL HOWARD
Full-back

Al Howard is another of California's contributions to Notre Dame athletics. Like Larry Mullins, another member of the California colony, Howard went out for full-back upon his arrival at Notre Dame, and won his monogram at that position. The Alhambra boy was also like Mullins in that both won monograms the first year that they saw varsity service.

Never a flashy full-back, Howard played a steady, well-balanced game. He appeared in four of the games in the 1929 campaign and distinguished himself by his determination and scrappiness. Al proved himself to be a hard-working athlete who could always be counted upon to give everything he had to his work.

During the past season, Howard suffered from the unusually stiff competition which he had. In Mullins and Savoldi Coach Rockne had two of the most capable full-backs in the country, while Hanley was close behind them.

As a full-back, Howard was naturally handicapped by his lightness. He lacked the weight and power necessary for effective plunging. This was somewhat overbalanced by his dependable blocking, his hard tackling, and his defensive play against passes.

During the past season, Howard performed against Southern Methodist, Indiana, Pittsburgh, Navy, and Carnegie Tech. He started the game against the Annapolis lads, and looked his best in that contest.



PAUL HOST
Left End

Although Host had had no varsity experience previous to the past season, his work then stamped him as one of the best all-around ends on the squad. The former LaCrosse High star proved himself to be proficient in every department of end-play. In addition, he seemed to be naturally fitted for the position which he elected to play.

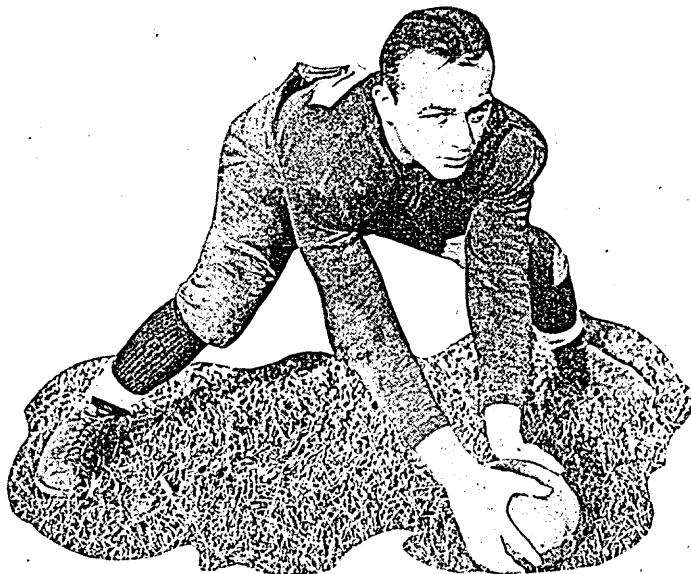
In the matter of foot-work, which is all-important to the end, Host is said to excel every flank-man that Notre Dame has had in recent years. Host used his feet in such a way that it was extremely difficult to block him out of a play. He was a master of the "floating" technique in end-play.

Naturally a fast man, Host learned how to use his speed to best advantage on pass and punt plays. In this connection, he developed into a valuable pass-receiver and became an offensive threat as well as a skilled defensive player.

Host was a sure tackler, and was better than the average end in the matter of blocking. In addition, his work in leading interference was highly efficient. On the whole, the Wisconsin product was one of the most consistent men on the squad.

Host is one of the most promising prospects which "Rock" has to work with, and is especially so inasmuch as he has two more years of competition. He will see plenty of action next year.

JOHN ROGERS
Center



Rogers was another of the second year men who saw considerable action during the season. Whenever called upon to handle the pivot position, Rogers came through with a smart, consistent exhibition of center-play. He is an Alexis, Illinois, product.

Somewhat shorter than the usual Notre Dame center, Rogers was heavy enough, weighing 170 pounds, but he was only five feet, eight inches in height. His size proved to be a handicap, for all of his competitors for the center position were much larger than he.

The Illinois lad was a master of the fundamentals of his position. His accurate passing left nothing to be desired in that department of his game, and he was well-versed in the art of blocking. His play was characterized by his alertness and aggressiveness, and his scrappiness made up for his smaller size.

Defensive line-play presents special intricacies for the center, but Rogers handled himself well and proved himself to be a reliable defender of the post.

In the battle for positions on the 1931 varsity, there will be a wide-open contest for the center job. Rogers, with a year of experience to his credit, will be a leading candidate for that position. He has two more years of eligibility.

ART McMANMON
Right Tackle

Whereas the average weight of the line candidates on the squad approximated 182 pounds, Art McManmon weighed 202 pounds. This, combined with the fact that he was 6 feet, 2½ inches in height, gave him a great natural advantage in his quest for a line job. His efforts were inspired by the record that his brother, one of the greatest of Notre Dame tackles, had made. But there was more to qualify Art for varsity service than merely his size and his athletic background.

It is no mere figure of speech to say that McManmon was a tower of strength on the line. Time after time his work checked enemy ball-carriers at the line of scrimmage. His playing was featured by an agility and aggressiveness that is so often lacking in men of his size.

On the offense, the Massachusetts boy fitted in well with the team-play of his mates. His size and power were instrumental in opening many gaps through which long gains were made.

The tackle strength of the squad last season was such that McManmon was not used as much as he naturally would have been. Whenever he was on the field handling the right tackle post, however, Art came through with the brand of football which has come to be associated with Notre Dame.

Since most of McManmon's work was performed on the shock troops, he has battled more or less "behind the scenes." All followers of the team, however, realize the worth of his efforts and set a deservedly high value upon his services.



CARL CRONIN
Quarter-back

To play the quarter-back position as Knute Rockne wants it to be played is one of the toughest tasks in football, but Carl Cronin demonstrated early in the season that he was capable of handling the assignment. The stubby 155-pound Chicagoan refused to allow his size to handicap him, and fought his way upward in the ranks of the signal-callers until he had clinched the post on the shock-troops.

His play during the season was distinguished by a smartness unusual even in quarter-backs. His judgment in calling plays was marked by strategy and a generous allotment of good football sense.

Cronin made his debut to big time football in the Northwestern game of 1929, and lost no time in uncovering one of his greatest talents—his skill as a punter. Several times in the closing minutes of the game when Notre Dame was deep in its own territory, Cronin coolly booted long spirals to put his team out of danger.

In every game in which he appeared during the past season, Cronin exhibited this kicking ability. He is also an accurate drop-kicker, but is rarely given the opportunity to exercise this talent except to add points after touchdowns. Add to the capabilities already mentioned his dependability as a passer, and the picture of this brainy little field general is complete.



DICK MAHONEY
Right End



Dick Mahoney, playing his first season on the team, wound up the year as understudy to Captain Conley himself. Few of the capable group of sophomores, whose work was a feature of the past season, showed more promise than did this former Cathedral Latin star. His career has had a fine beginning, and with two more years of competition he should be able to establish himself as one of the best ends in Notre Dame history.

Rather than being especially flashy or spectacular, Mahoney proved to be a workman of the steady, smooth-working, utterly reliable variety. His defensive play was practically fool-proof. His superior speed combined with his proficiency at snagging opposing backs, made him an ideal man to go down on punts.

On the offense, his blocking was a contributing factor to more than one long gain during the season. Moreover, he was always a threat as a pass-receiver, his almost effortless speed making him hard to cover.

The 175-pound Cleveland product also made himself useful as a kicker. Whenever he was in the game and Carideo was on the sidelines, he took care of the kick-off for the Blue and Gold. And, with an offensive aggregation such as represented Notre Dame during the past season, the kick-off play is used with unusual frequency and assumes more than ordinary importance.

In short, as an end who does everything unusually well, Mahoney has a great opportunity to attain stardom during the next two seasons.

BILL PIERCE
Right Guard



Winning one's way to the shock troops in the first year of competition is no small accomplishment for any Notre Dame prospect, but class will not be denied and Bill Pierce established himself with the second string, playing under Bert Metzger, by his steady showing in spring practice last spring.

At least ten good prospects were out for the same position and it took a lot of sifting to get the group down to Pierce, Kerjes, and Terlaak, but these three stood out with little to choose between them and all saw action in several games. Which one of them will be graduated to the varsity next fall remains to be seen, but money placed on the head of Bill Pierce is comparatively safe.

He is built close to the ground and has a tremendous amount of leg-drive so necessary to a guard. He is a quick thinker and he picked up the hundreds of details connected with guard play in a remarkably short time that he was with the squad. Line Coach "Hunk" Anderson does not expect a sophomore to be perfect; all he asks, as does Rockne, is that a man not be fooled by the same trick twice. If he learns something every time he makes a misplay, he is bound to be "up there" before he gets through.

For this reason, we predict that Bill will take his place with famous Notre Dame guards of the past before he finishes his athletic career at Notre Dame in 1933.

REGIS McNAMARA
Left Tackle

Competition is great at Notre Dame, and, in order to make good with the varsity, a candidate must not only have the physical gifts necessary, but he must also show great natural ability, a powerful competitive spirit, and evidence of quick, clear thinking.

Regis McNamara showed all of these essential qualities his sophomore year and he won a coveted monogram. Last season, however, some spark that made his 1929 play great was lacking, and he was at least temporarily eclipsed by his more fortunate rivals at left tackle. This is not an unusual occurrence at any school with any team, and it is, in fact, quite commonplace at Notre Dame.

That McNamara was not back with the shock troops during the 1930 season does not mean that in his one remaining year of competition he will not stage the come-back that will again place him with the top-notchers. He has an ideal build for a tackle, he has competitive spirit, brains, courage, and a remarkable willingness to work.

What it was that kept him in comparative oblivion, if playing even with the third team can be called oblivion, no one knows. He does not know himself, but anyone who tries as hard as he did during the campaign just past and who has the natural gifts he possesses, cannot be held long from the rewards that are due him.

You can't keep a good man down and for this reason we predict that McNamara will be back at the top of the heap, or very close to it, in 1931.



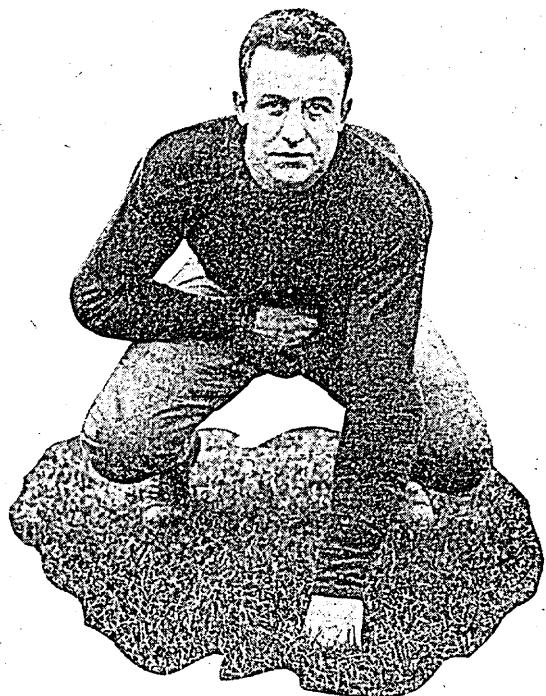
University of Notre Dame

FRANK KERJES
Right Guard

Frank Kerjes is a 192-pound guard, not exactly of the watch-charm type, whose rugged strength and aggressiveness came in handy on more than one occasion during the past season. There was an abundance of good guard material on the squad and Frank found the competition too stiff for him to entertain hopes of winning a varsity berth. This can be understood readily, without discredit to him, when it is realized that he would have had to beat out dynamic, more experienced Bert Metzger to do so.

Coach Rockne often used Kerjes as a shock absorber with the varsity as well as with the second string. The plan of action was to start Kerjes and to depend on his charging to wear down the almost unfailingly heavy man Bert Metzger would have to face. When Frank had worn the opposing bruiser down to approximately Metzger's size, Bert would step in and Frank would return to the bench and admire, satisfied that he had done his bit. Metzger was not delicate, but Rockne often shuddered to think what would happen to him and his 153 pounds if he were started against a blood-thirsty 200-pounder.

Although handicapped by a rib injury in the early part of the season, Kerjes showed a great spirit and, with a little more experience, he may develop the offensive qualities necessary for a varsity position.



NORMAN GREENEY
Left Guard

When Tommy Mills, 1929 Freshman coach left to take up his duties as head coach at Georgetown, he said that he had just coached one of the greatest frosh teams he had ever seen, a team of potential stars whose ability and spirit would show in the future.

How true his prophecy was is shown by the rise of two sophomores, Kurth and Hanley, to the varsity, and the rise of eight second-year men to the shock troops. Not the least brilliant of Tommy's prospective stars was Norman Greeney, whose rugged guard play put him with the second string from the start, under-studying Tom Kassis.

Norm, with a little more experience, will make an ideal varsity man because he has every quality essential to his particular phase of play. Coupled with his natural ability was the faculty for learning something every day and for improving with each practice. It might be said that the player who doesn't improve every day under Rockne is hopeless, but Greeney's period of moulding, grinding, and polishing was so short and was characterized by such great strides of progress that it is not an exaggeration to say that he showed more than ordinary promise.

Barring accidents and other unforeseen hindrances, he should emblazon his name in his next two years of competition on the roster of great Notre Dame stars. He has everything else—all he needs is time.



Hail—The Hamburgers!

NOTRE DAME RESERVE SCHEDULE, 1930

October 4—Reserves	53;	Detroit City College	0
October 18—Reserves	13;	Duquesne Frosh	7
October 25—Reserves	19;	Wisconsin "B"	26
October 25—Reserves	7;	Northwestern "B"	6
October 31—Reserves	25;	St. Viator	7
November 1—Reserves	20;	Indiana "B"	0
November 8—Reserves	32;	Michigan State Normal Frosh	0
November 27—Reserves	58;	Vanderbilt "B"	0

By JOHN A. KIENER

Sports Editor, *Notre Dame Scholastic*

TIS often said that an army moves on its stomach. If that is true then it is also true that Notre Dame's football team moves on its "Hamburgers." The occasional visitor will look around awed and astounded when Rock calls for the "Hamburgers." To the seasoned watcher at the daily practice sessions it means only the appearance of a band of white-shirted reserves about to do their bit in getting the varsity in shape for the forthcoming battle.

The "Hamburgers," as Rockne has so ignominiously classed them, are coached in the system and plays of the Notre Dame opponents, and they execute these plays against the varsity elevens with all the earmarks of an honest-to-goodness Army, Pitt, Southern Cal., or whatever other team they might be representing that week.

And then when the week's work is done, these "Hamburgers" doff their white jerseys for the traditional blue and trek to some foreign point where they meet other gridiron foes. Although tired out from the past week's hard grind, they put forth every ounce of strength that is in them.

Seven victories out of eight contests is the 1930 record. That is something to be proud of and the lowly "Hamburgers" have done up their own individual season very well.

These reserve or "B" teams again won every game played with a complete squad. For three consecutive years whenever the entire reserve team has played as a unit the outcome has been in their favor. The only defeat this year came when the squad was split into two sections. One beat Northwestern but the other lost a heartbreaker to Wisconsin.

The season opened with a game which resembled a track meet more than a football contest, and the "B" team walked away with the City College of Detroit eleven, 53 to 0, Oct. 4 at Roosevelt Stadium in Detroit. Dynamite Dan Hanley, who later went to the varsity, carried the oval across the goal line three times during the course of the afternoon. Staab made two touchdowns and Dilling, Banas, and Bice, one apiece. Notre Dame received the kick-off and with two plays had scored a touchdown.

The play was called back, however, and Notre Dame was penalized. Two more plays and the reserves again carried the ball across for a touchdown.

On Oct. 18, a thousand Pittsburgh fans discovered that Notre Dame could play night football with the same skill and accuracy that her sons display on cold and bleak Saturday afternoons. Under the blinding floodlights of Forbes field, the "B" team eked out a win over the Duquesne university freshmen, 13-7. After a thrilling first half, featured by a punting duel between Banas of Notre Dame and DeCoster of Duquesne, the victors finally ran the ball across for six points. Kramer, full-back, went 30 yards on a cut-back off tackle for the score.

The next Saturday, Oct. 25, the reserves divided into two groups. One team, playing the Northwestern reserves as a preliminary to the Northwestern-Centre game that day, wound up in a close 7-6 victory. The other lost to Wisconsin "B" team, 26 to 19 after holding an early lead of 13 points.

In the game with Northwestern the reserves were content to play defensive ball for the most part inasmuch as the varsity was to play the Wildcats several weeks later. Brancheau scored the only Fighting Irish tally on a pass from Conley, Foley kicking the extra point. Northwestern got their tally in the third quarter after recovering a Notre Dame fumble deep in Irish territory.

In the tilt with the Badgers, Notre Dame got away to an early lead by scoring 13 points within the first three minutes of play. On the kick-off Capter, playing full-back for Notre Dame, took the ball on the run and dashed 90 yards for the first score. Shortly after Banas went across for the second touchdown with Christman kicking for the extra point. In the second quarter Banas repeated his scoring act with an off-tackle play but the Madison team scored on a pass and two off-tackle plays in the second period, and at the end of the first half the score was tied at 19-19. Bullock, the bulwark of the Badgers' offense, crashed over from the three-yard line for the score which in the end meant victory for his team-mates.

Another night game on Oct. 31, at Kankakee, Illinois, resulted in a run-away for the reserves, the "B" team

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trampling the St. Viator college eleven 25-7. A second group went to Bloomington, Ind., where the Indiana reserves were met at the same time the respective varsities were combating in the Notre Dame stadium. Again the Blue and Gold were victorious, this time a decisive 20 to 0 score. A 35-yard pass, Conley to Bice, counted for Notre Dame in the second period and a display of splendid running plays accounted for two more tallies late in the third quarter. Dilling made both of the latter touchdowns, on off-tackle smashes, the first for 15 yards and the second on a run of 46 yards.

Although they weren't as charitable as they might have been in the real sense of the word, the reserves trounced the Michigan State Normal freshmen at Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 8. Five thousand fans jammed Ramona park stadium and contributed to the support of the Carl A. Johnson post of the American Legion. Long runs featured this 32 to 0 victory for the Fighting Irish, Abbate-marco getting loose around left end and running behind perfect interference, 45 yards for the first marker a few minutes after the game started. Nick Lukats slipped through right tackle a bit later and raced 60 yards for the second tally. The other three touchdowns came in the final quarter of the contest. One was the result of a long pass from Vejar to Bice and Lukats counted another on a short plunge. Kozak scored the last by intercepting a Michigan State pass and carrying two men with him while he bored his way eight yards to the goal.

Two weeks "rest" and then to the South. Comparative rest, for they did not engage in outside competition during that time, but on Thanksgiving Day they made the Vanderbilt "B" team just too sick to eat their Turkey for they put a 58 to 0 crease in the year's record of the Southerners. The reserves ended their season in a blaze of glory, showing the Nashville folks the spectacular Notre Dame style of football. It was scheduled as a charity game but here again the Fighting Irish were miserly in allowing charity to their opponents of the day for they ran the Vanderbilt team ragged during the first half and then finished up with a tremendous last half push which brought the score up to its large total. Perfect defense prevented the southerners from scoring.

Whence came the pseudonym, "Hamburgers," no one seems to know. It is merely one of the characteristically striking inventions of Rockne's brain as far as we can learn. The reserves were originally known by that hackneyed title, "the scrubs," but this would not do for long. During a period of evolution, the sub-varsity candidates were known by various other names, and the 1930 name just happened to be "Hamburgers."

In this connection, it is interesting, if irrelevant, to note that "Rock" has several other words of no apparent origin or especial application which have their own particular meaning to his men. One of these is the cry, "Yockee!" (if that's the way it is spelled) with the accent on the first syllable. The casual dropper-in at practice will hear it time and again during the course of a shadow scrimmage, and he will be puzzled. It was chosen by Rockne because it is a powerful word, one that can be heard above the roar of a crowd during the heat of a game, and it is the tip-off, usually coming from an end or tackle,

meaning that the wing-back on his side has started in motion toward the other side of the line before the ball has been snapped. It lets the other side of the line, which can not see the play, know that the play may be expected to strike in his territory.

The looker-on will also hear he word "Worse" shouted from time to time and will be mystified again. This is merely another word for "reverse" and its purpose is the same as that of "yockee." Rockne found that his men were missing plays when "reverse" was used, diagnosed the word, found that the first syllable was lost because it did not stand out, and so changed to the more emphatic version now used. A reverse is much the same as a "yockee," except on a reverse the man in motion has not started until after the ball is snapped.

One of Rockne's favorite words in connection with his teams, is that they should be what he calls "nifty." By this he means that his men, whether varsity or reserves, should exuberate an air of quiet confidence, coolness, *savoir faire*, and determination well-masked to do the task at hand and do it well. His teams must be, if we may use the term, "big-time" in every move they make. Never must any man give the appearance of being a novice, and no crudity of action, word, or manner is tolerated.

Perhaps the reserves at times are not quite as "nifty" as the varsity, but their various defects are polished and buffed in practice until these men are ready for varsity work, if that glorious moment should ever come to them. In their games this year, however, even in defeat they exhibited well the effects of "Rock's" teaching when they stepped onto enemy fields with their attitude of quiet superiority, not noticeable enough to be offensive, but effective enough to throw their opponents a bit off balance. Once, when Jimmy Crowley, famed left-half horseman of the equally famed Four Horsemen returned to school after a defeat in 1923, the year before the great backfield won its lasting nickname, he was approached by a devoted ground-keeper who asked him sympathetically what the trouble was in the game. "Well," replied Jimmy, "Rock says we were defeated by mental poise." "Oh, that guy never could play football anyhow," retorted the ground-keeper.

Destruction of the other team's mental poise is one of the chief aims of Rockne teams. Reserves as well as varsity men are told how to keep shifting their defense so that the opposing quarter-back will never know where to run his next play; on offense, Notre Dame quarter-backs are the essence of coolness and confidence. While these elements will not win ball games by themselves, they are nevertheless important factors in many a close struggle.

To return to the "Hamburgers" after this digression, we repeat that seven victories in eight contests constitutes a remarkable season's record, especially so after so many tough and grueling weeks as battering rams to test the varsity's defensive mettle. The record may be a tribute to "mental poise" or whatever you like.

At any rate, the "Hamburgers" have done nobly and Notre Dame may well be proud of them. Much of the success of the past varsity season goes to these reserves, who so courageously and so generously allowed themselves to be actually "ground up" in daily actual or dummy scrimmages.

Interhall Football

By EDMUND G. BRITZ

EVERYONE who so desires plays football at Notre Dame. One might have distinctive qualifications and so merit a coveted position on the varsity squad; or perhaps he might not have marked ability, and so confine his talent to the interhall football league. It is not the difference in competency with its resulting rewards that is of importance; rather it is the fact that regardless of glory, more than 800 men play football each fall at Notre Dame on either varsity or interhall teams.

Interhall football, which might be said to be in the "patent applied for" stage of popularity, represents an integral part of Rockne's system, and its relative worth as a foundation for varsity teams is readily perceivable with an explanation of its function. The plan is nothing more than an arrangement whereby players on the teams in the league are afforded an opportunity to learn the fundamentals of the game without fear of embarrassment. The following spring they are given the chance to display the results of their experience; if worthy they are asked to join the varsity, if not, it is suggested that they return to the interhall league for further improvement. Thus it is that Rockne has always at hand a copious source of material for varsity teams of the future. It is this abundance of material that has mystified the fan and other coaches, but this so-called mystery is gradually being unveiled as the system of interhall football receives its proper recognition in football circles.

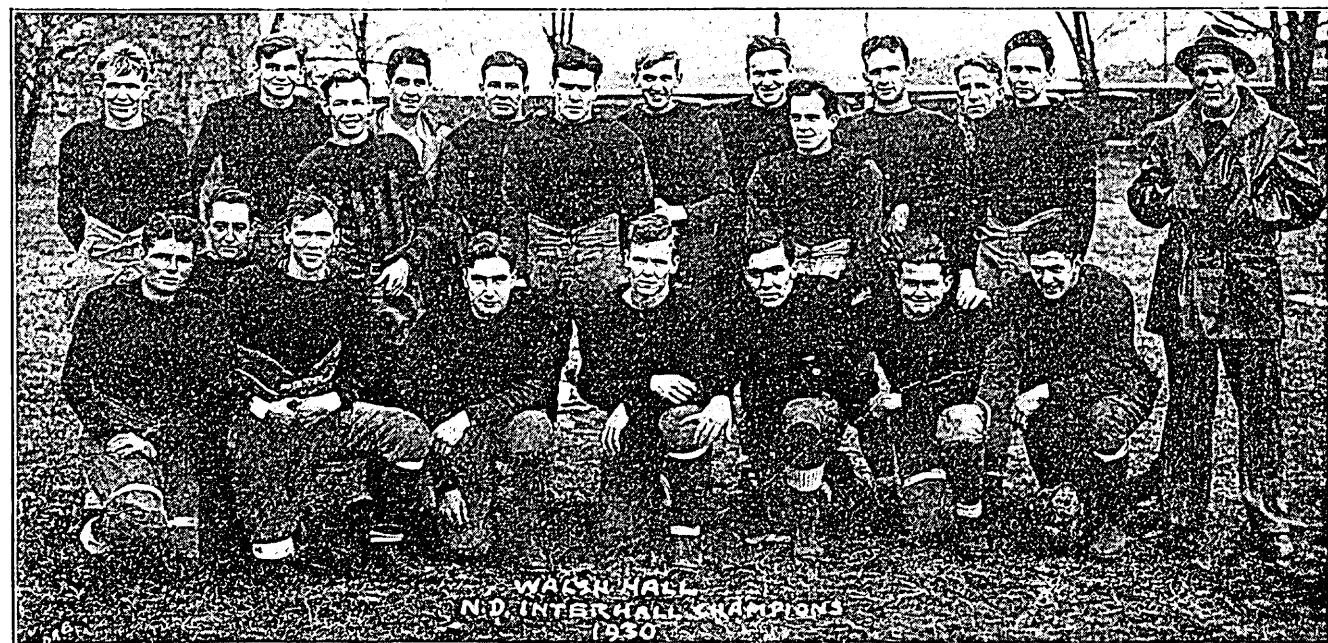
Many potential varsity players have been "unearthed" in interhall competition, later to become Notre Dame stars of the gridiron. Perhaps the most noted case in which a "find" figured is that of George Gipp, the greatest football player Notre Dame ever produced. Coach Rockne

tells of his first meeting with Gipp, who in his early days here played on the Brownson Hall team. While on one of his strolls about the campus to observe any natural talent, on a field set aside for interhall players, he saw a tall boy consistently drop-kick 50 yards with all the poise and grace that comes with natural ability. Here was a worthy prospect. It was George Gipp, who was later to electrify thousands of football fans by his spectacular playing before death called him.

Interhall football at Notre Dame has long since been graduated from the experimental stage, and now occupies leadership in sport activities on the campus with the exception of the varsity teams in their various branches of major sports. Its history is packed with memorable incidents of hard fought battles, bitter victories and acrid losses. Intense rivalry characterizes every game in interhall competition, yet good sportsmanship always predominates. It is fighting spirit that has brought interhall football out of the obscurity that enshrouded it in earlier days into the limelight of campus popularity.

The greatest single advance in interhall football came in the years shortly preceding the war when the university initiated its policy of furnishing equipment to the players. This important function of the system has been gradually developed until today the equipment room for the hall gridders resembles the "plant" of a large university.

Previous to 1929 the task of supervising the league has been in the hands of one man. With the intention of centralizing the labor of administering over the league, Coach Rockne, in September, 1929, created a board of directors composed of the twelve residence hall rectors with the Rev. Raymond Murch, C.S.C., as chairman. In addition Mr. Rockne appointed George Keogan, head



Standing, left to right: B. Mikes; T. Tarosovic; L. Blommaert; F. Madden; R. Law; J. Jordan; E. Janc; J. Nugent; E. Reaume; M. Van Etten; F. Nulty; J. Mulhall; E. Cunningham (Coach).
Kneeling, left to right: G. Kelley; M. Ellis; M. Crawford; F. Miller; F. McCarthy; D. Lambert; J. Cole; J. McCann.

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basketball coach, to be director of the hall system with the duty of deciding all disputes and protests, and assigning the fields and officials for the contests; while Father Murch arranged the schedules. This year the league was under the management of Dan Halpin, senior football manager, and his associates.

In an effort to instill a keen interest in interhall football, Mr. Rockne decided last year to assign varsity men as coaches of the various teams so that each team in the league might profit by the instruction of a man well experienced in football. The decision became a precedent, with the coaches and their assistants selected from the university's School of Physical Education. By this work with the hall teams, they obtain the practical coaching experience required in their course.

In the following list of coaches for the year 1930, the first named in each case is the varsity representative, and the second is his co-worker: Freshman, Brill, Napolitano; Sophomore, Kaplan, Wilson; Carroll, Yarr, Bresson; Brownson, Savoldi, Kuhn; Walsh, Conley, Cunningham; Corby, Romanin, Griffen; Badin, Leahy, Edmond O'Connor; Howard, O'Brien, Luckett; Morrissey, Capter, Artman; Lyons, Carideo, McQuaid; St. Edward's, Kosky, Koken; Off-Campus, Butorac, Sheeketski.

The ulterior motive of Coach Rockne in appointing a varsity man to supervise the formation of a hall team was one of preparation. By being in contact with the teams the varsity men could easily spot any prospective material, and see to it that every avenue to advancement was opened to the one under consideration. The type of player sought for mostly is a fighter possessing some football technique, no matter how little. If he has fight he can readily be moulded into a finished player by responding to the tutelage of expert coaches. Thus the interhall circuit is rich in varsity material because the primary requisite for an interhall player is the ability to fight.

With the issuance of 350 suits to the candidates, the 1930 season promised to be highly competitive as usual. The twelve squads earnestly groomed in anticipation of the race for campus laurels, swung into action on October 5, after an inspiring talk by Coach Rockne urging them to take full interest in the competition. The response was evidenced by hard-fought battles, each contest reflecting the traditional spirit of the league and drawing large attendances from the respective halls. Efficiency was the keynote of the schedule, and to the officials who directed its fulfillment credit is due for their excellent management.

The outcome of the gridiron elimination contest had

THE STANDINGS

Group 1

	W	L	T	Pct.
Lyons	4	0	2	1.000
Corby	2	0	3	1.000
St. Edward's	3	1	2	.750
Sophomore	2	2	1	.500
Morrissey	1	4	0	.200
Off-Campus "B"	1	4	0	.200

Group 2

	W	L	T	Pct.
Walsh	5	0	1	1.000
Howard	4	1	1	.800
Freshman	3	2	0	.600
Off-Campus	2	3	0	.400
Brownson	1	4	0	.200
Carroll	0	5	0	.000

all the aspects of a movie climax. Lyons Hall finally won the right to represent one group of the league after two games with St. Edward's, the first of which ended in a scoreless tie, and was matched in the championship game against Walsh which had finished undefeated at the top of the second group after nosing out the Howard hallers in their second meeting. Approximately 2,000 people, confident of a close struggle, crowded the new Notre Dame stadium to watch the final battle. Thrill followed thrill as first Walsh and then Lyons hammered the line and skirted the ends in an attempt to score. It was a great defense against an equally great defense, with all ground-gaining efforts rendered practically futile. Then as the last seconds of play rapidly lessened, a long pass from Bob Law fell into the waiting arms of Janc, who sped across Lyon's goal to score and to crown Walsh the victor.

The final score is an indication of the comparative strength of the two teams which represented the interhall groups. Narrow margins of victory in other contests marked the season as the closest and most keenly competitive. The champs played six games exclusive of the final one with Lyons, defeating Howard, after one tie game, Freshman, Off-Campus, Brownson, and Carroll. Their march to the championship was distinctive in the fact that not once was their goal crossed by an opposing team.

First Team

	Position
Sandera (Howard)	Left End
Colechick (Freshman)	Left Tackle
Hamilton (Corby)	Left Guard
Robinson (Howard)	Center
Coughlan (Sophomore)	Right Guard
Stropler (Corby)	Right Tackle
Janc (Walsh)	Right End
Conti (Lyons)	Quarter-Back
McCarthy (St. Edward's)	Left Half
Law (Walsh)	Right Half
Bohsack (Lyons)	Full-Back

Second Team

Giorgio (St. Edward's)
Woods (Lyons)
Connelly (Off-Campus)
Holland (Corby)
Igel (Freshman)
Hargrove (Brownson)
Brennan (Corby)
Collins (Sophomore)
Kozak (Off-Campus)
Grundeman (Howard)
McCarthy (Walsh)

All-Interhall Selections of the 12 Hall Coaches and the Director of the Department of Physical Education.

"The Wearers of the Green"

By ROBERT E. GORMAN



MANFRED VEZIE AND WILLIAM JONES
Freshman Football Coaches

TWO hundred and eighty-seven high school heroes reported for Freshman football last September, presented their newspaper clippings and all-state records to Coaches Bill Jones and Manny Vezie, and waited for the numerals to be awarded. All of the boys should have made good by Thanksgiving time, in accordance with the old storybook tradition, but it seems, on the contrary, that two hundred and two of them were slashed from the squad and a permanent group of only eighty-five was left to carry on for good old '34.

Prior to last year the Freshmen were used as "contact men" for the varsity to push around in practice scrimmages. Last year more attention was devoted to the work of familiarizing the frosh with the Rockne system. This plan brought better results and was adhered to, for the most part, by Jones and Vezie this season. Witness the rapid rise of Joe Kurth, who stepped in with the varsity at right tackle, when Dick Donoghue was injured in the first game, and has stayed there ever since. Also note the fact that Host, Harriss, Greeney, Butler, Terlaak, Pierce, Mahoney, Jaskwhich, Staab, and Hanley of last year's frosh all saw action with the shock troops during the past season. As a result, the 85 men left on the squad underwent a thorough initiation into the intricacies of Notre Dame football.

This plan was deviated from long enough for the men to learn the plays of Navy, Drake, and Indiana. When called upon to impersonate these three teams in scrimmages with the varsity, the green-clad athletes had an opportunity to play around with the toughest of opponents before the greatest of critics. Whereas at the beginning of the season they had been overwhelmed in the annual Freshman-Varsity "frolics," the frosh now came through as few freshman teams have ever come through, displaying defensive work that was particularly capable.

During the last three weeks of the season the men were given an intensive drill in the fundamentals of the game, at the completion of which they had finished serving their gridiron apprenticeships. Numerals were awarded in time for their recipients to wear them during Christmas vacation for the edification of the boys back in the hometown meeting places.

To be entrusted by Knute Rockne with the responsible task of giving talented freshmen the right start in their football careers, is a tribute to any coach's ability. Coaches Jones and Vezie earned this distinction by their long service during the Rockne regime. After three years of playing experience, Jones collaborated with Tommy Mills in tutoring the 1929 Freshman team, while Vezie is one of the most capable ends to wear the Gold and Blue in recent years.

Although the old sandlot cry, "I want to play quarterback," was voiced by fully two-thirds of the freshman backfield candidates, it still managed to arouse interest in the coaches who realized that there will be an all-American quarter-back to replace on the 1931 varsity. After the last signal had been called, two Chicago products, Ray Boland and Al McGuff, together with Larry Furlong, of Joliet, stood out as the classiest field generals on the squad.

In emulation of Schwartz, Elder, Flanagan, and other flashy left half-backs who have made history under Rockne, another flock of aspirants tried out for this position. George Melinkovich came all the way from Tooele, Utah, to steal the coaches' attention from these candidates, while Harold Johnson, of Kewanee, Illinois, is another bright prospect.

The parade of the right halfs was led by Michaelson, Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Millhean, Beloit, Wisconsin; and Smith, Indianapolis.

The latest contribution which Captain Tom Conley's alma mater, Roman Catholic High, of Philadelphia, has made to Notre Dame athletics is Jimmy Leonard, a full-back with a future. Leonard, however, had far from a monopoly on the full-back situation. Joe Rinaldi, another Tooele, Utah, product, and Vettel, an Ohio lad, are other high-powered full-backs.

While Larry Mullins has already made Pasadena high school famous, Ben Alexander, a promising center, is seeking to perpetuate that school's fame. Another prep star from the west coast, Tom Cahill, of Los Angeles, gave Alexander the stiffest kind of competition at the pivot post, while Joe Buzolits, a South Bend boy attempting to make good, also showed ball-snapping capabilities.

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Fine guards have become a tradition at Notre Dame. This is one tradition that the class of '34 apparently will carry on, for there was an abundance of good guard material on the squad. The list of efficient guards is headed by the brothers Chapman, of Los Angeles, and by four Hoosiers: Schrenker, of Elwood; Weidner, of LaPorte; and Paulson and Lentsch, of South Bend.

The squad also included several tackles who in all probability will be playing big time ball before their careers are finished. Paul Krauciunas, formerly of De LaSalle, Chicago, is one of the best prospects at this position, while other outstanding tackles are Barstow, of Menominee, Mich.; Rascher, of Beecher, Ill.; Bomba, of Chicago; and Zvonkin, of Hamilton, Ont.

Plenty of talented performers were also available at the end positions. Hugh Devore, having prepped at the same school that Johnny Colrick did, St. Benedict's, Newark, is attempting to equal Colrick's brilliancy as an end. Frank Canale, late of Christian Brothers Academy, Memphis, is another outstanding flankman, while Franklin, of New York; Ed Krauciunas, of Chicago; and Moriarity, of Philadelphia, are equally promising.

Right here it might not be out of place to mention the fact that no amount of advance agent blurb or high school distinction wins a man a place on the Frosh squad. On the other hand, no candidate, no matter if he is just another number to the equipment room and just another green-jersied dreamer of heroic dreams to the coaches, is denied the chance of making good with the chosen 85.

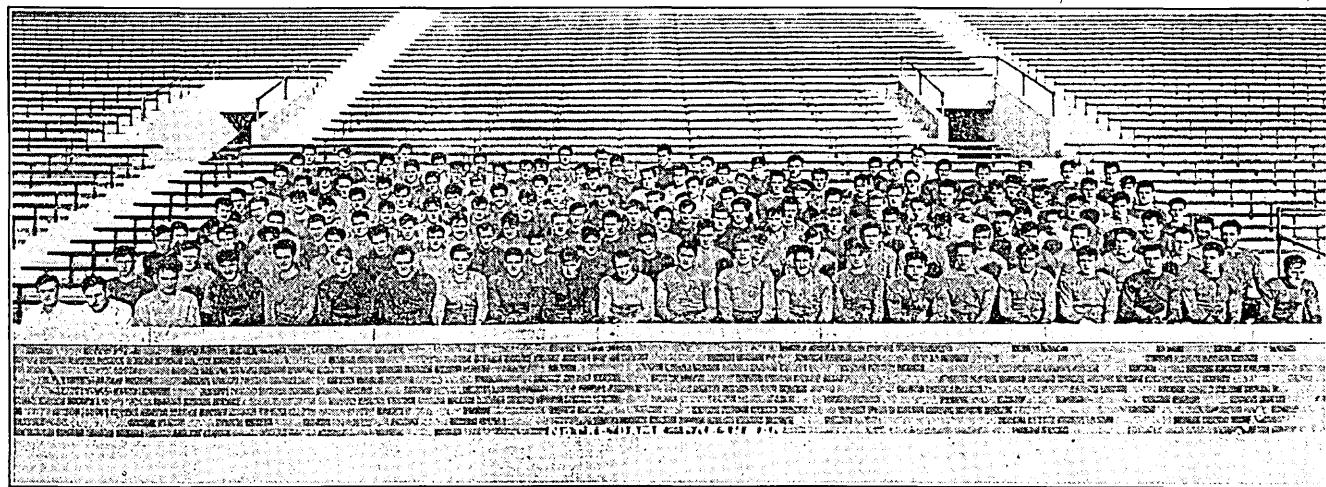
The mulling done by Bill Jones and Manny Vezie over each prospect before his fate is decided puts to shame the endless process of sifting done by all-American pickers for the newspapers. Every man who wants to try his hand and his foot in the manly fall sport is handed the necessary equipment and what he does on the field—not what he has done in high school, or would like to do with the varsity—is the criterion by which these two mentors make their selections.

Perhaps this sounds like the pep talk Bill and Manny made at the beginning of the season when they had their

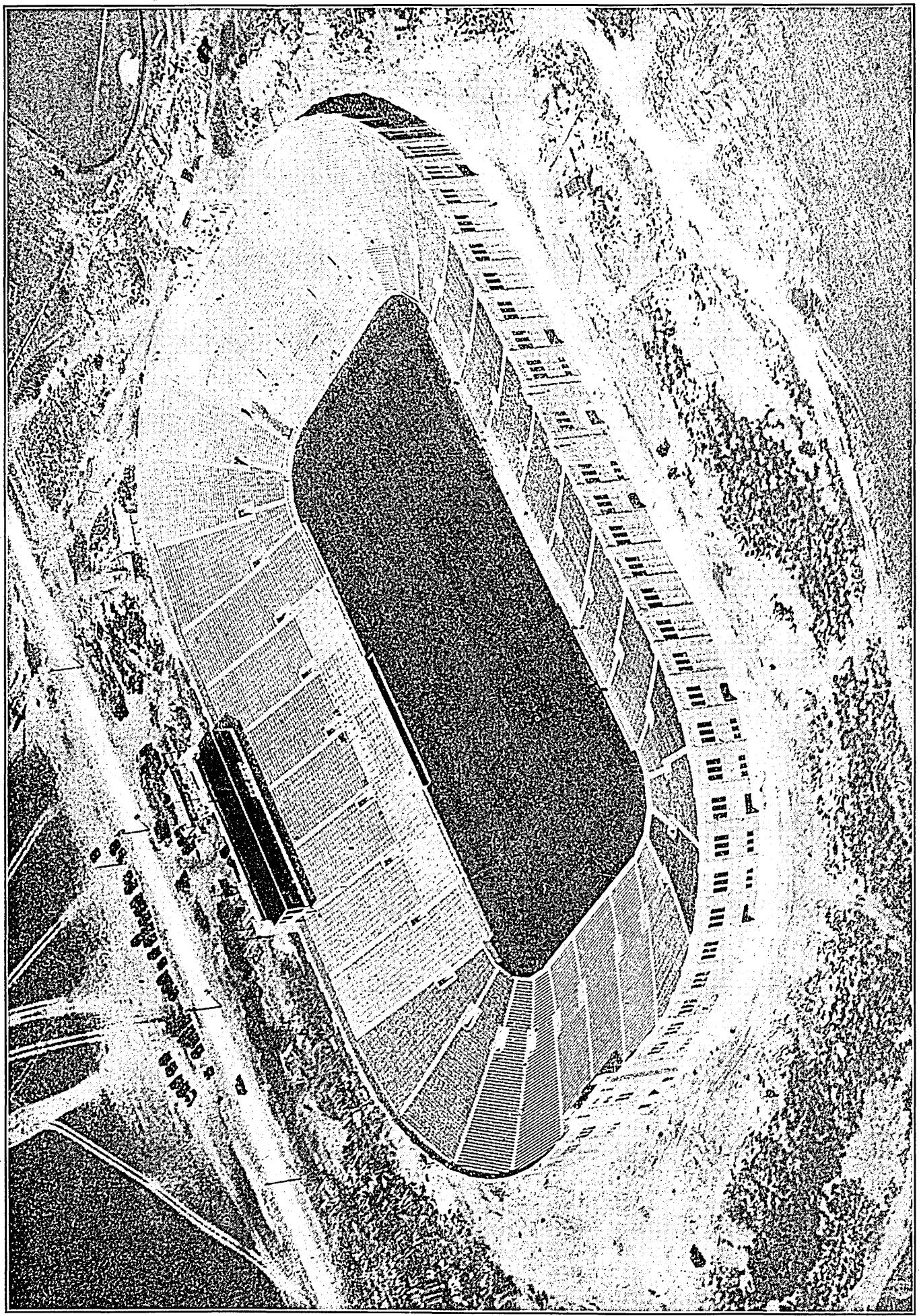
287 yearlings together for the first time. But to say that it is not true is to contradict fact that stands on the basis of the past. We cannot name off-hand any men with brilliant high school records who did not make good and who were dropped, because these things are not discussed either by the coaches or the players in question. But we can name men on the present varsity and with the second and third teams who just went out for the freshman team without showing their newspaper clippings to the coaches, and some who perhaps didn't have any newspaper clippings because they hadn't even played football in high school.

Marty Brill is perhaps the outstanding example of the point we are trying to make. He wasn't even good enough for the team Notre Dame last season beat by 40 points and, so say the critics, could have beaten by a hundred. But he was given his opportunity. Tom Kassis came from Casper, Wyo., and went out for center . . . no one had heard of him, but he was given his chance, shifted to guard his third year, and now he has passed out of history as one of Notre Dame's best. And so it was with Bert Metzger, all-American guard who was unknown to such a great extent that he was almost prevented from going out because of his lack of size. Given his chance, though, he came through. Tommy Yarr at center, and Ed Kosky at left end are also examples of unheralded men who were considered by the freshman coaches, kept on the squad, and subsequently moved up to the varsity.

We could name countless other examples of "finds" made among the aspiring freshmen. Boys like Frank Hoffman, shock troop tackle who never played in high school, are not so rare as to be startling at Notre Dame. The freshman coaches make mistakes at times; no one is perfect. But both Jones and Vezie played three years of football at Notre Dame themselves and they at least know enough about the game and about handling men, so that they seldom have to second-guess. All they ask for is some show of natural ability, some evidence of courage, and some willingness to work—they will provide then what is lacking.



Alexander, John Beacco, William Beacco, Boland, Bomba, Bolger, Begley, Buzolits, Blaine, Butler, John Chapman, Richard Chapman, Cashill, Cahill, Cowart, Canale, Cusick, Connors, Canfield, Conley, Carmody, Cramer, Currey, Collins, Clark, Crosaro, Connely, Charles Carney, John Carney, William Carney, Durkin, Desnoyer, Dixon, Devore, Dalton, Flynn, Finari, Federer, Forrest, Fisher, Jack Flynn, Gildea, Gumbert, Gillespie, Halpin, Healy, Horgrove, Hoban, Hrosky, Izel, Jaudoli, Jehle, Kane, Edward Krauciunas, Philip Krauciunas, Kelly, Krack, Lentsch, Leonard, Lindner, Leis, Lewis, Leshowicz, Lotus, Melinkovich, Michaelson, Murphy, Mueller, Meyer, Millhean, Martenel, Marlarney, McGowan, McDermott, McCrann, McGuff, Nicholas, O'Neill, O'Dea, O'Connor, Otizinger, Orr, O'Brien, Pionteck, Paulson, Pivarnik, Prowse, Pashwietz, Palmisani, Rinaldi, Regante, Repine, Ed Ryan, John Ryan, Schreker, Streb, Smith, Stephen, Stancock, Strong, Schonfeld, Sucher, Selfridge, Shapiro, Sluszka, Teehey, Tobin, Van Petten, Witucki, Weidner, Winter, Whelan, Weidle.



NOTRE DAME STADIUM

The Beginning of a New Era

By NEIL C. HURLEY

NOTRE DAME Stadium — a monument to sportsmanship, a tribute to fighting youth, and an amphitheatre devoted to modern athletics.

The architects say it was made with brick and mortar. Maybe it was. But there was a lot more "Rock" put into that bowl than even the builders ever dreamed or unimaginative technical men would be expected to know.

The dedication the night before the Navy game culminated a frenzied torch-lit parade of the student body, with about 20,000 spectators looking on. Next day, just before the kick-off, Frank E. Hering made the official address amid a bevy of air bombs and camera flashes.

It was the best demonstration ever seen on the Notre Dame campus. The band began playing about seven o'clock Friday evening. The students fell into line, torches blazing, songs on high, three thousand strong.

A new era was beginning.

A new era, undoubtedly, but with the same traditions, the same fight, yes, even the same soil of the immortal Cartier Field. But new history was to be made, new traditions to be started.

The structure was raised by engineers and architects, by means of blue prints and placing brick upon brick. Technically, the stadium is flawless. It is modern in every respect. As a building it compares with any in the country.

But it was not the perfection of this structure that was the key-note of the dedication. The gathering was not to give praise to the work of the masons and bricklayers. Even the visitors saw that. It was a memorial to Pete Vaughan, to Jimmy Phelan, to George Gipp, to the Four Horsemen, to all other Notre Dame men and Notre Dame stars.

There were some persons who wanted to name it Rockne Field. It was fitting, but "Rock" said no. He was generous.

The parade to the stadium is unforgettable in Notre Dame history. The torches, flaming red, marked off the

three-block-long procession. A procession of cheering, loyal, stout fellows, who chanted the Hike Song as they marched. The meeting of the Off-Campus delegation at the postoffice was inspiring. More cheers were given, more singing, more flares.

The bowl was crowded with humanity, the north end was completely filled. An Indiana moon, round and bright, added to the picture. The setting was perfect.

As the students thundered to their seats, twenty air bombs exploded. Again they sang "The Hike Song." The Notre Dame spirit was at its zenith. A cheer leader came from somewhere and the stands vibrated with the "Drum" yell. Even Gilbert Keith Chesterton, the writer, was given a volley of yells. He learned about school spirit that night.

Notre Dame was dedicating a stadium.

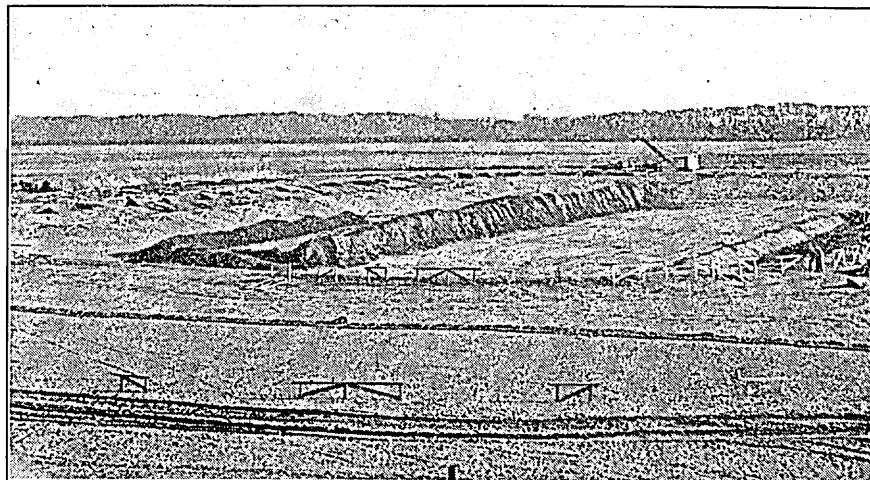
"We are happy to have the Navy help us on this auspicious occasion," said Knute Rockne, as flashlights for newspaper cameras interrupted the darkness of the night. Brick and mortar. And "Rock."

Set pieces burned in a far corner of the stadium. They blazed out a welcome to the Navy, spelled out the Notre Dame monogram, and unfurled the American colors in a flaming flag.

In this haven of enthusiasm, basking in the informality of student loyalty, Rear Admiral S. S. Robison brought the best wishes of the Naval Academy. There were flowers from big universities, the biggest wreath coming from the team that was first defeated on the new field, Southern Methodist. Sportsmanship, ideals, friendly rivalry.

The crowd that night heard Knute Rockne speak, they heard Admiral Robison, as he told about the Navy's friendly relations with Notre Dame, and lastly, ably introduced by Pat Manion, they heard the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., as he recited that famous story of George Gipp; the story which seemed to symbolize the spirit of the Fighting Irish, which seemed to fit in so well with the new surroundings.

"I saw Gipp play his last game against the Army in



EXCAVATION FOR THE STADIUM

1920," began Father O'Donnell, "and was on the bench when in the last quarter he was relieved from play, limping off the field exhausted and depleted of every ounce of strength, all of which he had given for that impossible dream of love and loyalty which makes up a college man's devotion to his school and his fellows—actually dying, though we knew it not, for already in his system was working that insidious poison which was less than a month later to bring him to the grave.

"He had done everything," he continued, "that any football player had ever done upon a field and he had done it better than most. Darkness was coming in on the bitter winds that swept across the plains as he sat there in his blanket, relaxed, pale, silent, crying a little, I think.

"Then suddenly he was on his feet; he leaped onto the bench, the blanket fallen from his shoulders. Chet Wynne, our full-back, had made one of those sudden, amazing cuts through the line, good for some fifteen or twenty yards. In a voice that could be heard, it seemed to me, above all the roar of the crowd, Gipp shouted: 'Yea, Chet,' as he stood there, self entirely forgotten, quivering from head to foot with joy and loyal pride in that achievement of his team-mate."

That was Gipp. That tells why Notre Dame could build a great stadium. It explains what is behind every football team that Knute Rockne coaches.

Brick and mortar. No, a monument to loyalty, to fighting youth, and dashing spirit.

It is a memorial earned by the sweat of twenty-four years of football. Earned by the football heroes of three decades—the late John I. Mullen, three times captain of the team; Louis "Red" Salmon; Harry "Red" Miller; Charley Crowley; Gus Dorais; Knute Rockne; Ray Eichelaub; the Bergmans; the younger Millers; Clipper Smith; "Hunk" Anderson; the famous ends, Kiley and Anderson; the Collins boys; Johnny Mohardt; Lawrence "Buck" Shaw; Paul Castner, and their equally famous team-mates.

The next afternoon before the thousands who thronged

to witness the Navy game, Frank E. Hering, former captain and first coach of football, delivered his address. The dedication was complete.

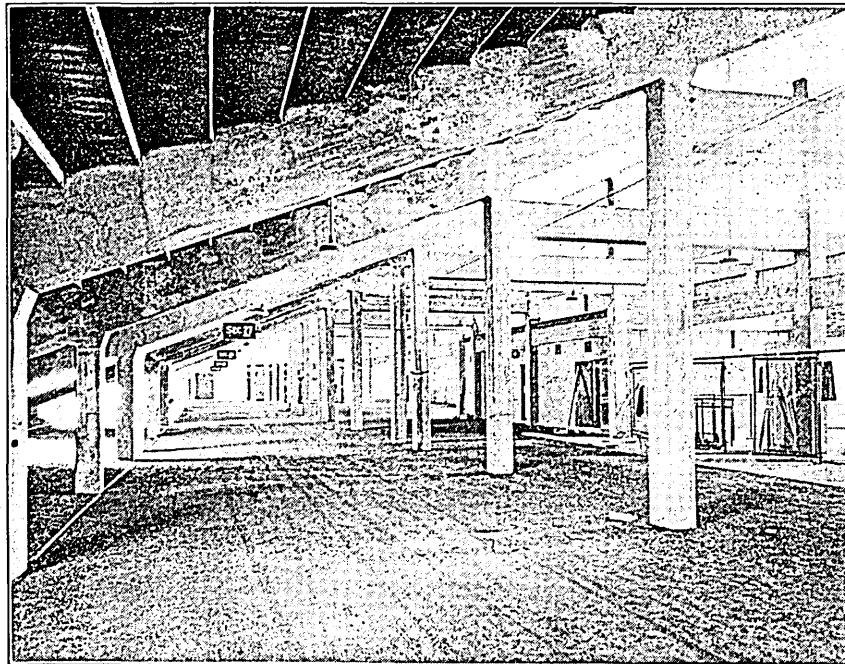
"To Knute Rockne," said Mr. Hering, "and those thousands of athletes who, inspired by him, have added to the fame of Notre Dame, this ceremony is more than a dedication; it is a testimonial.

"The sod that carpets the floor of this stadium is rich in traditions." Mr. Hering is in a corner of the new field, flowers about, newspaper photographers, and a notional radio hook-up carrying his voice throughout the nation. "For a quarter of a century, athletes who have added to the fame of Notre Dame have raced over its emerald surface carrying our colors to victory, or have opposed with their bodies charging opponents seeking the coveted goal-line.

"Notre Dame is an advocate of clean, vigorous athletics. Each student is encouraged to excel in the sport for which he has an aptitude. Pres. Charles O'Donnell has made known to the world our position; we accept gladly the discipline of competitive sports; we especially favor games in which high proficiency is attainend only by merging achievements of individual players into the closely woven pattern of team-play.

"Tradition is a compound of reverence and pride and unselfish service," continued Mr. Hering. "Notre Dame traditions live. They are cherished and perpetuated. Over the years, the devoted men who have built this institution have established records of unselfish service and sacrifice that have reacted convincingly and beneficially on those who have come under their influence.

"What other American college or university during the past quarter of a century has contributed so many names that deserve to adorn football's Hall of Fame? Notre Dame teams—physically fit, splendidly coached, and inspired by the ideal, 'Each for all and all for Notre Dame'—have thrilled millions of spectators and inspired the youth of the nation to play the game of football—and the



THE CONCOURSE

University of Notre Dame

game of life—in the spirit of the rules."

The band played; the flag was raised; the kick-off—and that new era began. Football history in the making. Telegraph instruments and typewriter keys clicked, radio announcers recounted the tale to the microphone—the world was told.

Notre Dame has a great stadium. They selected the Navy to help them dedicate it. They selected Navy because relations between Annapolis and Notre Dame have always been of the best, because the Irish have battled "Bill" Ingram's boys for a good many years, and no matter the calibre of either team, both at the end knew there was a scrap.

They selected Navy because the Midshipmen possess so much of that ideal Notre Dame admires. Annapolis is a school of sportsmen. They play hard, tough football, but they are sportsmen. Notre Dame teams like to do business with that type.

You see, Notre Dame teams know how to fight and be sportsmen, too. That's why the stadium could be built in the first place.

Facts About the Stadium

The entire work was completed in little more than four months. James Carmody, student statistician extraordinary, with the combined science and commerce schools, delved into the matter a bit more closely and brought forth some facts and figures on the project.

"Believe it or not," begins this young Roger Babson,

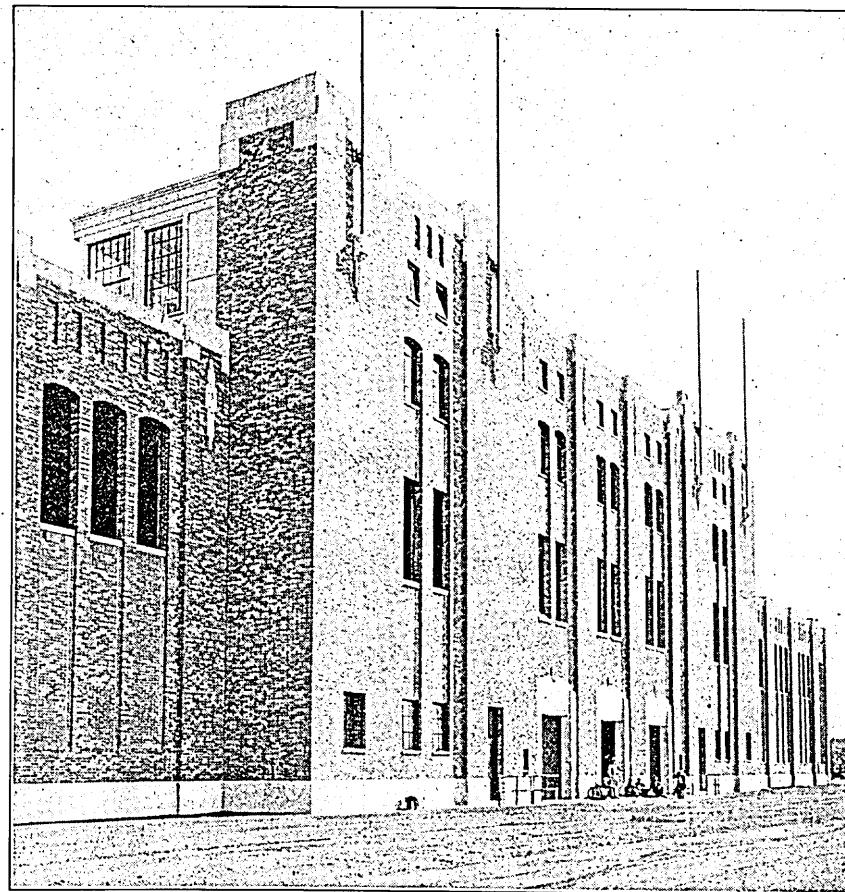
"but if the 2,000,000 bricks were laid end to end they would reach from the Administration building to the Cleveland waterfront, or a matter of some three hundred miles.

"And furthermore," continues Mr. Carmody, "if we take only the steel that makes up the framework of the stadium, look what we find. There were 400 tons of it used, or, more simply, 20 carloads. Let us make bullets of it and there will be 6,400,000 of them, if two ounces were used for each one. If they were fed steadily into a machine gun which shoots one hundred of them a minute, the trigger would be pressed for forty-four days and ten hours before the supply would be exhausted.

"The laborers required a ton of food daily," he continues, "and drank five hundred gallons of water each day. Furthermore, the 15,000 cubic yards of concrete, if made into a tower of ten feet square would reach a height of five and one-half times that of the Woolworth building.

"If a table were to be made of the 100,000 feet of California red-wood lumber used for the seats, some interesting facts would be divulged. For instance, if it were four feet wide, it would stretch for a distance of 25,000 feet. And 20,000 people could be accommodated for meals at one time."

The architects of the stadium were the Osborn Engineering Co. who have designed some 50 stadia in all parts of the country. These include Comiskey Park in Chicago, and the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds in New York. They also have erected the stadia at the Uni-



THE MAIN ENTRANCE

versities of Michigan, Indiana, Purdue, and Minnesota.

It is so designed that, should occasion warrant the change, it is possible to place a double deck on top of the present structure. Should this be done there would be room for 120,000 spectators, making it one of the largest in the world.

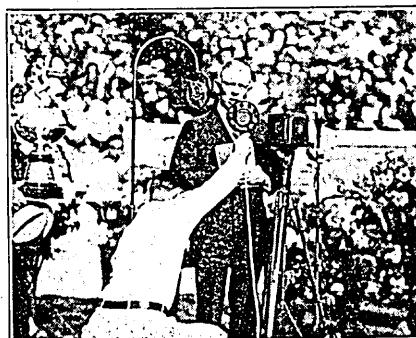
Designed for football and football alone, the stadium is rectangular in shape and all seats are as close as possible to the playing field. Thus, visibility is aided to a great extent and the statement that there is not a poor seat in the entire arena is true.

The seats start about 10 yards from each boundary of the field—there is no running track, no jumping pit, no equipment whatsoever irrelevant to football, included on the playing field—and the rows are banked so that there is no necessity of jumping to one's feet to see every play.

Everything possible was done for the convenience of spectators when the stadium was planned. The playing field is sunk some 10 feet below the level of the outside terrain so that the spectator may enter the stadium through any one of its many portals without climbing endless ramps or fatiguing steps. The problem of draining the field was unusually difficult because of the fact that it is below the outside level, but this was taken care of by an elaborate system of tiling.

For added convenience of the spectator, new cement highways from every direction were built and unlimited parking space was provided. Railroads ran special spurs to a point within easy walking distance of the stadium to take care of the crowds expected from Chicago, Detroit, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Fort Wayne, Cleveland, Toledo, and other cities of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Ohio, as well as more distant points.

There are special offices in the stadium where the work of recovering or re-assigning lost tickets is carried on by J. Arthur Haley, business manager, and his assistants. Rest rooms, concession stands, first-aid rooms, everything possible for the convenience and comfort of visitors to Notre Dame's home games has been provided for by the architects.



Frank E. Hering
Delivers Dedication Address

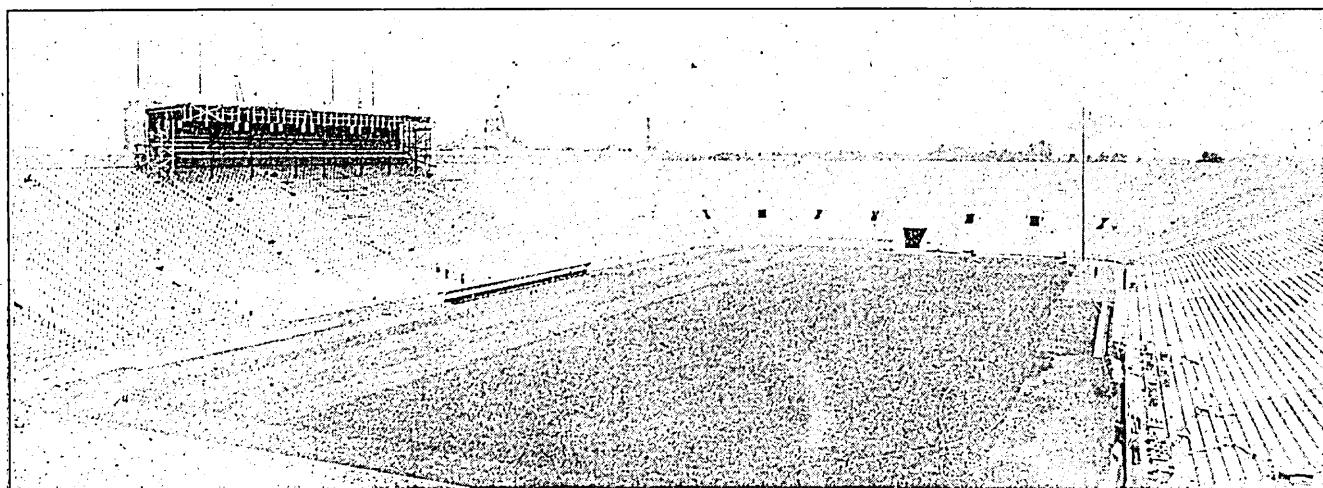
whatever else is taking place.

The ramp also permits bands to enter in full formation, and it is the one and only entrance for trucks and ground-keepers' equipment.

Coach Rockne, ever thoughtful of the spectators, has kept the number of "side-line guests" at a minimum and he allows no photographers, sound movie trucks, or anything or anyone of this nature on the field. Instead of the orthodox players' benches, which not only cut off the view of persons in box seats, but also expose the players to the rain, snow, sleet, and cold of fall, a dugout for each team has been provided. These are enclosed on three sides and are well below the first-row seats.

Perhaps the crowning glory of the stadium is the press box, generally agreed by the nation's prominent sports writers to be the finest in the country. With its seating capacity of 264 writers, besides photographers, radio broadcasters, messengers, electricians, and ushers, the press box is ideal in its way. Not only does it seat more to our knowledge than any other in the country, but there is more room at each position than will be found at others with the same number of seats. There is plenty of space at each position for a portable typewriter and an open program beside it.

The radio booths, three in number, are situated in the north end of the box in the back. They are fully sound-proof and visibility from them is perfect. They have microphone connections to all parts of the stadium so that



THE STADIUM INTERIOR NEARING COMPLETION

University of Notre Dame

band music, cheering, and crowd noises may be picked up for the millions who sit tense at home forming their mental word picture of all that goes on.

A special platform for photographers, dropped from beams in the ceiling, gives cameramen a most strategic position from which to look down on plays, and pictures from this, the highest point of the stadium, give a comprehensive view of action shots, much clearer than those taken from the sidelines. The platform also places the photographers above the heads of the working press and it interferes in no way with their vision or work.

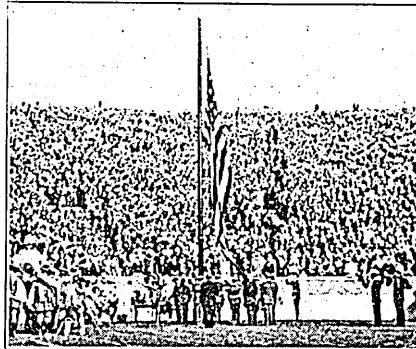
Finally, the entire press box is glass-enclosed and even has windshields running the full length of each row to keep papers from blowing about and to protect the writers from the elements.

A thousand and one other details, unnoticed by spectators, help to make it as easy as possible for a person to see the fighting men of Notre Dame upholding the tradition of old Cartier field. A public address system broadcasts to the spectators and to the pressmen a detailed account of each play from the sidelines. Electric scoreboards at either end of the field supply all information to the eye that the ear might miss.

Everything practicable has been done to make more pleasant the visits of thousands of football lovers and friends of Notre Dame. The stadium, a monument to warriors of the past, is the kind of a remembrance they would want most. It is more than a testimonial, it is a useful, living, practical, service-giving piece of architecture, a reflection of their great services.

Early History

The present edifice is a growth from the old Cartier Field which was erected in 1899 on a spot just east of the



*Flag-Raising Which Climaxed
Dedication Ceremonies*

Brownson campus, wherever that might have been.

In those days there were no admission barriers, appalling gate receipts, or huge, colorful crowds. Football was football of the brute type, played in innings, not halves.

The first game that the school ever played was against Michigan—and this was even before the players' bench had been built, let alone a 55,000 capacity stadium. They dug up eleven unpadded suits and challenged the Wolverines. The site of this encounter was the Green Stocking ball park in South Bend. The game was described as very exciting, and included much kicking of the

ball and rushing by men of the team.

The following day, they played the same team again. This time the game was entirely for the eyes of the student body and was played on a vacant lot somewhere close to the school. Notre Dame lost both games.

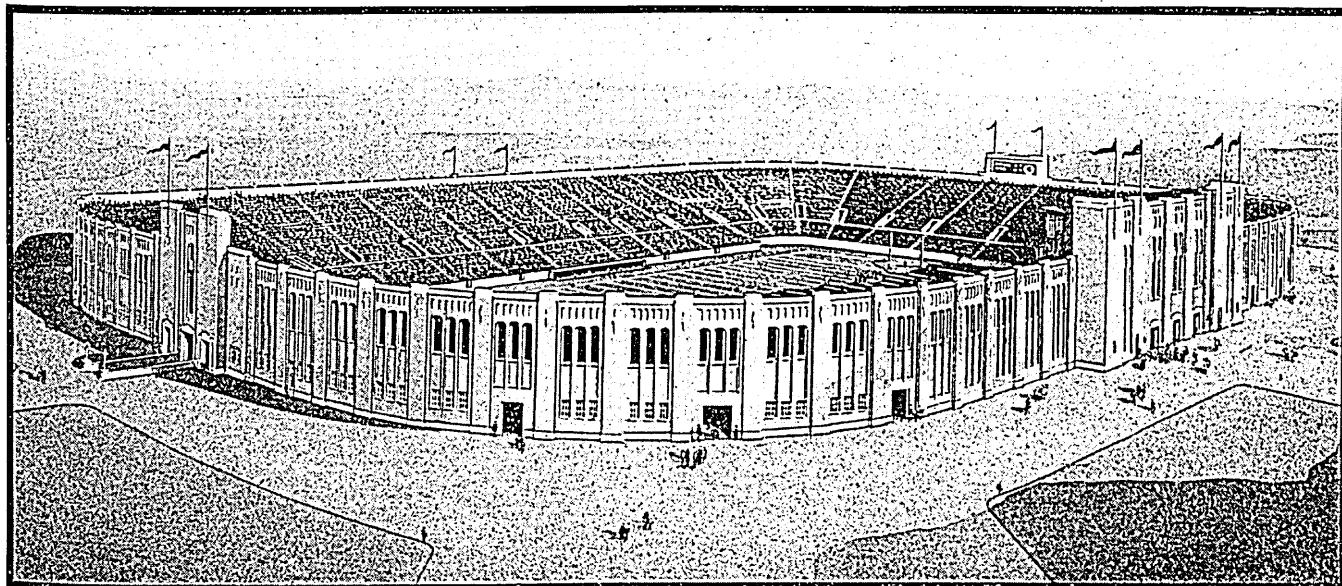
Traffic Handled Well

The Rockne traffic and parking system for Notre Dame's new stadium has achieved great success this year.

At each game from 2,500 to 4,500 automobiles were steered into convenient and ample parking places over well marked and policed routes that dodged the local traffic in the South Bend business district.

The parking facilities for the new stadium have been called by experts the finest in America. Plenty of room is afforded on all sides of the field and it is well utilized by those in charge.

Knute Rockne, knowing that a great deal of enjoyment of a football game depends upon the personal comfort, personally saw to plans for the arrangement of parked cars.



ROCKNE'S DREAM WHICH HAS COME TRUE

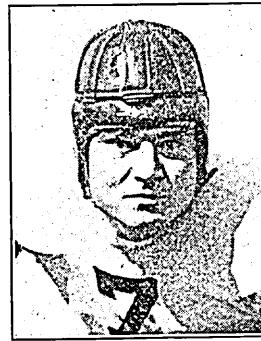
All-Opponent Stars



KING—Drake
Quarter-back



EYTH—Carnegie
Right Half



RUSSELL—Northwestern
Full-back



MASON—S. M. U.
Left Half



HUMBER—Army
Right Guard



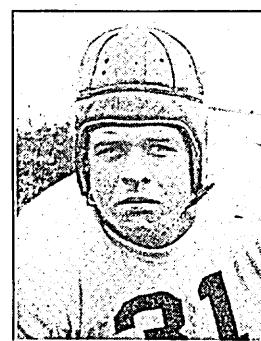
DON CARLOS—Drake
Center



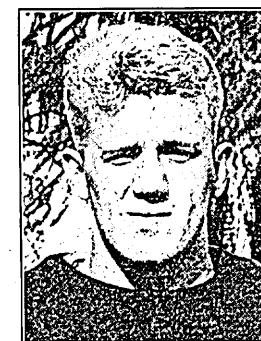
BAKER—Southern Calif.
Left Guard



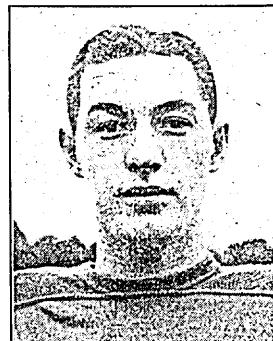
LONG—S. M. U.
Right End



MARVIL—Northwestern
Right Tackle



BOWSTROM—Navy
Left Tackle



MESSINGER—Army
Left End

The Review's All-Opponent Team

By JOSEPH S. PETRITZ

Player	College	Position
Edwin Messinger	Army	Left End
R. M. Bowstrom	Navy	Left Tackle
John Baker	Southern California	Left Guard
Waldo Don Carlos	Drake	Center
Charles Humber	Army	Right Guard
Dallas Marvil	Northwestern	Right Tackle
Louis Long	Southern Methodist	Right End
Lynn King	Drake	Quarter-back
Weldon Mason	Southern Methodist	Left Half
Howard Eyth	Carnegie Tech	Right Half
Reb Russell	Northwestern	Full-back

IN PRESENTING its 1930 All-Opponent team, the *Official Football Review* feels that it has one of the most representative mythical teams possible. At first glance, perhaps, many will disagree with our selections because they do not agree with what the newspapers have picked as their sectional and all-American choices.

The method used in picking the *Review's* team, however, is so thoroughgoing and so independent of "newspaper stars" that we feel it gives us an eleven which if actually organized would take its place with any chosen by a newspaper or a magazine.

The schedule Notre Dame played brought the Fighting Irish into contact with representative teams from every section of the country, teams whose individual stars were as brilliant as any coach could desire.

In making its selection, the *Review* first consulted with the Notre Dame scouts who had seen Notre Dame's opponents in action during the 1929 season and last season. From them, we gained a world of information about stars who were being promoted for mythical honors because of brilliancy in one department of play, stars who had big reputations, but who "didn't like it"—the vernacular for a player who will signal fair catches all afternoon and run out of bounds rather than be tackled after being hard hit by a tackler or blocker.

Secondly, the *Review* asked the coaches who they thought stacked up best as consistent, all-around men, both before, after, and during their games against Notre Dame.

Finally, we went to the Notre Dame players themselves for their opinion of the play of the men they opposed in their ten games. For example, the ends were asked which tackles, ends, and half-backs were the hardest to draw out of position and to block out of a play as well as which could block best themselves. They were asked which ends and backs they thought were the best pass receivers, and, in short, which men they opposed showed the most all-around ability, the most spirit, and the best coaching. And so it was with the other players; all gave us willingly their opinions and we feel that from the information we gleaned from scouts, coaches, and players we have selected a team with spirit, fight, and ability, and a team that could go out and play steady, consistent ball day in and day out.

There naturally were several hard decisions to make, and perhaps we have done an injustice to some of our opponents. We feel, however, that our selections are as representative as they possibly could be and trust that a short description of each man's play will clear up any doubts the reader may have about the choice made.

At the ends, we have named Louis Long and Edwin Messinger of Southern Methodist and Army, respectively. Long was perhaps the most brilliant pass-receiver Notre Dame met all season and he was just as good as a blocker, a decoy, and as a defensive man. No attempt to run his end or to cut inside of him was entirely successful and to pass into his territory was folly. He wore out a complete Notre Dame backfield with his persistent long dashes down the field, not only as a receiver but as a decoy and he was going just as strong at the end of that hot, sultry October 4 afternoon as he was at the beginning. He had a great competitive spirit and his attitude was reflected in his entire team's confidence and hard play. Messinger, who was chosen last year on the *Review* team, was, if anything, better than last season. His steady defensive play and his emphatic blocking in the mud, ice, and rain of Soldier Field kept his team in the ball game and never once did he let down or relax during the 60 grueling minutes of play.

His team-mate, Carlmark; Briley, Drake's captain-elect; Byng, of Navy; Rosenzweig, Carnegie's hard-driving, experienced flankman; Arbelbide, U. S. C.'s all-American prospect; Riblett, captain-elect, at Penn; and Northwestern's brilliant Baker, are also outstanding men who are worthy of mention here. Most of them were not really impressive in all departments of the game, however, and the two on the first team represent the consensus of Notre Dame's players, coaches, and scouts for first honors.

At the tackles, R. M. Bowstrom, acting captain for the Navy against Notre Dame; and Dallas Marvil, of Northwestern were chosen. Bowstrom's inspirational leadership and never-say-die spirit coupled with his natural ability and experience made him ideal in this position. He was the outstanding lineman in a fighting Middie forward wall when he played against the Irish and his work all season was steady. Marvil, of Northwestern, was everything that a good tackle should be. He covered his territory on

(Continued on page 98)



"Paths of Glory Lead, But —"

By JAMES E. ARMSTRONG
Alumni Secretary

NOT everyone follows them.

The new Notre Dame Stadium presents a peculiar contradiction to all that is venerated in proverb. The world, the ancients said, will beat a path to your door, provided you have something the world wants.

Yet in this first year the world, apparently wanting Notre Dame football like nobody's business, has done anything but pack down the dirt around the gates of the stadium. And not only need the way not be beaten—it is advertised, plentifully marked, and open by air, land and water.

Economic conditions unquestionably have played a part. But the same person who cries to Heaven for vengeance on the five-dollar dedication ticket, which comes once in the lifetime of an ordinary stadium, will question the latest musical comedy if tickets sell for less. And these run nightly for far too long a stretch, and aside from the uncertainty of the continued blondeness of the star, there is little difference in musicomedy technique from year to year.

Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Evanston, Chicago and Los Angeles could not hold the crowds that clamored this season to see what is widely heralded as Notre Dame's greatest team, and that means to most people the game's greatest team. Three times as many persons have seen the team in the five games away from home as have seen the five home games. The five home games would, on the other hand, have accommodated twice as many, assuming capacity crowds.

Why, then, does Notre Dame draw fewer persons at home than a high school game played in the same Stadium?

Echo answers, why?

Rockne's schedule for the 1930 season was early dubbed

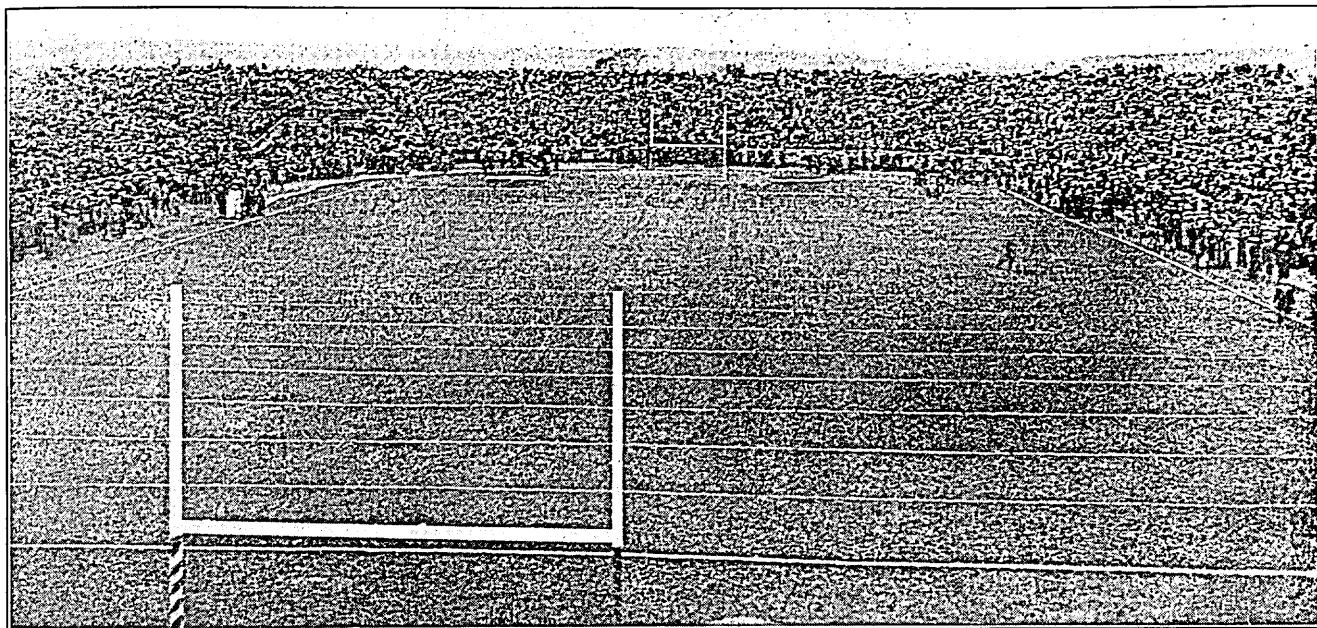
"suicide." The home field was given five games that practically any home field in these United States would have welcomed. Southern Methodist, the most dangerous, colorful representative from the Southwest, opened the season to a Stadium less than half full for its initial contest. Navy, one of the country's two great Service teams, with all the tradition, all the attraction of Annapolis, and no little rivalry with Notre Dame to season the battle, played the dedication game before more than 10,000 vacant seats. Carnegie Tech, heralded as the most powerful team in the country, coming to Notre Dame with advance storm signals flying, admittedly bent on another of its distressing series of victories over Notre Dame, faced a Stadium more than a third empty. Indiana, the official university eleven of the sovereign state of Indiana, could not muster 25,000 native sons into the new structure. And Drake, which has never failed to give Notre Dame an interesting game, always displaying the reason-for-being of its nickname "Bulldogs," was hardly able to get a full attendance of the Ushers Club.

All the Notre Dame stars who appeal so strongly to the East and West coasts were in action on the home field. Rock was there. The University and visiting bands were there. Qualified officers were there. A touchdown counts as much. The field is regulation size. There is as much opportunity for an upset.

Don't you wonder what is lacking? Don't you wonder if anything is lacking, that can't be supplied without going into the field of unemployment, cyclical panics, etc.

Notre Dame home games, barring an occasional epic such as Nebraska or Minnesota, when the visiting opponents' scouts filled most of old Cartier stands, have never drawn.

(Continued on page 110)



"And Something Abides"

By ARCH WARD
(Sports Editor Chicago Tribune)

HERE is a saying of the philosophers that in every change something is lost and something is gained and something abides. On last Oct. 4, Notre Dame's football team said goodbye to old Cartier field to launch a new era in a new stadium, and in this change also there was something which abides. It was the old turf and the tradition of victory which went with it.

Football coaches have used many methods of keying up their teams. They've exhorted the boys to do their best for Alma Mater, for the old grads, for their mothers and fathers, for their brothers and sisters, their classmates and the home town folks.

But Notre Dame boys do not stand in need of pep talks such as these, for every time they trot out upon the sod of Cartier field, now transplanted to the new stadium, they have that tradition of victory to spur them on, knowing that they are playing upon turf which has been pounded by the flying heels of heroes of former days.

This greensward has known the tread of Lou Salmon, Ray Eichenlaub, Knute Rockne, Gus Dorais, George Gipp, the Four Horsemen and countless unsung warriors who have brought Notre Dame from obscurity to football supremacy. For twenty-three years no Notre Dame team knew defeat upon the turf, and the snapping of this victory string by Carnegie Tech in 1928, was avenged by a new band of football players who are keeping the pace set by the greatest of their predecessors.

The sod of Cartier field is the tie which links this new team to a glamorous past. And what is this past which has the power to put fire into tiring players and make them carry on? Here are a few of the chapters, following one another like the chords of the victory march.

Way back in 1887 the story begins with an 8 to 0 defeat at the hands of Michigan. Then followed games which

seem incongruous from today's point of view. A few of the opponents—Illinois Cycling Club, Indianapolis Artillery, Englewood High School.

Then in 1898, the prowess of Salmon, Hering, and Eggman drew the interest of what football followers there were in those days and brought games with Wisconsin, Northwestern and Indiana.

There came a time when Brownson campus, scene of the home games, was no longer adequate and Warren A. Cartier, class of 1887, donated the plot of ground which became known as Cartier field. Upon this gridiron Notre Dame suffered a 5 to 0 defeat at the hands of Wabash in 1905 and then, link by link, the chain of victories lengthened.

Notre Dame's power grew and presently "Dorais to Rockne" became the gridiron's counterpart of "Tinker to Evers to Chance." This was the beginning of the golden age of Notre Dame's football history. The Irish now were nationally recognized as big time players. New seats were added to Cartier field, for football crowds were growing.

Seasons passed and still the victory march continued over the chalk lines of Cartier field. Then came George Gipp, who has been called half-brother to the wind. Everybody knows his story—how he became so great that newspaper men would say that Notre Dame had two teams upon the field—George Gipp and his ten mates; how he ended his football career by helping his team win a brilliant victory over Northwestern, and how he died three weeks later.

It was thought that Notre Dame's prowess had reached its greatest height in George Gipp's last year. Where would Coach Rockne, who had been at the helm since 1918, find men to take the place of Anderson, Kiley,

(Continued on page 106)

On the Other Side of the Fence

By JACK ELDER



JACK ELDER

SHOULD have entitled this article "Looking at the Game From the Pressbox," "Reflections of a Has Been," or perhaps, to instill some of the Horatio Alger spirit into the thing, "Watching the Boys Carry On." But since none of these titles struck me as being quite appropriate I hit on the idea which is made real by the passing of years and have called it, what we "has beens" are doing, "Looking at the Game From the Other Side of the Fence."

People often ask the fellows, who have done their bit for Notre Dame on the gridiron and have passed on, just what sort of feeling they have now that they must watch the game from the sidelines or a seat in the stands.

But to tell all the feelings experienced while watching a game now, after having played, would more than fill a

book. Every tough situation the fellows out on the field get into is just as tough for the fellows who are looking on. So strong is the desire to "get back in there" that at times it's hard to keep your seat beside the best girl or to keep from biting your nails or tearing your hair.

The emotions become so upset at times that one is tempted to pull the same stunt a Navy player once pulled in an important game. While sitting on the bench waiting for that call which would send him into the game, this Navy back saw an opposing half-back weave his way through the Sailors' line, cut out to the sidelines and outsprint the safety man for what seemed to be a sure touchdown. But that old spirit which prompts men to "do or die for dear old Alma Mater" got the best of this lad and he ran out and hauled down the fleeting back from behind.

Although this sounds funny it is really a fact and even though this young sailor is the first one to carry out the plan I'm sure it had been formulated in the breasts of many youths before him.

While we are on the other side of the fence we must realize that our playing days are over. We must realize that we have served our time and must move on and give more sprightly youth its chance to gather the fruits of victory for our Alma Mater.

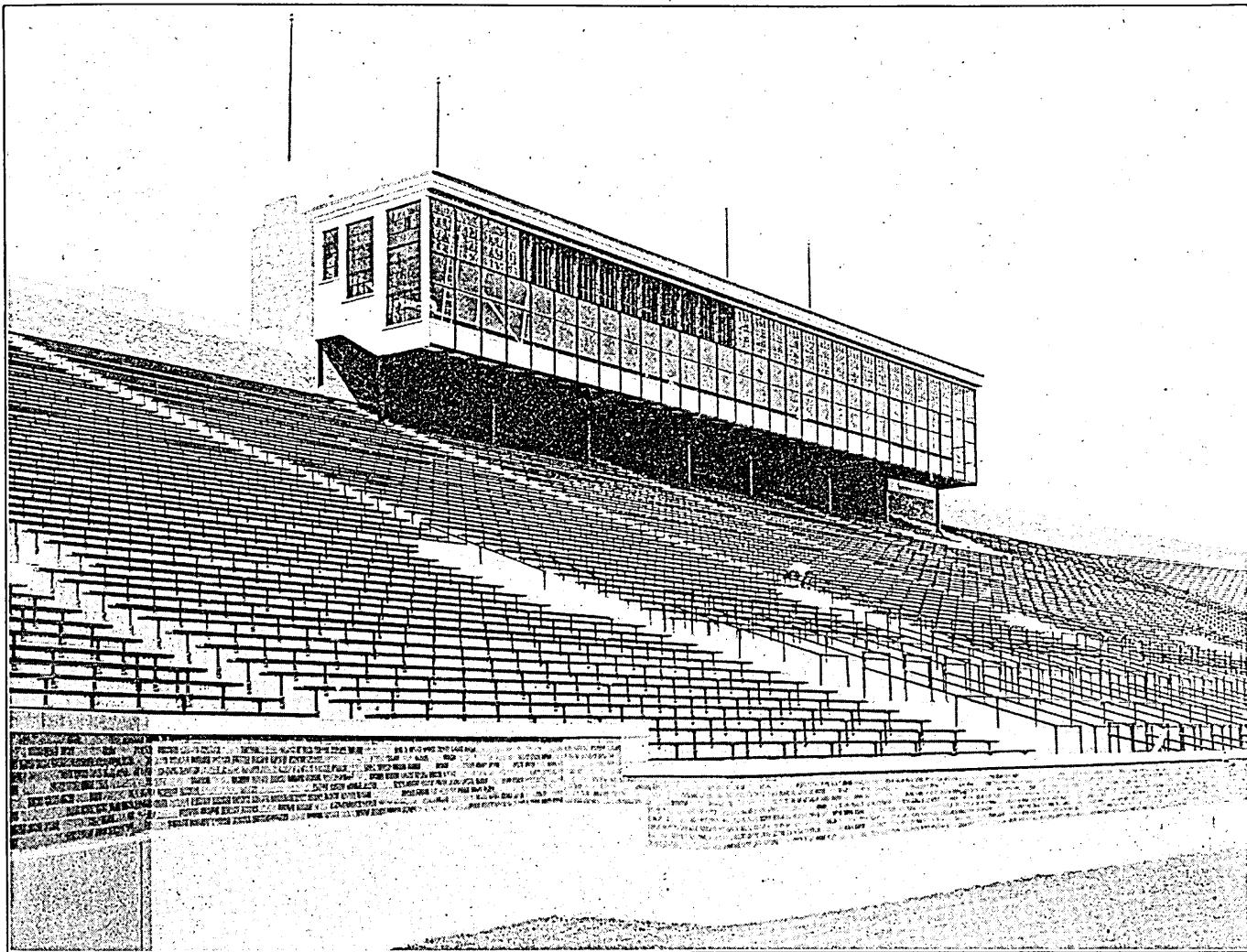
But this realization need not be carried so far as to lead us to discard all ambitions of ever donning the moleskins again. Even as this is being written, a group of ex-gridiriders are out on historic Cartier Field preparing for their final bow, a charity show. These men who you remember as making up the personnel of teams from 1921 to 1930 carved their names on various gridirons of the country with cleated shoes and are back again because they love the game and all that it means to them. And in spite of the training grind which is the most provoking part of football, these men are back at it again solely for the chance of again meeting their old pals and working and sweating together.

The most common fault of the inhabitants of this side of the fence is their readiness to criticize. Picking out

(Continued on page 111)



Elder starting on the 97-yard run that beat Army in 1929.



THE STADIUM PRESS BOX

"Refreshments — for Newspapermen"

By WARREN BROWN
Sports Editor, Chicago Herald-Examiner

PEOPLE who write in glass press boxes, shouldn't throw bouquets.

But I can't help it.

That new Notre Dame cage for critics is the feature of the stadium. And was, from the start. No matter how many of those concrete rows arose, empty, to annoy the finer sensibilities of Art Haley, the cage for the critics was always sure of a capacity attendance. One never did realize how many newspapermen there must be in the world, until he tried to circulate in that critics' cage, preferably at half time, and one second after announcement had been made that refreshments were to be served, to newspapermen.

The last two words were always superfluous.

A newspaperman has only a certain amount of gameness, and none dared trust his spindly shins, to that rush.

After all, a journeyman newspaperman doesn't come to Notre Dame for refreshments.

He comes, for the most part, to cover football games, and it is his own fault if he doesn't do an ample job of coverage.

Arrangements were such, in the two games that I witnessed from the critics' cage, that coverage followed the lines of least resistance. The aides of Joe Petritz did everything but write for the visitors.

Here and now, I wish to return my somewhat belated thanks for a real service rendered.

Mr. Petritz and his aides did a noble job of blocking (and mayhap some tackling) of the added starters, so that newspapermen who had come to cover, were not forced instead, to take to cover. No more shall this casual visitor wonder where Rockne's men learn to block and

(Continued on page 108)

Behind the Team

THIS article is not concerned with the synthetic enthusiasm of the pep session, the long-winded oratory, nor the bally-hoo of school spirit. It purports simply to tell of the loyalty of Notre Dame . . . that masculine, stolid, everlasting loyalty that is the traditional legacy of Notre Dame men.

Notre Dame backs its football teams. But it's not the torch-lit parades or the blaring of the Victory March, however idealistic, that typifies Irish enthusiasm and loyalty. It's the stuff behind that counts. School spirit means more to Notre Dame than a Drum Yell or holding aloft a blue and gold card between the halves.

They also serve who only sit and yell.

Someone has called student celebrations the yard-stick or measuring block of school spirit. But in the instance of the Carnegie Tech pep meeting, mile-stones would have proved an inadequate rule.

There were 3,000 pushing, cheering young chaps standing bare-headed in the Notre Dame gymnasium that night, shouting the praises of Knute Rockne and his boys. They pledged their loyalty then. And the next afternoon they proved it. School spirit . . . wild shouting . . . a

student body that backs its football team. The harder the battle, then so much the tougher is Notre Dame.

That's what Tim Galvin had said that night. "We've met them tough before," he shouted. "Notre Dame has always met them tough. But when they get tough, we get tougher!" The student body had liked that phrase. It sounded powerful. Things like that were built up only after generations of men had felt the same way.

Ed Massa led the shouting; he originated the Drum Yell; and he helped with Silent Cheering—for these three achievements he is justly deserving a word of praise. Likewise to Joe Kennedy and to Dave Powers, who assisted in the yell provoking antics of Cheer Leader Massa.

Silent cheering was mentioned. Tim Benitz, chairman of the S. A. C., started it. 800 students, garbed in white sweaters, held aloft cards of vari-colored hues at the half. In this manner they spelled out, movie-like, such phrases as "WELCOME NAVY" and "HELLO INDIANA."

Notre Dame teams are victorious because they fight until the finish. The student body shows its loyalty in the stand, win or lose, until the final whistle blows. Both of these reasons are a composite of why Notre Dame usually wins.



RAISING THE ROOF BEFORE THE CARNEGIE TECH GAME

The Real Notre Dame— Has It Changed?

By FRANCIS WALLACE

THIS is written the day after the Southern California game. We have just put the boys on the train for a triumphant journey across the states; this climaxed an afternoon spent at the estate of Edward Doheny, a principality in the hills of Hollywood as large as mythical Graustark and more royal than McCutcheon ever imagined; after leaving the Doheny place we travelled by motor cop convoy to the Paramount lot; saw sweet Mary Brian looking disappointed as a little girl because plans went wrong and she couldn't be photographed with the boys. Then to Fox Hills—and saw movie stars looking at Carideo and handsome Tom Conley with the same adulation football players give movie stars. Back to the hotel to read how rabid Coast sports writers break down and generously acknowledge that Notre Dame was two touchdowns better than any team ever coached.

As I write, a radio in the next room is playing the good old Victory March; the Hike Song. The Ambassador, the Biltmore and other hotels are strangely quiet after a wild night of celebration of the most modern version of the fall of Troy.

Notre Dame is big stuff. The country is extremely aware of the sunshiny lawns of Notre Dame and acutely admiring of everything which comes out of there. Newspapers will marvel for weeks; *Collier's* has just finished a series of articles by that great writer, King Knute himself. College Humor has just finished *Huddle*, my fiction story of Notre Dame football, and the story is out in book form and may be produced as a movie.

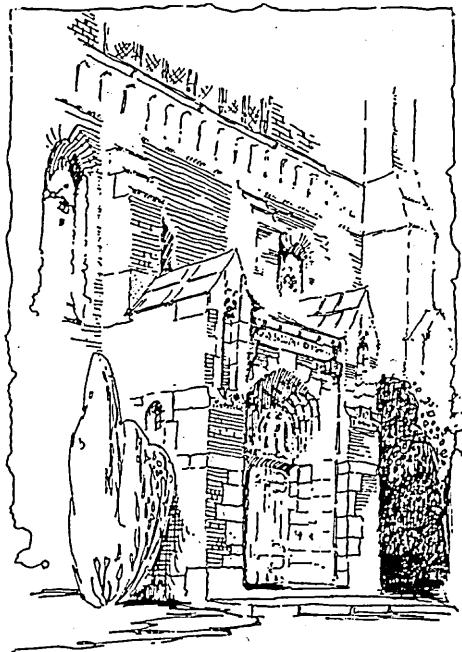
And I cannot help but compare all of this with the old days; to marvel at all of the changes which have taken place since I first came to South Bend and asked a copper where the Hill Street car came in.

That was in 1919. Rockne was just a young football coach, beginning his remarkable career after a prep season during the S.A.T.C. war year.

The big games were with Nebraska, Purdue, Indiana and our good friend, the Army. If Walter Eckersall gave us a writeup everybody was flattered and rushed to the old newsstand in the basement of the main building . . . Those were the days when our fondest hope was someday to be admitted to the Big Ten. If a New York sport writer visited the campus it was a sensation. As a rookie reporter I followed Lawrence Perry around wild-eyed . . . The radio was unknown then—and a magazine article about Notre Dame was the last thing any editor would imagine.

The football field had wooden bleachers which seated 2500. The student body comprised about 900. If we wanted to play Nebraska we had to go out to Lincoln every year — nobody ever thought of coming to Notre Dame to play . . . Rock was director of athletics, football coach, student manager, trainer, business manager and what have you. His one-room office on the second floor of the main building was a hodge-podge littered with unanswered correspondence, football equipment, one typewriter and a roll-top desk against the wall; a desk which he never bothered to close.

When we went down to the Army there was one Pullman car—and all berths were crowded. The army game was played at West Point before 6000 people and there



"For
God,
Country
and
Notre
Dame"

were no gate receipts . . . Joe Byrne and his fine old father were the angels who took us to the theatre and to a cabaret for dinner. If the stage comedian mentioned that the Notre Dame team was in the house it was a terrific thrill . . . When we went to Iowa in 1921 the squad made the trip in a day coach . . . 20,000 people was a mammoth crowd at a game. The big home games were against Valparaiso, Depauw and Michigan Aggies.

Things have changed since the old days. The University has grown in size and prestige; the end is not in sight; Notre Dame has kept pace with its football teams. The magnitude of its growth is apparent to anyone who visits the campus or reads the printed page or listens to comment in any section of the country.

But in all of this change some things have not changed; and these things which remain the same have caused the changes.

Rock is still Rock; eleven years older and eleven years wiser; but the same keen brain, the same generous heart, the same simple complexity, the same hard fighter and game sportsman.

The spirit is still there; the intangible winning spirit; the democratic atmosphere; the close communion between player and student.

The boys have not changed. Tom Conley, Bert Metzger, Tom Kassis, Frank Carideo, Marchy Schwartz and Marty Brill are the same types as George Gipp, Johnny Mohardt, Eddie Anderson, Chet Wynne, Buck Shaw, Slip Madigan, Hunk Anderson and all of the older boys . . . The Notre Dame athlete is still a hard-hitting, keen thinking chap on the field and a clean-cut, healthy, modest boy in civies.

The priests have not changed. Father O'Donnell is the logical development of Father Cavanaugh, Father Burns and Father Walsh.

The basement chapel has not changed. And I hope, that as the University continues to grow, it will never even be renovated. For there, where the casual campus visitor seldom goes, a spot about which the football public never reads, is to my mind, the real Notre Dame, the constant source of all its change.

Eloquent Silence

By BERT McGRANE
Des Moines Tribune Staff Writer

EVANSTON, ILL.—This is a tale of silence—interminable, boundless silence—ear splitting silence. Silence absolute. It is silence that clubs you, holds you, startles you. It is the silence of the Notre Dame dressing room, at the zero hour.

This silence presses in on your ear drums. It is strained, unreal. It seems eternal.

We are in the half-light of a shadowy locker room, deep under Dyche stadium. The chalk white walls exude no sound. The pallid reflection from the high windows casts the shadows of the tall black lockers diagonally across the floor.

Faintly, through some remote opening, comes the echo of cheering from the crowded stands above. Only the echo breaks the stillness.

Men, half a hundred of them, clad in the blue and gold of Notre Dame, are here, waiting. They are in uniform, girded for war—grim war on the gridiron. War against and undefeated and feared rival—Northwestern.

Notre Dame men have had their short turn on the field for the brief warming up in an oval banked solid with tense humanity. Now they are back in their dressing room—waiting. Waiting the zero hour.

In twenty minutes comes the kick-off when all this repression will be cast aside—when smashing, crashing action will ease this painful tension.

The minutes tick away. No sound even from Knute Rockne, the famous coach of the Fighting Irish. He is here, but he is silent. The minutes tick away.

I study the face of my watch. Yes, the hands really move. In this strained silence there is nothing to do but study the watch. In a restless moment I stir and the creaking of my chair resounds through the tomb-like quarters. Heads are turned but drop again. The men are occupied only with themselves.

Now, only ten minutes remain before the kick-off. Now nine, eight, seven—. Will this silence never end? Will Rockne never speak? The minutes tick away and the interminable silence continues.

Rockne moves. He looks at one of his men but says nothing. He glances at another, but speaks not.

"Up!"

Rockne's sharp command breaks the deathlike stillness. Instantly every man is on his feet. The silence broken, the atmosphere is electrified. The men stand, eager, straining, inwardly trembling.

"My starting line-up," snaps Rockne. "Conley, Kurth, Metzger, Yarr, Kassis, Culver, Host, Carideo, Brill, Mullins, Schwartz."

Rockne bites off every burning word. He speaks in sharp, ringing tones. Every word is a flaming arrow that

pierces the heart. He tells them what the game means. He wants it as clean as a whistle. He wants the backs to shift slowly and keep that cadence down. He wants them to play the game and he wants them to fight, Fight, FIGHT!

That's all. Rockne's talk requires perhaps forty seconds. His men dash out of their dressing room. Fifty fighting hearts are pumping as they never pumped before. Fighting blood is coursing through the veins of Rockne's men.

I had wondered often in the past what procedure Knute Rockne followed in filling his men with fire before an important game. Rockne kindly consented to let me satisfy my curiosity last Saturday by going with Notre Dame team into its dressing room, watching the men prepare for the battle with Northwestern and hearing with my own ears his method of arousing his men.

If my observations are correct, strange indeed is the Rockne pre-game psychology. It seems to be based much more on silence than on any blistering lecture of any burning plea that even Rockne might make.

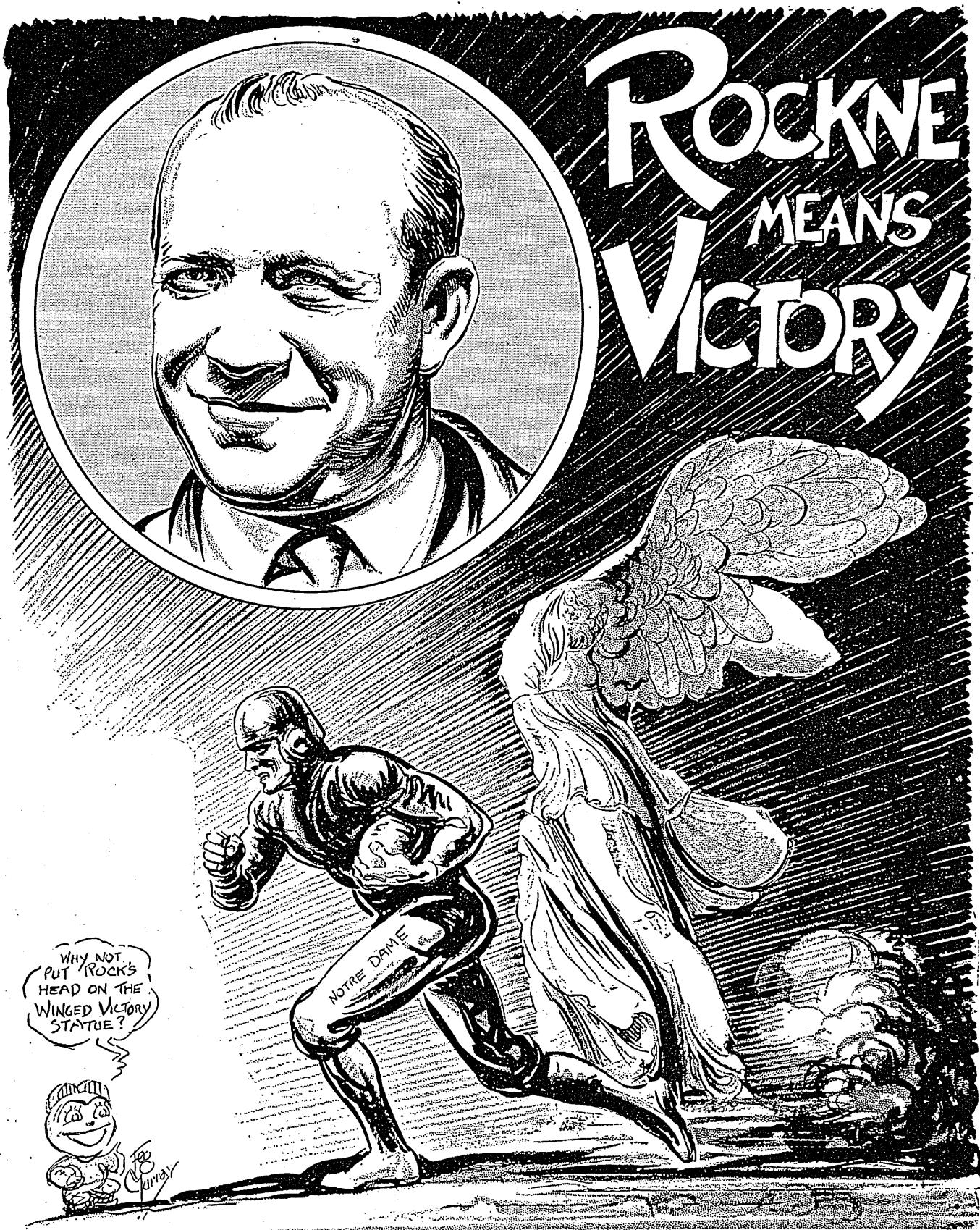
The Notre Dame team came back to its dressing room at 1:40 after spending about ten minutes in warming up. By actual count not a word was uttered in that dressing room until 1:58. Then came Rockne's dramatic "Up!" and it shattered the silence like a deafening clap of thunder.

To say that silence is eloquent when Knute Rockne waits with his men at the zero hour before a crucial game is painting the scene in colors that are faded indeed. Each minute every man expects to hear Rockne shatter the silence with some last minute instruction, some blast about the battle, but not a sound comes from Rockne. And for eighteen successive minutes the emotions of every Notre Dame man surge up until they reach the bursting point before Rockne speaks. When he finally speaks every man is wild for the battle. Silence, not eloquence, keys them to the fighting pitch.

Notre Dame men are coached during the week—not before games. Rockne had no last minute instructions. Four of his regulars went into the game still battered from their contest with Drake, but not a word came from Rockne about the condition of these men.

Verbal fire may be the weapon used by most coaches to arouse their men to the fighting pitch but Rockne reaches his goal with silence. His is the silence of the goading, lashing type—the kind that demands an outlet for the emotions yet provides none. When Rockne finally speaks before a game his sharp, piercing words do more in a few seconds than verbal fire could do in an hour.

There must have been silence of the Rockne variety in the Argonne, or at Chateau Thierry, when the men waited for the cold, clammy dawn to go over the top.



DRAWN ESPECIALLY FOR THE REVIEW BY FEG MURRAY

According to Our

"Keep Your Eye on the Ball"

By JACK CANNON
All-American Guard, 1929



JACK CANNON

LITTLE do spectators know of the value of the football adage, "keep your eye on the ball." I shall try in a brief way to tell of its importance. In the 1929 season, Notre Dame was proclaimed national champions and many sport writers have termed that team, "ball-hawks." They have written reams about its members' alertness in recovering fumbles, intercepting passes, and general following of the ball.

By following the ball on every play, the Notre Dame players easily lived up to their nickname. The Army game of 1929 was played on a frozen gridiron with spectators almost frozen to their seats. One of the greatest thrills of the season was theirs as they watched the speed-demon, Jack Elder, race through the ferocious Army stalwarts for the coveted touchdown which meant glory for Elder and victory for the Fighting Dragons.

Elder kept his team's record from being marred by a scoreless tie by performing this marvelous feat, and the achievement was due entirely to his watching the ball all during the cold afternoon. So also, a lineman must not only take his opponents out of the play and tackle, but he must keep his eye riveted on the pigskin which passes to new life every time it is handled.

Many hard fought, close games are lost because a player momentarily loses sight of the ball. In my opinion, the team that caused Notre Dame the most fright was the Carnegie Tech outfit which kept the ball in almost constant motion. Many of our players tackled the wrong man only to find too late that another back, several yards down the field was running with the ball. Their attack was especially deceptive because of the gigantic size of the linemen who formed a visual barrier and enabled members of the rear works to handle the ball with ease.

On offense, a team must always keep in mind the value of proper handling of the ball. The players must handle the ball, gracefully, skillfully, and securely. Although most anyone can handle it fairly well with a little practice, it takes a smart player to handle the ball correctly at all times.

I received the greatest thrill of my career when I pounced on a loose ball on the five-yard line during the Southern California game. We were enabled to score our first touchdown when U. S. C. was leading us, 6 to 0. Little did I realize the importance of the play at that time, but the 13 to 12 Notre Dame victory tells the story.

In the few months I have coached at Alabama Polytechnic Institute, my first experience in the coaching field has been successful because in every game this football adage

(Continued on page 102)

Watch-Charm Guards

By JOHN P. (CLIPPER) SMITH
Captain and All-American Guard, 1927



"CLIPPER" SMITH

THE development of the open style of play, which found its first great popularity after the Army-Notre Dame game of 1913 when Gus Dorias passed to Knute Rockne all afternoon for a 35 to 13 Notre Dame victory, has led to the increasing use of the small guard. The great Army game of 1913 saw the pass used extensively for the first time on an Eastern gridiron and from that game may be dated the rise of the open game used today. Spinners, reverses, end-around plays, passes, and wide end runs have replaced the old, bruising mass plays in which the 200-pound guard was such a vital part.

Notre Dame's famous coach, Rockne, first as a player and later as a mentor, has been largely responsible for this modern, scientific trend, and he is the one who started the idea of using the "watch charm" guard. Perhaps the most outstanding of these were Capt. John Law of the 1929 team and little Bert Metzger, who has been acclaimed All-American, for his excellent work during the past season. Metzger won his distinction only after putting to shame men who outweighed him by as much as 40 and 45 pounds, men who themselves were being touted for All-American honors.

Because of his small size, Metzger had the speed which enabled him to drop out of the line and cover rapidly on passes, or, on offense, to pull out and lead the interference on wide end runs. He was also skilled at slipping through an opposing line to "cold-knock" the ball-carrier before he got to the line of scrimmage, and at piling up a play when it was aimed at his part of the line. Several teams on the 1930 schedule boasting a heavy, powerful, full-back with plenty of drive, and using the Warner system, aimed their whole offense at Metzger in an effort to wear him down or sweep his 153 pounds aside. His versatility of attack, however, upset all of them and as soon as he saw a power play coming his way, he merely dived across the legs of the opposing center and guard and piled up the interference so that there was no hole to go through.

A heavier man, of course, could do the same thing, but it would be impossible for a 200-pounder to get out and lead a set of swift backs, such as Rockne always has, to the line of scrimmage on an end run. Pulling the guard out is dangerous and many serious injuries have resulted from it. In 1929, Larry Mullins received the knee injury which slowed him up and possibly kept him from All-American honors, when a guard pulled out on the wrong play and Mullins went crashing into him. The guard was bruised a bit and Mullins was permanently handicapped.

(Continued on page 100)

All-Americans - - -

The Apex of the Attack

By ARTHUR (BUD) BOERINGER
All-American Center, 1926

THE center position is one of those "nose in the mud" jobs; but along with that, it carries many fine points which can be brought out scientifically by a man able to take hold in the proper manner and develop all its possibilities.

I played center all the time I was in any competition, both in high school and at Notre Dame and I have become convinced that this position, like all others, is one which requires more than a season to master.

My first coaches were Harry Mehre, now head coach at Georgia, and Joe Brandy. Both were fine men to work with and Harry gave me my first taste of Notre Dame football. He was a great center himself and a fine passer and he instilled into me the cardinal principle of all good center play—that a center's first job is to pass the ball and pass it accurately at any distance and at any speed.

I had hopes some day of getting to Notre Dame and just being a member of "Rock's" squad, and I don't think there was a happier kid in the world than myself when I finally found myself striving along with 100 others for a chance at big time football. Right then and there I learned the value of practice in perfecting passing. A center should throw the ball at a target until it becomes almost second nature with him to make the various kinds of passes.

My first game was against Beloit and the opposition completed several passes in the territory I was supposed to be covering. I shall never forget the caustic remarks "Rock" made about me at the half. But his criticism was only an incentive to go out there and try all the harder to do the job right.

Some of the points I think most important, both offensively and defensively, I shall try to outline. First, I shall mention passing. The spiral pass is used because, although it is harder to make, it is much more effective for speed, accuracy, and ball-handling. The ball is gripped by the strings with the right hand and it is given its direction by the left hand for right-handed passers. Good practice is to swing the ball in an arc between the legs until this motion is mastered. The weight of the body should never rest on the ball, but should be distributed on the buttocks, and the feet should be as near parallel as possible. This stance, a natural one, will resist attack from any angle. Since most running plays go to the right, it is sometimes necessary to advance the right foot a trifle. The center must master five kinds of passes: a short lob pass to a back bucking straight in, a pass merely handing the ball to the quarter-back, a pass directly back

(Continued on page 101)



BUD BOERINGER

High-Test Football

By FRANK CARIDEO
All-American Quarter-back, 1929-30

NOTRE DAME has just finished two years of competition without a defeat against opponents which never once gave the Irish a chance to let down. For 19 consecutive games, the team was called upon to exhibit "High Test Football" in two of the hardest schedules any team has ever played. I firmly believe that no coach but Rockne could have taken any team through these man-killing contests undefeated.

As quarter-back both years, it was my responsibility to direct the team's attack, only, however, after Coach Rockne had very carefully mapped the procedure of each game in his daily noon lectures. It was he, and not the quarter-backs who went through the scouting reports, mulled over the plays likely to be used by the opposition, and then set about to build up a defense to meet them. It was he, also, who told the quarter-backs how to disorganize the defense of the opposition by varying plays. It was Rockne who developed what I believe to be the most dazzling array of offensive weapons the game has ever seen and then instructed the quarter-backs which ones to use each game.

We were fortunate this season in having Southern Methodist as our first opponent. This team which had passed its way to three Southwest Conference championships in three years with one of the game's most brilliant aerial attacks, gave us our baptism of fire against passes, and the long, accurate throws of Kattman impressed every man with the necessity of fast, complete covering. I think we learned more in this game about defending against passes than fifty lectures could have told us.

Then came Navy and we got our first taste of the Warner wing-back type of offense in which the spinner, reverse, and man-in-motion formations play such a vital part. After Navy came Carnegie Tech, much more powerful and with its attack—based on the Warner system—which was developed to a high point of perfection and interspersed with plays of Coach Wally Steffan's own making.

Pittsburgh presented a combination of Warner, Steffan and Coach Jock Sutherland in its offensive make-up, but the predominating phase of the Pitt attack was Warner's system which we had already met and defeated in two games. Thus, it was not much of a problem to form a defense for the Panthers.

Indiana came the next week and again we had to re-organize our defense to meet the tricks Pat Page had in his elaborate system. Against Pennsylvania, we found the Warner system again and were ready for it. Ossie Solem,

(Continued on page 103)



FRANK CARIDEO

An Editorial

THE fighting men of Notre Dame, taught to fight scientifically and effectively by Coach Rockne, have completed another year of football exploits which bring new laurels and new glory to the feet of Our Lady, whose beautiful image, posed at the top of the Main building of the campus, is a constant source of inspiration to all men of Notre Dame.

The plaudits these men have received, the roar of the crowds whose sympathies lie with Notre Dame opponents, and the unfailingly flattering accounts of their games by the sports writers of the nation from coast to coast are undoubtedly more impressive than anything *Official Football Review* can say in its all too unworthy gesture of recognition to these warriors.

Many of the nation's finest writers and most recognized authorities, however, have cooperated with the staff to make this *Review* what we confidently feel is our best effort, and in the publication of the 1930 issue we feel that we have come closer to our ideal than ever before. We wish to take this opportunity to thank our friends who gave generously of their time and talents and contributed gladly without the least question of monetary return.

One of the best known sports cartoonists in the country, the one at least we think is the best, is Feg Murray whose striking drawings are syndicated to papers throughout the country. He contributed his genius and much of his valuable time to the *Review* to make the impressive sketch which appears on page 61.

Warren Brown, sports editor of the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*, who delights each Fall in singing the praise of Rockne and Notre Dame both in his scintillating column and in his news stories, became so effusive about the Notre Dame press box one day that we asked him to write us a story about it. We still feel, in spite of his statement that "The rap is a bum one," that his scathing article in the 1928 *Review* concerning the old Cartier field press coop led directly to the new elaborate box for scribes.

Bert McGrane, of the Des Moines *Register-Tribune*, which by some miracle of management boasts a circulation twice the size of its town, one day dropped in on Notre Dame to write a series of feature articles about the university from a number of different angles. All were so good that the North American Newspaper Alliance carried them throughout the country and we secured Bert's kind permission to reproduce what we thought to be his best, his description of "silence that grips you", for our readers.

A number of prominent writers who formerly attended Notre Dame were so moved by school spirit and perhaps a touch of pride in the 1930 team that they have sent in their works for your approval. Arch Ward, sports editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, took enough time off from his very pressing duties to tell how tradition was built at Notre Dame. He was here when tradition was in the making and it was his work as Notre Dame's first publicity director, that did much to put the team before the public eye when Rockne was first gaining recognition with his great teams. He really knows his subject, and his way of putting ideas on paper is marvelous, no less, to us.

Frank Wallace, a later publicity director at the school, and the author of *Huddle*, a novel dealing with Notre Dame's heroes, traditions, and customs, which was recently released in book form after its enthusiastic reception in *College Humor*, consented gladly to let us use his description of the Northwestern game which was in the New

York *Daily News* and to write on the changes which have taken place since his day.

Our former all-American stars also shunted their coaching duties to the side to give you their colorful accounts of Notre Dame football. Arthur (Bud) Boeringer, a fighting fool of a center who won all-American recognition in 1926, offers advice for young, up and coming pivot men and tells of his own experiences. Jack (Boom Boom) Cannon whose headgearless exploits of 1929 won him the all-time all-American distinction of several authorities, also has something to say in this issue in his humorous way. John (Clipper) Smith, who led the 1927 team and distinguished himself as one of Rockne's best "watch-charm" guards, adds his bit of praise, most of which consists in telling how good Metzger and Johnny Law were. He must have been rather able himself to win his mythical laurels. Finally, Frank Carideo, the keen, calculating, inspiring field general of the 1928-29-30 elevens, who twice has had the laurel wreath come to rest on his classic brow, has reviewed the 1930 season and has told some of the "inside" on what makes Notre Dame win.

One of the greatest of Notre Dame stars was Jack Elder, the soft-spoken lad from Kentucky, who also distinguished himself as one of Notre Dame's greatest track performers. His talents as a writer, capably developed by the Notre Dame department of English, were exploited immediately on his graduation by the Chicago *Herald-Examiner* and he tells you, in the *Review*, some of the emotions he feels when he is nibbling a pencil in the press box and his former mates are in a tight spot.

Grantland Rice, of the North American Newspaper Alliance; Paul Mickelson, of the Associated Press; Charles Egan, of the United Press; Wilfred Smith, the *Chicago Tribune's* football expert; George Shaffer, of the *Tribune's* press service; Jess Carver, of the *Sun Telegraph* in Pittsburgh; Robert Kelley of the *New York Times*; and Frank Brody of the Des Moines *Register* all gave instant permission when asked if we might reproduce their articles which we picked as the best on each of Notre Dame's games.

To James E. Armstrong, secretary of the Notre Dame Alumni association, who scolds with characteristic alumni secretary enthusiasm about the people who stayed away in millions from Notre Dame's home games, we also extend our thanks and congratulations on a crisp, well written piece which should shame these radio rooters into coming out in abundance next season.

Last in recognition, but not least by any means in our heartfelt appreciation are the boys on the campus, the embryo novelists, short-story writers, playwrights, and journalists who made careful studies of their subjects and then wrote them interestingly and well. To Bob Gorman, Neil Hurley, Eddie Britz, John Kiener, Bob Balfe, and Frank (Spike) McAdams—our sincere thanks for your untiring efforts. These good friends took time from their classes, their amusements, and their numerous campus activities to do the bidding of the *Review* whenever the *Review* so much as hinted that they could be of assistance.

To the publicity directors of the following schools we also wish to express our appreciation: Warren A. Roach, Southern Methodist; Lieut. Comm. F. G. Reinicke, U. S. N.; Max E. Hannum, Carnegie; Fred Turbeyville, Pitt; Frank R. Elliott, Indiana; Joseph T. Labrum, Penn; E. C. Lytton, Drake; Walter M. Paulison, Northwestern; Capt. W. H. Wells, Army; and Alfred F. Wesson, Southern California. All cooperated splendidly in furnishing material needed from their schools.

the

SEASON'S REVIEW



ART KANE

Notre Dame - - - - - 20
Southern Methodist - - - - 14



RAY MORRISON
S. M. U. Coach

My boys, though defeated, enjoyed their trip to South Bend. They will long remember the courtesies shown them by Notre Dame students and officials, and their one desire is to repay these courtesies, and perhaps the defeat, in the near future.



BILL SKEETERS
S. M. U. Captain

I have much respect for Notre Dame's football team and coach. Their blocking was far superior to any I had previously seen, and on defense their ferocious tackling could not help being effective. Rockne's 1930 team is the best I have ever played against.

Not over-rated was the fighting band of Mustangs Coach Ray Morrison brought to Notre Dame to open unofficially a new era in Notre Dame football history. Their record of winning three Southwest conference championships in three years and their reputation as perhaps the leading exponent of the forward pass made them a team to be feared when they stepped into the newly opened Notre Dame stadium.

Admittedly they had been pointing for Notre Dame since the game was scheduled in the fall of 1929 and it was not long before the fact became apparent that they were out to win. Playing in midseason form against an Irish band that was fighting but that had not yet hit its stride, they carried the battle to Notre Dame's shock troops with their recklessness, vicious attacks.

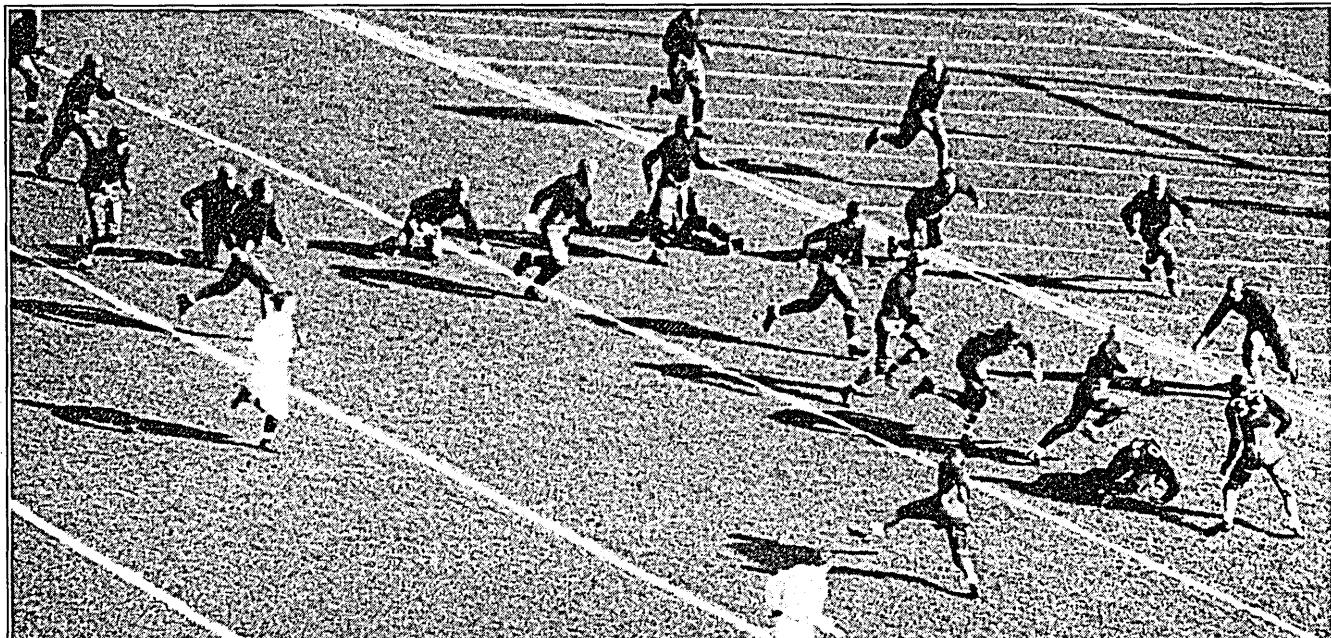
Undaunted by the fact that their regular quarter-back, Bob Gilbert, was on the sidelines, they played smart, heads-up football with Bruce Kattman, rubber-armed ball heaver, tossing the swineskin all over the Cartier sod. Every year, coaches divide their time between developing an attack and forming a defense. Coach Rockne in 'three short weeks, had not much of a chance to work out any plan to stop the glorified basketball used Southern Methodists' red-jersied warriors, but he met Morrison's strategy with some of his own.

Morrison's theory is that if enough passes are thrown, the law of averages will work to the completion of some of them. Rockne added that by the same omen, a number would be intercepted. His strategy lay, however, in meeting passes with passes not so many of Notre Dame's were intercepted.

Highlights were Mason's pass to Kattman to put the ball on the two-yard line in the first quarter and Hopper's ensuing plunge for the touchdown; Joe Savoldi's return of the next kick-off; Ed Kosky's steady work at end; Joe Kurth's brilliant tackle of Mason who was running full tilt

in the open field; Kattman's 38-yard pass to Koontz for a touchdown, Carideo's return of a Mustang punt from the 39 to the 11-yard line from which Notre Dame scored in two attempts; Larry Mullins' 60-yard run that was called back; and Carideo's pass to Kosky for 25 yards which set the stage for the winning touchdown in the last quarter.

Rockne was thankful because his team had survived its baptism of fire and had proved itself capable of stopping passes, and because it fought to the last ditch and proved itself, thereby, a representative Notre Dame team.



Schwartz slices off right tackle for five yards and Notre Dame's second touchdown.

Irish Horsemen Hamstring S. M. U. Mustangs

Heroes of the Day

Ed Kosky and Tommy Yarr, left end and center respectively, both rose from nowhere to fame with the varsity, quietly, unobtrusively, and stamped themselves great in the first game.

Yarr's deadly tackling and backing up of the line against the dizziest pass attack Notre Dame met all year was outstanding. He made three interceptions in the last few minutes of play to stave off a desperate S. M. U. attempt to tie.

Kosky, with four minutes to go, made a beautiful catch of Schwartz's long pass to take the ball from deep in Notre Dame territory to the Mustang 27-yard line. This play gave the Irish new life, Conley was interfered with on the five-yard stripe on the next one, and Schwartz plunged over to break a 14 to 14 deadlock and give Notre Dame victory.

By WILFRED SMITH
(Chicago Tribune Press Service)



ED KOSKY



TOMMY YARR

South Bend, Ind., Oct. 4.—A hard riding band of Texans from Southern Methodist university this afternoon raced up and down the sod of old Cartier field, now transplanted in Notre Dame's new stadium. Their spectacular, accurate tossing nearly ruined the informal dedication of Notre Dame's brick bowl, but the home boys managed to eke out a 20 to 14 victory.

Far into the final quarter the red shirted Texans battled the Irish squad with honors even, 14 to 14. The Red Shirts, led by Bruce Kattman, whose pitching arm rarely failed to spiral the ball to a speeding end or back, scored in each period of the first half. They crashed through Notre Dame's shock troops, and then in the second quarter repeated the score against the first eleven.

Crash Over in Last 4 Minutes

But Notre Dame also had crossed the Mustangs' goal in each quarter. Thus the players came back to wage a battle which Notre Dame repeatedly threatened to win, but couldn't. Then came the last four minutes, four minutes in which the Irish, responding to the steady roaring cheers from the west stands, went on to victory.

Twice before Notre Dame had been stopped, thrust back by the desperate resistance of the Mustang line. Then again the ball belonged to the Irish just two yards from midfield.

Marchy Schwartz dropped back. Then he passed to Ed Kosky, who was tackled on the Methodist 27-yard line. Again Schwartz spiraled the ball, this time to Capt. Tom Conley. Conley leaped and as he leaped, Gene Hamister sent him sprawling to the turf. The officials ruled the pass completed and Notre Dame had the ball four yards from the goal line.

Quickly Carideo called one more signal. Schwartz, behind perfect interference, rushed over the prostrate linemen, cut sharply inside to left end and plunged full length with the ball an arm's length across the goal.

Southern Methodist performed to the expectations of the hundreds who had followed them on their invasion.

Mustangs Score Quickly

Southern Methodist scored its first touchdown in four plays. The third play, a pass from Mason to Kattman, gained 48 yards and put the ball two yards from Notre Dame's goal line. Hopper followed with a thrust over tackle for the six points and Long kicked for the seventh.

Only a minute later Joe Savoldi, the curly haired Italian, received the kickoff, fumbled momentarily, and then raced down the center of the field 98 yards for a touchdown. Chuck Jask which kicked the point.

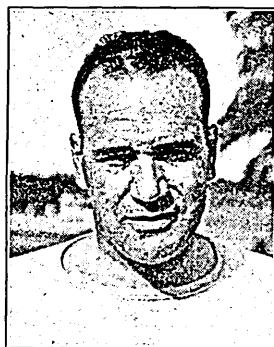
Early in the second quarter Frank Carideo returned a Mustang punt and the second touchdown was manufactured. A penalty for holding had shoved S. M. U. back so that Kattman punted from behind his goal line. Carideo took the ball and raced 29 yards to the S. M. U. 11-yard stripe.

Two plays, the second a five-yard slice off tackle by Schwartz, crossed the final chalk mark. Carideo kicked the point.

With a few minutes of the half remaining, Mustang passes accomplished a second and tying score. Kattman tossed from his own 20-yard line to Long for 16 yards. Then he sent another which was ruled completed at Notre Dame's 38-yard line. A third time Kattman passed. Koontz, running wide, grabbed the ball just out of Carideo's reach and staggered the remaining six yards.

LINEUPS	
Notre Dame	S. M. U.
Kosky	L. E. Koontz
Culver	L. T. Tate
Kassis	L. G. Neeley
Yarr	C. Powell
Metzger	R. G. Reilly
Donoghue	R. T. Skeeters
Conley	R. E. Long
Carideo	Q. B. Kattman
Schwartz	L. H. Mason
Brill	R. H. Hopper
Savoldi	F. B. Sprague

Notre Dame - - - - - 26
Navy - - - - - 2



W. A. INGRAM
Navy Coach

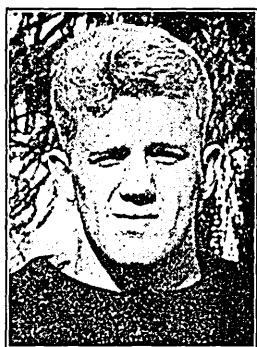
In my opinion, not only was a fine new stadium dedicated at South Bend, in the Navy-Notre Dame game Oct. 11, but in addition there was ushered in the greatest Notre Dame team ever to appear in the history of football.

The color and brilliancy of the new Notre Dame stadium dedication (see pg. 47) was surpassed only by that of the Fighting Irish in their decisive victory immediately after the exchange of bonhomie by officials of the Naval academy and the University of Notre Dame.

The Middies, weaker on offense than is usual with them, played brilliant defensive ball, but could not penetrate the several staunch sets of linemen that Rockne placed in their way. The day was warm and "Navy Bill" Ingram was without the reserve strength necessary to reenforce his faltering, tiring regulars. Navy, like Notre Dame, has many fine traditions and the Middies, stung by three previous defeats at the hands of the Irish, fought in vain to redeem these beatings.

Even after Gallopin' Joe Savoldi, playing full-back with the varsity in place of injured Larry Mullins, had conducted three touchdown excursions and had been removed from the game after piling up 123 yards in 11 trips, the Middies dug in their cleats and drove desperately down the field to the seven-yard line before they lost the ball on an incompletely pass on fourth down.

Something more than spirit was needed, however, to stop the steady march of the Irish backs as they began to sense the power that was theirs. Showing great improvement in blocking, they



R. M. BOWSTROM
Navy Acting Capt.

As captain elect of the Navy team that played Notre Dame Oct. 11, I have been requested by the entire squad to express our united respect and appreciation of Notre Dame's fine football spirit, clean playing and manly conduct both on and off the field.

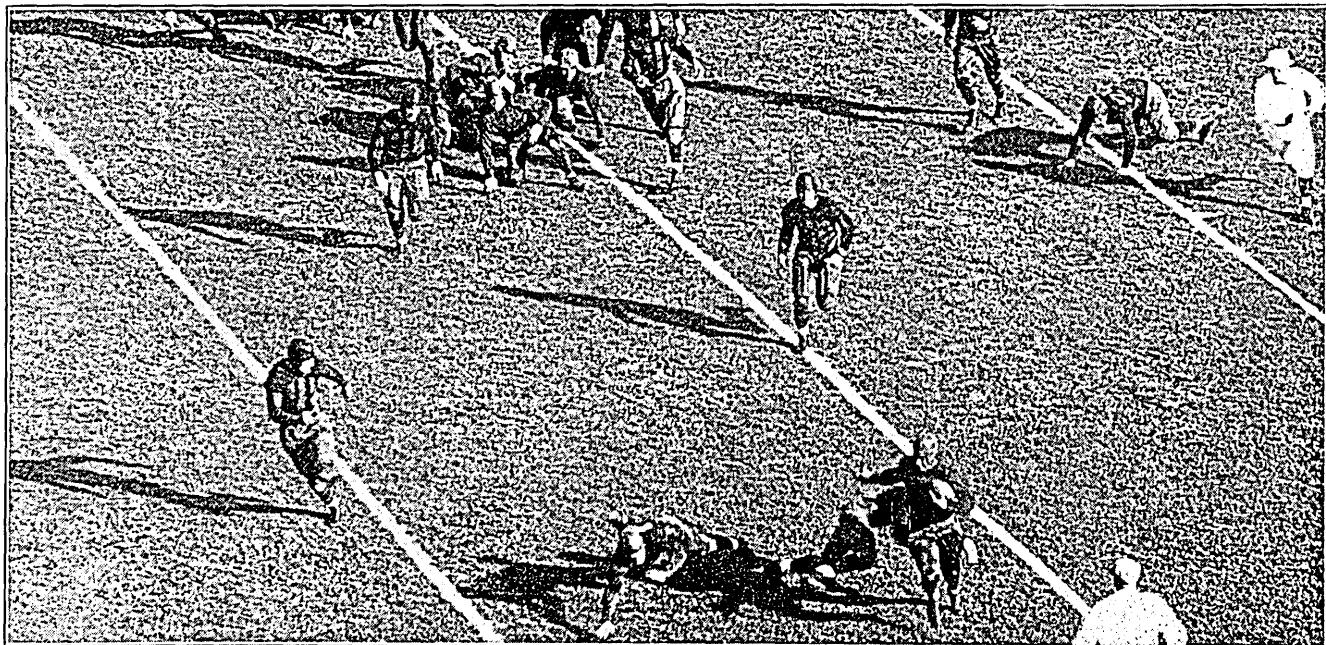
swept the ends, knifed through tackle, and bucked center behind the perfect driving of an eager line.

The first hint of what was to follow in ensuing games was given as they piled up 352 yards from scrimmage to Navy's 64.

To Savoldi went most of the glory and it was deserved by him because of his speedy dashes to the goal on three occasions. Credit also must go to those who paved the way for him and to the willing reserves whose able handling of the situation allowed the varsity to save itself for

the eight hard games still to come. Of the shock troops, none was more brilliant than Clarence Kaplan, third string right half, who made a bid for fame on two runs that took the ball 71 yards to the Navy 23-yard line. Bernie Leahy then dashed to the two-yard line and Fritz Staab plunged over. Kaplan totaled 96 yards in six attempts—and he's with the third team.

The game was the fourth of a four-game series, but it was understood at the close of the season that the contract is to be renewed and the scrapping Middies will continue to make history against the Fighting Irish.



Savoldi, (54) whose three touchdowns featured the game, gets 18 yards at right end.

Savoldi Leads Attack and Middies Surrender



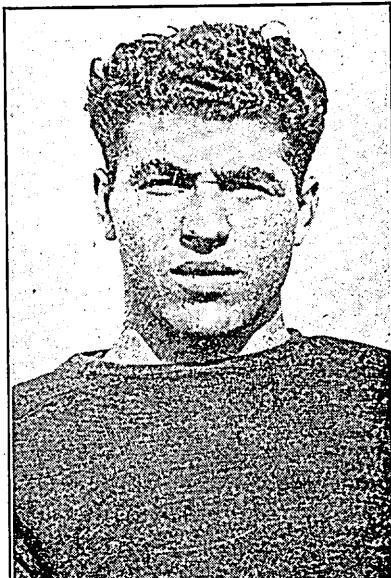
TOM KASSIS

Heroes of the Day

Tom Kassis, against Navy, not only played his usual strong offensive game, but his defensive work was nothing short of spectacular. Against a wing-back style of attack, his job is to hold the spinning quarter-back and to keep him from getting clear—and without using his hands! Tom not only did this, but often broke through for brilliant tackles behind the line of scrimmage.

Gallopin' Joe Savoldi was the offensive hero of the Navy game with his three runs of 53, 23, and eight yards for touchdowns. Given the ball 11 times in the short time he appeared against the Middies, Joe piled up 123 yards from scrimmage for an average of 11 yards a trip.

By CHARLES M. EGAN
(United Press Staff Correspondent)



JOE SAVOLDI

Notre Dame Stadium, South Bend, Ind., Oct. 11.—Notre Dame christened its swanky new football stadium today by defeating the United States naval academy 26 to 2. The victory served notice on the football world that Knute Rockne's colorful team again will be prominent in the race for the mythical national championship.

The story of the game is chiefly the story of jumping Joe Savoldi, a powerfully built Italian youth from Three Oaks. They say Joe throws rivets for the iron workers during his summer vacations. This afternoon he threw Navy Bill Ingram's best tacklers right and left while he galloped down the transplanted Cartier field sod of the new stadium for three of his team's four touchdowns.

Dashes 23 Yards

Savoldi is weak on the defensive they say, but if so he had no chance to show any weakness. Playing full-back for the first string because of an injury to Larry "Moon" Mullins, Joe lost no time in getting to business. Early in the second quarter, he broke off Navy's left tackle for a dash of 23 yards and the first touchdown of the game.

A few minutes later, he duplicated the stunt, only this time it was a dash of about 55 yards that preceded the score. Each time the scoring play was a short lateral pass tossed by Marty Brill, a sturdy half-back who once spent a brief period at Pennsylvania.

In the third period, Savoldi counted again, this time smashing through the right side of the Navy line for

eight yards. Frank Carideo, last year's all-American quarter-back, converted two of his tries for the extra point.

Subs Aid in Scoring

To bear out what the experts say about the lesser lights among his 100 odd players, Rockne's men scored the final touchdown with a group of third and fourth stringers. The tally was credited to Fritz Staab, an obscure full-back but it was Clarence Kaplan, a fast stepping back from Minnesota, who did most of the work.

Starting from deep in his own territory, Kaplan dashed to Navy's 23-yard line on two brilliant runs. Bernie Leahy went to the one-yard mark on the next play and Staab went over the goal a moment later.

Navy was outclassed throughout and averted a shutout only because of slips by Notre Dame substitutes near the end of the game.

Center Pass is Wild

The score came when center Agnew passed wildly to Mahoney who was back of his own goal preparing to punt. Mahoney downed the ball for a safety, giving Navy two points.

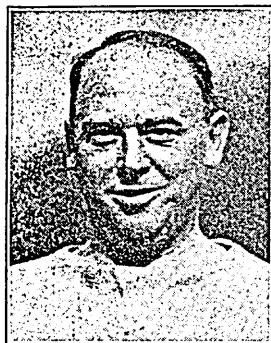
Navy was in scoring position only twice, the first time left end Byng, an adept pass receiver, corralled a pass from Johnny Gannon on Notre Dame's 23-yard line. Late in the game, a poor punt by substitute quarter-back Jask which gave Navy a chance to carry the ball deep into Notre Dame territory. Rockne's crew took the ball on downs after being forced back to the two-yard line.

LINEUPS

Notre Dame		Navy
Kosky	L. E.	Smith
Culver	L. T.	Bowstrom
Kassis	L. G.	Underwood
Yarr	C.	Black
Metzger	R. G.	Johnson
Kurth	R. T.	Bryan
Conley	R. E.	Byng
Carideo	Q. B.	Bauer
Schwartz	L. H.	Kirn
Brill	R. H.	Gannon
Savoldi	F. B.	Hagberg

Notre Dame - - - - - 21

Carnegie Tech - - - - - 6



JUDGE WALTER STEFFEN
Carnegie Tech Coach

Playing against Carnegie, Notre Dame was one of the best football teams I ever saw. When three and four men are required to put down runners, the ability and determination of the individual team members is proved. When eleven men move with such precision personalities are blended into a beautiful unit that a rival coach must admire.

matter of history. The 21 to 6 score doesn't begin to tell the story. Had Carnegie kicked its point after Harry Eyth's touchdown run, Tech would have had seven points instead of six; had Rockne left in his regulars for the last two minutes of play when they were on the Tech two-yard stripe with another down to go after bunting the large, experienced Scotch forwards steadily down the field, Notre Dame would have had six more points—and the score would have been again 27 to 7.

"Rock" was content, however, to shoot in his reserves and they, without a chance to warm up, bungled an end-around play that might have scored. The victory had

Every school has its traditions whether they be social, scholastic, athletic, or spiritual. Probably no unwritten law of athletics is more deep-seated than that which says no Notre Dame team loses a game on its home field. From 1905 until 1928, there was no violation of this rule, but the last game played at home before the old Cartier field stands were razed and the new stadium was built, saw a powerful Carnegie Tech football machine roll over a game, but weakened band of Fighting Irish who had spent themselves the week before defeating Army's great 1928 eleven.

The Skibos, heavier and more powerful than Rockne's valiant group, ploughed through the mud of old Cartier field that day to put a blot on Notre Dame's hitherto spotless record. The score was 27 to 7.

Last year at Pittsburgh some measure of revenge was obtained when the national champions played conservatively but determinedly and scored a 7 to 0 victory. That would not do, though, fully to erase the sting of the '28 beating. Notre Dame had to trounce the Skibos and trounce them soundly on Cartier Field sod to gain full vengeance. This heritage fell to the 1930 team when Rockne had the old sod moved to the new stadium.

How the 1930 team proved itself equal to its task is now a



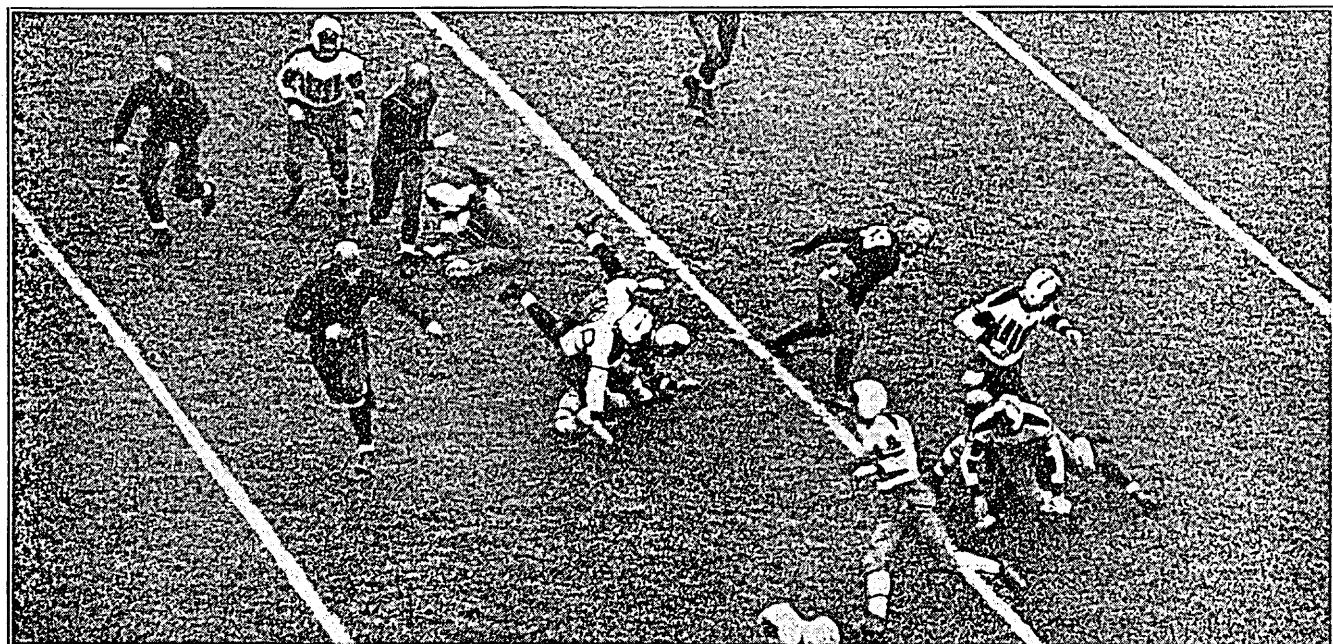
JOHN DRESHAR
Carnegie Tech Captain

I have played against Notre Dame three times in my college career. In 1929 your team was the best we met all season. But it didn't tackle as viciously, block as perfectly or run as hard as this year's eleven. We of Carnegie hoped earnestly that 1930 would be our year, but we could not match Notre Dame's inspired play.

been decisive enough. Notre Dame had kept Carnegie in its own territory all afternoon with the exception of the few seconds Eyth was sprinting to a touchdown.

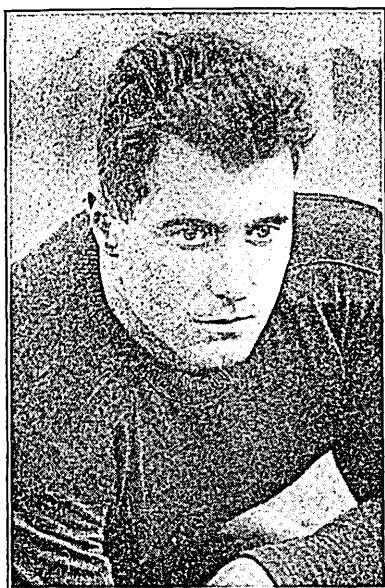
The team Rockne had predicted to win by from three to eight touchdowns after his own varsity's poor showing in scrimmage, was held at bay while the Irish drove, ran, passed, and kicked their way to as glorious a victory as Notre Dame has ever seen.

The tradition will go on—fighting men of Notre Dame in the future will have their heritage, again made clean by a team that came through!



Armentrout returns one of Carideo's punts 35 yards but stays in his own territory.

Irish Fury Answers Carnegie Challenge



AL CULVER

Heroes of the Day

Fletcher and Highberger! These two names had become watch-words in the Notre Dame training camp before the Carnegie Tech game because they belonged to two Skibo tackles who had two years of experience behind them. Rosenzweig and Flanagan! These were the two Carnegie ends, each of whom had two years also.

They were supposed to tear through Sophomore Joe Kurth and Al Culver to make all the tackles they wanted to behind the line of scrimmage. They were touted to block Joe and Al in to the center or out to the sidelines so their backs could romp past.

They had the tables turned on them, however, by the two staunch Irish tackles—and that's just one of the reasons why Kurth and Culver were real heroes in one of the most heroic stands any Notre Dame team has ever made.

By PAUL MICKELSON
(Associated Press Sports Writer)



JOE KURTH

South Bend, Ind., Oct. 18—(AP)—Aroused to a fighting fury, unusual even to their far famed fighting spirits, Knute Rockne's Notre Dame players today answered another mighty challenge in their march toward the mythical national football championship by routing the high powered Skibos from Carnegie Tech, 21 to 6. So decisive was the victory, earned by an impressive aerial attack and an alertness surprising even to the staunchest Notre Dame rooter, that hopes again bounded high in Rockne's heart for another undefeated team.

It was the third straight victory of the season for Notre Dame and with the bothersome Scots shoved definitely off the high road, Rockne and his fighting men rushed happily to the dressing room with an air of confidence that had been missing so far this season. Instead of being defeated by "two or three" touchdowns as "Rock" had predicted, they had turned the prediction almost around.

More experienced and more confident, the Scots fought the Ramblers on even terms for just the first period today. After that the battle took on the customary Irish complexion and what had been advertised as a "one point" game turned into a crushing and unexpected Notre Dame triumph—the sixth in eight years for the Rockne men over Tech.

Open Bag of Tricks

Held by a Skibo stone wall in the first period, Notre Dame got into action in double quick time soon after the second period opened and won the game in about ten minutes during which they ripped open their box of tricks that baffled the Skibos. Spinners, reverses, line smashes and lateral criss-cross plays carried by Marty Brill, Joe

Savoldi, Frank Carideo and Marchy Schwartz sent the Scots back on their own 13-yard line. In a surprise play, Schwartz tossed a short pass over the line of scrimmage to Ed Kosky, who caught it as he fell over the goal line. Carideo promptly added the first of his three extra points by a placement kick.

After the Scots failed to dent the Notre Dame forward wall, the Ramblers opened another march that ultimately combined with one of the breaks of the game to net them their second score. On the 25-yard line Schwartz passed to Conley but Latham Flanagan, substitute Scot half-back, intercepted the ball on his own 5-yard line, and the drive looked in vain. But on the first play, Melvin Jones, substitute Scot center, threw the pass wild to Armentrout and alert Tom Kassis pounced on it, giving Notre Dame the ball on Tech's two-yard line. Schwartz plowed through the center of the line on the first play for a touchdown; Carideo added the extra point, increasing Notre Dame's lead 14 to 0.

Eyth Runs 72 Yards

The Skibos, fighting the inevitable, came back at the start of the third period, however. Howie Eyth received Carideo's kick-off and raced it back to his own 12-yard stripe. Eyth and Ros-

enzweig lugged the ball to the 18-yard line and then Eyth reeled off the classic dash of the game—a 72-yard sprint for Tech's only score.

Notre Dame then ripped the Scot line to shreds, advancing by line smashes and lateral passes to its 44-yard line. Schwartz stepped back and heaved a 41-yard pass to Conley, who raced 15 yards to score. Carideo's place-kick split the uprights. The game ended with the Scots throwing passes all over the lot.

Notre Dame	- - - - -	35
Pittsburgh	- - - - -	19



DR. JOHN B. SUTHERLAND
Pittsburgh Coach

"*Notre Dame has a wonder team, molded together by the inspiration and teachings of a coach who has no superior.*"

Against Carnegie Tech, Rockne's 1930 warriors won the respect of the football world, for they had fought with an inspired courage and had won on sheer grit; against Pittsburgh, they commanded in addition the awe and amazement of gridiron fans with their perfect coordination and polish as a team. With Marchy Schwartz in the van, they descended upon Pitt with an offense that could not be stopped, with team-play that was near-perfect. They had been through the buffing stage and now stood, like a shiny new car, the ideal machine.

Rumor before the game had it that bettors were offering heavy odds that Notre Dame could not possibly beat Carnegie and Pitt on successive week-ends. When Rockne was forced to use his first string 58 out of the 60 minutes of play against Carnegie, the odds rose. Pitt had been undefeated in 1929 through its regular season and had lost only to Southern California in a post-season battle on the Coast. They had been runners-up to Notre Dame for the national championship and they were pointing for this chance to prove their superiority as no Pitt team before them ever pointed.

Notre Dame, although no one connected with the team or the school has ever been quoted as claiming a title of any kind, was also keyed to prove that the distinction given them by the

press and the public in 1929 was merited.

Rockne's strategy in this game was no small factor in the victory. Against U. S. C., Pittsburgh had been passed to death and it was no secret that Pitt feared Notre Dame's passing attack which had worked so well against Southern Methodist and Carnegie. Jock Sutherland had built his defense to meet an air raid. So Rockne told Frank Cariello, his dependable field general, not to throw a pass all afternoon. The success of the Irish running attack that afternoon at Pittsburgh speaks for this plan of action.

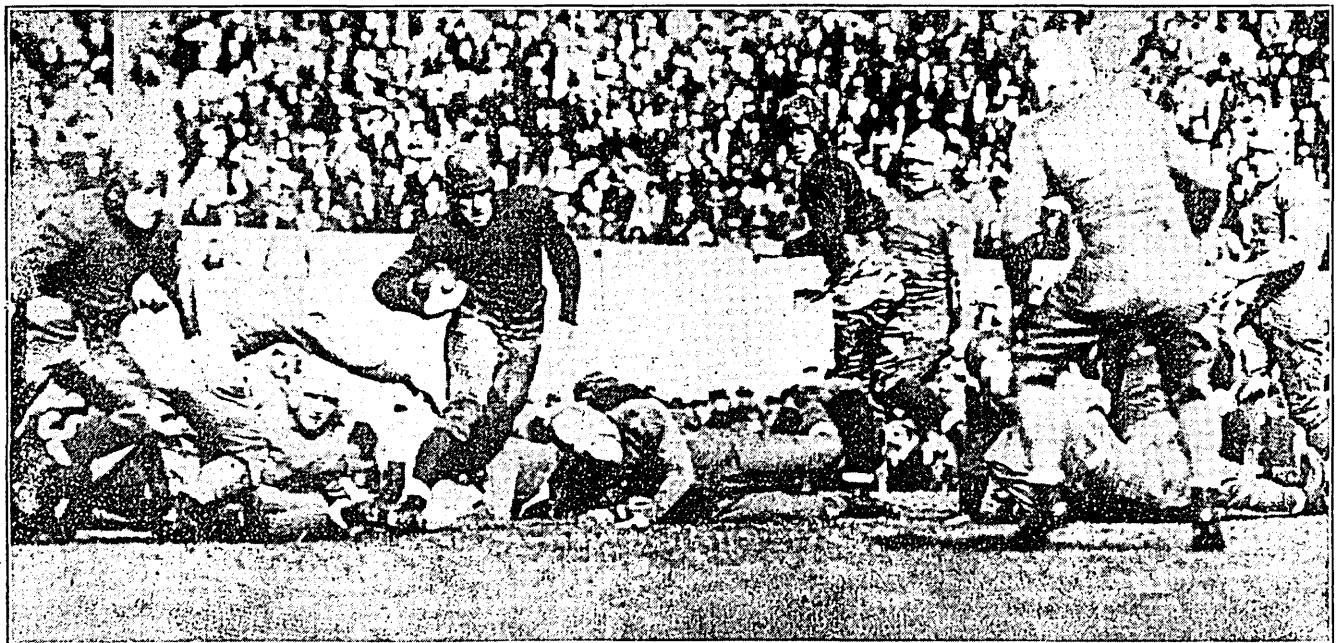


EDDIE BAKER
Pittsburgh Captain

"*We were beaten by a great team. Captain Conley and his men played hard and brilliantly but at all times cleanly, and the best of feeling prevailed throughout.*"

First Schwartz then Mullins, then Savoldi twice, and finally Koken crossed the Panther goal in the first half with touchdowns either on long runs of their own behind perfect interference or as climaxes to the excursions of Brill, O'Connor, and Kaplan.

Notre Dame had hit its stride and the clawing scrapping Panthers who came back to score thrice in the second half against the shock troops could not reorganize in time to offset the damage done by the hard-hitting, bullet-blocking varsity as it unleashed its fury in the first half.



Schwartz getting away on his 60-yard run that started the fire-works.

Horsemens Victorious over Clawing Panthers



JOE SAVOLDI

Heroes of the Day
So impressive was the work of the Notre Dame team as a whole against Pittsburgh that we wanted to run the pictures of the first four teams here, a characteristically impossible idea.

Marchy Schwartz was an outstanding hero because he took the ball on the first play and ran 60 yards for a touchdown. This brilliant run lighted the fuse for the dynamite that blew up only to come down in the form of a 35 to 19 victory. Marchy made 109 yards in eight attempts at carrying the ball.

Joe Savoldi, who had been kept from mythical team consideration in 1929, because he was "weak against passes" intercepted one of Pitt's and ran some 30-odd yards to score. He also piled up more than his share of yards on straight football and backed up the line like a demon.

By JESS CARVER
(Sports Editor, Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph)



MARCHMONT SCHWARTZ

Pittsburgh, Oct. 26.—Irish fire and lightning struck the gridiron defenders of Pitt yesterday afternoon, blasting through the battle lines of the Panthers in a chaotic first-half attack that eventually netted the great Notre Dame eleven a 35-to-19 triumph.

A record crowd of better than 70,000, which filled the Stadium to overflowing, sat stunned as the green-clad Irish backfield and hard-charging, perfectly-drilled line brushed aside the hopeless Panthers. Then, realizing that a great football team was performing before their eyes, recognizing in it one of the greatest that has ever played in Pittsburgh, set off salvo after salvo of thunderous cheers fitting as a salute to the great football machine that Rockne has built this year.

The triumph was the fourth of the year for Rockne, and enabled him to hang the pelt of the Panther beside the crushed brig of the Navy, Carnegie's tattered plaid and the hamstrung Mustangs of Southern Methodist.

Notre Dame left little to be desired as it muscled its way through Pitt for five touchdowns in the first half. The Carideo - Schwartz - Brill - Mullins - Savoldi combination was too perfect for Pitt. Usually formidable in the line, the Panthers were woefully weak yesterday, and until Rockne replaced his first-stringers with shock troops, the Irish did about as they pleased.

The game wasn't out of the teething stage before the Irish had a score. Pitt took the first kick-off and the Irish gained possession on the 40-yard line after Baker punted.

A slash at Pitt's left tackle, just a wee bit on the outside, and Schwartz was clear. He twisted and sidestepped to

LINEUPS

Notre Dame	Pittsburgh
Kosky	L. E. McMurdo
Culver	L. T. Quatse
Kassis	L. G. Milligan
Yarr	C. Daugherty
Metzger	R. G. Lewis
Kurth	R. T. Tully
Conley	R. E. Collins
Carideo	Q. B. Baker
Schwartz	L. H. Heller
Brill	R. H. Williams
Mullins	F. B. Hood

get past Baker and Williams, and then ran around Daugherty, chasing most of the 60 yards in a straight line. The run was so unexpected that the crowd almost forgot to cheer.

Brill, Schwartz, and Mullins worked the ball to the one-yard line shortly after, and "Moon" bucked over for the second touchdown. Jumpin' Joe Savoldi, who had replaced Mullins, recovered Williams' fumble and alternated with Brill in putting the oval again on the one-yard stripe as the quarter ended. He jumped over for Notre Dame's third score on the first play of the second period.

The Jumper took added space in the limelight shortly later when he intercepted Baker's pass on Pitt's 42 and sprinted around the Panther left flank for his second and the Irish fourth touchdown. The Notre Dame shock troops were unblanketed then and came dashing out on the field full of pep and ambition. They took the ball on their own 18-yard line and Bucky O'Connor made two end runs of 32 and 45 yards to penetrate to the Panther five-yard line. Mike Koken then went cruising around left end with the fleetness of a deer to score.

Clark, Hood's substitute at full, made two of Pitt's three touchdowns in the second half. Reider made the other after Howard had fumbled for Notre Dame on his five-yard line.

In a way it was a funny ball game because every one, except possibly the Pitt coaches and players, went home happy. Notre Dame's joy was the joy of victory, and Pitt's the joy that comes with the knowledge that the boys didn't quit.

Notre Dame - - - - - 27
Indiana - - - - - 0



H. O. "PAT" PAGE
Indiana Coach

"Our Indiana state rivalry game this year was fought out in Notre Dame's new stadium in a clean cut manner. It proved interesting not only to the players but to our state university alumni. Rock's Notre Dame system proved superior in the second period by some spectacular individual brilliance."

Indiana and Notre Dame started to play football together in 1899, and they have played off and on ever since. Up until the season just closed, they had met 15 times, and Notre Dame had won 11 times, lost thrice, and tied once. Notre Dame had won the seven games played since Rockne started coaching in 1919. These scores were not exactly pleasant reminders for the Hoosiers when Coach Pat Page brought them to the new Notre Dame stadium for their game, but they did have something behind them to spur them on: the 1929 team had held the national champions to 14 points in the first game of the season and never had Notre Dame won without a real fight.

They entered the game with no losing complex. They had come to Notre Dame to fight their hearts out and to do everything they knew how to do for victory. Their stubborn resistance in the first half brought about a scoreless tie; even the Irish varsity when rushed into the game had failed to penetrate a stone-wall defense. In fact, the red-jersied men from Bloomington had fought their way at one time to Notre Dame's 13-yard line where too much zeal led them to speed up their plays and lose some of the effectiveness that had carried them in their mad dash down the field.

Again, though, Notre Dame was not to be denied. In a

characteristic second-half rush, Rockne's Irish fought their way through the best that Indiana could offer and Marty Brill, warming up for the game the following week with Penn, sprinted and dodged his way to two touchdowns. These were the first he had made in Notre Dame uniform because in 1929 and the early part of 1930, he had been used almost exclusively as a blocker. So elated were Joe Savoldi and Larry Mullins at Marty's success that they followed him with another brace of touchdowns that demoralized the Hoosier defense, still scrapping, and put the game in the record books as another Notre Dame victory.

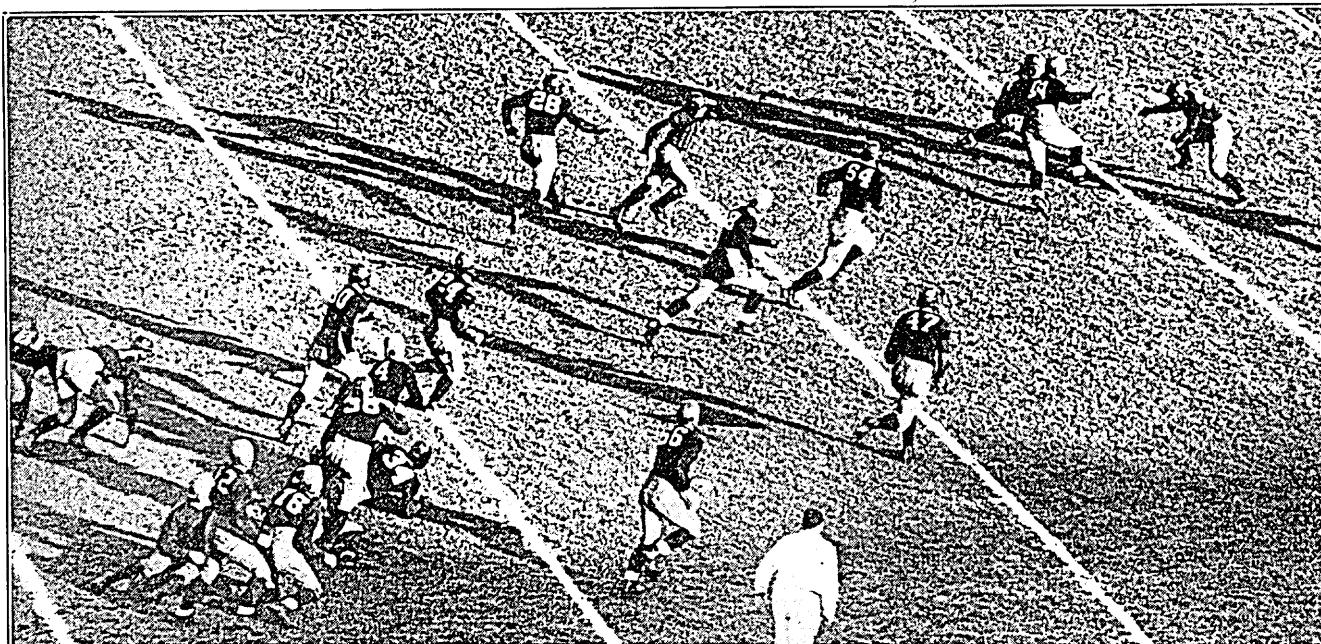


CHARLES BRUBAKER
Indiana Captain

"We enjoyed very much playing against the Notre Dame men in our annual game. We admired the hard play of our opponents and I believe we gave them all we had. To me it was a most memorable fight all the way and our men wish Notre Dame continued success in upholding its national honors this year."

One of Brill's touchdowns came on a neat open field run of 23 yards and the other followed Schwartz's 79-yard dash which left the ball only nine yards out. Schwartz had picked up the ball on the dead run as it bounced from Larry Mullins' eager fingers after an Indiana kick-off and had sped nearly to the goal when he was pulled down from behind.

The fact that Notre Dame made 14 first downs to Indiana's five, and 432 yards from scrimmage to Indiana's 76, tells the story of the game more eloquently than we can hope to.



Savoldi (54) speeds between Carideo and Brubaker to score on a 35-yard run.

1930 Horsemen Trample Stubborn Hoosiers

Heroes of the Day

When Marty Brill came to Notre Dame to make good, he had a prep school reputation as a ball-lugger, but Rockne gave him little chance to display this talent during the 1929 season. Last season, though, he was given more and more frequent opportunities to carry the ball.

Against Indiana, he made two touch-downs, his first in Irish uniform, besides playing his usual rugged defensive and blocking game. Sharing the glory of his second scoring episode was Marchy Schwartz who, on the dead run, picked off the ball on a kick-off and ran 79 yards until one of the Hoosier secondary men, having some 20 or 30 yards fewer to run, dragged him down on the two-yard line. There was a loss and a five-yard penalty to put the ball on the nine-yard stripe from which Marty plunged across.

By JACK ELDER

Chicago Herald-Examiner Sports Writer



MARCHY SCHWARTZ



MARTY BRILL

Notre Dame, Ind., Nov. 1.—A doughty little band of warriors, the best that Pat Page was able to muster, invaded the home of the Fighting Irish here today and for the first 30 minutes repulsed everything the Notre Dame boys flung at them. But the odds were too great, and in the second half of the contest, the "Rockmen" unleashed an attack that would not be stopped, and game finally ended with the Irish having piled up 27 points to Indiana's 0.

A fighting line, evidently out to do or die, surprised the 15,000 spectators and perhaps surprised themselves, by holding the second Irish eleven scoreless for 20 minutes and the first team without points for the remaining 10 minutes of its stay in the second quarter.

Savoldi Goes Over

A lot of words must have been said during the intermission, for Notre Dame came out with a bang and before the period was half over Savoldi had literally driven through the Hoosiers for 33 yards and a touchdown.

And before many more minutes had passed, Schwartz had sprinted around right end for another marker.

Somewhat battered and depressed over this scoring the Hoosiers evidently figured "What's the use?" with the result that Marty Brill hung up two markers to complete the scoring of the game. Incidentally, these scores by Brill were the first he has made since he became a member of the Notre Dame team. But when he decided to do a little scoring, he surely did it up right, for he drove and drove with all the power his sturdy legs could muster until he had crossed the line for his first touchdown.

Brill Scores Twice

In making the second he had to share the glory with Marchy Schwartz, who on the first play after the kickoff

ran the ball from his own 20-yard marker through the entire Indiana team to Indiana's two-yard line.

It was a magnificent run and had he been faster he would have gone over the line before Ross pulled him down from behind with a flying tackle. It didn't matter, for Brill carried it over two plays later.

The first quarter was a rather dull affair with both teams blocking and tackling well.

During the second quarter the game opened up somewhat, with Koken getting away for 19 yards around his right end, carrying the ball to Indiana's 20-yard strip.

Notre Dame, however, was held for downs and the ball was kicked out of danger.

Play see-sawed back and forth for a few minutes until the first eleven came in and began to batter away. The Hoosier line began to give, but strengthened to hold the first stringers in midfield as the second period ended.

Brill's Scoring Debut

This was the end of the great Indiana stand. Not long after the fireworks began to go off in the form of runs by Savoldi, Schwartz, Brill and Carideo. These four battering rams, with the fine assistance of the Irish forwards, kept hammering away at the Crimson line until it broke long enough to let Big Joe through for his 33-yard drive and the first marker.

Not long after Schwartz cut loose with his goalward jaunt, netting him 26 yards and another touchdown.

Brill skirted the left flank to score his initial marker for Notre Dame. He followed this score with another a few moments later after Schwartz had run 78 yards to the 2-yard stripe by circling wide his left flank and driving over the final line in the embrace of two tacklers.

Notre Dame	- - - - -	60
Pennsylvania	- - - - -	20



LUDLOW WRAY
Pennsylvania Coach

Notre Dame, when it played Penn, was the smoothest-working combination I have ever seen play on a gridiron. Its blocking, interfering, ball-carrying and general all around play was machine-like in its precision and devastating in its execution. The game itself was cleanly fought from start to finish.

Less glorious perhaps, but none the less appreciated, was Capt. Conley's performance at right end. He was not given a chance to equal Brill's three touchdowns because not a pass was used by Notre Dame, but his mates and his coaches agreed after the game that he had played the finest defensive and blocking game of his career.

Eastern critics, who swarmed to the game because it was their only chance to see Knute Rockne's 1930 Fighting Irish that close to the seaboard, were long and loud in their praise of the team and its devastating attack. They

At Philadelphia, before some 80,000 wide-eyed spectators, Notre Dame reached the peak of its effectiveness as an offensive machine. Slowly but surely Rockne had been building up his team, working carefully, sometimes applying the lash of his tongue, sometimes explaining things calmly to his players, always striving for perfection. A climax was bound to come—it came with an astounding force against Pennsylvania. There was no particular reason why it should have come in this game except, possibly, that two of Notre Dame's warriors were fighting as they had never fought before and as they never did later.

Both Marty Brill and Capt. Tom Conley, playing in their home town before friends, former school-mates, and their respective families outdid themselves in an effort to show what makes Notre Dame the outstanding team of the country. Their team-mates caught the spirit of the affair and cooperated in chalking up the worst defeat the Quakers had suffered in years. Especially interested was the crowd in every action of Brill, who had attended Penn for a year, left school because he was told that he was not good enough for the team, and come to Notre Dame to make good. It seemed that the linemen blocked doubly hard when his number was called, and everyone cooperated in making it a great day for him.

had seen a great team at its greatest. Notre Dame had reached its pinnacle and never again did it attain the same glorious heights.

Penn, somewhat crippled by its hard fight the week before to win over a previously undefeated Kansas eleven, played the best it knew how. The Quakers fought to the last ditch and never gave up hope, even as its valiant men were carried off the field of battle exhausted. No team, even in the best of condition, though, could have halted the precise, determined march of Rockne's men that day. They were supreme, unbeatable.



DICK GENTLE
Pennsylvania Captain

I have nothing but praise for the Notre Dame team. Capt. Conley and his team-mates played a hard, clean game, the kind that wins football games. The hard running and splendid interfering of the backs made it impossible for us to stop them. My only regret is that I will be unable again to meet Notre Dame at South Bend next fall.



Perina (18) finds hole in Irish line in first period and makes five yards.

Apex of Season Reached Against Penn.



CAPT. TOM CONLEY

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 8.—You may have heard of the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. A few years ago, with a sweep and rhythm and a flash of speed before unknown to football, they ran amuck. To-day at Franklin field against a Pennsylvania team strong enough to beat Kansas by 21 to 6, Knute Rockne and Notre Dame passed on far beyond the Four Horsemen. With Carideo, Brill, Savoldi and Schwartz they put on a combination of four antelopes, four charging buffaloes, four digdigs and four eels. They smashed Pennsylvania, 60 to 20, but that is only part of the story.

Notre Dame's first team actually beat Pennsylvania 43 to 0 in less than 30 minutes of play. Pennsylvania then beat Notre Dame's second, third and fourth team players, 20 to 7. This Notre Dame first team gave one of the most remarkable exhibitions of speed, power and team play ever seen on any football field against a strong, fast Penn team. They scored almost two points a minute.

They ran rough shod over the Red and Blue in an attack led by Martin Brill, the discarded Penn star, who was the first western back to explode the big bomb. It was one of the greatest exhibitions of sheer speed, power and coordination ever seen on any field in the history of the game.

Penn Completely Helpless

It was an attack that would have crushed any team playing football today and Pennsylvania was completely helpless before those first string backs who struck with such speed and fury, supported by marvelous interference and a fast, hard-charging line. It was an astonishing accomplishment, witnessed by something like 80,000 spectators who saw a first-class Red and Blue team crushed completely.

Heroes of the Day

When a captain of a great team can return to his home town and inspire his men to play the best ball they ever played, it goes without saying that he is a hero. Tom Conley played probably the best ball of his career against Penn at Philadelphia.

More glory, none the less deserved, however went to Marty Brill, who was battling the team on which he was told he "did not fit." He also was playing in his home town. His two touchdown runs in the first half started scoring sprees, and his touchdown dash in the second half provided the spark that started raging another point-gathering fire.

By GRANTLAND RICE
(New York Sun Sports Writer)

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MARTY BRILL

For the first five minutes the battle was a see-saw affair. Pennsylvania was holding its own. The big crowd, watching the game on a cool, flawless football day, began to get excited. Penn's line was holding up. Penn's fast backfield was giving the western avalanche an even fight. The ball had been swept back into Notre Dame territory, somewhere around Notre Dame's own 35-yard line, and then the big blast went off.

Three years ago Pennsylvania had judged that Martin Brill was not quite strong enough for its first team. Brill left and went to Notre Dame. For two years he has been pointing for this game, for this chance at revenge. His father, surrounded by a crowd of friends, was watching every play with keen interest. Then Brill's signal was called. The line gave him an opening as broad as a four-way drive. Brill shot through. One Penn tackler dived at him and Brill sidestepped. Another came charging in and the fast, elusive 190-pound back knocked him down with a straight arm. He ran over another and then with fine interference he was on his way for a touchdown.

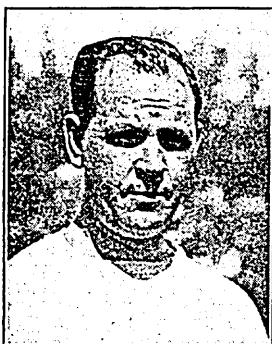
The Old Man Gets a Mauling

He ran 65 yards and the Notre Dame contingent stood up with a roar, all knowing Brill's past history at Pennsylvania. They crowded around, hammered and mauled old man Brill on the back until he must have been almost sorry his son had run so far. It was the finest run a football field has ever seen, and it shattered the Red and Blue. From that point on, with Frank Carideo directing the attack, Brill, Savoldi and Schwartz ran wild. They carried the ball as far as they wanted to run. They crashed through for 15 yards and they galloped for 40.

(Continued on page 99)

Notre Dame - - - - - 28

Drake - - - - - 0



OSSIE SOLEM
Drake Coach

The Notre Dame Team of 1930 is the greatest we have ever met. Their remarkable ability is exceeded only by the rugged manliness and genuine sportsmanship which marks their play.

In spite of the fact that his men had lost three games before meeting Notre Dame, Coach Ossie Solem himself said before the Notre Dame game that he had the best team in his time as the Bulldog coach. His veteran backfield, headed by Capt. Lynn King, and his fast-charging forwards had won his confidence and he knew that the three previous set-backs were excusable. One of them was to the strong Oregon Aggies, another to Marquette on two intercepted passes in the closing minutes of play, and the third was a one-point loss to Missouri.

Rockne knew Drake, in spite of the fact that no one took it seriously, would furnish as good a team as any on the schedule and he warned his men repeatedly against the shifty Bulldog offense and did everything in a coache's power to keep his men keyed for this game. There was a natural let-down, however, which nearly proved fatal.

With all the confidence and ability to handle themselves that any "big time" team boasts, the Blue and White clad boys stepped into the new Notre Dame stadium and set their smooth working offense in operation. The shock troops played them even and Dan Hanley, new full-back discovery, scored against them. Then, the varsity came in to pile up a victory margin.



LYNN KING
Drake Captain

I am very proud to have been able to play against Notre Dame because they have a great team and play hard, clean football. The thing that impressed me most was the wonderful hospitality we received at Notre Dame.

The appearance of the regulars, however, only spurred Drake to greater heights and King and Lansrud swept down the field to realize their great ambition before the game, to score against Rockne's first team. When Seiberling added the extra point, the teams were deadlocked and it took all the power and all the resourcefullness of a great Notre Dame team to run up three more touchdowns.

Drake played a smart, heads-up game and its line was perhaps the best-coached Notre Dame met all season. Waldo Don Carlos was acclaimed by the Irish center trio as the best pivot man they encountered, and the smooth Drake offense showed the genius of Solem who every year turns out a well-coached band from his meagre material.

Few on the Notre Dame campus and still fewer outside will ever appreciate the Drake team of 1930. The game was considered a breather for Notre Dame and only a handful of spectators turned out. Those who stayed away missed the very thing for which football is famous, the fight of an underdog team that was cool, steady, and competent against a team which boasted, in addition to these qualities, power and an unbeatable attitude.

Drake and Notre Dame have met five times and Drake has never won, but always the Bulldogs have displayed a great fighting spirit and the games between these two teams have always been interesting to watch.



Dan Hanley (31) making 16 yards in his successful Notre Dame debut.

Hanley's Debut Defeats Rugged Bulldogs



TOMMY YARR

Heroes of the Day

Almost invariably the Drake game uncovers a new star, a new hero for Notre Dame followers to idolize. The 1930 game was no exception, for Rockne, finding that he would need another full-back to carry his men through the rest of the season, promoted Dan Hanley from the reserves to the second string and he immediately broke into the scoring column with a 32-yard sprint which followed a 20-yard run that was called back. In the last period, he again broke loose for a run of 80 yards.

Playing against the best center he met all season, Waldo Don Carlos, Tommy Yarr again stamped himself a great pivot man with his spectacular tackles all over the field, his steady offensive play and passing, and his interception or breaking up of several Bulldog passes.

By FRANK BRODY
(Des Moines Register Sports Writer)



DAN HANLEY

South Bend, Ind., Nov. 15.—A bunch of Notre Dame backfield stars who seemed at times legless when Drake went to tackle them piled up four touchdowns here Saturday, but the Bulldogs showed 20,000 persons a thing or two before succumbing, 28 to 7.

The Irish displayed a truly great team but the wearers of the White and Blue flashed an offense that caused the Notre Dame supporters to rise up and shriek, "Hold 'em, Notre Dame," repeatedly.

Notre Dame's shock troops were far from equal to the frenzied charges of Lloyd Lansrud, Charles Van Koten and Capt. Lynn King, and it took the Ramblers' best to turn back the Drake fighters.

The shock troops carried the battle to a scoreless draw in the first quarter. Early in the second period the Notre Dame first string line and the great Carideo entered the tilt and the Irish pushed over its counter.

Lansrud entered the game for the Bulldogs and he turned in an exhibition of fine plunging that caused the Notre Dame rooters to give him a tremendous ovation when he left the field. Taking the ball on its 20-yard line, the Des Moines aggregation reeled off yard after yard.

King Easily Scores

When the Iowans had the ball on the Notre Dame 6-yard line, the Irish sent the rest of the first team in, Brill, Mullins and Schwartz entering the contest. That failed to stop the doughty Bulldogs. Field General King delved deep into his sack of tricks and uncorked a triple pass. Lansrud started as if to hit the line again. As he passed Brewer he handed him the ball and the latter then hurled a pass to King, who was out in the open, and easily

scored. Sieberling then was rushed into the tilt and tied up the count with a fine place-kick.

And thus ended the Drake scare. On the kick-off following the touchdown, Schwartz showed why he is so highly touted, and the Notre Dame blockers showed why they were rated among the country's best. The fleet half-back raced to the Drake 13-yard point before being forced out of bounds. Smashes carried the ball to the Drake 3-yard line and then Carideo faked a pass and handed the ball to Brill, who raced for a touchdown. Carideo's unerring toe made the extra point.

Lansrud Does Heavy Work

Hanley, a back who never played for Notre Dame before, had given the locals their first touchdown. After smashes had carried the pigskin to the Drake 34-yard mark, this loose-hipped back went 34 yards around right tackle for the touchdown.

Then the Bulldogs had their say.

Passes paved the way for the third quarter touchdown of Notre Dame. Heaves, Schwartz to Kosky and Schwartz to Carideo, put the ball on the Drake 13-yard line. The Irish covered fifty yards with their overhead attack, interspersed with a few smashes. From the 13-yard stripe, Brill and Mullins took the ball across, the latter entering the scoring column. The Irish started back down again after Drake had punted late in the third period but the Des Moines crew showed that all its power was not offensive and stopped the Ramblers 12 yards short of a touchdown.

All the Drake defensive qualities went in vain, however, for after King had booted the Bulldogs out of danger, Schwartz stepped around tackle, cut back down the center of the field for 43 yards and a touchdown.

Notre Dame - - - - - 14
Northwestern - - - - - 0



DICK HANLEY
Northwestern Coach
Our game with Notre Dame this year was characteristic of other hard fought battles between the two schools in the past. The game last fall was the hardest fought contest I ever witnessed and I want to congratulate the Notre Dame team on its magnificent final quarter spurt that broke the existing tie and gave them the victory.

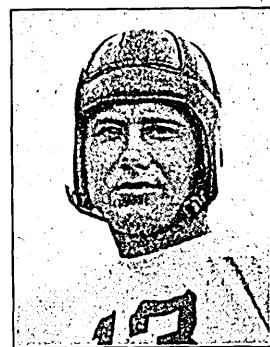
five-yard line and the heavy, fast, crushing Wildcat backs, Bruder and Russell, tore into the line only to be staved off by a desperate line. Twice fighting linemen made Northwestern fumble and twice Carideo punted out of danger.

The second half was different. Rockne had talked quietly, confidently to his men; he had told them that they so far were having an off day, that some element of class was lacking, and that they should try to work more as a team than as individuals. Never in the second half did Northwestern get past the Notre Dame 40-yard line, but, until there were but a few scant minutes before the game would end, the Irish had not scored either.

"When the going gets tough, that's when we like it!" Many are the times Knute Rockne has thundered this exclamation at his Notre Dame warriors when experts were picking them to lose to an unusually strong opponent, or at the half of a game when the tide of victory was ebbing. Shaking his head vehemently and biting off every word so that it resounded and vibrated through the otherwise perfect quiet of a locker-room or class room at his noon lecture, "Rock" has stirred his men with this phrase so that they have gone out time and again to do the impossible.

His 1930 team proved that the statement may be applied to them as well as to gallant heroes of the past when, after a scoreless first half which saw them bunted down deep into their own territory time and again by charging Wildcats, they returned to the fray, tired and battered, with defeat staring them in the face, and played Northwestern's strongest team in history off its feet to win a glorious victory.

Notre Dame received the first kick-off and started down the field. Thirty-five yards in penalties and well-placed Northwestern punts halted their rush and the Purple had the ball perilously close to the Notre Dame goal by the middle of the first quarter. Twice Northwestern had the ball within the

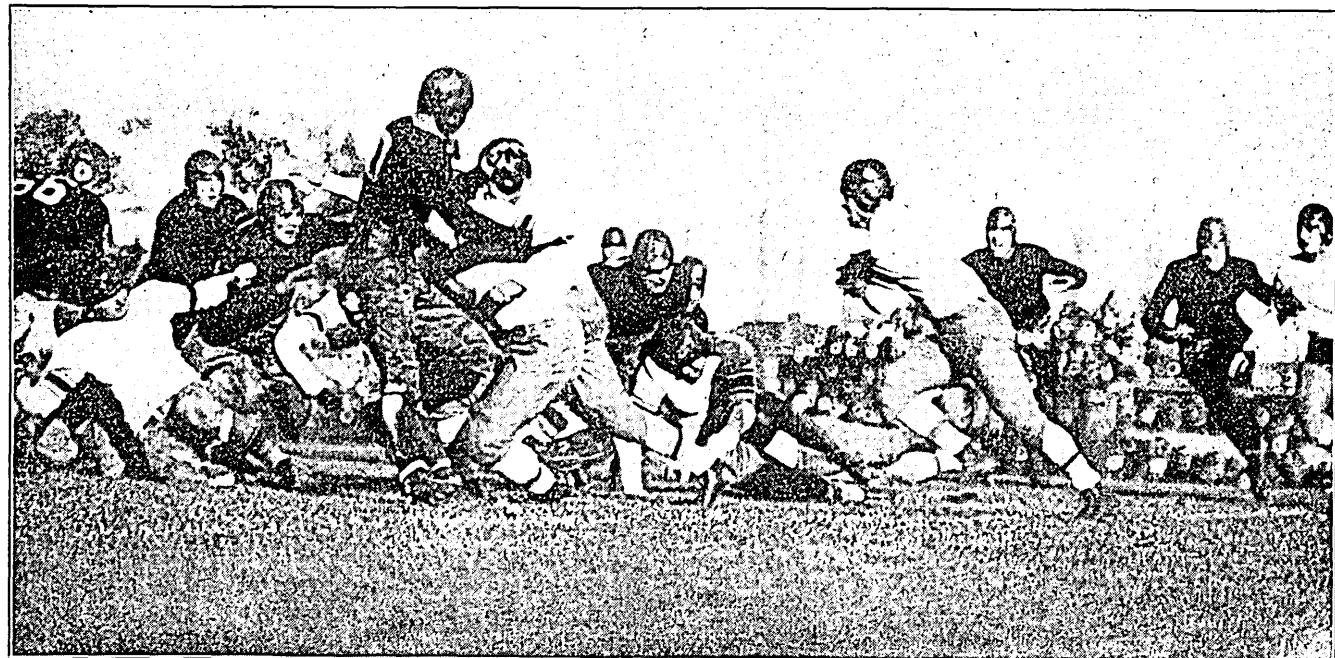


HANK BRUDER
Northwestern Captain

Notre Dame this year had one of the greatest teams in its football history. The players were hard fighters and they had a beady quarterback in Frank Carideo. The secret in Notre Dame's first touchdown was the wonderful blocking which took our men out. Notre Dame deserves credit for capitalizing on the breaks.

Then, suddenly, came the perfect play! The team had finally clicked! Schwartz drove around his right end behind perfect sweeping interference, Johnnie O'Brien cut over from left end and bowled over Capt. Hank Bruder, safety man, and Marchy marched 18 yards to victory.

Without any attempt to belittle Northwestern's fine team, it may be told now that Rockne said to his players in his lecture following the Northwestern game that they had had an off day and that he wanted them to forget about it. The statement was not for publication; it was sincere . . . and a team that can win a Western championship on an off day is really a football team!



Russell, Northwestern's greatest threat, smashes his way to a five-yard gain.

Irish Win Western Title from Wildcats



BERT METZGER

Heroes of the Day
There is room here only to enumerate some facts that made Frank Carideo and Bert Metzger heroes of the Northwestern game. Carideo shut off a Wildcat threat in the second quarter when he recovered Bruder's fumble after Metzger had tackled the Purple captain so hard that he dropped the ball.

Carideo staved off defeat in the first half with his long punts, and in the second half he kicked out of bounds five times inside yard stripe. Carideo's 13-yard pass put the ball on the one-yard line from which Hanley dove over for Notre Dame's second score.

Although the Wildcats time and again sent Russell through Woodworth's guard at Metzger, this 153-pound package of dynamite, playing with an injured side, stopped everything sent his way.

By FRANCIS WALLACE
(New York Daily News Sports Writer)



FRANK CARIDEO

Evanston, Ill., Nov. 22.—When Champions meet, the victory goes to the last ounce of power. When the curtain dropped here today, Notre Dame, national titleholder of 1929 and victor in 17 consecutive battles, was still the champion — and Northwestern, which had come through a hard Big Ten season without being defeated or tied, had bowed to a superior squad. The final score was 14 to 0 and 50,000 people saw the Irish score all of their points in the last 10 minutes of play.

Notre Dame, with characteristic dash, began to gain at will as the game started; but the Wildcats, with a savagery worthy of their nickname, rallied and completely dominated the second period, twice penetrating the Irish five-yard line, and keeping their opponents bottled up with Bruder's excellent kicking. Their running game checked, Notre Dame took to the air and regained command during the third period.

But after five minutes of the last period had been played, and it seemed that the Wildcat defense would earn a tie, Marchy Schwartz, who had been leading the pass attack with accurate throws, broke off his right tackle on a delayed half-spinner, floated through a wide hole opened by his linemen, and was loose along the sideline with only Lee Hanley, Purple safety man, in his path.

Interference Effective

Johnny O'Brien, the same chap who took Neimic's pass to beat Army in 1928, was ahead of Schwartz, spilled Hanley with a perfect block, and Marchy dove over the goal in the extreme corner of the field for the score which broke the tie and set the impatient Irish rooters to rioting. They lauded Schwartz and O'Brien—few knew of the

perfect blocking of Capt. Conley, Metzger, and Carideo which had brought Marchy through the line.

Frank Carideo, who had directed the Irish attack expertly and kept the Wildcats deep in their own territory with remarkably accurate punting, place-kicked the extra point.

Northwestern had 10 minutes in which to earn a tie and the desperate Wildcats clawed savagely, opening with the same passing attack that had laid low their conference opponents; but the telling blow had been struck and the Irish protected their advantage with deadly skill.

Carideo Proves Class

The frantic cats clawed viciously and threw back the Irish running attack for a loss. But the Irish moved relentlessly on to a complete kill. Conley, hampered by a tricky wind, muffed a pass which would have earned another touchdown. Then Carideo proved his all-American class. He punted out of bounds on the Purple one-yard line and made a fighting return of Bruder's punt-out. Northwestern stopped the running attack and took the ball on its 20 yard line when Carideo's kick went over the goal.

Desperately, the dying Wildcats tried a spectacular play which has earned them a touchdown against every other team it was tried on this year. It started as a forward pass over the line from Bruder to Hanley and developed into a lateral aimed at Moore—but Tom Kassis, unsung but efficient Notre Dame left guard, intercepted the lateral on the Purple 27-yard line.

Dan Hanley Scores

O'Connor, who had been substituted for valiant Marty Brill, drove for 11 yards in a fighting smash through cen-

(Continued on page 97)

Notre Dame - - - - - 7 Army - - - - - 6



MAJ. RALPH SASSE
Army Coach

After every Army-Notre Dame game, win, lose or draw, the fine relations built up during the past 17 years are strengthened. We hope that the game will continue to be the football classic of the season.

When Charles (Gus) Dorais, quarter-back, threw passes to Knute Rockne, end, in 1913 on the Army Plains at West Point in 1913 and surprised the Cadets with a 35 to 13 victory, there started a rivalry which has become the most colorful that football knows today. Playing every year with the exception of 1918, when the World War intervened, Army and Notre Dame have won the attention of the football world with their hard-fought games, many of which have gone into history as real classics. Punctuating the long rivalry is the fact that the under dog as often as not has won.

The game always had been played in New York or at West Point, and when it was moved to Chicago this year, 110,000 persons braved snow, sleet, mud, and rain to see, in a dogged, determined fight at Soldier Field, perhaps the two best teams the two schools have ever turned out.

Notre Dame had won all of its games but Army, although tied once, was confident. Maj. Ralph Sasse, their new coach, had won the respect of the Cadets and this confidence was reflected in their defiant attitude as they took their places in the half-frozen slime of an impossible field. With both attacks slowed by most unfavorable footing, there started a punting duel which saw Fields and Frentzel staying off Notre Dame



CHARLES HUMBER
Army Captain

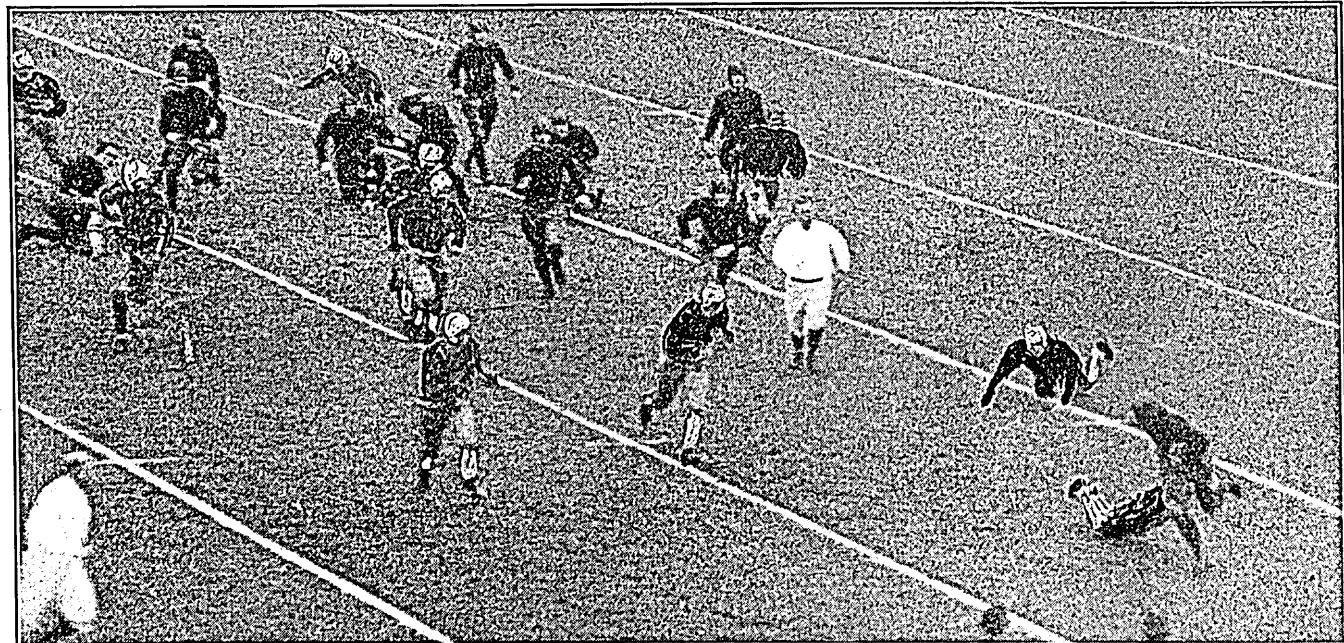
The Army football squad sends its heartiest congratulations to Captain Conley and his team. Aside from the weather we all enjoyed the game more than any other of the entire season.

scoring threats time and again. Army, it was apparent, was content to play for a tie and its strong powerful line and accurate punts kept every Irish scoring threat in the category of threats.

Each discouraging set-back, however, only spurred Field General Carideo on as he kept plugging away with Schwartz and Mullins off tackle. Finally, the perfect play came, the one Carideo had been trying all afternoon, with Schwartz driving off his right tackle to run 54 yards on a bee-line for the goal with every Army man blocked out cleanly and securely. Mullins, who proved to be the best mudder of the day, got King, the Army end, Capt. Con-

ley drove in the tackle, and Carideo, Metzger, and Brill swarmed through the hole to mow down the secondary and to leave the path clear for Marchy. Carideo added his twenty-fifth extra point of the year out of 30 attempts.

Army's blocking and recovering of Carideo's punt for a touchdown a moment later proved only a gesture when Broshus' drop-kick for the extra point was blocked. A great Army eleven had bowed to an unbeatable Notre Dame band of real fighters who never failed to start out anew on a scoring drive against most discouraging odds; and another chapter had been added to the vivid history of a great rivalry.



Schwartz shakes himself loose and runs 54 yards to victory.

Perfect Play Comes in Time for Victory



LARRY MULLINS

Heroes of the Day

What could bring greater satisfaction to any Notre Dame man than to be the hero of the great traditional game with Army? Larry Mullins came into his own against the Cadets when he proved to be the best mudder of the day. His off-tackle smashes kept the Irish ever threatening the Army goal and his difficult assignment when Schwartz was sent off tackle on the play that finally scored, was single-handed to block out the Army left end. He did this every time he was supposed to but injured his knee so badly again that he was unable to play against Southern California.

Tom Kassis was also hampered by injuries throughout the season, but he never missed a game when "Rock" asked him to play, and he never missed an assignment when he did play. Against Army, he made his best showing of the year.

By ROBERT F. KELLEY
(New York Times Sports Writer)



TOM KASSIS

Chicago, Nov. 29.—By the margin of a single point, Notre Dame turned back the threat of Army today and headed for the Pacific Coast and Southern California still undefeated.

A crowd of 100,000 sat in a cold pouring rain at Soldier Field and watched as Army, fighting with its back to the wall for nearly the entire game, stood off the relentless, persistent attack of Notre Dame until the contest had just a bit more than five minutes to go. In those last five minutes the crowd saw a scoreless tie become a 7 to 6 victory for Notre Dame.

For one play, Marchmont Schwartz, Notre Dame's left half-back, found the stage completely arranged for him and he ran 54 yards to a touchdown over turf that was as slippery as an ice rink. Then Carideo place-kicked a perfect goal and Notre Dame had the seven points it was going to need.

Soon after the next kick-off, Fields sent a fine punt to Notre Dame's 19-yard line and then Dick King, Carlmark's substitute left end, smashed through to block Carideo's punt and followed the bobbing ball on over the goal line to fall on it for a touchdown.

Broshus Enters the Game

With the crowd pouring down on the field and standing along the side-lines, Army's drip-kicker, Broshus, ran onto the field and peeled off his sweater to wipe off the ball. Then he took his place and the pass came from centre, but Notre Dame used the same weapon that had served the Army. A cloud of blue-shirted players came through and smothered the kick and Army was beaten.

It was a heart-breaking loss for the Cadets who had put up such a stand, but in all justice the game went to the team which played the better football. Notre Dame was

on the attack through nearly the entire afternoon and Army stood the South Bend team off three or four times right on the rim of earlier scores.

The Notre Dame touchdown was a run off right tackle by Schwartz. A 5-yard penalty against Army had brought the ball to Notre Dame's 16-yard line. Immediately, almost before the Army realized that play was starting again, Schwartz went off his tackle. It was the perfect play toward which Notre Dame aims through all of its games.

Blocking and taking out were perfectly done, and the ball-carrier, running full speed, came into the secondary without an enemy hand being laid on him. There was no chance for cutting or reversing the field in the mud. Schwartz had to rely on speed, and he had it. Nobody touched him. The nearest Army player was five yards away when the runner went over the goal line.

That tackle run and a fake spinner with Mullins pounding through his short side had been gaining ground all afternoon for Notre Dame. But an inspired Army defense had stopped it short of a score until this one time.

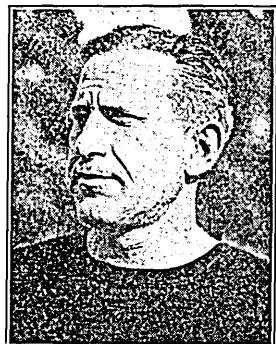
The play was all the more unusual because two teams never played under worse conditions than those which confronted Army and Notre Dame. The threatened snow did not come, but in its place was a steady, drizzling rain that half froze as it fell.

It turned the field into a slimy mess that made it a feat for a man to stand up, much less run or change direction. And it kept the crowd down from the record-breaking size that had been predicted.

The conditions prevented any sort of passing. Passes were tried, but only two were completed. There remained

(Continued on page 97)

Notre Dame - - - - - 27
Southern California - - - - - 0



HOWARD JONES
U.S.C. Coach

Coach Rockne presented the best Notre Dame team I have ever seen against us. The superiority of Coach Rockne's line was the biggest factor in our defeat. We congratulate Notre Dame for playing football that was practically perfect.

"The boys played the greatest ball game of the year." This brief statement, from the lips of Knute Rockne himself tells better than we can hope to the story of the triumph of Notre Dame's band of warriors who stormed the gates of Troy to score the most stunning upset of the season against Southern California's Trojans.

It tells better than the frenzied flow of adjectives from the best radio announcers in the country and the reams of newsprint the next day from the nation's most fluent sports writers the story of how these Fighting Irish rose to heights which only the day before had seemed insurmountable, a pinnacle recognized football experts and coaches said Notre Dame could never hope to attain.

And, with many saying that the 1930 team was the greatest in history, it means that Notre Dame played probably the best game of football that has ever been played. They had come to an unfavorable climate battered and weary from nine man-killing battles; they were without Joe Savoldi and Larry Mullins, their seasoned full-backs; U. S. C.'s Trojans were considered the strongest team in their history.

But by some miracle, perhaps Rockne's own silent agreement with the general opinion that Notre Dame could not hope to



MARSHALL DUFFIELD
U.S.C. Captain

Notre Dame had the best football team I have ever played against. The blocking of every man was superb. All of Southern California gives Notre Dame full credit for its great victory also.

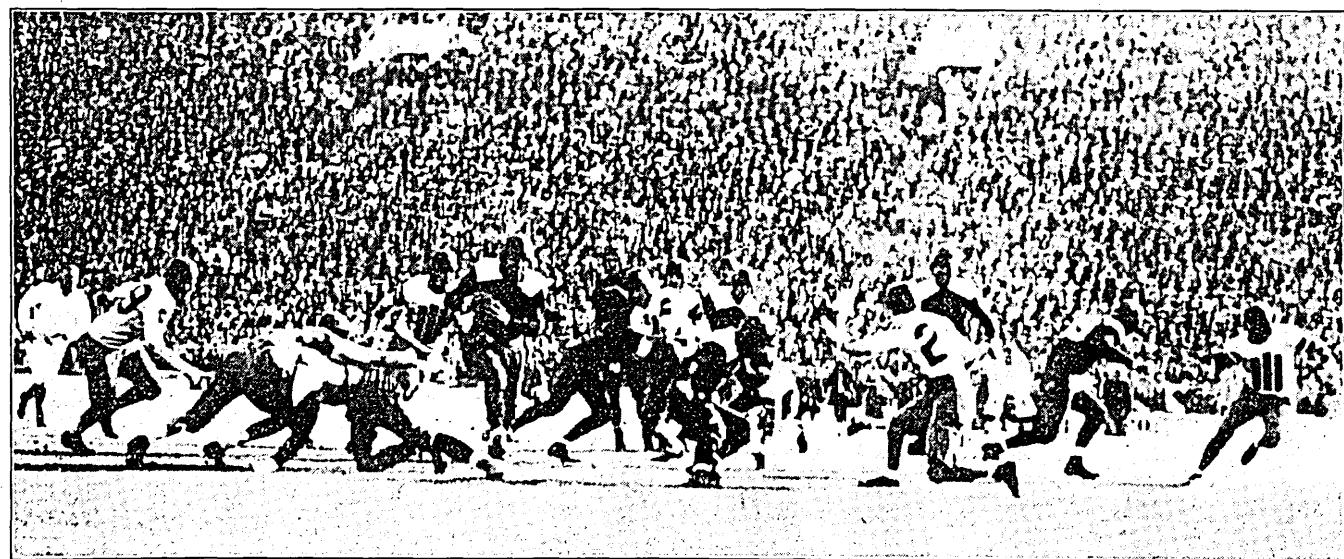
win, his men went out to show the world what stuff heroes are made of and to crush in the worst defeat U. S. C. has had in the five years Howard Jones has coached there a great U. S. C. eleven.

They swept an astonished Trojan defense off its feet and they held their foes with their backs to the wall almost the entire playing time. Perfect timing, precision, clean exactness carried them headlong to victory.

There were many individual heroes. Paul (Bucky) O'Connor who had replaced his injured pal, Larry Mullins, at full-back carried the brunt of the attack. Schwartz made his long, precise passes; Brill blocked like a demon

and tackled with unprecedented fury; Carideo led the attack coolly and strategically; Metzger, Yarr, Kassis, Culver, Kosky, O'Brien, and Kaplan at right half all did yeoman's work. And Captain Tom Conley! A leader if there ever was one, leading his team on, fighting off the Trojans!

A perfect offense, a perfect defense combined in the greatest football game ever played, one that brought the plaudits of a hostile crowd in a deafening roar to the players. All that the most inspiring of battle songs stands for was there exemplified—"While here fighting sons go marching onward to victory!"



O'Connor, full-back, is shown at the start of his 80-yard run for Notre Dame's second touchdown

P. & A. Telephoto.

Defeat of Troy Brings Climax and Title

Heroes of the Day

Paul (Bucky) O'Connor, because he made himself forget all that he had learned in three years of play at right half, and then went in to star at full-back and to carry on as his pal, Larry Mullins, would have done, was the sensation of Southern California game. Single-handed, he gained but a few yards less than the entire Trojan team. His touchdown run of 80 yards in the second quarter was one of the high lights of the game and he aided in making the victory the greatest any team has scored since Coach Howard Jones started at U.S.C. with his second scoring run of seven yards.

Capt. Tom Conley paved the way for the first touchdown and started the avalanche when he caught Schwartz's long pass and took the ball for a gain of 37 yards to the Trojan 29-yard stripe in the opening minutes of play. His brilliant play the rest of the game stamped him as a great leader.



TOM CONLEY



PAUL (BUCKY) O'CONNOR

By GEORGE SHAFFER
(Chicago Tribune Press Service.)

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 6.—Notre Dame's brilliant football warriors, who haven't taken defeat since 1928, this afternoon crossed up the football world by crushing the University of Southern California's greatest eleven by the amazing score of 27 to 0.

The Irish had come to the west with less prestige than their 18 previous straight victories should have gained them. Proud Californians knew that Notre Dame boasted three victories out of four games played with Southern California. All three of these were by one-point margins, but you can't make a Southern Californian admit defeat on a one-point margin.

Irish Were Underestimated

So we say, coast observers and the majority of the 90,000 spectators in the Los Angeles Coliseum this afternoon had scented a slaughter of the underestimated Ramblers by the team which in piling up terrific scores against traditional adversaries, had won the reputation of being U. S. C.'s greatest scoring machine, a marvel at strategy and a juggernaut in all phases of football power.

To those who have followed Notre Dame exploits for two years it is needless to point out just now that Frank Carideo was brilliant at quarter-back that Brill was a demon blocker, that Schwartz was a squirming, dashing, and plunging streak. It is unnecessary to point out that Metzger, Culver, Kurth, and the rest of the regular line were superb.

But what you didn't expect, and the circumstance that has left the coast in a football stupor, is the fact that Bucky O'Connor, secretly converted from a second string half-back to a first string full-back just for today's game, was the brightest star of the contest. Bucky made the sec-

ond touchdown of the game on an 80-yard run, and it was he who carried over the third touchdown, this one on a lateral pass from Schwartz, early in the third period.

O'Connor is a senior, and he ever has been faithful to his second string role. The way he blossomed forth today therefore, was something more than dramatic.

O'Connor's average was almost 11 yards per down, and he carried the ball ten times without a failure. He was a whiz on defense as well—an inspired athlete every moment of the time he was engaged in singing his collegiate swan song. And what a swan song!

Trojans are Outclassed

Southern California didn't have a Japanese landlord's chance. The great team crumpled on offense and it crumpled on defense. And the big, strong boys who had been made so rough and ready by California's glorious sun not only were outclassed but they were outconditioned by the athletes who had journeyed from afar to acclimate themselves in less than two days of California climate.

If the score of 27 to 0 is not convincing enough, peruse the major statistics. Notre Dame made sixteen first downs to Southern California's eight, and gained 433 yards to the Trojans'

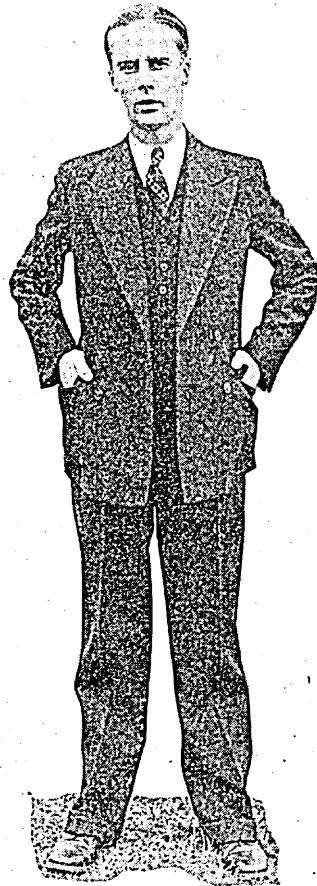
140. The Los Angeles team entered the Notre Dame territory only three times, once to the 33-yard line in the first quarter, once to the 34-yard line in the third quarter, and Beatty ending with a desperate attack of interspersed tackle slashes and passes which halted at the 21-yard line at the final gun.

Taking the ball on a fumble by Full-back Musick of the Trojans, a pass, Schwartz to Carideo, put over the first touchdown from Southern California's 19-yard line in the

(Continued on page 94)

The Managers

By ROBERT C. BALFE



JOSEPH LAUERMAN

*Associate Student
Football Manager*



DAN HALPIN

*Student Football
Manager*



JOHN SAUNDERS

*Associate Student
Football Manager*

THE show is on! Stadium nearly filled now . . . the band striking up a stirring march . . . acrobatic yell leaders . . . a rousing cheer . . . the team comes on the field, all equipped, all set for the battle. Any one of the great Saturday afternoon dramas of the autumn—more magnificent than any stage show—and with just as much work to be done behind the scenes.

Beneath the surface of all this football business is preparation, hard work. The student managers do it—great quantities of it. They are trained by years of experience in the necessities of an athletic team; they carry out their assignments to the minutest detail. A team which finds everything planned for it, everything done for its benefit, has a mighty step toward success.

Notre Dame's athletic successes are a tribute to the efficiency of the student managers organization. It is an organization which has been years in the making and which equals any similar group in its accomplishments. The managerial system in effect at Notre Dame has allowed an evolution of ideas of a practical nature. Each year finds new efficient methods added to those of the past.

In the days when football was first becoming a popular consideration, student managers were unknown quantities at Notre Dame. The players carried their own suits

and equipment on the trips—they had to help themselves at the home practices and games. That was before the game was as complicated and as magnified as it now is. There was hardly any need for student managers, the team had followers who helped with the business end of the sports. In some cases a member of the university, either officially or unofficially, took over the duties as an assistance to the team. A member of the community, Brother Paul, was the first football manager, serving from 1887 to 1893. Later the coach served also as manager, Jesse Harper carrying both positions from 1913 to 1917.

The present manager's system has been in effect only during the last ten years. Starting with a few individuals who were inclined to aid the team out of pure school spirit a well-defined organization evolved. Today the student managers are among the outstanding men of the campus.

Each year a call is issued to freshman early in September for tryouts in the managers system. The number answering this annual call is about 75 men who are anxious to be connected with the teams, to make trips, to win numerals and eventually a monogram. The initial list of freshmen dwindles gradually; there are those who drop out and those who cannot survive the periodic cuts. From 12 to 15 managers receive freshman numerals each June.

University of Notre Dame

In turn the managers gain more responsibilities as they progress through the sophomore and junior years. Each class manager is directly in charge of that class under him, the senior manager of each sport having the supervision of the details of his sport and the managers assigned to that sport. Senior managers are awarded monograms at the conclusion of their season.

1930 marks another new era in managing at Notre Dame. The completion of the new stadium brought new problems to the organization. There were traffic problems both within and without the stadium, an ushers body to perfect, thousands of minor matters to be taken care of.

Daniel D. Halpin was football manager during the past season. Under his guidance the stadium affairs and team care was done in an incomparable fashion. Joseph A. Lauerman was the associate manager in charge of the team at practice and in games. John F. Saunders handled the stadium arrangements and assisted in the details of the season's work. These three managers have brought a greater perfection to the group than it has ever known.

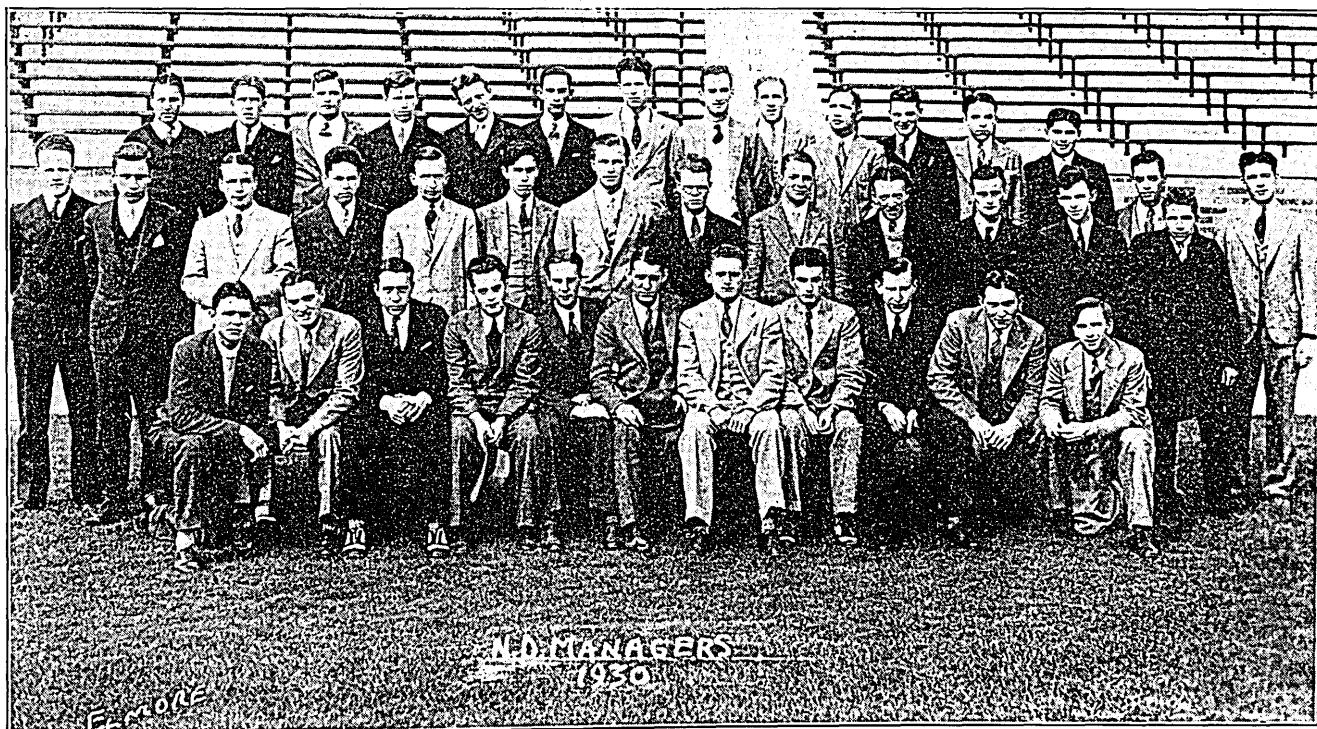
With the opening of the new stadium and the subsequent swelling of crowds at home games, the training of an efficient body of some 1000 ushers was one of the greatest problems the managers had to meet. Most of the responsibility for the handling of the home game crowds fell on the shoulders of Associate Manager Saunders, although Dan Halpin, as head manager, had the final word on everything that was done. Prospective ushers who had answered an invitation in the South Bend newspapers to serve in this capacity, in return for which work they were admitted free to each game and automatically made members of an Usher's club such as many of the eastern schools boast, were sifted down, their qualifi-

cations were considered by those in charge, and only the cream of the thousands who reported were used.

Some idea of the great mass of work which fell upon the shoulders of the managers during the past season may be gained by a consideration of the various things they had to do during the week preceding the Army game. The game was in the nature of a home game for Notre Dame, but that fact didn't belie the necessity of moving the team and its equipment to Chicago. The usual reservations and accomodations for the visiting team had to be made. All of this came in the usual run of business for the week. In addition, though, the managers took care of all arrangements for the team of ex-Notre Dame stars who played another group of ex-Northwestern luminaries in a charity game at Soldier Field Thanksgiving Day. A reserve team played in Nashville that same day and the trip had to be handled by the same mangers. Finally, two teams from the interhall league played out of town games that day. Hotels, meals, transportation, equipment, and a multitude of smaller details had to be provided for for each of these games.

Senior managers of other sports for the year have served during the football season as assistants to the football managers. Cross country in the fall was ably handled by Tom R. Ashe, manager of all minor sports. The basketball team will be under the management of John Hughes. Winter and spring track will be managed by C. Bourke Motsett, and baseball by Robert C. Balfe.

The junior managers, important cogs in the machine, are six in number: John Colville, John Grams, Joseph McKeon, John Ross, Charles Spangenburg, and Charles Weiss. Together with the undergraduate managers, these men round out a most efficient body, one deserving praise.



Back Row: David, Mulvihill, LaSarage, McManus, McCormick, Goldberg, Von Doecklin, Venables, Kotte, Quinn, Albertini, Murphy, Rubin, Sullivan, Hanley.
Middle Row: Lewis, O'Brien, Murray, Greer, Noll, O'Keefe, Buhl, Fox, Fallon, Martin, Wirry, Shinners, Baker.
Front Row: McKeon, Colville, Spangenburg, Ashe, Lauerman, Halpin, Motsett, Balfe, Grams, Weiss, Ross.
Absent when picture was taken: Saunders and Hughes.

The Band

UNDER the leadership of Prof. Joseph Casasanta, the University Band has finished another successful season. The 82-piece organization played before the crowds at the five home games, besides making the Northwestern and Army trips to Evanston and Chicago with the football team.

It is safe to say that no band in the country faced the keen competition that the Notre Dame musical unit did during the past season. The small but highly entertaining Southern Methodist band was on hand in the opening game, while the justly famous Kiltie band of Carnegie Tech was the next to engage in a musical duel with the Casasanta men. Indiana's celebrated "Marching Hundred," one of the finest collegiate bands in the country, and Northwestern's colorful and capable musicians, were the other bands to share the football field with the Notre Dame organization.

In deference to the "silent cheering" system which was inaugurated this year between the halves of the home and Army games, the Band gave up the marching activities it hitherto had performed at those times. This does not mean, however, that Director Casasanta dispensed with all drilling this year, for, on the contrary, the band learned more intricate formations than ever before and went through them before the games instead of between the

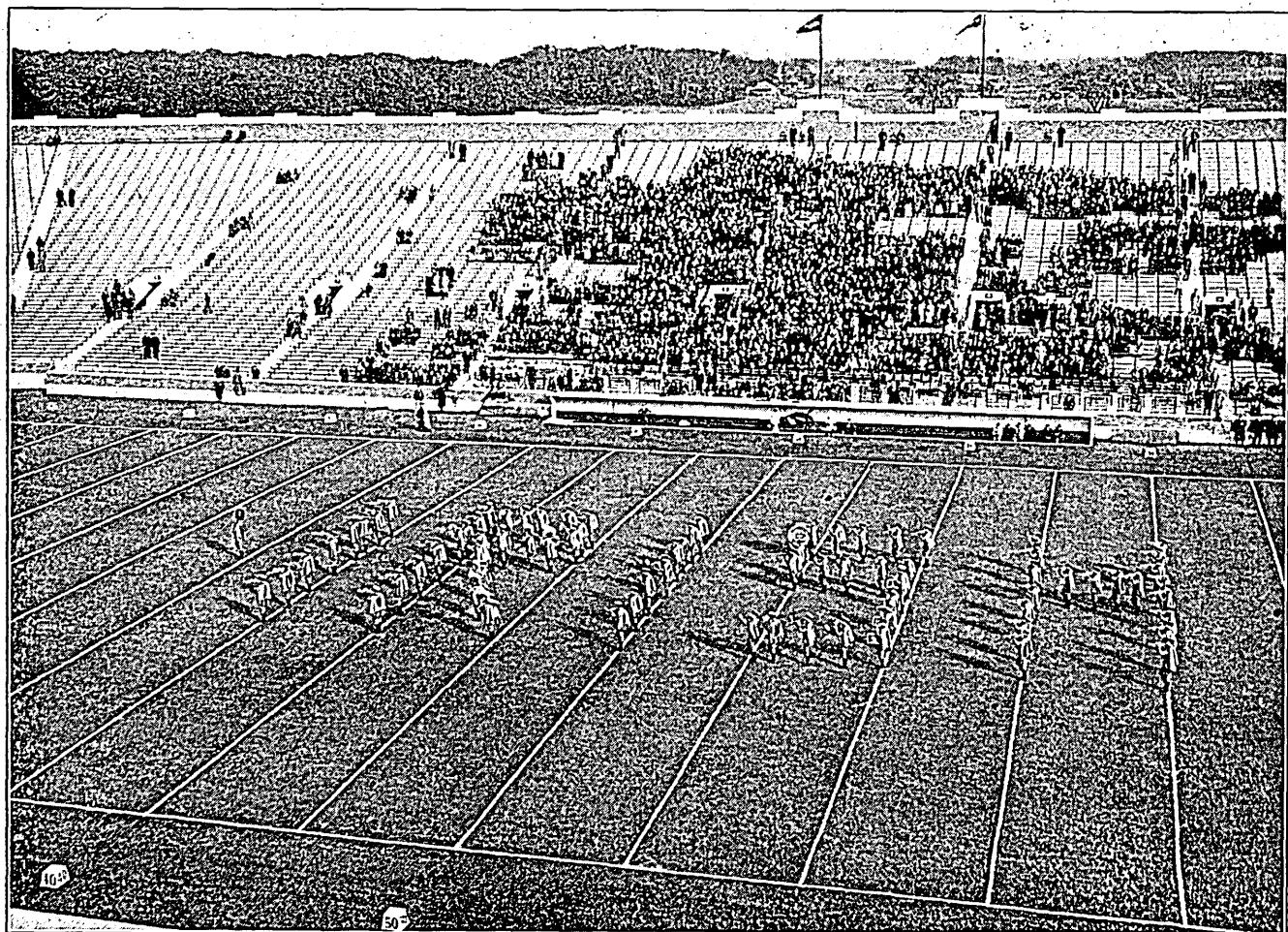
halves. One of these, which was featured at the Carnegie Tech and Northwestern games, was the spelling of the word "Irish". The Band also formed the initial of each visiting team.

The group was equally active in regard to musical drill. In addition to learning the school songs of the opposing teams on the schedule, the men practiced classical music in connection with their work as a concert band. Every year after the football season, they give several concerts.

The Band also took an important part in the special events which occurred during the season. Their rendition of "Anchors Aweigh" greeted the Navy officials when the new stadium was formally dedicated. They also provided a musical welcome for Cardinal Patrick Hayes, Archbishop of New York, when he visited the campus to dedicate the Law building. In addition, they were much in evidence at the pep meetings which were held.

The organization was headed by Vigilius Phillips, president; John Weibler, vice-president; and Albert Stewart, Junior officer. Henry Tholen again led the marching musicians as drum major.

Prof. Casasanta's own compositions figured prominently in the Band's repertoire. "When Irish Boys Go Marching By" was featured. Father Eugene Burke, C.S.C., collaborated with Casasanta in this composition.





Shock Absorber Guardians

By FRANK MCADAMS, JR.

HOW about a pair of sweat socks?" "Just out." This is the song so familiar to every athlete who has graced the athletic department since the time when Coach Rockne used to handle the equipment until the present day, and, if one were to return forty years from now he would find the boys "singing the blues."

A. R. (Tony) Schreiner and A. W. (Keg) Kegowicz now have the fate of thousands of dollars of equipment in their hands, and have proved themselves to be the best "No" men on the campus. Theirs is a thankless job; they are always in the middle. These men must be masters of tact, firmness, and discrimination. The phenomenal growth of the size of the squad and the type of equipment used by Notre Dame athletic teams have made the equipment job an important one. There is a slogan which is always adhered to when equipment is purchased; "Nothing is too good for the Irish." The results of such treatment, as records show, need no explaining.

During the first three years of the Rockne regime, "Rock" himself issued all the equipment so necessary to the man who is going out to get himself shoved about. As the squad grew larger, Coach Rockne found himself unable to attend to everything alone, and the first equipment custodian was used. The job has passed in rapid succession through the hands of the following men: Johnny Mohardt, Morrie Starrett, Rolang Guenin, Leo Sutliffe, Max Houser, Jim Stewart, Pat Canny, Botts Crowley, and Joe Canny.

The old equipment room used to be where the manager's office now stands, with its old picket fence, bulging wooden shelves and equipment cluttered floor. The lack of space is afforded brought about the building of the new, enlarged, all-steel storage room. From this room 400 football men, 1,000 track men, 85 basketball men and 100 baseball men are equipped during the year. This does not include the interhall material. There is a complete drug store in this room; in fact, there is everything from corn pads to shoe laces.

Much of the success of the team depends upon its equipment and the way in which it is handled so much credit must be given to "Keg" and "Tony" for keeping the best equipped team in the country fully supplied at all times.

The Trainers

THE staff of the trainers constitutes one of the most important parts of any major football organization. When such an organization, however, is in the thick of the fight for a national championship, the training staff takes on even greater importance and may even prove to be the deciding factor in the team's success or failure. It was under this pressure that the Notre Dame training staff had to work during the past season.

The personnel of this staff consisted of Dr. Frank Summers and Dr. Edward Summers, team physicians; Eugene (Scrap-Iron) Young, trainer; Ray De Cook, assistant trainer; Gene Howery, assistant trainer; and Joe Kurth, assistant trainer. Kurth's activities on the football team prevented him from doing his share of the trainers' work, but he took up these duties after the season closed.

"Scrap-Iron" Young, the head trainer, is a familiar and colorful figure in Notre Dame athletics. Back in his own undergraduate days, when he was a member of the track team as a two-miler, Young built up a reputation for himself as an "iron man." His favorite trick was to set up the bleachers for a meet, and then go out and win the grueling two-mile event. Assistant Trainer De Cook is one of Coach Keogan's veterans on the basketball floor, while Gene Howery, another assistant, is captain of the cross-country team and also a monogram man in track.

While there were no broken bones for the team physicians to care for, there were the usual number of cuts, bruises, pulled muscles, sprains, dislocations, and other minor injuries—to say nothing of several black eyes. The skill of a training staff is largely determined by its ability to care for these minor injuries and to prevent them from keeping the players out of the game.

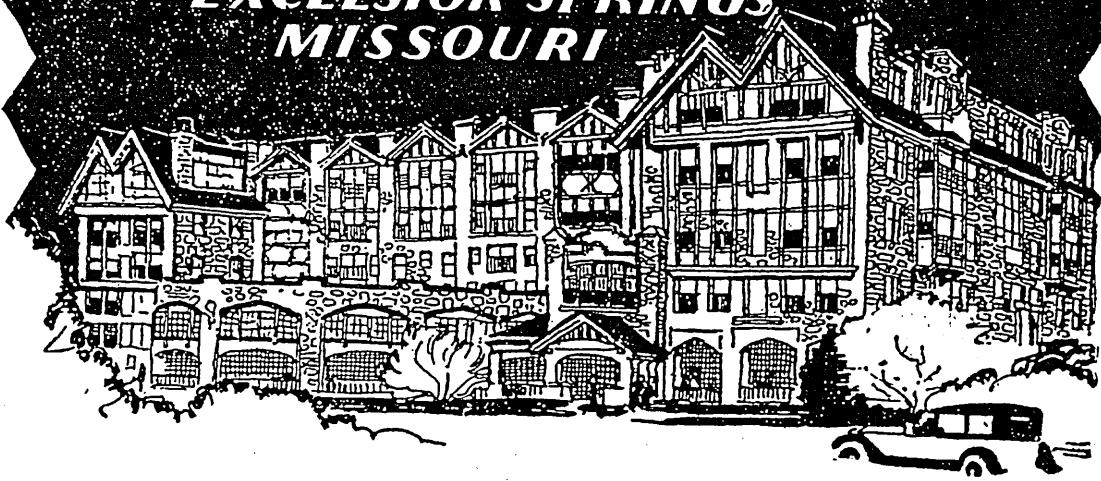
One of the little dramas which occurred during the season in connection with the training crew came when Frank Carideo was injured in a practice session before the Carnegie Tech game. The All-American quarter-back was carried to the dressing room in an unconscious condition. Besides the trainers who were working anxiously over Carideo, Coach Rockne and members of the team were gathered around the injured star. When Carideo failed to respond to efforts to revive him, fear was held out that he had suffered a concussion. Just when everyone was almost convinced that the worst had happened, Carideo sat up and snapped out: "Get away, this is a ball game!" His ailment was merely a good, old-fashioned knockout.

The methods of the trainer necessarily differ with the individual who is injured. While it is extremely difficult to deal with some players when they are hurt, others are ideal patients. It is a somewhat common, though never-the-less praiseworthy occurrence for a player to cover up the seriousness of an injury in order to avoid being benched. When, for example, Tom Kassis cracked up with a charging "Mustang" in the opening game and received a cut over his eye, he was extremely reluctant to leave the fray. Medical treatment, however, proved that the cut was no ordinary one, and three stitches had to be taken.

Marty Brill and Tom Conley are planning on starting a boys' camp near their home town of Philadelphia next summer. "Marty's capital and my brains," smiles Tom, "ought to make it a success."

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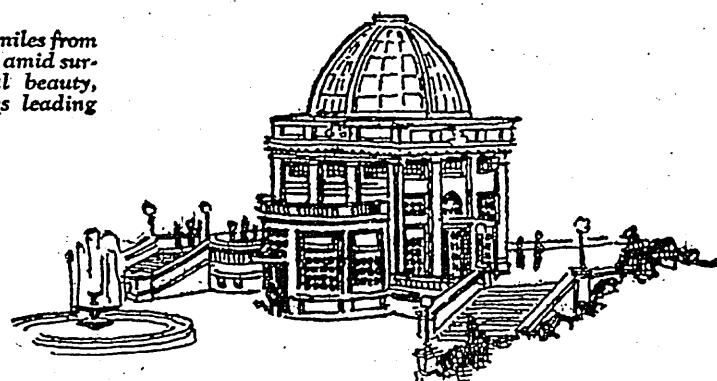


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Southern Pacific

The Answer to Notre Dame Football

By LAWRENCE PERRY
(Copyright, 1930 South Bend Tribune.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—As the amazing narrative of that Notre Dame-Southern California game at Los Angeles came over the radio into an uptown club on Saturday a man who follows national football closely and whose opinions are not only bulwarked by knowledge of the game but by broad-minded points of view turned to a group of friends shrugging:

"What is the answer to this Notre Dame football? You will say material. You will say coaching. You will say greater opportunity for extended practice sessions. All true. But Southern California, for instance, has no lack of the best material, has all necessary time for practice, has an excellent coach. So have other universities met and defeated by Notre Dame in the last two years. No, there is something over and above those things, something as elusive as it is irresistible. I don't know what it is. Who does?

The writer thinks he does. That mysterious element which inspires and informs Notre Dame play is a great underlying motive, an organic impulse that transcends sport and involves all that is highest in the human soul. Notre Dame football, to be explicit, is inspired by a cause and that cause is their religion. By this is not meant a fiery, indomitable impulse to prove that it takes a Roman Catholic football outfit to play the best football there is. Not at all. The impulse is deeper than that.

These Notre Dame players are expressing upon the football field what religion means to them individually. Every game they play is built upon a sub-structure of religious aspiration. This is an age of sophistication, so called. So there will be many, no doubt, who will smile at the above. Well, let such as these be not too sure in their amusement. There is a lot more in life, in football, than your sophisticate dreams of in his philosophy. There are stupendous things in human life which are not seen, which cannot be gripped and felt.

To just what saint that particular Southern California game was dedicated by Notre Dame the writer does not know. But it was dedicated to some Saint. "All games are. And whether a Notre Dame player was a Roman Catholic or Protestant—there were both on this outfit, as

always—made no difference. No boy, whatever his religious affiliation, can come in contact with electricity and not feel it.

In which connection is the story told by Ray Miller, a Notre Dame grad, now district attorney in Cleveland, Ohio. A player in the Notre Dame dressing room before a game in which the odds were against the Irish suggested that they say a little prayer before going out on the field. That player was George Gipp, son of a Methodist clergyman. The prayer was offered and the boy who made it was Chet Wynn, son of a Baptist clergyman. There you have the Notre Dame idea.

Knute Rockne is a great coach, the greatest, and he has a sure knowledge of the heart of man and how to get into his soul. But it may be suspected that not even he gets to the deep underlying reasons of all that his men accomplish. Perhaps only the saintliest of priests do; those who have walked in wisdom all the years and see through the veil.

Princeton, outplaying Yale after the most unsuccessful season in Nassau history; here, too, cause lay back of the game the Tigers played—tradition and everything that tradition involves. No doubt the Navy will reveal this against West Point next Saturday. But Notre Dame is always consistent. Without fail, week after week, the players express the best that is in them; and year after year.

Did you ever see or hear of a Notre Dame player who played dirty football? Did you ever hear of an unsportsmanlike Notre Dame team? Did you ever see a drunken Notre Dame student in the stands at a game? The answers inevitably lie in the negative. Did you ever meet a Notre Dame man who was ashamed to believe in something eternally definite? Here, one thinks, may be the answer to Notre Dame football.

Only four teams scored against Notre Dame first team last season. They were Southern Methodist, Carnegie Tech, Drake, and Army. The Cadets' score followed a blocked kick and the others were from scrimmage. None of these teams scored more than once against the varsity.

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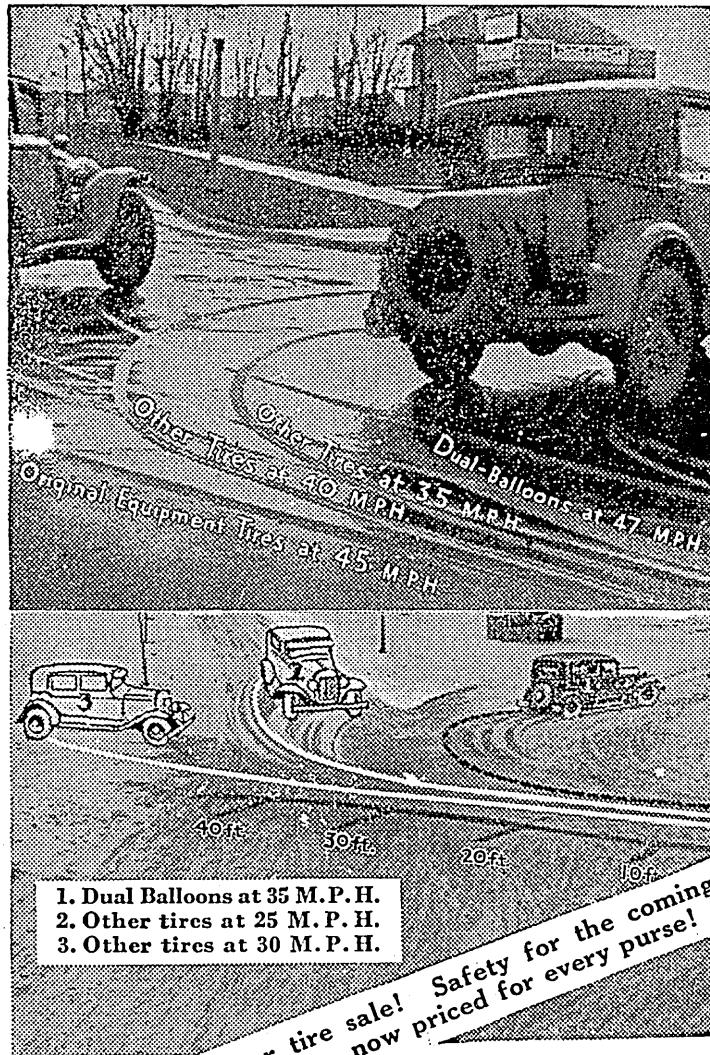
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Notre Dame, 27; U. S. C., 0

(Continued from page 85)

eleventh minute of play. Carideo added the extra point with a place kick. Within three minutes Notre Dame's unending pressure paved the way for the second score. On a bad pass from center on his own 33-yard line, Duffield scooped the bobbling ball, took a quick look at the end and half-back bearing down on him on his own 45-yard line, and quickly kicked it over his own goal.

The Trojans' howl of glee over this quick witted action had not died down when Notre Dame, lining up, shot Schwartz, Brill, and Carideo over the position of Bob Hall, Trojan tackle, and O'Connor, the dark horse full-back, rode through the opening on an 80-yard touchdown dash. The Irish came back to score again early in the third period.

Schwartz took the ball from his own 30-yard line to Southern California's 12 in two efforts, with Brill contributing a 3-yard gain. A penalty advanced the oval to the 7-yard line and the Irish nearly lost the ball when O'Connor fumbled. However, he recovered and on the next play took a lateral pass from Schwartz and eluded three tacklers on his way across the goal. Carideo kicked goal. The fourth touchdown, coming in the last four minutes of play, was engineered by the combined second and third string, with Jaskwhich replacing Carideo and Lukats in at half for Schwartz.

When Notre Dame was held for downs, Mohler tried a desperate Southern California pass from his own 20-yard line. Hanley intercepted, however. Then Dan bucked twice to the 11-yard line, and from there Lukats drove through a hole as big as a roundhouse in the left side of the Trojan line.

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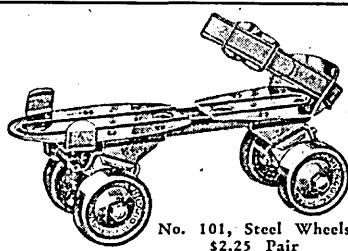
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A. Frank and Bill Frank

Notre Dame, 7; Army, 6

(Continued from page 83)

only two things, running and kicking. And Notre Dame did both of these better than Army. Army's running attack was more handicapped than Notre Dame's by the conditions and the Cadets never put on a march of any size.

Notre Dame's attack had the power but even this would have failed if it hadn't been for the amazing kicking that Carideo did with the leaden, rain-soaked ball. Time and again he set Army back on its heels. He made no bad punts and he made several that would have been great under perfect conditions.

Notre Dame answered the greatest test it has had to meet all season and indelibly was stamped, in the cold mud of Soldier Field, as one of the great teams of modern years. And to Army there will always be the credit of a stand almost awe-inspiring for its stubborn, fighting courage—a defense that came very close, indeed, to victory.

Notre Dame, 14; Northwestern, 0

(Continued from page 81)

ter—and then Carideo took a 13-yard pass from Schwartz to the one-yard line. The Wildcats made a feeble resistance and Dan Hanley, sophomore substitute full-back for Mullins, dove over for the score. Carideo again added the extra point.

Until Schwartz's spectacular touchdown run broke the tension, the game had been one of those dogged, bruising battles in which great defensive play had throttled two offensives never before stopped. Notre Dame proved again

that Rockne teams are as magnificent in defending as in attacking. After striking the vital blow, the Irish were smarter and stronger than their rivals and proved their superiority convincingly.

The victory earned the Irish the midwestern title over the best team in the Big Ten, and it was another triumph of the Rockne system over that of Warner.

The term "Fighting Irish," originated in 1909 when Michigan was beating Notre Dame, 3 to 0. Pete Vaughn, disgusted at Notre Dame's poor showing, shouted, "What's the matter with you guys? You're all Irish and you're not fighting!" Notre Dame won the game, 11 to 3, and Vaughn's remark went on to posterity through the medium of an alert newshawk.

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REASONABLE RATES

The Review's All-Opponent Team

(Continued from page 53)

defense rapidly in spite of his 200-odd pounds, and his offensive work was largely responsible for the large gains made by the Wildcat backs in the early part of their game with Notre Dame. He was perhaps the most consistent all-around man Northwestern had in its march to the Western Conference championship.

Close seconds to these two at this position were Price of Army, Riley of Northwestern, Capt. Skeeters of Southern Methodist, Hall of Southern California, and Highberger and Fletcher of Carnegie Tech.

Material at guard during the past season was perhaps more abundant than at any other position. A number of fine players distinguished themselves and the choice here was the hardest we had to make. The great leadership and grit of Army's Capt. Charles (Polly) Humber, in addition to his steady, hard play, gives him a slight edge on the other brilliant right guards, however; and John Baker, of Southern California, who is among the outstanding all-American left guard candidates as we go to press, played inspired ball which marked him as great even in the crushing Notre Dame victory. His work all season won him recognition from the experts and he proved his merit when the going was toughest.

Capt. John Dreshar of Carnegie was another fine leader who played this position, Zeller of Indiana was the spark-plug of the Hoosier line and he even stepped into the backfield on occasion to carry the ball; Willson of Penn not only played a bang-up offensive game which stood out brilliantly in Notre Dame's 60 to 20 triumph, but he proved himself the best open-field runner on the team when he grabbed off a poor punt and ran it from midfield to the seven-yard line after shaking off a half-dozen tacklers.

At center, Waldo Don Carlos, the nonchalant Drake warrior who was chosen on last year's *Review* team stood out head and shoulders above any pivot men other teams had to offer. Against Notre Dame, he made three-fourths of the tackles of his team, his passing was accurate, he covered well on passes, and he exemplified everything a roving center should. With apparent ease, he broke up Notre Dame's strongest running plays and he showed unerring instinct in following the most intricate of Rockne formations. Playing with a better-known club, he undoubtedly would be all-American. Ducanis, of Carnegie Tech, was a veteran ball-snapper who also played consistent ball all season; Miller of Army played an inspired game against Notre Dame, Clark of Northwestern formed the nucleus of a strong Northwestern line, and Williamson of Southern California, Eagle of Penn, and Daugherty of Pittsburgh are all worthy of consideration.

Almost every team Notre Dame met boasted a smart, able field general, but the brilliant leadership of the "mighty atom," Drake's Capt. Lynn King, who led his Bulldogs against Notre Dame in spite of the fact that two bones in his left hand were broken, makes him stand out above the rest. He slashed the powerful Irish line with a fury that usually does not go with a signal caller; he threw passes, he caught passes, and he directed the complicated Drake attack like a master. He was probably second only to Notre Dame's all-American Carideo, as he led his little band through a rigorous season. He always provided the punch and the "pepper" that makes the Bulldogs the colorful group they are.

Carver of Army, Duffield and Mohler of Southern California, Capt. Brubaker of Indiana, Capt. Baker of Pittsburgh, Lee Hanley of Northwestern, McCurdy of Carnegie Tech, and Graupner of Penn all played creditably and there was little to choose between them. None, however, had the brilliancy of King.

The half-back position presented a problem and there was no end of discussion before Weldon (Speedy) Mason of Southern Methodist, and Howard Eyth of Carnegie Tech were nominated for first string ranking. Both, however, are excellent triple-threat men, staunch defenders, and real fighters. It was Eyth who made the longest run of the year against Notre Dame, a cut through the center of the line which fooled the Irish secondary and sent him speeding 72 yards to a touchdown. He and Mason were perhaps the best open-field runners Notre Dame met and both were excellent passers and pass receivers. Both the Mustang and Skibo attacks were based on speed and deception and the work of these two men fitted in exactly with their coaches' demands.

Tschirgi and Kirn of Navy, Frentzel of Army, Van Koten and his substitute, Lansrud, of Drake; Bruder of Northwestern, Pinckert and Apsit of U. S. C., Kattman of Southern Methodist; Opasik of Indiana, Heller and Williams of Pittsburgh, and Perina, Gentle and Masters of Pennsylvania were also impressive against Notre Dame and throughout the season.

There was little doubt that hard-hitting Reb Russell of Northwestern, who alone did enough ground-gaining to keep the Wildcats pressing into Notre Dame territory in the first half, was the outstanding full-back of the season. Although he was knocked out by Schwartz's vicious tackle in the first period, he got up and came back as strong as ever with a determination and drive that was not to be denied. He took plenty of punishment but, as the scouts had warned, "he liked it," and he retaliated with plenty of his own. His tackling and blocking was above average but his fine crashing alone was enough to make him good enough for any man's all-American.

Hopper of Southern Methodist, who was a good pass receiver as well as an excellent plunger; "Bull" Karcis of Carnegie Tech; Hood of Pittsburgh, Hagberg of Navy, and Musick and Shaver of Southern California, were also mentioned prominently by the coaches, players, and scouts for all-Opponent honors.

The Irish

*Green was their rainment in Nature's glare,
Light were their hearts from a spiritual fare;
Sweetened the breeze by October's sun—
Pleased, if you will, at the wholesome fun.
Clean was the speech of the Emerald hosts;
Brilliant their play—yet devoid of boasts;
Fierce in their tackles, but never small—
"Win like a sportsman—or not at all."
Happy their visit, and small the pain—
So long, Rockne—but come again.*

—CHARLES J. DOYLE.

(Editor's Note—The foregoing poem appeared in the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph after the Pitt-Notre Dame game. "Chilly" Doyle, its author, sent it on to his great and good friend Knute Rockne and we are pleased to repeat it here.)

Notre Dame, 60; Penn, 20

(Continued from page 77)

They had a great line giving them a chance and they had as fine blocking and all-around interfering as any backs could ask for. They simply ran amuck.

The four horsemen averaged around 162 pounds. This Notre Dame backfield to-day averaged around 190 pounds and it was just as fast as the four horsemen. Pennsylvania never had a chance. If Rockne had cared to keep in his first string he could have run the score up to 90 or 100 points. As it was, his first string averaged better than this final counting for the time they were in. There was, however, a big drop to his second and third strings. It was against these reserves that Penn scored three touchdowns. Two came on forward passes to Perina over the goal line. The other came on a short buck after a series of fumbles on both sides that finally gave Penn its third chance.

Reserves Are Much Below Par

Penn's attack was helpless against Notre Dame's first string. It couldn't make a first down. It had difficulty in gaining inches. But it carried the ball well against the reserves, who were far below the top layer of talent. Brill alone scored three touchdowns and two of them came on long shifting, exciting runs where he showed everything a fine back needs. He weaved and shifted. He used a killing straight arm. He worked his way through with a cool head and he always had the ablest possible support.

As ball carriers Savoldi and Schwartz were only a step away. They ran with great speed and driving power. They were hard to stop, even when tackled cleanly. They

held their feet and kept plowing on and they were fast enough to swerve and follow the interference provided. This first string Notre Dame team was something to look at in football. It is so far beyond anything the season has shown there is no comparison for here you have strength, bulk, power and amazing speed, all ably directed by one of the great quarter-backs of the day, and in front they had a forward wall that charged and slashed and opened up and did a great all around job. Brill, Schwartz and Savoldi ran up three touchdowns before you could breathe twice after Brill got started. The first string scored 28 points against Penn in less than two periods. Penn's only battle with Notre Dame was with the second and third string entries, who had rough sailing.

Didn't Need Passes

Notre Dame made most of its distance by the running game. Few passes worked on either side. Notre Dame had no need of passes when almost every other play was good for a touchdown, once the Irish got warmed up and on their way. Notre Dame led, 28 to 0, at the end of the second period. Then Penn scored on the second team through a long run by Willson and a forward pass to Perina.

But when Penn began to get busy again, Rockne rushed back his first string and again the wild stampede headed by Brill and ably supported by Savoldi, Schwartz and Mullins, started all over again.

When his team had 53 points, made in less than 30 minutes of actual play, Rockne again gave his reserves a chance and again Penn got going. But the gap was too wide. The first battalion had left Pennsylvania slaughtered on the field as 80,000 spectators looked at the best team they had ever seen.

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Watch-Charm Guards

(Continued from page 62)

Again, the guard may catch the signal wrong and pull out to the wrong side and collide with the other guard coming out from that side with all the power and speed that he can muster. Tom Kassis was injured early in the season when this happened and his head cracked against a reserve guard's helmet opening a long gash above his eye.

When I was playing at Notre Dame, Rockne had an unusually slow-thinking reserve guard on the squad, but an injury to the regular guard and this man's great fighting spirit put him up with the varsity in practice. In the excitement of the day, he immediately went blank above the shoulders, and started pulling out and staying in at exactly the wrong time. Rock was exasperated for a while, then his quick wit came to the rescue.

"Whenever an end run is called and he is not supposed to pull out," he told me, "you holler 'NO!' as loud as you can. When he is supposed to pull out, holler 'YES!'"—and next year we'll use letters instead of numbers for signals. Numbers seem to confuse the boys."

I guess Rock has been threatening to make this change ever since, but if he can continue to have guards as smart as Cannon and Law of the 1929 team, and as brainy as Kassis and Metzger of the 1930 eleven, he need not worry.

Although he fumbled once and recovered for no gain, Bucky O'Connor averaged 10.9 yards on his 10 trips with the ball against Southern California. His 109 yards were almost as many as the entire Trojan team made.

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The Apex of the Attack

(Continued from page 63)

to the punter, a pass with a lead to a shifting back going off tackle or around end, and a pass with a lead for runs and passes from punt formation. The ball must be thrown at just the right time and in the right direction or it will throw the back off stride and perhaps raise him up, thus destroying the effectiveness of the play.

On offense, the center must learn to charge and pass in one continuous motion and to block a hole left by an interfering lineman pulling out. He must also know the characteristics of his backs and know just how to "feed" the ball to them. If the backs have confidence in the center, they can concentrate on more vital things.

The center's defensive play is also invaluable to his team if he can back up the line well against both running plays and passes. His first job is to watch where the ball goes and, with that as a tip-off as to what he may expect, he either stays in the line, pulls out to bolster up the flanks, or drops back to defend against passes by covering a certain man or zone. He must keep always before him the tactical situation, such as the down, the distance to go, the position of the ball on the field, the score, the time to go, and so on.

His hardest defensive job is covering on passes for he must first hit the line so that he can go on through if necessary, then he must pick out his man or zone and drop back to pick up the receiver. If his man is very fast, this is difficult, but with experience it becomes easier. The average back will give away the play by some little mannerism which the center can pick up by careful watching.

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"Keep Your Eye on the Ball"

(Continued from page 62)

has been in the minds of my men. A large number of early season games are lost when fumbling teams have their bobbles recovered by a ball-hawk among the opposition which capitalizes on the yards gained in the misplay.

A great deal of the glory once the ball-hawk's has been taken away since 1928 because members of the Rules Committee in that year amended the fumble rule so that a recovered fumble cannot be advanced by the defensive team, thus making it less dangerous for the team that fumbles often.

Baylor University used to terrorize its opponents with the famous hidden ball trick nearly 20 years ago. The quarter-back took the ball from center, placed it on the guard's leg, and there it remained until the defensive team had drifted toward the faking half-back; then the end or wing-back would swing around and scoop it up and on very few occasions was he stopped short of a touchdown.

Ever-changing offenses, always more intricate than those that have gone before, make the old adage more worthy of stress than ever before. Some years ago, Fielding H. (Hurry Up) Yost of Michigan strongly maintained that the player who recovers fumbles is an idler and a loafer. Otherwise, Yost insisted, he would have been in the midst of a play and not lurking around where he would be in position to recover. This is unsound reasoning because all defensive players strive to get at the ball-carrier or the ball itself. Yost's influence at the time led

indirectly to the rule preventing a defensive player from advancing a recovered fumble.

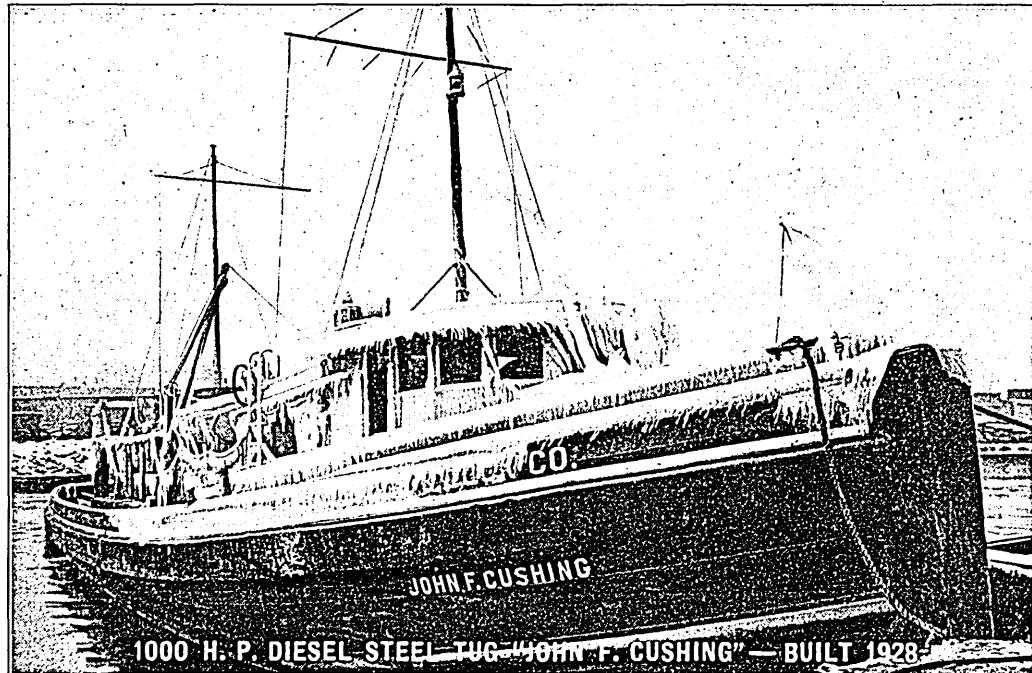
Rockne, our own famous coach, emphasizes his first defensive principle: "Hound the ball!"

The development of football offensive in so far as the hidden ball, spinning, and other machinations of the offense are concerned, has reached such a perplexing stage that I think I may predict safely for the future that each backfield will be adorned with bushy mustachios and beards in which the ball may be hidden securely. To meet this wrinkle, it is not impossible to believe that the defensive team will need have large combs as a part of their equipment. Some day, perhaps, Notre Dame will win from Army by out-combing the Cadets.

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High-Test Football

(Continued from page 63)

with his Drake Bulldogs, again presented a new style of play in which only two backs carry the ball and two others do the blocking. Drake, in spite of its lack of national recognition, had one of the smoothest-working offenses we met all season and it was one of the three teams to score at all on the varsity from scrimmage. Army also scored on us, but their touchdown came on a blocked kick and recovery.

Northwestern and Army both employed the Warner style of attack and the former offered more power while the Cadets had more deception. It was fortunate for us, in a way, that Army came after Northwestern for the campus was covered with nearly two feet of snow and outside practice was impossible before that game.

Perhaps the most deceptive, most highly developed offense we met all season was against Southern California. Its deception lay in the fact that when the team came out of its huddle, it did not shift immediately into position, but lined up behind the center. There was a quick shift into the formation called, and the ball was snapped before the defense had a chance to get set.

Lest all of this might be taken to indicate that Notre Dame football players spend most of their time working on problems of defense, I might point out here that the maximum amount of practice put in each day is two hours and, as the season progresses and the team develops, this time is often cut in half. The shorter days in the late fall make it impossible to practice later than five o'clock and the Notre Dame practice field, unlike many others, is not equipped with flood-lights.

The offense is a source of worry to the coaches each fall, but once it starts to "click" their worries are somewhat relieved. Notre Dame, following out all Western Conference rules, although not a member, has only three weeks of practice before the season opens and to get a group of men working as a unit in that time requires a great deal of work.

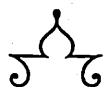
It is often a source of surprise to outsiders the amount of rest Rockne gives his varsity. He figures that the team will get only so good no matter how much work is done and often after a hard game, the team will not return to practice until Wednesday, never before Tuesday.

This gives the players a chance to keep up in their studies and also gives them time to replace by rest the energy used up in a tough game.

It was the wonderful spirit of Coach Rockne which enabled us to go through undefeated. He never underestimated an opponent and usually he got us to fight by impressing us so strongly with our opponents' strength before the game that we were afraid to go out and do anything but fight. The excellent use he made of his material and of the many fine traditions Notre Dame players of the past have built up made it possible for us to be successful in the past two seasons of "High Test Football."

Here's one that actually happened last fall. In one of Notre Dame's games a player with the opposition became a bit over-zealous and an official, who was a salesman for a large sporting goods house, told him to take it easy or he would be penalized. "Yea," grinned the offender, "penalize me and you won't get our shoe order next fall."

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Immediately after the closing game of 1930, with Southern California, Notre Dame was proclaimed the national champion and the Jack F. Rissman trophy became the permanent possession of the Irish. The trophy is given annually to the team which, according to the Dr. Frank G. Dickenson system of rating, was the outstanding of the country. To win the award permanently it was necessary for a team to be adjudged the best in the land three times within a decade.

The undefeated Four Horsemen of 1924, gave Notre Dame its first leg in the beautiful plaque, and the 1929 eleven brought a further claim. And now the great eleven of 1930 has brought it to its final resting place.

Mr. Rissman, the donor of the trophy, is one of Chicago's best known sportsmen and he is especially interested in the clean, virile game which every fall holds the attention of millions. In making the annual award for temporary possession of the trophy, he was guided by the selections of Dr. Dickenson whose system consists in giving a team so many points for each victory over a major opponent, fewer points for a victory over a lesser foe, and so forth. Alabama and Washington State were runners-up to Notre Dame last season and, at the time of going to

press, they were scheduled to meet in the Tournament of Roses game on the Coast during the holiday season.

It is interesting to note here that in winning two national championships in consecutive seasons, Coach Rockne has repeated his feat of a decade ago when his 1919 and 1920 teams went undefeated and won Western titles.

In winning its third national title, Notre Dame made 130 first downs to its opponents' 75. The Irish gained 3,109 yards from scrimmage to 961 for the opposition.

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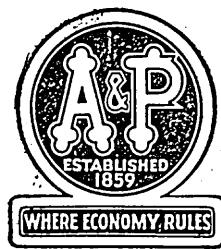
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"And Something Abides"

(Continued from page 55)

Mohardt and all the others? But still a new era was approaching in which Cartier field was to feel the hoofbeats of the Four Horsemen and Seven Mules.

Layden, Crowley, Miller and Stuhldreher, together with the great line behind which they operated, had many glamorous days, but there was one especially which was unforgettable. It was the afternoon in 1924, when Nebraska came to do battle on Cartier field.

For two consecutive seasons Notre Dame had gone undefeated right up until the last game, only to fall before the mighty Cornhuskers on their field at Lincoln, Nebraska. But this was another year and there was to be another story to tell. It would be the last season in which the Four Horsemen would play together. They were still unbeaten.

For days the newspapers had been casting doubt upon the ability of the Four Horsemen to shake off the Nebraska jinx which had been following them for two years. The student body was keyed to the utmost, but the attitude of the players still was a mystery. Would they be shaky and unstrung before their arch enemies, or would they be calm and confident and capable as they had been in all their other games this season..

The answer was not long in coming. After the shock troops had given Nebraska a 6 to 0 lead, the Four Horsemen and their mates were rushed in. Then began a stunning assault which scored again and again and left the Cornhuskers utterly demoralized. Their once mighty line was so torn to shreds that late in the game, Elmer Layden, the one regular back left in, ploughed single-handed on

a succession of straight plunges for 63 yards and the final touchdown of the day.

A new Notre Dame team took up the burden after the Four Horsemen had galloped away into football's Valhalla. The days of Christy Flanagan had arrived. Though this team never did complete a season undefeated, it gave players of the future some mighty achievements to follow.

For instance, there was that day in 1925 when the team seemed ready to forsake the traditions of Cartier field and yield to Northwestern. For the Wildcats were leading 10 to 0 at the half and the Irish seemed to have lost their spirit. Then this team, which had been considered mediocre, went out for the second half and played what Coach Rockne has called the greatest ten minutes of football he has ever seen. At the end of this ten minutes the score was Notre Dame, 13; Northwestern, 10—and another link was added to the victory chain.

But this skein was snapped at last in 1928. Carnegie Tech's crushing onslaught tore the Notre Dame forward wall to pieces and before all of the spectators were seated, the score was 13 to 0. After putting up one of the gamiest fights of any Notre Dame team, the Irish were beaten, 27 to 7. Last year's unbeaten eleven whipped the Scots, 7 to 0, and this season's team crushed them, 21 to 6. Thus did Notre Dame take vengeance for its one defeat on Cartier field since 1905.

When this year's team began the season in the new stadium it was told, in effect, "You are given this sod upon which to play, but with it you are given a responsibility. You are made custodians of Notre Dame's tradition of victory."

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Hunk Anderson, Campus Rep.

"Refreshments — for Newspapermen"

(Continued from page 57)

tackle. They are all trained—you can't fool me—in that critics' cage, at half time, when the word is given that refreshments are ready.

(Author's note: "for newspapermen" has been deleted by the censor.)

I was so interested in that new press box, that I went out to see it, one Thursday afternoon.

There were no refreshments being served then, and one had a chance to see the place.

This is no sedentary critic who is raising his index finger over the Underwood keys, mark you!

It is one who has frozen atop the Yale Bowl, drowned atop the Harvard Stadium, sailed along in the gale at Princeton's interment camp for press men, who has roasted in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena, cooked in the Coliseum at Los Angeles, who has dealt words and phrases off the arm in every stadium of consequence, from Catalina to Cambridge, from Atlanta to Seattle.

And this moving finger writes that nowhere in all the land, is there a press coop comparable for comforts, to that at Notre Dame. And the moving finger, having writ, moves on!

There is elbow room, to begin with. There is visibility. There is ample attention, mechanically, to all the requirements of the reporting profession.

And there is—most important of all—a more than reasonable assurance that, while K. K. Rockne lives, there will always be something going on out there that will be worth watching from such a worthy perch.

In soliciting this priceless manuscript, my friend, Mr. Petritz, alleges that it was my whole-souled boost for the press box located in old Cartier Field, that brought about the construction of this modern marvel. And since there was no use in having a press box without a stadium, the stadium was built.

Though I have his letter, as evidence, I shall not use it against him.

The rap is a bum one.

The press box wasn't built for me or because of me. No such luck.

It must have been built, so that the citizenry of South Bend, yea, the citizenry of all Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, might have a place to congregate, of a Saturday afternoon, when the Notre Dame team was playing at home, and refreshments were being served, at half time.

I hope the clicking of telegraph keys, and the rattle of typewriters didn't disturb anyone.

The Notre Dame "B" teams were undefeated the last three years when playing as a unit. Their only defeats came when the squad was divided.

The mystic number "13" may not mean anything, but consider this. In 1926 and 1929, Notre Dame scored 13 points to Southern California's 12 to win both times. In 1927, Notre Dame won, 7 to 6, and this adds up to 13. In 1928, U. S. C. won 27 to 14, a difference of 13 points. In 1930, Notre Dame won, 27 to 0, and if Jaskwhich had missed the extra point after the last touchdown, it would have been 26 or just twice 13 . . . but you can't depend on Jaskwhich.

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«»

EDWARDS IRON WORKS

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"Paths of Glory Lead, But—"

(Continued from page 54)

You remember the parable of the Good Samaritan. It may be that Notre Dame, through its national make-up, so far exceeds geographical boundaries that our immediate fellow-citizens are not really our football neighbors.

It may be that football has become so familiar to its public that the lines of sentimental association have weakened, and an intelligent football fan would just as willingly see a game between Northwestern and Minnesota as between Carnegie Tech and Notre Dame.

It may be that the provincial abuses that arise from the transition period that lies between town and city have caused a natural aversion to South Bend accommodations incidental to a game at Notre Dame. Hotel, taxis, and meals, even at regular rates, do add to the week-end budget.

It may be that 24 years of games at home with but one defeat have surfeited our home fans with victory, and have removed hope from those who come to scoff and refuse to remain for any other purpose.

This article is not intentionally critical. It is written only with a natural wonder that the climax for which Notre Dame and its many admirers in the field of sports have waited so long—the erection of the Stadium—should be more or less an anti-climax. Capacity crowds elsewhere have removed much of the economic argument that might be advanced.

It might not be out of place to suggest that Notre Dame has no great cause for concern over the season's phenomenon. Athletics are primarily of, by and for the

Notre Dame students. Economic provisions already made, and practically assured income from athletics in the immediate future, will prevent the University from suffering unduly.

It might not be out of place in another direction to suggest that proper utilization of the Stadium can become a powerful civic asset for South Bend. There is every reason to believe that Notre Dame schedules for the home field can draw from 100,000 to 200,000 persons to South Bend from outside the civic area during the course of the season. Under the ordinary circumstances that surround such an influx, the civic income should profit from several hundred thousand dollars up, not to mention the potential constructive influence of Notre Dame, itself a civic asset. An industry which brought such a payroll to the city would be heralded, boosted and guided through its infancy by the Chamber of Commerce.

However, the future of a man is not decided by his status on his first birthday. Nor is there any more reason for jumping at conclusions concerning the new Stadium at the end of its first season.

The writer is confident that campus, civic and extra-territorial adjustments to the presence of the new structure will be made to the mutual progress of all interested parties.

Marchy Schwartz led Irish scoring for the past season with 54 points accruing from nine touchdowns. Savoldi was second to him with only eight scores for 48 points. Frank Carideo, although he made only two touchdowns, was third with 39 points. He made 27 points after touchdowns.

Greetings to the
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Manager

University of Notre Dame

On the Other Side of the Fence

(Continued from page 56)

flaws in a football pattern from a nice, comfortable seat in a stadium is comparatively easy. But try to do the same thing while out on a football field with a flock of enemy tacklers hanging around your neck is a far different thing. If you're able to do the right thing then, success is yours.

But that's football. If we were not permitted to voice our opinions as to what we think is right or wrong, then our three dollar seat wouldn't be worth the price.

In spite of the urge which a "has been" feels coming over him to get out the suit, kick a few spirals, and throw a few passes it's much easier to relax and sit back to talk of the good old days when he did his "stuff."

After it is all over and we realize that our days have been numbered, we can look back with a great deal of satisfaction and thank our lucky stars we had the opportunity of working for the greatest of them all—Rockne. The things we learned under him—sportsmanship, manliness, courageousness—more than make up for what we have lost and make us realize that after all it isn't so terribly bad to be on this side of the fence.

The week before they played Notre Dame, the Drake Bulldogs played a night game on Friday. The Notre Dame scout assigned to the game, thought the contest was to be on Saturday and showed up after it had been played. Coach Ossie Solem of Drake, however, sent Rockne a complete scouting report of his team's plays, its strengths and its weaknesses so his fellow countryman might not be taken at disadvantage.

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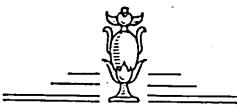
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