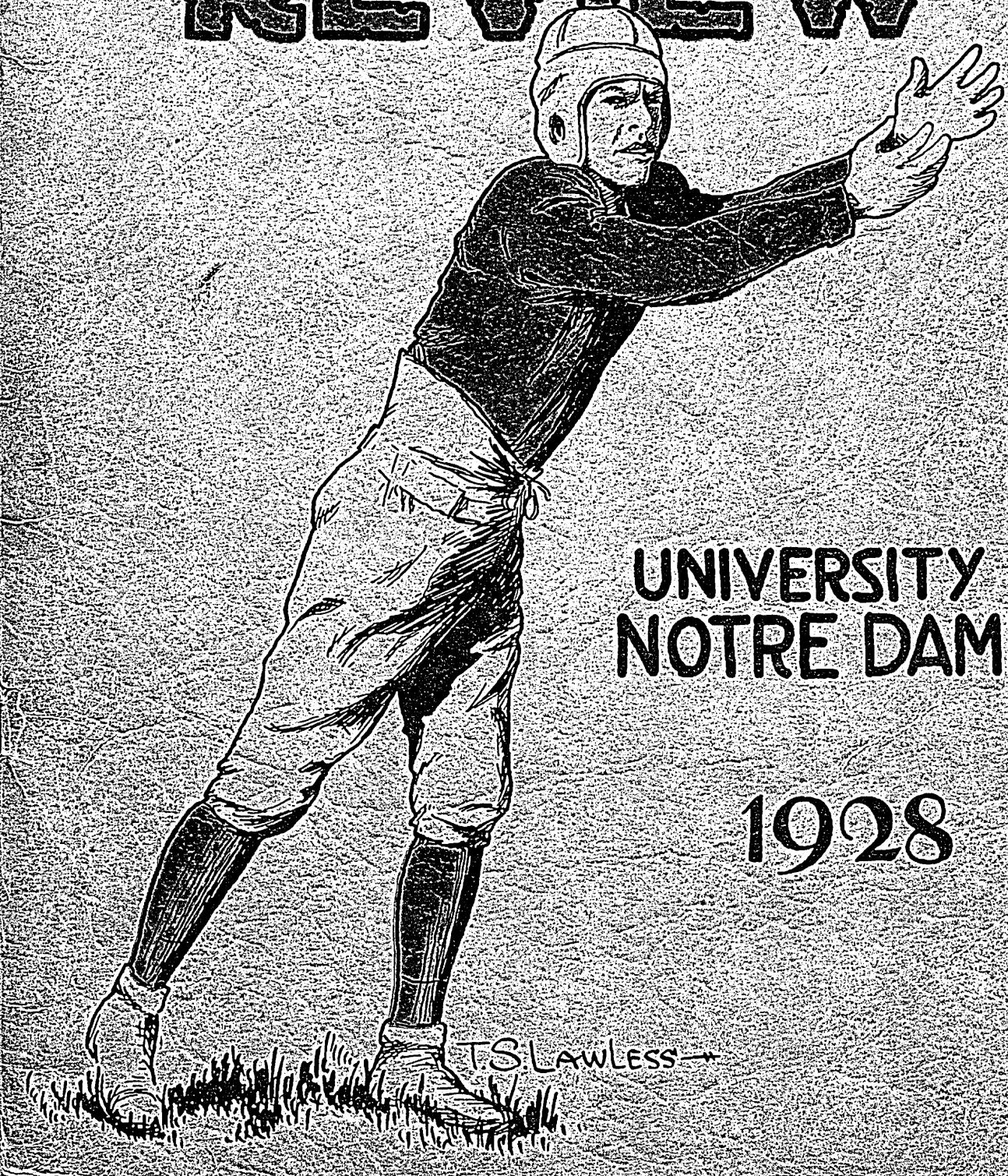


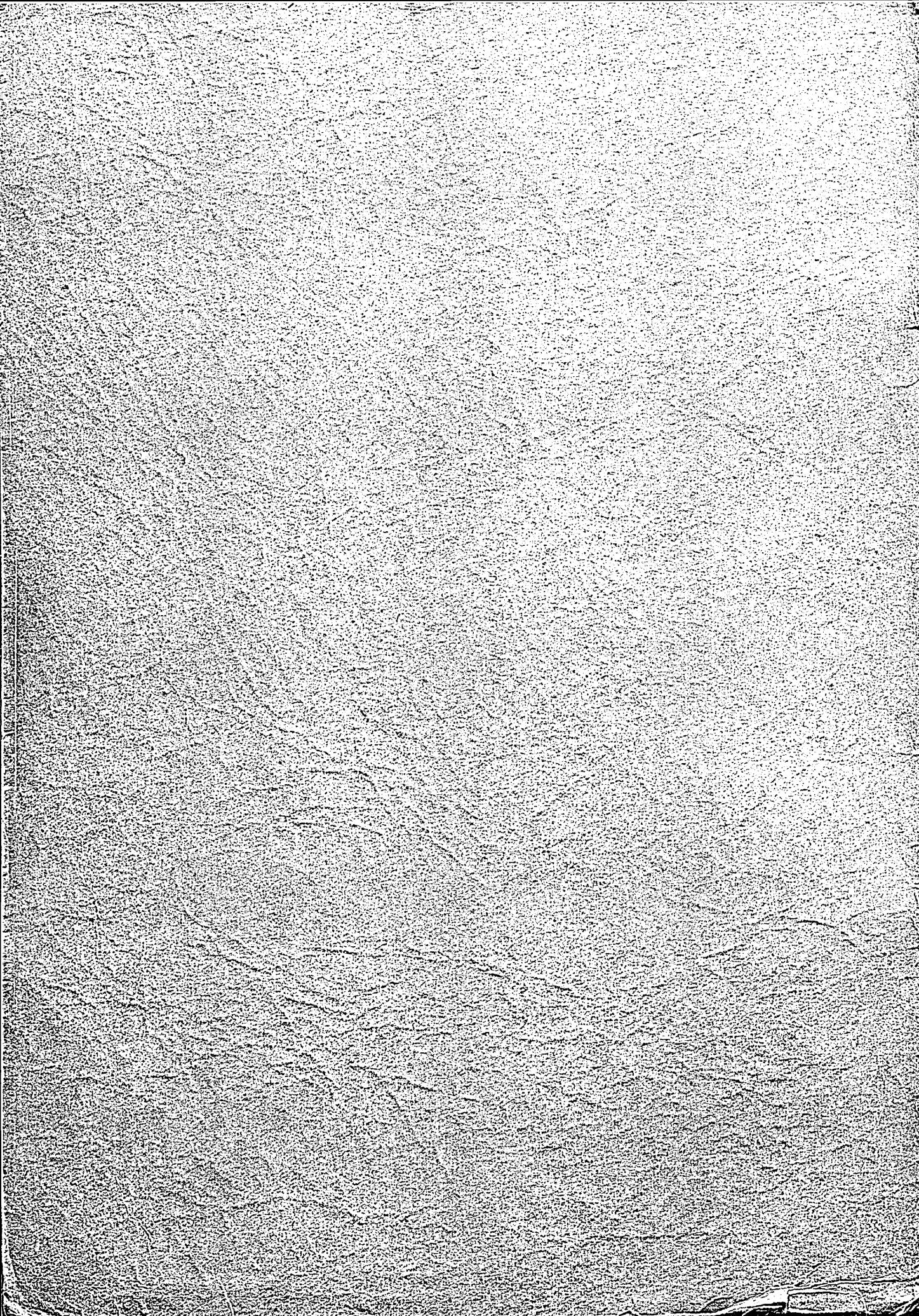
OFFICIAL FOOTBALL REVIEW



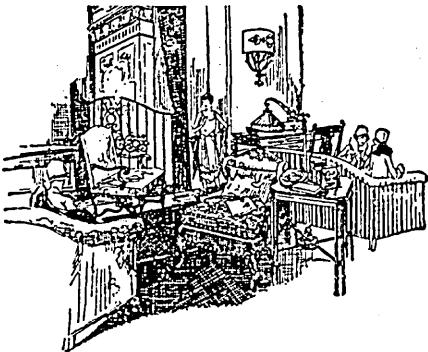
UNIVERSITY OF
NOTRE DAME

1928

T.S. LAWLESS →



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Some Pre-Season Dope

By W. T. Fox, Jr.

NOTRE DAME, IND., Sept. 18—When apples grow on lilac trees and Tunney says, "I seen," it will be time enough to sell this country short on Notre Dame football prospects.

This statement is subscribed to by practically every member of Mr. Knute Kenneth Rockne's board of strategy, which Mr. Rockne continues to pronounce his annual board of tragedy.

When one discovers Mr. Rockne refraining from his customary cigar-twisting act when discussing the approaching gridiron wars, something is very

apt to be up. Twisting a cigar is Mr. Rockne's favorite method of reflecting a highly nervous state; hence in refraining from so doing he becomes a dead give-away.

"I have no worries at all," said the prominent after-dinner speaker, immediately after dinner Monday evening. "We will not be as strong as we were last year, but 70

per cent is passing at Notre Dame, and we may be able to get by.

"My second team of last year, with one exception, will be my first team this year. Practically every team we played in 1927 scored on the second team in a minute and a half. Indiana scored on it in fifty seconds. Toward the end of the season the boys were showing some improvement because it took one team two minutes to score.

"Having greater responsibilities this year, however, these boys may do much better."

It was suggested to Mr. Rockne that his team appeared to be a little heavier than usual.

"You're right. They are big but they have minds like chess players. They think rather late in the evening," he said.

"We have sixteen nationalities on the team this year—no, I guess it's seventeen, I forgot the American," cracked Knute. "Carideo is the only freshman who passed his spelling, so we're living on leftovers."

Asked to enumerate the nationalities Knute started down the list. Billie Dew is English; Christiansen, Norwegian; Chevigny, Frenchman; Carideo, Italian; Guadolno, a Spaniard; Miller, German; Niemiec, a Pole; Leppig, Lithuanian; Colrick, Bohemian; Vezie, Hungarian; Herwit, a



JOHN NIEMIEC



GEORGE LEPPIG

Jew," then he hesitated momentarily, asking: "How many have you now?"

"That's eleven, Rock."

"Well, there's a Jugoslav, and there's an Armenian and an Austrian; I can't recall their names right now. There's MacDougal for the Scotzman, and we haven't found out what Provisiero is yet. Is that enough?" he asked.

"You're one short, Rock."

"That reminds me of a story. Stop me if you've heard it. It seems there were a couple of Irishmen—"

And that ended the treatise on Notre Dame and its relation to the world court of football.

All this took place around the dinner table in the LaSalle hotel, where Alderman George M. Maypole, of Chicago; Clarence Sweeney and Mike Duffecy, of Indianapolis, and this correspondent endeavored to find out just how the boss of the Fighting Irish feels about his 1928 football team.

He is in rare spirits this season, and while everything blue he says about his men is undoubtedly true, things seem to be in pretty fair shape for the season. Rockne appeared on the field about 3:30 with his chief assistant, John Clipper Smith, Notre Dame's All-American guard of 1927. He went immediately to the center of the field and led his band of battlers in some musical comedy steps.

"Up on your toes, down on your heels!" shouted Rockne. But it was not the beginning of the Varsity Drag at all. While this was going on one tardy member slipped into the ranks while Knute's back was turned. He whipped around in the opposite direction a little later and spied the new customer among the 150 in the big circle.

"You're a little late for rehearsal, aren't you, Clarence?" he chanted.

The preliminaries disposed of, Rockne called his boys about him and then without any reference to notebooks he called out, one by one, eighty-eight names. At stop eleven each time there was a wild whoopee as a full team started off into signal drill.

Over in another part of the field, Tommy Mills, head freshman coach, assisted by Poliskey, one of the 1927 tackles, worked with some 200 freshmen.

(Continued on page 5)

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They ran out of suits at the 200 mark and the remaining candidates for the freshman team were outfitted today. Rockne slipped over to have a look at this group and returned in a less cheerful mood. Apparently he saw no Gipps or Granges.

A truck labeled "Movietone" bearing a New York license rolled into the ground and Rockne was called into executive session. The decision was that the picture men should watch the practice, see

what they would care to take in the way of pictures, and return at 3:15.

Captain Howard Edwards of 1909 team drifted in and so did Frank Loughlin, 1920 captain.

"How are your false teeth this year, Cap?" cracked Rockne.

"Just as well as that hair restorer you bought in Europe," was the reply.

This was answered by one wild roar from Rockne! "Everybody out!"

Ten student managers took care of that at once, although the crowd didn't lag any.

Again there was a general roundup and Rockne stood before his men in stern silence. When the last of the visitors had left the field, Rockne looked over those who had been told to remain. He spied one young man in a light suit.

"Who's that in that white suit?" he shouted. The answer came ringing back and it was okay. Then he turned to his men.

"Our practices are short, men. Whatever we do out here we will do Saturday afternoons. We must take every step with that uppermost in mind."

That ended the speech making. The quiet stopped. The men knew what was to come next—dummy scrimmage—and they tore into it as if the Army, the Navy and all of California were facing them. It was indeed a spirited workout.



JOHN CHEVIGNY



JOHN LAW

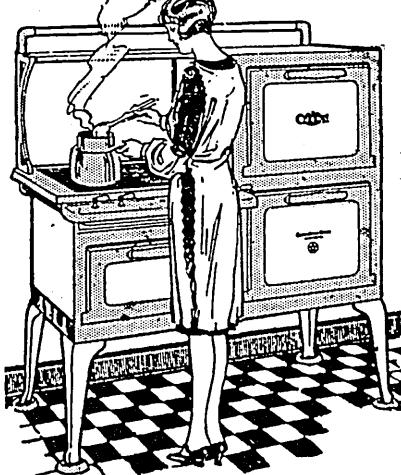
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To the Memory of Jack Gleason

*Sophomore Student in the Col-
lege of Arts and Letters*

Jack went to his death while waiting to pay tribute to the team of '28. His loyalty to those who shared his friendship, his fidelity to duty, and his devotion to Notre Dame ideals will inspire other Notre Dame men to keep the field. May he always remain for us another link in the chain of Notre Dame's cherished traditions.

Official

1928 Football Review

University of Notre Dame



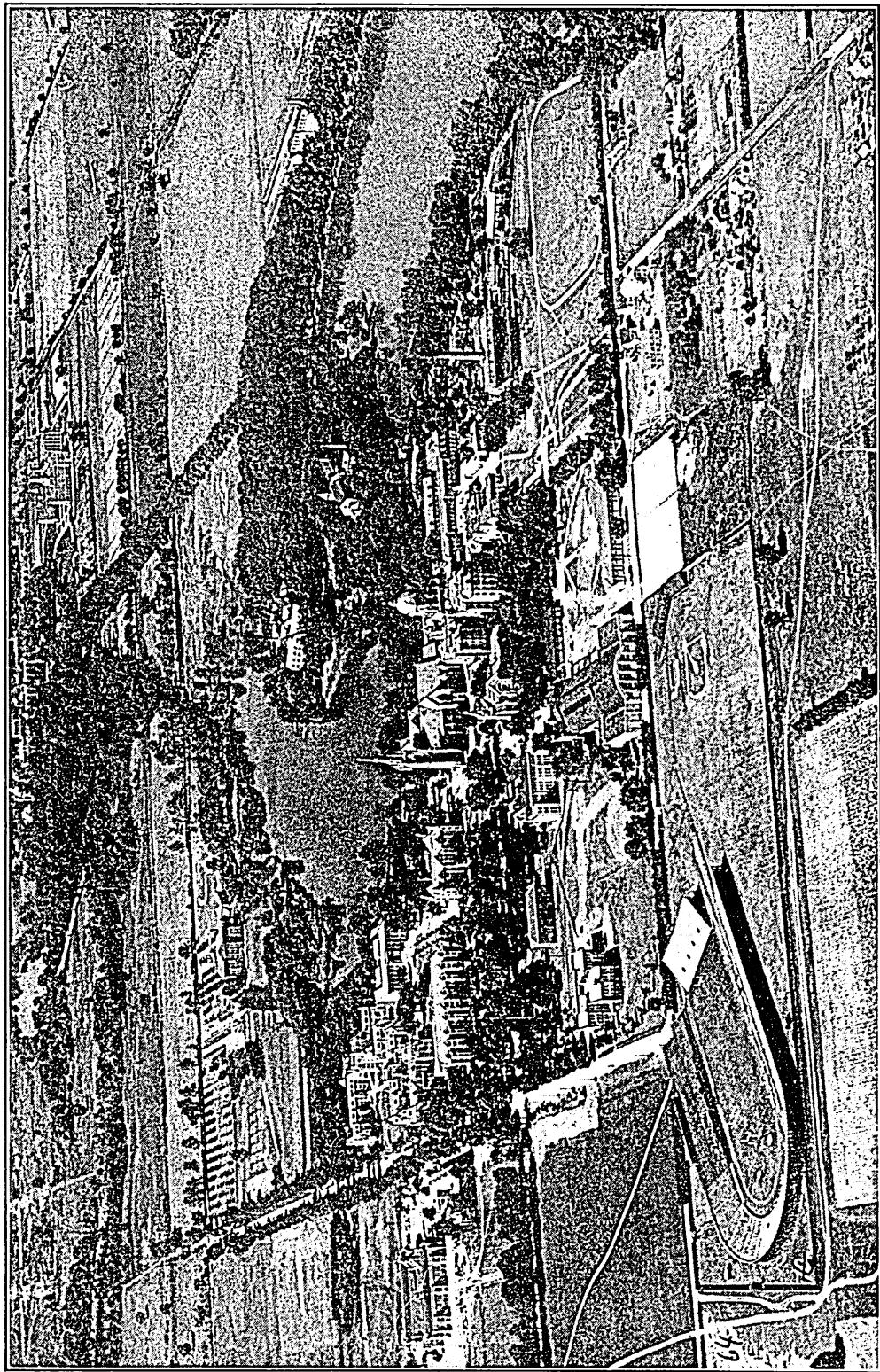
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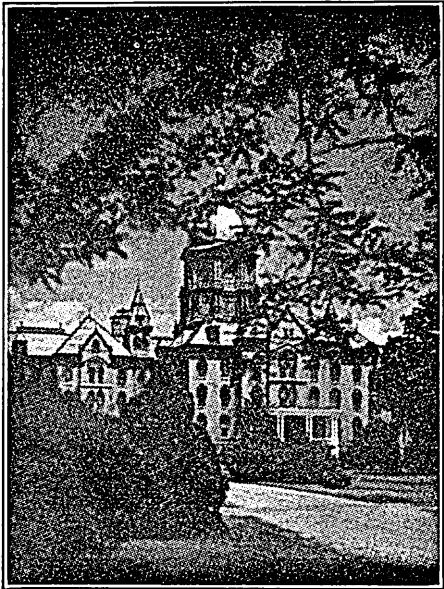
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The editors wish to gratefully acknowledge the assistance of "The Franklin Field Illustrated," the University of Wisconsin, the Fred Ringley Co., Miss Ruth Faulkner, Miss Marie Williams, James Armstrong, John V. Hinkle, and Mr. Harry Elmore in the compilation of this Review.



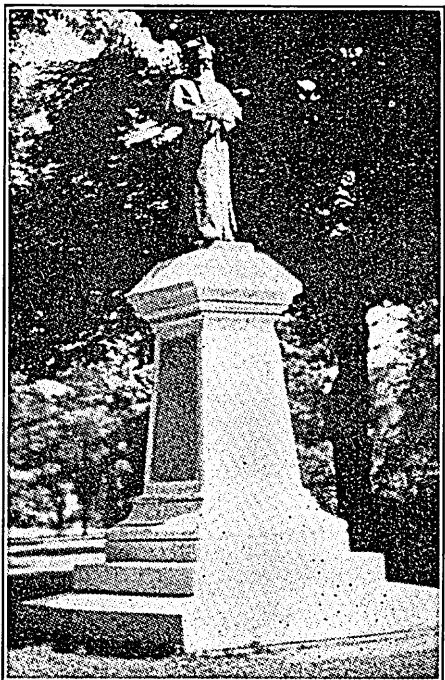
THE UNIVERSITY FROM THE AIR

Photo courtesy Free Press Pub. Co., So. Bend



Dedication

SUCCESS—this word has invariably marked the end of each page written in the history of Notre Dame by her football teams. Glorious in victory, noble in defeat, that is the Notre Dame concept of success. Notre Dame is no longer represented by a mere plot of ground and buildings where her students drink from the fountain of knowledge. In the North and South, East and West, tread her loyal friends, who forever sing her praises and champion her cause. This unswerving fidelity has been a vital factor in the success of Our Lady's courageous representatives. To these friends we wish to express our profound gratitude. To these also, who have made this record possible, we respectfully dedicate the result of our efforts to portray in a small way the history of the 1928 team.



George Gipp



*The little town in Michigan
Is tucked beneath the snows,
A norther from Superior
Is calling as it blows.
Full many a hundred yards or more
Lie down the village street
And seem to wait the darting pass
Of famous cleated feet.*

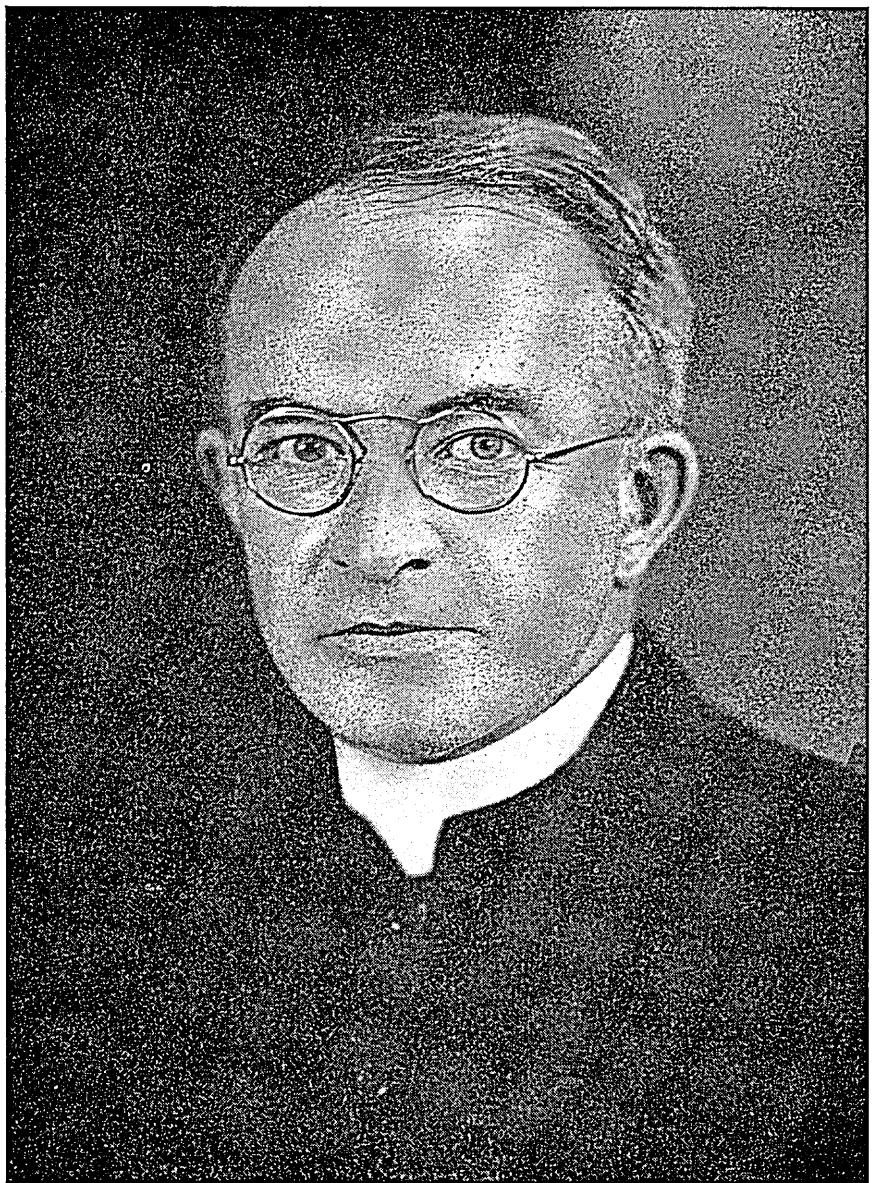
*The mining shafts of Laurium
Are goal posts in the gloaming,
And the treetops sound a whistle
To the copper miner's homing.
A murmur's in the wind today
To all the native hearers,
And whirling gusts from far Canuck
Are twenty thousand cheerers.*

*The game is on! And through the snow,
The northers sweep and dip,
The wind is calling signals
To its brother half-back, Gipp!
The Indiana prairie lands
Are blanketed with snow;
The golden dome of Notre Dame
Regilds the sundown glow.
On the medieval campus,
In the early frosty flurry,
Two thousand men are barking
To the wind's uneasy scurry.*

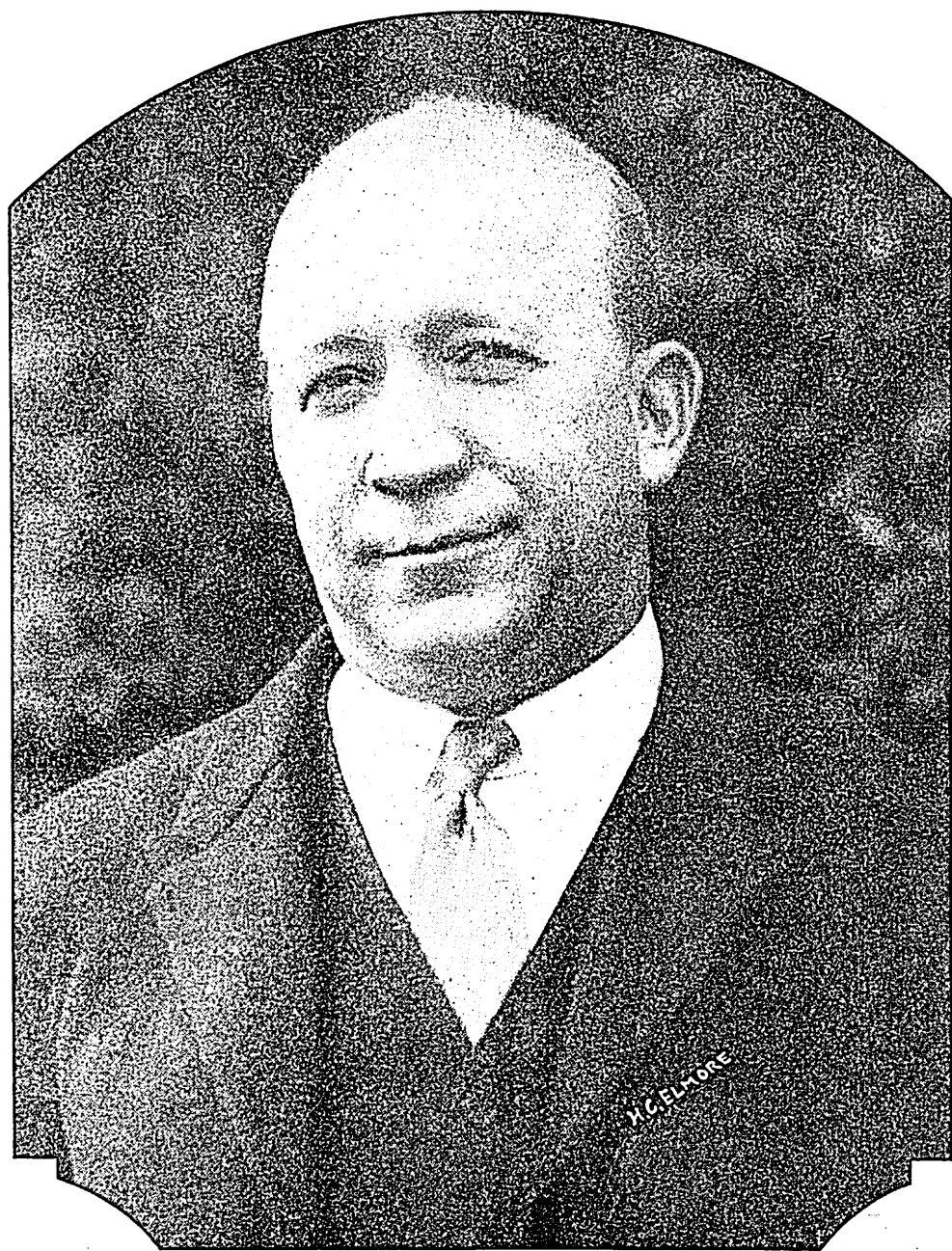
*A rat-a-tat of flying feet
Is borne from Cartier,
Tho' the gridiron now is barren
And the dusk is in the air.
Is it Army, Purple, Georgia?
Is it scores they now remember?
Or classic catches, leaps and runs
This evening in December?*

*The game is on! And o'er the field,
The word on every lip,
The wind is calling signals
To its brother half-back, Gipp!*

—QUIN RYAN



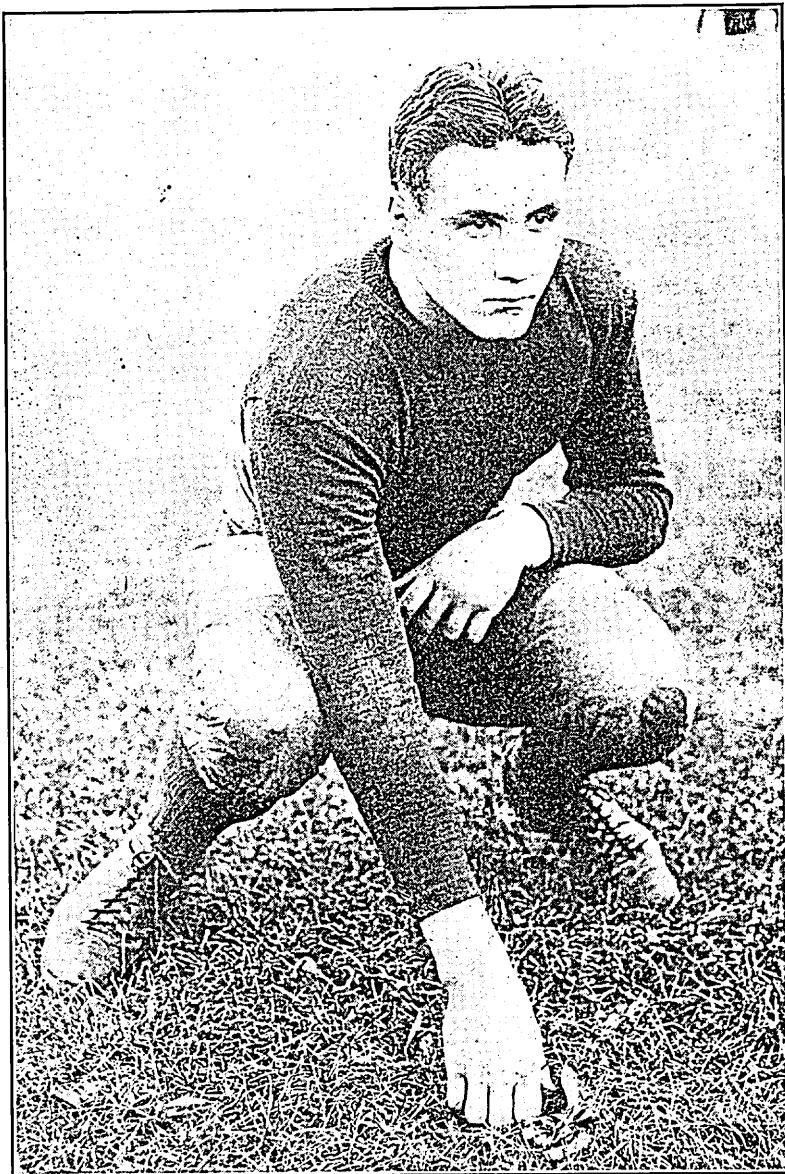
REVEREND CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C., PH. D.,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME



ROM the point of view of sportsmanship and courage, I can say that our 1928 eleven is without question one of the greatest that ever represented Notre Dame. That the team lost more games than Notre Dame teams ordinarily lose does not detract from its greatness. Its members were good winners and good losers. In fact, it was while they were losing that they showed to the best advantage those qualities which Notre Dame men strive to attain. Never have I coached men who fought harder or played more daringly when the game was going against them; they never ceased to fight even when their case was hopeless and defeat inevitable.

The team was inexperienced when the season started and further handicapped by the loss, through injury, of a number of the regulars at critical times. Despite these set-backs, the men tackled a schedule that called for their meeting at least five of the country's best teams; and it was only natural that they should lose now and then. After disheartening losses to Wisconsin and Georgia Tech they showed their courage by staging a brilliant come-back against the Army, a team that had been justly acclaimed one of the most powerful in the country. They went into the game the underdogs, and through fight alone outplayed and defeated their heavier and more experienced opponents. Because of the fighting spirit they displayed then and at all other times, I have only praise for Captain Miller and the team of 1928.

—KNUTE K. ROCKNE



CAPTAIN FRED MILLER, NOTRE DAME

*H*HE honor of leading the 1928 team, conferred upon me by my team mates is, to me, the realization of an ideal. And now, after laying aside for the last time the regimentals of my school, it is my desire to express, in whatever words I can, the debt of gratitude that I feel is due to my team mates, my fellow students, and Coach Rockne.

The manner in which every man on the varsity squad fought against odds, great or small, against every arising obstacle, has implanted in me the deepest feelings of admiration and gratitude. The men deserve the greatest praise that Notre Dame can possibly give them.

To the student body, I can only say that never before did a Notre Dame team receive stancher or more loyal support than did the 1928 varsity. To them, too, I am grateful.

Finally, the principles and ideals that Coach Rockne has taught us all will remain with us forever. It is with a heart full of sincere gratitude that I express my farewell message to the school and team that I love so well.

FRED C. MILLER.

The Notre Dame Coaching Staff



SMITH
Line Coach

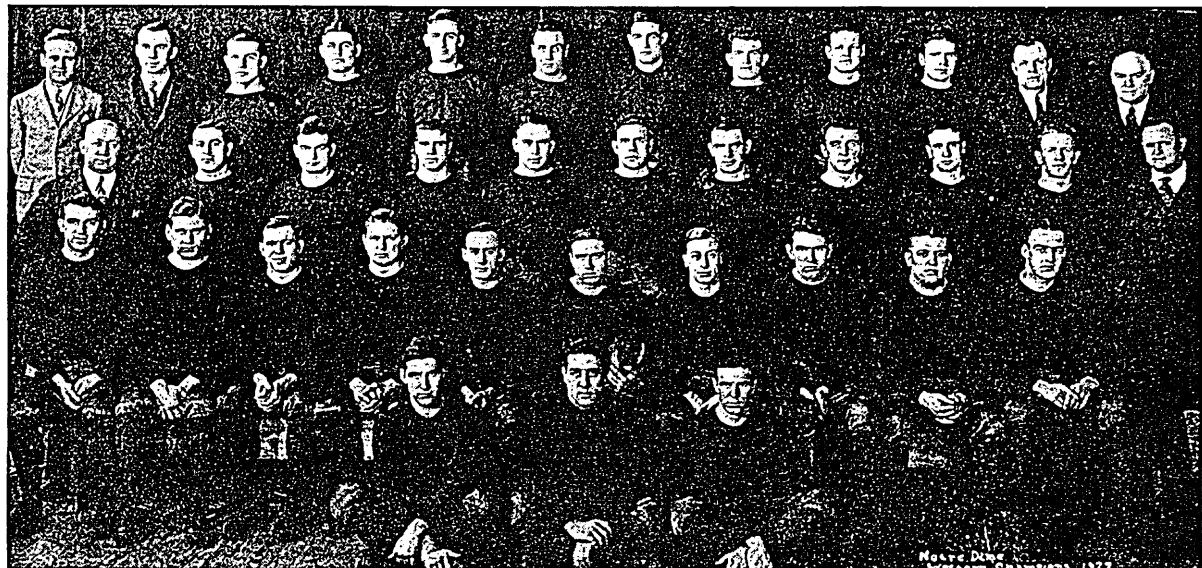
VOEDISCH
Ass't. Line Coach

ROCKNE
Head Coach

MILLS
Ass't. Coach

POLISKY
Freshman Coach

The 1927 Varsity



Notre Dame Western Champions 1927

1928 Record

Notre Dame	12	Loyola, New Orleans	6
Notre Dame	6	Wisconsin	22
Notre Dame	6	Navy	0
Notre Dame	0	Georgia Tech	13
Notre Dame	32	Drake	6
Notre Dame	9	Penn State	0
Notre Dame	12	Army	6
Notre Dame	7	Carnegie	27
Notre Dame	14	Southern California	27

1928 Staff

K. K. ROCKNE	<i>- - -</i>	<i>Head Coach</i>	JOHN VOEDISCH	<i>- - -</i>	<i>Assistant Coach</i>
THOMAS E. MILLS	<i>- - -</i>	<i>Assistant Coach</i>	EDWARD HEALY	<i>- - -</i>	<i>Assistant Coach</i>
JOHN P. SMITH	<i>- - -</i>	<i>Assistant Coach</i>	JOHN POLISKEY	<i>- - -</i>	<i>Freshman Coach</i>
FRED C. MILLER	<i>- - -</i>	<i>Captain</i>			

Varsity Personnel

FRED MILLER	ALBERT GEBERT	JOHN COLRICK
GEORGE LEPPIG	JOHN REILLY	JAMES BRADY
EDMOND COLLINS	JAMES BRAY	GUS BONDI
JOSEPH NASH	BERTRAM METZGER	JOHN O'BRIEN
A. J. RANSAVAGE	JOHN CHEVIGNY	JOHN ELDER
THOMAS CONLEY	TIM MOYNIHAN	THOMAS KENNEALLY
GEORGE D. SHAY	TED TWOMEY	BOB MASSEY
FRANK LEAHY	JOHN CANNON	GEORGE VLK
JOHN MONTROY	JOHN McGRATH	EUGENE MAHONEY
JOHN NIEMIEC	RICHARD DONOGHUE	JOHN PROVISSIERO
JOHN LAW	JOSEPH MORRISSEY	Tom Kassis
H. M. VEZIE	THOMAS MURPHY	BUCK O'CONNOR
WILLIAM DEW	LAWRENCE MULLINS	BERNIE LEAHY
JOHN DOARN	FRED COLLINS	

The Varsity Roster

No.	Name	Position	Prep School	Age	Wt.	Ht.	Years on Squad
82	Acers, Julian	L. Half	Campion, Wis., Prep	19	170	5 ft. 11 in.	0
29	Bailie, Roy	R. End	Hollywood High	20	163	5 ft. 11 in.	0
38	Barlow, Austin	Full	Mt. Carmel, Chicago	21	167	5 ft. 11 in.	0
87	Bee, Peter	R. Guard	Textile High, N. Y. C.	22	192	5 ft. 10 in.	0
25	Bondi, Gus	R. Guard	Dixon, Ill., High	21	175	5 ft. 9 in.	1
57	Brady, James	Quarter	Pocatello, Idaho, High	21	140	5 ft. 7 in.	1
42	Brannon, Bob	L. Half	Denison, Iowa	20	155	5 ft. 9 in.	0
20	Bray, James	L. Half	Kansas City High	21	170	5 ft. 11 in.	1
43	Cannon, Jack	L. Guard	Aquinas Columbus, Ohio	20	193	5 ft. 11 in.	1
55	Cannon, Dan	R. Half	Aquinas Columbus, Ohio	21	163	5 ft. 7½ in.	0
71	Carberry, Jack	R. End	Ames, Iowa, High	22	175	6 ft.	1
24	Carideo, Frank	Quarter	Dean Academy	20	172	5 ft. 7 in.	0
15	Cassidy, Wm.	L. Guard	St. Stanislaus	22	172	5 ft. 9 in.	0
12	Chevigny, John	R. Half	Hammond, Ind., High	22	168	5 ft. 9 in.	2
83	Christianson, Carl	R. Guard	Mishawaka High	22	169	5 ft. 9 in.	0
56	Christman, Bill	Quarter	Green Bay, Wis.	19	152	5 ft. 7 in.	0
27	Collins, Ed.	L. End	St. Ignatius, Chicago	22	169	6 ft.	0
1	Collins, Fred	Full	Columbia, Portland, Ore.	24	170	5 ft. 8 in.	2
17	Colrick, John	L. End	St. Benedict, N. J.	21	175	6 ft.	1
30	Conley, Thomas	R. End	Roman Catholic, Phila.	20	170	5 ft. 11 in.	0
70	Conolley, Frank	L. Tackle	Charleston High, Mass.	23	180	6 ft.	0
19	Conway, Pat.	Full	Warren, Ohio, High	21	162	5 ft. 10 in.	0
76	Cronin, Carl	R. Half	St. Rita, Chicago	20	155	5 ft. 7 in.	0
58	Covington, W.	Full	Senn High, Chicago	21	165	5 ft. 11 in.	0
49	Culver, Al	R. Tackle	St. Thomas, St. Paul	22	212	6 ft. 2½ in.	0
46	Dailey, Frank	Full	D. L. S., Joliet	21	180	5 ft. 9½ in.	0
73	Deegan, Harry	R. Half	Hartford, Conn.	21	157	5 ft. 9 in.	0
31	Dew, Wm.	R. Half	Fond du Lac, Wis.	20	169	5 ft. 10 in.	1
39	Doarn, John	R. Tackle	Omaha Tech.	22	200	5 ft. 11 in.	2
45	Donoghue, Richard	L. Tackle	Auburn, New York, High	20	220	6 ft. 2 in.	0
72	Donoghue, Bernard	L. Half	Auburn, New York, High	18	161	5 ft. 10½ in.	0
84	Elder, John	L. Half	Lebanon, Ky., High	21	165	5 ft. 8 in.	1
68	Fitch, George	R. Half	Central, Pittsburgh	21	159	5 ft. 9 in.	0
50	Gebert, Al.	Quarter	Jacksonville, Ill.	21	160	5 ft. 8 in.	0
48	Guadnola, Jos.	L. Tackle	Garfield, Colo., High	21	172	6 ft.	0
28	Greer, Walter	L. Guard	Carey, Ohio, High	22	172	5 ft. 9 in.	0
77	Grisanti, Al.	R. End	Catholic Latin, Cleveland	19	155	5 ft. 9 in.	0
37	Herwit, Norm	L. Guard	Senn High, Chicago	19	185	5 ft. 9 in.	0
4	Jones, Bill	R. Guard	Trinity, Sioux City	21	183	5 ft. 10 in.	1
92	Judge, Bill	L. End	Brooklyn, Man.	23	159	6 ft.	1
9	Kassis, Tom	Center	Casper, Wyo., High	20	185	5 ft. 11 in.	0
5	Kersjes, Frank	L. End	Central High, Kalamazoo	21	180	5 ft. 11 in.	0
10	Kenneally, Thomas	Quarter	Crosby High, Wat. Conn.	20	145	5 ft. 7 in.	0
32	Kosky, Frank	R. End	Yonkers Prep	18	174	6 ft.	0
78	Kosky, Ed.	Quarter	Yonkers Prep	21	158	5 ft. 10 in.	0
64	Law, John	R. Guard	Yonkers High, N. Y.	22	163	5 ft. 9 in.	1

The Varsity Roster

No.	Name	Position	Prep School	Age	Wt.	Ht.	Years on Squad
69	Leahy, Bernard	L. Half	St. Mel, Chicago	20	178	5 ft. 11 in.	0
26	Leahy, Frank	L. Tackle	Winer High, S. Dak.	20	183	5 ft. 11 in.	0
97	Lennon, Charles	L. Guard	D. L. S., Joliet	20	168	5 ft. 7 in.	0
41	Leppig, George	L. Guard	East High, Cleveland, O.	21	180	5 ft. 9 in.	2
22	Locke, Joseph	L. Guard	St. Rita, Chicago	22	165	5 ft. 10 in.	0
112	Listzwan, Tom	Full	Proctor, Vermont, High	21	158	5 ft. 8 in.	0
74	Lyons, Jim	R. Guard	Holyoke High	21	170	5 ft. 11 in.	0
59	Massey, Robt.	L. Guard	Bloomfield High, N. J.	20	165	5 ft. 10 in.	0
6	Mahoney, Gene	R. Tackle	Jamestown, N. Y., High	21	192	6 ft.	0
75	Malek, John	R. Half	Bellaire, Ohio, High	22	162	5 ft. 8½ in.	0
34	McManmon, Art.	R. Tackle	Lowell High, Lowell, Mass.	20	201	6 ft. 2 in.	0
8	McGrath, John	R. Tackle	Glenville High, Cleveland	23	195	6 ft.	1
67	Metzger, Bert	L. Guard	Loyola, Chicago	19	165	5 ft. 9 in.	0
44	Miller, Fred	L. Tackle	Mil. Day School	22	200	6 ft.	2
23	Montroy, Jack	R. Half	Cath. Cent. Grand Rapids	22	175	5 ft. 10 in.	0
2	Morrissey, Jos.	Quarter	Danville, Ill., High	24	166	5 ft. 10 in.	1
7	Moynihan, Tim	Center	Rawlings, Wyo., High	23	195	6 ft. 1 in.	1
21	Mullins, Larry	Full	So. Pasadena, Calif., High	20	175	6 ft.	0
11	Murphy, Thomas	R. End	Baptist High, Conn.	20	185	6 ft. 1 in.	0
60	Nash, Jos.	Center	Mt. Carmel, Chicago	22	177	5 ft. 10½ in.	0
18	Niemiec, John	L. Half	St. Edwards, Texas	23	170	5 ft. 7½ in.	2
81	Nichols, John	Quarter	Lakewood, N. Y., High	20	151	5 ft. 7½ in.	0
89	O'Brien, Ed.	L. Half	D. L. S., Chicago	19	172	5 ft. 10 in.	0
47	O'Brien, John	L. End	Los Angeles High	21	180	6 ft. 2 in.	0
64	O'Connor, Paul	Full	N. Walpole, N. H., High	20	175	5 ft. 9 in.	0
51	Griffin, Jim	L. End	St. Ignatius, Chicago	21	178	6 ft. 1 in.	0
61	Premdergast, John	Center	Harrisburg Tech., Pa.	19	165	5 ft. 11 in.	0
33	Provisserio, P.	L. Guard	Paterson, N. J., High	21	194	5 ft. 8 in.	0
36	Ransavage, Jerry	R. Tackle	Columbia, Ore., Prep	28	182	5 ft. 11½ in.	2
35	Reilly, Jack	R. Half	Morristown High, N. J.	21	165	5 ft. 8 in.	1
98	Reiman, Fred	Center	La Crosse, Cent. Wis.	21	186	6 ft. 2 in.	0
54	Savoldi, Jos.	Full	Three Oaks High, Mich.	20	192	5 ft. 11 in.	0
62	Schwartz, Chas.	L. Tackle	Naperville, Ill., High	20	195	6 ft. 3 in.	0
40	Shay, George	Full	Hatford, Conn., High	21	160	5 ft. 9 in.	0
65	Stephan, Jos.	L. Half	Cath. Acad. D. M. Ia.	20	159	6 ft.	0
95	Smith, Howard	R. Half	Dean Academy	21	147	5 ft. 6 in.	0
67	Struve, Otto	L. Tackle	Yonkers High, N. Y.	21	178	5 ft. 11 in.	0
99	Sylvester, Harry	R. Half	Brooklyn, Man.	20	165	5 ft. 10 in.	0
68	Thorton, Jos.	R. Tackle	St. James, Haverill	22	182	5 ft. 9½ in.	0
32	Twoney, Ted	R. Tackle	Duluth Catholic High	22	195	6 ft.	0
3	Vezie, H. M.	R. End	McDonald, Pa., High	22	175	6 ft.	0
16	Vlk, George	R. End	Holy Name High, Cleve.	20	170	6 ft.	0
94	Walker, Jack	Full	Fordham Prep	21	169	5 ft. 11 in.	0
80	Wilhemly, Chris	L. Half	St. Ignatius, Cleveland	22	167	6 ft.	1
14	Yarr, Thomas	Center	Chinacum Prep Wash.	20	185	5 ft. 10 in.	0
79	Ylland, John	Center	West High, Minn.	20	173	6 ft.	0



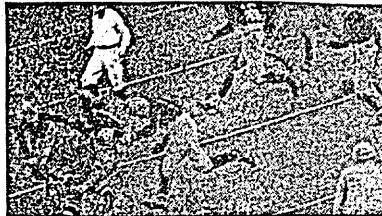
KNUTE K. ROCKNE
Head Coach

The name "Rockne" represents the "greatest of them all." Absolutely without peer, the great coach of Notre Dame's teams is a man who will always be reckoned with whatever master coaches are being mentioned. For "Rock" had a way of coming through in the pinches that alone would distinguish him. Against Southern California two years ago, against Northwestern the same year—in the Loyola and Army games of this year—it was Rockne's superb judgment in deciding just when to play his trump cards that won these games.

But in victory or defeat, every Notre Dame man anywhere knows that Coach Rockne is behind his guns. There is not a coach of any major school in the nation whose record in any way compares with Rockne's.

To the Notre Dame student body, Coach Rockne is the ideal. Always respecting and revering him, the men of Notre Dame know that he cannot fail them. They know that their teams fight for their coach.

The players, too, vouch for "Rock's" greatness. And even though they may not escape the verbal lashings and hard drivings that only "Rock" can administer, nevertheless they play in the knowledge that they are glad to fight, to battle to the end for Notre Dame and for "Rock."



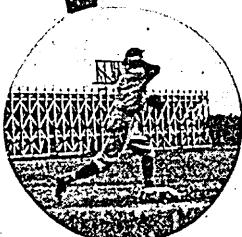
TOMMY MILLS
Ass't. Coach

When Tommy Mills was bringing his Vikings to Cartier Field, his teams were always capable of giving the Irish a stiff combat. His men never once gave up, and even though defeated, they always gave a good account of themselves.

And now that Tommy Mills is at Notre Dame—as Head Baseball Coach and Assistant to Mr. Rockne—the fighting, determined spirit that is so characteristic of Tommy has done much to make the Notre Dame teams that he coaches real Fighting Irish.

Tommy Mills is the type of coach that makes his men want to give their utmost for him. His ruggedness and personality unite in making him ideally suited to his job.

Notre Dame and Coach Rockne realize deeply how much Tommy Mills means to the success of Notre Dame teams on gridiron and diamond.





JOHN SMITH
Ass't. Coach

When Hartley "Hunk" Anderson left Notre Dame's coaching staff to take up his duties as head coach at St. Louis University, he left behind him an anxious student body, and a head coach who ought to have been anxious, but who wasn't.

For Rock had decided that Johnny Smith, his great All-American guard of 1927, would be the best man to take "Hunk's" place.

The line play of the 1928 varsity showed that Johnny Smith is every bit as good a coach as he is a player.

John knows his line play. He knows guard play particularly. And his work this year is just another example of a great football player who learned the game from a master coach, and who in turn was able to impart the knowledge acquired to his successors just as effectively as Rock taught him. A great player and a great coach—John Smith.

JOHN "IKE" VOEDISCH
Ass't. Coach

"Ike" was a mighty valuable man in his playing days at Notre Dame. They are still talking about the time when "Ike" so deftly cleared the last obstacle in Christie Flanagan's path in the Army game of 1926. And now that Voedisch has been added to the Irish coaching staff, he is making himself as valuable a coach as he was a player.

Ike has the technique of end play down to a science. Therefore, his aid in helping Coach Rockne perfect the play of the line, the ends especially, has been of great value. Another invaluable assistance that "Ike" was able to give, was in that he had played against many of the tackles who opposed the Irish this year. Thus, he was able to teach this year's wingmen the best manner of procedure against those men.

The addition of a man like Voedisch to the staff of Coaches is surely a profitable one. For "Ike" has been of great assistance to Coach Rockne—and to the team.



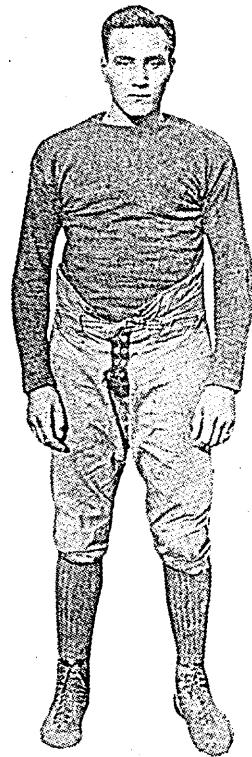
JOHN POLISKEY
Freshman Coach

If one went to visit the Notre Dame gym on a Sunday morning in late September of this year—when the freshmen were reporting for equipment—the natural thing would be to utter a prayer for the soul of the unfortunate whose job it was to assort and coach them. For there were approximately five hundred aspiring Stuhldre hers and Millers and Crowleyes lined up in the gym, each one most confident that he was destined to be a great Notre Dame player.



In the center of the motley group stood two men—one was Coach Rockne, the other—John Poliskey. John was one of Coach Rockne's tackles during the three seasons preceding this, and because of his ability and knowledge of the game, Rock considered "Bull" an ideal man for such a Herculean job.

The Players



CAPT. FRED MILLER

Left Tackle

Three years ago, when Joe Boland had his leg broken in a game with Minnesota, everyone was wondering whether Fred Miller, the sophomore who rushed into the game, would make good.

Now, after three years of spectacular tackle play, Fred closes his collegiate career, leaving behind him a most enviable record. He was an inspiring leader, always fighting, always encouraging.

His play at tackle was at all times excellent. It was not uncommon for Fred to come down the field with the ends—to help them down the safety man who caught the punts. Gains through Fred's position were negligible.

Fred has been named on several All-Americans, and anyone who has seen Notre Dame in action since that day three years ago, when the Fighting Irish played Minnesota, knows that Fred ranks with the greatest tackles in the Nation. A real Notre Dame captain—Fred Miller.

GEORGE LEPPIG

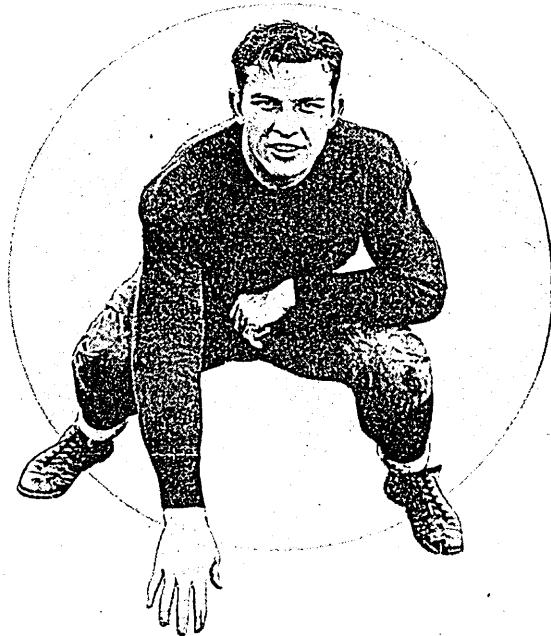
Right Guard

They told this Cleveland, Ohio, boy that his opponent in the first game of the season weighed two hundred and forty pounds, and that he had to have special pants and shoes made for him. George laughed. For George is a firm believer in the old adage, "the bigger they come, the harder they fall." The large gentleman mentioned, remained in the game slightly more than a quarter, due probably to George Leppig's concentrated attention.

George had all the requisites for a good guard. Offensively and defensively, he took care of his position well, and his work in every game was outstanding.

Against Navy, he came through with a beautiful tackle that took the heart out of a desperate Navy attack.

This year was George's last. He leaves behind him a record that ranks him with the best guards in the history of Notre Dame.





JOHN NIEMIEC

Left Half-Back

A triple-threat man is one who can pass, kick and run with the ball. Real triple-threat men—those who carry out each threat well—are few and far between. Johnny Niemiec of Bellaire, Ohio, takes his place, after this last year of his splendid career, as one of the greatest backs to ever wear the Blue and Gold. Butch is one of those fellows who does every thing as it should be done. He rises to occasions. Notre Dame supporters became accustomed to rely upon John Niemiec, and he never failed them. Whatever was needed, be it a sixty-yard punt, or a perfect forward pass, or a ten-yard slice through tackle, John always accomplished what was needed.

Notre Dame must remember Niemiec as one of the very greatest. He is an example of what a real triple-threat man should be. He starred always and never allowed his fame to enlarge the size of his hat. A real chap, Johnny Niemiec.



JOHN CHEVIGNY

Right Half-Back

Here is a Notre Dame warrior who gives 'till it hurts. Here is a man who plays himself to complete exhaustion. Here is a man who doesn't know the meaning of "give up."

Jack Chevigny was a good running mate to Johnny Niemiec. He was splendid on offense, splendid on defense. He seemed to delight in throwing the enemy for losses and his offensive powers are so well known that they need no repetition. This year closed his playing career at Notre Dame.

He played equally well in every game. Against the Service teams, he outdid himself. Chevigny should be considered seriously whenever "All-American" is mentioned.

Jack Chevigny deserves the highest praise. A man who showed unselfish spirit, who worked himself 'till he dropped in exhaustion, who gave everything to his coach and his team—that was Jack Chevigny.



FRED COLLINS

Full-Back

In 1926, he broke his jaw and was lost for the season. Last year, he was bothered by pulled tendons and what are commonly called "charley horses." In 1928, he broke a wrist in the first combat of the season. Most men would be discouraged with such perennial ill luck. But Fred Collins, the good-looking blonde boy from Portland, Oregon, was too full of fight.

Dr. Clough took great pains to see that Fred's injured arm knit correctly and it was largely through his efforts that when the boys left for Philadelphia to play Penn State, Fred went along. He crashed and smashed his way up and down Franklin Field like a meteor. Against Army, he was even more a meteor. He tore the Army forward wall to pieces; he ran her ends at will.

Fred is a ten-second man. He backs up the line splendidly. He is a bulwark against forward passes. What is more important, "Whitie" is a boy who has a fighting heart—who can't be stopped just because they break his bones. This season closed his career in a blaze of well earned, but belated, glory.

TIM MOYNIHAN

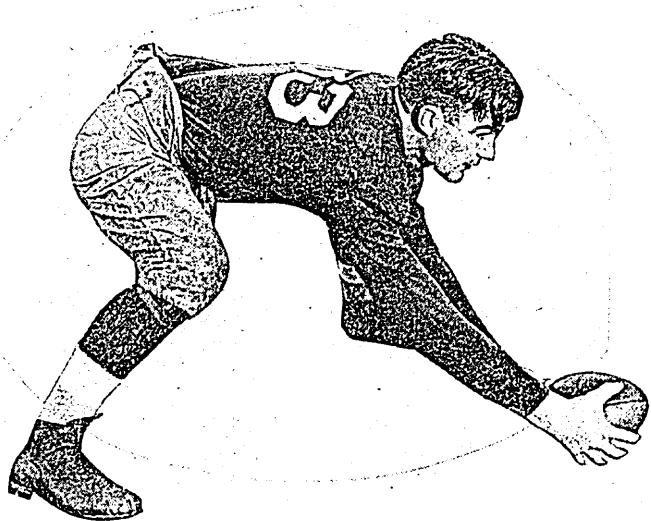
Center

This husky Chicago lad upheld the traditions of the Notre Dame centers that preceded him. He was quick to analyze the hostile attack, a fine passer, and was a veritable demon in sprinting down-field under punts. Tim played great football all year; against Army and Navy, he was superb. Time and again the Army full-back, Murrell, thrust himself at Moynihan, and each time Tim thrust Mr. Murrell backward. Opening holes in the opposing line was another of Tim's diversions.

Tim's fighting Irish qualities stood him in good stead, and it is rumored that any one so unfortunate as to be playing opposite to him, was in for a very sorrowful and painful afternoon.

When one remembers Boeringer and Walsh, and remembering, says that Tim filled their shoes admirably, the quality of Tim's workmanship is not to be questioned.

He has one more year of competition.





JOHN LAW

Left Guard

It requires courage to play guard, and power, and brains. John Law has an abundance of all three qualities. When the term "Fighting Irish" is used, you'll not go wrong by taking Johnny as a splendid example. For he was a tower of strength in every game. Too much cannot be said in his praise. They would knock him cold—and John would get up. Doctors shook their heads and predicted dire results, but what did John care? Notre Dame needed him and he responded nobly. His defensive play was a feature of every game. He was especially adept in crashing through and spilling prospective ground carriers almost before they could get their hands on the ball.

There was no end to the fighting fearlessness of Johnny's efforts. Intestinal fortitude, combined with a keen sense of perception, made him one of the greatest guards in the country. This is John's second year of competition.

JOHN COLRICK

Left End

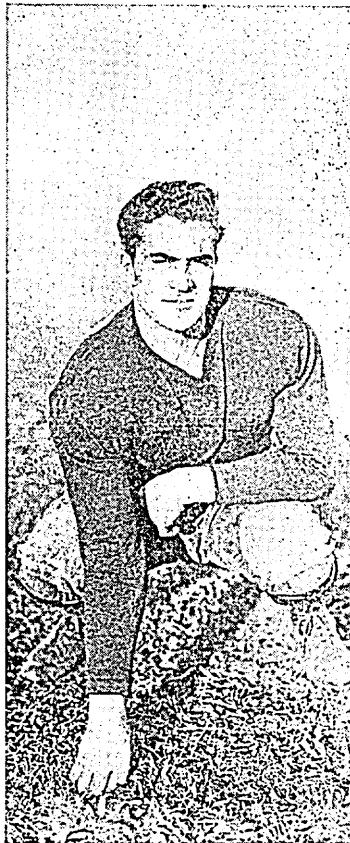
They tried everything in their attempts to stop Johnny from snaring those passes from John Niemiec. The enemy linemen held him; the secondary defense blocked him—but Johnny had a way of sifting through and picking those passes out of the air that made him a terror as long as he was in the game.

Colrick's touchdown against Navy looked so simple that it seemed easy. It would not have been easy, had not the rangy end timed himself so perfectly.

In the Drake game, Johnny was completely surrounded by Bulldog defensive men, but when the ball was thrown, he merely leaped high into the air—and came down with the ball—and a touchdown. Against Georgia Tech, Johnny was simply unstoppable.

John is a master in every department of end play. His foot-work is clever, and blocking half-backs could do nothing with him as far as taking him out of plays was concerned.





TED TWOMEY

Right Tackle

The Northlands of Minnesota produce rugged sons, and Duluth sent one of her most rugged notables to play right tackle for Mr. Rockne's football team. Ted played his role like a veteran, even though this was his first year of varsity competition.

Ted is the type of tackle for which every coach yearns. Able to withstand the repeated assaults of the enemy, a hard tackler, and alert at all times, Ted distinguished himself by his ability to smear every play that was sent at him.

Rock likes his tackles tough; he likes them vicious; he likes them to use their hands on the opposing ends. Ted did all this to a remarkable degree of perfection. He played on the left side of the line on defense, right on offense. Twomey is a sophomore who has made his mark, and great things can be expected of him.

JAMES BRADY

Quarter-Back

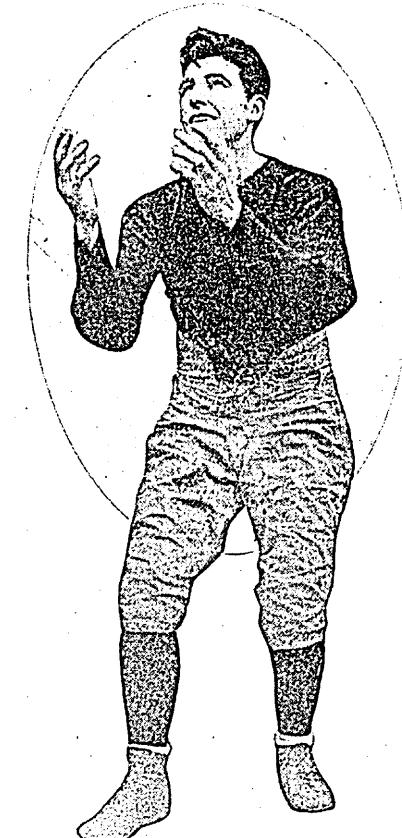
To play quarter-back on Knute Rockne's team is to be able to diagnose immediately, the strength and weaknesses of the opposition; to be able to call plays as the Wizard of Notre Dame himself would call them; to be able to catch punts and run them back; to be able to *think*.

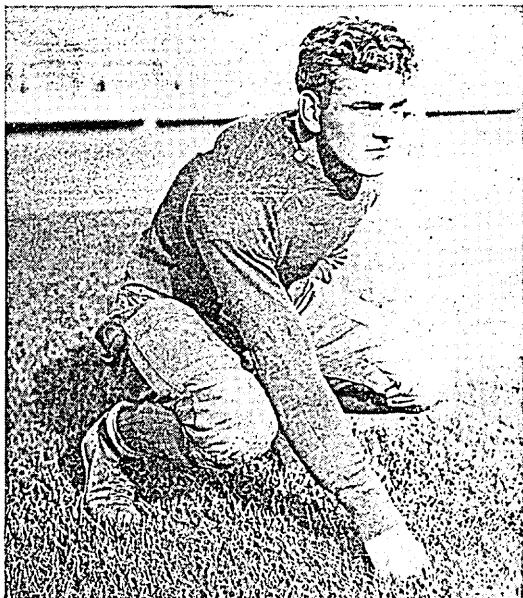
Jimmy Brady weighs only 140 pounds, and yet his courage and field generalship won for him the place of first-string quarter-back.

In the Navy game, Jimmy ran back the punts in spectacular fashion. He braved the crushing power of the hostile line men all season. He had the "stuff".

He came back from the Penn State game with a painful knee injury. A less courageous chap would have given up hope of facing the Army juggernaut, but not Jim Brady. When the train left for New York, Jim was decidedly among those present.

A fine quarter-back, a real Rockne field general and a splendid fellow—that's Jimmy Brady. This is his second year of competition.





MANFRED VEZIE

Right End

McDonald, Pennsylvania has at least one claim to distinction, for it is the home of "Vez" Vezie, one of the reasons why the Notre Dame ends have not been skirted to any extent this season.

There are several types of ends. Vezie is of the type that boxes a tackle at will, that turns plays inward, and that harasses forward passers to their death. He played consistently all season, and in the Army game, he kept Mr. Cagle within reasonable bounds so Fred Miller could flatten him.

Vezie enjoyed his first year of competition this year, and ought to shine ever more brightly next season.

Never flashy, but always performing his tasks in a most efficient manner—that was Vezie. When a play started around the Blue and Gold right flank, you could wager ten to one that it would be Vezie who would stop the ball carrier. Rock could depend on Vezie. Is further testimonial necessary?

ED COLLINS

Left End

The Millers, the Walshes, and the Collins'. Ed is a younger brother of Chuck, the left end of the immortal Four Horsemen and Seven Mules.

"Chuck" must have passed on to Eddie his own technique, for Ed's play all season was both steady and spectacular. Against Wisconsin, Ed downed Bo Cuisinier in his tracks on three successive punts; in the Penn State game, he tossed French, who had been cutting capers all afternoon, for a twenty-yard loss, and on the next play, he recovered a Penn fumble; against Army, when "Red" Cagle tried to circle his end, Eddie chased him back fifteen yards and then downed him.

Ed is that type of end. A world of power in his arms enabled him to smash interference. His tackling was vicious; he had no superior in boxing a tackle.

Eddie upheld the reputation that Chuck had made for the Collins family. And Chuck was a mighty fine end.





FRANK CARIDEO

Quarter

To rise from the ranks of the freshmen to the position of varsity quarter-back, is no small task. But Frank, formerly a star at Dean Academy, because of his ability as a high-grade kicker, passer, runner and thinker, found it comparatively easy to make good.

Frank ran his team well. His catching and returning of punts was spectacular. His own kicking was of the best. Carideo needed only this year, as a baptism of fire. His field generalship was always characterised by coolness and good judgment. Defensively, too, his play was outstanding.

Two more years remain of Frank's career, and with the experience gained this season, and with the ability that he has, there is not a doubt that Carideo will take a place among Notre Dame's immortals.

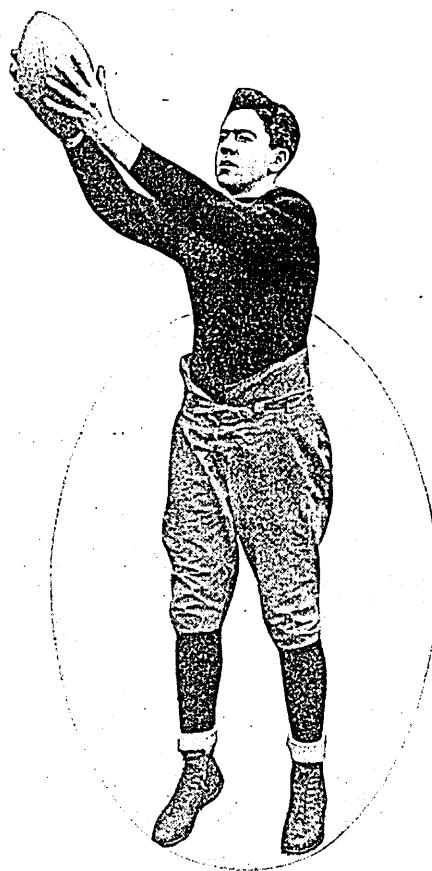
TOM MURPHY

Right End

Tall and rangy, Tom Murphy has become this year one of Coach Rockne's best wing men. Rock seems to be most particular about his ends. Maybe it's because he played end himself; or more plausibly, possibly he realizes that when the ends "ain't there," the opposition is liable to do some extensive end running.

At any rate, Rock's judgment in choosing Tommy Murphy as one of his right ends was entirely vindicated by the way Tommy handled himself in every game he played.

Tom's height and reach made him a valuable forward pass receiver, and his long, powerful legs gave him an advantage in blocking the hostile tackles whenever he wanted them blocked. Tom Murphy—a real Irishman and a big asset to Mr. Rockne's Irish, too.





JACK CANNON

Guard

It's hardly fair to Jack to call him a substitute. For although he was on the second team, Cannon was sent into several games when the going was the toughest. And each time, he acquitted himself nobly.

Jack is a guard of the scrappy, fast-charging, fierce tackling type. He has a way of knifing through the enemy line and spilling the ball-carriers. He also does a very neat job of kicking off, when occasion demands.

Whenever Jack was sent into a game there was no groan of fear lest the line be weakened by the substitution. Quarter-backs of several teams sent their first plays at Jack, when he entered the game—and in every instance Jack stopped the ball-carrier without gain.

Notre Dame is glad to know that Jack has another year of competition.

BILLY DEW

Right Half

Without fellows like Billy Dew around, Mr. Rockne might easily find himself in a trying situation. Last year, Bill was a full-back. This year he started at half, and then, after Fred Collins had broken his wrist, and before "Rock" discovered that Larry Mullins could play full-back, Billy found himself at full against the Navy. And he found himself in more ways than one. For he played fine football against the Navy, and against every team he got in against. Billy used his basketball ability to advantage in breaking up passes.

Dew is just a real good football player. Rockne has discovered that he can use Billy almost any place in the backfield, and Billy can make good, no matter where he is. He has the goods.





JERRY RANSAVAGE

Left Tackle

The tackle situation at Notre Dame never seems to be very bothersome to Coach Rockne. He seems always to be fortified with strong, scrappy fellows who can handle their jobs as he wants them handled.

Jerry Ransavage is one of our great mentor's best men, and several times during the season, the serious, likeable Jerry has stepped into the breach and done remarkably well.

On defense, Jerry was impregnable. Any play sent at him was invariably smashed at the line of scrimmage. His offensive work was of the highest caliber, too. This is Jerry's second year as a Monogram man, and his great work as "one of Rock's men" will always be remembered.

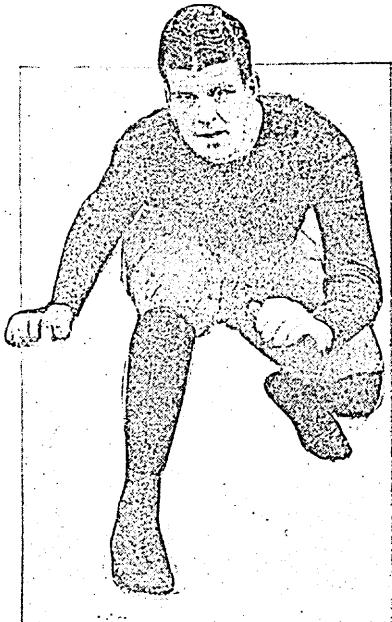
GUS BONDI

Guard

Gus is one of those fellows who always seems to do things right. Last year, when he was a Sophomore, Bondi was classified as a possibility, and only that. But the quiet chap kept plugging along, surely and silently, 'till Coach Rockne found him to be a valuable man to have around.

Gus Bondi is a master exponent of all guard play. Never flashy, but always in the thick of the battle, Gus has proved himself to every one concerned in a most satisfactory manner. He has another year of eligibility.





DICK DONOGHUE

Right Tackle

Dick was the heaviest fellow on the squad. He was not only the heaviest, but very close to the toughest man for the opposing ends to handle. He used his hands very well, is exceptionally fast for a man of his weight, and above all, Dick has an over abundance of what Rock calls intestinal fortitude.

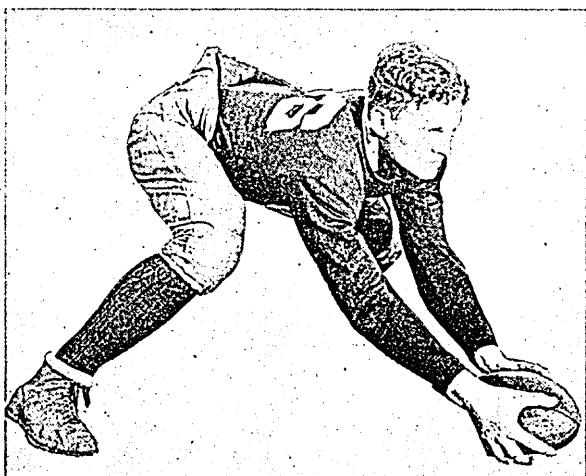
Injuries of one kind or another kept Dick from coming to the front last year. Dick is another one of the men who underwent his first baptism this year. Coupled with a fine build for a tackle, Dick possesses a cool, level head which stands him in good stead. Next year Dick Donoghue should be a real star.

JOE NASH

Center

In the Drake game a Notre Dame player, number 60, intercepted a Bulldog pass on the 50-yard line and proceeded to dodge, pivot and sprint through the entire Drake team. The spectators began to thumb their programs in search of the name of this sensational back-field ace. The program read, "60—Joe Nash, Center." So much for Joe's ball-carrying ability.

When he was not converting enemy passes into Notre Dame touchdowns or near touchdowns, Joe played a fine ball game at center. His passing was faultless; he was a deadly tackler. He possessed a sixth sense which told him when to drop back for passes, and when to smash through. Next year, should you behold Number "60" running sixty yards after intercepting a pass—you'll know it's Joe Nash.





JIM BRAY

Left Half

Jim, like Fred Collins, was followed this year by the injury Jinx. His shoulder was smashed early in the season, and as a result, he had to spend most of his time on the side lines. But when Dr. Clough allowed him to get in the game again, Jim showed that he was a typical Rockne half-back. Jim can run, kick and pass, which trio of accomplishments places him in the "triple-threat" class.

In the Carnegie game, Jim was sent in at a most critical moment; he came through with a sixty-yard punt on the first play. That's what coaches want—fellows who can be depended upon to deliver.

Jim Bray has shown Coach Rockne that he can deliver. Despite his injury handicap, Jim came through.

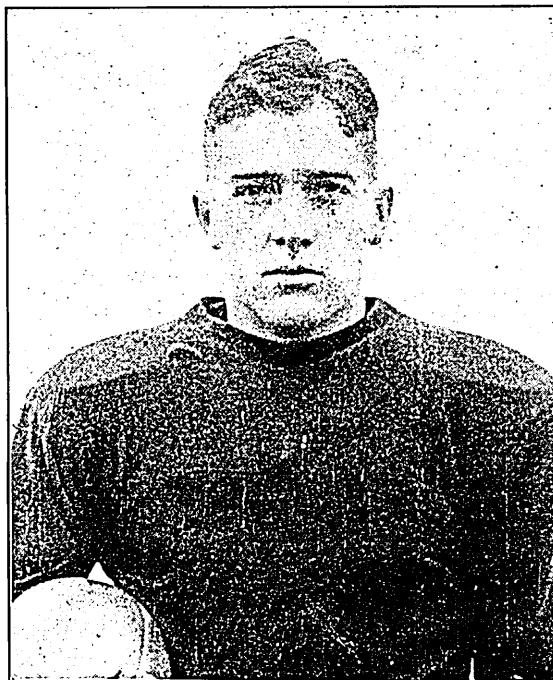
LARRY MULLINS

Full-Back

It is an old, old adage of the gridiron that success depends to a large extent on taking advantage of the "break" when the opportunity presents itself. "Moon" Mullins did just that. When Coach Rockne needed a full-back, he told Larry to forget that he ever was a half-back until he got into the open field.

Everyone who saw or read about the Drake game knows the rest. "Moon" slashed and crashed the Bulldog line to bits. He is a tall, rangy fellow, but he charges low 'till he passes the line of scrimmage; when the open field beckons, Larry can run like a deer.

This was Mullins' first year of competition, and Rock will surely be able to use him next year.





JACK ELDER

Left Half

Jack Elder is the modest fellow who can *run*. He is the Kentucky Colonel who ran 50 yards through the entire Loyola Wolf Pack for Notre Dame's first touchdown. Against the Carnegie Skibos, he raced 67 yards through the mud.

It was not speed alone that made Jack so dangerous. He was a master at pivoting and twisting his way from the grasp of tacklers.

Few who witnessed the Loyola and Carnegie games can forget Jack Elder's performances. Whenever the "Rebel" was inserted into the lineup, the enemy was due for some extensive cross-country work. For Jack is the speed merchant de luxe—a positive terror in the open field.

GEORGE (DINNY) SHAY

Full-Back

There may be better football players than Dinny Shay. The limelight may fall more directly on some fellows than it does on Dinny Shay. But of one thing we are sure, that nowhere is there to be found a gamer, scrappier warrior than Dinny Shay.

The full-back position is a bone-breaker even for a big fellow. To play full is to be in on every play; backing up the line, blocking, carrying the ball continually. And to play full as Dinny did while weighing only 155 lbs. is a great accomplishment.

Dinny battled all the time. He was a terrific line plunger, and his defensive work in backing up the line was second to none. Dinny Shay is there. He's a real Fightin' Irishman.





JOHN O'BRIEN

Left End

When Johnny O'Brien dashed onto the field to take Colrick's place in the Army game, Mr. Cagle, et al, breathed a sigh of temporary relief. They knew what Colrick could do. And much to their chagrin, they soon discovered what John O'Brien can do. For within a few minutes, Johnny had tumbled over the goal for the winning touchdown, after receiving a pass.

This was the high spot of John's 1928 career. O'Brien is another of the Sophomore stars. He knows the principles of end play perfectly, and with the improvement that comes of experience, John should be a cracker-jack end next season.

But whatever may be his future accomplishments, he can never perform a more thrilling feat—than that of scoring the touchdown that
—*Beat the Army.*

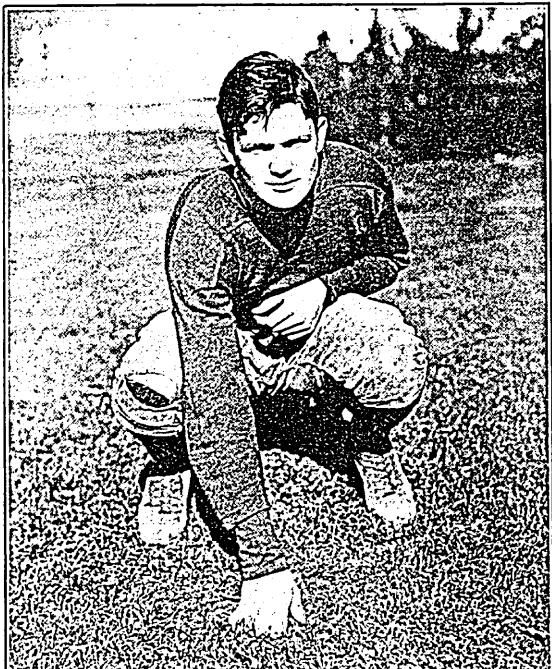
JACK MONTROY

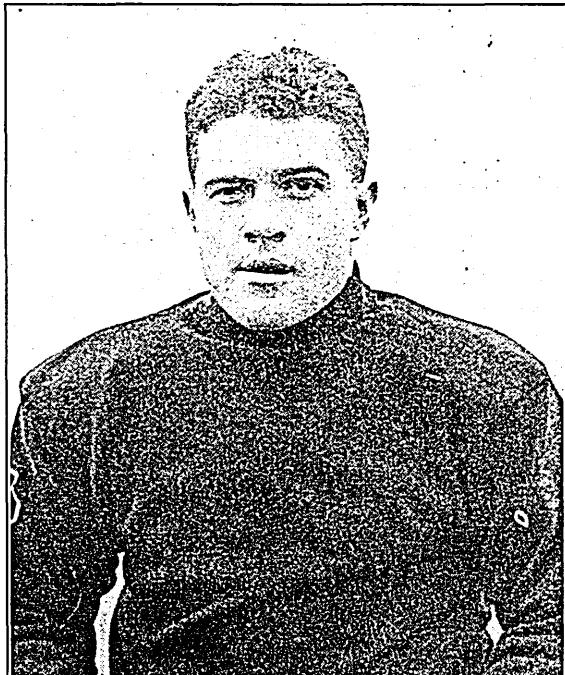
Right Half

Coach Rockne has half-backs for every occasion. When he needs a good blocker he makes a certain change. When a long run is in order, he touches his magic lamp and his man appears. Several times during the season, Rock needed a man who could back up a line fearlessly and surely; a fellow who could clip off a few yards at a time on drives through the tackles or around end. When such occasions presented themselves, Jack Montroy got the call.

In the Navy game, when Navy was starting a desperate drive, Jack contributed a fine piece of work, when he sliced through and nailed a Navy ball-carrier with a deadly, vicious tackle.

Jack was a fine half-back. He is a left-handed passer, and a splendid one, too. This is Jack's first year of competition, and he should rise to greater heights in the years to come.





BUD GEBERT

Quarter-Back

Bud won a Hering Medal for good judgment in calling plays. That means that his judgment in picking the right play coincided with that of Rockne's more closely than any of the other pilots. That alone is quite a tribute to Bud's field generalship.

Rockne gave Bud his opportunity in several games, and each time Bud came through. He handled the team like a veteran against Drake and Carnegie. He intercepted a pass against Loyola that was a factor in saving the game. Bud is a typical Rockne field general. He knows what to call and when to call it.

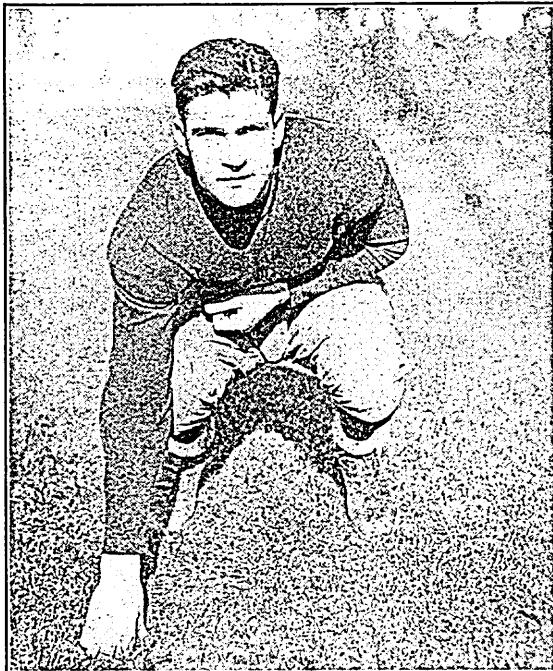
JOHN DOARN

Right Tackle

Tackles, according to the leading authorities, either make or break a line. If the tackles are weak, the line is weak. John Doarn is one of Rockne's tackles who is responsible for the strength of the Notre Dame forward walls, this year and last.

John has all the requisites for a tackle. He is a husky chap, and fast; he uses his hands to help him in checking the charges of opposing ends, and is a tower on defense. Tackle play demands much on defense and offense. The tackle must try to block punts, take care of the ball-carriers when the end turns them in, must be able to diagnose in a second the direction of criss-cross and reverse plays. And to say that John Doarn did all this remarkably well is indeed a tribute to his ability.





TOM CONLEY
Right End

Tom had to make good, because he comes from Roman Catholic High, Philadelphia. So, when Rock let Tom loose in the Penn State game, there was nothing for him to do but play a bang-up game—and that's just what Tom Conley did.

Conley, with O'Brien, formed a Sophomore end combination that promises much for the next few seasons.

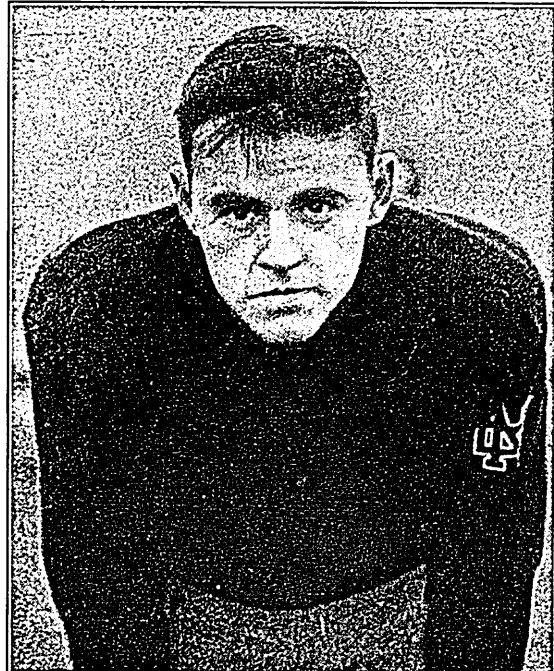
It is mentioned that Tom had to make good because he comes from Catholic High, Philadelphia. That is very true. For behind Tom Conley were the guiding spirits of Joe Boland, Joe Maxwell, and Vince McNally, all of whom owe their early training to Roman Catholic High. As they watched Tom Conley in action against the Nittany Lion, the trio must surely have agreed that Tom Conley was carrying on—where they had left off.

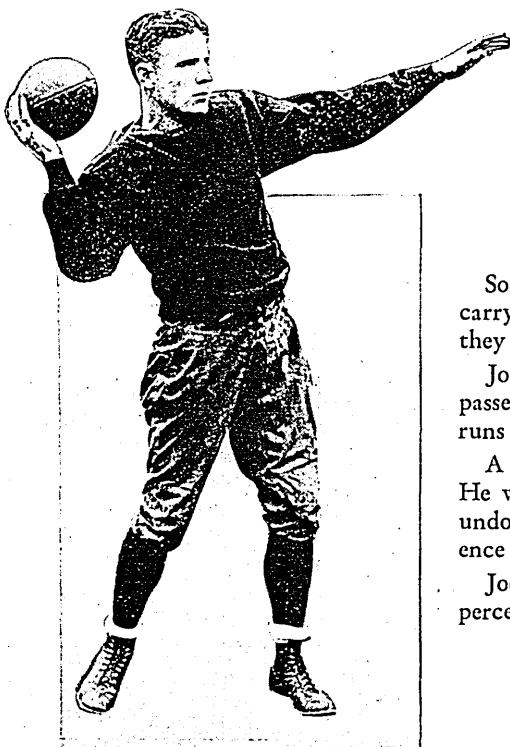
BERNIE LEAHY
Left Half

Bernie is a Sophomore from St. Mel's High, Chicago, who is a triple-threat man, par excellence. His punting and drop-kicking alone would make him a valuable man, but in addition, Bernie's passing and running make him a formidable and dangerous man.

The presence of so many more experienced half-backs kept Leahy in the background most of the season, but Coach Rockne is counting on Bernie for the years to come.

And well he may, because triple-threat men who can block as Bernie Leahy can are always at a premium. A kicker, a passer, a runner, and equally adept at all three departments, Bernie's future greatness seems to be a certainty. If he does not come through, he will disappoint the student body and a man named Rockne.





JOE MORRISSEY

Quarter-Back

Some quarter-backs are strictly tacticians. They do no ball-carrying or passing, but they do hold down their jobs because they call the plays as the coach wants them called.

Joe Morrissey is not of this type. For Joe is a splendid passer, a punter of quality and a ball-carrier de luxe. Joe's runs from punt formation in the Loyola game were spectacular.

A real triple-threat man, Morrissey was a valued performer. He was handicapped all season by a weak knee. This injury undoubtedly kept him out of several games in which his presence was needed badly.

Joe has splendid natural ability and a keen sense of football perception. This was his second year of competition.

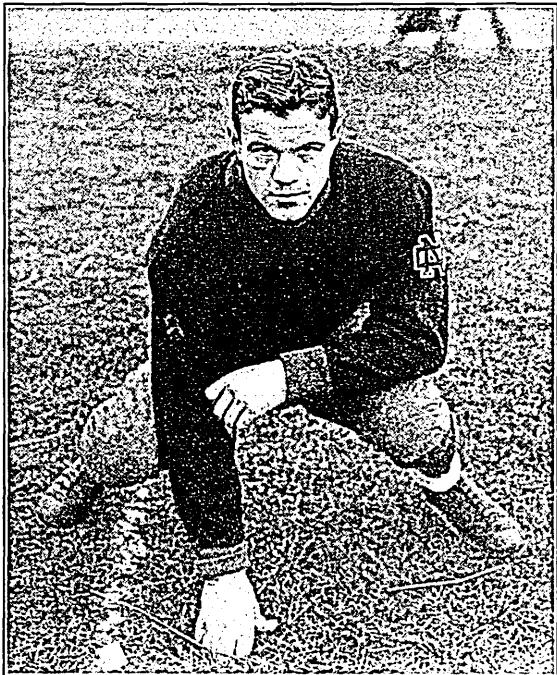
BERT METZGER

Right Guard

It is considered good generalship to send the first plays through, or at a substitute who has just entered the game.

In the Navy game, when Rock saw that his guards were almost exhausted, he sent Bert Metzger in there. Bert is small; so small that he was almost given up as a varsity prospect because of his lack of weight. And when the Navy quarter-back saw Bert, he probably concluded that his best chance to score would be to take a crack at Bert's territory. The ball at this time was on the Notre Dame ten-yard line. The two lines faced each other; the signals were called; the Navy full-back plunged directly at Bert. There was a huge pile-up. When the boys were finally lifted off, there was little Bert Metzger at the bottom, his arms wrapped securely about the ball-carrier's legs. They didn't gain a foot.

Bert made up for his lack of weight by terrific driving power in his legs and shoulders. He was "tough." Next year Bert Metzger should be a star.





TOM KENNEALLY
Quarter-Back

Tom is a chap of less than 140 lbs. It seems a bit incredible to imagine that so small a fellow can withstand the rigorous activity of a football season.

In Tom's case, however, there is no wonder. For Kenneally is as courageous as he is light. He makes up for his lack of beef by an ability to use his head. In addition to being an exponent of the art of master minding, Tom is a fine passer. Rock demands much of his pilots. They are his main representatives; they are his managing directors. Tommy Kenneally represented the firm of Rockne, unlimited, to perfection.

We predict that next season will make him a star. It is interesting to note that Tom came from the Interhall ranks. He was pilot of a championship Freshman Hall team.

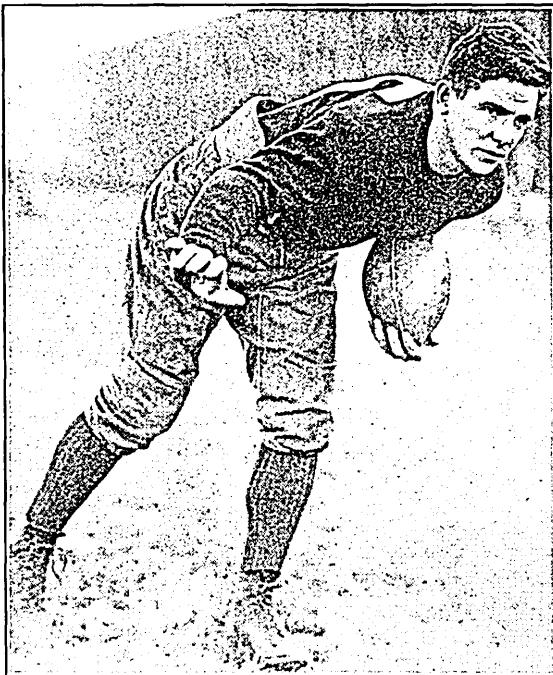
JACK McGRATH
Right Tackle

The lot of line men is a sad one. Spectators are usually too intent on the actions of the back-field men. They forget that there are seven men who spend the whole afternoon charging, tackling, taking a fancy trimming, and getting no sympathy—at least from a spectatorial point of view.

Jack McGrath is one of those unsung heroes. He is an aggressive, powerful fellow who wields a mean wallop. Ask the ends who have tried to take him out of plays. Jack is especially good on defense.

Besides shining in his duties as a tackle, Jack is a place kicker. His kick-offs in almost every game were high and of great distance. Jack has had two years of competition.





FRANK LEAHY

Left Tackle

Frank began his career as a center. But Coach Rockne decided that he could use him at tackle. Leahy applied himself and soon mastered the difficult job in a way which must have made the wizard of Notre Dame smile.

When Frank entered the Carnegie game, Harpster sent Karcis, the 230-pound full-back through Leahy's position. Frank sliced through and nailed Mr. Karcis at the line of scrimmage.

Leahy is not an exceptionally large fellow—he looks much lighter than he really is—but he is always first to strike. He is fast and his charges are strong, his blocking good. Frank has done well in his Sophomore year, and has every chance to go far — along football's path of fame.

JACK REILLY

Right Half

Jack Reilly was a member of the team that equalled the world's record for the quarter-mile relay. Not satisfied with his track laurels, Jack took to football much as the proverbial duck takes to the proverbial water.

Speed, ability to cut back sharply through the line, and general excellence in all departments of the game, earned for Jack his spurs as a varsity half-back.

An old injury hampered Reilly for a time during the season, but not seriously enough to prevent his getting into several games in all of which Jack performed admirably.

Jack's great speed made it easy for him to get into the open field. Once there, he was a terror. This was Jack's first year of varsity competition. If he returns to school in the fall, he will undoubtedly be a valuable asset to Rockne's 1929 machine.





DR. CLOUGH

Trainer

They came to the genial Doctor Clough with bruised and broken bones, torn ligaments, pulled tendons, collapsible knees, cut faces, cauliflower ears, and the many other ailments that are bound to be the lot of the varsity football players. But they could never stump Doc Clough. He would merely roll up his sleeves and by using his medical genius and by turning on one of those soothing, comforting ray machines that he has, he would very soon have his patient in good shape once again.

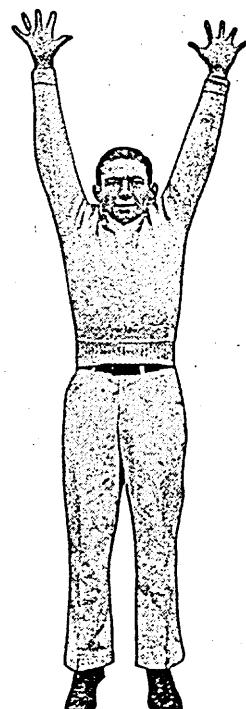
The Doctor deserves a world of credit. He knows his profession thoroughly, and his part in keeping the varsity in fine physical condition cannot be over-emphasized. Besides being a real trainer, the "Doc" is "one of the fellows." Everybody likes Doc Clough.

THE CHEERLEADERS

The cheering this year was decidedly excellent. The cheering section was compact, and thus good volume could be more easily gotten.

And the fellow who led the yells—the fellow who so successfully managed to make every one in the place howl themselves hoarse—was Bob Manix. Bob possesses the personality so necessary to the cheerleader. He had a way of instilling into the cheering sections, "the old pepper" that made him singularly successful. Assisting Bob were two Juniors, Jerry Parker and Dan Barton.

Cheer leading looks very easy. It seems to be a job that anyone could easily fill. The very opposite is true. It takes a personality and real ability to make the yells of a student body something to be proud of—and Bob, Jerry and Dan were abounding in the well-known "it."



BOB MANIX,
Head Cheerleader

The Reserves

Reserve football has one great value—affording an opportunity for prospective varsity men to gain experience by giving such men a real baptism of fire.

This year Coach Rockne mapped out such an extensive schedule that it was necessary at times to have, not only a "B" team, but also a "C" team. It was due to this fact that from a percentage standpoint, the Reserve season was not a success. However, when the Reserves were intact—when they had only one game to play, they proved to be too much for the powerful Gopher and Wildcat "B" outfits.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the value of Reserve teams. Football, nowadays, with its intricate and deceptive formations, calls for a great deal of experience in diagnosing the enemy attacks. And one game of football played on the field is twice as valuable as a three-hour "black-board session."

For this reason the idea of putting two—or even three squads on different fields makes itself worth while. Coach Rockne, blessed with a wealth of inexperienced men, was able to divide his entire squad into three sections: Varsity "B", and "C" teams. Many a coach would have been thankful to have as his first string, the men that comprised the Reserve Squad. The Reserves, for the most part, were Sophomores; for it was they who could profit most by experience: it is they who will be called upon to step into the gaps left by graduating varsity men.

It should be again pointed out that the chief reason for the games lost was the necessity of dividing the Reserves into two teams in order to fulfill scheduled games.

It is a large enough assignment to play one Reserve game, but two—well it just goes to show that Rock realizes to the fullest extent the value of experience in building his squad for future years.

They say that experience is the best teacher, and if what they say is true, then the Notre Dame Reserves learned plenty during the season of 1928.

The opening of the season was marked by the Reserves dividing their forces and playing two games with but small success. One team journeyed to Big Rapids, Michigan, and lost to Ferris Institute 24-7. The Irish rolled up a preponderance of first downs, but a weak forward pass defense proved their undoing. The same day another Reserve team went to Evanston, and battled the Northwestern Reserves to a scoreless tie.

The following Saturday, the Reserves again divided forces with still less success. While one

team was losing 19-7 to St. Mary's at Winona, Minnesota, because of a weak defense against the forward pass, another team tossed a one-point lead away in the last minute of play by fumbling, and lost, 19-13, to Wheaton College after decisively outplaying their opponents throughout.

The squad remained intact the following Saturday, and playing at home for a change, proceeded to settle all disputes as to which was the better team, by soundly trouncing the Northwestern Reserves, 31-0, in a return game.

The following week the Reserves again divided forces, and while one squad was losing, 13-0, to the Iowa Reserves, in the mud, the other squad remained at home and decisively defeated the Minnesota Reserves, 24-0.

The last game of the season found the pick of the Reserve squad going up to Flint, Michigan, and handing the General Motors team a 34-0 trimming in the mud.

Prendergast, Yarr and Yelland stood out among the Reserve centers, and Lyons, Metzger, O'Connor and Herwit among the Reserve guards. Culver, Guadnola, Thornton, Schwartz and McManmon were prominent among the tackles, and Kersjes, Vlk, Bailie, Chrisanti, Kosky, Enright and Griffin among the ends. Nichols, Christman and Fishleigh were the most promising of the quarterbacks, while Dailey, O'Brien, Savoldi and Covington were prominent among the full-backs. Wilhelmy, Lahey, Stephan, Malik, Litzwan and Cronin were the best of the half-backs.

All in all, the season was a success, inasmuch as it gave these men what they wanted most, experience. They were somewhat handicapped throughout by the fact that many of them would have to learn the plays of the varsity's opponents, use them against the first-stringers during the week, and then on Saturday revert to the Rockne system. When one considers this, as well as the fact that as often as not their strength would be divided to play two opponents, the season may well be called successful.

It was from the ranks of the Reserves that Lepig, Morrissey and Vezie rose to find berths on the varsity, and we can confidently look forward to many of this year's Reserves becoming monogram men in the not too distant future. They have played their part well, both as representatives of Our Lady on the field of battle, and as scrub teams for the varsity. In the words of "Big Bill" Edwards at a banquet tendered an All-America team not so long ago, "Gentlemen, a toast—The Scrub!"

The Cigar-Store Alumni

By FRANKLYN E. DOAN
Sports Editor of the South Bend News-Times

The cigar-store alumni, that gregarious body of discarded piccolo players, melancholy traffic policemen and itinerant scissors-grinders, have supplanted the cigar-store Indian. The tipsy populace of this good nation laments the loss of the famous wooden Indian, but I have seen no one wailing over misfortunes that might have happened to the disreputable alumni with the five-cent smell on their coat lapels.

When all the cigar-store alumni and week-end experts had conducted their autopsies over the Wisconsin, Georgia Tech, and Carnegie Tech games, the Saturday night clubs proceeded to pull their stools up to the table for a few rounds of ale, or take the shine off the brass rails in the more proletarian beer gardens. That was Saturday night.

Bright and early, Monday morning, the cigar-store alumni had their green-visored caps on the sides of their gords again and their "Chauffeur No. 263" badges pinned neatly on their sleeves. The experts were back at their lathes or ribbon counters, telling the boss and the assistant general business manager that this Notre Dame football team has lost a ball game, thus going back on its followers.

That's the history of the 1928 football season. For 11 years the good nag "Victory" has carried a Notre Dame jockey up the stretch ahead of the field. This year, by luck and a few breaks, the Notre Dame team lost more ball games than was its wont in previous years and the wail went up. The cigar-store alumni needed someone to dip in their boiling oil, so why not put the Irish there?

What does it matter if Notre Dame did lose a few football games this fall? What does it matter if the Irish did go up to Wisconsin and drop one, 26 to 6; travel down to Georgia Tech and get bumped off 13 to 0; stay right here in our own backyard and see Carnegie Tech gallop back east with the fat half of a 27 to 7 event stuffed in their valises? That's the business of the Irish and the sooner the cigar-store alumni hie themselves back to the ice wagons or the elevators, the better off everything will be.

The statistician who couldn't make a living at flagpole sitting, went back of the furnace in mid-November and did an Abe Lincoln with his shovel and broken beer bottle. He figured that just 25,000,000 would attend football games during the fall, giving the winning team a big hurrah and the losing eleven a crate of sour plums. The whole trouble is that this American public, which plays bridge for a penny a point, bets a dollar to

a plug nickel that Jack Dempsey didn't shave for three days before the Tunney fight, and blows all of its cash hoping that St. Joseph County Oil will advance four points along with the Hoover landslide, has begun to take its football too seriously.

It's no small wonder that the genuine grads come back to a game nowadays and wish that the cigar-store alumni had majored in something besides wind-jamming. In the fine old days, the Yale-Harvard, Notre Dame-Indiana and Chicago-Wisconsin games were the talk of the country, and, when one or the other lost, no one shed a bath tub full of tears or threatened to turn the coach's children into left-handed third basemen. They attended football games leisurely in those days, and didn't need to be told that their favorite team might lose.

For Notre Dame, this has been a bad year in many ways, but it has been a good one in many more ways. Since it was the first year that Notre Dame had lost more than two games, most of the experts developed a combination case of dyspepsia and grief. Worrying over small events like that seems as bad to me as moaning because your youngest son, Hershel, is the first in five generations to wear a size eleven shoe.

After that Carnegie game, the boys who lost a month of breakfasts in wagers were all hot and burning. Think of their grief if the record went unblemished for 100 years and someone came along to turn the trick! All of the cigar-store alumni would have desired to sell their grandmothers down the river and wear black bow-ties the rest of their lives. How many teams can boast of going even 23 years without defeat on their home field? The correct answer is "none," Roger.

If you don't mind a few personal opinions, I believe that Notre Dame's 1928 season was just about the best the school has ever had. You know we aren't in the era of dumbbells anymore. There are a thousand husky young fellows at a hundred different schools who can play football pretty well and it's only logical to believe that they will cut loose and play it. Some one of these days there will be a score of excellent teams in every section of the country, and an undefeated team will be as scarce as a traffic law in South Bend. What will the cigar-store alumni do then?

Of course, some bald-headed financier in the fifth row (balcony), the one who lost an "X" when Georgia Tech beat Notre Dame and knocked all the predictions for a healthy row of modernis-

(Continued on page 88)

The SEASON'S REVIEW



1928
ND

Notre Dame	- - - - -	12
Loyola, New Orleans	- - - - -	6

Fighting Irish? At least that "Fighting" is a rather mild description of the Notre Dame team that battled its way to a last-minute victory over a frenzied Wolf Pack from Loyola University, New Orleans.

Loyola has a great team. She showed a powerful offense and a splendid defense. Her warriors scored first, and held this lead 'till the second half. Several times during that great second half, the Notre Dame goal was in danger, but Loyola's task was too much for even so great a team. There were several little incidents that finally drove the Wolves from our door of Victory.

One incident was Jack Elder's brilliant 48-yard run early in the second half, which tied the score.

Another was Johnny Niemiec's portrayal of real "Fighting Irish" spirit. He taped and bandaged that trick knee of his and went out there to fight for all that was in him. He tossed a few passes to O'Brien and Colrick and then, just to show the folks he still had a card or two up his sleeve, he crashed through tackle for the winning touchdown with only a minute to play.

Then there was Vezie, breaking up play after play, spilling the interference and tackling the ball carrier.

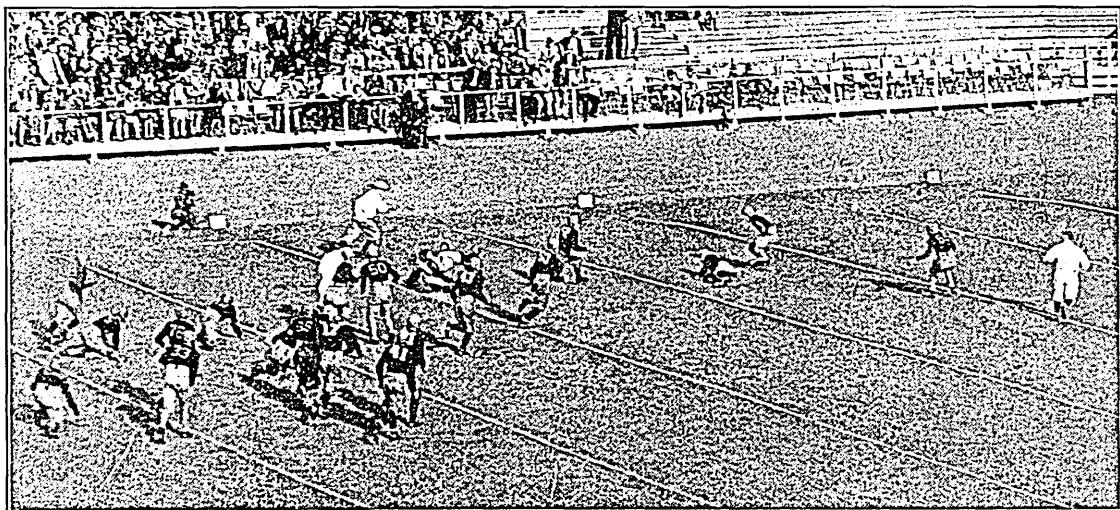
"Bucky" Moore of Loyola, made some sizeable dashes, and Drouillet, a giant tackle, played a fine defensive game 'till his forced retirement through injuries.

Speaking of injuries, Mr. Jaubert, Loyola center, had his jersey removed from his back rather completely, and although the front remained intact, he acquired quite a case of sunburn. Tim Moynihan, when questioned, could give no information as to how Mr. Jaubert's jersey came to so ill an end.

At any rate, not even a Pack of Wolves was strong enough to stem that last minute march to victory.

It's fairly hard to beat a band of "Fighting Irish," the Hocus-Pocus of Mr. K. K. Rockne, and the undefeated spirit of Cartier Field.

But Loyola tried. Make no mistake about that.



Chevigny off on a long run in the Loyola game.

Rockne Men Triumph, 12-6, In Uphill Battle

By WARREN BROWN

SOUTH BEND, IND., Sept. 29—I guess they are "Fighting Irish" at Notre Dame.

Hauling a football game out of the possibilities of a 6 to 6 tie in the closing minutes of today's season-opener with Loyola of New Orleans was the first bit of evidence for 1928 that Coach Knute Rockne is still able to work miracles with the relics of Notre Dame.

And the Irish helped, and how they helped! Break after break had come the way of Notre Dame during the course of a furious struggle with Loyola. Break after break had failed to materialize into any points and at the end of the first half the "Fighting Irish" were lagging, with the score of 6 to 0 against them, a sneak across the line by Lopez of Loyola putting the finishing touch on a march that had extended from the close of the first period through the opening minutes of the second.

Elder Sprints 48 Yards

Once they were let loose on the field for the second half, Notre Dame proceeded to square that count, Jack Elder, sprinting 48 yards early in the period for the touchdown that evened things up. For a while then it looked like a parade for the Irish. But time after time Loyola's strength or Notre Dame's weakness kept scores from materializing, though chances bobbed up with regularity that was almost monotonous.

Thus the game wore along into its very last few minutes, when a break, that was to prove the much needed one, gave the Irish a chance to pull the contest out of the possibility of a tie.

It came by way of a fumble, just one of the many of these pesky things that had featured or marred the progress of the play throughout the afternoon.

Irishers Sent In

It was Notre Dame's ball on the enemy 23-yard line. Two more blue-jerseyed stalwarts slipped on the field, just two of a parade of replacements that had been going on throughout the hard-fought game.

And these two were O'Brien and Murphy, a

fair sort of Irish combination, if you ask me. I don't know what became of Murphy. I know he did what was expected of him. I do know that O'Brien, leaping high in the air, outscrambled a flock of Loyola goal defenders very soon after he had entered the game and came down with a forward pass that Johnny Niemiec, the collapsible knee controller, had shied his way.

The goal, which Notre Dame had been threatening, was eight yards away.

I do know that O'Brien, appearing over at the other end of the line, reached up and came down with another pass from Niemiec, and the goal was two yards away.

Shay Plunges Over

What happened for the next few seconds will always remain a mystery to me. A lady with a fur coat, who perched at the top of the stand, blocked off my vision, as relentlessly as Loyola thrust back the first two attempts Notre Dame made to get across those final two yards.

On the third, there was a rush, a bump, a scattering of Loyola defenses, and across the line, ball hugged tightly, was a man named "Dinny" Shay.

The Fighting Irish, it seems, had taken charge of things.

But it developed after much deliberation and celebration for the achievement of "Dinny" Shay in carrying across the winning touchdown that it wasn't Shay at all who did this, but Niemiec. The cheers, if delayed a trifle, are now in order for this young man whose wobbling knee was in such shape that Coach Rockne, before the game, said he didn't think the young man would ever be able to play again. With his passing to O'Brien and his final smash across for a touchdown, Niemiec the man with the collapsible knee, didn't do badly at all.

R. H. L. Makes the Review

AND NOTRE DAME! Why, you little rascals, after that game of yours with Wisconsin we thought the Navy would simply bury you right in the center of Soldiers' Field. And then look what you did! It's as hard to predict how a football game is going to come out as it is to forecast an election.

Notre Dame - - - - - 6

Wisconsin - - - - - 22

The statistics would say that Notre Dame badly outplayed Glen Thistlewaite's powerful Wisconsin eleven. They would prove that the Blue and Gold gained more than twice as much ground as the Badgers from scrimmage; but the score-board on Randall Field showed twenty-two points for the Cardinal and six for Rockne's Fighting Irish. And, after all, points are the things that win ball games.

The Notre Dame backs fumbled, and they fumbled at most inopportune moments. It was these unfortunate occurrences alone that led to Wisconsin's victory. Rockne's men drove down the field in true Notre Dame fashion late in the second quarter, and climaxed this march with a touchdown; which offset the two point margin Wisconsin had gained through a safety.

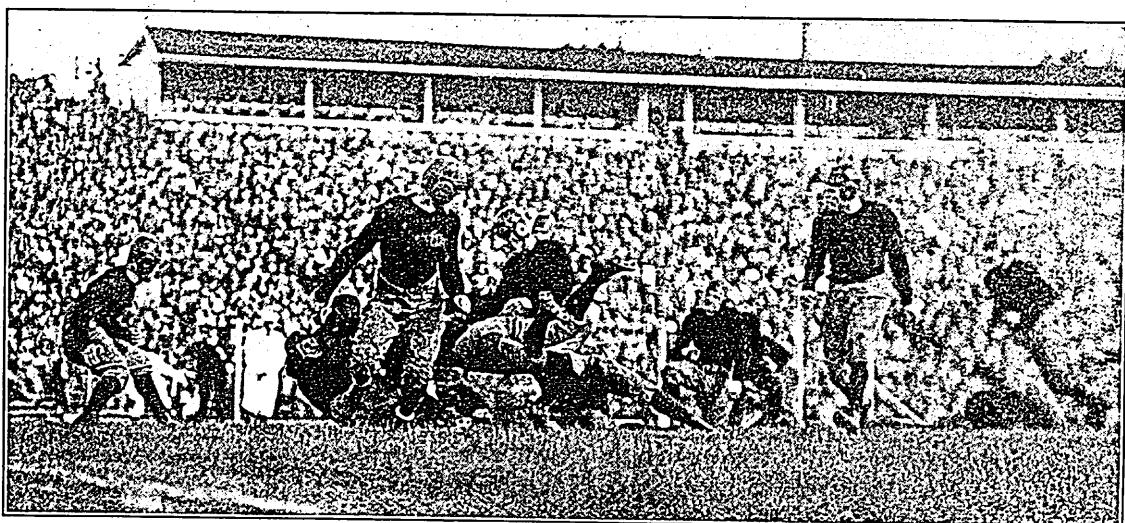
But Old Man Fumble kept hanging around; and before the third period had ended, he had hung the Indian sign on the Fighting Irish in the form of two more Wisconsin touchdowns.

Notre Dame was defeated, but not outplayed. Fumbles are like errors in baseball. They are unfortunate happenings, but they should not cause a cry for the scalps of the offenders.

The defensive play of John Law and Ed. Collins featured for the Irish. John, as usual, was at the bottom of every play. The tougher they make it for John, the better he likes it. Ed. Collins dumped the Badger safety man in his tracks on three successive punts. Each time he raced down the field and tackled Cuisinier before the latter could even get started.

Wisconsin has a strong team—a fast-charging line, and a deceptive running and aerial attack. The Badgers should come close to a Conference Championship.

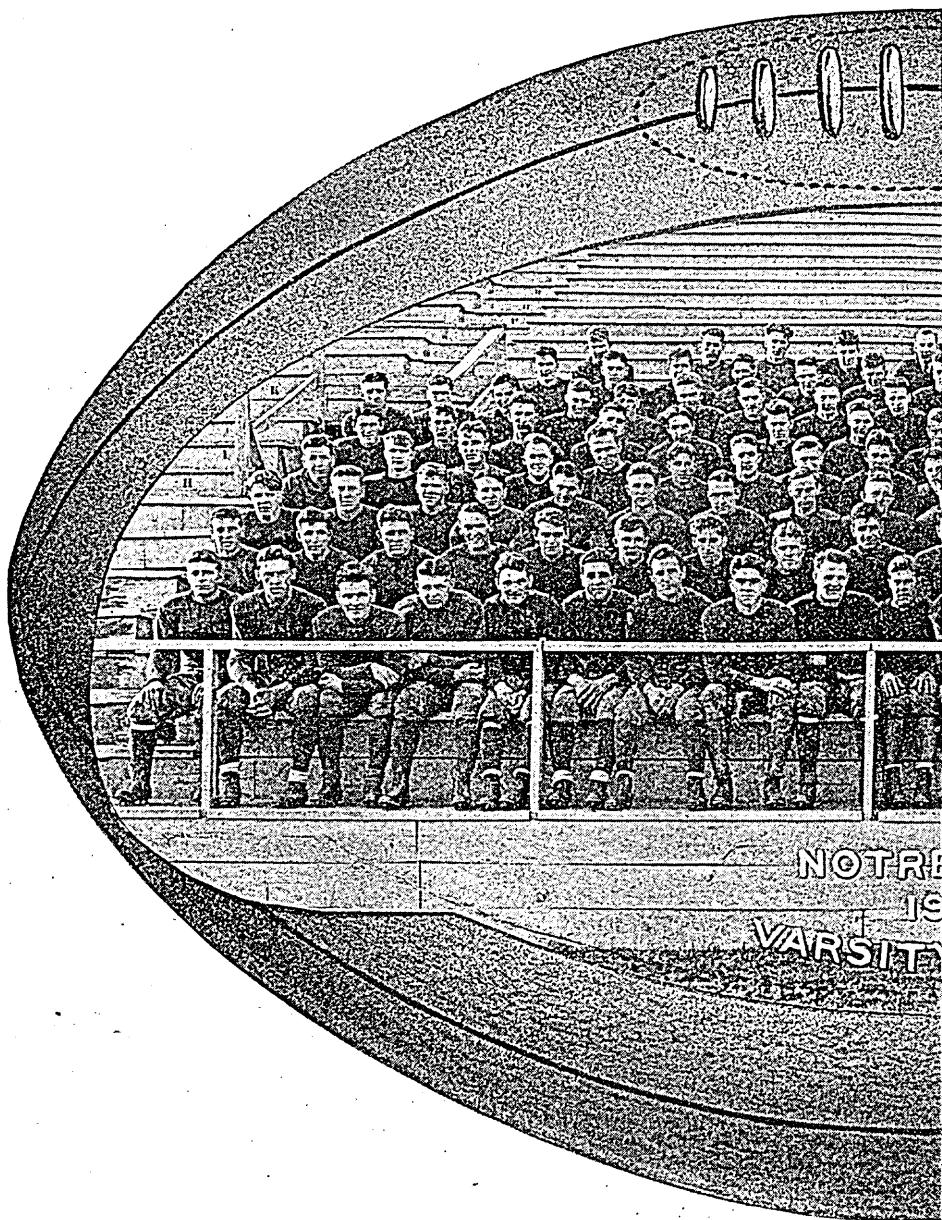
A cheer for the great team that won. But do not be inclined to criticize the Fighting Irish who outgained and outran the Badgers, but who couldn't beat Old Man Fumble.



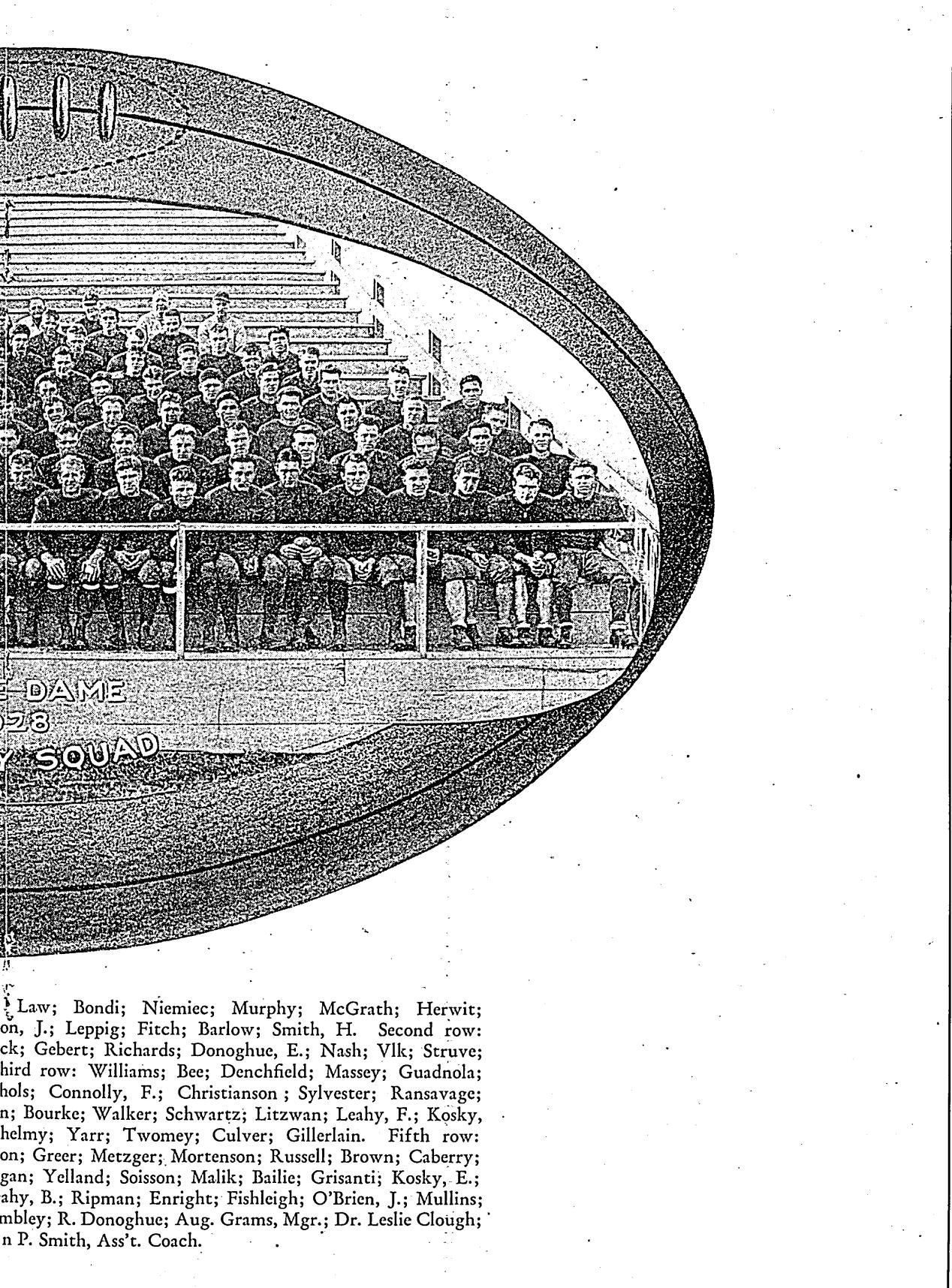
Cuisinier stopped at the line of scrimmage. Can you find him?

Friends of the Fighting Irish

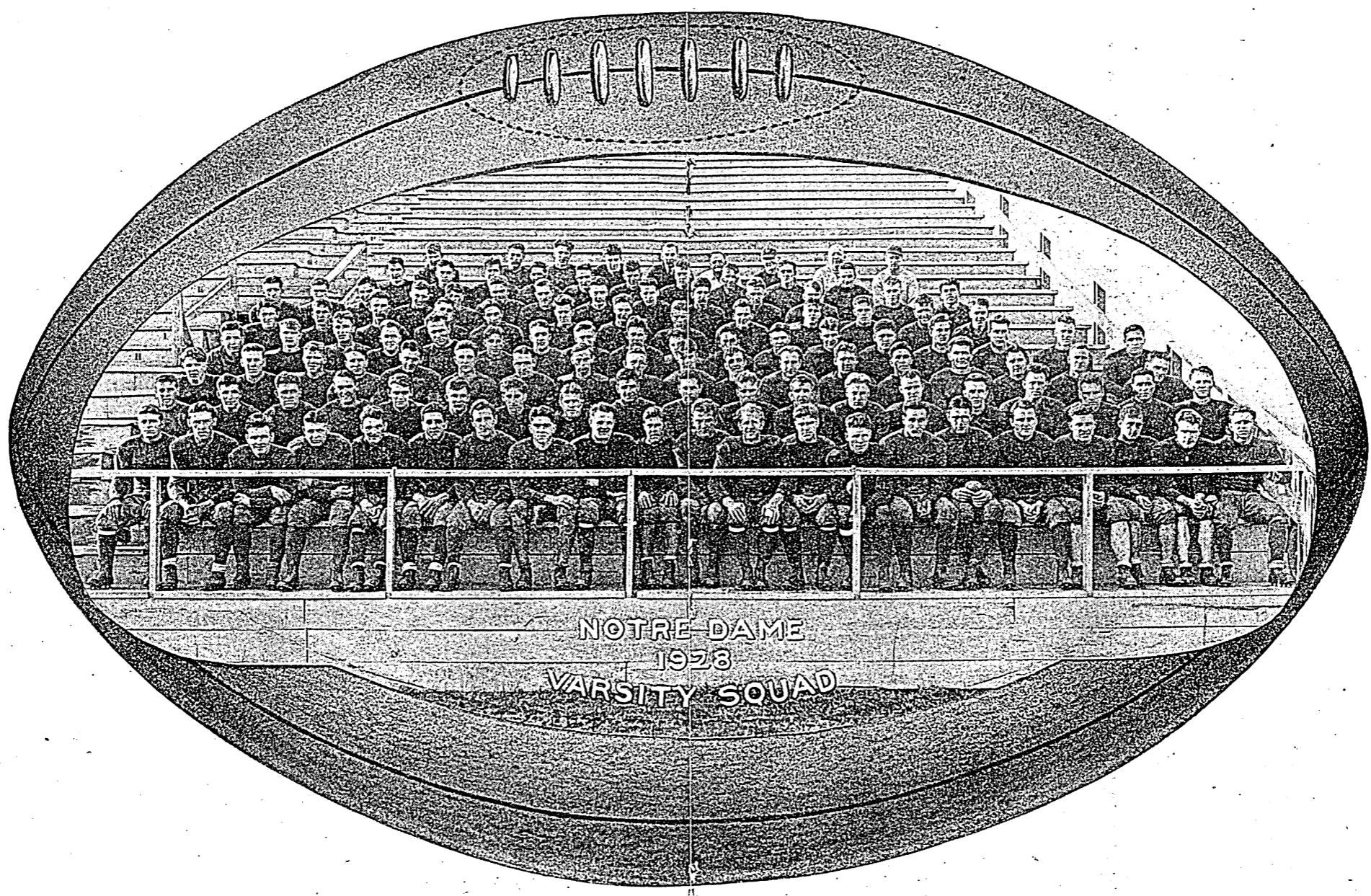
Edwin T. Breen, Chicago, Ill.	Richard P. Devine, Columbus, Ohio.	T. Condon, Battle Creek, Mich.	William Gleason, Chicago, Ill.
John P. Brice, Chicago, Ill.	T. B. Devine, Columbus, Ohio.	M. J. Tobin, Chicago, Ill.	Frank X. Gartland, Marion, Ind.
Frederic J. Clifford, Chicago, Ill.	James A. Devine, Columbus, Ohio.	Martin E. Gardner, Chicago, Ill.	T. J. Herlihy, Chicago, Ill.
Hugh J. Daly, Chicago, Ill.	Hugh Terry, Hazelton, Pa.	E. B. Dunigan, Oak Park, Ill.	R. J. O'Donnell, Chicago, Ill.
Thomas J. Hanlon, Chicago, Ill.	George A. Shannon, Jersey City, N. J.	James Newman, Brooklyn, N. Y.	James B. Duggan, Chicago, Ill.
James P. Harding, Chicago, Ill.	Richard Anderson, Brooklyn, N. Y.	J. M. Byrne, Jr., Newark, N. J.	Edward T. McFadden, Chicago, Ill.
Frank P. Leffingwell, Chicago, Ill.	Harold J. Burke, Chicago, Ill.	Paul C. Moore, New Brunswick, N. J.	P. J. Keough, Lake Bluff, Ill.
Hon. James V. O'Donnell, Chicago, Ill.	Robert W. Kirkland, New York City.	Carl L. Firlie, Cumberland, Md.	Hugh E. Mulligan, Chicago, Ill.
August A. Van Wanterghem, Chicago, Ill.	Harry W. Williams, Chicago, Ill.	Thomas J. Kilkenny, Newark, N. J.	George Herrman, Chicago, Ill.
A. J. Dooley, Chicago, Ill.	J. M. O'Day, New York City.	John B. Sullivan, New Bedford, Mass.	Rev. J. M. Scullen, Cleveland, Ohio.
J. A. McKeough, Chicago, Ill.	William P. Shinners, Binghamton, N. Y.	Thomas J. McHugh, Scranton, Pa.	C. J. Coyer, Chicago, Ill.
Thomas W. Cullen, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Rev. Walter D. Casey, Hartford, Conn.	Reginald J. Hunt, New York City.	Tyler Williams, Chicago, Ill.
William J. Reidy, Chicago, Ill.	David R. Kirby, Detroit, Mich.	Dr. Joseph T. Mahoney, Chicago, Ill.	I. V. Inderidden, Chicago, Ill.
Dennis F. Swords, Rockford, Ill.	August P. Klein, New York City.	Douglass & Dunn, Lake Geneva, Wis.	Dr. Crow C. Coady, Dubuque, Iowa.
O. George Casey, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Robert F. Tierney, New York City.	H. F. Madden, Toledo, Ohio.	A. D. Roche, Chicago, Ill.
William L. Kavanaugh, New York City	William L. Crilley, New York City.	Mrs. Margaret Frisbie, Chicago, Ill.	James F. Cahill, La Salle, Ill.
Bernard J. Fallon, Chicago, Ill.	John Joseph Tierney, Staten Island, N. Y.	Herbert G. Eck, Chicago, Ill.	Michael Zimmer, Warden, Chicago, Ill.
Frank C. Walker, New York City.	William F. Leimer, Orange, N. J.	Floyd R. Murray, Hammond, Ind.	Raymond Schuster, Chicago, Ill.
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First row: Carideo; Collins, E.; Montroy; Doarn; Vezie; Collins, F.; Chevigny; Miller, Capt.; Moynihan; Cannon; Dew; Brady; Thornton; Keeler; Prendergast; Reilly; Collier; Cannon, D.; Kerjez; Mahoney; Jones; Shimmins; Ryan. T. Elder; Cameron; Kenneally; O'Connor, J.; O'Brien, E.; Nic Lennon; Judge; Dick. Fourth row: Cassiday; Christmas; F.; McManmon; McCubban; Crowley; O'Connor, P.; William Conway; Deautremont; McCarthy; Daily; Lyons; McKenna; Mangen. Sixth row: Locke; Gallagher; Griffin; Shay; Dee Redgate; Brannon; Savoldi. Seventh row: Conley, T.; Le Cronin; Trandell; Lynch. Eighth row: Bray; Kassis; Tro. Thos. Mills, Ass't. Coach; K. K. Rockne, Head Coach; John



Law; Bondi; Niemiec; Murphy; McGrath; Herwit;
on, J.; Leppig; Fitch; Barlow; Smith, H. Second row:
ck; Gebert; Richards; Donoghue, E.; Nash; Vlk; Struve;
third row: Williams; Bee; Denchfield; Massey; Guadnola;
hols; Connolly, F.; Christianson; Sylvester; Ransavage;
n; Bourke; Walker; Schwartz; Litzwan; Leahy, F.; Kosky,
helmy; Yarr; Twomey; Culver; Gillerlain. Fifth row:
on; Greer; Metzger; Mortenson; Russell; Brown; Caberry;
gan; Yelland; Soisson; Malik; Bailie; Grisanti; Kosky, E.;
ahy, B.; Ripman; Enright; Fishleigh; O'Brien, J.; Mullins;
mbley; R. Donoghue; Aug. Grams, Mgr.; Dr. Leslie Clough;
n P. Smith, Ass't. Coach.



First row: Carideo; Collins, E.; Montroy; Doarn; Law; Bondi; Niemiec; Murphy; McGrath; Herwit; Vezie; Collins, F.; Chevigny; Miller, Capt.; Moynihan; Cannon, J.; Leppig; Fitch; Barlow; Smith, H. Second row: Dew; Brady; Thornton; Keeler; Prendergast; Reilly; Colrick; Gebert; Richards; Donoghue, E.; Nash; Vlk; Struve; Cannon, D.; Kerjez; Mahoney; Jones; Shimmins; Ryan. Third row: Williams; Bee; Denchfield; Massey; Guadnola; Elder; Cameron; Kenneally; O'Connor, J.; O'Brien, E.; Nichols; Connolly, F.; Christianson; Sylvester; Ransavage; Lennon; Judge; Dick. Fourth row: Cassiday; Christman; Bourke; Walker; Schwartz; Litzwan; Leahy, F.; Kosky, F.; McManmon; McCubban; Crowley; O'Connor, P.; Wilhelmy; Yarr; Twomey; Culver; Gillerlain. Fifth row: Conway; Deautremont; McCarthy; Daily; Lyons; McKeon; Greer; Metzger; Mortenson; Russell; Brown; Caberry; Mangen. Sixth row: Locke; Gallagher; Griffin; Shay; Deegan; Yelland; Soisson; Malik; Bailie; Grisanti; Kosky, E.; Redgate; Brannon; Savoldi. Seventh row: Conley, T.; Leahy, B.; Ripman; Enright; Fishleigh; O'Brien, J.; Mullins; Cronin; Trandell; Lynch. Eighth row: Bray; Kassis; Trombley; R. Donoghue; Aug. Grams, Mgr.; Dr. Leslie Clough; Thos. Mills, Ass't. Coach; K. K. Rockne, Head Coach; John P. Smith, Ass't. Coach.

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Too Many Fumbles—Irish Lose

By HARLAND ROHM
Chicago Tribune Press Service

MADISON, WIS., Oct. 6—Wisconsin swept back the Notre Dame tidal wave in the Badgers' opening game of the season today, 22 to 6.

Fumbles paved the way for two of Wisconsin's touchdowns, but it was a powerful line which recovered the fumbles and gave the backs a chance. Wisconsin scored first when Kettelaar broke through to block a kick and fall on the ball behind Notre Dame's end zone for a safety. In the second quarter Notre Dame marched 70 yards, chiefly by passes, to score and at the half the count was 6 and 2.

Cuisinier Sprints for Touchdown

Within five minutes two Notre Dame fumbles gave Wisconsin its chance for two touchdowns.

In yardage and downs there is a sad discrepancy between the figures and those on the scoreboard, for Notre Dame gained far more ground from scrimmage, with the distances the ball was moved on passes about equal. Notre Dame carried the ball 121 yards from scrimmage against Wisconsin's 50, and the Ramblers made eleven first downs to exactly one for Wisconsin. The co-ordinating factor was the fumbles, for Notre Dame made seven and Wisconsin three, and the Badgers recovered seven and Notre Dame recovered three.

Irish March Down Field

All of which doesn't relate Notre Dame's own really fine bit of football. A punting duel had lasted most of the first quarter, with Lusby's toe keeping the ball in Notre Dame's territory most of the time. It was his punt that sailed out of bounds on Notre Dame's 12-yard line and two line plays that failed to get more than one yard that led to that first score. A penalty put Notre Dame on their goal line and Elder dropped back to punt. Kettelaar came through to drop him for a safety and two points.

Binish ruined Morrissey's first pass and Rebholz spoiled the next one hurled by Niemiec. But the next two came off. Niemiec tossed to the tall Colrick for 20 yards. Chevigny lost four on a line-buck, but on the next play Niemiec again

hurled the pigskin to Colrick and he clipped off 16 yards.

Behind great interference Niemiec ripped off tackle for 15 yards to Wisconsin's six-yard line. Shay lost on a line-buck, but Niemiec got it back, and though Notre Dame was penalized five yards for offside, Chevigny once more crashed through for eight yards to Wisconsin's three-yard line. On the next play he went over for the touchdown, but missed the kick.

The third quarter began with a rush. After the kick-off and a punt, Notre Dame had the ball on its own 20-yard line. Elder fumbled, but fell on the ball, losing twelve yards, and on the next play, Morrissey fumbled and Gantebien dove on the ball on the three-yard line. Bartholomew circled Notre Dame's left end for the three yards on the next play, but his kick was blocked.

With the score 8 to 6 in its favor, Wisconsin took its second break within two minutes. Backus kicked off and Chevigny punted. An exchange of punts followed, with Notre Dame in possession of the ball on its 20-yard line. Conroy threw Shay for a three-yard loss. Chevigny fumbled and Harold Smith fell on the ball. Smith made three yards through left tackle, Bartholomew added one on a thrust through right guard, Behr his left guard for three, and Wisconsin was penalized five yards for delay in calling the next play. With the ball on the 20-yard line, Cuisinier tossed a perfect pass to Smith at his right and Smith crossed the line. Bartholomew kicked goal.

Behr Passes to Cuisinier

The third Wisconsin touchdown came at the beginning of the fourth quarter, when threats at goal had been meager for some time, but with Wisconsin in possession of the ball on its own 65-yard line Behr snapped a pass to Cuisinier, who caught it on the Notre Dame forty-five-yard line. For twenty yards his interference dumped everything in sight and for the last twenty-five he went it alone, and he went plenty fast. L. Smith's kick on the tryout for point was perfect.

The Lineup

Wisconsin	Notre Dame
Davis	L. E. Collins
Lubratovich	L. T. Miller
Linden	L. G. Leppig
Conroy	C. Moynihan
Backus	R. G. Law
Kettelaar	R. T. McGrath
Warren	R. E. Vezie
Cuisinier	Q. B. Brady
Price	L. H. Elder
Lusby	R. H. Chevigny
Rebholz	F. B. Shay

Notre Dame -	- - - - -	7
Navy - - - - -		0

Mr. K. K. Rockne may, or may not, be a psychologist. But, he *did* array his Fighting Irish in bright green jerseys for their battle with the United States Naval Academy. Mr. Rockne evidently surmised that garbing a band of native and adopted Irish in their native color is somewhat akin to showing a bull the Russian flag.

The more plausible reason for the sinking of the Navy craft, however, is that Notre Dame played football as it should be played. The fumbles that marred and lost the Wisconsin game were absent; the offense was powerful; the defense, steady. Navy was helpless until nearly the end of the game, when a march down the field, led by Lloyd, brought the Middies to the seven-yard line. Here they were stopped.

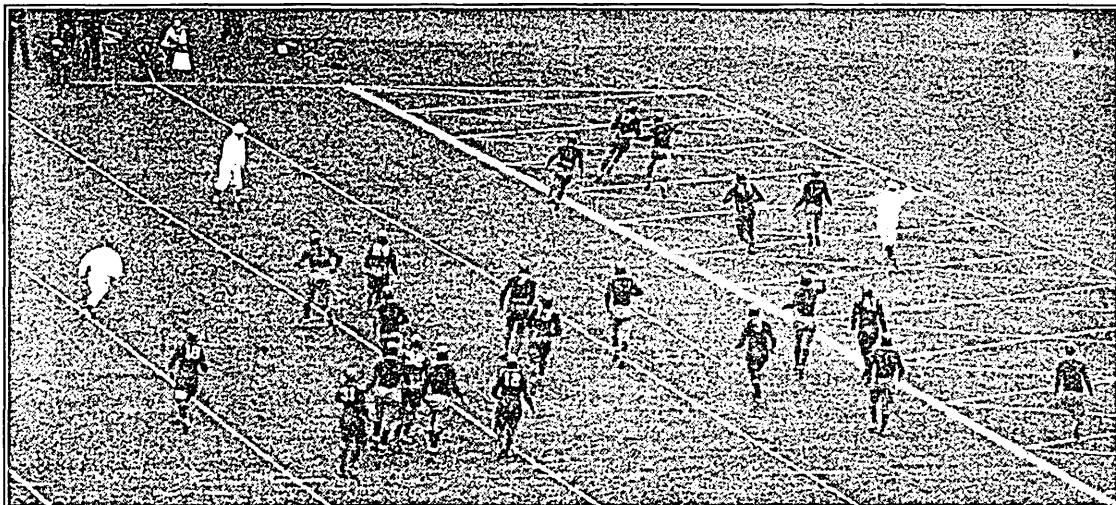
No one will easily forget the fine work of John Chevigny, who played himself to exhaustion. His offensive work sparkled, and he broke through several times to upset some hopeful Navy ball carrier. Nor is Johnny Niemiec likely to go unremembered. He drove through the tackles like a meteor, dragging the Navy lineman five yards before he was

downed completely; his pass to Colrick for the winning points was a classic. And Tim Moynihan, son of Erin, garbed in green—didn't *he* make Irish eyes smile, and Irish voices cheer when he came down on the punts to tackle the safety man? And wasn't he smearing Navy plays before they even got started?

Captain Freddie Miller, always leading, always working, always fighting, as only he can, was a bulwark on offense and defense. Johnny Colrick, pass snaring demon, comes in for his laurel wreath. But, don't forget the rest of those Fighting Irish. Each one was a cog in the machine; each one deserves all the credit possible.

The Middies gave their best—and lost gamely. But they wore blue jerseys; Notre Dame had to wear another color and Mr. Rockne chose green. If you really wonder why a green jersey should affect men with names like Chevigny, Niemiec, Leppig, Herwit, and the like, come close and we'll whisper the answer in your ears.

They're Irish by association.



John Colrick scores after receiving Niemiec's pass.

Pass, Niemiec to Colrick, Wins Game

By WARREN BROWN

Notre Dame's revamped football team gained enough yards at Soldier Field, to defeat three football teams. They gained enough points to defeat but one, and by a score of 7 to 0. The stand of "Navy Bill" Ingram's Middies before a crowd of 120,000 persons was all in vain.

Only for a few moments, in the gathering darkness of what was a long, drawn-out afternoon, did the Middies have a look-in in that ball game. And even then it required the employment of high-powered glasses to discover that.

From start to finish, Knute Rockne's ramblers outrushed them, outpassed them, and, in the first few minutes of the fourth period, shoved over the touch-down that outscored them.

Casting about for the heroes of the hard fought combat—hard fought and winning for the Irish, harder fought, because it was losing, for the Middies—one strikes upon the names of Johnny Niemiec and John Chevigny.

Niemiec Passes to Colrick

Long after the work of the stalwart linemen and the supporting cast of the backfield is forgotten, the Notre Dame adherents, and their number today was legion, will be talking about the onslaught of those Johnnies, Niemiec and Chevigny.

They cantered off tackles. They slipped around the ends. They, or rather Niemiec, passed, by way variety, and—when all else had failed—he passed by way of a touch-down.

It was his slanting toss over to the left side of his line, just out of the reach of some frantically clutching Midshipmen, that landed in the outstretched paws of Colrick, shortly after the final period had begun.

Carideo Kicks Goal

As Colrick happened to be standing on the right side of the Navy line at that time, there was nothing much to be done about it. It was the touchdown that Notre Dame has awaited all afternoon and the touchdown that 120,000 spectators had just about despaired of ever seeing.

Carideo kicked the goal, just to pick up the

extra point, and the ball game was over, though Navy, fighting to the last, opened up a belated rush that carried the Middies cause down close enough to Notre Dame's goal line to make the Irish following uncomfortable for the first and last time in the afternoon.

Up until this last despairing effort, most of the ground covered by Navy was in the wrong direction. But even at that, they were as close, for all practical purposes, to scoring for three periods as were the Irish, though the latter, with marches of sixty-five and fifty-six yards, one of thirty-two and a pair of twenty-eight yards, were gaining practically all the territory encompassed in the gray walls of Soldier Field.

The twenty-eight yard march, and the last one, at that, was the one that materialized in the touch-down.

Irish Penalized 65 Yards

Some of the early efforts were neutralized by the infliction of penalties, some sixty-five yards of these being charged against the Irish, compared with twenty-five yards of the same irritating decisions against the

Navy. In the course of the competition, Notre Dame rolled up something like 268 yards to Navy's 93, and much of the latter yardage wasn't compiled until after Notre Dame had scored. In fact, in the first half and a goodly portion of the second, Navy was inside Notre Dame territory just twice, and then across the line that marks mid-field.

Coach Rockne, who can always be depended upon to do the unexpected, started what amounts to his first team, and the "shock troops" were conspicuous by their absence.

Only One Fumble In The Game

The lads that started for Notre Dame hung on until they were physically unable to continue, and Chevigny, one of the two heroic figures of the victorious cause, remained on the job until he had to be carried from the field. But before he left, Notre Dame had seven points and Navy had none.

The Lineup

Notre Dame	Navy
Collins	L. E.
Miller (c)	L. E.
Leppig	L. G.
Moynihan	C.
Law	R. G.
Twomey	R. T.
Vezie	R. E.
Brady	Q. B.
Bray	L. H.
Chevigny	H. W.
Dew	Bauer
	Castree
	Clifton

Notre Dame	- - - - -	0
Georgia Tech	- - - - -	13

A real team takes victory modestly and defeat without an alibi. Georgia Tech has a powerful team this year, while Knute Rockne's machine is in a stage of development.

Tech scored in the first five minutes by means of a long pass and then a short one, with Durant doing the pitching and Thomason and Mizell on the receiving end.

These throws brought the ball to the three-yard line, and Mizell took it across for the touchdown. Mizell kicked goal. That ended the scoring 'till two minutes before the close of hostilities, when a Tech man whose name is Father Lumpkin, caught one of Niemiec's passes and sprinted to the Irish three-yard line. He scored on the second play.

The Irish offense was strong, and the Notre Dame backs penetrated the Georgian's 10-yard line twice, only to be thrust back or to have passes grounded in the end zone. The Gold and Blue missed sorely the presence of a plunging full-back.

Not an iota of credit is to be taken from Tech, however, their passing attack was devastating in its power; their line, especially the giant center and

captain, Peter Pund, charged through and dumped secondary consistently.

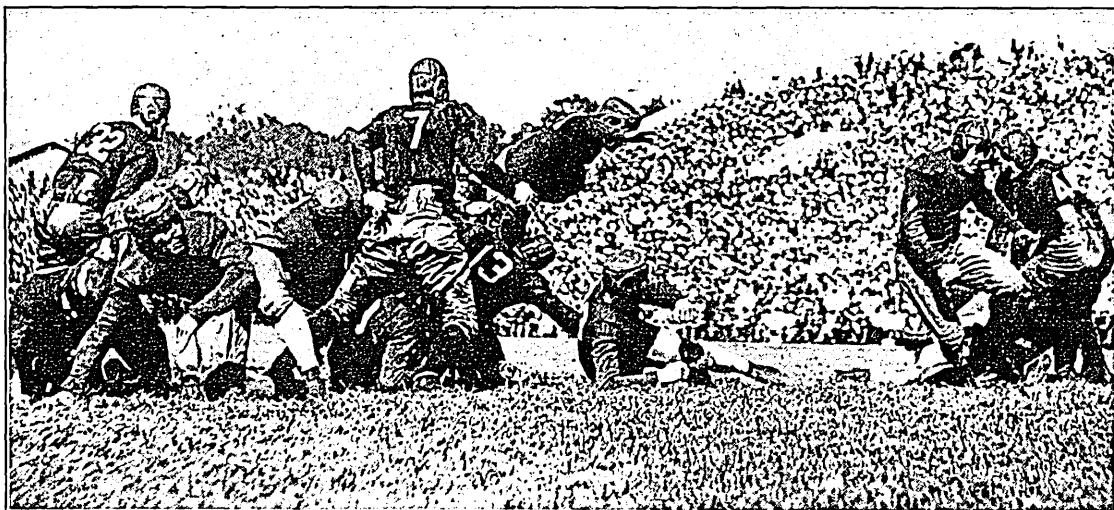
And our Fighting Irish did justice to their name, too; Chevigny and Niemiec played their heads off; Billy Dew gained much yardage; John Colrick snagged several beautiful passes from Niemiec. But it was not our day.

Tech is to be congratulated on her splendid team. Thomason, Mizell and this Father Lumpkin were the main reasons for the victory, Mizell particularly being responsible for some sizeable gains.

And Atlanta was a wild place the night of the game. The Engineers had beaten Notre Dame. But not without a bitter struggle. For Notre Dame, the sometimes beaten, always makes the opposition feel that they have been in some sort of battle.

How did the student body feel about the defeat? Almost to a man, it welcomed home the team with a heartier greeting than would have been given, had we won.

For, win or lose, Notre Dame is behind her teams. And defeat, occasionally, is inevitable.



Mizell stopped by John Law (13).

Georgia Tech's Line Turns Back Notre Dame, 13-0

ATLANTA, GA., Oct. 20—Through a strong offensive that caught Notre Dame napping in the first quarter, and a break, two minutes before the game ended, Georgia Tech realized its great ambition today by defeating Notre Dame, 13 to 0. After six years of trying, a great Tech machine pounced on Rockne's youngsters and came through with a victory as Atlanta went wild.

With a score 6 to 0 against them after the first eight minutes of the game, the Irish fought with everything they had, and threw passes galore in the last half in a frenzied effort to overtake the engineers. It was one of those passes, intercepted by Lumpkin in the last minutes of play, that led to Notre Dame's complete undoing. Lumpkin carried the ball to the Irish three-yard line and after Randolph had plunged for a yard, Lumpkin carried the ball over. Mizell kicked goal.

30,000 See Game

More than 30,000 fans witnessed the game, which was replete with football drama. Time after time, Notre Dame had splendid chances to score, but always the Techs rallied in the shadow of their goal and hurled the Irish back.

The play that beat the Navy almost tied the score in the third quarter, when Niemiec's pass barely escaped Colrick's outstretched hands on the Tech goal line.

Tech's line was responsible for the victory and twice stopped the Irish, with the Tech 10-yard line. The first Tech touchdown came about five minutes after the game got under way. A fumble by Tech gave Notre Dame the ball on its own 45-yard line, Law recovering. But on Notre Dame's first attempt to advance the ball, a low pass from center caused Savoldi to fumble and Holland recovered for Tech.

A long pass from Durant to Mitchell took the ball to the Irish 16-yard line and a second toss, Durant to Thomason, brought the oval to the three-yard line. Randolph plunged for a yard and Mizell went through center on the next play for the touchdown.

Tech Halts Irish Advance

Rockne had started his first string line and second string backs, but he now shot his regular backs into the battle, and at the opening of the second quarter this quartet started an advance that took the ball from the Notre Dame 25-yard line to Tech's five-yard line. Here Tech held and kicked out of danger. Notre Dame missed its second chance when Chevigny fell on the ball on Tech's nine-yard line after Dunlap, kicking from behind his goal, fumbled and battled the ball into the playing field. Niemiec and Chevigny were dropped for losses and two passes failed.

The Notre Dame passing attack was upset by the rushing of the Tech forwards and in the final quarter, Lumpkin intercepted two tosses and Dunlap one.

Niemiec and Colrick were responsible for most of the yardage gained by Notre Dame, though Dew and Chevigny gained heavily on running plays. Drennon, Mizell and Lumpkin were outstanding for Tech. Notre Dame was weakened early in the first period when Johnny Law was carried from the field.

Yeah

I've read about the senate quiz,
Tax reform and election biz,
I peruse the news from Shanghai,
I've interest, too, in wet and dry,
But what puts me in pesky frame
Is the scoring slump of Notre Dame.

Of polar trips I've great concern,
For Mussolini dope I yearn,
I devour the tales of Balkan states,
I dirge crime wave within our gates,
But all of this I'd gladly skip
If Rockne'd find another Gipp.

I followed Eckener and his crew,
Chased Al Smith and Hoover, too,
Dick Byrd's trip gives me a thrill,
I waded through the "Mac-Hagen" bill,
But here's what I would like to see,
Notre Dame, 90; Army, 3. PAUL FOGARTY.

The Lineup

Notre Dame	Georgia Tech
Collins	L. E. Holland
Miller	L. T. Maree
Law	L. G. Westbrook
Moynihan	C. Pund
Leppig	R. G. Drennon
Twomey	R. T. Speer
Vezie	R. E. Wadley
Carideo	Q. B. Durant
Mullin	L. H. Mizell
Montroy	R. H. Thomason
Savoldi	F. B. Randolph

Notre Dame	- - - - -	32
Drake	- - - - -	6

Dusk was descending about the colorful cotillion crowd, when the official in the white golf-trousers banged his toy pistol to indicate that hostilities between Notre Dame and Drake had officially come to an end.

Coach Ossie Solem's, Drake Bulldogs were undefeated before this game, but they were unable to unloose anything to match the strong Notre Dame attack, which functioned so smoothly, mainly because of a boy, named Larry (Moon) Mullins.

Mr. Rockne, had been testing everyone in sight in his effort to find a full-back who could withstand, at the same time the rigors of pounding a hostile line to shreds, and of stopping the efforts of the enemy backs at, or nearly at, the line of scrimmage. And with that marvelous intuition that is peculiar to him, "Rock" called Larry Mullins, who was a half-back, and gave him instructions: "Now, Mullins, when Tim Moynihan passes you the ball, you put your head down and gallop. When the other team has the ball, stay close to the line and help the boys toss the ball carriers backwards." Larry Mullins carried out Coach Rockne's instructions to the letter. He smashed, pivoted and drove his way through the Drake line consistently. Once, when he momentarily fumbled the ball, he reached out and recovered it, while he was in the grasp of a half-dozen Drake tacklers. Needless to say, the search for a full-back who IS a full-back ended today. For Notre Dame has "Moon" Mullins.

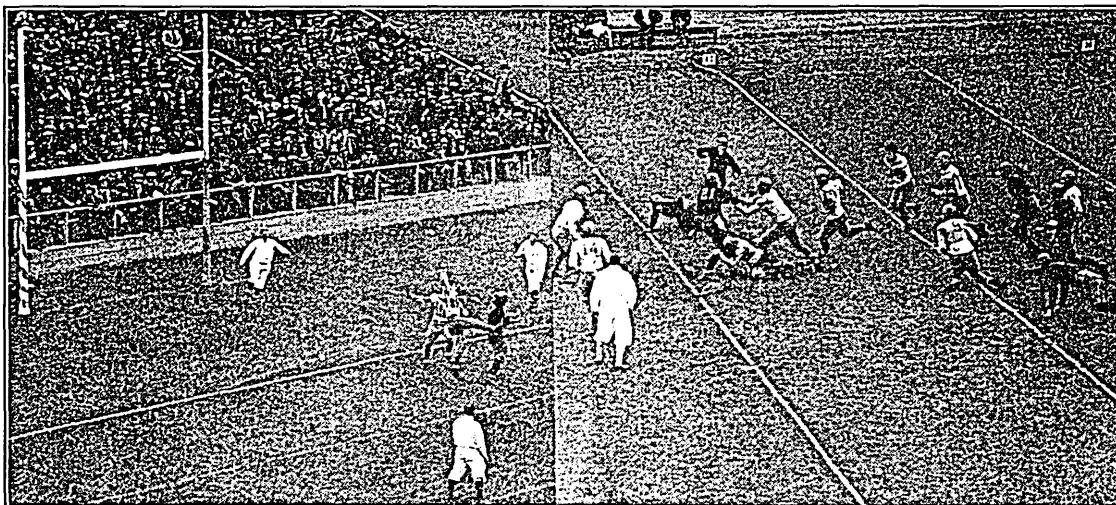
But Notre Dame also has the Niemiec-Colrick combine which was responsible for the first touchdown.

Jack Chevigny smashed through center for a touchdown, just before the close of the half. Frank Carideo crawled through a mass of blue and white jerseys for a third counter.

Then Dinny Shay helped the cause with a tally. Mr. Dinny Shay is a real full-back, too, like Moon Mullins, the only thing against him being his weight. He is a bit light to absorb punishment for a whole game. But he is a mighty valuable man, this "Dinny" Shay.

For the final Notre Dame touchdown, Joe Nash, who plays center, and who is as fast as a half-back, sprinted fifty yards after intercepting one of the passes that King was tossing about the premises. Nash had dropped back to help catch some of those throws, after King had completed a beautiful pass to Seiberling who eluded the Irish safety man for the lone Drake score. It was the most spectacular play of the game. If Larry Mullins and Dinny Shay became incapacitated, we should suggest Joe Nash at full-back. He behaves like one when he gets a chance.

The Irish line worked with the back-field and gaping holes were usually opened for the Notre Dame backs to crash through. And the lad who was crashing through most of the time was Larry Mullins the converted half-back.



(Left) Colrick receiving pass for touchdown.

(Right) The Bulldogs are having quite a time dowing Mullins.

Mullins Flashes Great Form for Fighting Irish

By HARRY MACNAMARA

NOTRE DAME, IND., Oct. 27—Knuie K. Rockne's battered Notre Dame warriors recovered their football poise, sense of direction and deception long enough today to crush Drake University's heretofore undefeated Bulldogs, 32 to 6.

The Irish have not been defeated on their own historical battleground, Cartier Field, for thirteen years and the startling reversal of form uncorked by Mr. Rockne's charges enable them to uphold this football tradition.

Notre Dame, beaten by Wisconsin, held to a 7 to 0 score by a mediocre Navy team and vanquished by Georgia Tech, came out of its coma with vengeance against Drake, a team that came here keyed to the limit and expecting to win.

Mullins In Stellar Role

The Bulldogs played good football against Notre Dame, but the fire and the spirit of the great Irish teams of the past were burning in the hearts of Rockne's crippled but inspired army, and it would not be denied.

Larry Mullins, a rip-roaring sophomore youngster from Pasadena, Cal., contributed more individually to the recovery of Notre Dame's football poise, direction and deception than any one else.

This young man started his game at fullback, and his ability to play that position as it should be played gave Notre Dame the co-ordination that has been lacking in its previous games and which is so vital in its success.

Mullins, a lanky fellow with hands like hams, ruined Drake! His smashing, battering-ram assault kept the Bulldogs on the defense almost from the start. It was seldom that he failed to advance and his gains varied from one to twenty yards. What a fullback this fellow is.

Ball In Drake Territory

Mullins kept the ball in Drake territory throughout most of the first period. Once, Notre Dame had the ball on Drake's three-yard line, but a penalty and the failure of the line forwards to hold cost a golden scoring opportunity, Brady being dumped for a five-yard loss on the fourth down.

Mullins got started again in the second period from his own 20-yard line. His personally conducted slashes through the line mixed with an occasional pass, swept the ball down the field and over the goal line, eighty yards away for Notre Dame's first touchdown, a 13-yard pass, tossed by Johnny Niemiec and received by Colrick produced the score, but Mullins battering at the line had caused the Drake secondary defense to move in, in an effort to stop his march, and the completion of the pass was a simple matter. Niemiec kicked goal from placement.

Twomey recovered Von Koten's fumble on Drake's 47-yard line shortly afterwards to give Notre Dame a break and Mullins a chance to resume smashing again.

Niemiec Kicks Goal

Three thrusts at the line netted a first down and Niemiec and Chevigny managed to help keep the ball moving in the direction of Drake goal until it rested on the enemy 10-yard line. Chevigny busted through his left tackle for the score and Niemiec kicked the goal.

Mullins kept right on pounding away at the Drake line in the third period. Eventually Capt. Miller recovered Barnes' fumble on the Drake 11-yard line. Chevigny got six yards on his first attempt, a wide end run, and Mr. Mullins drove through center to the 6-inch line on the next play.

Carideo who had replaced Brady at quarterback, sneaked through guard for the score.

Pass Gives Drake Score

Mullins, Chevigny, Niemiec and the rest of the Notre Dame regulars were yanked out of there by Mr. Rockne a little later, and the shock troopers were given a chance to show what they could do.

They did well enough at that, in the final period, which saw them score two more touchdowns while Drake was scoring one, its only one.

King flipped a 25-yard pass to Seiberling from Drake's 20-yard line and the big Bulldog fullback outsprinted the Irish secondary defense to put over the enemy touchdown.

The pass was good for an advancement of eighty yards, a spectacular but desperate piece of business.

The Lineup

Notre Dame	Drake
Collins	L. E. Delmedge
Miller	L. T. Shearer
Leppig	L. G. Jones
Moynihan	C. Don Carlos
Law	R. G. Graustra
McGrath	R. T. Holliday
Vezie	R. E. Wensel
Brady	Q. B. King
Niemiec	L. H. Barnes
Chevigny	R. H. Nesbitt
Mullins	F. B. Seiberling

Notre Dame	- - - - -	9
Penn State	- - - - -	0

"The fellow with the Iron Mitt," is what they are calling him. Ordinarily his name is Fred Collins, but he is *no* ordinary football player. They taped and bandaged his wrist 'till it appeared as if he might be concealing a length of iron pipe under his jersey. Then Mr. Rockne sent him and ten other fighting Irishmen loose against a hungry Nittany Lion. The lion was no match for the Irish.

The score does not indicate the superiority of the Rockne clan; Penn State was badly outplayed, and with the exception of a few times, when a fellow named French got loose, the Notre Dame goal was never in danger.

The first points came after a sustained march down the field by Messrs. Niemiec, Chevigny and Collins. When the Penn State goal was only a few feet away, Frank Carideo crawled through for the touchdown. John Niemiec obliged with a placement kick for the extra point. The other

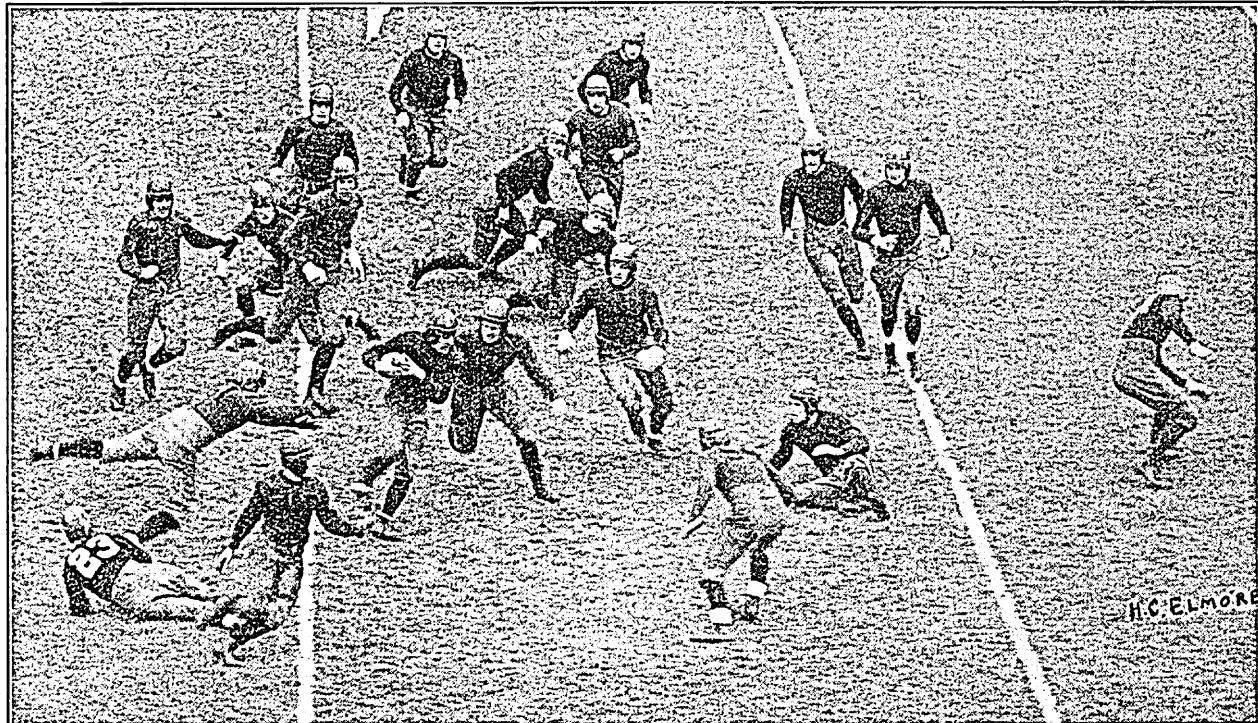
points came in the fourth period when John Colrick tackled Miller of Penn State behind the Quaker goal for a safety.

The return of Fred Collins to the line-up improved greatly the Notre Dame attack. "The two Johnnies"—Chevigny and Niemiec, sliced through the tackles and around the ends for repeated gains.

Notre Dame seemed at this point of the season, to be at last hitting her stride. For the first time since the Loyola game, Coach Rockne was able to master his full strength.

The play of Eddie Collins at left end was spectacular. Once he crashed through and embarrassed Mr. French by nailing him twenty yards behind the line of scrimmage. On the next play, he recovered a fumble. It does appear as though these Collins boys, Fred and Ed, although not related, are of some importance to Mr. Rockne's machine.

Now, bring on the Army!



John Niemiec through tackle.

Notre Dame Hangs 9 to 0 Defeat on Penn State Team

40,000 See Victors Land 18 First Downs to 3 by Nittany Lions
By Gus STEIGER

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3—The Irish are coming! What may have been a more or less puny Notre Dame early-season attack is now a smooth-functioning, powerful unit which today struck terror and desolation into a supposedly up-and-coming Penn State team on the neutral battle ground of Franklin Field.

The score, 9 to 0, a touchdown by Carideo, the resulting point by Niemiec and a safety, does not tell the story. A crowd of 40,000 looked on in amazement while the two big tape and liniment men of Notre Dame, Fred Collins and Niemiec, aided by Chevigny, tore through the Lion line for big gains, while the Bezdek running attack was halted at the line of scrimmage and the supposedly capable aerial offense was shattered to bits.

Notre Dame Line Superb

Working beautifully with their backfield was the Rockne line. The Irish's first line opened up big holes for their backs to travel through, and let it be said those Irish backs took full advantage of their opportunities. They ran with a reckless abandon that would not be downed by merely one tackler.

Only once did Penn State threaten. Only once did the Keystone Staters have a chance to get warmed up over their team. This was early in the second period, when young Cooper French, substitute quarter-back, by a personally conducted tour carried the pigskin to the Irish ten-yard line.

From his six-yard line, where State had taken the ball on downs, he slid off tackle, got free and sprinted to mid-field, where he was brought down. Again he was off and dashed forty yards, but that was all. With those two runs State was through for the day.

The touchdown came right at the start of the game. Notre Dame took the kick-off and went straight down the field for a touchdown. There was no halting them. State's line was taken by the Irish double passes and fake double passes behind the line of scrimmage.

The Irish lacked a scoring punch thereafter, although on two occasions, in the second period, they were in the shadow of the enemy goal posts. To start the last half, Notre Dame gave a sluggish exhibition, but got going again in the fourth period when the play was entirely in State territory.

It wasn't necessary for the Irish to go into the air to any extent, so successful was their running game. But what passing offense they did use was of no account. Nine times the Irish backs threw the ball, only one of which was completed, State was even less successful in the air, none of its nine heavies being completed.

The anticipated attendance of 65,000 fell short of this mark due to the heavy rain which fell throughout the morning and in the early afternoon.

Notre Dame Gets Busy

Chevigny took the opening kick and brought it back to his 27-yard line. Then the ambulance boys from the West swung into action, tallied five first downs and shoved over Carideo, who had relieved Brady, who was hurt, for the score. Niemiec, Chevigny and Collins alternated in carrying the oval.

The Irish got a big break when State held on their ten-yard line, but the Lions were offside and the Rockne team was given a first down on the five-yard line. Niemiec swung wide and went to the one-foot mark from where Carideo plunged over. Niemiec made the extra point on a placement kick.

Twice in the second period the Irish were knocking at the Lion goal only to be thwarted. With one yard to go to make first down at the six-yard line, the State line rose up to hurl back Niemiec and take the ball.

Later, Ed Collins grabbed a French fumble on the Lions' 27-yard line. They carried the ball to the 14-yard line, when State interfered with a Rockne receiver on a pass, but relinquished title to the oval on the 11-yard mark.

The Army Next

Notre Dame	Penn State
Collins	L. E. Delph
Miller	L. T. Shawley
Leppig	L. G. Zorella
Moynihan	C. Eschbach
Law	R. G. Martin
Twomey	R. T. Panaccion
Vezie	R. E. Edwards
Brady	Q. B. Miller
Niemiec	L. H. Diederick
Chevigny	R. H. Wolf
Collins	F. B. Hamas

Army Game Spirit

"Army Pities Notre Dame!"

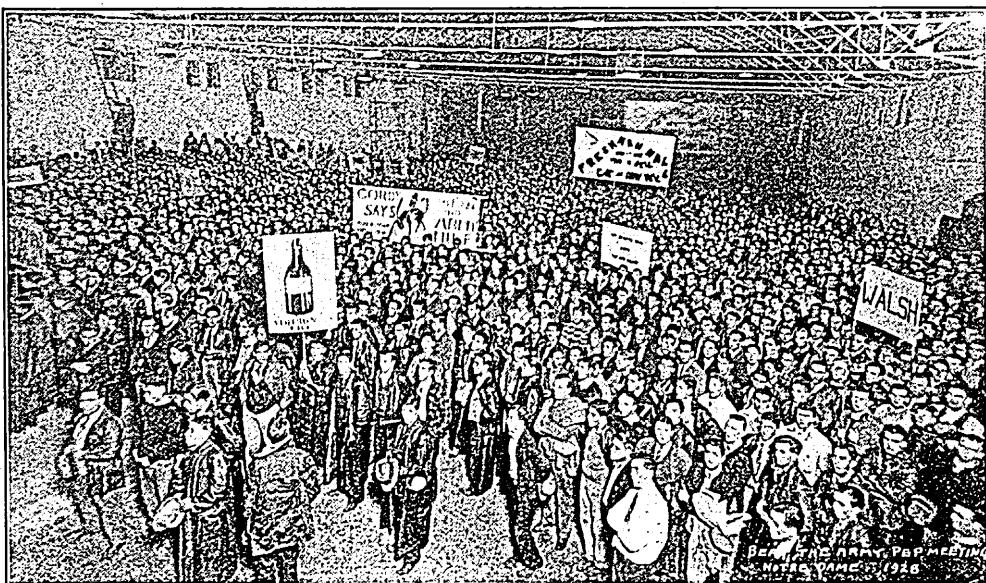
A shot in the Revolutionary War may have been heard 'round the world, but the cry of "Army Pities Notre Dame," was more than heard around the Notre Dame campus. First seen in a newspaper article voicing the attitude of the Army coaches about the game, the cry was taken up and challenged mightily. The campus was aflame with torch-flares, and the cold autumn night was filled with the war cries of three thousand aroused students. There were pep meetings every night, the week before the game. The entire school was aflame with the fires of victory. The residence halls vied with each other in taking up the challenge of the haughty Army. It was the greatest show of enthusiasm ever seen at Notre Dame.

When the team left for the East, the student body to a man, wished them "good luck," and sent them away with the cry of "Beat Army," ringing in their ears.

Then came Saturday morning. Two thousand Notre Dame men knelt in Sacred Heart Church and prayed that, God willing, the Army would be humbled. Father Hugh O'Donnell, remembering other years—paid the highest tribute possible to the men of Notre Dame—by telling them that it was undoubtedly the greatest show of real Notre Dame spirit he had ever seen.

Saturday afternoon, the Fighting Irish, rose to great heights and humbled a powerful Army team. Sunday night, five thousand people welcomed back the triumphant Irish.

Army, you may well fear Notre Dame, and fight against Notre Dame, and try with all your might to humble the Fighting Irish—but never again "pity Notre Dame." For Notre Dame will never be pitied. Not even by the greatest Army team in history. And the same Notre Dame spirit that guided George Gipp in his immortal, victorious attacks against the Cadets, inspired the Fighting Irish of 1928 to—Beat the Army.



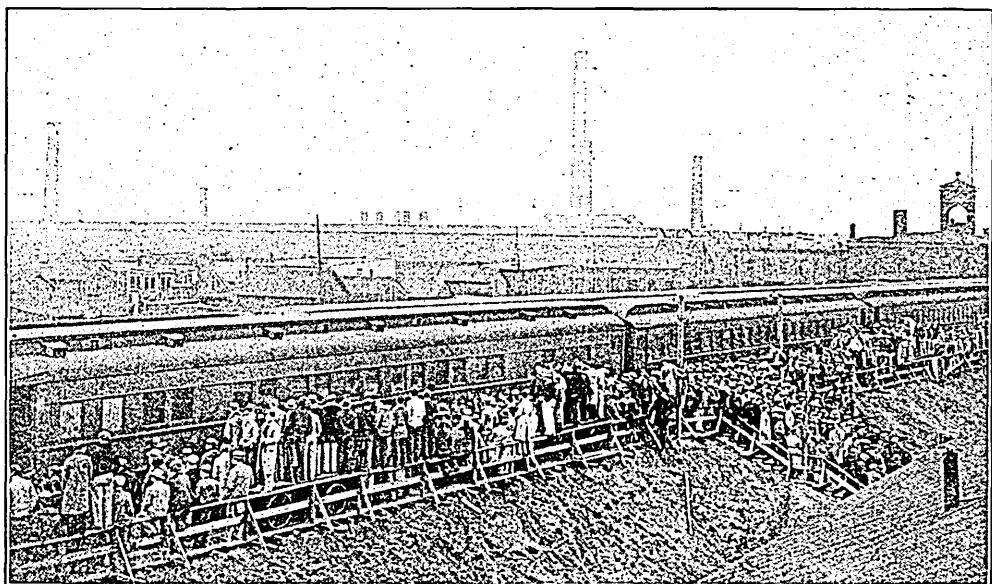
The Pep Meeting in the Gym.



Beat the Army!



Fred Collins



The Send-off.

Notre Dame	- - - - -	12
Army	- - - - -	6

Wall Street was betting two to one on Army. Press dispatches said that "Army pities Notre Dame." The terrible "Red Christian" Cagle was primed and ready to trample the Notre Dame forwards and out-run the Notre Dame secondary. The game was "in the bag" for the Corps.

Neither Wall Street nor the press nor the Cadets knew that the Notre Dame campus had been aflame with torches and flares. They didn't know that three thousand Notre Dame men were as one in their cries of "Beat Army." They didn't know that the super coach, Knute K. Rockne, was bringing a band of grim young stalwarts eastward with the fire of victory in their eyes. They forgot that Notre Dame is always an unflinching, driving, fighting foe. Army will never again pity Notre Dame.

It was a glorious, glorious victory. The Army forwards were more than out-played; they were so badly bruised by the terrific, driving, Notre Dame offensive that almost the entire line had to

be replaced before the game was over. The "Red Christian" was bottled up completely, except for a few minutes in the final quarter. It was only after Johnny O'Brien had made himself famous by falling over the goal with the ball after receiving a pass from Frank Carideo, that Cagle, was able to get away. He ran like a demon, over the white chalk-marks to the shadow of the Notre Dame goal. But he too succumbed to the power of exhaustion. To say the least, he had not had a pleasant afternoon, and dejectedly and wearily, the great red-head trudged from the field. A minute later, the game was over. The fans who filled the great Yankee stadium cheered like madmen—for Cagle—for Jack Chevigny—for Johnny O'Brien—for John Niemiec—for Fred Collins—and for Fred Miller. It had been a great game and a greater victory. The Army mule had been thoroughly licked—the Fighting Irish and a squat, bald-headed, ruddy-faced genius whose name is Rockne—had triumphed.



Johnny O'Brien crosses the Army goal for winning touchdown.

Army Crushed By Irish Drive

By ALAN J. GOULD
Associated Press Sports Editor

YANKEE STADIUM, NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—They may not call them the Four Horsemen this year, but the roaming riders of Notre Dame, playing with all the dash and skill of their famous predecessors, dealt death and destruction today to the championship hopes of the vaunted West Point eleven.

In one of the most thrilling and dramatic finishes any gridiron grapple has witnessed this season, the Hoosiers uncorked a smashing attack that beat the Cadets, 12 to 6, in a sensational upset.

One of the greatest crowds in eastern football history, a jam of 86,000 spectators, roared from the vast stretches of the big ball park as Knute Rockne's warriors outplayed, outfought, and outgeneraled the soldiers in unexpectedly decisive fashion.

Notre Dame won the game with a spectacular 45-yard forward pass, thrown by Johnny Niemiec to Jack O'Brien in a desperate thrust at the Army goal in the final quarter but it took all the defensive ability of the Hoosiers, as well as the final whistle to prevent the Cadets from tying the score in the last minute of play.

Cagle Caps Climax

The thrills that were packed into the last half came to a climax as Red Cagle, the Army's great ball-carrying ace, raced 55 yards up the field from kick-off, then swirled around end to the Hoosier 10-yard line. Here the famous redhead, who had engineered Army's first and only score, was withdrawn and the best his successor, Hutchinson, could do was work his way to the one-yard line before the game ended.

Close as the Cadets came to making it a draw, they, nevertheless, taking the game as a whole, were outplayed by a wide margin, to the confusion of critics and astonishment of most of the crowd. Rockne's Ramblers, rising to the greatest heights they have reached this season, got the jump on the soldiers from the start, kept them on the defensive throughout the scoreless first half and displayed an attack that was superior in nearly every department.

Cagle was the one bright star in the otherwise full eclipse of this powerful Army array as it was

repeatedly battered back, and Cagle, while he had comparatively few chances to get loose, flashed across the gridiron brilliantly enough to demonstrate his all-American ability.

Cagle Couldn't Do it All

It was Cagle, with a 20-yard dash off tackle and a sensational 41-yard pass thrown to Messinger, that paved the way for Johnny Murrel to plunge over for the first touchdown of the game in the third period. It was Cagle who repeatedly brought down Hoosier ball-carriers after they had punctured the wobbling Cadet line.

But the Red couldn't do it all by himself. The Hoosiers had too much punch and drive for the Cadets to stop consistently. They came back, after Army had scored, with a smashing 37-yard march, begun after being benefitted by a 15-yard penalty, that culminated in the tying touchdown in the third quarter. Jack Chevigny took the ball over on fourth down from the one-yard line after three rushes had been stopped.

It was a similar crisis, fourth down and, this time, 25 yards to go, when Notre Dame scored its

second and deciding touchdown in the fourth period. The Hoosiers had driven to the Cadet 16-yard mark, but Jack Chevigny, plunging half-back, fumbled a bad pass and had to be carried from the field after the scramble in which he recovered it for a 16-yard loss. Making a desperate gamble, Niemiec dropped back to his 45-yard line and hurled the ball toward the goal line, and a racing substitute end, Jack O'Brien, leaped high just as he reached the goal line, juggled the pigskin for a moment, then clutching it firmly as he plunged across the last chalk mark with a swarm of Army tacklers on him.

Army Line is Outplayed

The Army forward wall that had withstood all previous shocks in helping to pile up six straight victories was consistently outcharged and outplayed by the scrappy Hoosier line. Chevigny, Niemiec and Fred Collins, plunging full-back, repeatedly whirled and dashed through gaping holes for substantial gains.

The Lineup

Notre Dame	Army
E. Collins	L. E. Carlmark
Twomey	L. T. Sprague
Law	L. G. Hammack
Moynihan	C. Hall
Leppig	R. G. Humbert
Miller	R. T. Perry
Vezie	R. E. Messinger
Brady	Q. B. Nave
Niemiec	R. H. O'Keefe
Chevigny	L. H. Cagle
F. Collins	F. B. Murrell

Notre Dame - - - - - 7 Carnegie Tech - - - - - 27

Some said the field was too treacherous for the smooth functioning of the Notre Dame attack. Others claimed that the Army game sapped the strength of the Fightin' Irish. Still others said that it was Carnegie's weight advantage that caused the first Notre Dame defeat on Cartier Field in twenty-three years.

The truth of the matter is this. The Skibos had a heavy, fast team. Their plays, some of them almost as old as the game itself, were executed with deception and speed. John Karcis, the 230-pound full-back was a defensive and offensive "wiz." Harpster, Letzelter, Sweet—all veterans of other years outdid themselves.

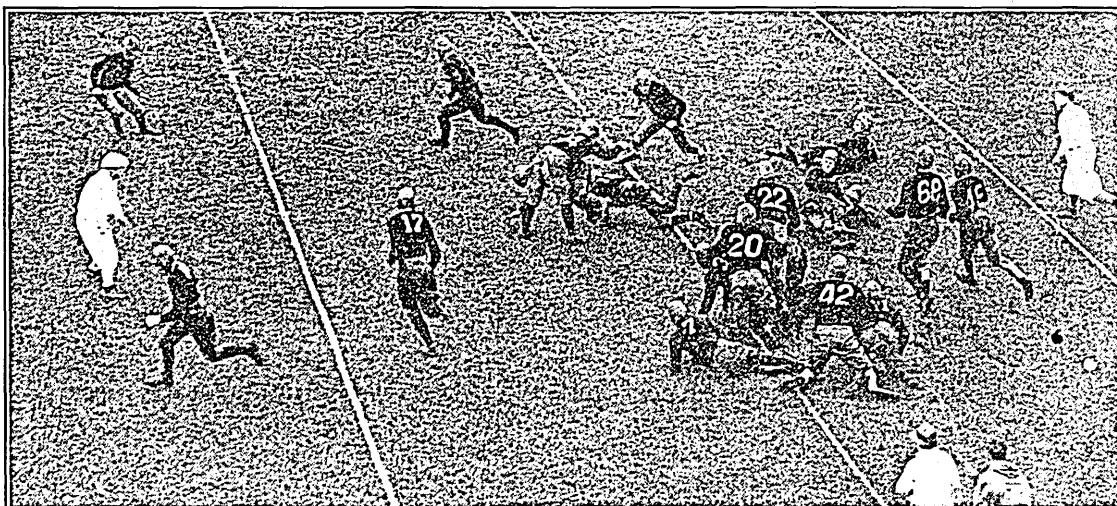
Is there any great wonder that such a team was able to outscore a team which had risen above itself a week before to conquer a haughty Army juggernaut?

There should be nothing but admiration for Rockne's Fighting Irish. The Skibos swept down

like wolves and had two touchdowns within six minutes after the start of the game. When Rock's men got going, they outplayed the Kilties for two quarters. During the third quarter, and again in the fourth period, when Jack Elder sprinted sixty-five yards on a lateral pass play, the Notre Dame attack had the Skibos at their wits' end. But they braced—and won.

Of course it is a sad thing for the sentimentalists—for the Irish to be beaten on Cartier Field. And yet, it had to come some time. It took a great team to beat Notre Dame; the team fought; Fred Miller fought; so did Chevigny, and Johnny Niemiec—till he had to be carried off. They all fought—every one of Rockne's men. They have nothing to regret. A cheer for a great Carnegie Team.

But our hearts are with our fellows. They gave all they had—and lost gamely. Rock is proud of them, and so are we all.



Karcis (bent over) stops Niemiec without laying a hand on him.

Carnegie Upsets Notre Dame Tradition

Wins, 27 to 7

By ARCH WARD
Chicago Tribune Press Service

NOTRE DAME, IND., Nov. 17—Never did a football team fight harder than Notre Dame on the mud and water of Cartier Field today. But all the fight and all the courage the Irish could develop was inadequate and they went down in defeat before a big, powerful team from Carnegie, 27 to 7.

The Scotch from Carnegie made history in their victory over the Irish. They are the first to defeat Notre Dame on its home field in 23 years. This is the first Rockne coached eleven that ever has been on the losing end three times in one season.

Game Settled at Once

Notre Dame, apparently suffering from anti-climaxities, following its victory over the Army, found out early in the first quarter that Carnegie was every bit as good as the scouts had reported. Notre Dame kicked off to Carnegie's 30-yard line and after two line plays, failed. Harpster flipped a pass to Rosenzweig who raced down the right side of the field to Notre Dame's 21-yard line where he was downed. The play was timed perfectly, Rosenzweig, playing left, cut across behind the Notre Dame line, outsped the Irish secondary and caught the ball at his finger tips. On the next play Letzelter crashed off left tackle for a touchdown. Harpster's kick was low.

Even this whirlwind attack caused no consternation in the Notre Dame stands. But the situation became serious a moment later when Eyth of Carnegie intercepted Niemiec's long pass on Notre Dame's 38-yard strip. Eyth and Karcis made it first down on the 21-yard line and again the Scotch were hammering at the Irish goal.

Capt. Miller of Notre Dame stopped Karcis but on the next play Letzelter raced to the five-yard line. Karcis crashed to the one-yard mark and on the next play Harpster scored. He also kicked goal and it was Carnegie, 13; Notre Dame, 0.

End Around Scores Again

The first quarter was hardly over before Steffen's

men again were menacing Notre Dame's goal. The goalward march started when Harpster caught a punt on his 28-yard line. It didn't end until Rosenzweig planted the ball behind the line for a touchdown. It was an end 'round play with Rosenzweig carrying the ball that brought the score. That play had been fooling the Irish all the way. Harpster kicked goal and when the teams left the field for the half, Carnegie was out in front, 20 to 0.

That score would have discouraged almost any band of athletes. But not Notre Dame. The team's indomitable fighting spirit made it appear for a moment in the third quarter like it might come back.

Moon Mullins, a substitute half-back, on the third play of the third quarter, scooped up the ball which Karcis had let slip from his hands and sped 10 yards to the goal. Niemiec kicked the extra point.

Mullins, a moment later, fell on another fumble and Notre Dame started a march down field that seemed to have continuity. It ended on the 25-yard line in a vain attempt to score through the air.

Carnegie Scores Again

Carnegie's final touchdown was the result of a wide pass, Harpster to Letzelter, that caught Rockne's men napping. Letzelter had a clear field in his 23-yard sprint to the goal.

Elder, sprinter, who replaced Bray in the Notre Dame lineup, added a final thrill by breaking away for a 65-yard run shortly before the game ended. Johnny O'Brien, who caught the pass that beat the Army, was rushed into the battle in time to snare a toss that put the ball on Carnegie's 2-yard line.

Here it was that Carnegie showed its defensive strength. Reilly fumbled and recovered. Elder was held for no gains. An attempted pass was knocked down and Notre Dame's last chance to score ended when a pass sailed straight into the arms of Harpster, who downed it behind the goal line for a touchback.

Irish Gloom

<i>Notre Dame</i>	<i>Carnegie</i>
Colrick	L. E. Rosenzweig
Miller	L. T. Schmidt
Leppig	L. G. Lovewell
Moynihan	C. Mielzener
Law	R. G. Dreshar
Twomey	R. T. Highberger
Vezie	R. E. Sweet
Brady	Q. B. Harpster
Niemiec	L. H. Eyth
Chevigny	R. H. Letzelter
Collins	F. B. Karcis

Notre Dame - - - - 14 Southern California - - - 27

Fighting Irish. That's what they are. And they look just as great in defeat as they do in victory.

Although the powerful Trojan team was able to outscore the scrappy Notre Dame squad, they'll never forget the great stand made by Rockne's men. A heavier and more powerful team than the Blue and Gold, Coach Howard Jones' aggregation had to give everything it had to finally eke out a victory.

Twice the Irish line held for downs within the two-yard line. And during that second half, with twenty points rolled up against them, the Rockmen launched a desperate drive that shattered the Trojan dream of a one-sided, decisive defeat, and made them thankful for their victory.

It was a bitter, unflinching battle every inch of the way. The vicious play made injuries frequent and several men on both teams had to be carried from the field.

And although there is nothing but praise for the great team of Trojan warriors, the courage and splendid spirit displayed by the Fighting Irish

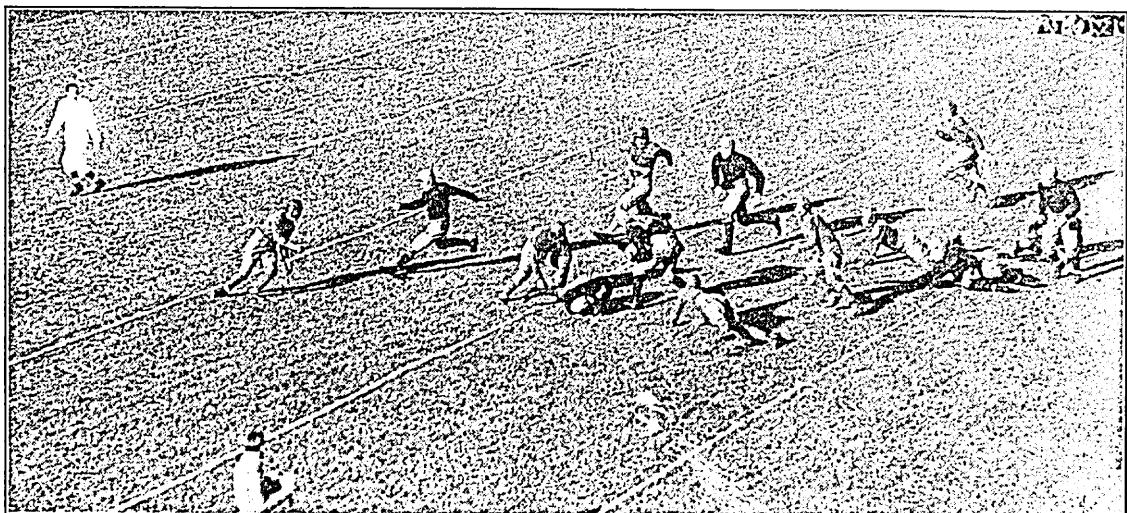
made them as glorious in defeat as they would have been in victory.

Although outscored, not once was Notre Dame outgamed or outfought. For these reasons and because after all, a Notre Dame team is a Notre Dame team, we feel proud indeed of Capt. Fred Miller and his courageous, splendid team.

For U. S. C. Don Williams and Russ Saunders were the luminaries. It was this duo that carried the ball sixty-seven yards for the first Trojan touchdown, and it was their splendid play throughout the game that kept U. S. C. on top.

For the Fighting Irish, every man in the game battled to exhaustion. They all fought 'till they could no longer stand. Niemiec, Chevigny, Tim Moynihan, all acquitted themselves nobly, even defeat.

Thus closed the 1928 season, spotted by four defeats at the hands of four of the greatest teams in the nation. The record of Rockne's fighting team is one of which all Notre Dame men are proud, for though they went down in glorious defeat, they kept high, the traditions of Notre Dame.



Fred Collins seems to be doubled-up, after making a 15-yard gain.

Trojans Battle Way Through Fighting Rockne Team to Win

By GEORGE SHAFFER
Chicago Tribune Press Service

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Dec. 1—A Notre Dame team that was gallant, resolute, tricky and alert collided with a University of Southern California team that was just as gallant, resolute, alert, and that was a bit more tricky and powerful, and the result goes into football history as a 27 to 14 victory for the team from the far west.

It was a game that no Notre Dame rooter, keyed to the recollection of two past one-point victories over strong U. S. C. teams, need feel apologetic over losing. Two indomitable stands, with their own goal posts at their very heels, one of which turned back U. S. C. four times on the two-yard strip, tells the story of a team which was a glorious fighter even if it did not share in the victory.

Dreams Come True

For Southern California, the game was everything in the way of football dreams come true.

The victors cruised all over the field gaining yardage with an attack which mixed power and deception. Southern California scored for the first time in the closing minute of the first period. Russ Saunders, full-back, plunged three yards over the center of the line. His scoring buck crowned a 67-yard march up the field on straight football, in which Saunders carried the ball five times for a total of 34 yards and Williams lugged the oval seven times for 37 yards.

Trojans Score Second Touchdown

Early in the second period U. S. C. put over a second touchdown. This was on a pass from Don Williams to Marger Aspit, after Notre Dame had stopped one series of line plays on its four-yard line, but could not restrain U. S. C. from rushing back up a second time. But when Notre Dame's line became ironclad, Williams arched a basketball lob to Aspit on the two-yard line, and Jack Chevigny was just out of reach where he might have prevented Aspit from lazily stepping across the goal.

The third Trojan touchdown was carried across by Tony Steponovich just two plays after Aspit

scored. U. S. C. kicked off and a Notre Dame play located the ball on Notre Dame's 28-yard line. Moon Mullins at full-back tried a forward pass, but Steponovich, Howard Jones' running guard, tore in and batted the ball in the air. He juggled it frantically in an effort to hold onto the pigskin, which finally decided to nestle in his arms, and Steponovich romped 18 yards to the goal, with his intercepted pass. Hibbs place-kicked his second successive goal, after missing the first.

The second half was a different story as far as scoring was concerned. Notre Dame played sensational football in spurts. They outscored U. S. C. by two touchdowns to one. Sparkling individual play electrified the stands as one after another of the players of both teams were carried off the field hors de combat.

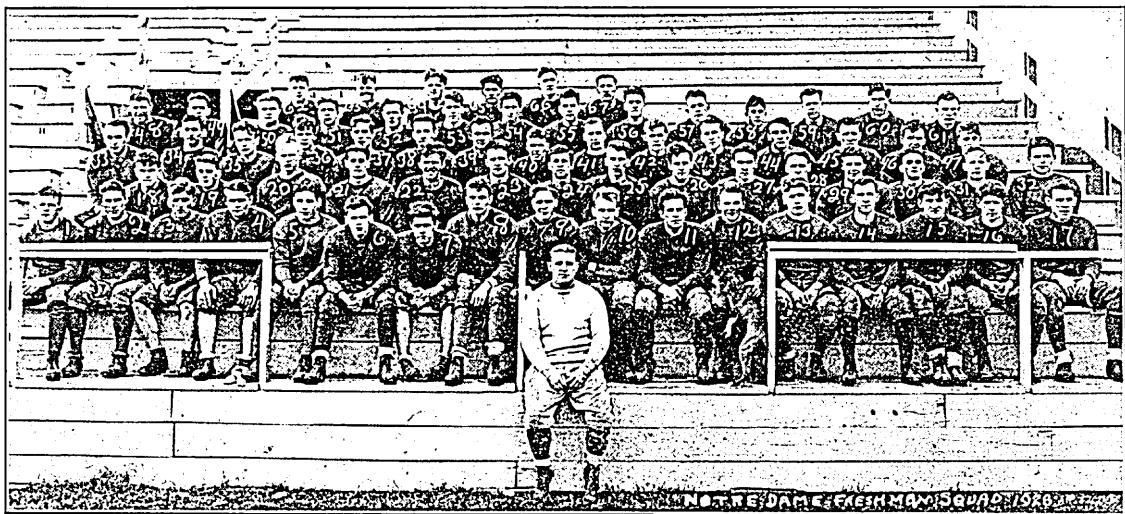
Jack Chevigny, a fast-running 165-pounder dug his cleats into the turf for dashes that made Coach Jones and the Trojans' stands feel insecure in spite of the 20-point margin. In mid-field, after two fruitless invasions of Southern California's 30-yard territory,

little Chevigny took the ball on a fake reverse and sped right through the field 51 yards to a touchdown. It was a great display. The stands had waited for just such a display of the unusual by one of Rockne's blue-jerseyed horde and Chevigny gave them a thrill every step.

After several exchanges of the ball near mid-field, Frank Carideo took a punt and returned it fifty yards from his own 25-yard line to the U. S. C. 25-yard strip. A little fellow named Albert Gebert went in for Carideo at quarter-back. Half-back Elder and full-back Mullins wrestled and banged their way to the five-yard mark, aided by a five-yard penalty for off-side imposed against the Trojans. Nearly everybody on the South Bend team had a try at the touchdown opportunity, and on a fourth down Gebert, who is a slight fellow, evidently proved too small for the burly U. S. C. forwards to grab, and he slipped through the center of the line for a touchdown.

Revenge Is Sweet

U. S. C.	Notre Dame
McCaslin	L. E. E. Collins
Hibbs (C)	L. T. Miller (C)
Steponovich	L. G. Leppig
Barringer	C. Moynihan
Galloway	R. G. Law
Anthony	R. T. Twomey
Tappaan	R. E. Vezie
Williams	Q. B. Carrideo
Thomas	L. H. Niemiec
Aspit	R. H. Chevigny
Saunder	F. B. F. Collins



1—MORRISSEY	18—CAVAN	35—BONESACK	52—ARMOUR
2—SCHWARTZ	19—COHEN	36—MILLER	53—RILEY
3—ILOE	20—DE RUSSIO	37—WISE	54—CAHILL
4—MATHEWS	21—O'CONNELL	38—COVINGTON	55—HODGKINS
5—MALLOY	22—STRAND	39—SEIDEL	56—CARMODY
6—CULLAN	23—CARROLL	40—WALSH	57—BRADLEY
7—CONLEY	24—KOKEN	41—BURICK	58—FOLEY
8—BLIND	25—J. MACKEY	42—HALAHAN	59—CAVANAUGH
9—SVETI	26—KELLY	43—KRAMER	60—MCNAMARA
10—STRIIB	27—MURPHY	44—CRANDELL	61—P. MACKEY
11—STANLEY	28—ANDRESS	45—CONNORS	62—MALONEY
12—KAPLAN	29—SMITH	46—WOODS	63—FLYNN
13—CAPTER	30—COOGAN	47—HOFF	64—VAN ROY
14—KEENEY	31—BLOEMER	48—BRILL	65—MAHONEY
15—LAGURA	32—HILTON	49—MURPHY	66—CONNERTON
16—KELLY	33—ROGERS	50—TIERNEY	67—SHEEKESKI
17—AMELING	34—ZOSS	51—NEWLAND	

Freshman Football

Throughout many a long, weary, autumn afternoon, a squad of green-jerseyed athletes went through their paces on Cartier Field—contributing their bit toward the making of the great varsity eleven which represented Notre Dame on the gridiron this fall. Forever striving to check the varsity's onslaught in scrimmage, charging valiantly against a mighty blue wall, running the gauntlet through lanes of determined varsity tacklers—that is the lot of the freshmen football player.

The famous phrase, "To the victor belongs the spoils," coined by a certain distinguished Tennessee gentleman, never bore greater significance than it does in the case of freshman football. Whatever honors are won in victory; whatever plaudits are merited in glorious defeat; whatever distinctions are achieved in the national acclaim of sports

critics—these are bestowed upon the varsity, reflected of course, to a minor extent, upon the Reserves. But no one ever thinks of giving the freshmen credit for their contribution to the big team's success. Nobody, except those intimately connected with Notre Dame football, ever seems to appreciate the fact that the freshman team constitutes an important cog in the university's football machinery.

To serve as cannon-fodder, day after day, for heavier, more experienced varsity teams; to forget old plays and learn new ones with the advent of each additional enemy on the varsity's schedule, that is the lot of the freshman. And in general, to suffer the abuse and scorn which are the lot of every freshman who ever ripens into a genuine upper classman—these are ordeals which only those who have experienced them can fully understand.

But the men in green do all those things for a purpose. They realize that no outstanding feat which they individually may perform ever fails to escape the attention of their supreme coach, Rockne. Many an athlete earned his monogram indirectly during his freshman year.

But the ideals which guide the average freshman player are not alone subjective. He realizes that he is rendering material assistance in the building up of great Notre Dame elevens. He knows that the very men who knock him about daily make up *his* team, that their victories are his victories; and for this purpose, he is willing to exert his greatest efforts in order to help produce a super varsity.

Early in September a small army of some two or three hundred ambitious yearlings responded to Coach Poliskey's call for candidates. By a gradual process of elimination, the multitude was reduced to the neighborhood of forty players, and approximately this number will receive their well-earned reward in the form of the coveted "1932" numerals, blazing forth upon their manly chests. Poliskey encountered considerable difficulty in arranging the various individuals of the mob of candidates according to their athletic talents. As usual, a large number of high school stars, prep school captains, and others of the scintillating species were represented, most of whom had widely divergent ideas regarding the proper procedure in the game of football. But order soon prevailed; the principle known as the survival of the fittest was given free rein; and before long a substantial frosh team was ready to take the field.

Until a few years ago, it was customary for the freshman class to hold a formal dance called the "Freshman Frolic." But it seems that certain frosh became too frolicsome; and thereupon the

university authorities definitely legislated against the formal frolics of freshmen. Thereafter, in order to furnish an outlet for the store of surplus energy lying dormant in their anatomies, it was decided that the freshmen should annually indulge in a friendly game of football with the varsity, the week prior to the regular opening of each season. It was in this year's "frolic" that the freshmen showed their greatest power, holding the varsity to a scoreless tie during the first quarter. Of course, ultimately they were crushed under a barrage of touchdowns, but this fact can hardly dis-color their first-quarter achievement.

In the course of the frequent scrimmages during the season, quite a wealth of promising material was uncovered from the freshman squad. Among the ends, Mahoney, Isoe, Host, and Lagura were outstanding. Conners and McNamara showed up best at the tackle positions, with Van Roy and Malloy excelling as guards. At center, Abe Zoss gave promise of a bright future, while Bloemer and Rogers alternated with him at the pivot post. Swartz performed brilliantly at quarter-back, with Murphy as his understudy. Of the half-backs, Brill, Kaplan, and Koken were the most prominent. Great things are expected of Marty Brill who formerly was one of Lou Young's ball carriers at Penn. At full-back, Cahill and Sheekeski both manifested inclinations to take Freddie Collins' place.

Much of the credit for the success of this year's frosh team is due to Coach Poliskey who labored tirelessly to develop a representative yearling squad. Poliskey himself served three years on the varsity in the capacity of right tackle; and by virtue of his handling of the freshmen squad, he has proven that those years were not spent in vain.



Interhall Football

The Football Review would not be complete if a resumé of the Interhall season were not presented. Long before the varsity teams were organized to represent the university on the athletic field, the students in Carroll and Brownson battled for the championship of the Main Building. The trophy, tradition tells us, was a barrel of apples awarded by the Prefect of Discipline to the victorious eleven. The interest aroused in the earlier days is still in evidence. Today, Notre Dame fosters an Interhall League of which Notre Dame men justly feel proud.

From the beginning with the Carroll Brownson members, the development of the league has been in keeping with the spirit of the University. Sorin, Corby, Badin, (Old St. Joe Hall) were added to the circuit, and today there are two divisions of six teams each. Freshman halls make up one division while the upper class halls are included in the second division. During the past season, over four hundred and twenty-five players have participated in regular Interhall games. On Thanksgiving Day seven hall teams invaded foreign fields to bring to a close the most successful season in the history of the sport.

In former years, Interhall competition was not so well organized as it is today. Practice periods, daily workout, and Coaches were not looked upon as essentials. Officials were drafted from the crowd on the side lines and the equipment consisted for the most part of stray bits of uniforms discarded by the varsity.

Looking back on the past three years, we find a new order of things, and we feel certain that no other university provides such a wholesome, rugged type of activity for its student body.

Three years ago, Father Vincent Mooney, C.S.C. was selected by Father Walsh to take charge of the Interhall situation. He appointed students majoring in Physical Education and Boy Guidance to coach the Interhall teams. First-class equipment was secured and playing fields and facilities provided. Competent officials are appointed from the Varsity squad and these men have made a real contri-

bution to the success of the league. Most of these coaches have learned their football from Rockne, Mills and Keegan. Others have played Varsity ball in other institutions. In every case, the hall teams are under the supervision of leaders who are competent to handle men and are willing to give their afternoons to make the league function smoothly. Such a system must of necessity produce results and the type of football played in the past few years has been of the highest. The listless playing that characterized Interhall games a few years ago is no longer in evidence. Hall enthusiasm is excellent and clean play and real football has marked every contest.

We point with pride to the success of the league under Fr. Mooney's direction. He has done much to raise the standard of Notre Dame football. The student body recognizes the services of co-operation of Physical Education and Boy Guidance students, Varsity Men, and Varsity Coaches. We are not unmindful of the fact that the spirit of Notre Dame has played its part. We re-

alize, too, that the players themselves are convinced that because of their participation in Interhall football they more clearly understand the Sportsman's Code.

Keep the rules.

Keep faith with your comrade.

Keep your temper.

Keep yourself fit.

Keep a stout heart in defeat.

Keep your pride under in victory.

Keep a sound soul, a clean mind, and a healthy body.

In the play-off for the championship of the Interhall League, Lyons defeated Howard by a score of 6-0. The game was played on Cartier Field and drew a crowd of five thousand persons who watched the contest. This game was a fitting climax to the most successful season in the history of the League.

Final Standings in the Interhall League:

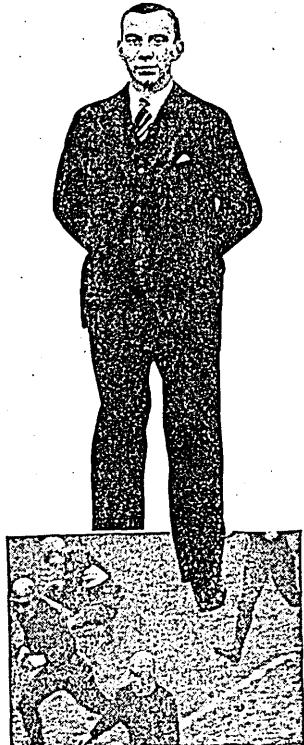
Division I

	Won	Lost	Tied
Howard	4	0	2
Freshman	3	1	2
Off-Campus I	3	2	0
Carroll	2	2	1
Walsh	1	4	0
Brownson	0	4	1

Division II

	Won	Lost	Tied
Lyons	5	0	0
Sophomore	4	1	0
Corby	2	2	0
Badin	1	2	0
Off-Campus II	0	3	0
Morrissey	0	4	0

Managers



AUGUST GRAMS *Student Manager*

The proverbial one-armed paper hanger was never busier than Augie Grams. There are so many details that demand his attention that it is indeed a wonder how Augie does such an excellent job of it. Time of departure, place of residence, time of return, distribution of student tickets, and a million other things are some of the reasons why Augie never has a minute to spare. And yet he manages to take care of everything most satisfactorily.

"Rock" leaves everything in the way of details to Grams. And to see that everything goes right for every game, at home or abroad, to provide for housing, and care of visiting teams, is in itself a big job—but not too big for Augie Grams. He'll find time for lots of other things, too.

So when you think that it's a soft job—managing a Notre Dame football team, just think of a few of the things Augie Grams has to do. And if after thinking, you still think it's easy—just follow Augie around during the course of a week-end during the season—and it's ten to one you'll not stand the gaff.

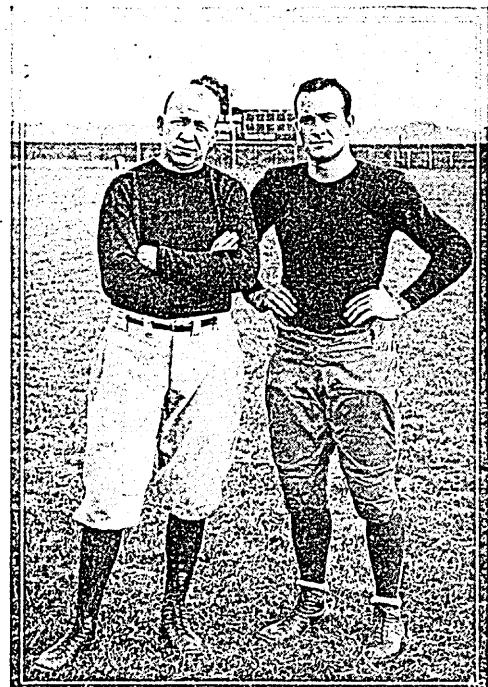


Top row: M. Sweeney, D. Beck, R. Conley, Wm. Dell Era, Joe McKean, F. Davidson, J. Power, J. Petritz, L. Cambridge, J. Grams, J. Colville, Wm. Ryan, L. Gentili, E. O'Malley. Center row: J. Kelleher, T. Ewing, H. Conley, C. Spangenberg, R. Pfeiffer, J. Lauersman, C. Wittman, E. Rich, J. Saunders, H. Moss, W. Corr, J. Gill, R. Brown, W. De St. Aubin. Lower row: H. Roehl, D. D. Halpin, G. Kennedy, J. Quinn, B. Conroy, F. Schoppman, A. M. Grams, T. A. Ryan, A. Kegowitz, R. Hellrung, C. J. Carey, R. Balfe, T. Asher. Missing: J. Hughes, B. Motsett, J. Ross, J. Franklin O'Marah, E. F. Cunningham, W. Wilbur.

A Memory Test



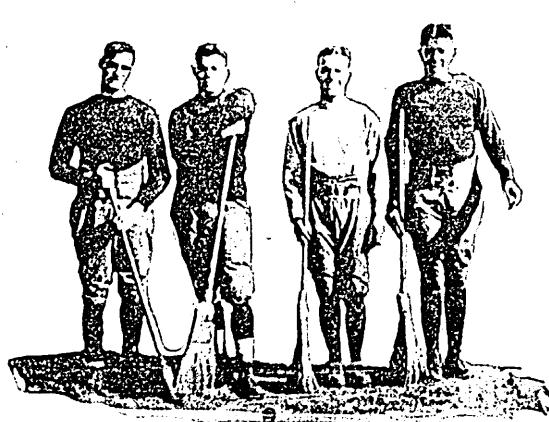
Gus Desch



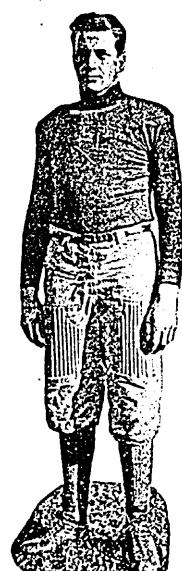
Rock and Harvey Brown



Capt. Frank Coughlin



Rog Kiley, et al



Philbrook



Eddie Anderson



Leo Logan



Chet Wynne



Bob McGuire



Garvey



Rog Kiley



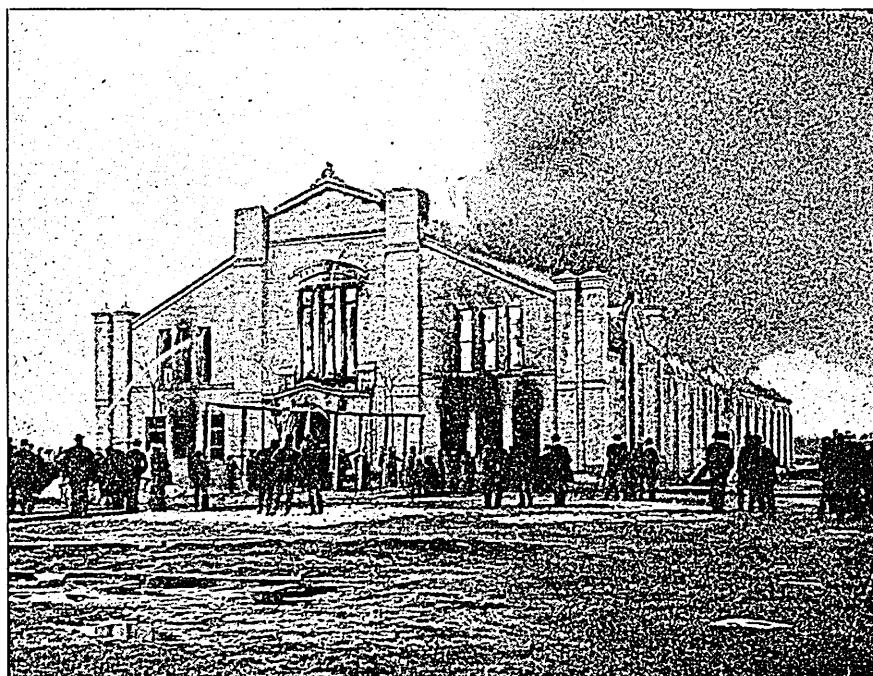
Gene Maul



Tod Cotton



"Hunk" Anderson



The Big Fire



Glen Carberry



Tim Murphy



Buck Shaw



John Mohardt



Ed. Degree

Gipp of Notre Dame

With W. O. McGEEHAN

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EVERYBODY has his favorite football hero, and the choice depends on the generation, the sector or the games that one has seen. There are those who will quarrel when anybody disputes the assertion that Jim Thorpe, the Indian, was the greatest individual player. In the Middle West it was Willie Heston. In Army circles it always will be Elmer Oliphant. At Harvard they will point to the mileage covered by Eddie Mahan. Then we pass the Four Horsemen and come down to Red Grange. Mr. C. C. Pyle, who managed him as a professional football player, never once denied that young Mr. Grange was the greatest of the great.

This being near the annual Army-Notre Dame game puts me in mind of the greatest individual football player I ever saw, and that is as near as anybody can come to answering that question: "Who was the greatest football player?" It always will have to be a matter of individual opinion.

I am not going back very far in this instance, merely back to 1920, when the Army-Notre Dame game was one of those minor affairs. There was no difficulty at all about getting tickets for it. The cheering section consisted merely of the cadet corps held at the post; whatever garrison and commissioned personnel there happened to be and perhaps a few thousand of the wandering Notre Dame alumni and their friends, which since have become legion.

The game was held at the Point, and at that time the football field was near the parade ground. It consisted of the regulation field, surrounded by wooden stands running only a few rows back. The trains to West Point were not overcrowded and they were running no specials. In fact it was "just one of those football games," one of the perfunctory contests through which the Army team had to run in the course of "pointing" for the Navy game.

In those days the games at the Point were nice, homey affairs, apparently signifying nothing much as far as "All America" teams and football at large were concerned. Colonel Koehler, who always insisted that Oliphant, of West Point, was not only the greatest football player but the greatest all-around athlete in the world, used to be host to the handful of experts and inexperts making the annual pilgrimage.

I do not know of any return game ever having been played at South Bend, where the Notre Dame teams stay when they stay if they do stay. But this is neither here nor in South Bend. We had a

pleasant time chatting over athletics and other matters with the colonel and then strolled out to see the football game.

As we understand it, it was to be something in the nature of an exhibition or work-out for the Army. There were rumors of a weird sort of genius named Rockne, who had worked out some great theories on the new game of football, but this did not seem to swell the crowd or increase the interest.

Today they tell me that nobody can buy a ticket to the Army-Notre Dame game Saturday. This may be true, because I have tried myself; but then I am not particularly persistent about these matters. It is what the boys interested in the financing of sports would call a sell-out.

That day on the Plains, if I said there were 8,000 spectators I exaggerated. Saturday there will be 80,000 watching the Army-Notre Dame game.

But they will not see what we saw squatted on the wooden seat of the "stadium" at West Point. We saw in action Gipp of Notre Dame. Always, I am willing to be convinced, but I do not ever expect to see on a football field as swift, as sure, as dynamic, as colorful a figure as this George Gipp, of Notre Dame.

A Game of Action

This is only one impression, formed by only one game, but it seemed to me that Gipp of Notre Dame was the greatest "triple-threat" man I ever saw in action. I have heard of Galloping Ghosts and Four Horsemen running wild. But I never saw more action in a football game than I did in that one.

It was all Gipp. He ran ragged through that Army line. He would worm through the secondary defense. I say that it was all Gipp, for the Army seldom had the ball. The figures of the score I do not recall. I can hold only the impression of that spectacle. He was a slight figure, it seemed to me, no bigger than Eddie Mahan, but when he drove at the solid Army line it bent or gave way. Understand that I do not believe that any man single-handed can play a football team, but if ever there was a player who seemed to do it, that player was Gipp of Notre Dame. And it was no weakling or badly drilled Army team that faced him.

I say that he was a great triple-threat man. He was more than that. He could punt, he could pass and he could run. More than that, he knew how to receive a pass, which is harder than throw-

(Continued on page 86)



Harry Mehre



Rip Miller

Reading from top to bottom: Brown, Maher,
Murphy, O'Berst, Berg-
man, Vergara, Mayl,
Reagan, Nappenberger.

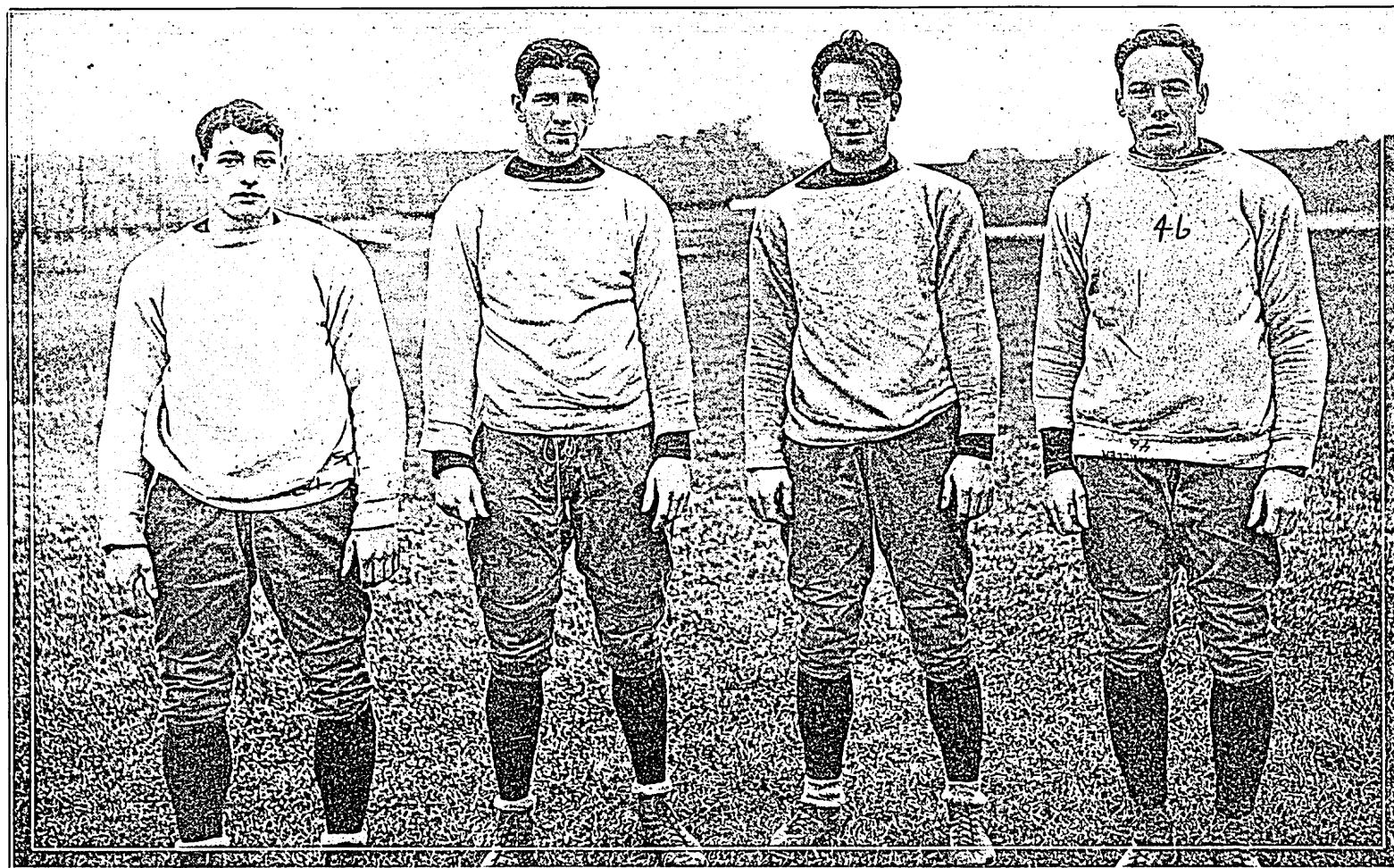


Paul Castner



Paul McNulty

The Four Horsemen



STUHLDREHER

LAYDEN

CROWLEY

MILLER



Miller, D. Layden Crowley
Hunsinger Miller, E. Stuhldreher
Kizer Walsh Weibel Bach Collins



Noble Kizer



Frank Thomas



Gus Desch



Frank Reese



Neil Flinn



Bill Cerney



Chuck Collins



Don Miller



Elmer Layden



Jimmy Crowley



Harry Stuhldreher



Red Maher



Gene Mayl



John Weibel



Bernie Livergood



Dutch Bergman



Bill Voss



George Vergara

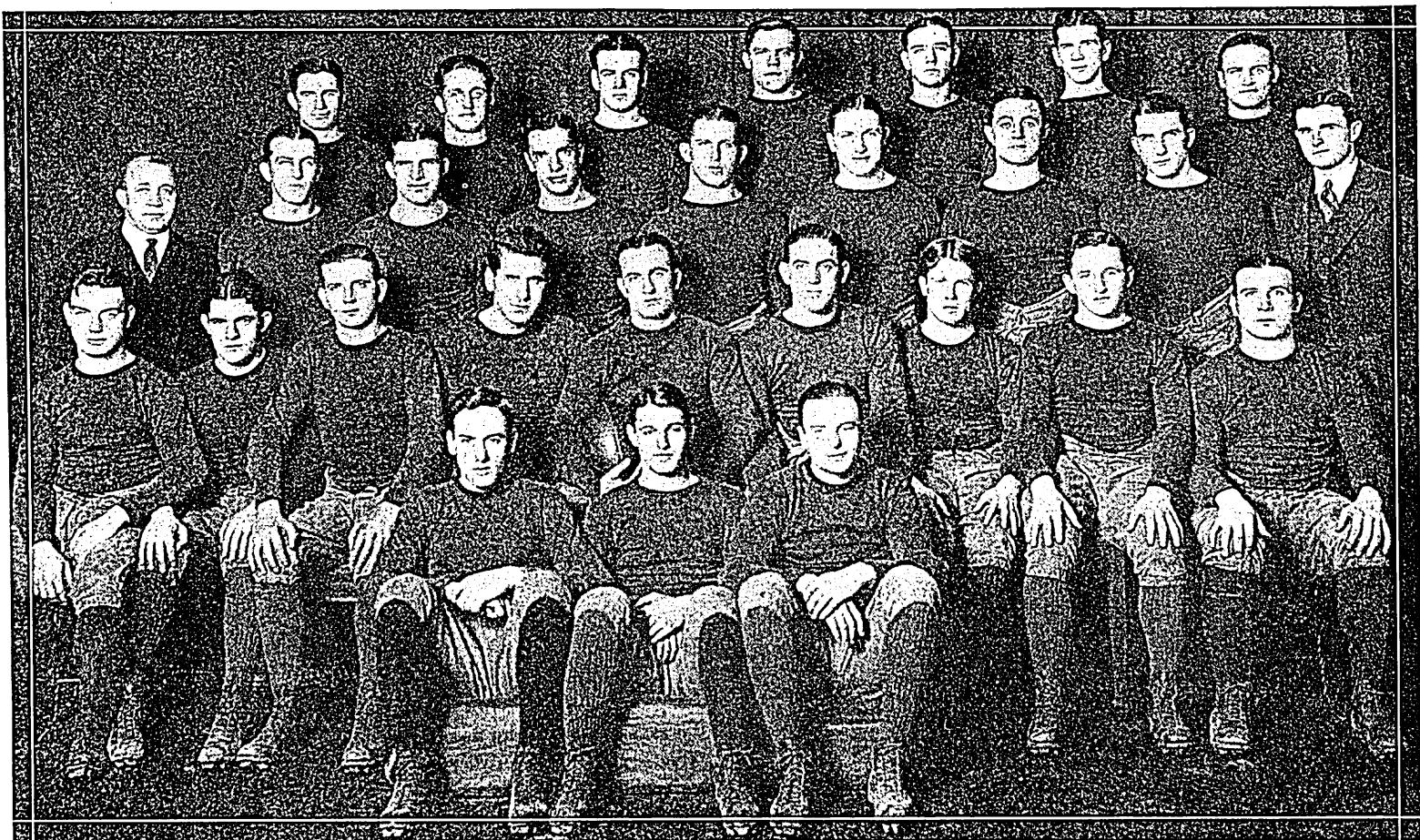


Bob Reagan



Bernrie Coughlin

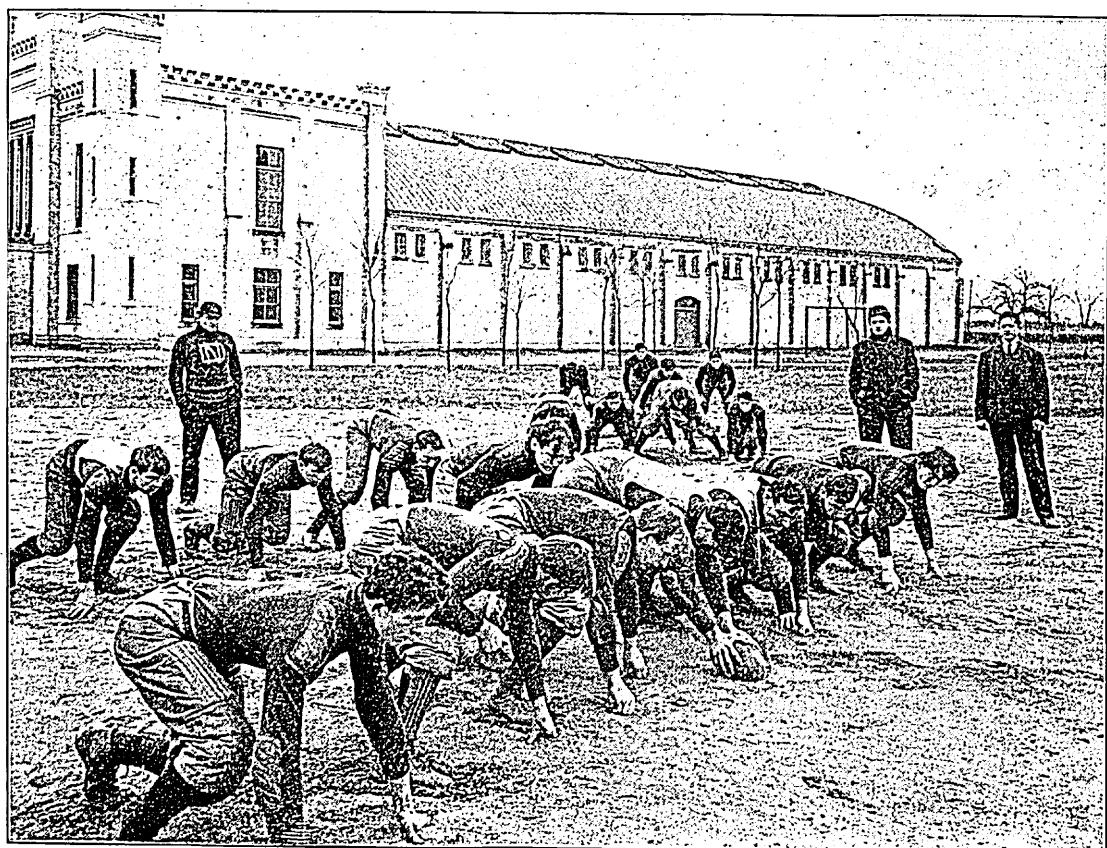
"1923"



Top row: Kizer, Crowe, Weibel, Collins, Enright, Layden, Cerney. Next row: Rockne, Connell, Bach, Vergara, E. Miller, Walsh, Hauser, Hunsinger, Manager. Next row: Crowley, Murphy, Oberst, Brown, Mayl, Maher, Bergman, Nappenberger. Bottom row: Don Miller, Stuhldrcher, Reese.



The Millers



In The Good Old Days

King Knute

By FRANKLYN E. DOAN, *Sports Editor of the South Bend News-Times*

IF SOME renowned Italian painter could escape the grave which holds him, and run up the ladder of four or five centuries, he might choose to visit South Bend and sketch a canvas that would be half a portrait and half an allegory. The allegory would typify Speed, Power, and Spirit, while the portrait would set off the features of a squat, bald-headed man who is known as Knute K. Rockne.

This American football public, which lets its pulse beat in staccato movement once autumn has come around and which stampedes the thresholds of thousands of stadia the land over throughout the autumn, would acclaim the canvas of the Italian master for it would be an unusual one. And the name-plate which the art galleries would tack on the picture would be: "Notre Dame Football and Rockne."

It wasn't so long ago—seventeen years to be exact—that a young fellow came down to Notre Dame from Chicago, tried out for the band and showed the chemistry profs that he knew his stuff. But playing in the band was not in the sphere of Knute Rockne and he decided to try for the football team. Apparently that was his element, for within a few years the whole football public grew to know him and to love him.

Rockne was one of the fellows when he was at Notre Dame, but he was not an ordinary fellow. He lived in Sorin "Dungeon," took part in a few mock murder trials and did a little pole-vaulting for the track team. But once he was on a football field he was an inspired robot, prancing down the greensward under punts, boxing a tackle until he couldn't move, or grabbing a pass out of the air to run through the opposition for a touchdown.

It has been just 17 years since King Canute first played on the Notre Dame varsity. 'Way back in 1911, when football was as nationally unknown as archery is now, Rockne played on the first great team of the Irish. With him were Gus Dorais, Bergman, Crowley, Fillbrook and Feeney. They beat Pittsburgh, Wabash, and Marquette that year, and, in the following season, that of 1912, knocked off the same opponents. Notre Dame football was beginning to amount to something.

And then in 1913—it just goes to show that "13" isn't such a tough number after all—these Fightin' Irish, who weren't known by that name then, made the wiseacres sit back on their swivels and wonder: "Who in 'ell are these upstarts from the middle west and what do they think they're doing?"

It was in that year that the famous Rockne-

Dorais passing team—the first combination that ever attempted the forward pass in American football—and the canny Swede Rockne was proponent of the idea—it was then that these two Notre Dame athletes tramped east with a great team and swallowed the invincible Army team 35 to 13. The Army was surprised, the east was piqued, and the football country-at-large didn't know what to do about the whole thing.

But the country soon found out what to do. Jess Harpster had been coaching Notre Dame from 1913 to 1917 and Notre Dame numbered among its victims such established elevens as Penn State, Army and Indiana. During Rockne's term as a player the outfit was not once defeated.

When Jess Harpster returned to his far-western ranch in 1917, Knute Rockne, who had been acting as an assistant coach and chemistry instructor, became generalissimo of the Notre Dame forces. If the country didn't know what to do about these young upstarts before, it was soon to learn that the wiser thing to do was to admit that a genius had pitched camp with an army of brain and brawn, and had set out to do some tall surprising.

For two years Rockne developed his team and won important games. Gipp, Kirk, Anderson and Smith were among the great luminaries turned out by the peerless coach. In a period of three years from 1919 through 1921, Notre Dame lost one game and that to the Army. Nebraska, Indiana, Army, Purdue and Northwestern were engulfed in this football tidal wave that had become a national figure. Such resplendent stars as Roge Kiley, George Gipp, Eddie Anderson, Johnny Mohardt, Chet Wynne, Buck Shaw and Frank Coughlin were piling up victories for old Notre Dame and building a priceless tradition that was to inspire Notre Dame teams of the future.

When 1922 rolled around and the football fans set their eyes on Notre Dame to see what the now renowned Rockne would turn out, the Notre Dame coach was facing a real test. He had lost 13 of his most dependable stars and the squad which came up was not promising. Yet the invincible master won eight of his ten games and his team scored 170 points that year. The following year the Rockmen lost but one game and that to an ancient foe, Nebraska, by a close score. Such powerful combinations as Princeton, Army, Georgia Tech and Purdue were ground to the earth under the rough-shod feet of Rockne's men—Castner, Cotton, Lieb, Carberry and their mates.

Came 1924, laden with destiny and auguring

(Continued on page 94)



To See Or Not To See

By WARREN BROWN
Chicago Herald and Examiner

Notre Dame, at the time this space filling device is being manufactured, has lost three football games, in one season.

That sort of thing calls for much wailing, but doggone me, if I can find anything to squawk about, save that cage at the top of Cartier Field, that is called, for lack of other printable names, a press box.

I can find no fault with the football team. I never could find fault with the coach. Even the cooking at Notre Dame appeals to me—but the press box!

A reporter who has been drenched at a Walker-Hudkins fight, drowned at a Dempsey-Tunney fight, soaked at the closing game of a Washington-Pittsburgh world's series, baked at a National Open Golf championship in Worcester, Mass., frozen at a Michigan-Minnesota game at Minneapolis, starved on any home-coming day at Urbana, Iowa City, Bloomington, Lafayette, or Madison, pop-bottled at a crucial ball game in St. Louis, protests no more at conditions, if he can SEE what he is supposed to report.

But out of that press box at Cartier Field, he sees nothing, after the top row of customers arrive, and begin to take an interest in proceedings.

Mr. Rockne and his football men are to blame for that.

I can understand how a Chicago team, playing its usual run of opponents, on Cartier Field, would permit a reporter to see what it was doing, or rather what it wasn't doing. No one would become interested enough to stand up, or, if he did, his interest would not be sustained long enough, to keep him on his feet. But no Notre Dame team

can be watched quietly by any customer, no matter what his leanings may be.

In the present season, I have been present at two games played on Cartier Field.

I don't know yet whether it was Niemiec or Shay that scored a decisive touchdown against Loyola, of New Orleans. I might have known, if a lady with a large hat—and I didn't know there were such things any more (large hats, I mean)—rose up and took me out of the play, as well as Collins, or Miller, or any of the other MEN of Notre Dame, ever took out an opposing player.

For the Carnegie Tech game, which I maintain, in spite of the visibility handicaps, was the greatest football game I have ever seen, it looked, at first, as if I might get a break.

In the top row of customers, immediately before me, there was an elderly lady, and a tiny one, at that.

This lady announced, upon arrival, that the seat was comfortable, and she wrapped herself in a blanket, something after the fashion of a mummy.

"Well, she's there for the afternoon," thought I. "And even if she does stand up, I can see over HER head." I sort of lorded it over the other inmates of the press cage, who were contemplating fur coats, Mayor Thompson hats, late arriving customers, boy scouts, and other impedimenta.

I don't suppose any of my readers have forgotten the game, or the start of it, any more than I have forgotten the finish, the middle, and the other sections, if any.

Some gent in a red jersey flung a pass, and another one started down the field . . . I heard afterwards that Carnegie Tech had scored.

My friend, the tiny elderly lady, had arisen. She had climbed up on the seat. She had unwound the blanket. She had begun to wave it.

Try, sometime, to get a view of a football game, when someone is waving a blanket in front of you. That may be great stuff at a bull fight, but the presidential campaign is all over.

The lady's escort was nettled. It seems that the elderly lady was a Notre Dame rooter. She waved the blanket at the wrong time. However, she had a defense that was a lot better than any Mr. Rockne's men were able to flash against a team that, on this particular day, was the greatest in the country.

"I don't understand this game," she protested. "And if I don't keep on waving the blanket all the time, I'm liable to miss waving it when Notre Dame does something."

And you just can't argue with a lady.

As I checked back over my literary effort on the game, not only in the original report, but in a follow-up, I found that, of the Chicago correspondents, I alone had verged on the hysterical. I thought it was a heluva game, the greatest I had ever seen.

But I was probably the only reporter who watched the game through a waving blanket.

The point I would make, is that the press cage needs elevation, or Notre Dame football needs depression, and I can't conceive the latter, with or without blankets.



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A. W. M.

Gipp of Notre Dame

(Continued from page 75)

ing one. He was accurate with his drop-kicks, and he kicked all the goals from placement. When a player can do those things they usually try to have him save himself on the defensive. But Gipp also was a great defensive back.

Whenever the ball was downed it seemed that the announcer always was shouting through his megaphone, "Gipp kicked, Gipp passed, Gipp through tackle. Gipp over for the touchdown." It always seemed to sound the note Gipp. Gipp, of Notre Dame.

It could not have been that Gipp was in all the plays during the game, but somehow I seem to hold that impression of this slender youth standing back of his line for an instant and then going rapidly somewhere in the right direction.

Only One Signal

The story is that the Army team between halves was told not to watch the ball, but to watch Gipp. It amounted to the same thing, for where the ball was, there always was Gipp of Notre Dame.

Ring Lardner, whose passion is football, was at this game. Said Mr. Lardner, "Any dumb-bell

could understand the signal of the Notre Dame team. They have only one signal and one formation—that is, to have the team line up, pass the ball to Gipp and let him use his own judgment."

They say of Babe Ruth that, whatever he has done outside, he never has made the wrong move or gesture on a baseball field. It seemed to me that Gipp was that way on the football field. If the intent had been to pass and his receiver was not in place Gipp would skirt the end and get through that broken field somehow. He seemed to be as hard to hold as an eel.

The Hero of Notre Dame

Gipp died while he still was an undergraduate of Notre Dame, died from pneumonia, contracted while he was touring with the "Wandering Irishmen." I do not think that he even was able to round out his football career.

What manner of youngster he was personally, I never knew, but I imagine that he was of the type of Hobey Baker, of Princeton. I suppose that the men of Notre Dame remember him with the same emotion with which the men of Princeton remember Hobey Baker. They should, especially when the Army-Notre Dame games roll around.

He was a great player, that Gipp of Notre Dame.

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Notre Dame Teams Under Rockne

1917

- Oct. 6—Notre Dame, 55; Kalamazoo, 0.
 Oct. 13—Notre Dame, 0; Wisconsin, 0.
 Oct. 20—Notre Dame, 0; Nebraska, 7.
 Oct. 27—Notre Dame, 40; S. Dakota, 0.
 Nov. 3—Notre Dame, 7; Army, 2.
 Nov. 10—Notre Dame, 13; Morningside, 0.
 Nov. 17—Notre Dame, 23; Michigan Aggies, 0.
 Nov. 24—Notre Dame, 3; W. & J., 0.

1918

- Sept. 28—Notre Dame, 26; Case, 6.
 Oct. 2—Notre Dame, 67; Wabash, 7.
 Oct. 9—Notre Dame, 7; Great Lakes, 7.
 Oct. 16—Notre Dame, 7; Michigan Aggies, 13.
 Nov. 23—Notre Dame, 26; Purdue, 6.
 Nov. 28—Notre Dame, 0; Nebraska, 0.

1919

- Oct. 4—Notre Dame, 14; Kalamazoo, 0.
 Oct. 11—Notre Dame, 60; Mount Union, 7.
 Oct. 18—Notre Dame, 14; Nebraska, 9.
 Oct. 25—Notre Dame, 53; Western Normal, 0.
 Nov. 1—Notre Dame, 16; Indiana University, 3.
 Nov. 8—Notre Dame, 12; Army, 9.
 Nov. 15—Notre Dame, 13; Michigan Aggies, 0.
 Nov. 22—Notre Dame, 33; Purdue, 13.
 Nov. 27—Notre Dame, 14; Morningside, 6.

1920

- Oct. 2—Notre Dame, 39; Kalamazoo, 0.
 Oct. 9—Notre Dame, 42; Western State N., 0.
 Oct. 23—Notre Dame, 16; Nebraska, 7.
 Oct. 30—Notre Dame, 28; Valparaiso, 3.
 Nov. 6—Notre Dame, 27; West Point, 17.
 Nov. 13—Notre Dame, 28; Purdue, 0.
 Nov. 20—Notre Dame, 13; Indiana, 10.
 Nov. 27—Notre Dame, 33; Northwestern, 7.
 Dec. 11—Notre Dame, 25; Michigan Aggies, 0.

1921

- Sept. 24—Notre Dame, 56; Kalamazoo, 0.
 Oct. 1—Notre Dame, 57; Depauw, 10.
 Oct. 8—Notre Dame, 7; Iowa, 10.
 Oct. 15—Notre Dame, 33; Purdue, 0.
 Oct. 22—Notre Dame, 7; Nebraska, 0.
 Oct. 29—Notre Dame, 28; Indiana, 7.
 Nov. 5—Notre Dame, 28; West Point, 0.
 Nov. 8—Notre Dame, 48; Rutgers, 0.
 Nov. 12—Notre Dame, 42; Haskell, 7.
 Nov. 19—Notre Dame, 21; Marquette, 7.
 Nov. 24—Notre Dame, 48; Michigan Aggies, 0.

1922

- Sept. 30—Notre Dame, 46; Kalamazoo, 0.
 Oct. 7—Notre Dame, 26; St. Louis U., 0.
 Oct. 14—Notre Dame, 20; Purdue, 0.
 Oct. 21—Notre Dame, 34; Depauw, 7.
 Oct. 28—Notre Dame, 13; Georgia Tech., 3.
 Nov. 4—Notre Dame, 27; Indiana, 0.
 Nov. 11—Notre Dame, 0; Army, 0.
 Nov. 18—Notre Dame, 31; Butler, 3.

- Nov. 25—Notre Dame, 19; Carnegie Tech., 0.
 Nov. 30—Notre Dame, 6; Nebraska, 14.

1923

- Sept. 29—Notre Dame, 74; Kalamazoo, 0.
 Oct. 6—Notre Dame, 14; Lombard, 0.
 Oct. 13—Notre Dame, 13; Army, 0.
 Oct. 20—Notre Dame, 25; Princeton, 2.
 Oct. 27—Notre Dame, 35; Georgia Tech., 7.
 Nov. 3—Notre Dame, 34; Purdue, 7.
 Nov. 10—Notre Dame, 7; Nebraska, 14.
 Nov. 17—Notre Dame, 34; Butler, 7.
 Nov. 24—Notre Dame, 26; Carnegie Tech., 0.
 Nov. 29—Notre Dame, 13; St. Louis, 0.

1924

- Oct. 4—Notre Dame, 40; Lombard, 0.
 Oct. 11—Notre Dame, 34; Wabash, 0.
 Oct. 18—Notre Dame, 13; Army, 7.
 Oct. 25—Notre Dame, 12; Princeton, 0.
 Nov. 2—Notre Dame, 34; Georgia Tech., 3.
 Nov. 9—Notre Dame, 38; Wisconsin, 3.
 Nov. 16—Notre Dame, 34; Nebraska, 6.
 Nov. 23—Notre Dame, 13; Northwestern, 6.
 Nov. 30—Notre Dame, 40; Carnegie Tech., 19.
 Jan. 1—Notre Dame, 27; Leland Stanford, 10.

1925

- Sept. 26—Notre Dame, 41; Baylor, 0.
 Oct. 3—Notre Dame, 69; Lombard, 0.
 Oct. 10—Notre Dame, 19; Beloit, 3.
 Oct. 17—Notre Dame, 0; Army, 27.
 Oct. 24—Notre Dame, 19; Minnesota, 7.
 Oct. 31—Notre Dame, 13; Georgia Tech., 0.
 Nov. 7—Notre Dame, 0; Penn State, 0.
 Nov. 14—Notre Dame, 26; Carnegie Tech., 0.
 Nov. 21—Notre Dame, 13; Northwestern, 10.
 Nov. 26—Notre Dame, 0; Nebraska, 17.

1926

- Oct. 2—Notre Dame, 77; Beloit, 0.
 Oct. 9—Notre Dame, 20; Minnesota, 7.
 Oct. 16—Notre Dame, 28; Penn State, 0.
 Oct. 23—Notre Dame, 6; Northwestern, 0.
 Oct. 30—Notre Dame, 12; Georgia Tech., 0.
 Nov. 6—Notre Dame, 26; Indiana, 0.
 Nov. 13—Notre Dame, 7; Army, 0.
 Nov. 20—Notre Dame, 21; Drake, 0.
 Nov. 27—Notre Dame, 0; Carnegie Tech., 19.
 Dec. 4—Notre Dame, 13; U. of S. California, 12.

1927

- Oct. 1—Notre Dame, 28; Coe, 7.
 Oct. 8—Notre Dame, 20; U. of Detroit, 0.
 Oct. 15—Notre Dame, 19; Navy, 6.
 Oct. 22—Notre Dame, 19; Indiana, 6.
 Oct. 29—Notre Dame, 26; Georgia Tech., 7.
 Nov. 5—Notre Dame, 7; Minnesota, 7.
 Nov. 12—Notre Dame, 0; Army, 18.
 Nov. 19—Notre Dame, 3; Drake, 0.
 Nov. 26—Notre Dame, 7; U. of S. California, 6.

The Cigar-Store Alumni

(Continued from page 42)

tic paintings, will pipe up and ask how anyone could figure the 1928 Notre Dame team a success. There are three answers to the question and they are set in the following order:

- (1) It was a Notre Dame team.
- (2) It was a Notre Dame team, and,
- (3) It was a Notre Dame team.

Being a Notre Dame team means something. It implies first of all that they are Fighting Irish.

No spineless, back-sliding weakling among this lot. They were all fighting men.

That Army game was an apt illustration of just what Notre Dame spirit is. None of the cigar-store alumni thought that the boys could come through; none of the experts gave them a chance and the Army wore itself down with pity. But there were a few who had faith and they were as follows: Knute Rockne, the team, the school as a whole, and South Bend loyalists. Well, everyone knows what happened in the Army game. Along with Paul Revere's ride, George Washington's dirty work with the hatchet, and Ted Roosevelt's hobby-horsing at San Juan Hill, it's a part of history.

And so, folks, it all comes down to this final question: Why bother about it? Football is getting into the big business class and the cigar-store alumni want more for three dollars than a first-class pawnshop on the Lower East Side. (Pardon my New York, maybe it's the Ghetto that I'm referring to.)

There are many who realize what a Fighting Irishman is. If you saw the Carnegie game—and you are one of the unfortunates if you did not—you will realize that Notre Dame never quits and always has plenty of stiffness in the backbone right down through the dying moments of the game.

No one can say that he saw Capt. Freddie Miller and his boys quit for a single minute of the 540 minutes they played. If the eleven had lost each of its nine games by scores of 80 to 0, the season would have been among the best, for no previous team in the history of the school ever displayed more downright nerve.

After all, a Notre Dame team is a Notre Dame team. The whole country realizes that fact, and the wise ones would still get a kick out of Notre Dame if she lost ten games a year for ten years straight. Don't worry about cigar-store alumni; they might get their heads mixed up with a billiard ball some day; then they would begin to think.

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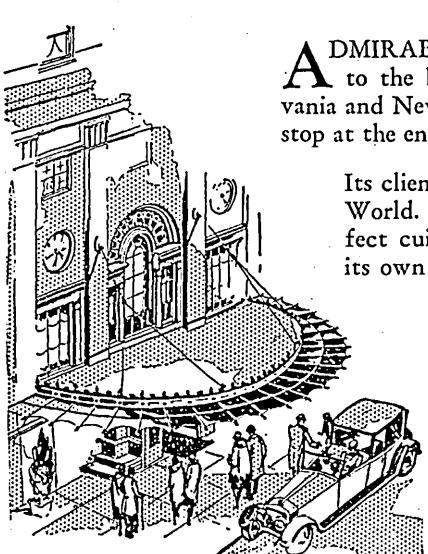
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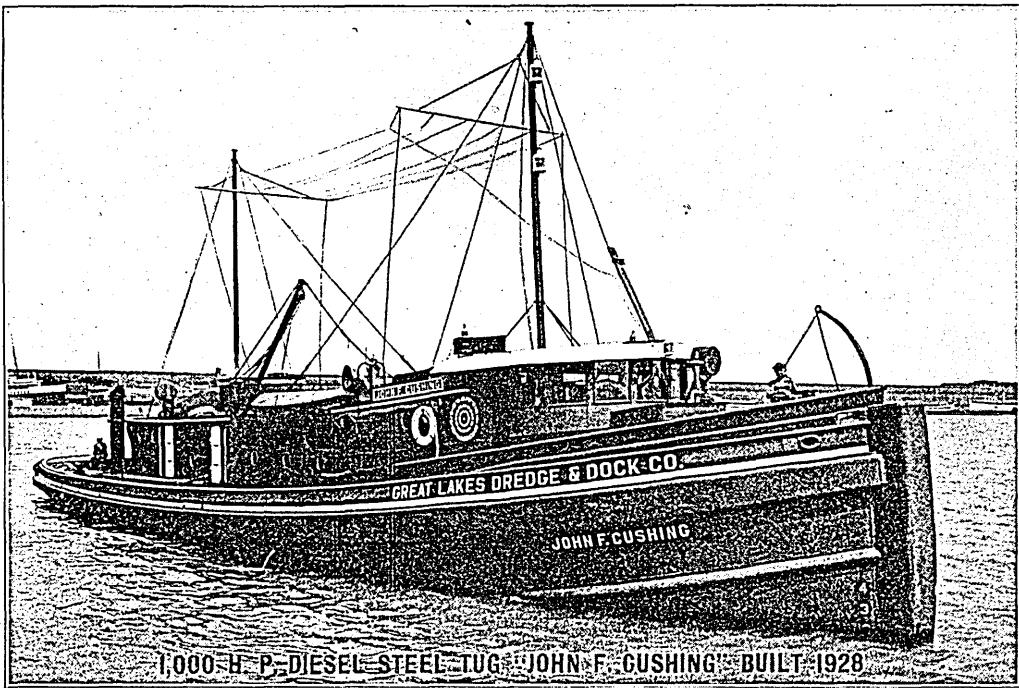
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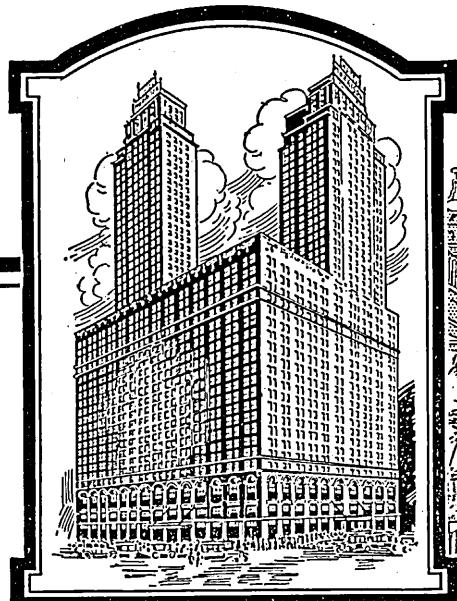
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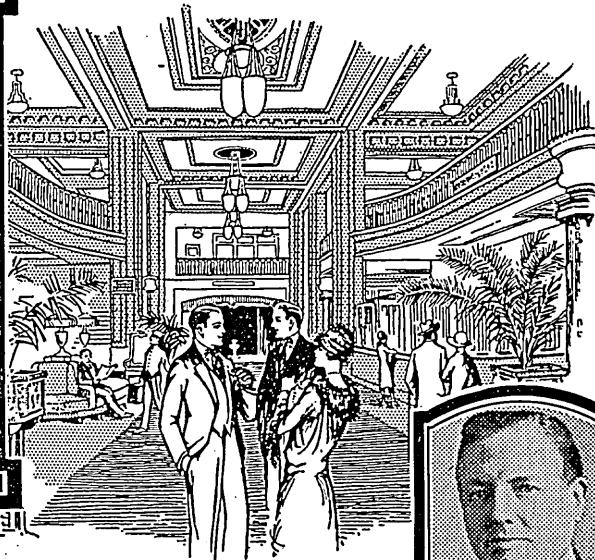
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John Chevigny

John Chevigny's Master Tackle

By JOHN W. KEYS

Once in a great while a football star flashes forth with a dazzling play that lingers in the memory, like a pleasing melody, long after all else is forgotten.

There is a young man in the game at Soldier Field this afternoon who made that kind of play one blizzly November afternoon last year down at South Bend. He is John Chevigny, the lithe half-back of the Scrappy Irish of Notre Dame, and he made it in that bitter 7-to-7 tie the Irish fought with the Ghastly Gophers of Minnesota.

The play was a tackle, a startling, breath-taking, superhuman tackle that stopped the crashing Gophers three yards from the goal and undoubtedly saved Notre Dame from a defeat, in view of a touchdown that came later. Big Jim Braden, all-American full-back for Yale in 1919, saw it and said it was one of the greatest plays, if not the greatest tackle, he ever saw. And Jim saw a lot of them.

* * *

It came in the last quarter. The Irish were leading, 7 to 0. The ramming Joesting, Nydahl and Almquist had battered the Irish backward until, on fourth down, they were three yards from their own goal and it seemed as though nothing would stop a tying touchdown.

It was one of those trying moments that arise in the best of football families.

The fighting ones had their spikes on their own goal line and for once it looked as if they were licked. Rockne barked some orders. Out on the field raced three or four blue-clad slender Irish. One was Chevigny, going in as full-back.

The players crouched. The ball was snapped. It shot to Nydahl and around his own right end he tore. Six steps for a touchdown. His path was cleared. There was nobody to stop him . . . nobody . . . and then around the end of the tangled mass of players there shot a blurry blue streak, a flashing sky-rocket sort of thing that traveled like a hurled battering ram parallel with the ground and maybe a foot or two above it.

It was the outstretched, diving body of John Chevigny. It struck the bounding Nydahl squarely at the knees and he went down precisely at the spot where he was hit, on the five-yard line. It was Notre Dame's ball.

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King Knute

(Continued from page 83)

events that would lead the football world to shower with adulation the greatest combination that it had ever seen in action. Zooming along the skyline like the nervy riders of the Russian Cossacks, Stuhldreher, Crowley, Miller and Layden, with the help of the adamant Seven Mules, buried ten opponents under a shell-fire of touch-downs. Army, Northwestern, Wisconsin, Carnegie Tech and Nebraska, all fell before the merciless fire of Rockne's sharpshooters.

In 1925, Notre Dame lost two games and tied a third while it was winning seven. In 1926, only Carnegie Tech defeated the Irish, while Minnesota, Northwestern and the Army were being trodden-underfoot. A year ago Army defeated Notre Dame and Minnesota tied the Irish in that great battle on Cartier Field, one of the greatest the venerable field has ever witnessed. And 1928? Well, no one knows just what the result will be, but everyone expects the miraculous, which is always the case with Notre Dame teams.

Ask Any Football Coach By GRANTLAND RICE

When Roscoe Magee hit the trail into college
There wasn't a coach who would give him a look,
For he was the type whose collection of knowledge
You'd think must emerge from a tome or a book;
His brow was too high—so they cursed at their
luck

While looking for roughnecks who knew how
to buck.

Now Magee didn't weigh quite a hundred and fifty,
But he was a dynamo under full steam;
He was not only fast, he was wiry and shifty,
And more than a wonder at driving a team;
And then when the coach saw his work on the lot
He offered three cheers till his tonsils grew hot.

The moral is—as they cry unto heaven
For two-hundred-pounders to answer their search,
A fast, heady quarter to drive an eleven
Means more than a tackle as big as a church;
You can always find use in the thick of the strain
For a bundle of nerves that is hooked to a brain.



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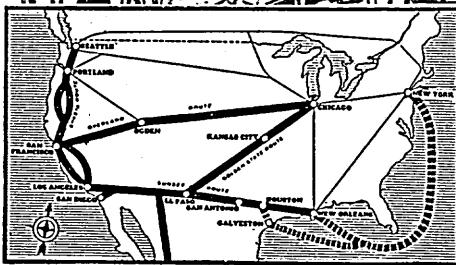
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