

Foot Ball Review



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SEASON
OF 1927



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Mrs. John B. Law



THE OFFICIAL
FOOTBALL REVIEW
SEASON OF '27



University of Notre Dame
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA



Edited by
JOHN F. DUNNE

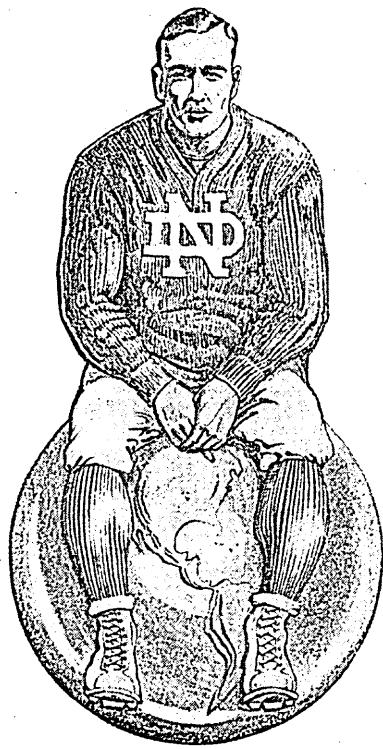
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The Beloved Leader

©

THE MEMORY of George Gipp is the sacred heirloom of the Notre Dame man. About the memory of the immortal captain has grown a halo of tradition that is Notre Dame's most cherished possession. Enshrined in the hearts of the men of Notre Dame is the vital memory of their leader. Today George Gipp lives for the Notre Dame man as truly as he did when his "flying cleats" made immortal history on Cartier Field.

The 1927 *Football Review* is dedicated to George Gipp, athlete, scholar and hero, in the hope that it may provide some slight expression of the love which Notre Dame men cherish for their star of stars.

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 miners 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 halfback, Gipp.

The Indiana prairie lands
Are blanketed with snow.
The golden dome of Notre Dame
Re-gilds the sundown glow.
On the medieval campus,
In the early frosty flurry,
Two thousand men are harking
To the wind's uneasy scurry.

A rat-a-tat of flying feet
Is born 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 through the snow
The northers sweep and dip,
The wind is calling signals
To its brother halfback, Gipp.

QUINN A. RYAN.



KNUTE K. ROCKNE, *Director of Athletics*

Never a Wizard Like Rockne!

By EDWARD W. SMITH,
Los Angeles Examiner



IF KNUTE K. ROCKNE never does another thing in his life, he'll go down in history as the one greatest wizard of the world. This mighty Scandinavian doesn't have to show 'em any more. He's done enough. And they believe now there is absolutely no limit to his necromancy.

Rockne wouldn't be so bad with the home folks if he didn't so everlastinglly rub it in in his gentle, genial way by smiling off all adulation and praise. Darn it, they say, you cuss him till you can't find words over the things he does to an opposing team. Then when you meet him he is such a gosh-dinged nice fellow, so utterly without guile, so positively ingenius, so meek and lamb-like—well, after you leave him, you have to give him three cheers. These are the cheers he won't listen to when you are in his presence.

One coach of a secondary college expressed himself about "Rock" the other day in the course of a chance conversation. His smile was immense.

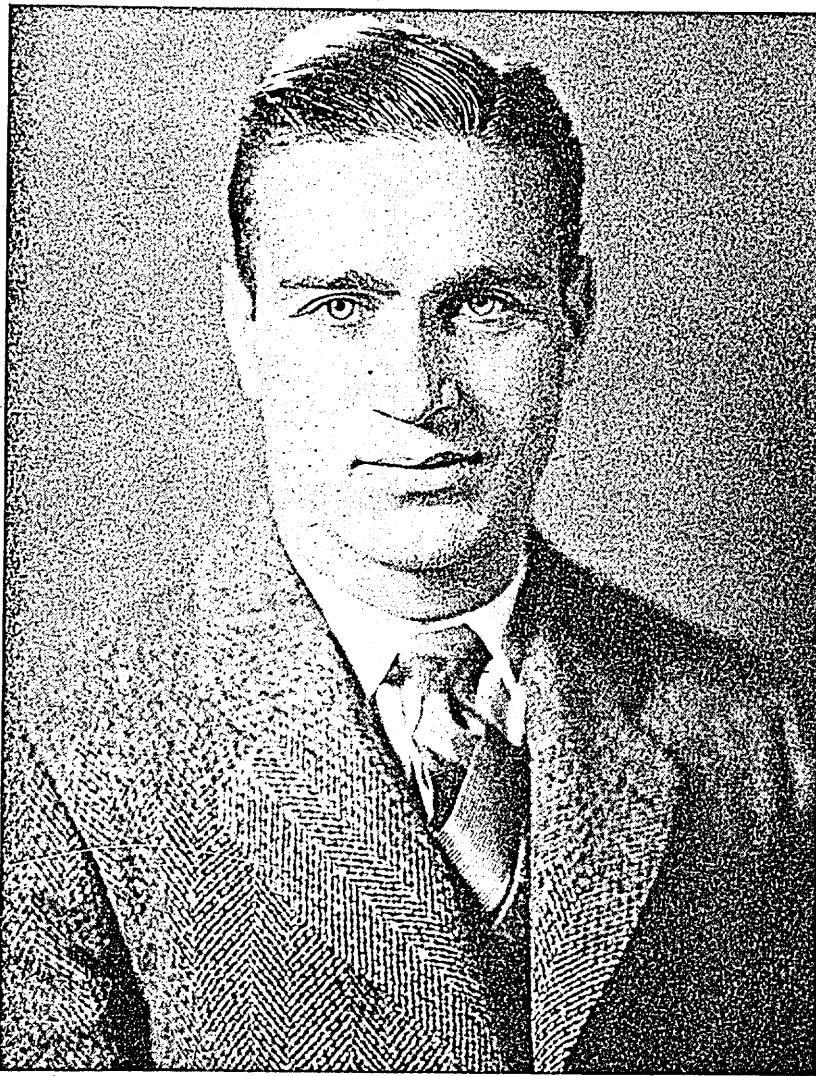
Rockne's name thus came up—it generally does, and with a bang.

"Quite a chap, isn't he?" was my quite tame and inconsequential query.

This peppery coach looked at me in some disgust at the classification I so inconsiderately put upon the mighty man. Then he exploded his opinion.

"Say, there's a fellow that could drag a gurgle out of an empty flask!"

Rockne is a sportsman. He's built that way, has trained himself and his system that way, desires his boys to be that way and Notre Dame, despite the subtle slurs offered behind sneakingly uplifted cupped hands, always will be glorified by this man, his men and his methods.



The Last Word from Our Leader

A SEASON of superlative football has come to an end! And the Notre Dame Varsity is intrinsically satisfied that it has done its best; that the student body is appreciative of this fact. At no time would I be able to say, with as much sincerity and reserve, and at no time so appropriate as this, the gratification that has been mine in being able to lead, onto the turf of historic Cartier Field and all enemy fields, a squad of men who have fought so manly and unflinchingly for the honor and glory of Notre Dame.

"Their deeds her inspiration;
Their names a solemn tradition of Notre Dame."

—CAPTAIN JOHN P. SMITH.

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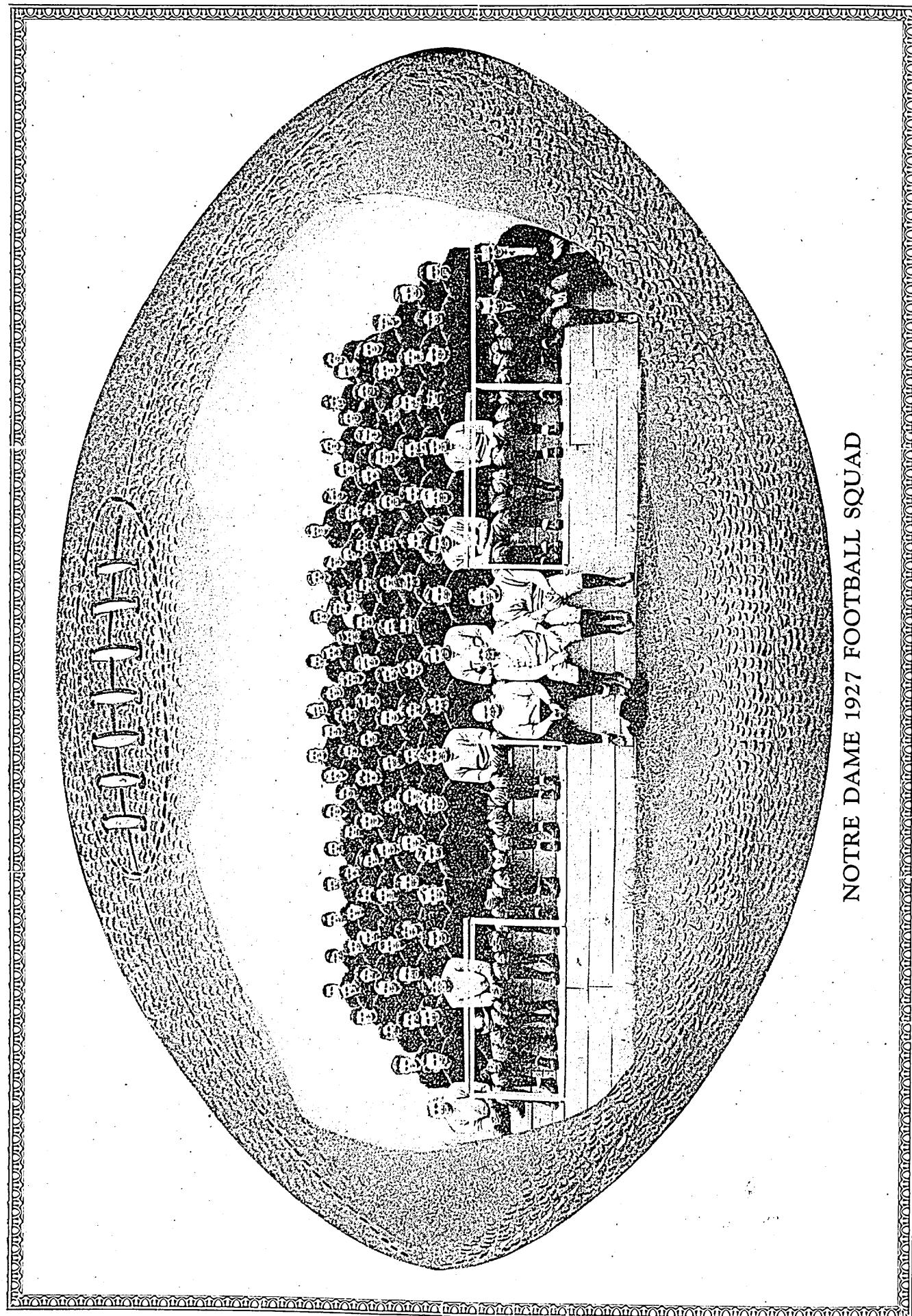
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NOTRE DAME 1927 FOOTBALL SQUAD

Personnel of Coaches and Squad

KNUTE K. ROCKNE
Coach

HARTLEY ANDERSON
THOMAS MILLS
Assistant Coaches

JOHN P. SMITH
Captain

JOHN J. WALLACE
JOHN V. McMANMON
Freshman Coaches

AUGUST M. GRAMS
Head Manager

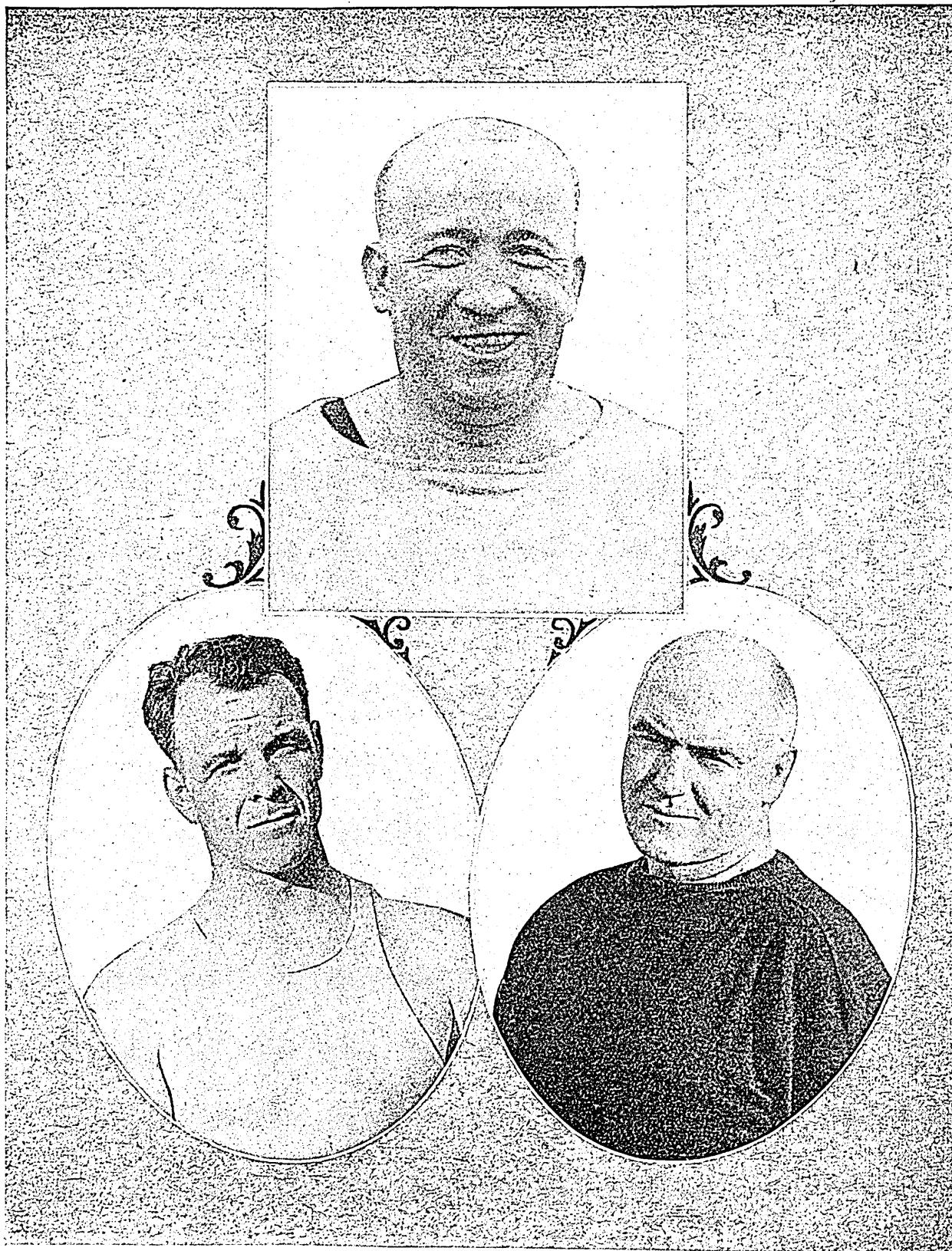
E. BOLAN BURKE
Associate Manager



The Players

FRED COLLINS, *Full*
JOE MORRISSEY, *Quarter*
JERRY RANSAVAGE, *Tackle*
WILLIAM HURLEY, *Half*
JACK MCGRATH, *Tackle*
FRANK McCARTHY, *Center*
TIMOTHY MOYNHAN, *Center*
CHARLES RILEY, *Quarter*
GEORGE MURRIN, *Guard*
CHILE WALSH, *End*
JOHN VOEDISCH, *End*
JOHN CHEVIGNY, *Half*
JOHN LAW, *Guard*
JOE BENDA, *End*
ARTHUR DENCHFIELD, *Full*
JAMES HURLBERT, *End*
JOHN COLERICK, *End*
JOHN NIEMIEC, *Half*
THOMAS BYRNE, *End*
J. M. BRADY, *Quarter*
ALBERT GEBBERT, *Quarter*
JOSEPH PRELLI, *Half*
CHARLES MCKINNEY, *Quarter*
EDWIN STEIN, *Tackle*
RAY DAHMAN, *Half*
JOHN POLISKEY, *Tackle*
EDMOND COLLINS, *End*
MOON MULLINS, *Half*
T. F. KENNALEY, *Quarter*
CHRISTIE FLANAGAN, *Half*
R. L. DONAHUE, *Tackle*
WILLIAM JONES, *Guard*
JOHN DOARN, *Tackle*
HERBERT SCHULTZ, *Tackle*
JACK CANNON, *Guard*
EUGENE MAHONEY, *Tackle*

GEORGE LEPPIG, *Guard*
FRED MILLER, *Tackle*
JOHN FREDERICK, *Center*
JOSEPH NASH, *Center*
THOMAS MURPHY, *End*
JOHN VEZIE, *End*
ELMER WYNNE, *Full*
JOE LOCKE, *Guard*
D. SHAY, *Full*
JAMES BRAY, *Half*
RAYMOND SMITH, *End*
THOMAS NOON, *Tackle*
WILLIAM GREER, *Guard*
WILLIAM DEW, *Full*
WILLIAM CASSIDY, *Guard*
JOHN MCSORLEY, *Half*
JOHN CHRISTIANSEN, *Guard*
BERTRAM METZGER, *Guard*
THOMAS KASAIS, *Guard*
THOMAS QUALTERS, *Full*
EDWARD WHITE, *End*
JOHN PRENDERGAST, *Center*
BERNARD HUGGER, *Center*
W. P. BYRNE, *Full*
J. F. MERAK, *Tackle*
T. S. McLAUGHLIN, *Tackle*
ROBERT BRANNON, *Half*
JOHN HARRINGTON, *End*
SAM RICHARDS, *Tackle*
CHRIS WILIEMMY, *Half*
LOUIS NORMAN, *Center*
MARION HEFFERNAN, *End*
HOWARD SMITH, *Half*
JOHN REDGATE, *Half*
JOHN WINBERRY, *End*
JOHN ELDER, *Half*



KNUTE K. ROCKNE
Head Coach

HARTLEY ANDERSON
Line Coach

THOMAS MILLS
Assistant Coach



JOHN J. WALLACE
Freshman Coach

The legal half of the firm of Wallace and McManmon holds his law secondary only to that of football as taught by Coach Rockne. Consequently we find his return to Notre Dame this fall to coach the Frosh and further his legal research. The perfection of the opposing team's plays as divulged to the freshmen by Coach Wallace aided Rockne tremendously during the past season. His ability as a scout, candidly, has been a true aid in preparing the freshmen for scrimmage against the varsity each week.



JOHN V. McMANMON
Freshman Coach

The same that has been said of Coach Wallace holds true with Coach McManmon with the exception of the legal part. The latter, the second part of the combination of wit and football, drilled the freshmen with so much drive and vigor that it cannot be denied that the varsity will be greatly strengthened by the addition of several of this season's yearlings in 1928. The line play of the freshmen, for which Coach McManmon was responsible, was exceptional this year.



AUGUST M. GRAMS
Head Manager



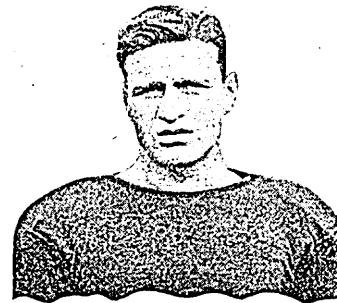
ROBERT E. KIRBY
Head Cheer Leader



E. BOLAN BURKE
Associate Manager

CAPT. JOHN "CLIPPER" SMITH
Hartford, Connecticut

After making a tour of the football camps, Lawrence Perry classified our watch charm guard as one of the two greatest guards in the country. By his consistently fine performances this season, he will undoubtedly receive All-American recognition. Johnny has the enviable record of playing three years as a regular guard on the Notre Dame varsity. The Clipper was in a class by himself for power, aggressiveness, interference and ability to diagnose plays. He will long be remembered as a great guard and a fine leader. The Clipper had a field day at the Army; and in the Minnesota game recovered a fumbled punt to give Notre Dame the opportunity to score.



ELMER WYNNE
Norton, Kansas



Elmer used to be known as Chet Wynne's brother, but after this season Chet will be known as Elmer Wynne's brother. Elmer was a consistent ground gainer, a great defensive man and a fine interferer. A bad leg forced him to leave the Navy game; and this injury handicapped him the rest of the season. His defensive play in the Navy game received a great deal of favorable comment from the press. He also starred in the games with Detroit and Drake. Judging from his early season form had he not been on the injured list he would have made a strong bid for national recognition.

JOHN "BULL" POLISKEY
Bellaire, Ohio

The Bull is all that the name implies. His ferocious charges through the line to nail opposing backs for losses made him one of the outstanding linemen of the season. Although small in stature, John is powerful, rugged and extremely fast in getting down the field to cut down the secondary or to cover punts. Poliskey held down the tackle position for three years, and played perfect football in every game. Poliskey starred against Minnesota, Army and Georgia Tech. By his season's play, the Bull proved conclusively that an Irish name was not necessary to be a "Fighting Irishman."



JOHN FREDERICK
Saginaw, Michigan



John had quite an assignment this fall when he was selected to fill the gap left vacant when Bud Boeringer, All-American of 1926, graduated. But in his own quiet way he caused followers of the "Fighting Irish" to forget there ever was a center named Boeringer. John played a flawless game all season. Playing a roving center, he knocked down passes, broke up end runs and made himself a general nuisance as far as the opponents were concerned. His greatest individual feat of the season was blocking a punt in the Navy game which Walsh converted into a touchdown.

"CHRIS" FLANAGAN
Port Arthur, Texas



The Texas Phantom was a marked man this season, and Notre Dame's opponents concentrated on stopping him and in the majority of instances failed. His snakey hips fooled many ambitious tacklers, and in every game he romped for long gains. Christy ran wild against Coe, Detroit, Navy and Indiana. His speed, fearlessness, clusiveness, change of pace and nonchalant style make him one of the outstanding ball toters in the country. The Texan's gallops ranged from 15 to 70 yards; his most scintillating performance being a seventy yard run in the Coe game.

CHARLES RILEY
Indianapolis, Indiana

In Charley Riley we have a typical Notre Dame quarterback. A ten-second man, a fine passer and a great pass receiver, colorful and with an uncanny accuracy for finding the weak points of his opponents. By out-smarting his opponents Charley pulled the Irish out of many holes during the season, and obtained the best possible results out of his team. He was consistently good in every game. His greatest accomplishment was scoring a touchdown in the Georgia Tech game after receiving a pass and eluding most of the Georgia Tech eleven. His sneak plays were a feature of the Indiana, Army and Detroit games.



"CHILE" WALSH
Hollywood, California



Chile upheld the high standard of the Walsh clan at right end for Notre Dame this year. His play all season was practically errorless and was a great asset to the team. He is fast, strong, well built, a superb handler of the forward pass and a star end down the field. Opponents found him hard to circle and he boxed opposing tackles with surprising regularity. His greatest individual feat was scoring a touchdown in the Navy game on a blocked punt! Chile received great praise from the press for his play against Minnesota, Army and Southern California.

RAYMOND "BUCKY" DAHMAN
Youngstown, Ohio

Bucky's work at halfback this year has been nothing short of sensational. Time and again, he brought the stands to their feet with his sensational runs around end and off tackle. Being an All-Western basketball guard accounts for his phenomenal ability to knock down enemy passes. Bucky is a fine interferer, a reliable punter and a speedy and slippery runner. His wide flank sweeps were a feature of the game with the Navy. Dahman starred in the games with Indiana, Detroit, Navy and Southern California. Bucky's football activities at Notre Dame are over, and we regret the passing of this versatile athlete.



JOHN "IKE" VOEDISCH
South Bend, Indiana

For three years the pride of South Bend has held down the left wing position on the Irish eleven, and has yet to make an error. A sure and savage tackler, a great forward pass receiver and one of the fastest men on the squad, he meets with the high standards set by former great Notre Dame ends. He has played in real All-American style although handicapped towards the last of the season by a leg injury received in the Minnesota game. His brilliant and consistent end play has gained for him the national reputation of being a star end.



"FRED" MILLER
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



In his sophomore year, Miller replaced Boland at left tackle when Boland was injured in the Minnesota game. From the first, he has been a star and has proved to be an invaluable unit in the Irish forward wall. Powerful, fast and shifty, he was always at just the right spot to repulse the charges of the enemy. His play against Detroit, Army, Navy and Southern California brought many compliments from the press. Freddie has one year of competition left; and if he performs in his senior year as he has in the past nothing less than an All-American berth will do him justice.

JOHN "BUTCH" NIEMIEC
Bellaire, Ohio

Butch is the most versatile back on the squad. A long distance punter, an accurate forward passer; and with great speed and elusiveness he could always be relied upon to make the necessary gains against all sorts of opposition. His unusual ability has won for him the distinction of being one of the greatest triple threat men that football has ever known. His long punts gained a great deal of ground for the Irish in exchanging kicks. His romp around end for a touchdown in the Minnesota game was his finest contribution this season.



GEORGE LEPPIG
Cleveland, Ohio



For power, aggressiveness and ability to diagnose plays George was in a class by himself. George played a steady game all season. Opposing linemen found him hard to take out and harder yet to keep him from crashing through the line and throwing the ball carrier for a loss. George has another year of competition, and will be heard from next season. With the experience gained this season George should do great things in 1928. Leppig's guard play was a feature of the Minnesota, Indiana and Drake games.

FRED COLLINS
Portland, Oregon



Due to injuries, Fred did not get started until mid-season; but when he did get in there, he ripped opposing lines to pieces. Fred is a ten second man of the Layden type with a keen eye for openings and a great open field runner. In the Georgia Tech and Indiana games, Fred bore the brunt of the running attack, performing in true All-American style. Collins will be back next year and we expect the dashing, nonchalant, flashy Oregonian to carve a deep niche for himself in Football's Hall of Fame.

"JOE" BENDA
Duluth, Minnesota

Injuries kept Joe off the Notre Dame eleven for two years, but this season he came into his own. A fast, rangy and smart end, Joe was always on top of the play; down the field to nail the safety man in his tracks, or drifting out to snare a forward pass in his own inimitable way. Benda caused many opposing halfbacks to be thrown for losses, and was particularly adept in sifting through interference. His phenomenal playing in the Georgia Tech, Navy and Detroit games were the particularly daring performances of this splendid wing.



JOHN "JACK" CHEVIGNY
Hammond, Indiana



Chev's long end runs and off tackle smashes won the plaudits of every one who had the opportunity to see this colorful halfback in action. Possessed of snakey hips, lightning speed and ability to tackle savagely, the Chev was forever worrying the opponents. With no regard for life or limb, he made a shoestring tackle to stop Joesting in the Minnesota game and prevented a sure touchdown. His defensive play was a feature of every game; and his long gallops in the Coe, Detroit and Georgia Tech games will serve as fuel for the hot stove league this winter.

GEORGE "CHUNK" MURRIN
Parkersburg, West Virginia

Chunk started his football activities at Notre Dame as a center, being understudy to Boeringer for two seasons. This year he was shifted to guard; and judging from his season's play had he been more experienced in this position, he would have seen more action. Taking into consideration his inexperience, Murrin performed in brilliant style. We admire Chunk for his courage, his versatility, his tenacity and his aggressiveness. Chunk displayed considerable prowess in the games with Coe, Indiana and Georgia Tech.



CHARLES McKINNEY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In running McKinney on the second outfit, Coach Rockne was well aware of the fact that Charlie—some say Chal—could handle the shock troops in such a way as to puzzle the opposition and wear them down for the first team; and even get the jump on them in the scoring; witness the Indiana game at Bloomington. Charles has common sense knowledge in barking signals; has finesse in hurling long, accurate forward passes; and comes the closest this year of any of the quarterbacks in resembling Harry Stuhldreher, All-American quarterback of '24. Watch for Charlie next year.



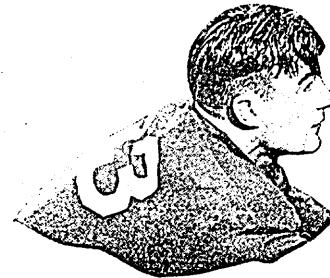
JAMES "JIM" HURLBERT
New York City



Jim received the reputation of a vicious tackler when as a freshman he bowled over Don Miller. Rock immediately requested him to retire from action. Ever since, he has upheld that reputation, being in there every minute rocking and socking the opponents. He was handicapped in his sophomore and junior years by injuries, but this year he was in the thick of the fray at all times. Tearing in time and again to break up plays was Jim's hobby. Possessed of great intestinal fortitude, the rougher the going became the better Jim liked it. He played well against Detroit, Navy and Drake.

"TIM" MOYNIHAN
Chicago, Illinois

Tim alternated with Frederick at the pivot position this season, and with such a good old Gaelic cognomen it is no wonder that Tim filled all the requirements of a Fighting Irishman. He was a smooth and accurate passer, a stone wall on defense; is possessed of a fighting heart, and was particularly brilliant in sizing up a break in the line, and getting to it in time to upset the runner with a dull thud. Tim will be in the lineup again next year, and with the experience he has gained this year he should be one of the best centers in '28. Tim played remarkable football in the games with Coe, Drake, Indiana and Georgia Tech.



JOHN COLERICK
Newark, New Jersey



The first time John donned a football suit and appeared on Cartier Field, he reminded the old guard of Anderson and Kiley because of his outstanding ability to drift down the field, snare a pass on the dead run, and advance the ball far into enemy territory. His peculiar knack of leaping into the air to catch a pass while surrounded by opposing backs was sensational at all times. After seeing John in action against Indiana, Minnesota and the Army, critics were unanimous in the opinion that before he leaves Notre Dame he will surpass the records of the greatest ends.

WILLIAM DEW
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin



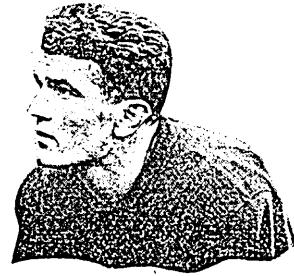
Playing on the third team this season, Billy has shown enough ability to warrant our saying that had he been at another college his line plunging would have merited him a first string berth. Billy gave Wynne and Collins real opposition for fullback honors. He is a smashing line plunger, a keen and steady defensive man, and a vigorous interferer. Coe, Detroit, Navy, and Indiana found Billy a hard man to stop. This was Dew's first year of varsity play, and before the "Big Football Parade" is over we predict that Billy will make a place for himself among Notre Dame's immortals.

"JOE" PRELLI
Oakland, California

An early season injury kept Joe out of the first four games. But when he did see action, he made things hum. Being a track man of unusual ability, it is only natural that opponents found Joe a hard man to lay hands on. His elusiveness, defensive work, speed, and knowledge of the game made him a valuable asset to the team. Joe carried the ball for substantial gains every time it was given to him. He was at his best, however, in the Army and Drake games. During his three years on the varsity, Joe has seen plenty of action and could always be relied upon for steady gains.



JERRY RANSAVAGE
Kingston, Pennsylvania



Jerry is without a doubt the strong man of Knute Rockne's 1927 troupe. Jerry held down left tackle on the shock troops, and opponents found him to be the proverbial stone wall when they directed a play in his direction. His unusual strength and agility enabled him to break through and upset ambitious ground gainers. With the experience Jerry has gained this year he should be one of Rock's greatest linemen next season. Jerry played marvelous football in the Navy, Drake and Indiana games.

JOHN LAW
New York City

New York City and the elite East may be proud of Mayor Jimmy Walker and all that; but Notre Dame is just as proud of one of the scrappiest guards that ever played for the Fighting Irish. Law played the part of a shock trooper during the past season, not because he couldn't make the grade on the first team, but because the part of a shock trooper is as important as that of any other on the Irish squad. His ability to pull out on certain plays, and to hold his man in on other plays has stamped him a guard of ability and finesse. His best performances were against Detroit, Indiana, and Drake.



"JACK" ELDER
Louisville, Kentucky

The Colonel from the blue grass state ran the ends ragged this season. Jack is the fastest man on the Varsity and once past the line of scrimmage is impossible to catch. After his brilliant 95-yard run in the Drake game he was named the New York Century—here he comes, there he goes. Jack will be heard from next season, and before he hangs up his cleats will be given due consideration by selectors of the All-American.

"JIM" BRAY
Kansas City, Missouri

If you are looking for a classy halfback who can punt, run and pass with the best of them we recommend the Kansas City speed merchant. Jim saw action against Coe, Georgia Tech and Indiana; and it took the combined efforts of the opponent's line to check this slippery halfback.

"JIM" BRADY
Pocatello, Idaho

Jim saw action for the first time this year on the varsity and proved himself to be a dapper and dependable quarterback. Great things are expected of the Idaho flash next year. Jim is smart, fast and shifty. He showed to good advantage in the games with Army, Navy and Drake.

"EDDIE" COLLINS
Chicago, Illinois

For two years Eddie was kept off the Irish squad by injuries. This year his lack of experience under fire kept him somewhat in the background. Playing the winged perfection with marked perfection when he did get in there, Eddie caused many opposing backs to be thrown for losses and many contemplated end runs to be smashed in the making.

"DICK" DONAHUE
Auburn, New York

With so many outstanding tackles on the squad it was almost impossible for even such a remarkable tackle as Dick to break into the lineup. Dick has two years of competition left and with the experience he has had this year will undoubtedly be a big asset to Coach Rockne next fall.

JOHN DOARN
Omaha, Nebraska

John was one of the outstanding linemen of the season. His offensive work opened wide gaps in the line of opposition, and enabled the Irish backs to reap long gains through his side of the line. John bolstered up the line in great style and was a tackle of real ability.

"JOE" LOCKE
Chicago, Illinois

For a sophomore guard Joe showed considerable ability, and if he continues to improve Rock has no cause to worry about replacing Clipper Smith next season. Joe's fighting heart carried him into the thick of the fray and after a few tries at his position the opposing quarterback left Joe alone the rest of the day.

"JOE" MORRISSEY
Danville, Illinois

Joe was Rock's ace in the hole and was sent in at crucial periods to stem the onslaught of the opposition. Possessing a cool head and eyes that were quick to detect the weakest points in the opponent's line, Joe made good every time he was called upon. He performed brilliantly in the games with Coe, Detroit and Georgia Tech.

"JACK" McGRATH
Cleveland, Ohio

Jack was shifted from fullback to tackle this year because of his boxing ability. Inexperienced though he was in this position, he performed in first class style and ought to be a regular bearcat next season. His line play was a feature of the Indiana, Drake and Navy games.

FRANK McCARTHY
Indianapolis, Indiana

The wealth of center material was the reason for Mac's failure to play more than he did. When he did see action he proved himself to be an accurate passer and a great defensive man. We admire Mac for his courage, persistence and loyalty. Mac showed some real center play in the games with Coe, Indiana and Army.

THOMAS BYRNE
Cleveland, Ohio

Tom was one of the most colorful of the Notre Dame ends this season, but due to the strenuous season he saw but little action. The keen competition was the only thing that kept Tom from entering the ranks of the stars. Tom knows his position well and won the Hering medal for ends in '26.

WILLIAM "RED" HURLEY
Springfield, Massachusetts

Just when the flashy red head was ready to give the first stringers a fight for their jobs, he was stricken with appendicitis and forced to remain inactive all season. Red will long be remembered as a fast, elusive, high stepping halfback with great courage and aggressiveness.

"JOE" CANNON
Columbus, Ohio

Joe saw plenty of action this fall and in every game acquitted himself nobly. Joe developed rapidly during the past season and should be an invaluable unit in the forward wall next season. Joe's spectacular play in the Coe, Navy and Detroit games convinces us that the human projectile will break into great prominence before he closes his career on the gridiron.

"TOM" MURPHY
Bridgeport, Conn.

The wealth of end material kept Tom from breaking into the lineup regularly. Tom is a tall, fast, powerful end who plays heads up football every minute. The 1928 lineup should find the good old Irish name of Tom Murphy at one of the wing positions for Tom has the stuff; all he needs is the opportunity to display it.



The Games

Notre Dame 28 Coe - 7

The annual track meet, which serves to inaugurate the football season at Cartier Field, was cancelled this year, because Coe College produced eleven fighting veterans, who gave the Irish an interesting afternoon on the gridiron.

The gloom of a gray October sky was reflected in the mood of the Notre Dame crowd at the end of the first half, which found the score tied at 7-7 and the Kohawks battling desperately and successfully to hold the Rockmen.

The thousands of local fans who had come expecting to see a wild and woolly game were spellbound. The South Bend Board of Strategy could offer no solution for this unprecedented state of affairs.

But it was an inspired Irish team which took the field at the start of the second half, and on the second play after the kick-off Flanagan swept around his left end, weaved, dodged and squirmed his way through the entire Coe team and dashed 56 yards down the field to cross the goal line far ahead of his nearest pursuer.

After this very fine example the Irish paraded down the field for two more scores and as the game ended the reserves were on the verge of scoring again.

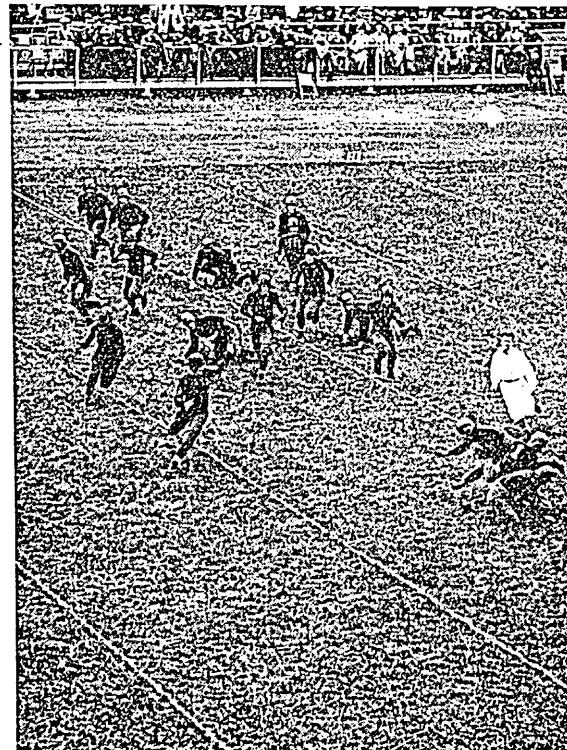
Coe being the first game of the season the characteristic smoothness of Rock's teams was missing but the Irish were as colorful and as deceptive as of old. The Irish were slow in getting started but towards the end of the game were hitting on all six cylinders.

As far as defeating Coe was concerned Notre Dame made a pretty thorough job of it, from a statistical standpoint. The Irish made 18 first downs to their opponents' one, and gained 327 yards from scrimmage against 27 for the Kohawks.

Coe brought a well drilled, hard fighting team to Cartier Field, one which disregarded those who predicted overwhelming defeat at the hands of the Gaels. Throughout the entire first half they played a great defensive game but weakened in the second half under the ceaseless pounding they took from the Irish and had to give way before Rockne's fast stepping backs.

Beloit under the guidance of Tommy Mills played the same kind of a game in 1924 against the National Champions, holding them to a 21 to 0 score.

It was a great opening and most of the customers went away pleased. Students were offering ten to one that Rock would hear from the Downtown Coaches' Association by morning but strange as it seems there were no takers.



Irish Open Season With Victory Over Coe

By JOHN RICKORD,
South Bend News-Times.



Defeat for them a foregone conclusion in all minds but their own, a doughty band of red-jerseyed football warriors from Coe College swept onto Cartier field yesterday afternoon and breathed defiance at the horde of Notre Dame players who were planning on trodding them ruthlessly under foot for the edification of the 10,000 fans who had turned out to witness the Irish make their annual early season killing.

The killing was made according to schedule, but not until the victors had been forced to exert themselves far more than is usual in their first attempt. The Kohawks faced unflinchingly the slashing attack of one of the speediest combinations which Rockne has ever developed, and when the final count was made at the end of the battle, the margin of victory was but 21 points, the score standing at 28-7.

Great Early Game

The game was one of the best in the history of season-openers at Cartier field. The usual walkaway victory had been predicted for the Rockmen, but the Coe players had not been consulted when the prediction was made. They came out of Iowa prepared to give Rockne's team a battle and to win if possible. And for a time they did throw a scare into Notre Dame fans.

Alert and aggressive, they took advantage of every break of the game, and when the first half ended, they stood on even terms with their famous opponents with the score at 7-7.

The second half was a different story, however. Tired and battered, they were unable to withstand the drives of the Notre Dame team, which was being constantly replenished with fresh performers. Notre Dame scored three touchdowns, one in the third quarter and two in the fourth, before the final gun ended the contest with the ball in Notre Dame's possession on Coe's one-yard line.

Scouts desiring to determine what Rockne has to offer this year were disappointed. Notre Dame used only straight football, with an occasional pass. Niemiec, Flanagan and Riley all handled the ball well on passes. Coe attempted a few passes, only one of which was successful.

Coe Unable to Gain

An offensive which could not puncture the Irish forward line or bend its wings was largely responsible for the Kohawk's defeat. They were able to make only one first down against the three front walls which Rockne placed before them; and their lone touchdown came when the Irish mixed signals while near their own goal line and a pass from Fredericks at center found no one in the backfield to receive it. The ball bounded back over the Notre Dame goal and Paschke, Coe guard, fell on it for six points. E. Barrows kicked goal and the advantage gained by Dahman's touchdown shortly before was eradicated.

On the defense, the Coe battlers played good ball, and it required hard plugging on the part of the Irish

to push the oval across the Coe goal for their four markers. Rock started his second squad, which was held on more than even terms by Kohawks, and not until the first stringers entered the game in the second quarter did Notre Dame show much offensive punch.

Then came an 80-yard march down the field which was culminated by Ray Dahman's dashing around left end behind perfect interference for a touchdown. Dahman also added the extra point.

Wynne Hits Line

The march was featured chiefly by line plunging on the part of Elmer Wynne, dashes off the tackle by Dahman and Flanagan and a pass which resulted in a 25-yard gain.

A few minutes later Coe tied the score. Coe received the kick-off but, after failing to gain, kicked to Notre Dame's four-yard line. After Wynne had made seven yards on two plunges, he was replaced by Shay because of an injury received in the second drive. The next play went amiss, the lob pass from center falling to the ground and bouncing over the goal line, where Paschke dropped on it.

The half ended with the teams deadlocked at 7-7, but soon after the beginning of the third quarter, Christy Flanagan made one of his famous runs. On the third play of the period, he took the ball around right end, slipped inside of two Coe men who sought to run him out of bounds, and with the aid of his mates, galloped 56 yards to a touchdown. Dahman added the extra point.

Pass Gives Score

A long pass from Niemiec to Voedisch was instrumental in scoring the third Notre Dame touchdown. After carrying the ball from their own 40-yard line to Coe's 31-yard marker on runs and plunges by Wynne, Niemiec and Chevigny, Niemiec tossed a 20-yard pass to Voedisch, who carried the ball to the Coe one-foot line before being downed. Riley then carried the ball over on a quarterback sneak through center. Niemiec's kick sailed true.

Substitutions were made and with the same team in, which started the game, the Irish pushed over another six-pointer. A march from Coe's 36-yard line began and Moynihan partially blocked a Coe punt, the ball being recovered by Notre Dame. Niemiec, Chevigny and Dew carried the ball for steady gains, Dew finally taking it over on a plunge through the line. Niemiec kicked the goal, and the score stood at 28-7.

Rockne then began shooting third stringers into the game, and they took up the work where the second stringers had finished. With Mullens and Elder, halfbacks, carrying the ball for long gains on sweeping runs around the Coe wings, the third stringers had the ball on the Coe one-yard line when the game ended.

Rockne's Gaels Outclass Dorais' Titans

By W. W. EDGAR,
Detroit Free Press.

Those same stalwart athletes who gained considerable prestige for the University of Detroit last week against the Army reached for a higher rung on the gridiron ladder yesterday afternoon and missed it by three touchdowns as the Titans bowed in defeat to Notre Dame, 20 to 0.

Though defeat was their portion, the Titans were not disgraced, and surprised their most ardent admirers by the stubborn defense that several times averted touch-downs for the highly touted Irish eleven.

It was the biggest task the Titans ever were called upon to face, and a record attendance witnessed what probably was the most colorful spectacle ever staged on the chalk-lined turf of Dinan field.

Tribute to Coaches

Every seat in the stadium was occupied and spectators jammed into every point of vantage while the two teams clashed for the first time. The gathering was a fitting tribute to the coaching ability of both Dorais and Rockne, first exponents of the forward pass, and former teammates at the South Bend school.

And the 28,000 spectators who viewed the contest witnessed a game that never lagged in action and abounded in thrills until the final whistle. In the end it was the smartest team that won and the victory was justly deserved.

From the outset it was apparent that the Titans could, not match the speed of their rivals who employed deceptive aerial attack to gain when within striking distance of the goal line. Two times during the course of combat, it was a pass to Flanagan that netted touch-downs and the same attack paved the way for the third.

Flanagan's Play Factor

It was Flanagan who proved the hub of the Notre Dame and the trust placed in him was fulfilled with several of the most spectacular plays of the game. It was Flanagan throwing passes, receiving them, and, to relieve the monotony at times, darting off tackle for long gains. His was the best brand of all around ability ever seen at Dinan field and Notre Dame owes its victory to his ability of picking the logical moments for his moves.

Like a prancing deer on a golden autumn afternoon, he was all over the field, and during his stay in the game always threatened to break away for the same kind of a run that first brought him attention last year against the Army.

After the reserve teams of each school failed to score in the opening period Christy Flanagan made his debut with a run of 28 yards on the first play of the second period. It was this sprint that paved the way for the first score and started the Titans on the road to defeat. Dahman followed up this sprint with another of 10 yards and Flanagan advanced to the 3-yard line. Here it appeared as though the breaks were against him. He hurled a short pass to Riley over the line, but the move was discounted by a penalty for holding.

Passes Everywhere

This didn't disturb the Irish, who just added that much more force and deceptiveness to their attack. The pass play was alternated, and, catching the Titans unaware, Flanagan took a pass to the 2-yard line and the same play netted a touchdown. The passing of this pair was uncanny and provided the spectators with a sample of what was to follow.

Not content with the damage already done, this pair, augmented by the line plunging of Wynne, were on the threshold of the Titan goal line shortly after the third period opened. It was a pass to Flanagan, then to Riley, followed by an off tackle thrust, that set the stage for the second score.

In this march the Irish unleashed a lateral pass that never missed its mark and the Titans were dizzy watching the ball's progress.

The play was well covered and the Detroit backs seldom found the right man. So it was when Flanagan took a backward toss from Riley and was brought to earth only when he had moved to within seven yards of the goal. Wynne made the task a little lighter with a plunge that netted an additional five yards. But it was Flanagan, he of the swaying hips, that cut inside tackle for the second score and removed all doubt as to the ultimate winner.

While the Irish showed ability at hurling passes, they were equally proficient in checking the overhead game of the Titans. And this defense directly resulted the final score. Pass after pass enabled the South Bend team to put the ball over the line, but as in the first period the score was nullified by a holding penalty. Given the ball on their own 20-yard line, the Titans attempted the overhead style, but disaster was the only reward, as Niemiec reached high into the air and speared Brazil's pass to start the final march goalward.

Titan Line Wilts

Taking the ball on the Titan 28-yard line Dew hit center for five yards and the drive was on, this time to be successful. Niemiec took advantage of an opening inside left tackle and reeled off 10-yards more and the Titan line wilted under the attack. With the forward wall weakening Notre Dame again resorted to passing and a long effort, Niemiec to Hulbert lacked two yards of a score. This was gained on the next play when Dew wriggled through the middle of the line for the final score.

In defeat, though, the Titans never stopped trying. They were in there fighting, fighting against odds that could not be overcome. Once it appeared as though they were destined to cross the Notre Dame line, but the effort went for naught because of holding, a practice that was frequent throughout the game.

Misfortune Stalks Titans

This misfortune occurred on the opening play of the third period. "Cy" Janowsky took Dahman's kickoff on his own 18-yard line and calling on all the speed he possessed, the Titan fullback darted down the field. One by one he passed the chalk lines and his interference took man after man out of his path until finally he was brought down on the Notre Dame 20-yard line.

The Titan followers were in a frenzy as he added yard after yard to his 62-yard run, the longest of the game. But just when their spirits were highest gloom cast its shadow over the field for the ball was called back and the once chance the Titans had to score was cast aside by the officials.

It was this misfortune, more than any other, that caused the Detroit spirit to wane. It was a time when the Titans were not destined to score and though the break, nullified the run, it was the same fate met by the Irish preceding each of their first two touchdowns.

Make Only Four First Downs

While the game had a decidedly Notre Dame complex, the Titans earned considerable praise for the stand they made in holding their more experienced rivals to three touchdowns on 17 first downs. On a basis of ground gained Notre Dame was far in the van. The Titans were credited with four first downs and one of these was the result of a penalty.

It simply was a case of a master forward passing combination functioning at all times and Rockne has the laugh on Dorais in their first meeting.

Notre Dame 20 Detroit - 0

In 1913 Knute Rockne, an end, and Gus Dorais, quarterback on the Notre Dame eleven, a team representing a small college some place in Indiana, introduced the forward pass into the East. Using the combination of Dorais to Rockne, this light but fast team defeated the formidable West Point aggregation, 35 to 12.

The years pass and fourteen years later we find the old teammates rival gridiron mentors facing each other across the chalk lined turf of Dinan Field. For sixty minutes their charges battle up and down the field. Both teams frequently use the forward pass, the same weapon which had brought so much fame and glory to their coaches. But it was Knute Rockne's "Fighting Irish" who were the most successful with the aerial attack and Gus Dorais' "Titans" went down to a 20-0 defeat.

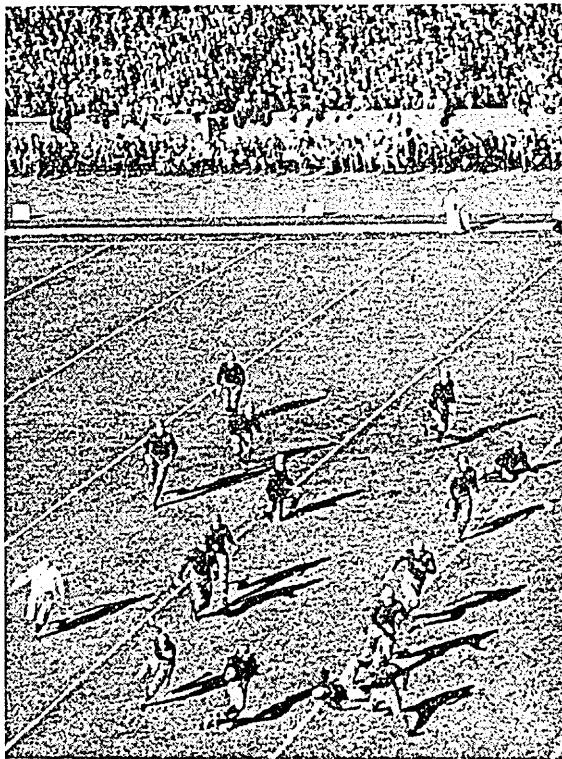
Notre Dame completed eight out of 13 passes for a total of 74 yards while Detroit snagged six out of the 13 they attempted for a total yardage of 41 yards. Notre Dame made fourteen first downs while Detroit received credit for three.

Christy Flanagan made his debut in Detroit by scoring two touchdowns and treating the spectators to a few of his famous gallops. Elmer Wynne gained consistently through the line and was a tower of strength on the defense. Charley Reilly was master of the situation at all times and used rare judgment in calling his plays.

The Irish played a hard, determined game, brilliant in spots and indicative of greater power as the season advances. Detroit still fresh from their great stand against the Army were a constant menacing threat.

The Notre Dame line presented an impregnable defense. Pitted against a husky group of forwards that played the Army line to a standstill the previous Saturday, the light Irish line led by Captain Johnny Smith performed in brilliant style. The nearest Detroit came to scoring was in the first quarter when Maloney attempted a place kick from the 33-yard line.

The majority of the student body enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Ford's home town and supplemented by the band made the Irish feel at home in the automobile city.



Notre Dame 19 Navy - - 6

They used to call him General Rockne, but it's Admiral Rockne from now on. Admiral Rockne brought his small fleet of Cruisers to Baltimore, the home port of the Navy, and despite the presence of many of Uncle Sam's greatest strategists succeeded in out-maneuvering the Naval Fleet.

The contest was more even than the score indicates. The midshipmen were leading the Fighting Irish by a score of 6 to 0 at the end of the first half, and at no time was Notre Dame absolutely sure of victory.

Rock started the second team, and the future admirals promptly pushed over a touchdown after a splendid march from midfield. The regulars were then pressed into action, but the Navy held them in check for the rest of the half.

In the third quarter Frederick broke through the line, blocked the kick, and cut down Lloyd as the latter started to recover the ball which was bounding back down the field. The ever alert Chile Walsh scooped up the ball, and raced across the goal line, tying the score.

Chris Flanagan then started to function, and ran the Navy ends ragged bringing the ball to the Navy's goal line. Charley Riley made a few mysterious passes with the ball; finally taking it himself and scooting around right end for Notre Dame's second score.

Chris retired from the game and Niemiec replaced him. The midshipmen were surprised to find that Niemiec was the equal of Flanagan and had the same

peculiar knack of shaking off ambitious tacklers and sprinting for long gains. Late in the fourth quarter he passed thirty yards to Chile Walsh, and on the next play smashed through tackle for the last Irish touchdown of the day.

The battle was a magnificent clash, courageously fought between two evenly matched elevens. Both teams were possessed of powerful lines and strong backfields. Both were well fortified with practically the same type of offense, the aerial game and wide flank sweeps.

Riley's cunning and the well drilled Notre Dame team were too much for the Navy, and they were at sea most of the afternoon. Navy backs found the Notre Dame line impenetrable; and with Miller, Smith, Fredericks and Poliskev breaking through on defense the Navy backs had a busy afternoon.

Notre Dame was far superior to the Navy in every department of the game and illustrated the old maxim that "a good team makes its own breaks." There was precision in Notre Dame's attack. Eleven men moved as one, and the blocking and tackling was extremely accurate.

The game was hard fought but clean from the kickoff to the last play. This was Notre Dame's first game with the Naval Academy, and Irish supporters are confident that the same cordial relations that have existed between the Army and Notre Dame will exist with the other branch of the service.



Large Crowd Watches Notre Dame Sink Navy

By GRANTLAND RICE.
Of the New York Herald-Tribune.

The South Bend simoon is roaring down the road again. Headed by two forked streaks of lightning—"on again Flanagan" and "off again Niemiec"—Notre Dame beat the Navy, 19 to 6, yesterday afternoon as 53,000 spectators in the big Baltimore stadium looked on beneath blue Maryland skies.

The South Bend simoon started away like a zephyr with the second team at work and the Navy scored in about five minutes. But it was the same old blistering Western tornado when Knute Rockne rushed in Flanagan, Niemiec, Riley, Walsh, Miller, Voedisch and the remainder of his brilliant cast, who lost no time in changing the zephyr to a howling gale.

Navy Scores on Notre Dame Fumble

Even as it was the Navy led, 6 to 0, at the end of the first half, but early in the third quarter the fast, keen Western attack, driving its way forward with the brilliant Flanagan at his best, had the Navy on the run.

The Navy scored first on Notre Dame's fumble of a kick at midfield, a Notre Dame penalty on a forward pass, a smashing run by Ransford and a double pass from Ransford to Spring. Notre Dame tied it up early in the third period. Lloyd dropped back to kick from his own 45-yard line. In a wild surge Fredericks and Poliskev swarmed through to block the kick as Walsh recovered the bounding ball and raced over for the tying touchdown.

A few minutes later "on again" Flanagan hit the warpath and two wide sweeping end runs in succession carried the ball from his own territory—fifty-one yards—to within nine yards of the Navy's goal.

Riley scored the touchdown on a delayed pass. When Flanagan left the field Niemiec picked up where the star back left off and ran the Navy off its feet to score again in the closing period of the day. After Notre Dame got warmed up the less-experienced Navy team fought back savagely and grimly but nevertheless vainly against the play of the faster, quicker western backs who picked their openings like streaks of light, who smothered the Navy ends and who in turn put on enough defensive pressure to break up the Navy attack the greater part of the afternoon.

Navy's Chances Soon Fade

It was a marvelous day for football from the viewpoint of 53,000 spectators who sat and cheered as the midshipmen marched across the fields to their blue-tinted sector and began their cheering chorus before the game was on. There was only a breath of wind stirring, drifting lazily across the field and not a fleck of white against the blue Indian summer sky above.

For the first few minutes against Rockne's wavering second string the Navy looked to be on its way, but when the old guard reported for action and the simoon from South Bend began to tune up, with Flanagan sweeping along the green turf, the Navy never had a chance. It was up against a team entirely too smooth and fast and powerful in every feature of attack and defense. It was up against a line that outcharged and outblocked its own forwards and against a backfield that started with far greater speed and carried far better interference eight times out of ten.

With Smoothness of Wind

It was a wonderful sight to see one of Rockne's veteran teams in action. Every cog in its place and the entire ensemble drives along with the smoothness of the western wind. So the Navy was up against more than many in the big stands could see, an alert, smart set of veterans who knew their jobs down to the final turn on every play, backs and forwards alike.

It was Notre Dame's heavy and continued pressure which broke up the Navy defense after the opening drive.

Even such a back as Lloyd, 200 pounds in weight and 10 seconds in speed, never had a chance to get started. The western defense smothered him as the surf smothers a raft. They were all over him at his first or second stride and he never had a chance to get away and use his speed.

To Notre Dame's 10-Yard Line

The Navy started quickly against Rockne's second string. The first break came when Ransford punted to midfield and the ball bounded off Niemiec's shoulder to be covered by a Navy end.

A Navy pass drew open interference from a Notre Dame end and this penalty advanced the ball another 12 or 15 yards. Then Ransford crashed through the left side of the Western flank for 20 yards to the 10-yard line, and after three line plays, a double pass from Ransford to Spring sent the ball over. Hannefian failed to kick goal, but the Navy was leading, 6 to 0, and the racket was terrific.

Flanagan Held in Reserve

Then something happened. Ten young men arrayed in the same colored sweaters came out to take their places. And "on again" Flanagan was still held in reserve. Things began to change quickly, but the Navy defense was fighting too hard and Notre Dame couldn't score. At the end of the second period the Navy was leading, 6 to 0, but Notre Dame had piled up nine first downs against three, so you could see how the drift was working; you could see that the Navy defense, even with all its substitutions, couldn't hold back this Western gale much longer.

It was early in the third quarter that the Navy drew a tough break. Lloyd punted well down the field, deep into Notre Dame territory, but Notre Dame was off side. So the Navy took its five yards, ran one running play and then Lloyd fell back to punt again. It was a harrowing incident. If that first kick had been taken, the Navy would have had its rivals deep in their own domain.

Time and again the Navy backs tried out the Western line, but they rarely made a yard. There were cheers from the Navy section when Flanagan left the field, but the Navy section had forgotten about a young man named Niemiec. Niemiec was just another Flanagan, almost. In the last quarter Niemiec soon opened an attack by racing 32 yards up the field, then he kicked out of bounds on the Navy's 17-yard line.

Unable to Check Niemiec

That wasn't any too soft for the Navy. A few minutes later the Navy overlooked something or pulled a boner by using a running play on the fourth down around midfield so Notre Dame took the ball. Niemiec then made 11 yards. A forward pass from Niemiec to Walsh got 10 more. On the next play Niemiec raced 11 yards through the Navy team, dodging, ducking, spinning, twisting and turning as he fought his way across the line. It seemed as if a dozen powerful hands had gripped him and held him. But he continued on his way, a zig-zag streak that could not be stopped until he had crossed the line.

It was a hard, driving battle all the way and the Navy undoubtedly would have made it closer still except for the blocked kick which upset the poise of the younger team and sent it to coasting down hill against the swift flanking movements of Flanagan and Niemiec.

Praises Navy's Efforts

Nothing but great football on a big day is going to stop Notre Dame this year, for Rockne has one of his old-fashioned smart teams and a world of reserve power to throw in when the right time comes. The less experienced Navy team did well enough in carrying the tide of battle as far as it did before the dykes gave way.

Rockmen Mix Plays to Subdue Hoosiers

By JOHN W. STAHR.

South Bend Tribune

Indiana University showed Notre Dame and the biggest crowd in her history, 21,000, a real football team here this afternoon, but it is going to take something more than just a real football team to stop Notre Dame from going where she's going this happy autumn.

Mixing her plays with a judicious variety that had the Crimson defensive baffled most of the time, the Rockne cavalry came back after giving away the opening touchdown to the enemy and all but rode the stalwart Page men off the turf in the last three periods of the game to achieve another 19 to 6 victory. It was the third successive game in which the Irish got away to a one-touchdown handicap early in the game.

There was no sending of the regulars to the rescue this afternoon, though, after Reinhardt of Indiana had dashed off tackle 48 yards to a touchdown in the first five minutes, and the Irish first stringers remained on the bench while Coach Knute Rockne let his starting line-up fight back, and the starting lineup did fight back.

Niemiec Puts Irish Ahead

Soon after the second kickoff the starting Notre Dame team inaugurated an offensive from its own 47-yard line that put the ball in position for a touchdown just as the first quarter ended, and on the first play of the second quarter Johnnie Niemiec went off tackle for the score, and then kicked the extra point that sent Indiana into the rear where she remained the rest of the matinee although she fought back all the way.

A neat pass from Morrissey to Chevigny, and a 13-yard dash off tackle by the latter, were large helps in the first Notre Dame march to a touchdown.

The Notre Dame first team entered the game a short time after the score had been adjusted so the Irish sympathizers of whom there were many in the audience—could breathe more easily, but the strong defensive play of the scrapping Hoosiers stood off any more scoring for the first half.

Flanagan Proves Terror

At the start of the second half Indiana caused the Irish stampede to pause for just a moment before Flanagan, who was not inserted until late in the first half, began getting loose and penetrating Crimson territory. The Texas Tenor was a terror once he started, however and scored the second touchdown on a 20-yard dash after Whitey Collins had raced 33 yards down the side line on the most thrilling excursion of the day.

Notre Dame was kind of slow achieving her third touchdown, largely because a wild pass from center broke up one drive just as it was about to terminate in a touchdown and they had to start over again from midfield, whence Indiana had booted the ball. But the third one arrived, nevertheless, with Flanagan going over after doing his share in bringing the ball back to scoring territory.

It was a great day for the battle between the northern and southern rivals of Hoosierdom, and with an enthusiastic crowd looking on. The weather was a bit warm for the best of football, but it was better than having it muddy.

Irish Tragedy Averted

The first scene in the first act gave promise that perchance something in the nature of an Irish tragedy was going to be pulled off, when Reinhardt, carrying the ball

for his third time in succession on the third play of the game, slipped off right tackle, cut back shortly and outran the Notre Dame secondary, 48 yards to an inaugural touchdown.

The Indiana stands were crazy with elation and it was not until their team was thoroughly defeated that the cream and crimson partisans failed to have hopes for their team, and even when the last hope had flown, they were still mighty proud of their outfit. And they should be.

The Indiana team deserved all the credit anybody can summon for it, not only for its fighting spirit, but it looked more like a football team than any Indiana team has looked for a long time. But it still has some things to learn, some things Rockne might call details, before it will shape up as the equal of Notre Dame on the gridiron.

Riley Mixes His Plays

The Rockmen's offensive was the same old baffling, varied, now here and now there style that it always is when touchdowns need to be made, and they were mixed with such a skillful touch by Charley Riley that there certainly was no profit in Indiana's trying to guess what in the nature of an offensive effort was going to be thrown at her next. It was in keeping the Cream and Crimson boys off balance all the time that the Irish offensive got its effectiveness.

Again it was Christy Flanagan, Rockne's ace in the hole, that really provided the spark that sent the Rockne runabouts on their way to victory land. The interference formed in front of Christy like heralds clearing the way for a queen, and the Texan was fleet enough and sure footed enough to stay just the right distance behind them, and the way he lit out for himself as soon as the interference had spent its force was wonderflu to behold. He gained 116 yards from scrimmage, and that with his longest single excursion being for only 20 yards.

Johnny Niemiec and Whitey Collins were the other principal ground-gainers for the Irish, the blond full-back particularly being on his game again after not having been in shape previously all season. His extraordinary speed carried him rapidly away from the secondary defensive players once he crashed through the line loose, and his run of 33 yards down the side lines was clicked off in 10 second time.

Page Avoids Fancy Plays

The Notre Dame line stacked up Indiana's plays throughout the game, and batted down most of the attempts of the Hoosiers to gain through the air. Contrary to expectations, Pat Page's men failed to resort to any freakish offensive maneuvers, though one kickoff had some of the earmarks of an effort at an onside kick.

The figure hounds reported Notre Dame as acquiring 18 first downs to five for Indiana, which would show a substantial superiority in ground gaining. In fact, there was quite a substantial difference in all 'round caliber of the teams, and except for that one sweet dash by Reinhardt, the Hoosiers were scarcely in the same class with the boys from South Bend. Notre Dame gained 293 yards from scrimmage against 118 for Indiana. Notre Dame completed three passes out of nine for a total gain of 42 yards, and Indiana made good on three passes out of four for a total yardage of 46, and each team intercepted one.

Notre Dame 19 Indiana - 6

Before one of the largest gatherings of football followers, the Indiana University eleven, which had tied the powerful Minnesota team from Minneapolis by the score of 14 to 14 a week previous, met defeat at the hands of a Fighting Irish contingent by the score of 19 to 6.

Indiana commenced the game with a punch that it had displayed against Minnesota when Reinhardt, the Indiana ace, raced 45 yards for the only score for his team after about five minutes of play. The score was made against the shock troops, but Coach Rockne did not insert the regulars until the shock troops scored.

With the commencement of the second quarter, Notre Dame showed power in a combined straight football and forward pass attack. Niemiec displayed much of the power in the line bucking while Morrissey and Chevigny showed to advantage in the passing and receiving. Niemiec went over the white line for the first Notre Dame tally.

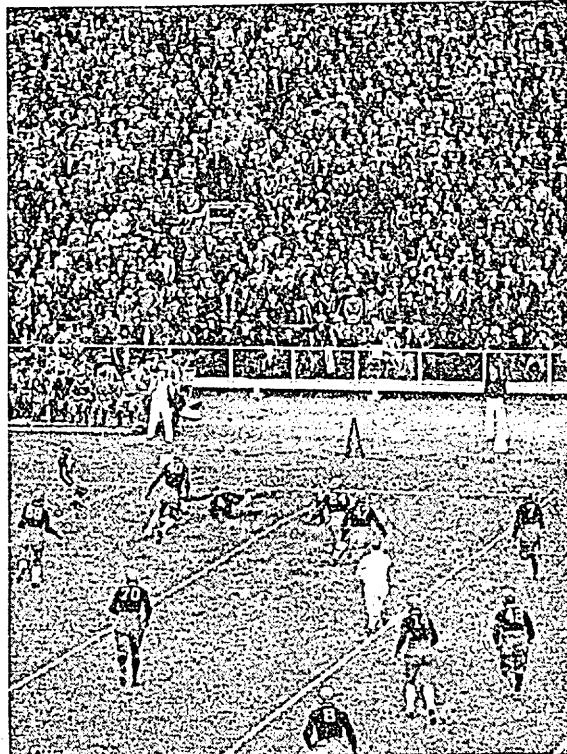
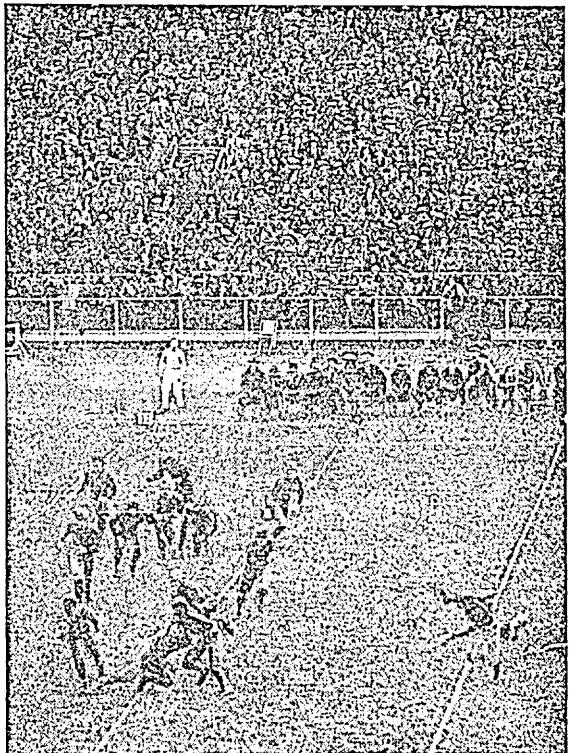
After the score was adjusted to a level keel, Coach Rockne rushed in the so-called regular outfit, with the exception of Flanagan who was not inserted into the game until the termination of the second period. Again the regulars immediately began to peel off long runs,

and especially was this true of Collins and Flanagan. The second touchdown of the game for Notre Dame came after long runs by Collins and Flanagan; to wit there was a run for 30 yards by Whitey Collins. Flanagan made the score by a jaunt of 20 yards.

The offense of the Irish could not be stopped. Time and again, the sharp cutting backs of the Irish cut here and there for long and short gains; and likewise mixed up their playing by throwing forward passes when Indiana least expected them. The Texas Tenor likewise scored the third touchdown after one unsuccessful drive down the field.

For the tenth time, Notre Dame, in lambasting Indiana, defeated a Conference team, which Notre Dame greatly rejoices in trouncing. Indiana had high hopes of stopping Notre Dame; they had stopped Minnesota; however, the same was not to be in this case.

The Irish outplayed Indiana in straight football; they outsmarted the state school boys in other aspects of the game; and had the better of their opponents in kicking. It was a deserved victory for the Irish from every point of view. And the fact that it was a conference team made the cheese better cheese and more binding cheese.



Notre Dame 26 Georgia Tech 7

Six times the Golden Tornado of Georgia Tech came sweeping from the South with a long galaxy of defeated southern teams left in its wake; and six times the same Golden Tornado was repulsed in its attempts. In the chapter of football relations that have existed between Notre Dame and Georgia Tech records show that Notre Dame has had the advantage. Records likewise show that Notre Dame was the smarter team, the better ground gaining team, and had the better record in the number of points scored. To wit: 134 to 17.

The Golden Tornado came to Cartier Field with a squad of determined men: Captain Edgar Crowley, Papa Hood, and Shorty Thomason; and a record of all victories and no defeats. It returned, however, to its native Georgia with the former, but minus the latter for the Irish took the Southerners into camp by the score of 26 to 7.

Due credit should be given the Georgia Tech men in the way they had tried to repulse the Irish. Only a really inspired and more capable team would have been

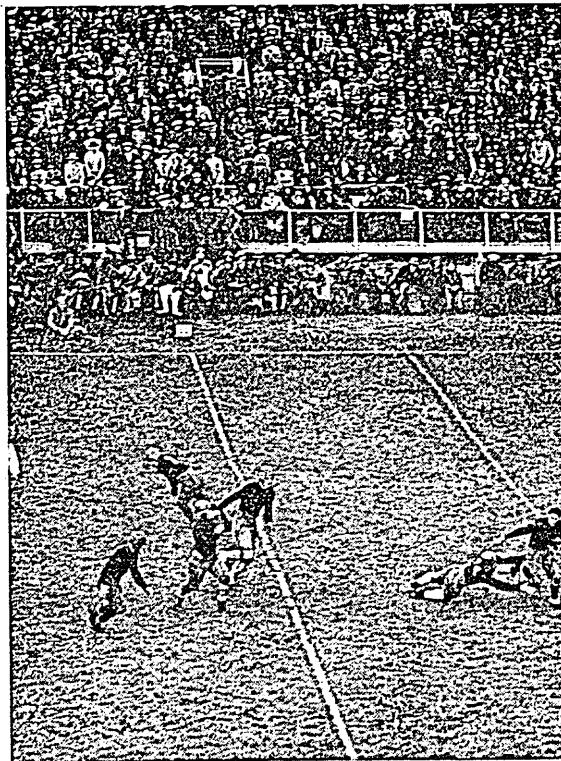
able to turn the tide against the Irish the way they played that day.

Once again, Coach Rockne let the shock troops take the first bumps of the game. They did. And were scored on again when Rockne had taken his entire first team out of the fray late in the game after his first team had run all over Georgia Tech.

The Ole Kid Collins had the power behind the punch that placed the first and second touchdowns for Notre Dame over the goal line. He scored both touchdowns on a reverse of pace after he had passed the primary defense of Georgia Tech's.

The third touchdown for Notre Dame, a bit of strategy in signal calling, resulted after the Irish had worked the ball down into Georgia Tech territory. Riley worked a sneak play and caught a forward pass from Flanagan. He raced ten yards for the touchdown.

Elder made the touchdown for Notre Dame with the second team in the fray, after Randolph of Georgia Tech had scored for the Southerners.



Golden Tornado Only a Breeze to Notre Dame

By JOHN W. STAHR
South Bend Tribune

The Georgia School of Technology's football team may be a Golden Tornado when it's blowing around down in Dixie, but when it comes up around northern Indiana, particularly Cartier field, of the domain of Notre Dame, it finds itself harnessed down to "just another southern breeze."

The gold-jerseyed southern gentlemen from Atlanta found the force of habit—plus an increasingly capable Notre Dame team—to strong for them at Cartier field again yesterday afternoon and when they picked themselves off the turf for the last time they knew they had tried again, as hard as ever, but had failed again, just as surely as ever, if not more so. The score was 26 to 7.

There was a swiftness and a deception to the Notre Dame attack yesterday that had not made its appearance before—in such deadly terms—all season, and several of the drives of the first string bunch down the field were marked by beautifully deceptive execution that even the stanchest Irish followers had not glimpsed before this season. One was led to believe that, when the Irish do get into some of the really tough pockets they'll run into in the next few weeks, they'll be equipped with plenty of fancy means for getting out of them.

Collins Gets Ambitious

About 18,000 persons wended their way into Cartier field yesterday afternoon in the hope that Georgia Tech, backed by the best reputation that she has been backed by since she became a fixture on the Notre Dame schedule, was at last going to give the Rockmen a real battle, and the 18,000 remained to marvel at the deadliness of the Rockne offensive thrusts, and to take notice of the capabilities of Mr. Fred (Whitey) Collins, who played his second varsity fullback role in two Saturdays and played it so well that his name hereafter may be printed into the programs as one of the leading ladies.

With Christy Flanagan, the Texan who has won not a few football games for Notre Dame—at least he has been quite a help—being almost bottled up by a Dixie defense that paid him very particular attention when he was conveying the pigskin, it was up to somebody else to do the breaking loose in behalf of the Notre Dame touchdown reputation, and Freddie Collins nominated himself without fear or favor, scampering around left end 19 yards to the inaugural Irish six-pointer within a very few minutes after Rockne had sent his regulars into the fray at the start of period No. 2.

Just Show Strong Offensive

Collins' touchdown followed one of those things universally designated as a "march down the field," which began simultaneously with the injecture of the Notre Dame first stringers at the outset of the second quarter. With the ball on the Irish 39-yard line, Collins plunged one yard to gain a first down, then the procession commenced.

Collins ripped off 12 yards around left end. A lateral pass play lost four yards, then Riley zipped a pass to Dahman for 23 yards and the ball was on the Tech 29-yard line. Dahman sliced off tackle for 10 yards, and Collins went around left end again on a neat criss-cross play for the touchdown. It was high-powered offensive maneuvering, and it wasn't the only display of that nature in the day's entertainment, either.

An intercepted pass by "Stumpy" Thomason, who did a number of things like that on defense but was completely stopped offensively, broke up another Notre Dame excursion to the Land of Six Points later in the second period, and some fine punting by Mizell aided in keeping the Men of Rock away from the Georgia goal during the first half, and it ended 6 to 0.

Voedisch Drops on Ball

But when an opportunity came their way early in the third quarter the Irish got their touchdown in a very

great hurry. Ike Voedisch dropped on the ball when a Tech center pass fell short on the Tech 25-yard line, and four brief plays later Collins squirmed across for his second score.

A beautiful bit of open field sprinting, combined with a neat bit of strategic daring, gave the Irish their third touchdown a few minutes later, Charley Riley being the author of both the sprint and the stratagem. A couple of incomplete passes and a gainless line play had made it fourth down and 12 to go, but Charley, having read the fable of Robert Bruce and the spider, tried again, risking a forward pass when a punt was the logical move.

He called the numbers that meant for Christy Flanagan to throw him the ball just across the scrimmage line, Christy threw it to him, and then Charley started doing his stuff. He raced in and out among Tech players almost straight across the field till he got in the clear, and then those 10½ second legs of his carried him away from the pack and he sprinted 25 more yards to cross the goal line.

Tech Scores on Blocked Punt

The second-string Notre Dame players began sifting back into the battle from that time on to the end. And the southerners grabbed hold of their one and only chance to score when a blocked punt gave them the ball on the Notre Dame seven yard line about the middle of the last quarter. A puzzling criss-cross and lateral pass sent Randolph around to the one-yard line, and Stumpy Thomason did come through in the pinch, punching the ball across that important 36 inches of turf on his first try.

The reserves had an opportunity to effect an exact duplication of the feat a few minutes later when the guards, Mr. Law and Mr. Cannon, did the blocking and recovering, respectively, of a Georgia Tech punt on the Tech six yard line. A penalty for offside and some ineffectual end runs, however, stopped them and they lost the ball on downs.

But it wasn't long before the second stringers were back there in touchdown territory again, eager to make up for their failure. And they did, with Billy Dew plowing across for the final score of the day after Jack Chevigny and Jack Elder had unreeled some thrilling end runs. The last touchdown occurred with less than a minute to play.

Advantage All with Irish

The total team gains in yardages show an extraordinarily great advantage lying with the Irish. The net yardage gained from scrimmage, including losses, figures exactly 300 yards, as against a net of 68 yards for the Golden Tornado, or Yellow Jackets, which is a more discreet title as far as yesterday's proceedings are concerned.

Christy Flanagan seemed to be getting stopped with an alarming suddenness on most of the occasions he toted the oval, and he never got away for a real long run, but at that he accounted for 50 of the 300 yards gained from scrimmage, and did it in 12 attempts, which means an average of a little better than four yards at a crack.

Collins, of course, was the heavy ground-gainer for Rockne's team. Freddie carried the ball 11 times and turned in a net profit of 78 yards, giving him an average of seven and one-eleventh yards per attempt. Dew was used 11 times and gained 30 yards, while Chevigny gained 47 yards in 11 attempts. Dahman made 28 yards in six carries, Riley two in three tries, Niemiec 21 in four tries, Bray 15 in three tries, and Elder 29 in six attempts. All these gains do not take into consideration forward pass gains, the total of which for the Irish was 91 yards on six out of 12 heaves.

Minnesota Ties Notre Dame in Last Minute

By JOHN RICKORD
South Bend New-Times.



Faced with the bitter prospect of a third defeat in as many years at the hands of a Notre Dame football eleven, a powerful Minnesota team which would not admit defeat beat Notre Dame at its own game in the last two minutes of an epochal struggle, by falling back upon the aerial game to score a touchdown after three thrusts at the Irish line had gained little yardage.

This touchdown and the successful try for point which followed, tied the score at 7-7 and added the final dramatic touch which was needed to make the game one of the most spectacular ever staged on a gridiron. The 27,000 fans who jammed the limited space in the Cartier field stands witnessed a thrill-packed battle to the finish between two of the most powerful football machines in the country.

Played under conditions which were not conducive to good football, there was not a moment in the game which was uninteresting. Apparently unconscious of the biting cold and the frequent flurries of snow, the Irish and the Vikings fought with a courage and a tenacity which produced thrill after thrill for the benefit of the excited fans. Only the frequent fumbling, especially on the part of Notre Dame, indicated that the players were affected by the adverse weather.

Pass Brings Victory

Herb Joesting, the crashing fullback of the Minnesota eleven, broke into the starring role only through the perfectly timed pass which he hurled to Walsh, Gopher end, as the latter crossed the Notre Dame goal line. It was this pass which gave the Gophers their touchdown. Otherwise the work of Joesting was not impressive, for he was able to make only short gains through the fighting Notre Dame forwards.

Following the Gopher touchdown, the climax of the contest was furnished by Pharmer, a second-string back who specializes in kicking. With the score at 7-6, Notre Dame would be the victor if the try for the extra point failed. But Doc Spears sent Pharmer into the game and with an unerring toe, the black-haired back placed the ball between the posts.

Then did the Minnesota cheering section break forth into delirious shouts and cries of joy. The Fighting Irish had been tied on their own field for the first time in twenty-two years, a damper had been placed on the Irish hopes for a clear claim to the national football title, and Minnesota had gained at least partial revenge for the two defeats which Notre Dame had administered in the past two years.

Irish Score Early

Notre Dame's marker came near the close of the first period of the game. Changing his mind about starting the second string, Rockne placed the first team line and the second string backfield on the field at the beginning of the game.

By thus outwitting Doc Spears, who sent his second string into the game, the Irish had a big advantage during

the first period, and but for two costly fumbles by Wynne, who was playing his first game since the Navy encounter, they might have scored early in the period.

The fumbles were recovered by Minnesota on both occasions, however, and it was not until Collins had replaced Wynne and Riley had gone in for McKinney at quarter that the Irish could score.

A break of the game gave them the ball on the Minnesota 16-yard line when Captain Johnny Smith of Notre Dame dropped on the ball after Hovde fumbled Niemiec's kick. On the first play, Riley sent Niemiec around his own right end for a touchdown as the Irish interferers smothered the Gopher defense.

Niemiec's successful try for the extra point gave the Irish a seven-point advantage which they retained until a mistaken signal resulted in a loose ball which was hastily covered by the alert Haycraft, Gopher left end, on the Notre Dame 19-yard line.

With about three minutes remaining, tries at the line by Almquist, Hovde and Joesting advanced the ball only two yards. Then Joesting dropped back, the Notre Dame secondary defense spread out to break up the expected pass and the play seemed doomed.

But Walsh, Gopher right end, eluded Niemiec and received the ball from Joesting three steps across the goal line. Pharmer's kick followed and the game was over so far as scoring was concerned.

Notre Dame received the kick-off, and tried three passes, all of which failed, in an effort to score again. But the game ended as Niemiec was thrown for a loss before he could toss the ball on the last attempt.

Fumble Hurt Irish

Offensively they also played well, and opened good holes for the backs, but repeated fumbles prevented the Irish from making any sustained drive on the Gopher goal.

After the Notre Dame touchdown, Spears put his first team on the field and the two teams battled evenly for the remainder of the first half, but in the second period, the Gophers had a slight advantage over the Irish, and shortly after the opening of the fourth period, they had the ball on Notre Dame's one-yard line, and had one down left in which to take it over. But a hard shoestring tackle by Chevigny dropped Almquist for a loss, and Niemiec punted the oval out of the danger zone.

In the third quarter, with the wind to his back, Almquist resorted to the kicking game. Repeatedly he kicked on the first down and usually the ball sailed over Riley's head and far down the field. As Dahman was doing the kicking for Notre Dame at this period, the Gophers gained much ground through Almquist's powerful kicking. His kicks were matched by those of Niemiec, however, for the Notre Dame back got off some boots that sailed for 50 and 60 yards.

Flanagan once got away for a 45-yard run, but he fumbled the ball when tackled. This was the longest run of the game.

Notre Dame 7 Minnesota 7

Irish eyes were smiling as the last few minutes of the final quarter ticked away. Notre Dame was in the lead, 7 to 0; and the Irish had just held Minnesota for downs in the shadow of the Irish goal posts. Niemiec dropped back to punt formation; and Riley called a line play to use up the remaining time which he understood from the officials to be 15 seconds. The backfield misunderstood the signals, and the ball was lobbed halfway between the center and Niemiec. Before Niemiec had a chance to dart up and get it, Nagurski the Gopher guard, broke through and recovered the ball on the fifteen yard line.

Three times the "Northern Thunderbolt" Joesting, smashed the Irish line, and three times he was repulsed for no gain. On the fourth down, he drifted back and hurled a forward pass. Out of the dusk came the ball; hurled from Notre Dame's 22-yard line, it sped with bullet-like swiftness into the arms of Walsh, the Gopher right end. Doc Spears then inserted Pharmer, who promptly booted the ball between the uprights to give Minnesota a tie.

From the kickoff to the last play, there was no let-up in this thrill-packed battle. The old guard was unanimous in saying that it was the most spectacular football game ever staged on historic Cartier Field.

Notre Dame scored in the first quarter when the Minnesota safety man fumbled a punt which was recovered by Captain "Clipper" Smith. On the next play Niemiec

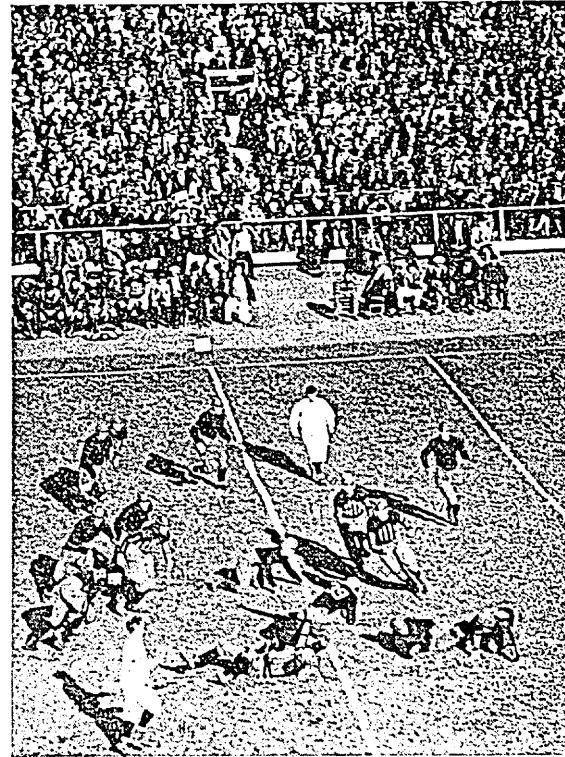
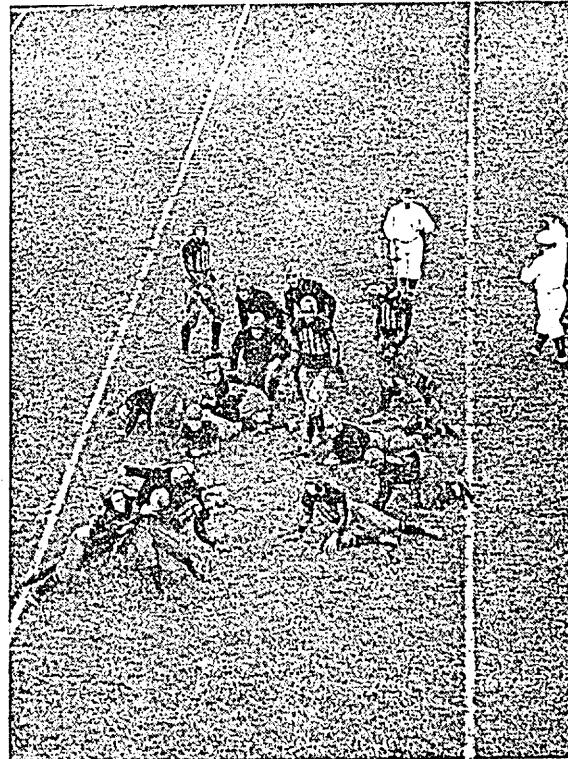
scooted 18 yards around right end for a touchdown and then added the extra point.

From this point until Minnesota scored, the two teams battled up and down the chalk lined field on even terms. Neither team could gain consistently through the line. Notre Dame stopped Joesting, and Minnesota stopped Chris Flanagan except for one 30 and another 15-yard gallop. The statistics show that Flanagan outgained All American Joesting.

The Minnesota Daily claimed a victory on first downs, but first downs in deciding the outcome of a football game are like foul balls—they go for ten cents a thousand. Quoting from the official football rules we find that: "The game shall be decided by the final score at the end of the four periods."

In 1924 when Notre Dame won the National Championship by defeating Stanford 27 to 10, "Pop" Warner was showing "Rock" how Stanford had really won the game on first downs when "Rock" interrupted with: "I hear they are going to decide the world's series next year by the number of men left on bases."

Notre Dame supporters are so accustomed to winning that they consider a tie game as a lost game. The game will be played over and over this winter in the Hot Stove League, but regardless of all arguments advanced pro and con the fact remains that the classic ended with each team having seven points and it will go down on the football records as a tie game.



Army 18
Notre Dame 0

Scoring a greater number of first downs but lacking in its usual style of smart football, Notre Dame lost its fourth game out of fourteen starts to the seasoned veterans of the Army at the Yankee before a maddening crowd of 75,000 people.

The Army drew blood in the early few moments of the game when after an exchange of punts, Cagle broke through the primary Notre Dame defense and with splendid interference evaded the secondary defense and ran half the distance of the field for the first touchdown.

The try for point was missed, and then Coach Rockne yanked the shock troops who had failed in their purpose to hold the Army team and take the first knocks. From that point until the termination of the second quarter the play was rather uncertain for both teams.

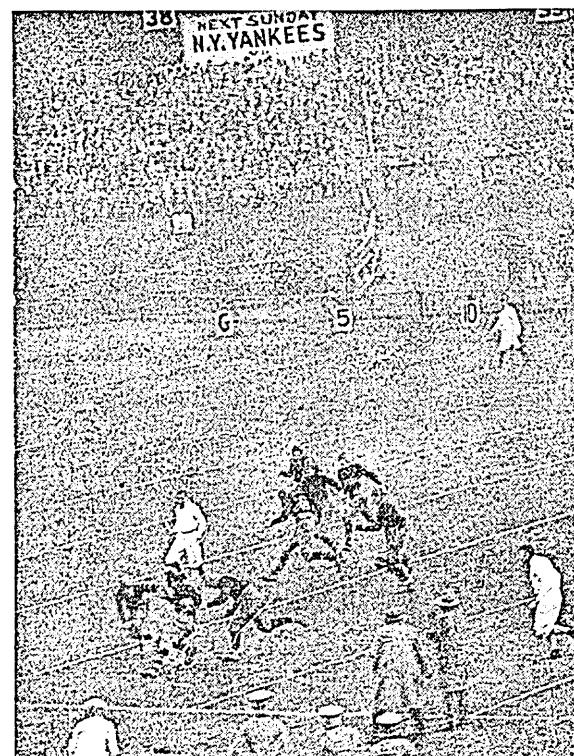
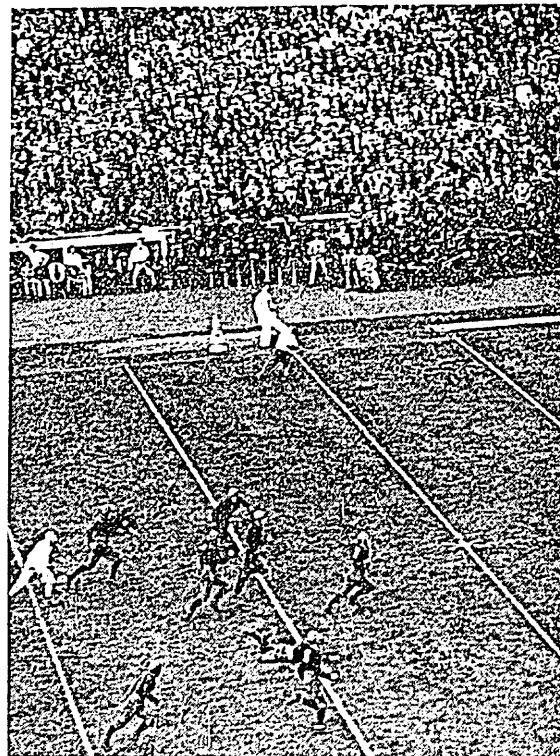
Notre Dame flashed its nationally known style of straight football toward the end of the second quarter when it marched a distance of seventy yards toward the Army goal line. However, here the team differed from other Irish teams in that it was unable to punch the ball across for the six point tally, and consequently lost the ball on downs.

The commencement of the third period found the Irish rooters certain of a reversal of form for their favorites.

However, due perhaps to the powerful Minnesota outfit that had been met the previous Saturday, and due to the fact that all the breaks of the game were going in the direction of the Army, the Irish continued holding their own and in straight football were able to out-score the Army in first downs.

In the third quarter, with the ball about in mid-field, Nave, the Army quarterback, intercepted an Irish forward pass and raced the remainder of the field for the second touchdown; and again Army missed the try for point. In the final quarter of the game, Cagle intercepted one of the many passes that were being hurled and raced about 30 yards for the third and final touchdown of the game.

The final score, 18 to 0, in justice to both Army and Notre Dame, does not indicate the closeness of this struggle. Much could be said about individual stars: the sterling work of Captain Smith who played the entire game; the work of Colerick, Walsh, Miller, Riley, Brady, and Collins. However, by saying that the entire team as a whole played the Army on even terms in one phase of the game; and outplayed the Army in another phase of the game would be placing credit where credit is due.



Army Defeats Notre Dame at Yankee Stadium

By JAMES R. HARRISON,
New York Times.

A red-headed halfback, who plods along only a trifle faster than that ancient sprinter, Mercury, wrote finis across the championship aspirations of the Notre Dame football team yesterday afternoon as a keen Army team ground the Indiana "Irish" into the faded green turf of the Yankee Stadium.

The fleet-footed lad in question is carried on the official records as Christian K. Cagle, but up at the Point he is better known as plain, ordinary Red. He was the hero of a game that abounded in heroes.

In the first quarter he dashed forty-eight yards for a touchdown with zest and abandon, and from that blow Notre Dame, reeling and hurt, never recovered. Near the end of the game Christian K. Cagle grabbed a beautiful forward pass and scampered fifteen or twenty yards more, again ending up behind the Notre Dame goal line—just to prove that the first episode was not an accident.

The Army got the breaks, but most of them were due to the alertness and keenness of Coach Biff Jones' superb eleven. Against many another team Notre Dame might have held the damage down to 6-0 or, conceivably, to a tie score, but the Hoosiers made mistakes and the Cadets capitalized every one of them, and there you have the story of this fourteenth meeting of West Point and South Bend.

In the first period there happened an incident typical of the entire game. On the fourth down Army, failing to gain, kicked to the Notre Dame 20-yard line, but the Hoosiers were off-side. The pigskin was brought back and Army got a first down on the 48-yard line.

The Cadets had surrendered the ball once, but here it was back in their possession, and what a difference that little fact made in the fortunes of this bitterly-fought battle! For, a minute later, Cagle was off on a long journey around the right flank of the Notre Dame battle-front. Some journeys may end, as the poet said, in lovers' meetings, but this particular excursion terminated satisfactorily in a touchdown and six large points.

The Notre Dame players put up an energetic complaint, alleging that Cagle had stepped out of bounds. They ran to the sideline and pointed accusingly at an alleged foot print, but Referee O'Brien threw their case out of court.

And from that point on Notre Dame was a beaten team, even though it surged back fiercely, savagely. The Indiana "Irish" put up a wonderful display of sheer courage and raw fighting ability, but their own eagerness was their undoing, as witness that fatal off-side penalty when the Army momentarily had conceded defeat and was surrendering the ball.

Red Cagle's 48-yard run had turned the trick, and later happenings were interesting but not vitally important. In the third period, Notre Dame, passing desperately in an attempt to overcome that six-point lead, let loose an aerial fling which Billy Nave, the Army quarterback, intercepted. Having a clear field ahead of him, the Cadet ran sixty yards for another touchdown, and no Hoosier as much as laid a finger on him.

In the fourth period Red Cagle broke loose again. With the ball on Notre Dame's 32-yard line, Hutchinson flipped a pass to Red, who was out in the open with absolutely no company, and sped about 15 yards with a belated Notre Dame tackler chugging along in his wake.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the best concerted and sustained offensive of the afternoon was put on by the losing team. In the second period, with the minutes speeding fast, the slumbering giant from South Bend

stretched his arms drowsily, yawned and awoke. And for the next five minutes the fighting "Irish" put on an attack which was literally beautiful to watch.

Forward passes, deftly tossed, filled the air. Notre Dame backs sliced through the line, punched a path off tackle, turned the ends—all of them moving with speed and drive and precision, behind perfectly timed interference. It was a great sight. Here was Rockne at his best. And the attack stormed its way to the 8-yard line, having traveled 72 yards in an incredibly short time.

Here the Army defense stiffened and refused to yield another foot and Notre Dame's great opportunity went a-glimmering. Never again during the afternoon were the Hoosiers to rise to that same height. It was as if they had given everything they had in that one magnificent pyrotechnical display.

True, they reached the 5-yard line in the last minute of play, with a fine exhibition of the art of forward passing, but by that time it was much too late for the men of Rockne to pull themselves out of a deep, deep hole. The final whistle blew as the "Irish" were struggling desperately toward the goal line.

Notre Dame men could console themselves last night by pointing out what might have been, if a few things had only happened differently, but it is true, nevertheless, that the better team won. And this, despite the fact that Notre Dame made twelve first downs to Army's eight.

Smartness was the keynote of the Army offense and defense. The Cadets went at their work with more sureness, more adroitness and more intelligence than did the Midwesterners. They made fewer mistakes by far than Notre Dame. Incidentally, the Army yesterday was about 50 per cent better than the team which lost to Yale.

Two of Notre Dame's great faults were weak tackling and failure to protect against the interception of forward passes. Has Rockne been neglecting the tackling dummy lately? Time after time Army back were trapped far behind the line of scrimmage, but, instead of being tossed for a 10-yard loss, they would wriggle loose and dash away for a 10-yard gain.

With every seat in the vast horseshoe filled, the Stadium presented a striking picture as the corps of Cadets paraded onto the field thirty minutes before game time. Entering from the north gate, headed by their band, the future generals marched once around the field and then halted in platoon formation on the gridiron while the crowd gave them a cheer right from the heart.

James J. Walker, mayor of this village, was one of those who watched the big parade of the Cadets. During the second half he moved over and sat with Father Matthew Walsh, head of Notre Dame, but the Mayor failed to bring any luck with him.

The statistics of the game do not go far to interpret Army's victory. Notre Dame made twelve first downs to Army's eight, while the perfect execution of several of the South Bend forward passes in the final period which netted many yards were of no value in the final reckoning in comparison with the few passes wide-awake Army players intercepted and turned into scoring plays.

Three touchdowns—one in the first period, another in the third and still another in the final round—sent 80,000 persons away from the park convinced that the Notre Dame football team is only human, after all, and that Knute Rockne, though a master magician, now and then can not pull a rabbit out of an empty hat.

Shock Troops Defeat Drake

By E. C. LYTTON
Des Moines Correspondent.

Coach Knute Rockne's Fighting Irish from Notre Dame put a terrific crimp in the tail of the Drake University bulldog here this afternoon when they clearly outplayed the Drake gridders in every department of the game to win handily by the score of 32-0. Notre Dame put over touchdowns in the first, third and fourth quarters, and counted twice in the second period.

Coach Rockne, who, previous to the game, had expressed concern as to how his team would come back after their defeat at the hands of Army has real reason for elation. For Notre Dame came back with a vengeance as soon as the opening whistle blew, blasting Drake hopes early in the first quarter and setting a pace that was far too fast for their opponents today and one that, if maintained, threatens disaster for the University of Southern California, at Chicago, next Saturday.

Drake Handicapped

Drake was handicapped throughout the game by the absence of "Chad" Pettibone, right end, who is suffering from influenza. As a result, Coach Ossie Solem sent Jack Barnes, first string quarterback, in at right end for Drake, with Barney Meyers playing at Barnes' usual quarterback position. Barnes was injured early in the game and was replaced by Dick Zvacek.

Notre Dame's first score came early in the first period with Rockne's shock troops leading the preliminary attack, as usual. At this time the Irish secured the ball on Drake's 35-yard line after an exchange of punts. Niemiec, who started at left half for Notre Dame, then took the ball and running behind perfect interference, skirted Drake's flank for a touchdown. A moment later Niemiec kicked goal and the score stood Notre Dame 7, Drake 0.

Irish Score Again

Early in the second period Notre Dame worked the ball down to Drake's 22-yard line, when Fullback Collins smashed off left tackle and ran through the Drake secondary defense to the Drake two-yard line. Collins then crashed right guard for a touchdown, but the ball was called back when both teams were offside. A forward pass from Elder to Colerick, over the Drake goal line, was then good for a touchdown and Elder place-kicked for the extra point.

Shortly after this Drake threatened to score when a long forward pass to Meyers was successful and the ball was carried deep into Notre Dame's territory. Coach Rockne then inserted Riley, Flanagan, and other first string men into the game. However, danger was averted when Elder speared an attempted Drake pass on Notre Dame's five-yard line and raced 95 yards for a touchdown. It was one of the prettiest runs seen at the Drake stadium in many years. The try for goal failed and the half ended shortly thereafter with the score standing Notre Dame 20, Drake 0.

Drake Fumbles

Notre Dame took advantage of an opportunity to score in the third period when Drake fumbled the ball on the 20-yard line and the Irish recovered. A forward pass, Riley to Dahman, was good for a touchdown, but the attempt to kick goal failed.

With the first string backfield out of the game, the Rambling Rocks scored their fifth touchdown in the final quarter when Prelli took the ball on Drake's 20-yard line and skirted left end on a beautiful run. Elder failed to kick goal.

Notre Dame, 32; Drake, 0.

Throughout the third and fourth periods, Drake attempted many desperate forward passes in an attempt to score, but these either were incomplete or were intercepted by Notre Dame. The Irish followed the ball like hawks and the Bulldogs did not have nearly so much success with forward passes as they had against Minnesota.

Drake Passes Fail

Drake had two good chances to score when Barney Meyers snagged forward passes, with practically an open field between himself and the enemy goal. However, Collins made a beautiful race from behind to down Meyers when he almost got away in the second period, from the Notre Dame warriors as he raced for their goal line.

For Notre Dame, Collins, Flanagan, Wynne, Colerick, McKinney, Moynihan, Brady, Niemiec and Chevigney, played brilliant football. However, several Notre Dame stars were hardly in the game long enough to have an opportunity to distinguish themselves.

Irish Outclass Bulldogs

For Drake, Captain Bill Cook, Zvacek, Meyers, Delmege and Simpson played a fine game. Throughout the game, Drake could not seem to get started against the Irish on offense, while on defense Notre Dame ripped the line, threw forward passes and ran the ends against Drake with abandon, so that the score is a fair indication of the comparative merits of the two teams as they played today.

With the exception of Niemiec who was injured in the first quarter, the Notre Dame warriors came through the game in good shape. Elmer Wynne has regained his old form after recovering from the injury received in the Navy game, and all the regulars received a well needed rest. The way Rockne's boys performed today, Southern California will have plenty of competition next Saturday when they meet the Irish in the nation's gridiron classic at Soldiers' Field. Coach Rockne was very optimistic about the impending struggle as he boarded the train for South Bend.

Statistics of the Game

	Drake	Notre Dame
Kickoffs	1	6
Kickoffs	1	6
Yards on kickoffs	60	275
Yards returned on intercepted passes..	0	110
Yards returned kickoffs	93	0
Yards gained scrimmage	50	270
First downs	2	11
Yards lost in scrimmage	23	8
Number of punts	11	9
Yards totaled on punts	448	307
Kicks off	1	6
Total yards punts returned.....	18	44
Attempted forward passes	19	7
Passes completed	3	6
Yards gained on passes	92	41
Passes incomplete	13	0
Passes intercepted by.....	1	3
Penalties	4	9
Yards lost on penalties	30	62
Fumbles	5	0
Fumbles recovered	4	1
Punts blocked	0	1
Field goals attempted	1	0

Notre Dame 32

Drake - 0

The gridiron version of "The Big Parade" was enacted in Des Moines with Knute Rockne directing and Elder, Niemiec and Prelli playing the principal roles. The first team being tired after their terrific game the Saturday previous with the Army, Rock decided to rest them up and by using the second team, to find out just what he would have in the way of material when the 1928 football season rolls around.

Judging from the manner in which the second and third teams performed, Rock has no reason to worry about the strenuous schedule he has mapped out for next year. The Dean of Coaches smiled happily when Jack Elder, "the flying cloud," intercepted a pass and sprinted 90 yards a la Layden for a touchdown, covering the distance in about nine seconds. The Kentucky Colonel promises to be another horseman. Butch Niemiec raced 35 yards for a touchdown after shaking off half a dozen ambitious tacklers. Jim Brady, understudy to Riley, called his plays like a veteran and was particularly brilliant in returning punts. Billy Dew smashed the line for steady gains and Fred Collins caused several spectators to exclaim: "Where's the cannon?" Jack Chevigny also contributed some nice gallops and played a stellar defensive game. Law, McGrath, Moynihan, Colerick and Cannon were the outstanding linemen.

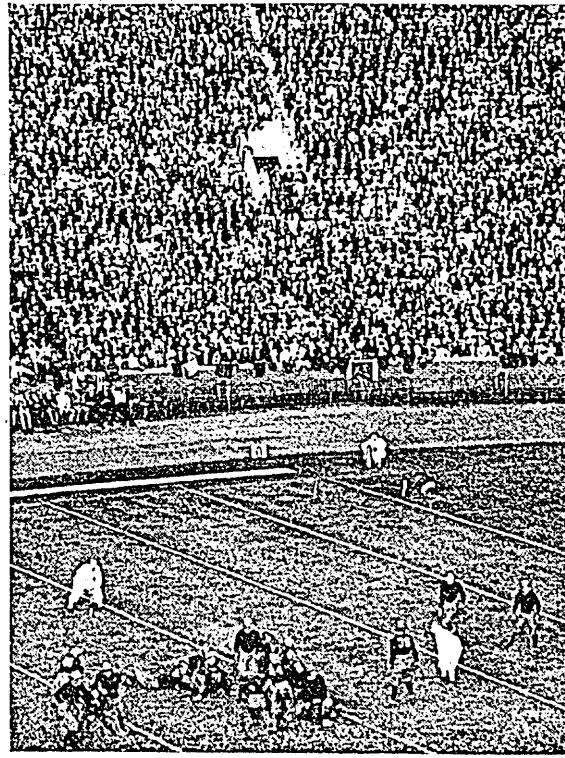
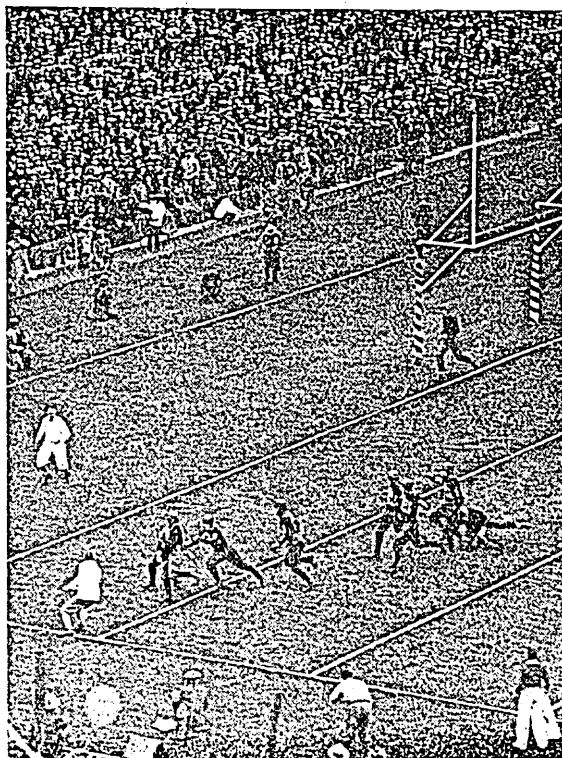
Scarcely had the game started when Niemiec on a beautiful run of 35 yards deposited the ball behind the Bulldog's goal posts for the first Notre Dame touch-

down. Elder passed to Colerick, the demon pass receiver, for the second score after a long march down the field. Elder snared a Drake pass on his own ten-yard line and squirmed, twisted and dodged his way through the entire Drake team and ran 90 yards for the third touchdown. A pretty pass, Riley to Dahman, was responsible for the fourth and Joe Prelli slid off left tackle for 18 yards to make the final touchdown of the day.

Notre Dame's offensive was smooth, well timed and had the coordinated precision that was lacking in the Army game. Every one of the players who made the trip saw action and if the rules had allowed for a playing coach, Rock himself might have taken up his old wing position. The question of the hour as far as the spectators were concerned was where are they all coming from? Three Des Moines newspaper men were carted off in an ambulance after an unsuccessful attempt to keep track of the substitutions.

Notre Dame's passing attack worked well, the Irish completing six passes out of seven attempts. End runs and off tackle smashes were particularly effective, the Irish gaining at will. Notre Dame experienced no trouble in breaking up Drake's vaunted aerial game.

The older members of the cast saw action for only a short time. Riley, Flanagan, Dahman and Wynne almost wrecked the Drake forward wall during their few minutes of play.



Notre Dame 7 U. S. C. - 6

The name of "Bucky" Dahman was inscribed in the annals of Notre Dame's immortals at the close of the great intersectional game at Soldiers Field. For it was Dahman's spectacular catch of a forward pass 28 yards down the field from Charley Riley that gave the Irish the necessary six points to tie the score. And it was Dahman's well placed kick that sent the ball flying between the goal posts for the precious seventh point that proved to be the margin of victory.

After both teams had scored early in the first quarter the game settled down to a battle of lines, and in this important angle, honors were about even. If anything the shade rested with Notre Dame, who made eleven first downs, to eight for the Trojans. Notre Dame gained 199 yards from scrimmage while the western invaders made 137. Notre Dame completed two forward passes for thirty-one yards and the Trojans connected with three aerial heaves for a gain of 18 yards.

Christy Flanagan closed his collegiate football activities by playing the greatest game of his brilliant career. Chris averaged five yards every time he took the ball and several times came dangerously close to breaking away for a touchdown. Elmer Wynne backed up the line in his usual flawless manner and was a power on offense. Charley Riley with crippled knees gamely played the entire game, out-smarting the Trojans. The entire Notre Dame line played great football.

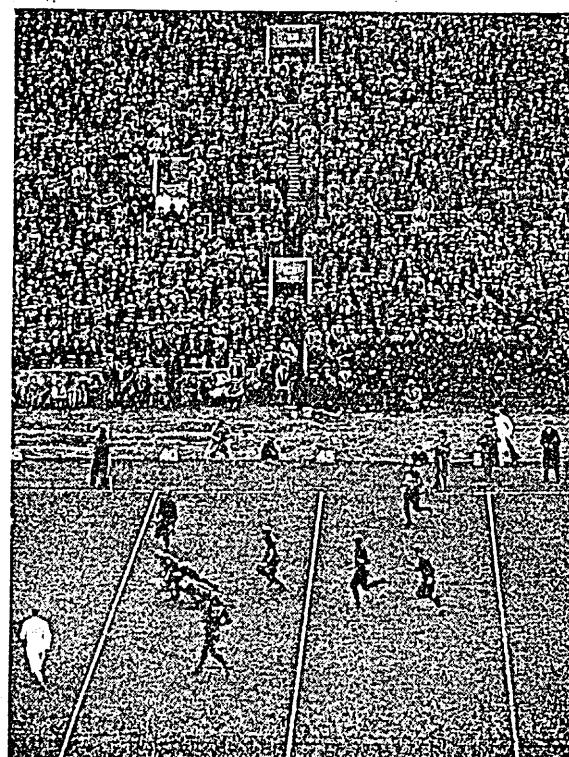
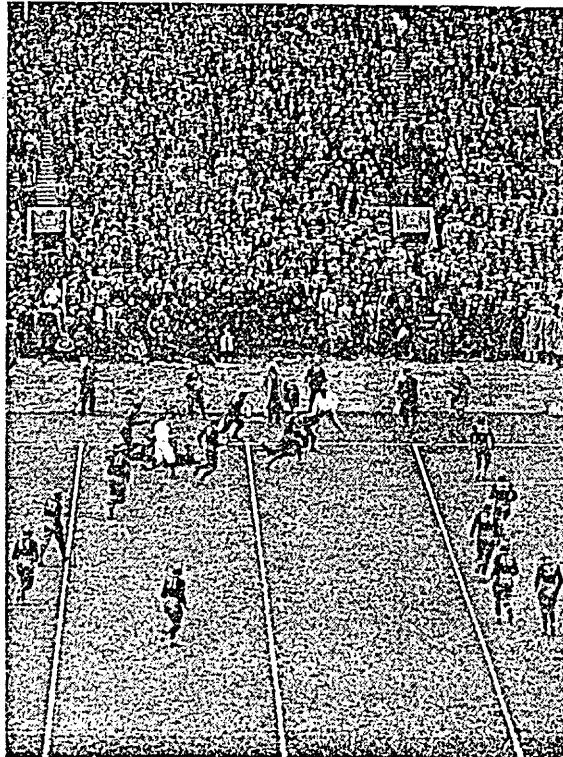
Morley Drury, the flashy Trojan halfback, proved himself to be an all-around star. Drury was equally

effective in crashing the line, smashing off tackle or skirting the ends. On the defensive he nailed Flanagan several times when it looked as if Chris was going places. Drury, truly an All-American, was a constant menacing threat.

The Notre Dame eleven proved its right to be called the "Fighting Irish" by coming from behind to win. A less courageous outfit might have been demoralized by the first rush of the Trojans. But the only effect noticeable was that it caused the "Fighting Irish" to get down to business and forge into the lead immediately.

The U. S. C. game closed the football careers of "Clipper" Smith, Elmer Wynne, "Bucky" Dahman, Chris Flanagan, Charley Riley, "Ike" Voedisch, "Chile" Walsh, John Poliskey, John Fredericks, "Joe" Benda, "Jim" Hurlbert, "Joe" Morrissey, Frank McCarthy, "Joe" Prelli, "Chunk" Murrin, "Joe" Nash, John Doarn and "Tom" Byrne.

The U. S. C. game marked the first invasion of a leading western team and it was enough to give the Middle West a wholesome respect for the football game as practiced on the Pacific coast. It was the third victory for Notre Dame over a coast eleven, the Irish having defeated U. S. C. last year 13 to 12 and Stanford 24 to 10 in 1924. The game also broke the attendance record, the total attendance being 120,000. The game ended the hardest schedule that the Irish have ever attempted and with a record of seven won, one tied and one lost Notre Dame terminated another glorious season.



Irish Close Season with Victory over U. S. C.

By WALTER ECKERSALL
Chicago Tribune

In the presence of 117,000 enthusiastic fans, Notre Dame defeated Southern California yesterday on Soldiers Field, 7 to 6, in the greatest intersectional football game ever played in this country.

The crowd was treated to some splendid line crashing, end running, and beautifully executed forward passes. It also saw hard tackling and blocking by some of the nation's leading players. The spectators saw Capt. Morley Drury of the Trojans and Christy Flanagan of Notre Dame tear off the tackles, smash into the line, and block in a manner that stamped them two of the greatest backs on the college gridiron.

Those fighting Irish never gave an inch when their goal line was threatened and they forced the Trojans to forward pass when close to the goal. These passes either were intercepted or went for touchbacks. The only exception was the one in the opening period which resulted in the Trojans' lone score.

Flanagan Biggest Gainer

In the matter of individual play, Flanagan of Notre Dame had the edge. He carried the ball 124 yards in twenty-two attempts and Morley Drury of California toted the oval 100 yards in twenty-eight attempts. Dahman of Notre Dame averaged 44.5 yards on his punts and Drury and Hibbs 49 yards.

Notre Dame was penalized four times for a total of twenty yards and the Trojans were guilty of fouling on two occasions for the same number of yards.

After both elevens had scored in the opening period and Southern California had failed to score the extra point after touchdown, which gave Notre Dame a one point lead, a play came up in the third period which caused some dispute. The decision, although questioned by Capt. Drury and the other Southern California players, was correct.

The decision hinged on a question of judgment as to whether the ball was in control and possession of Riley, the Notre Dame quarterback who had intercepted a Southern California forward pass. The Trojans had worked the ball deep into Notre Dame territory but were held to small yardage close to the Ramblers' goal in three downs.

Disputed Play Explained

As a last resort, Southern California attempted a forward pass. Riley of Notre Dame leaped into the air in an effort to catch the ball. A fraction of a second after he caught it he was tackled by a Trojan player and the ball struck in the end zone and rolled over the end line. A touchback always results when the ball on any incomplete forward pass strikes the ground in the end zone. The officials, who were on top of the play, ruled that Riley did not have the ball in his possession and under control. Consequently the play went as a touchback and the ball was brought out to Notre Dame's twenty-yard line where it was put in play by the Rockne eleven.

Capt. Drury of Southern California and his players asserted Riley had control and possession of the ball and then fumbled. If this had been the case, Southern California would have been given a safety and two points, which would have reversed the result into an 8 to 7 victory for the Trojans.

Trojans Score First

As the game started out, it looked as if Southern California would win by a one-sided score. Notre Dame received the opening kick-off but was unable to gain. Elder punted out of bounds in midfield and it was then that the powerful attack of the Trojans asserted itself. Capt. Drury went to work and, practically unaided, took the oval to the Notre Dame eleven-yard line. The Trojan captain crashed through his right guard for four yards,

sliced off his left tackle for two more, and on the next play broke loose off his right tackle and was forced out of bounds by Elder of Notre Dame on the Ramblers' eleven-yard line.

Edelson then went through his right guard for two yards and Drury hit the same spot for two more. On the next play Drury was stopped without gain. An unbalanced line formation then was called from the huddle. It started as a running play with the ball being passed to Drury, who faked a run by taking a few steps. Morley stopped suddenly and then shot a forward pass to Russell Saunders, the Trojan back, who had raced clear of the Notre Dame secondary defense and caught the oval on the goal line.

A bad pass spoiled Drury's effort to register the extra point by a placement kick. The score was 6 to 0 in favor of the Trojans and Coach Rockne of Notre Dame then made his first substitutions. Dahman took Chevigny's place in the back field. Flanagan replaced Elder and Riley relieved Brady at quarterback.

Notre Dame received the following kickoff and Capt. Drury of Southern California kicked off to Flanagan who returned to the Notre Dame thirty-five yard line. Flanagan and Collins made nine yards on line drives and Dahman failed in another line thrust. Dahman punted out of bounds on his forty-yard line, but Southern California was guilty of illegal use of the hands and was penalized fifteen yards.

Dahman Punts Out of Bounds

The penalty placed the oval in midfield. Flanagan failed to gain off his right tackle but on the next play drove straight through his left tackle on a delayed plunge for six yards. Collins was sent at the same spot for two more yards and then Dahman punted and the ball was downed on the Trojans' five-yard line.

Drury was nailed for a two-yard loss when he attempted to sweep the Notre Dame left end. On the following play the Southern California captain punted to Riley who slipped and fell as he caught the oval on his forty-eight yard mark.

Notre Dame then went to work. Flanagan drove straight through his left tackle for three yards. On the next play he found an opening through his right guard and galloped to the Trojans' forty-yard line. Flanagan and Riley carried the ball to the coast eleven's twenty-eight yard line on a series of line plays. A running forward pass, Riley to Flanagan, was incompletely.

On the next play, a complicated one in which Riley faked the ball to Flanagan and Collins and then ran back ten yards, a forward pass was hurled by Riley to Dahman, who crossed the goal line for a touchdown. The pass was made over Saunders, the Trojan back. Not satisfied with scoring the six points for the touchdown, Dahman scored the extra point by kicking the goal from placement, making the score 7 to 6 in favor of Notre Dame.

That ended the scoring of the great game. Late in the second quarter, Southern California threatened when Saunders' forward pass from the Notre Dame eleven-yard line was incompletely. The Trojans again came close to scoring in the third quarter, when a forward pass was intercepted by Riley and afterward went as a touchback.

Notre Dame had the wind advantage in the fourth quarter and threatened to score on three occasions. The Ramblers took the ball to the Trojans' thirty-two yard line, where they were forced to kick and again to Southern California's twenty-eight yard mark, where Flanagan fumbled. Near the close of the final period, Notre Dame advanced to Southern California's seventeen-yard line after Dahman had intercepted a Trojan forward pass.

Notre Dame's Football Immortals

By GEORGE TREVOR
Of the New York Sun.

All Time Notre Dame Elevens

First Team	Pos.	Second Team
Walsh	Center	Feeney
Edwards	Guard	Dolan
H. Anderson	Guard	Mayer
Dimmick	Tackle	Philbrook
Shaw	Tackle	Wieb
Rockne	End	Kiley
Farley	End	Matthews
Dorais	Quarter	Stuhldreher
Gipp	Back	Wynne
H. Miller	Back	Castner
Salmon	Back	Layden



When sycamores whisper under a pale Indiana moon they tell the epic story of George Gipp, Notre Dame's immortal halfback. This roll call of Hoosier stars contains many a legendary name, but all of them pale before the luminous radiance that was Gipp. Blazing fiercely like a meteor not long destined to dazzle earthly eyes, George Gipp flamed across Notre Dame's football horizon for a fleeting span, yet in those golden moments he wove the brilliant thread of his personality into the warp and woof of Hoosier gridiron history.

Along with Gipp in Notre Dame's all time backfield we find those two memorable "brick tops"—"Red" Miller and "Red" Salmon. It was Harry Miller's unforgettable slashes off tackle that conquered Michigan in 1909 after the Wolverines had beaten Pennsylvania and Minnesota. "Red" Miller was a contemporary of Ted Coy's. Some critics rated him the equal of Yale's human locomotive. Next to Gipp, "Red" Miller stands out as Notre Dame's most effective ball carrier. Not as fast or as powerful as Gipp, Harry Miller was even more elusive.

Lou SALMON

Lou Salmon is enshrined in Notre Dame's Pantheon as the first South Bender to catch Walter Camp's eye. Salmon was a pile driving line smasher of the knock down and drag 'em out era. Every Notre Damer has heard of Salmon. He is one of those legendary figures whose fame grows with the passing years. Salmon's reputation is richly deserved. Not even Layden or Eichenlaub could hit a line as lustily as the Red Prince of plungers. At Toledo in 1902, Salmon alone came near beating Michigan's matchless point-a-minute team. Seventy-yard punts were not uncommon with Salmon. On defense he was a team in himself. In 1903 he held Northwestern for downs twice in the shadow of his goal posts.

Elmer Layden, the real brains of the Four Horsemen, earns the fullback berth on team B. Layden had

a chess mind. His running action was as smooth as oiled silk. Elmer hit a line with his nose scraping the turf. He could run the 220 in close to record time and trim sprinters in the "century," yet it is as a line plunger and defensive genius that he is known to fame. Intercepting enemy passes was Layden's specialty. Heaves into his territory were boomerangs sure enough, since Elmer reveled in converting them into touchdowns. For consistency in punting, Layden has never had a superior.

Ray Eichenlaub was the biggest of Notre Dame's fullbacks. When he hit a line, something had to give. He was fast, too. "Stan" Cofall once challenged him to a 100-yard dash. "Eich" won standing up, but it was a Phryric victory, since he pulled a tendon and crippled himself for his senior year. Paul Castner, a remarkable punter and drop-kicker, was also a shifty carrier and watch-dog on defense. Castner was perhaps the surest shot at goal who ever drop-kicked for Notre Dame. Before one Army game, Castner booted fifteen successive goals from the 30-yard line. Some critics would rate Johnny Mohardt ahead of Chester Wynne, but a careful comparison of their performances leads inevitably to a preference for Wynne. "Sleepy Jim" Crowley, of the Horsemen, was a whiz at cutting in and "scissoring." Crowley was a beautiful exponent of rhythm. His running mate, Don Miller, shone on the wide slants and sweeps. Pete Vaughan later played on Princeton's 1912 eleven.

Nobody will do at center but Adam Walsh. An inspiring leader, Walsh had the spiritual as well as the mechanical attributes which the ideal center must possess. His feeding of the ball to the Four Horsemen remains a classic of the snapper-back's art. As strong as a bull on the charge, Walsh was as active as an alley cat on defense. Grit? Walsh once played through a grueling Army game with two broken fingers! He was perhaps the most beloved of Notre Dame leaders—a fearless, honorable sportsman. Walsh's flawless passing

All Time Notre Dame Elevens

Third Team	Pos.	Fourth Team
Boeringer	Center	Trafton
Bachman	Guard	Keefe
M. Smith	Guard	Fitzgerald
D. Jones	Tackle	Lathrop
Bach	Tackle	Cotton
C. Crowley	End	E. Anderson
Gushurst	End	Kirk
Hamilton	Quarter	Phelan
J. Crowley	Back	D. Miller
Mohardt	Back	Stankard
Eichenlaub	Back	Vaughan



was done from an intricate shift which would have handcuffed the average center. Feeney, a bearcat on offense, was pivot on Rockne's team. "Bud" Boeringer's splendid play is fresh in mind. Trafton might have developed into Notre Dame's greatest center had he played longer at South Bend.

"Cap" Edwards, leader of the 1909 team, which tanned Michigan, was perhaps the steadiest of Notre Dame's guards on defense. He stood like Thomas at Chickamauga. Hartley Anderson, known as "Hunk," was a swashbuckling, domineering guard who gained a mental as well as physical ascendancy over his rivals. Right on "Hunk's" heels comes "Horse" Mayer, a present-day product. Rockne rates Mayer as Notre Dame's greatest guard on the strength of his 1926 showing, but Mayer was late in developing. He was mediocre in his first season. It was Mayer who stopped Harry Wilson cold this year, sifting through Army's line to smother almost every Cadet play in its inception. The collapse of Notre Dame's defense against Carnegie was due largely to Mayer's absence.

"Rosy" Dolan, offensive guard on the 1909 team, was a wonder at diagnosing plays and heading interference. He played fullback on defense. Morrie Smith, who weighed only 145 pounds, exemplified the power of mind over matter. Smith was as tough as whalebone. Charley Bachman, tall and superbly proportioned, used brains as well as brawn. Harvey Brown, a splendid guard, is nosed out by those two crashing interferers, Emmett Keefe and Freeman Fitzgerald.

Ralph Dimmick—fast for his 200 pounds, with gorilla-like reflexes. On the old tackle around play Dimmick used to take some stopping. On defense this stalwart tackle was worth the whole side of the line. Ralph played on the teams of 1908-09-10. Notre Dame never had a finer tackle. Almost as good was "Buck" Shaw, a Greek god come back to life. "Buck" resented being called the campus Adonis and took it out on his foes. A destroyer, this man Shaw, wrecking plays ruthlessly. He used his tremendous bulk intelligently. Despite his size, Shaw was fast enough to make the track team. It doesn't seem right to keep as able a tackle as Tom Lieb off the first team. Tom boasted as fine a pair of hands as ever delighted a coach's eye. Big as hams

they were with prehensile fingers that tore through anything in human mold. George Philbrook, Zipper Lathrop, Deke Jones, Joe Bach and "Fod" Cotton were tackles to the manner born. They ripped through to the runner. Had Joe Boland not broken his leg last season he might have ousted Cotton.

At the ends we find Farley and Rockne. Farley is the prefect in charge of the "off-campus" students at Notre Dame. Father John Farley played 1897-1900 and was probably the outstanding player in the period. His defensive play was marvelous, he could cover kicks splendidly, and on the old end-around-play his ground gaining left the opponents gasping. On October 25, 1909, he alone held the Indiana team scoreless until he was carried from the field unconscious in the last few minutes of play.

Knute Rockne gets the assignment at the other end, and what an end he was. When he hit them, they stayed down. He was fast as a deer, could catch passes, and the old onside kick was a dish he could eat. We shall never forget how poorly Merrillat, a great end, was made to appear in 1913, when "Rock" had his big day on the plains. Other outstanding ends were Roger Kiley, the demon pass receiver; Charley Crowley, Columbia's present coach; Fred Gushurst, Lee Matthews. Eddie Anderson, another pass receiving wizard and Bernie Kirk. The latter afterward starred at Michigan.

Charles Dorais wins the quarterback assignment from Harry Stuhldreher by a gnat's whisker. Dorais was the perfect field general. He could punt, drop-kick, run the ends and forward pass. He was a good interferer, blocker, and a true tackler. What a treat to watch him catch punts, and run 'em back, often for touchdowns. Football will never forget his perfect passing the day he made the Army look foolish by tossing 'em to Rockne. Stuhldreher, a "stop-go" runner with a fine change of pace, was only a shade less effective. Tremendously strong in the legs, Stuhldreher was hard to upset. Those who are not aware that Layden really was the brains of the Four Horsemen, rate Stuhldreher higher as a strategist than is perhaps his due. Don Hamilton, a defensive wizard, and Jim Phelan, a thinking machine, get the call over the spectacular, but erratic Brandy.



GENE TUNNEY

Speculator, N. Y.
November 11, 1927

MR. CHRIS FLANAGAN,
Sorin Hall,
Notre Dame, Ind.

MY DEAR CHRIS:—

Your letter of October 20th has just been brought to my attention. Due to the many interests and trips that take me away from New York, I have not been able to keep up with my correspondence in the way I would like to. However, I trust this belated reply to your letter will not affect the plan of making up the '27 FOOTBALL REVIEW.

I regret to inform you that my contract with the King Features Syndicate prevents my writing for any other publication. Were it at all possible, I would be most honored to have the privilege of contributing to your publication.

Please accept my sincere thanks for your best wishes. I am most appreciative of your thought of me.

Sincerely yours,

GENE TUNNEY.

A Letter to Santa Claus

By WARREN W. BROWN
Chicago Herald-Examiner

November 20, 1927.
Chicago, Illinois.

DEAR SANTA:—Man wants but Little here below, and wants that Little long, as they say at the University of Wisconsin.

So I'm wondering, Santa, if you won't fix me up with a football game that will be won by the score of 675 to 0.

In the course of this year 1927, in which we have successfully resisted the advance of King George on Chicago, but have permitted "Queen High", a very nifty musical comedy, to come in, I have had to watch the usual number of football games.

The first was between Ohio State and Wittenberg, and it was just the kind of a game that a game between Ohio State and Wittenberg figured to be. But we'll pass that one over, as Riley said on fourth down, and goal to go.

Then I saw Northwestern's Not-so-wildcats play Ohio State. I was practically certain that Northwestern won, but discovered later that they had been completely outplayed, and were the luckiest guys alive, outside of Levine, the Israelitic Icarus.

There followed Northwestern and Illinois. Illinois, I felt reasonably sure, won, but to my dismay, it was brought home to me that Northwestern really should have taken the game, thought I have forgotten since, just why.

My next adventure was that between Ohio State and Chicago. Ohio State, according to the best information I had, at the time, won. But in the course of the next few days following the game, I learned that Chicago had done all the clever playing, and some of the thinking.

I went next to Notre Dame, a place that is to be made famous some fifteen years hence, as the stamping grounds of a certain Bill Brown, and there I saw Mr. Rockne's boys, and Dr. Spears' boys engage in a tie game. I was sure that this was what it was, until I read some of the Western Conference reports, which seemed to indicate that Minnesota had won.

As I am writing this letter, Santa, soon after this game, I will not be able to include my report on Chicago-Illinois, Michigan-Minnesota, and Notre Dame-Southern California, but I dare say that whatever teams I decide to be winners, will be wrong. You understand, Santa, that I never make my decisions until after the games have been played, and, until this year, the system was not without its advantages.

Now I'll tell you what I want you to do, Santa. Get me a job reporting a game, in which the score will be 675 to 0. Then I'll be reasonably certain that the team which has the 0, will be unable to argue me out of thinking that it actually was defeated. If you get this letter in time, Santa, I have no objection to getting my order served in advance of Christmas, say on November 26, nor have I any objection to Notre Dame's having the 675 points, one for each player on the squad. You know how it is, Santa.

Yours very truly,
WARREN BROWN,
Chicago Herald and Examiner.

P. S.:—Bill Brown would like a little help from you in finding out what makes the family's radio go, and so far I have resisted his line, plunges successfully. Pete Brown would like a couple of lower teeth, to match a pair of uppers in the middle of the car. And please give Notre Dame a new stadium.

W. B.

A Day in Footballville

By JIMMY CORCORAN
Of the Chicago Evening American.



Not so long ago they were telling us that this business of flying across the ocean in anything from a boiler to a concrete mixer was a "dangerous occupation."

Well, we have one that skins ocean-skimming by a mile. It's an assignment to survey a Notre Dame football team "in-the-making."

Following our annual custom we visited the old campus yesterday. We wanted to find out what Knute Rockne would have this season—if anything. Well, we accomplished our purpose, but we had to crash through 600 football players, ranging in weight from 100 to 250 pounds, to do it. And we found that Rockne had a plenty. This, at least, is the message that we wish to convey to the world.

For the guidance of those who will follow in our footsteps, we have suggested to Rockne that he place a sign outside the gates of the campus. It will read: "Danger—Men at work." That's the kind of warning you see around a stone quarry when the boys are going to dynamite a few acres of ground. Our suggestion may make the world safer for football reviewers.

Seems to us that the only ones at Notre Dame who don't play football are the ladies in the infirmary. All others from the skinniest kid in the freshman class to those haughty seniors, are rigged out in some kind of grid upholstery.

They're Students, Too

Do not get the impression that they do nothing else at Notre Dame but play football. This would be a gross error. For confirmation of the educational standards of the institution consult the report of the Carnegie Foundation committee. But it really seems that after the 3 o'clock whistle blows every one round the place hops into a football suit.

As you enter the campus there are football players, or fellows dressed up as such, to the left of you, to the right of you, behind you and in fact under you. Footballs are flying through the air like ducks over a marsh. Brawny lads are missing your chin at every step by inches as they boot the balls. Some one aims for a tackle and knocks you for a goal.

In fact, you have to be a ballet dancer to keep your feet. There are hall teams, freshmen teams, teams from every class, rag-bag teams, and just teams. But that isn't the half of it. You haven't arrived at Cartier Field, yet, and that's where the FOOTBALL players are supposed to be.

Inside the gate you run into the eleventh varsity team. And the eleventh varsity team has just side-swiped the sixth varsity eleven as it carried out a signal. The fourth team is catching hell from Coach L. Hartley Anderson, who is otherwise known as Hunk—the man who breaks cobblestones over his knee.

Nothing But Teams

The third team is over near the grand stand. The seventh team is standing by for a gagle of water. Teams, teams, teams. Enough to fill up the Pacific Coast Conference.

And the first team. Where is it? Discovered. It's way down near the fence practicing the hop, skip and jump or something. At least the boys are working on one of Mr. Rockne's latest wrinkles.

And then if you have done road work for a week or two before you may be able to follow the 1927 edition of the horsemen around the place for an hour or more.

"Things look bad, very bad," says Mr. Rockne, his voice cracking. "Worse than any time since I came here. You see, I lost fifteen men last year. I believe that I will be able to get a team together but, of course, we will lose a majority of our games."

Tale of Woe

Rock groans and groans and groans some more. By this time you have rolled out your kerchief to catch the tears.

"Boeringer, my All-American center, is gone," Rockne sniffs. "Parisien, my frog quarterback, is gone. Oh, how that boy could throw touchdowns. Red Smith is gone. So is Mayer. And Joe Boland. Edwards and McNally, my two quarterbacks. They're gone. So is Red Heardon and Harry O'Boyle and McManmon. All regulars. And just see what I have before me."

Well, what Mr. Rockne had before him was nothing to go out and commit suicide over.

There was Christy Flanagan, one of the fleetest backs in the game, at right half, with Johnny Niemiec, practically his equal, standing by. There was "Bucky" Dahman at left half and "Whitey" Collins at full. Collins is the boy who took one run at the Minnesota line last season and curled up for the season with a broken jaw.

Riley at Quarter

At quarter was Charley Riley, one of the smartest signal snappers since the days of Harry Stuhldreher. He loafed the hundred in something under 10 flat. At the ends were Voedisch, a 1926 regular, and Chile Walsh, a brother of the famous Adam, now coaching at Santa Clara College.

John Smith, the captain and a veteran, squatted at left guard, with Law at the other guard position. Fred Miller and Poliski graced the tackles. Mr. Poliski weighs only 200 pounds. All muscle. No bone. Tim Moynihan, with 190 pounds of solid beef, was at center.

To us it looked like a rather formidable football team.

"Things are so gloomy around here," Rockne relates, "that we have adopted a black cat for a mascot. This is a Kilkenny cat—direct from Ireland. We are through with dogs as mascots. One of the dogs died from humiliation. He was run over by a flivver with a Nebraska license."

If you know the relations between Notre Dame and Nebraska you will get the point on this.

On Lateral Pass

"And what happened to the other two dogs?" Rock asks himself. "Well, they ate meat on Friday and that was their finish."

Yes, the cares of football are weighing heavily on King Knute.

Of course, we hear this from Mr. Rockne at the start of every season. And somehow or other the team happens to win a game or two. It will win a game or two this season and probably three.

It was suggested to Rock that he might clean up the whole schedule.

"If we do I'll paddle across the ocean with nothing under me but a football," was his jovial remark.

Rockne "Takes Out" The Navy

By GEORGE TREVOR
Of the New York Sun.

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note," as the midnight blue column of midshipmen—please don't call them middies—tramped sullenly out of Baltimore's shallow concrete platter last Saturday evening. They had looked upon a spectacle which, however satisfying it might have been to connoisseurs of the gridiron art, was not calculated to thrill Navy hearts. The downcast midshipmen wore faces as long as their somber greatcoats—the blue-black drabness of which was relieved by rows of perky little brass bellboy buttons. They were coming from the funeral of "Navy Bill" Ingram's versatile, sharp hitting team. They had seen that team, the pride of their hearts—slaughtered to make another Notre Dame holiday.

The melancholy obsequies were efficiently conducted by Funeral Director Knute Rockne and his troop of undertakers, a gang as ruthless in tracking down its victims as the assassins of ancient Persia. Interference did it—interference that licked up everything in its path as greedily as a forest fire. "Knock 'em down!" was the Hoosier slogan. It was beautiful to watch that screenlike interference form in the twinkling of an eye to shield the Notre Dame carrier. A mobile hedge of emerald green shut the clawing Navy tacklers away from the Hoosier runner.

Rockne's interferers hurled their bodies across the knees of their opponents with a reckless disregard of personal safety that savored of the fanaticism of the Mahdi's dervishes at Omdurman. There was something reminiscent of the whirling dervish technic in Rockne's "barrel-roll interference"—a method of spinning into a would-be tackler that effectively takes his mind off the play even if it does not always take him off his feet. Navy defenders were cut down as fast as they appeared in the snaky paths of Flanagan, Neimiec, Dahman, Chevigny, Riley and Wynne. Less gifted carriers could have made their distance behind such blanketing interference.

It takes patience as well as genius to drill men until they are letter perfect in "taking out." Rockne has the patience—the infinite capacity for taking pains. His line and backs coordinated with robot-like precision. How pretty it was to see those rugged, nimble forwards crouch for the spring. Presto, the quarterback barked out his signals, disdaining the rhythm-checking huddle. Zip! The backs would execute a goose-step maneuver with a Prussian swagger, swinging their feet like wooden marionettes jerked by a single string. Bing! Those catapultic forwards would open an inviting hole. Three emerald jerseys would shoot through that gap ahead of the hip-shifting, torso-twirling carrier. As fast as were Rockne's carriers, the interferers were just as fast. They didn't slow up the man with the ball. Notre Dame's long gain plays are made possible by the greased-lightning tempo at which they are run off. The defense hasn't time to get set.

After the first half it seemed that Rockne was due to be pilloried by the second guessers—that he was to be the butt of barbed shafts aimed by the South Bend board of strategy, which consists, according to Knute himself of two barbers, two taxi drivers and a corset salesman. Rock, you see, had committed the unpardonable strategic blunder of starting his second-string reserves against the Navy regulars. Navy's A team retaliated for this impertinence by getting the jump on Notre Dame's subs and rushing over a touchdown before the game was five minutes old.

Rockne bit his lips nervously as Navy went over. He jerked his thumb toward Capt. John Smith—no relation to the chap who discovered Pocahontas. Capt. Smith took his cue. Instantaneously the Notre Dame regulars yanked off their blue outer sweaters and like a horde of green Gila monsters darted onto the field. From that moment on Notre Dame held the initiative, imposed

its collective will upon Navy. Scoring was deferred until the second half, however. The regulars needed time to warm to their work.

The break of the game—a break forced by Hoosier aggressiveness—came out of a serene sky early in the third period. Lanky Lloyd, who reminds the writer of Lefty Flynn, Yale's gawky fullback of 1912-13, hesitated a fraction of a second in getting of a punt from his own 40-yard line. Fredericks, agile Notre Dame pivot, was on Lloyd's kicking foot in a flash. The ball rebounded off Fredericks' chest and rolled backward almost to Navy's 10-yard line. Three green wraiths pursued the bounding pigskin. Chile Walsh, brother of the Homeric Adam Walsh, in the lead. Barely slackening his stride, Walsh grabbed up the leather in the best Sam White manner. Simultaneously his nearest colleagues turned to cut down Navy tacklers. Heady work—cooperation for the good of the team. Walsh cut in toward the goal posts and fairly clawed his way over the final stripe. The score was tied.

The Green Gadfly

Christy Flanagan, the Green Gadfly, was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the second Notre Dame touchdown, which came after a sustained march of 70 yards. The "punchplay" was Flanagan's 25-yard cutback through tackle, a twin to the brilliant long gainer on which he was shaken loose for the winning touchdown against Army last year. Flanagan, a lad with shimmery hips, was actually in the clear on this spine-tingling play, with two interferers to protect him and no Navy man between him and the distant goal. Every Hoosier had carried out his assignment to the letter, but gritty Schuber of Navy was not to be denied. Coming at Flanagan from the flank, Schuber risked a broken neck with a devil-may-care dive which carried him under Dahman's body. Schuber's arms pinned Flanagan's legs. All three crashed in a jumbled heap. It was a nervy, reckless play, worthy of the Navy's chance-taking tradition—the sort of coldly-calculated bravado that caused Farragut to exclaim "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!"

But Flanagan crushed to earth, will rise again more surely than truth. On the next lineup the red-headed, freckle-faced, sharp-featured Indiana boy galloped madly around Navy's left end where the redoubtable Tod Sloane had been neatly boxed by three green-jersied furies. Another 25 yards Flanagan stepped off, putting the ball on Navy's 10-yard line. Aptly is he called—"on again, off again, gone again, Flanagan." The scoring play was a hidden ball trick, a variation of the moth-eaten criss-cross. Moret, Army's right end, was sucked in. Reilly swirled around the open flank for the touchdown that put Notre Dame on top to stay. Please note that Notre Dame didn't try to bull its way through the center of the enemy line as certain Eastern teams, in a similar exigency, invariably attempt to do.

Versatile Niemiec

John Niemiec, a more versatile and perhaps a more valuable back than the showy Flanagan, scored the final Notre Dame touchdown. A deceptive delayed pass, thrown diagonally by Niemiec to Walsh, who waited for what seemed like an age before crossing over to his predetermined station, caught Navy's secondaries going the wrong way. They were chasing will-o'-the-wisps off to their left, when Walsh suddenly bobbed up in the unguarded zone. The touchdown came four plays later. Again it was a wide sweep from a position close to the goal. Niemiec's individual prowess was responsible for the score, the blocky Notre Dame back throwing off three Navy tacklers on his trip over the line. He twisted and slithered out of their grasp, like the conger eel of which Kipling sang. Niemiec can punt, pass and plunge.

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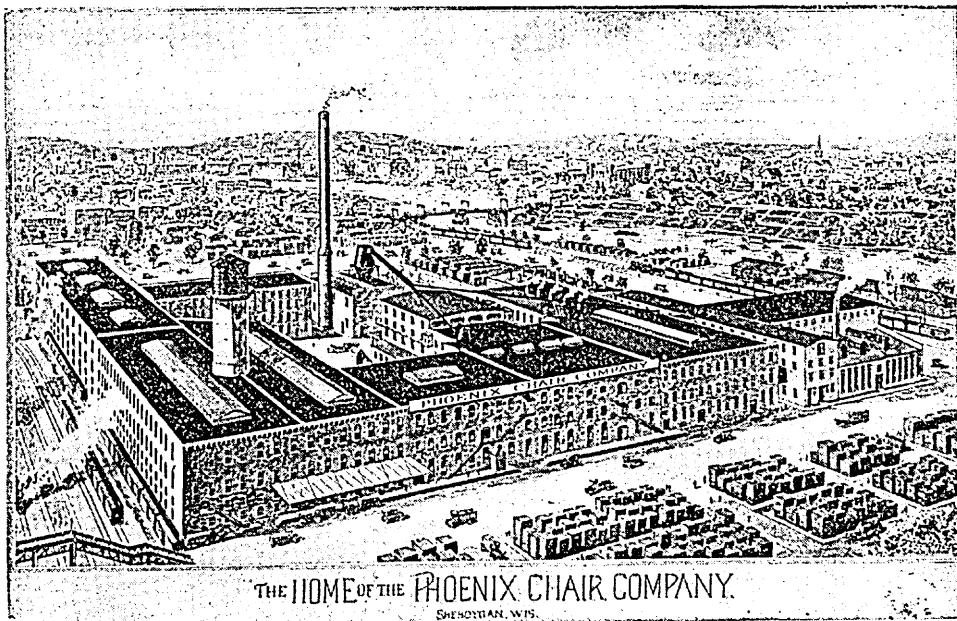
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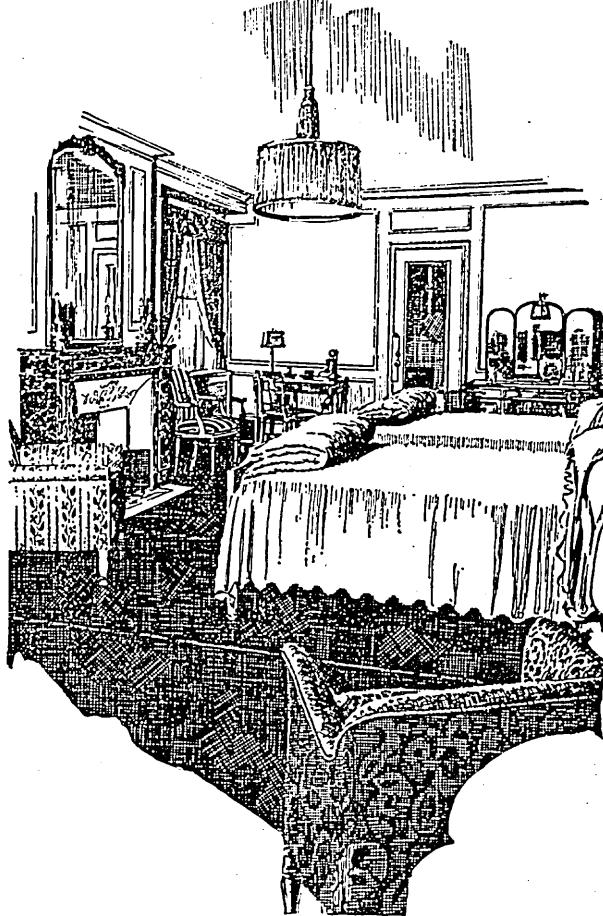
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