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The Best In Indiana.

RICHARD J. COLLENTINE, '09.

AIR:—*Marching through Georgia.*

PRAISE our Gridiron Warriors!
They're heroes tried and true.
May their victories e'er receive
The laurels, their just due.
Let their names be on the scrolls
Of dear old N. D. U.,
For they're the very best in Indiana.

Hurrah! hurrah! trust them to win the day!
Hurrah! hurrah! just see them plough their way!
No Hoosier team could beat the boys no matter how
they played,
For they're the very best in Indiana.

Sheldon's pupil's faced us first,
Their downfall was complete,
The "Little Giants" down the state,
Were next to taste defeat.
All other Hoosier challenges
Our team found "easy meat,"
For they're the very best in Indiana.

Football History at Notre Dame.

JOSEPH T. LANTRY.



ON a November day in 1887, when the husky pigskin warriors of Notre Dame were still in swaddlings, the Michigan University Football Team came to play the local Varsity. This was the first contest in which Notre Dame ever engaged. At that time the oval was just being introduced into the University. It was necessary for the men from Ann

Arbor to play a preliminary game in order to show the local men the style of game. In this preliminary game the players formed two teams irrespective of their colleges. This taste of real action which the home men received, seemed to round them into shape, for they held Michigan to an 8-0 score. That same year two games were played between these same colleges. Michigan won both battles, though it is related that the referee won the second contest for the Ann Arbor men.

The following year but one game was played. The Harvard school of Chicago was the opponent of our Varsity in a mediocre contest. In 1889 Notre Dame played its first football game on a foreign field against Northwestern University at Evanston. Our boys came home with a victory and many battered heads. Cartier, Coady and Prudhomme were the stars for the Hoosiers. In 1892 only one game was played, a tie with Hillsdale on Thanksgiving day. The punting of Quinlan averted a defeat for the Varsity. In 1893 football received a new impetus by the scheduling of more games. Notre Dame succeeded in winning every contest. Every season since then the Varsity has had a heavy schedule.

The real founder of football at Notre Dame was Frank E. Hering. The team that he built up in 1895 was the one that placed Notre Dame among the leaders in Western athletics. Our noted fighting spirit was born under his captaincy. Acting both as captain and coach he developed such players as Mullen, Farley, Eggeman and Harley. Upon his retirement he was succeeded as coach by McWeeney in 1899. This same true-blue McWeeney still helps to trim up winning teams to battle for the Gold and Blue.

In 1900 a red-headed candidate reported to Coach O'Dea on Cartier Field. Not many days passed before the local critics began to take notice of his work on the scrubs. He was a demon at ploughing through the line, a fierce tackler and a consistent punter. In addition he had the one essential of a great player, brains. The Ann Arbor game as well as the Beloit game elicited high comment upon his work. The following fall the reputation of Red Salmon spread throughout the football world. Every opponent feared and respected him. Against Yost's crack team at Toledo he carried the ball consistently and persistently by short line-bucks from Notre Dame's five-yard line to Michigan's three-yard line. The account of every contest from that time to the end of his career is studded with the name of "the mighty Salmon."

When Salmon's term was finished the glory of Notre Dame somewhat declined, due no doubt to the fact that the previous teams were built so closely around that column of strength. After two seasons during which the teams representing the college played fair football, Tom Barry was selected as coach. His achievement needs no comment. Under his skilful direction Notre Dame soon reasserted herself in the list of Western rivals. This year's work under Place seems only to indicate the victories the future has in store for *Alma Mater*.

But in the years to come when the bonfires will light up the Brownson campus and the echoes of triumph make the old place tremble, and the men who are to come will celebrate their championship victories over Michigan, Wisconsin and Chicago, we trust that some of the old-timers at least may recall the memory of the earlier heroes, of a Hering, a Farley, a McWeeney and a Salmon, the men who first set the example of N. D. prowess, and whose interest is still vested in the perpetuation of the honor and success of the Gold and Blue.

Athletic sports, if followed properly, and not elevated into a fetich, are admirable for developing character, besides bestowing upon the participants an invaluable fund of health and strength.

Theodore Roosevelt.

North American Review, August, '90.

A Pleasant Race.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

It was to be a peculiar race—at least that's what Frances Burton, better known among her friends at Saranac, as Frank, thought about it; and so did Ed Rivers, as, seated in his cottage at Mountain View resort thirty-five miles away, he read an account of it in the evening paper.

Frank Burton was a most attractive young Miss from New York. She always spent the summer at Saranac, because she liked the mountains. Her charming manner had won her many admirers. She was full of life and spirit and passionately fond of outdoor sports. Her delight was in rowing and tennis, but especially in golf, and it is with Miss Burton's success in golf that we are concerned.

The Golf Club of Tupper Lake had offered a prize of five hundred dollars to the person holding the best golf record for the 1908 season in the northern part of the state. Frank Burton held the record, at least so the papers had stated, and as the season was ending she was expecting at any moment to receive from the golf club the announcement of her victory. And now, just two days before she was to leave for home, the *Whippleville Journal* announced that a certain Edward Rivers of Mountain View had equalled her record, and that the tie was to be settled by the peculiar race of which I speak.

Ed Rivers was undoubtedly the best golfer at Mountain View, and although it was his first season at this fashionable resort he had made many friends. Tall, muscular and good looking, and possessing a rare good humor, he was welcomed everywhere. All at Mountain View rejoiced with him in his new victory, for he had tied the record of Frank Burton of Saranac, who, the papers declared, was a splendid golfer.

As Ed read the evening paper, and wondered who Frank Burton could be, he laughed heartily, for the proposed race was certainly a strange one. It was this: As the season was over and the tie could not be played off, it had been suggested that the money be divided. But the eccentric Presi-

dent of the golf-club would not have it that way, and he had stated to the papers and by official letter to Frank Burton of Saranac and Ed Rivers, Mountain View, that the prize would be given to the first one of these two winners who should call at the Tupper Lake office on the following day, both to leave Mountain View at nine o'clock a. m., the time at which the train from Saranac to Tupper Lake passed through Mountain View.

Ed was determined to win at any cost. As the road from Mountain View to Tupper Lake was all up grade, and the trains consequently slow, he determined to make the trip in his touring car. Moreover, he did not care to board the train and meet his rival; they would meet soon enough. He would go to the station and start in his car at the same time the train started.

At eight o'clock on the following morning a gay crowd of young people assembled at the Saranac Station to see Frank off. Dressed in a blue sailor suit, she looked more attractive than ever. The excitement of the race added new charms to her features. Her cheeks were flushed and her black eyes flashed forth determination to win, although as yet she did not know how she was to accomplish it. She stood in the centre of the crowd, the young ladies all wishing her success, the young men declaring that if Ed Rivers, whoever he might be, had any heart at all, he would lose it and the prize too. She boarded the train amidst much cheering and was soon off on the race.

Frank looked forward eagerly to her meeting with Ed Rivers; she wondered what kind of a fellow he might be, and several very worthy images coursed through her mind. She hoped he would be tall and handsome, for there would be greater fun in beating such a one. He might, however, be a very ordinary man; but she banished this image immediately as unworthy of her rival. She was determined to win no matter what kind of man he might be.

When at last the train pulled in at Mountain View, Frank, eager to see her rival, took a seat near the back of the train to watch the passengers as they entered. The first one that mounted the steps was Ed Rivers. He had looked in to catch a glimpse of his rival. He glanced

around until his gaze fell on a thin, middle-aged man, just across from Frank. Yes, he thought, that fellow must be Frank Burton. Ed would show him what it meant to win. He was about to leave the car when his eyes were caught by a pair of eager eyes and a blue sailor suit, and he gazed enraptured. He had never seen anything quite so beautiful. The black curls and flushed cheeks made him unconscious of all else, until he realized that he was staring at a young lady, and then with a quick turn he left the train.

When Frank first saw Rivers in the car door, her heart gave a bound of satisfaction. That must be Rivers. He was just what she wanted him to be; but why did he stop and look so. Oh, he was getting off again. It wasn't Rivers. The only other man that got on the car was a fat, clean-shaven fellow, and Frank concluding that this must be Rivers, turned towards the window with a look of disappointment.

The train had just started when she noticed a big touring car moving from the station. A young man was driving it. It was the one who had come to the car door. He was looking towards the car and as he saw Frank he took off his cap and waved it. Frank did not know what to do, but she soon decided, and as the train sped around a curve, Ed saw a white handkerchief waving in response.

"I'll probably never see him again," she said to herself, "and anyway he's nicer than my rival," and she glanced towards the fat, clean-shaven fellow, who was now fast asleep.

Ed had surely been rather captivated by the black eyes and curls, and he frankly admitted it to himself. So thoroughly had he been attracted that he determined to catch another glimpse of this unknown young lady at Fulton, the only stop between Mountain View and Tupper Lake. He could meet the train there, and then easily beat it out. After three-quarters of an hour, during which he had been conscious of but one thought, and that of black curls and a blue suit, he reached Fulton before the train and pulled up at the station.

When the train came in his heart beat fast and he watched the door eagerly for the figure in blue. At last she came, but

instead of a smile she wore a look of annoyance. Rivers immediately guessed the reason. The train, the conductor said, would remain at Fulton for an hour to await another train which was late.

Frank walked up the platform, thinking it better to be out-of-doors than in a stuffy car, and came suddenly upon Ed. She was somewhat surprised, for she had seen him back at Mountain View not long before, and he had occupied her thought somewhat ever since. In her astonishment she said unconsciously:

"How did you get here so soon?" then recollecting herself she added "pardon me."

Her voice was sweet and full.

"I drove down, answered Ed laughing. "I see your train is to remain here an hour."

"Yes," answered Frank, her face looking annoyed, "it's horrid to have to wait. How far is it to Tupper Lake?"

Ed's heart gave a bound. Perhaps she would—but he did not even dare hope for it. "Tupper Lake is fifteen miles."

"If it weren't so far," said Frank smiling, but determined, "I'd walk."

"I would be very happy if—"

"If what?" looking at him with wide-open eyes.

"If you'd let me take you over in my car," he blurted.

She did not get angry. Instead she smiled and said, "Are you going that far?"

"Yes," he declared, "and my machine is at your service."

Frank did not dislike the idea of a good ride with a good-looking gentleman, but she hesitated. Glancing toward the train she saw her fat, clean-shaven rival sound asleep in the window. Here was her chance. She would surely win out, and after all why not?

Turning towards Rivers she said, "I'll go with you."

Ed could not believe his ears for a while, but when they were spinning over the country road, and neither the blue suit nor curls had vanished he congratulated himself as the luckiest man in the state. He felt, too, that the golf prize was now easily his, for he had left his rival far behind. All at once the vision at his side spoke:

"Isn't this a strange thing that we're doing? Neither of us knows the other," said Frank, a little ashamed.

"But," answered Ed, wishing they did know each other better, "necessity knows no law, and you couldn't think of waiting there an hour."

"It's awful nice of you to excuse me that way. Isn't it a glorious day?"

"I have never known a nicer one."

"This car of yours is superb."

"I'm glad you like it."

In a few minutes they were chatting gaily. They talked of the summer resorts, of society and of their love for golf—each in his modesty neglecting to tell of his expected prize. Indeed it seemed but a few moments to Ed and to Frank too, before they were in the heart of the town of Tupper Lake near the Golf-Club Office.

"I'm sorry our ride is about over," dared Rivers. He was, however, taken back at her response.

"So am I. I have enjoyed it immensely. You may leave me off at this club-house." He drew up and helped her to alight. "I think I can find my way now," she said, "I don't know how to thank you. Good-bye."

Ed longed to say much more, but he only said: "Good-bye, the pleasure you have given me has more than repaid."

Rivers watched Miss Burton as she left him, but to his surprise she entered the Golf Club and ascended the stairs. What could she be doing there? After leaving his car in a safe place, he entered the building just in time to catch a glimpse of the girl as she entered the President's office at the other end of the corridor. This was strange. "Perhaps she is a relative of the President," thought Rivers. At any rate, he would get to see her again, and then she would be glad to learn that he had won the golf prize. He walked towards the door with a light heart and opened it, but was taken back by what he heard.

In the centre of the room stood the President of the Golf Club and the young lady in the blue suit. Her eyes were glowing and her cheeks flushed with pride. As Rivers stepped in he heard the President say:

"You have my heartiest congratulations, Miss Burton; the prize is yours." He looked up and saw Rivers standing dumfounded.

"Well! so you are beaten, Mr. Rivers. Let me introduce to you Miss Burton."

"Miss Burton! Frank's sister?" asked Rivers excitedly.

"Not Frank's sister, but Frank herself. Miss Burton, this is Mr. Rivers. Well, what's the matter with you people?" Frank and Ed were staring at each other, unable to believe their senses. Then both began to laugh, and they laughed long and heartily. Frank was the first to speak.

"If this gentleman is really Mr. Rivers," she said to the President, "the prize is his because he brought me here."

"No," answered the President, "the prize is yours, no matter how you came. You have won the race."

"I quite agree with the President," said Rivers smiling, "allow me to congratulate you, Miss Frank Burton."

"Thank you," said Frank, extending her hand and looking admiringly towards him, "but let us at least divide the prize."

"No, no," insisted Rivers, "the prize is yours. All I ask as pay for the ride that I have given you is that you will return to Saranac in my car."

The rivals took dinner with the President of the club and returned in company.

The New Game.

MICHAEL L. MORIARTY, '10.



WITH the close of the football season of 1908, comes the annual comment upon the great college game. At no previous time have such rapid strides been made along the lines of the much-sought open play. As a result the game has never before been so much cherished by its college devotees and by the great mass of the public as well. In 1908 we no longer think of the tandem play, tackle back and other line-smashing formations of the olden days. To talk football now we must deal with some novel features: the so-called open play, the onside-kick, which has decided so many close contests, and most of all, with the innovation which has revolutionized football—the forward pass.

No material alteration of the rules has been made, except in so far as a man touching a legal forward pass is the only man of his side eligible to recover the ball

until it has touched one of the opposing players or has been touched by one of them. The provision adds somewhat to the uncertainty of the play, but has had no very great effect on the manipulation of the pass. The provision increasing the number of officials to four—a field judge assuming some of the duties of both the referee and the umpire—marks one more advance towards the assurance of clean play. Standing well back of the defensive team the field judge is well fitted to rule on questions concerning the legality of forward-pass work, the conditions attending the attempt for free catches, out-of-bounds plays and also rough work by men coming down the field. With four officials pledged for sportsmanlike play, it would seem that any tendency towards unnecessary roughness will not be long tolerated. The few other changes in the rules deal more with the wording and explanation of the old rules than with any wide digression from the 1907 style of play.

Among the numerous lessons suggested during the season just completed one in particular stands out most conspicuously. The victories achieved by hitherto unheard-of schools, playing light and fast teams against heavier opponents teaches conclusively that the coaches can no longer afford to seek brawn and weight as a foundation for a successful football machine. Speed and headwork now hold the balance of power. To men possessing these faculties developed to stand the test can be attributed the many startling scores registered by the smaller and less-famed schools against the large and world-famed universities.

Fleetness of foot and ability to grasp immediately and solve unconsciously the most complex situations, are now the capital considerations. On the men thus skilled falls the task of developing further the modern game. The clever, clear-headed strategist is the man invariably selected by the successful coaches around whom to construct his style of open attack.

Another point brought out during the season's work is the apparently excessive value attached to drop-kicks and field goals. It is universally conceded that superiority in this department should not be discredited, still the number of teams which

have actually outplayed their rivals at every turn, only to be worsted by one or several clever goals from the field, or by a couple of well-executed drop-kicks should be taken into consideration. During the two years past we have listened to considerable discussion as to the advisability of reducing the value of the drop-kick and field goal from the present count of four points down to two points. The customary four points given for this style of play certainly tends to belittle the value of a touchdown and the goal following same. Unquestionably the hard-earned touchdown deserves more than the mere marginal value of one point over goal negotiated from the thirty or perhaps the forty or forty-five-yard line. The Committee on General Rules will, no doubt, take up the question. Meanwhile a great many devoted followers of the game will yearn for a change in the count for kicking.

Offensive play during the 1908 season showed a marked improvement over the work of the preceding year. At any moment spectators were always on the alert lest they would miss some new punt-formation, or some perplexing formation from which a forward pass could be hurled in almost any direction down the field. The knack of hurling the ball, acquired by a host of the season's stars, will cause considerable attention to be directed towards securing a suitable mode of defense.

In another year, or perhaps two, the ball will be directed with the accuracy common to high-class baseball work. Then will the resources of the football coaches be taxed in order to prevent the most weird and unexpected plays. The provision requiring the ball to cross the line of scrimmage at least five yards on either side of the point where the ball is put in play, presented opportunities for the countless fake plays and passes which proved so popular and practical. The spread formation and back-shift which sent the back-field men into the line at the far right or left of the actual vicinity of the play seemed to present grave difficulties for the opposing defense.

Another feature, probably not so startling, yet equally effective, if developed, we find in the onside trick. Capable of being executed from any formation, the most efficient

defense finds the onside kick-one of the most difficult plays to handle and certainly the most awkward. The mere crossing of the line of scrimmage entitles the offensive team to first down, provided, of course, they recover the ball. As with the hurlers of the forward pass, the men skilled in kicking the low, onward, bounding onside-kick have developed with almost lightning-fast rapidity. The forward-pass and onside-kick present difficulties which can scarcely be over-estimated. The possibilities of the two plays have been merely touched upon since their introduction a few years ago. Many startling developments are promised during the coming year, for truly it can be said the present-day offense is in its infancy. Already the followers of the game are looking forward with eager anticipation to the possible display of visible football, which undoubtedly will end the discussion as to the advisability of following the very few who are making a determined fight for the abolition of the great fall sport.

With the offense capable of reaching such a point of perfection, a feasible method of bolstering up the defense must be resolved upon. During the past season, the coaches have failed to develop a defense suitable for checking the onslaughts made possible by the new style of play. The uncertainty which has thus far characterized the use of the forward pass seems to have been the best defense. With this uncertainty eliminated as, in all events it will be, we can readily apprehend the position assumed by many that the defense is doomed to fall far behind the attack. What possible defense will not find an attack composed of forward passes, numerous line plunges, interspersed with several onside-kicks and fancy punt-formations, a most disconcerting problem to face? No plausible formation has yet been advanced which can safeguard a team against such plays. Perhaps the best defense available will be for tackles and guards to play wide ends rather close to the tackle and to play a smashing game with secondary line of defense consisting of the two half-backs playing about ten or fifteen yards back of the scrimmage line and wide enough to detect any attempt at onside-kick or forward pass. This system leaves one man to back up the line in the

centre and another to play back for kicks.

The season of 1908 has come and gone. With it has come the vindication of those who maintained for the new rules that they would open up the play, make the game more enjoyable from the spectators' view-point, and, result in fewer injuries to the players. With it has gone the careers of a host of fine players who will be remembered as the stars of their day. The game itself has verified all predictions and dispelled all doubt as to its superiority over the old-style play. Another year with versatile coaches of the past season will see many of the possibilities of the new play exhausted. One thing is certain, the new game is here to stay. The lovers of good, clean college sport bid it welcome.

Varsity Coaches.

Coach Place came to Notre Dame with the reputation of being a great coach and he left with that reputation strengthened and enhanced. Compelled by injuries and other circumstances to develop practically two teams he worked his material to the best advantage, and the results achieved testify how well he succeeded. For the



VICTOR PLACE (Coach).



JOSEPH T. LANTRY (Assistant Coach).

second time since Notre Dame assumed prominence on the western gridiron its goal-line remained uncrossed until the end of the season, and much of the credit must go to Coach Place. Although a star at Dartmouth under the old game, he acquired a thorough knowledge of the new style of play and blended both with remarkable success. He did not teach his men a bewildering variety of plays, but in those used he built up a concentrated offense that was irresistible, and a defense that proved impregnable before the fiercest onslaughts of the enemy. It is no exaggeration to say that, with perhaps one exception, Notre Dame this year had the strongest defensive team in its history, and certainly the best all-around team since the introduction of the new style of play. It is true that the material was the best in years, but the necessity of constant shifts in the team presented many difficulties which added to the troubles of the coach, but he met every obstacle as it arose and successfully surmounted it. "Pull together" is probably the phrase best describing his method of coaching. He had every man in every play, and always with the ball, and,

it was this co-operative style of play that won such laurels for the Gold and Blue. Above all he taught the men to play a clean game, and let it be said to their credit that his instructions in that line were faithfully carried out to the end.

Coach Place was ably assisted in building up the Varsity machine by Joe Lantry, the former star of Ohio State. His general knowledge of football, especially in the back-field department, proved a valuable asset to the team, and was no small factor in the season's victories. Like Place he won his spurs under the old game, but quickly mastered the new, and many a helpful suggestion was the result. He had charge of the scrubs the entire season, and the many hard tussles they gave the Varsity and the number of men who finally won berths on the regulars speak well for his ability. In addition to his wide knowledge of the game he possessed the confidence of the men, and had the faculty of communicating his own enthusiasm and spirit to those under him, which is one of the prime requisites of a successful coach. He achieved results, and for that he is well entitled to share in the laurels won on the gridiron this year.

Varsity 1908.

CAPT. MILLER (Half-Back).

Miller proved a worthy successor of Calligrate, not only as captain but as a valuable man in the backfield where he appeared most of the season. He put up a star game at centre in the Michigan game, but was shifted to his old position at left-half in the remaining contests, and continued to display the form that won him a place on the All-Indiana team last year. He was seen at his best in the Indiana game, his thrilling end-runs and all-around work bringing frequent rounds of applause from the stands, and this despite the fact that he was frequently laid out with injuries. He also did the bulk of the punting, and his kicks were always consistent and for good distance. His toe work against the wind in the first half of the Marquette game put our goal out of danger time after time, and prevented the Wisconsinites from scoring. His brilliant playing again won him a berth on the All-Indiana team.

SAM DOLAN (Tackle Guard).

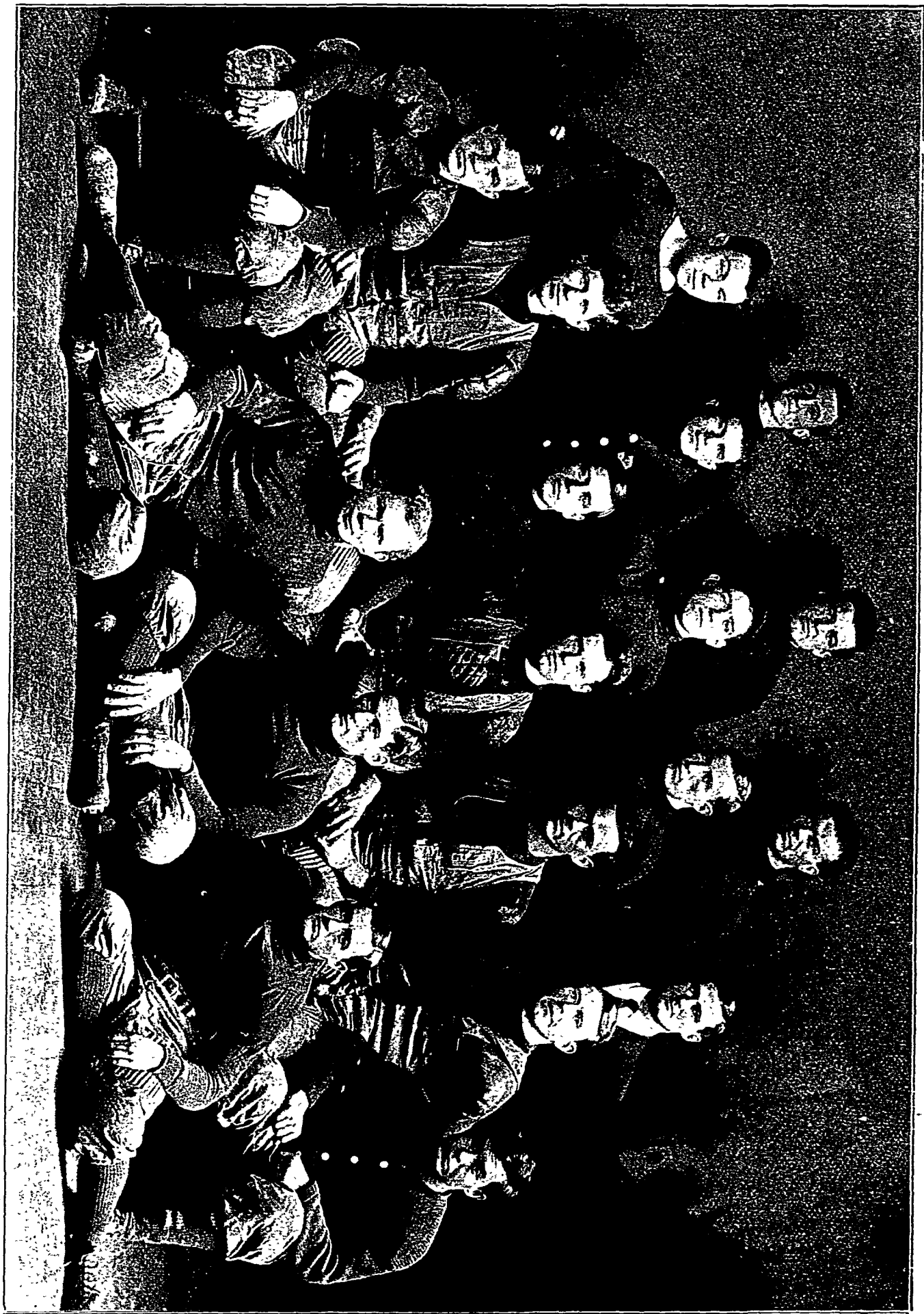
In the athletic number of last year it was predicted that Dolan with his crippled knee in shape would make one of the best linemen in the state this year, and anyone who has seen the Oregonian tear up the opposing line during the past season will readily agree that the prophecy has been amply fulfilled. He hit his oldtime stride again, and without detracting from the merits of the other men it must be admitted that when it came to brilliant and consistent playing he had a shade on them all. His work in the Michigan and Indiana games was little short of phenomenal, and in the other contests his playing always was a feature. On offense he could be depended upon to open up a hole when it was needed, and he absolutely refused to let anything get by him when playing on the defense, often crashing through the opposing line and breaking up a play before it was started. He was the unanimous choice of the critics for tackle on the All-Indiana team.

DONALD HAMILTON (Quarter).

In Hamilton the Varsity had one of the fastest and cleverest quarter-backs that ever called numbers for the Gold and Blue. Not only did he display good judgment in guiding the team, but his work in running back punts and circling the ends on quarter-back runs was one of the sensational features of the year. In the Michigan game he handled punts in grand style, and by phenomenal dodging ran them back so as to almost offset the Wolverine's gain. He did not get into the Indiana game owing to the freshman rule, but clinched the State Championship for the Varsity by scoring all the points against Wabash on two place kicks from the field. He was laid up the last two weeks of the season with a badly-bruised hip, but was compelled to go into the Marquette game after the first three minutes of play when Dwyer was forced to retire by injuries, and despite his condition played a magnificent game. It was his first year on the team and he is expected to return.

HOWARD EDWARDS (Tackle, Fullback, Guard).

Edwards was the utility man of the squad, and to summarize things he made good wherever placed. He started the season at tackle, but was shifted behind the line



after the Michigan game to take Vaughan's place at full against Indiana. He played a star game against the Wolverines until laid out with injuries, his defensive work being especially strong. In the clash with the Sheldonites he hit the line for consistent gains, and did some effective smashing of interference at end where he played on defense. In the final games he worked at guard, and added great strength to the middle of the line. It was his first year on the team. He is a faithful trainer and a hard worker, and it was these qualities that won him the captaincy for next year.

ROBERT VAUGHAN (Full-Back).

Not since the days of Salmon has the Varsity had a man who in all-around ability could measure up to Vaughan. Not only has he the requisite weight, but is exceptionally fast and equally strong in either the new or old style of game. His terrific line plunges, remindful only of the mighty Salmon, were irresistible, and his remarkable skill in handling the forward pass yielded many a long gain to the Gold and Blue. He scored the only touchdown ever registered by the Varsity against Michigan by making thirty-five yards on a spectacular line play off tackle. His best exhibition of line bucking, however, was probably seen in the Wabash game in which he rammed through for substantial gains, many times almost alone owing to the crippled condition of our backs. He was again the "man behind" in the Marquette game, his plunge through centre for thirty-yards, when the ball was on our goal-line, being one of the stellar stunts of the day. He is a hard, clean, and heady player, and will undoubtedly be ranked as one of the best full-backs in the West. He is another first-year man, and will return.

LUKE KELLY (Tackle).

Kelly was the "find" of the year. He went out for the backfield, but was soon shifted to tackle, and made good from the start. He showed steady improvement as the season progressed, and developed into one of the most valuable men on the line. Not only was he strong in tipping over the plays directed against him, but his speed and shiftiness made him equally formidable on the offensive, and he was

always among first down the field on punts, often tackling the runner in his tracks. He always gave the best that was in him, never saying a word, but on the job from the kick-off. He was with the ball at all times, and his watchfulness was rewarded by recovering more fumbles than any other man on the squad. Next year he should prove to be one of the best linemen in the state.

ALBERT MERTES (Centre).

Mertes was the lightest man on the line, but had no difficulty in holding his own against every man he met this year. His work in the Indiana game was a big factor in the result, and his accurate passing contributed materially to the success of Miller's punting. Although not spectacular his playing is of the steady, consistent kind that wins games, and his rare judgment in passing often saved us penalties for offside. He is a strong, defensive player, a hard worker and faithful trainer, and it is these qualities that make him one of the most valuable men on the squad.

PETER DWYER (Half-Back, Quarterback).

At the start of the season Dwyer worked at half, but when Coach Place was casting about for a man to take Hamilton's place at quarter in the state games he hit upon Dwyer, and the masterful manner in which Peter handled the signals proved that he had made no mistake. Probably no man on the squad had a more thorough knowledge of the game, or played it harder. At half-back he shone by his brilliant defensive work, his tackling being one of the stellar features in nearly every game in which he participated, and his value at quarter rested upon the fact that he knew what to do and did it at the right time. He never saved himself, but was in every play, and it was this fearlessness that is accountable for his many injuries during the year. This was his first year on the team, and he is expected back.

PAUL McDONALD (Half-Back).

Last year McDonald won the Thanksgiving Day game against St. Vincent's by his brilliant work in the second half, and he turned the trick again this year in the Marquette game. In fact, his work all year

has been sensational, his flashy end runs being in evidence in every game. In the Michigan contest he clipped off an eighty-five-yard run for a touchdown, but was called back as it was claimed he stepped out of bounds. He was not in his best form in the Wabash game owing to injuries, but chalked up several long gains. He is unquestionably one of the fastest offensive backs that Notre Dame has ever had, and his work has been a big factor in the success of the past season.

THOMAS SULLIVAN (Centre).

"Big Tom" after a bad start rounded into form and played a star game at the pivot point. He tried out first at guard and tackle, but was shifted to centre, and the wisdom of the change was soon apparent. His weight added great strength to the middle of the line, and his passing was of the accurate kind that makes good punting possible. He did not get into the Indiana game owing to the freshman rule, but proved his mettle in the clash with Wabash. He had his shoulder dislocated in practice two weeks before the end of the season, and was unable to get into the fray Thanksgiving. As this was his initial appearance at centre still greater things may be expected of him next year.

LEE MATTHEWS (End).

Like Sullivan, Matthews did not hit his gait at the beginning of the year, but after he got going he more than held his own against all comers. His first big game was against Michigan, and his work in the second half struck woe into the ranks of the Wolverines. He was not at his best against Wabash, but returned to form in the Marquette game, and put up a star exhibition. He had the faculty of sifting through the interference and downing the runner, oftentimes for a loss. His tackling was hard and sure, and his speed enabled him to get down the field on punts and throw the runner without a return. He handled the forward pass with skill, and was a clever player from every viewpoint.

RUEL (Half-Back).

This star of the diamond made his debut on the gridiron this year, and showed excep-

tional class from the start. In three big games of the year, Michigan, Indiana, and Marquette, his work might well be styled phenomenal, for his dazzling return of punts and spectacular tackling were outstanding features of all three contests. He suffered a reversal of form at Wabash, but this was due to a wrenched arm which necessitated his playing the game with the member encased in a leather brace. He has all the requisites for a half-back, build, weight and speed, plays a hard game every minute, and promises to become one of the best men in the West. He was unanimously chosen by the critics for the All-Indiana team.

RALPH DIMMICK (Tackle).

Dimmick was another first-year man, and when it is said that he and Dolan worked together on the right side of the line our uncrossed goal-line is partially explained. He put up a brilliant game both on offense and defense, and gained many yards on his tackle around plays. He was always there to help along the man with the ball, and could open up a life-sized gap when the play was directed his way. His playing at the end of the season was somewhat affected by injuries, but his work in the Michigan and Wabash games stamped him as one of the most dependable linemen in the state. He will be back next year.

JOSEPH COLLINS (End)

When Coach Place shifted Collins from the back-field to end he picked the right man for the right place. His early-season form was somewhat of a disappointment, but when he was given a chance to make good in the Wabash game he responded with a vengeance. His tackling and all-around work proved to be one of the biggest obstacles to the goalward progress of the "Little Giants," and his showing in handling the forward pass resulted in many of the Varsity's gains. He again starred in the Marquette game, his tackling often resulting in losses for the Wisconsinites. He is husky and fast and ought to develop into a top-notcher next year.

GEORGE PHILBROOK (Guard).

Philbrook did not report until late in the season but when he got his two hundred

pounds of beef in action he had little difficulty in landing a berth at guard. He smothered every attempt to gain through his territory, and on offense could always be depended upon to bore out a hole for the backs to plunge through. In addition to his value as a lineman he also displayed remarkable punting ability in which department big things are expected from him next year. He never says a word on the field but keeps on the job every minute, and will be one of the mainstays of the line in '09.

JAMES MALONEY (End).

When Maloney went out there apparently was but little chance of his landing a place against his husky competitors, but it was not long before his speed and ability won him a berth on the regulars. He was the lightest man on the squad, notching the beam at 135, but he used every ounce of it to the best advantage. His work in receiving forward passes in the Indiana game was one of the prettiest exhibitions of the year. He was especially strong on offense, and rarely failed to block his man. On defense he played back for punts, usually running the kicks back for good distances. Taken all in all he was one of the biggest little men that ever fought for the Gold and Blue.

EDWARD LYNCH (Guard).

Lynch was shifted from tackle to guard this year, and filled the position to a nicety. He was not in the best of condition, however, owing to an injury to his eyes but his playing was marked by the same aggressiveness and determination that characterized his work last year. His playing is not sensational, but of the plugging, consistent kind that contributes so materially to the scoring value of a team. He was particularly strong on defense, and when he charged on offense he generally opened up a gap for the man with the ball. It was his second year on the team.

JOHN DUFFY (Guard).

Duffy came along fast from the start and by steady plugging earned a berth on the regulars. His work on the scrubs last year gave promise of better things this season, and he certainly measured up to the mark. His best work was done in the Indiana game in which his strong defensive playing

helped out the middle of the line considerably. He was a hard and willing worker, always gave the best that was in him, and with the experience gained this year ought to have no trouble in retaining his position next season.

FAY WOOD (End).

"Woody" played a star game up to the time he was compelled to quit the squad because of a severe injury to his knee. He played all through the Michigan and Indiana games, and was conspicuous by his brilliant defensive work. In breaking interference he was probably the peer of any man on the squad, and it was his work in this department that wrought such havoc with our opponent's formations. He handled the forward-pass with success, and on the offensive he always disposed of his man in good shape. It was his second year.

"Bob" Paine was out the first half of the season but retired after the Indiana game to devote more time to his studies. He got in both the Michigan and Indiana games, playing a star game at guard, and would undoubtedly have been awarded a monogram had he remained out the rest of the season.

Burdick showed his old-time form at the start, but received a severe injury to his ankle in the Michigan game, and never rounded into shape thereafter.

"Bill" Schmitt improved at half-back with every practice, and his work in the last half of the Marquette game was ample proof of his speed and ability. He looks like a Varsity fixture next year.

Daniels did not report until late in the season, but his speed won him a place on the regulars and he would probably have been in at the kick-off Thanksgiving had he not been called home by an accident to his brother. He also seems slated for a berth next year.

Cripe was again pursued by hard luck this year, and had his ankle broken in a scrimmage early in the year, which kept him out all season. Up to the time of his misfortune he was displaying a speed and knowledge of the back-field position that would undoubtedly have won him a place in the regular line-up.

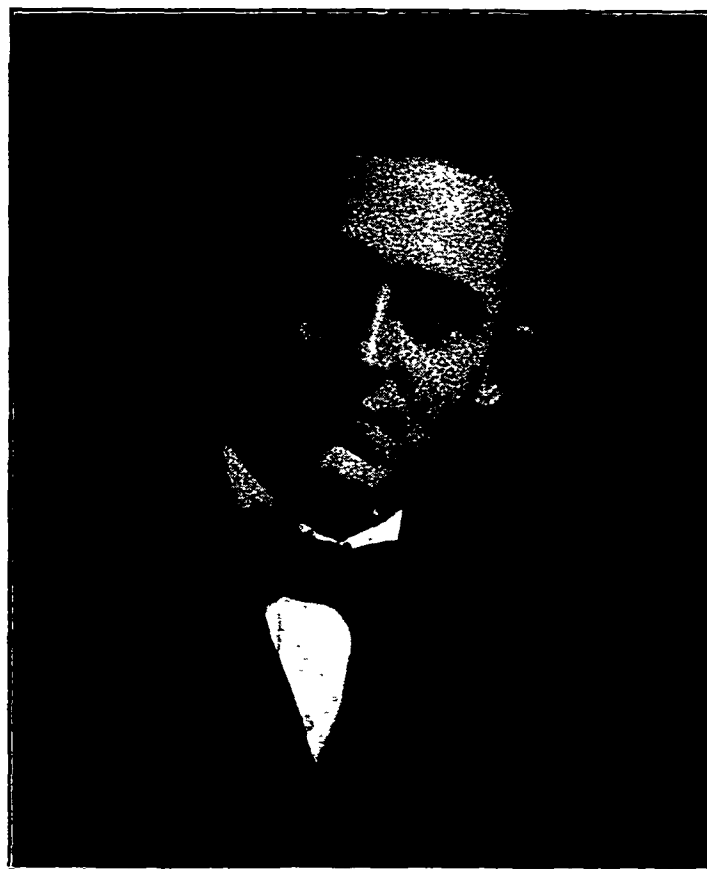
Champions of the State.

Holy smokes!
 It's great
 For N. D.
 To be
 Champion of the State.
 Indiana's wondrous team,
 That down-state dream,
 We smashed
 And slashed
 And fought
 Eleven to naught.
 Eight to four
 Was the score
 When we made that dash
 For Wabash.
 And then
 Miller's men
 Scared Michigan so bad
 That they were glad
 To be let down easy.
 Cheesy,
 Isn't it to talk this way, and yet
 You can bet
 Marquette
 Got hers, by hen
 When
 She didn't expect it
 A bit.
 Her hope,
 So says the dope,
 Was sky-
 High.
 Hard luck! Well so-long
 Here's a little song.
 Holy smokes!
 It's great
 For N. D.
 To be
 Champion of the State. G. J. FINNIGAN.

Track.

Notre Dame, after a slump of four years hit her stride in track again last year under the direction of Coach Maris, and present indications point to a continuation of the good work this season inasmuch as Mr. Maris will again be with us.

Among the men who will be missed this year are ex-Captain Keach, Scales, Murphy, Roach, Shea, and Allen. "Bill" Schmitt will captain the team, and the following old men are expected to report: Schmitt, hurdles and quarter-mile; Moriarty, hurdles and pole vault; Dana, mile and two mile; O'Leary, 100 yard and 200 yard; Maloney, dashes; Daniels, dashes and jumps; Mc-



COACH MARIS.

Donald, relay; Arnold, quarter-mile; McDonough, jumps; Roth, broad jump; Miller, jumps; Wood, weights; Devine, half mile; Graham, Scholl and Brady, distance runs. With such men on hand as Wasson, Fletcher, Steers, Ben Oriel, Vaughan, Sullivan, Philbrook, and Dimmick the outlook is considerably brightened.

Manager Wood is negotiating for dual meets with Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Wabash, and M. A. C., and expects to have the best card in years. The Michigan and Wabash meets will be held indoors, while Illinois and Indiana will compete outside. The place of holding the State Meet, which was slated for Notre Dame last year but fell through, has not yet been settled upon.

Cross country work has also been given much attention this year, and Coach Maris turned out a creditable team. The season was closed Nov. 21st when a triangular meet was held with M. A. C., De Pauw and Notre Dame as entries. Tillison of the "Aggies" picked off the first honors, covering the distance in twenty-nine minutes and twelve seconds, which is exceptionally fast time for the course of five and a half miles. Steers and Graham showed the best form for the Varsity, finishing second and third respectively. De Pauw had two entries, but could land nothing better than 4th place. J. B. K.

The Management.

When the faculty board was casting about for a successor to Manager McGannon they decided wisely in selecting a man with the wide athletic experience and executive ability of Harry Curtis. He has starred on both



MANAGER CURTIS.

the diamond and gridiron and knows college athletics from every angle. It was largely due to his coaching last year that the baseball team was able not only to trim the best in the West, but also to take the measure of the strongest nines in the East, establishing a record never before equalled by a Western athletic team.

At the beginning of the year, Manager Curtis was confronted with a trying situation due to the fact that only one game that with Michigan, had been secured on the football schedule. He immediately set to work, and when it is taken into consideration that four big games were listed he is deserving of much credit. Every effort was made to improve the schedule of home games, but proved unsuccessful, owing to the late start in the negotiations. This defect will be remedied next year, however, as Manager Curtis is already at work on the schedule, and is negotiating with Michigan, Indiana,

Lawrence, Wabash, and Michigan "Aggies," the last two games to be played on Cartier Field. A game with Syracuse at Buffalo is also among the possibilities.

The baseball schedule is well under way, and if present plans materialize it should prove the best western card in years. Four games have already been secured with Michigan, and in addition to the regular state contests a western trip is under consideration on which Northwestern, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Illinois will be met.

The new manager is under contract with the New York Giants with whom he signed at the end of the '06 season of the Varsity, and it is possible that he may join the team at the close of the school year. He is a graduate of the Law school in the class of '08.

Fay Wood, the gridiron and basket-ball star, is acting as assistant manager, and fills the part to a nicety. He has sole charge of the track and basket-ball departments, and is preparing schedules of unusual merit. The principal features of the basket-ball slate will be Eastern and Southern trips on which the fastest teams of those sections will be met. The track schedule will also be superior to that of the past few years.



FAY WOOD.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, December 5, 1908,

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—Athletics, like everything else that is good, can be abused as well as used, and even in a college where athletics are duly regulated in every respect there is always great temptation to excess on the part of the individual, especially the successful participant in sporting activities. The right combination of the scholar and the athlete in the college student is most admirable. It does everyone good to see the favorite of the gridiron and the diamond going up for first honors at the end of the year. But, verily, there is no more pitifully pitiful sample of a college man than the athletic maniac, who permits his sporting interest to take ascendancy over every other—the irrational “gent” who busies his mind and heart sixteen hours out of the twenty-four about a prospective monogram, and sleeps the remaining eight. These sometimes flourish in our colleges. Even a reasonable schedule has a tendency to develop a few of these specimens, and such miserable parodies on the idea of a student are a drawback to the institution that harbors them, though it harbor them altogether unwittingly. It sometimes happens that even the genuine student allows himself to become so obsessed and victimized by the passion as to destroy his studious

habits, and excessive interest and over-indulgence in athletics entails intellectual, if not a worse form, of degeneracy. In the scale of ends to rational pursuit mere physical proficiency does not rank very high, and it serves very poorly indeed as an ultimate end of college life. We compassionate the folly of the weazened book-worm of a student who in his ardor ignores the demand of the body for physical exercise, but he has bushels of sense over the top-light Hercules who expects to get all his education in the gymnasium or on the field. It may be that the over-weening passion which athletics sometimes develops can be subdued only by violent and persistent restraint, but no student can afford to have his course of study degenerated, his possibilities curtailed, and his prospects blasted, perhaps, by an inordinate love of sport.

—The conquest of Milwaukee on Thanksgiving was a fitting finale for N. D's '08 series of successes. Not a few are of the opinion, which is not a rash one, that our phenomenal baseball aggregation of last spring was the fastest and best college team in the world; and perhaps it was only for lack of opportunity that it was not demonstrated to the satisfaction of all. The football brigade has just finished the capture of the Indiana State honors. Throughout the baseball and football season Notre Dame has lost only two contests from a schedule that was neither small nor weak. She has shown herself uniformly and almost invariably equal to the occasion in a succession of ventures which were not at all timid. All in all, 1908 has turned out the banner year. The Gold and Blue is flying high, and the omens are good.

—Notre Dame may well be proud of its alumni. That the alumni are proud of Notre Dame is evident. This fact was demonstrated to a nicety last week at Milwaukee, when the alumni association of Wisconsin turned out, almost to a man, to welcome the football team, and such a welcome! It was sincere and hearty, and it was a manifestation of the real

Notre Dame spirit. Everything was done on grand style, yet it did not resolve itself in mere form. The personal element predominated, and no one stood on ceremonies. At the game the Notre Dame bleachers were turned into a reception room. Here alumnus and student met as brothers. The mere fact that a man was rooting for Notre Dame was sufficient introduction to any other man of similar qualification. At the banquet the same spirit prevailed. It was Notre Dame, first, last and all the time. When a college has such a following as that it may feel that its mission has not been in vain. It may rest happy in the thought that year after year it is sending men out into the world who will make good; men who cherish a warm memory of *Alma Mater* and who live up to her precepts. Such are the kind of men every college wants, and such are the Milwaukee alumni.

—Football, as it is now played, was not brought to this stage by the efforts of the lovers of the gridiron sport or by any sort of natural evolution, so **The New Game.** much as it was compelled to it by the pressure of public opinion. Three years ago there was voiced a vigorous general demand for football reform. Newspapers inveighed against the game as it was then played, and backed their charges of brutality with incontrovertible statistics; great universities eliminated this form of sport from the athletic program, and even President Roosevelt urged the rule-makers to try to debrutalize the game in so far as possible. When the legislators did formulate a new code of regulations, the players themselves were skeptical as to their practicability, and the press predicted that the injuries and fatalities would be still further multiplied in consequence of the necessity of so much open play. But the event has disproved this distrust and the forecast. The men who made the rules, however, knew what they were about, or else they framed better than they thought. The game as played to-day is more satisfactory both to the player and the spectator than the old style of football. The large attendance at every important game proves that the revision has not hurt the interest of the game. Universities that had aban-

doned the sport have resumed it. Even ministers have seen fit to laud it from the pulpit. In fact, the game is now one of science rather than of brute force, and no doubt, it will by degrees become even much more scientific than at present.

Obituary.

A shudder of pain and a mournful realization of the inevitableness of death spread over the University on Monday morning last when it was learned that Paul Eldridge Smith, a Sophomore, had passed away in the night after an illness of three weeks. The feeling of sadness was intensified by the festivities of President's Day, which were curtailed out of respect for the dead. That he should be taken in early youth, when his prospects of a splendid career were budding into bloom, seems hard to bear; yet the realization that his young life was innocent and his death well fortified gives consolation to his sorrowful family and to all who knew Paul at Notre Dame. The funeral will be held in St. Mary's Church, Portland, Oregon, on December ninth. *R. I. P.*

* * *

The members of the Sophomore class of the University of Notre Dame, do hereby tender their sincere sympathy and the assurance of prayerful remembrance, to the sorrow-stricken relatives of our esteemed classmate, Paul. E. Smith.

(Signed).—Elmo A. Funk, Pres.

Wm. Heyl, V. Pres.

Stewart Graham, Sect.

Anton Hebenstreit, Treas.

A minister who witnessed the Marquette-Notre Dame game on Thanksgiving made the following observation: "This particular feature of the game impressed me most. Football is the finest expression of physical prowess and endurance we have. When the game is played as it ought to be, and as it was this afternoon, the players are under the greatest excitement and provocation, yet they must remain gentlemen in spite of all. If they can not, then they must get out of the game. A man must learn to hit hard without malice and to be hit hard without anger. It is a splendid lesson in self-control."

The Season.

State Champions and goal line uncrossed! That sums up the Varsity season of '08. From every view-point it was one of the most successful years in the gridiron history of Notre Dame. In Coach Place we had a man whose experience proved a valuable



CAPTAIN MILLER.

asset to the team, and the results attained stamped him as a worthy successor to Coach Barry of last year. The material was probably equal, if not superior, to any that ever reported to a coach at Notre Dame, a fact to which the success of the season is largely attributable.

Although Notre Dame clashed with but one of the Big Conference elevens, a study of comparative scores must rank the wearers of the Gold and Blue among the top-notchers in the West. Only one team, Marquette, succeeded in getting the ball within our twenty-yard line, and only twenty points were scored against us, while Place's men registered a total of three hundred and twenty-six against their opponents. The highest score was chalked up in the Physician and Surgeon game when eighty-eight points were piled up in forty minutes of

play. It was in this game that the Varsity established the ground-gaining record of the season by advancing the leather for a total of one thousand three hundred and sixteen yards.

Although Manager Curtis was handicapped in arranging the schedule he listed four big games, and on the whole the card was superior to that of the last few years. Hillsdale and Franklin served as the preliminary workouts before the Michigan game, and were easily disposed of by scores of 39-0 and 64-0. The Wolverines were back on the list for the first time in five years, and had it not been for the kicking of Allerdice, who scored all their points by negotiating three goals from the field, Yost's men would have been numbered among the vanquished. The Varsity showed superior form all the way through, especially in the second half when Vaughan dashed across the line for the only touchdown ever scored by the Gold and Blue against the Wolverines. The Physicians and Surgeons and Ohio Northern were the next to fall prey to the Varsity by scores of 88-0 and 58-4, respectively. The big annual clash with Indiana at Indianapolis was next on the list, and after routing the Sheldonites 11-0, Place's men clinched the state championship by defeating Wabash a week later 8-4, all the points coming on goals from the field. As Indiana trimmed Purdue, Notre Dame is



HOWARD EDWARDS.

left in undisputed possession of the state laurels. St. Viateur's eleven was swamped by the Varsity 46-0, and the season was closed Thanksgiving Day by a hard-fought victory over Marquette at Milwaukee by a score of 6-0, which gives the Varsity additional standing from the fact that Marquette played Illinois to a tie 6-6 and held Wisconsin 9-6.

Circumstances compelled Coach Place to make constant shifts in the line-up with the result that he practically turned out two teams. Captain Miller worked at both center and half-back, his best exhibition at the former post being seen in the Michigan game. Edwards appeared at tackle, guard, and full-back, and proved his versatility by making good in each department. Dolan alternated at tackle and guard, while Dwyer was called upon to run the team at quarter in addition to playing half-back. Collins started in at tackle, but was shifted to end where he struck his stride strong.

"Red" Miller fully justified the confidence reposed in him last year when he was elected captain, and he proved as capable a leader as the Gold and Blue has ever had. A hard and clean player, a faithful trainer, he was ever alert to the best interests of the team, and it was these qualities that fitted him so admirably for the position. That his work did not suffer from the duties of the captaincy is evident from the fact that he was again unanimously chosen by the critics for a berth on the All-Indiana team. Dolan and Ruel were also picked for the team, and their brilliant work throughout the season surely deserved the honor. Several of the Freshman stars would undoubtedly have landed places had they not been barred from the state contests by the eligibility rule.

A review of the season, however, which took into consideration only the stellar lights would be decidedly unjust, for the laurels must also be shared with those men whose work is often slighted or underestimated, the "scrubs." Without them a good team would be impossible, and so when you recall the sensational end-run or line-plunge of the star in the limelight, also remember the man who took the knocks and bumps of the daily practice with the hope of but one reward, that he might see the Varsity able to hold its own with the best of them

when it came to the day of battle. And so the names of such men as Dionne, Clement, Freeze, Deiner, Binz, Moriarty, and Murphy are linked with the success of the '08 Varsity, and sincere gratitude is due them from every student in appreciation of their work.

Howard Edwards has been elected to the captaincy for '09, and his experience and knowledge of the game equip him well for the position.

None of this year's team is lost by graduation, and as most of the men expect to return it is a safe prediction that Notre Dame will again be in the forefront of Western elevens next year when the togs are laid aside at Thanksgiving time. The results of the games follow:

Notre Dame, 39; Hillsdale, 0.
 Notre Dame, 64; Franklin, 0.
 Notre Dame, 6; Michigan, 12.
 Notre Dame, 88; P. and S., 0.
 Notre Dame, 58; Ohio Northern, 4.
 Notre Dame, 11; Indiana, 0.
 Notre Dame, 8; Wabash, 4.
 Notre Dame, 46; St. Viateurs, 0.
 Notre Dame, 6; Marquette, 0.

J. B. KANALEY, '09.

Baseball Prospects.

When Coach Curtis issues the call for diamond candidates after the Christmas holidays five of last year's stars will be missing, the absentees including Dubuc, Brogan, Cutshaw, Centlivre, and McKenna. Dubuc and Cutshaw have entered the professional ranks; Brogan is taking a Postgraduate course in law at Columbia University, while Centlivre and McKenna are attending Michigan and George Washington Universities respectively. The loss of these men dims the outlook somewhat, but there is an abundance of promising material which ought to develop into Varsity calibre.

Harry Curtis will again tutor the men in the fine points of the game, and the phenomenal record of last year, when only one game was lost out of thirty games played, leaves no question as to his fitness for the position. A coach to direct the work of the team from the bench is what Notre Dame has needed for years, and when the star catcher of the '06 Varsity was selected last year it was a case of picking the right man for the right place. Coach

Curtis will inaugurate a new system of picking the squad this year which is expected to prove most effective. Instead of issuing a general call for candidates, he will size up each hall separately, and those thus selected will compose the Varsity squad. In this way it is believed that more candidates will report, and that a better opportunity will be given for judging the merits of the men.

Among the monogram men who will spike the dust again this year are "Dreams" Scanlon, Ryan and Phillips, pitchers; Ray Scanlon and McDonough, catchers; Daniels, first baseman; Ruel, shortstop; Bonham, left field; and McKee, center field. The annual fall practice brought forth some likely aspirants, such as Connelly, Gibson, Kennedy, Hogan, Burke, Kelly, Maloney and Attley, McBride who are expected to give a good account of themselves when the bats begin to swing. The captaincy will not be announced until after Christmas.

Manager Curtis is at work on the schedule which will include the best teams in the West. Four games have already been arranged with Michigan to be played as follows: April 19 and May 8 at Notre Dame; May 1st and 22d at Ann Arbor. The usual state trips will be taken, and a western trip is also probable as negotiations are now being carried on with Northwestern, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska and Illinois.

J. B. K.

Varsity Triumphs over Marquette, 6-0.

With a slight paraphrase in order, it was a case of "Greek met Greek," and the above heading tells the result. The Varsity left for Milwaukee with the determination of keeping their goal-line uncrossed, and they made good, although it was only after one of the hardest struggles of the year that the trick was turned. The Milwaukeeans forced the fighting in the first half and had a shade the better of the argument, but in the second period, Place's men, theretofore on the defensive, opened up their offensive tactics, and settled all uncertainty as to the outcome by sweeping down the field for a touchdown. The superior condition of the Varsity was evident throughout, and Dwyer was the only man to retire with

injuries, his collar bone being broken in the first three minutes of play. Hamilton replaced him, and although he had been out of practice for a week owing to a bruised hip he responded nobly and played a magnificent game. McDonald put up his best exhibition of the year, his sensational work being responsible for the touchdown.

The following account of the game is from the Milwaukee *Sentinel*:

NOTRE DAME WON 6 to 0.

That short sentence tells the story of the bitterest, most gruelling football battle ever fought in Milwaukee. With six minutes to play in the second half a lad named McDonald tore through the line for three yards and planted the ball on the other side of the white mark, right under the Marquette goal posts.

It was a hard game for Marquette to lose. Three times in the first half and twice in the second Juneau's men were within striking distance of Notre Dame's goal, but each time they failed at the crucial moment. Notre Dame had one chance and took it. Some may call it luck, but it wasn't. It was football. It was class.

Before the game it was said that if Notre Dame won it would be on account of weight. It was brain-work that won. Throughout the whole of the first half the visitors played the old Yale waiting game. They let Marquette work itself out, carrying the ball down the field, holding whenever the goal was in danger and kicking on the first down without trying any of their fancy plays. In the second half, Coach Place pulled out Capt. Miller and Ruel, two plunging half-backs, and put in his "flying squadron"—McDonald and Schmitt, two men who could tear down the field like streaks.

MCDONALD WINS GAME.

McDonald practically won the game. His speed was something startling, making fast men like Meyer, Munsell, and Foley look slow. His work in returning punts would have made Wally Steffen jealous, and the way he tore down the field on fake kicks fairly dazzled the Marquette ends. It was McDonald who helped place the ball within the shadow of the Marquette goal posts, and it was McDonald who carried it over for the lone touchdown.

Notre Dame's victory was indirectly the result of a fumble. Late in the second half when Art Meyer was helped off the field with an injured knee, Cleary, a game, heady little half-back, was sent in. On his first play he made six yards around right end, but was tackled so hard that the ball flew out of his grasp and Dimmick fell on it. A fake kick and two long forward passes from McDonald to Dolan and Collins landed the ball five yards from the Marquette goal and a penalty cut the distance in half. A centre play by Vaughan failed to gain an inch, but McDonald wriggled over the line on the next play.

The game itself was a series of spectacular plays. Long, flashy end-runs, dazzling forward passes, and snappy, businesslike tackles were in order almost every minute of play. The tackling honors, however, went

to Notre Dame. Whenever one of the visitors hit the man with the ball the play stopped right there. There was no fussing about it. Every tackle was brief and to the point. Marquette was lacking in that respect. Generally there were half a dozen Marquette men down the field on punts, but the man with the ball always managed to slide through most of them.

The result of the game was in doubt until the very end, even after Marquette had been scored upon late in the second half, and 5500 spectators were on their feet at almost every play. The teams were so evenly matched, and startling plays so frequent that a touchdown at any moment would not have been surprising.

Marquette had golden opportunities to score in both halves, but failed to take advantage of them. Right after the opening kickoff Juneau's team men tore down the field play after play until it looked as if a touchdown was certain. On the fifteen-yard line some one blundered, and Notre Dame kicked out of danger.

Again in the first half, Marquette had the ball within striking distance when a blocked forward pass gave Notre Dame the pigskin a yard from its goal. Another punt by Miller sent the ball hurtling down the field, and Marquette had to start all over again.

The real opportunity, however, came in the second half. Shortly after the kickoff Marquette worked the ball its way down to Notre Dame's thirty-five yard line where the South Benders held for downs. Hamilton essayed a forward pass, but Hanley broke through the line and blocked it. The ball bounded down the field toward the Notre Dame goal with half a dozen men after it, and Hamilton finally fell on it just a foot from the line.

BALL ON ONE FOOT LINE.

Marquette had the chance of its life to score a safety, but failed through over anxiety. The first play was directed straight at centre, and Manning, the demon custodian of that position on the Marquette team, missed his man and left a hole a yard wide in his wake. Vaughan, the Notre Dame full-back, ambled through, and did not stop until he had traveled thirty-five yards. Later on Marquette worked the ball to Notre Dame's twenty-five-yard line, from which Wright tried a drop kick. The wind, however, carried the ball astray, and Marquette lost its last chance to score.

Notre Dame's rally late in the second half was so sudden that it fairly carried Marquette off its feet. With four fresh men in the line-up, Coach Place's men were just strong enough to put the local team on the run, and the two forward passes they worked in quick succession turned the tide. When McDonald carried the ball over the line, the few Notre Dame rooters present went wild. The Marquette crowd kept on rooting, but it was not the same old root. There was something lacking.

In the six minutes that remained Marquette fought desperately to overcome the lead, and Notre Dame battled just as hard to keep it. Neither side was able to gain any material advantage, and the game ended with the ball in midfield and Notre Dame on the defensive.

Milwaukee Reception.

Thanksgiving was a gala occasion in Milwaukee. The football game, scheduled between Notre Dame and Marquette, aroused the real college spirit and turned a city of commerce into a place of care-free sport in a single night. The Notre Dame team and a few students arrived in Milwaukee on Wednesday evening, and much to their surprise they were greeted at the station by the members of the Notre Dame Alumni association of Wisconsin, who took them to their hotel in gaily decorated automobiles.

Thanksgiving night, the alumni association covered itself with glory, and never in the history of Milwaukee has a program been executed in a better manner. Boxes were provided at the theatre, and the entire Notre Dame contingent witnessed "The Road to Yesterday."

Following the play came the banquet. Nothing is nearer to the heart of the college boy than eating, and on this occasion he was amply satisfied. The banquet hall of the Milwaukee Athletic Club had been secured by the alumni, and sixty men sat down at the long tables. For three hours they feasted, course after course being served in rapid succession. Then came the speeches. Mr. Chauncey Yockey '01 was toast-master, and his pleasant manner proclaimed him to be the same old Chauncey of student days. The oldest speaker present was Mr. John McIntyre, '84, who recalled many old memories. Much of the success of the affair was due to Messrs. Charles and George Ziegler, Chauncey and Edward Yockey and Francis Burke. The following unique menu was served:

MENU.

Place's Blue Points
 St. Mary's Olive Celery Lantry
 Tomato Boullion a la Red Miller
 Sorin's Crab Meat a la Maryland
 Corby Roast Squash
 Carroll Head Lettuce
 St. Joseph Wafers
 Notre Dame Ice
 Bro. Leopold's Assorted Cakes
 Curtis Cream Cheese Wood's Toasted Crackers
 Café Noir Olives Cigars