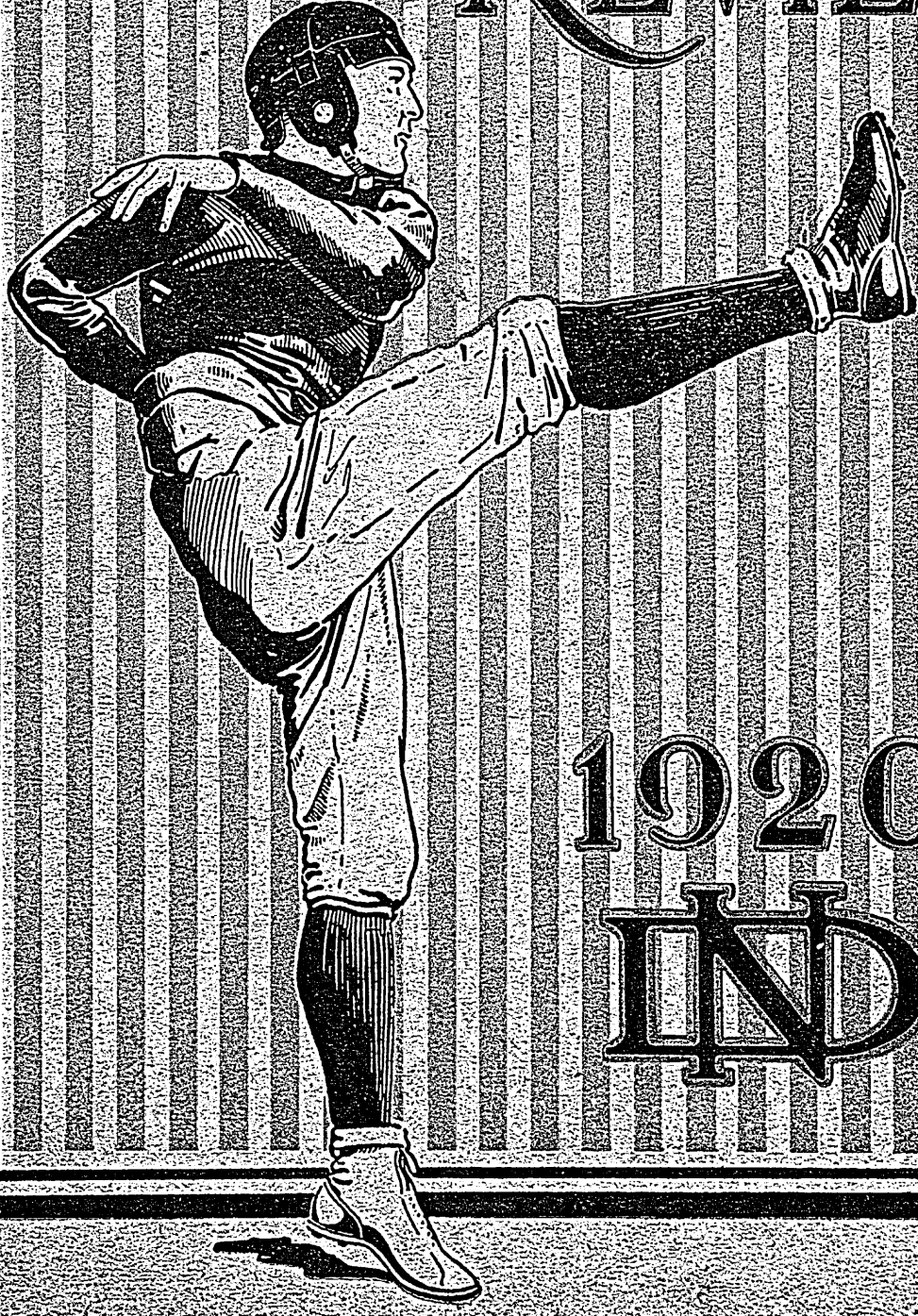
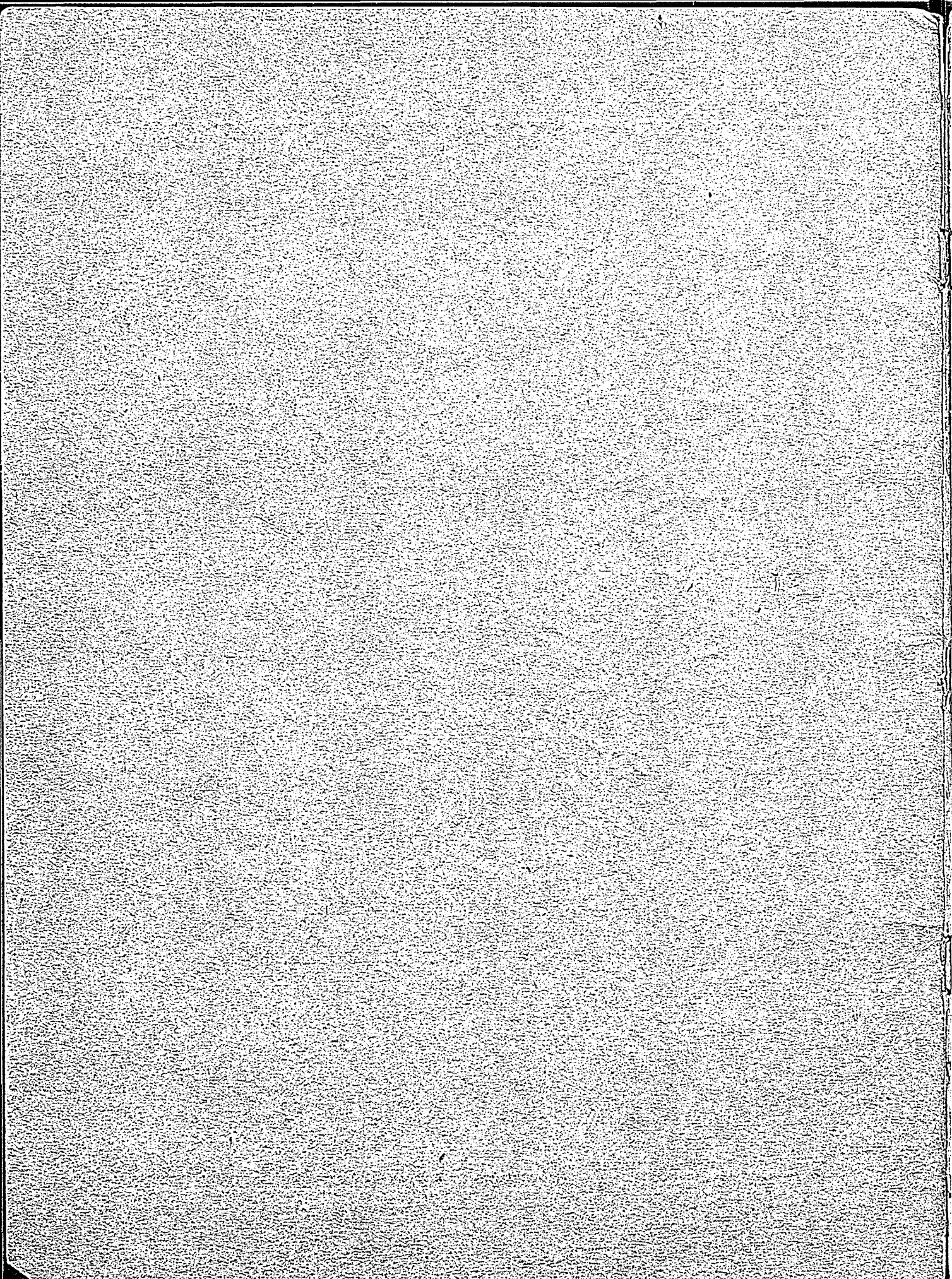


The SEASON'S REVIEW



1920

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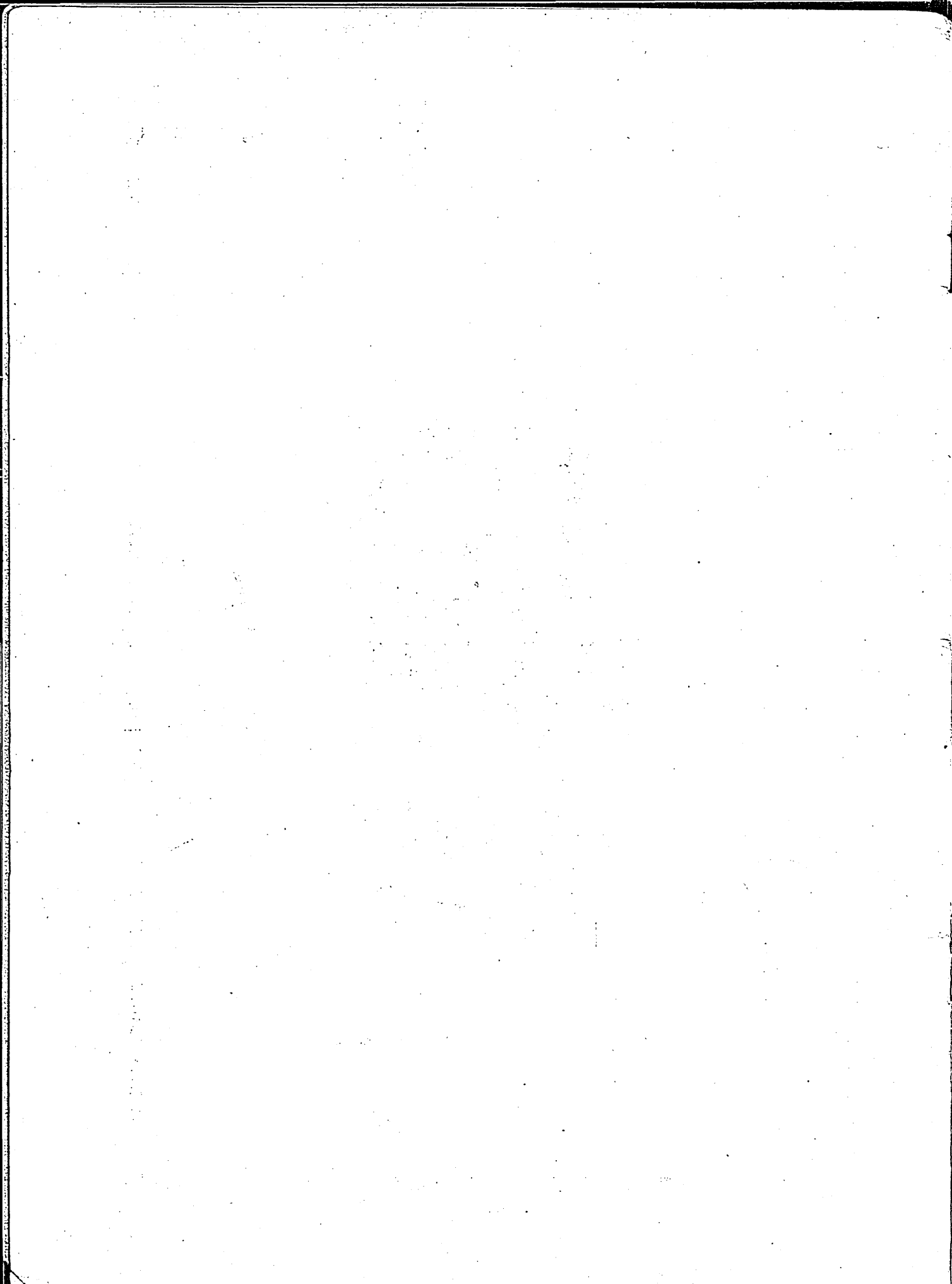


University of Notre Dame

Football Review



1920



Dedication

K. K. Rochne, Coach

Walter Halas, Ass't. Coach

Frank Coughlin, Captain

Edward Anderson

Heartley Anderson

Norman Barry

Joseph Brandy

George Gipp

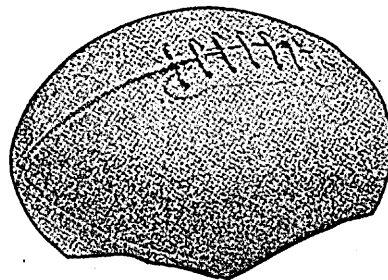
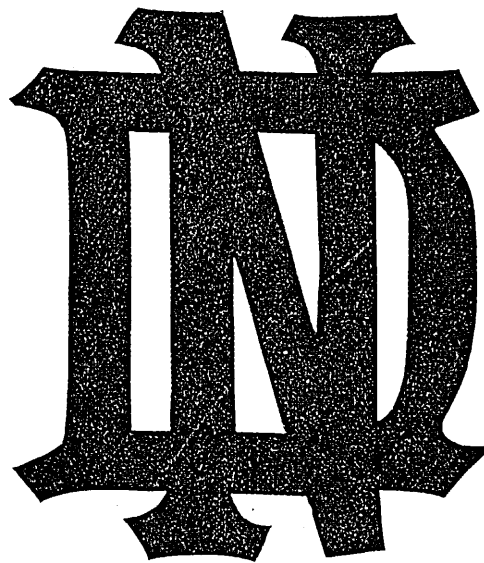
Roger Kiley

Frédéric Larson

John Mohardt

Lawrence Shaw

Maurice Smith



Glen Carberry

Paul Castner

Daniel Coughlin

Edward De Gree

James Dooley

Arthur Garvey

Donald Grant

David Hayes

Harry Mehre

Robert Phelan

William Voss

Forrest Cotton, Michael Kein, Barry Holton, Michael Kane, Eugene Kennedy,

Lesslie Logan, Leo Mixson, Eugene Oberst, George Prokop, Michael Seyfrit,

William Shea, Frank Thomas, James Wilcox

Contributors

Thomas Burke, C. S. C.

T. A. Daly

Maurice Dacy

Harry Flannery

Bernard Lange, C. S. C.

George Shuster

Alfred Slaggert

Maurice Starrett

Joseph Tierney

Lawrence Wallace

Archie Ward

Michael Quinlan, C. S. C.

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THE SCHEDULE AND COACHES

TWO UNDEFEATED YEARS

N. D.	1919		N. D.	1920	
14	Kalamazoo	0	39	Kalamazoo	0
60	Mount Union	0	41	Western States	0
14	Nebraska	9	16	Nebraska	7
53	Western State	9	28	Valparaiso	3
16	Indiana U.	3	27	Army	17
12	West Point	9	28	Purdue	0
13	Michigan Aggies	0	13	Indiana	10
33	Purdue	13	32	Northwestern	7
14	Morningside	6	25	Michigan Aggies	0
<hr/>			<hr/>		
229	Total	49	250	Total	44



ROCKNE PEER OF NATION'S COACHES

Thursday afternoon at East Lansing, Mich., Knute K. Rockne closed his third year as head coach of Notre Dame football with a record which surpasses that of any coach in these United States. He took charge of Notre Dame football in September, 1918, after acting as assistant to Jesse Harper since 1914. Since that time Notre Dame has lost one game in three years.

With a handful of youngsters under 21 he built an S. A. T. C. team in 1918 which accomplished the greatest feat of that turbulent season when it tied the Great Lakes team of nationally famed stars in a 7-7 game, one of the greatest ever played on Cartier field.

In 1919 he carried the team through an undefeated season of nine games and this year he has repeated. On Thanksgiving day when Notre Dame tackled the Michigan Aggies he won his 18th consecutive victory.

Rockne is a real Notre Dame man. He was a star on the great elevens of 1911-12 and 13 and was picked for All-American end for two seasons. It was in those years that he, with "Gus" Dorais, introduced the forward pass to the east by registering overwhelming victories over the Army, Penn State and the Carlisle Indians.

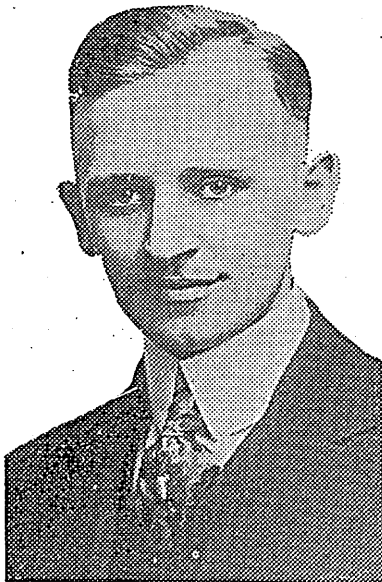
Jesse Harper brought Notre Dame out of the football woods. Rockne has given her a place in the sun.

Walter H. Eckersall, Sports-Editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, writes to us concerning Coach Rockne:

"It has been my pleasure to know Knute Rockne ever since he broke into football fame as a member of an eleven of one of the preparatory schools of Chicago. In those days, when he never dreamed of coaching an eleven which today is rated among the powerful of the country Knute was a keen observer. It was his ability to absorb conditions and to reason for himself, that has really made him the coach who is rated among the leading gridiron mentors of the country. Even in his preparatory school days there was little about end-play he did not know, and when he entered Notre Dame he was considered a superb flank-player.

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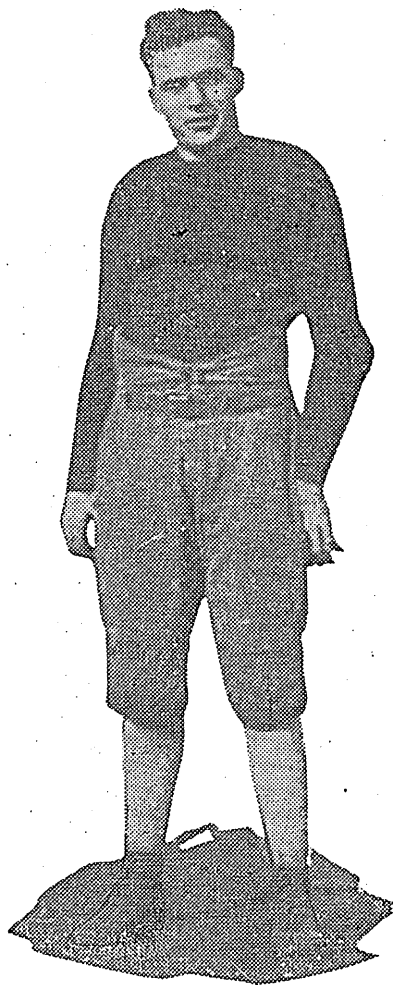
"When Jesse Harper was in charge of the football situation, Rockne was generally sent away every Saturday to scout games. On a number of occasions I acted as an official in games which he saw, and in our talks after the contests I learned that he had a thorough inside knowledge of Notre Dame's future opponents. In other words, he was one of the best football scouts I have ever known. Since he assumed complete charge of football, Rockne has conformed to Western Conference rules. Notre Dame athletic teams are respected wherever they go, and there are not a few who would like to see the institution a member of the conference."



WALTER HALAS, ASS'T COACH

Halas came to Notre Dame to take over an exceedingly difficult and responsible position, subsequent to Dorais' departure for the West. That the young mentor possesses all the necessary qualifications for superiority in coachdom has been demonstrated with gratifying clarity during the momentous season which has just come to a close. Halas, who made an enviable name for himself in football, basketball and baseball circles at the University of Illinois, was setting the interscholastic world afire with his brilliant successes, when he attracted the attention of local athletic authorities. He had turned out championship outfits in all the major sports at the Somerset (Kentucky) Central High School and the Davenport (Iowa) High School. As a result he was made "aide de camp" to

Rockne, and has, by virtue of his great work, fulfilled every confidence placed in him. Halas has earned, and, we are happy to say, has completely won the good wishes of the faculty and the student body.



CAPTAIN FRANK COUGHLIN

Notre Dame feels that she has no words with which to properly speed in farewell to one who has proved himself so truly "a Notre Dame man," Captain Coughlin. As leader of Notre Dame's undefeated eleven of 1920 he has raised the standard of captaincy which has always been held high in Notre Dame athletics and has surely approached very closely to the ideal. The coaches, the faculty, the alumni, and the students of Notre Dame, will all testify in unmodified terms to the confidence accorded him during the football season. The captain's tact, diplomacy, good sense, and spirit have been in large measure responsible

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for the high morale of the squad through thick and thin. He has been a unanimous choice for All-State and All-Western honors by critics both friendly and unfriendly. His work in the one appearance of his men on an Eastern field was

such as to startle the football oracles of the East into raptures of praise for him. The undefeated champions of 1919 surely picked "a big man for a big job" when they fell upon "Little Willie" Coughlin to captain the squad of 1920.

A Review of the Games

NOTRE DAME, 39; KALAMAZOO, 0.

Kalamazoo, the first opponent of the season, was easily overwhelmed by the Varsity. It was evident from the very start, that they were not equal to the task. They fought tenaciously up to the very last minute of play, but it was a fight against impossible odds. To mention the Varsity men whose play came well up to the expectation of the "fans" would be to give the whole personnel of the team. The feats of that afternoon augured well for victory in the big battles to come. Early in the second quarter, the backs showed greed for yards and Gipp, hurtling through the Wolverine tacklers struck a spectacular gallop for thirty yards to the second touchdown, Wynne making the first. In the second half there came a shower of touchdowns—by Barry, Brandy, Kasper and Mohardt.

NOTRE DAME, 41; WESTERN STATE
NORMAL, 0.

The next visitor to Cartier field, the Western Normal eleven, also succumbed to the crushing offensive and impregnable defensive play of the Varsity. Except for occasional flashes of fairly good defensive work, the Normals were pitifully helpless, whether in their effort to curb the advances of Rockne's plunging aces or in their failure to make an impression on the Varsity forward wall. The final score, 41 to 0, would undoubtedly have been doubled, had it not been for heavy penalties imposed upon Notre Dame and the extreme heat.

NOTRE DAME, 16; NEBRASKA, 7.

Rockne's men underwent their first real test of the season when they met the team of Nebraska at Lincoln. Coming from behind in the latter part of the game, they drove their way through to a 16-to-7 victory over the Cornhuskers, before the largest crowd that has ever attended a game in that city. The two teams fought evenly through the first

half. Gipp, Castner, and Barry, after the Notre Dame aerial tactics had been temporarily frustrated, began a series of off-tackle crashes and flank dashes which took the ball to the Cornhuskers' two-foot line. Here the Westerners fought like madmen and held. Shaw spilled the attempted punt, which was recovered by a Nebraskan behind his goal line, thus giving the Varsity two points on a safety. Hubka went over for a touchdown in the second period for the Cornhuskers. Brandy cut his way through the Red and White line for our first touchdown. In the third quarter, Gipp's dash for a touchdown, in execution of Rockne's yearly "stunt," prepared especially for Nebraska, was disallowed, because of holding. The last touchdown followed a series of counter-skirmishes, Gipp going through tackle for the score.

NOTRE DAME, 28; VALPARAISO, 3.

A week later eight thousand spectators crammed into Cartier field and saw the "Rockmen" humble the grim, fighting team of Valparaiso. The "Valps," in proud possession of a three-point lead at the end of the first period, were worn to shreds in their bitter attempts to withstand the continual pounding of the local shock squad. Early in the second period Rockne withdrew his reserves and soon the Valpo defensive was crumbling before the onslaughts of the Aces. Plunge after plunge netted long gains. Wynne went over the top, followed by Gipp a few minutes later. Gipp found the enemy trench again in the fourth quarter, and "Johnny" Mohardt wriggled over for the fourth touchdown of the game, following Hayes' scoop of Kercheval's wild delivery.

NOTRE DAME, 27; ARMY, 17.

Eastern cities are still sounding the well-deserved praises of the "Hoosier" eleven which invaded the East late in October and, for the third consecutive

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time, defeated the Cadets of West Point. "It was the struggle of a good team against a great one," writes a prominent New York critic. "Beaten though the Army was by a score of 27 to 17, the glory of a gallant fight against a too powerful foe remains with West Point. Against a machine capable of pounding its way for successive marches of seventy-five and eighty-five yards, the Cadets went down—as almost any other eleven in the East must have if it had faced the Notre Dame eleven that took the field today." Notre Dame supporters at the game were legion, and they saw a Gold and Blue eleven fighting in its best manner. They saw Mohardt and Gipp gain yard after yard around the ends and off-tackle, and they left the plains convinced that the men of today are keeping up the traditions of their beloved Notre Dame in a very efficient manner.

NOTRE DAME, 28; PURDUE, 0.

Long before the whistle blew for the opening of hostilities, it was necessary to turn away the crowd at the gate.

After the reserves had fought the Boilermakers to a standstill for a greater part of the first half, it was no surprise that the Varsity ran rough-shod over the lads from down-state, after they entered the contest just before the close of the first half. The score was no indication of the strength of the Notre Dame team.

The versatile Gipp was at his best in this contest. His eighty yard run off tackle for a touchdown was the feature of the game, and his frequent passes to Anderson and Kiley were spectacles to watch.

Capt. Coughlin, Hunk Anderson, Shaw and Smith opened great holes for Wynne, Barry, Mohardt, Coughlin and Castner, who either walked gracefully through the Boilermakers' defense or trotted around the ends, advancing the ball for good gains on every play.

NOTRE DAME, 13; INDIANA, 10.

Next came the gruelling battle with Indiana, which taxed all the resources of the champions. Coach Stein, who has been a close observer of the Notre Dame system, particularly during the last season, was all set for the fray. The Indiana stands went wild with joy when the last quarter opened with their team ten points in the lead, but their lead was to be short-lived. On the first play of the

fourth quarter Gipp crossed the last white line, and soon after added another point with a goal. After this there was no stopping the "Rockmen," and before the end of the game the Gold and Blue warriors had made another touchdown, which meant defeat for a team that had been coached for two years with but one end in view—to beat Notre Dame. The come-back staged by our men at a time when an ordinary team would have given up the ghost and looked forward to the evening banquet as the next thing on the program, is proof sufficient of the wonderful morale and team play they possess and the keen-edged brand of coaching they had received.

NOTRE DAME, 33; NORTHWESTERN, 7.

After the first few minutes of play at Evanston, we wondered what right the Northwestern coach had to publish a statement before the Notre Dame game to the effect that he was having a hard time to keep his men from being over-confident. Just then it dawned upon us that it was meant for a joke—and we smiled.

The Varsity scoring spree began in the second quarter, and the whistle at the end found the locals with fourteen points to the good. Grausnick, of the Purple squad, in the third quarter, got away to a pretty dash which meant a touchdown and goal. Gipp, handicapped with his bad shoulder, entered the game in the last quarter and was given a rousing ovation. Each of two passes by this wonder man resulted in a touchdown.

NOTRE DAME, 25; MICHIGAN AGGIES, 0.

Probably the prettiest run of the season was made in this game, when Dannie Coughlin received the kick-off from the Aggies, and ran eighty yards through the entire Aggie team for the first touchdown of the game. In the third quarter Castner made the "Aggies" goal line for two touchdowns, and in the final period "Eddie" Anderson galloped across the last white line, following his recovery of a blocked punt.

Notre Dame, by virtue of her remarkable record of eighteen consecutive victories with no defeat and no tie, has won a permanent place in the athletic sun. It has not been by good luck at all, but in virtue of sheer superiority that the great machine of 1920 has credited itself as being the best team in the business this year.

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Varsity

ED ANDERSON

The ends; oh boy! burn mah clothes! The New York Herald says, "the ends, Kiley and E. Anderson, were far and away the greatest wing men we have seen this year. They were wonders on attack, bear cats on defense, and fast—why, they could not come any faster on a football field and be human." That quotation is in itself almost ample commendation for the pair, one of whom,



Eddie, is a specimen of the perfect athlete, with muscles that intertwine so beautifully, and that enable the owner to flit down the field with unbelievable celerity and gather in the flying pellet, all the time sending the opposition reeling to the sod. And Eddie has another year here, too.

HEARTLEY ANDERSON

Heartley Anderson, whose slogan, "I'll do the best we can," was adopted as the watch-word of the entire team, formed a running-mate for Morrie Smith. A veritable Roosevelt Dam on defensive and the proverbial "Big Bertha" on offensive,



"Hunk" has proved a match for any of his opponents during the past season. He is the type of a man who plays the game for the sheer love of playing—a man who would rather fight for the Gold and Blue than eat; a man whose happiness comes in the glory of his team and of his school rather than in plaudits for any personal accomplishment. That a man of this stamp is of incalculable value to the morale of a team goes without saying. Anderson started with his pal "Ojay" Larson in 1918 and his sterling heart, powerful strength and admirable grit will be at the service of Notre Dame for the last time in 1921.

NORMAN C. BARRY

In the passing of Norman Barry from current college athletics we lost a unique gridiron figure. He began his development as an athlete more than a decade ago on the Minim team of St. Edward Hall; in his growing years he played in Carroll and Brownson Halls, then on the Freshman team, and finally on the representative eleven of his school. His remarkable success on the football field has been attributed to his love of action and clean fight. It has been observed also that the big days and minutes of his career were made just when the game seemed lost, the fight hopeless. We remember well how he started the rally against the Army in 1919 when the score

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stood ominously against Rockne's men, and how later in the same year he brought the team to life in the contest against the Michigan Aggies, who were playing the superior team of Notre Dame to a standstill. Finally it was "Norm" who, with the aid of Mohardt, late in the game turned what seemed to be certain defeat into victory in the terrific contest with the Crimson of Indiana a few weeks

weeks later kicked a field goal for a victory over Washington and Jefferson. He spent the 1918 season as an army officer but returned last season. He is the brains behind the champions and when they are



ago. At Evanston Barry played against Northwestern the game of his career—before hundreds of his "home-town" friends, gathered from all parts of Chicago to see him in action. Whatever the amount or quality of the opposition it was rare indeed that Barry did not go forward when called upon. This typical "fighting Rockman" leaves the gridiron with the best wishes of every Notre Dame man for the utmost success in whatever he may undertake.

JOE BRANDY

The dapper midget made Ogdensburg, N. Y., famous, and piloted three Notre Dame teams to victory against the Army in the annual "classics." He was Ecker-sall's All-Western selection in 1917, his first year.

Brandy started his football career as a halfback and played that position until the Army game in 1917 when, with Capt. Phelan unavailable, he was suddenly shifted to quarterback. He made the touchdown which spelled victory and two



on the field and as a "safety" on the defense he has no superior on the gridiron. His 135 pounds have filled a big space in Notre Dame football annals.

GEORGE GIPP

The year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty has been most remarkable in many ways, but that which sounds the superlative note in this remarkability is the successfulness of athletics, that is—the brilliant performers and the amazing records. Pugilism has its Jack Dempsey and its Benny Leonard. Basketball has its University of Pennsylvania Quintet.

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Wrestling has its Stecher and Plestina. Baseball has its Babe Ruth, Cleveland champs, its Coveleskie, "Wamby" and its Smith. Track has its Paddock, its Johnny Murphy, its Loomis, its Thompson, its Desch. The Turf has its Man O' War and its Sir Barton. Rowing has its Navy Crew. Swimming has its Ethleda Bleibtrey, its Charlotte Boyle and its Norman Ross. The Kennel has its "The Squire of Tyton" and its "Commanche Frank." Tennis has its William T. Tilden II. And so on down through the athletic Hall of Fame.

Then as a most fitting close to the most brilliantly successful of athletic seasons comes Football. Football has had its heroes in the past—this year Football has its Gipp, George Gipp, half-back extraordinary. What Babe Ruth is to baseball, George Gipp is to football. Both are in a class by themselves. The critic who said "Notre Dame has two teams, Gipp and ten other men" spoke truly. Reli-



able, consistent, ziz-zaggy fast, accurate in both short and long passing, unerring and far-reaching in kicks, keen-eyed, alert and destructive on defense—football thoroughbred from the nails in the cleats of his shoes to the gridiron grime on the top of his helmeted head. In the foreground when his team needed him, because it needed him, in the background always and whenever possible. That's George—that stamps him as the really truly great athlete that he is. Great men in every walk of life *act*, others just talk. To not place him on the All-American Team is to say there will be no All-American Team. Up to the time of going to

press, the sensation of the 1920 gridiron season, has been placed on every mythical All-American and All-Western team, and these teams have been picked by some of the most noted sport writers in the country, including Walter Camp.



ROGER KILEY

If Notre Dame had not two superb athletes alongside the tackles the famed pass work would fail. But because the detested enemy cannot rivet their attention on two ends at once, the pass spells glorious victories time after time. Last year Rodge Kiley fought hard for his letter, and because he was a true and feared tackler, in addition to his other qualities, he won out. This year he and Eddie dazzled the Army, Valpo, Nebraska and the others, and next year, again, will the tall Kiley be back to balance the N. D. line limits, so necessary for the proverbial N. D. forward passing success.

FREDERICK LARSON

Everyone knew that Larson would form an integral part of Rockne's stone-wall line of the past season. "Ojay" had proved himself in the fall of 1918, when, in his first year of collegiate football, he won his monogram with ease. This year there were sore and weary Nebraskans, tired and humbled Cadets, and weak and staggering sons of Northwestern whose broken spirits could testify to the power of this mighty center far more ably than can any critic's feeble pen. It may be reasonable asserted that Larson is the peer of centers in Hoosier footballdom,

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those sport writers who chose to pick "Maumee Teck" and "Montague School of Nursing" stars to the contrary. Notre Dame is fortunate in having Larson's services for two more years during which time he may be depended upon to give substantial aid in keeping our record of the future equal to that of the glorious past.



JOHN MOHARDT

With a hard schedule to look forward to for 1921, John will have a responsible position to fill. From present indications he will be called upon to step into the shoes left vacant by George Gipp, and

this will be no small job. The team has confidence in John's ability to deliver the goods, and look for big things from him during the next gridiron season, which will be his last with the old Gold and Blue.



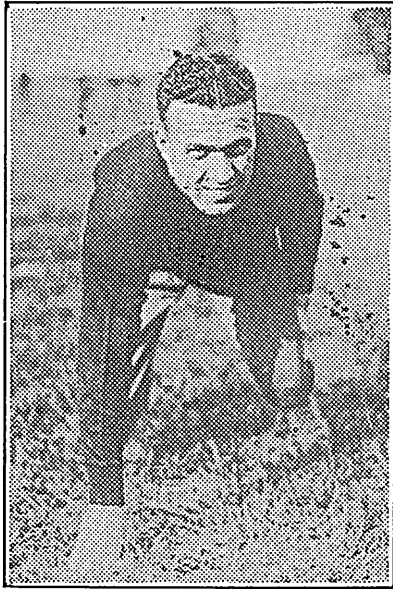
LAWRENCE SHAW

Every individual seems to have a special branch of football in which he excels. Blocking punts is the particular feat in which Shaw takes delight. The first score of the Nebraska game was made possible by a blocked kick by this gentleman from Iowa, and he later duplicated the stunt at the Army, Indiana, Northwestern and Michigan Aggies. Probably next year he will add another feature, that of falling on the ball after the kick is blocked. Shaw is a type of college man very seldom seen on any campus. Modest, unassuming, friendly, always a gentleman; we wish him unbounded success in his last year of Varsity competition.

MAURICE SMITH

Maurice Smith, the midget guard, tips the scales at only 163, yet he was selected last year, by Eckersall as All-Western. Movie's work in the Army game won him praise from the Eastern critics, and paved his way to a berth on the All-American. Out-weighted in every game 25 to 60 pounds, Smithy always disposed of his man, and opened holes in the opposing line for Gipp, Wynne, Mohardt and Brandy. It will be many years be-

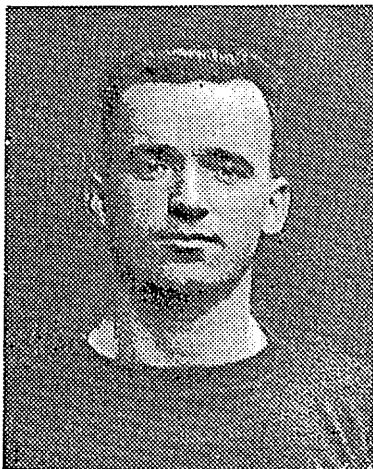
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fore Notre Dame produces another guard with the offensive and defensive ability of Maurice Smith.

DAVE HAYES

Wandered out to Notre Dame from the bleak shores of Connecticut in 1917 and proceeded to set Cartier Field afire with his football feats. He paired with Tom King as a regular end that season. The next year found him with some two million others in France. Hayes spent several months in the hospital after he starred in "The Big Game" and he brought back a weakened leg which slowed him down a bit but did not prevent him from annexing a second monogram in 1919 and a third this season. As



an end he is a personified reason why Notre Dame teams are called "The Fighting Irish." He has done a big part in winning two championships and in making "South Bend and Notre Dame world famed."

Hayes is also a hockey star. He played with the Notre Dame Informals last season and is expected to star this year when the game is introduced as a varsity sport.



CHESTER WYNNE

If there be a fullback in the west who is better than "Chet" Wynne, it will be a hard task to prove the fact to any student at Notre Dame. On offense Chet has no equal, and he is a power on defense. In the Nebraska game he took the heart out of the huge "Cornhusker" linesmen by his terrific plunges, which netted him large gains every time he struck the line. Wynne also crashed the Army line for consistent gains. His fleetness and powerful leg drive made it almost impossible to stop him. "Chet," we are most happy to say, has one more year of intercollegiate football.

DAN COUGHLIN

The entrance of "Danny" Coughlin into a game this season was the signal for a long gain by the Gold and Blue. For Danny, one of the fastest little halfbacks turned out at any school, was slippery as the proverbial eel, and enemy tacklers became cross-eyed when he swooped

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down the field. Although not a blood relation of the famous captain, he is akin to Big Frank in possessing the football instinct, and more than that, the fighting instinct. His record on the Freshman Squad of last year was nothing short of phenomenal, and one coach declared that in him "Notre Dame has one of the most promising young halfbacks in the country." We look for big things from little Danny in his two remaining years at Notre Dame.

ARTHUR GARVEY

Hector Garvey, the star among the Notre Dame Freshmen of 1919, substituted this year for Captain Frank Coughlin, and developed into a most reliable understudy. Hector is a demon on offense, and impregnable on defense. He had a habit of opening huge holes in opposing lines, as if they were made of tissue paper, and it was not an infrequent sight to see him break through and throw the opposing backs for big losses. He was in the Indiana game only a few minutes, but he nailed the "Hoosier" backs in their tracks on five consecutive plays. Arthur has two more years to play, and if his past performances are a presage of what is to develop, his name will go down in the Notre Dame Hall of Fame as one of our greatest linesmen.

GLEN CARBERRY

"Judge" Carberry literally made himself felt whenever a play started in the direction of left end. With his 185 pounds of high-power muscle he regularly knocked the opposition into submission with his hard tackling. "Judge" started four games with the second string, and in each instance put up a smashing defense that took the fight out of the opposing backs. When, on other occasions, he was substituted for Kiley he played strong football, especially on the defense. At West Point he was in the game for only a few minutes, but the Cadet back-field was painfully aware of his brief presence.

HARRY MEHRE

Harry Mehre played center like a regular whenever called upon during the season, and that was quite a few times.

Big, heavy and fast, Mehre was a valuable asset to Rockne's section gang working out of Notre Dame. Harry came to Notre Dame with no previous football knowledge, but he will leave with experience aplenty.

Paul Castner and Phelan as understudies to Chet Wynne rendered invaluable service to the team, and their ability to slide off tackle or mow over opposition developed with the season.

Ed DeGree is holding high the family banner and in another year should equal if not pass the renowned "Cy" in his work for Mr. Rockne.

Dooley and Voss were always on the job. Voss' work in the Purdue and Northwestern games were proof that he is a man with a real kick, and Dooley will do good work in the place Smitty left for him to fill.

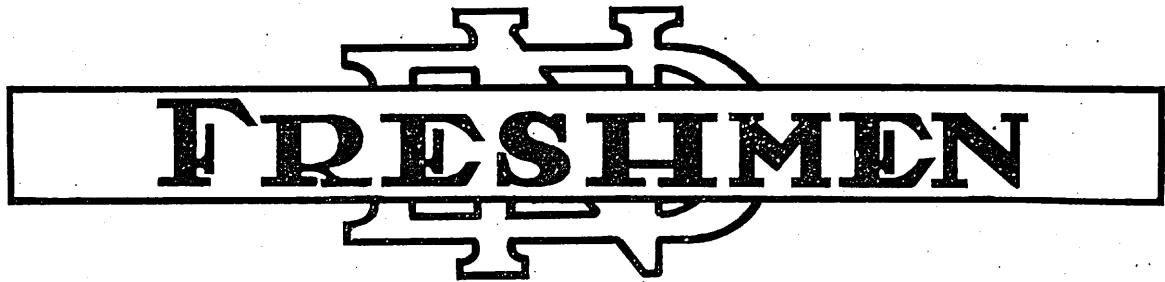
Walsh did particularly good work at Lansing, bowling over the Aggie men almost at will. His monogram was well earned, and in another year he should shine with the brightest.

WALTER CAMP'S ALL-AMERICAN TEAM.

FIRST TEAM

End.....	Carney, Illinois
Tackle.....	Keck, Princeton
Guard.....	Callahan, Yale
Center.....	Stein, Pittsburgh
Guard.....	Woods, Harvard
Tackle.....	Scott, Wisconsin
End.....	Fincher, Georgia Tech.
Quarter.....	Lourie, Princeton
Half Back.....	Stinchcomb, Ohio State
Half Back.....	Way, Penn State
Full Back.....	Gipp, Notre Dame

In the back field, Gipp of Notre Dame gets the first place on account of his versatility and power, able as he is to punt, drop-kick, forward-pass, run, tackle—in fact, do anything that any back-field man could ever be required to do, and do it in a well-nigh superlative fashion. He drop-kicked on his freshman team sixty-two yards. When a man who has been taken off with a badly injured shoulder can go in on a pinch and carry the ball over the goal line to get his team an absolutely necessary touchdown, something of the man's power can well be understood.



FRESHMEN

It is the lot of all Freshmen to smile, despite "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" as wielded upon them by ruthless upperclassmen, and surely none have smiled more truly than the men who composed this year the Freshmen football eleven at Notre Dame, who day after day withstood the murderous onslaughts of the Varsity, while that powerful machine was making ready for the games which achieved for it the name of being the best gridiron aggregation of 1920. When that title was won it was not to the Freshmen that the glory came; yet they had no small part in the winning, and they were gladdened to know that they had helped to beat the Army, to beat Nebraska, to beat Indiana, and the others.

A number of the Varsity men have now completed their allotted years of college football. Their places must be filled next season, and from the Freshmen will come most of the men who must sustain Notre Dame's football record. From among the men who trounced Culver 13 to 7 and the Fort Wayne Friars 18 to 7 will come the new heroes of Cartier Field. Perhaps the most promising of them at present is one Lieb, full-back, who was chiefly responsible for the Culver triumph and who made his way through the Varsity line as few enemy backs of the season did. He is a four-letter man and was captain-elect of this year at St. Thomas College, Minnesota.

According to Coach Rockne, who knows "he has more drive than any man since the days of Eichenlaub." Another star under the wing of Coach Frank Miles last season, was Joe Bergman, "Dutch III." of the famous family of Peru, Indiana. Joe is a left half-back. His 75-yard run did much to win the contest with the Friars, who are captained by "Cy" Degree, former Notre Dame star, and count several other players about as good as Degree.

And then there is Magevney, quarterback, a passer and a field general extraordinary; Maher, right-half, a clever open-field runner; Reese, quarter-back, who came from Chicago "U" with a reputation; the ends, Shaugnessy, Mayl, Cameron, and Ray Kohin; the tackles, Murphy, Flynn, and Du Jardin; the guards, Hogan, Berberich, and Hieb; the centers, Reagan and Bolowski—and Alfred Arthur and Kelley. Flynn is almost certain Varsity material for 1921. Bolowski, clever on defense, should figure in several line-ups; and Berberich, of South Dakota, also looks good.

The Freshmen, under Coach Miles have all been hard and faithful players, and Notre Dame needs not fear that the loss of a number of this year's stars will prevent her having another great team in 1921. The Freshmen of this year, in short, promise that they will "carry on" in a way worthy of their illustrious predecessors.

THE SEASON'S REVIEW OF 1920

INTERHALL

INTERHALL SEASON OF 1920

Brownson	27	Corby	1
Off-Campus	0	Walsh	0
Brownson	7	Sorin	7
Badin	0	Off-Campus	7
Brownson	1	Carroll	1
Walsh	0	Badin	0
Brownson	10	Carroll	20
Carroll	0	Walsh	7
Brownson	1	Badin	7
Sorin	0	Sorin	6
Corby	7	Badin	19
Carroll	0	Off-Campus	0
Corby	6	Sorin	6
Off-Campus	0	Walsh	0

Interhall football came up for the season of 1920 like "Jack" Dempsey at Toledo and went down like "Charlie" Chaplin under a barrage of custard pies. And if the analogy be further permitted, the ingredients of the fatal pies were too many outside games, frequent wet grounds and the more enticing spiciness of the varsity schedule.

Brownson had a well rounded, heavy, fighting team that proved itself ready and capable at all times of taking the measure of its opponents. Weight and natural ability were supplemented by consistent coaching, giving the team the suggestion of active power at all times. Brownson and Corby failed to get together for the deciding game of the season and are deadlocked for first place, but according to the number of games won, the Brownson eleven is regarded by many as 1920 interhall champions.

Corby showed enough to win from the Off-Campus and Carroll. The team was heavy and powerful and seemed to be traveling at its fastest clip as the season ended, and had they met Brownson, might have sprung a surprise.

Badin played an interesting game throughout and in a longer season might have come out on top. It forfeited to

Carroll and lost to Brownson in the last minute of an otherwise even game.

Carroll, entering the competition for the first time, was the surprise of the league. A light line was the weak spot of the team, although in aggressiveness and courage the forward wall equalled any in the league conference. The squad was active, colorful and always interesting.

Sorin had a better team than its final standing indicates, and was handicapped by the usual difficulty of getting an interhall team from upper classmen. Although coached by the best football brains in the school, it had too many "one-game" men.

The Off-Campus aggregation was treated quite roughly on its first appearance in interhall football and met with the natural disadvantages of "students residing off the campus." Nevertheless the Dodgers played more actual games than any other team, gradually improving, and in the final game, with Sorin, actually outplayed the older hall eleven.

Walsh was the "hard luck" team of the league, suffering injuries in the early part of the season which seriously affected the team. Although they lost both games played, the boys were not outgamed and furnished one of the prettiest rallies of the season against Carroll after being seemingly outclassed.

The all-star team which follows, was chosen by the coaches of the respective teams.

Seyfrit of Badin was a popular selection for end. He was a deadly tackler and a clever receiver of the forward pass. Walsh, of Carroll, is again selected for the other end. He was a hard man to keep out of a play, followed the ball closely and his handling of passes was among the best in the league. Sanders, of Brownson, showed a defense excelled by no man in the conference. On the offense he hit hard and fast and was a

THE SEASON'S REVIEW OF 1920

tough man to stop; a plugging linesman with a natural love of battle. On the other tackle, Hunsinger, of Badin, showed an entirely different type of game. On the defense he was usually on the bottom of his plays and entered the offense with a vitality seldom displayed by a tackle. Oberst, of Brownson, was an almost unanimous selection for guard; one look at this Kentucky giant is sufficient to see the unanimity of his selection. Cleary of Sorin was certainly the spirit and almost the body of the Sorin line. He sized up a play quickly and stopped more plays back of the line than any other man. He is captain of the all-star eleven. Mixon of Corby repeats his all-hall center selection. He was a good passer and was one of the big reasons for Corby's success. Connell of Carroll has the distinction of being the only unanimous choice on the eleven. Coming to the preps as an all-Wisconsin high school back, this husky youngster tore his way through opposing lines with a drive that reminded old timers of Stanley Cofall. On the other half, Nicholson of Badin would make an ideal running mate for Connell. He is a good line plunger, a clever open field runner and a deadly tackler. Wright of Brownson has been shifted from half-back to full-back because of his driving power and superiority over any regular full-back. Although not a brilliant player, he was always steady, he passed well, kicked the only field goal of the season and played a strong secondary defense in which he excelled at breaking up passes. Schmitt of Brownson draws the quarter-back assignment. Although fiery in temper he directed a varied attack which pulled his team through close spots throughout the season. He was a consistent gainer through the line and shone in returning punts and intercepting passes.

Position	Name	Hall
Left end	Walsh	Carroll
Left tackle	Sanders	Brownson
Left guard	Cleary (C)	Sorin
Center	Mixon	Corby
Right Guard	Oberst	Brownson
Right tackle	Hunsinger	Badin
Right end	Seyfrit	Badin
Quarter-back	Schmitt	Brownson
Left half-back	Connell	Carroll
Right half-back	Nicholson	Badin
Full-back	Wright	Brownson



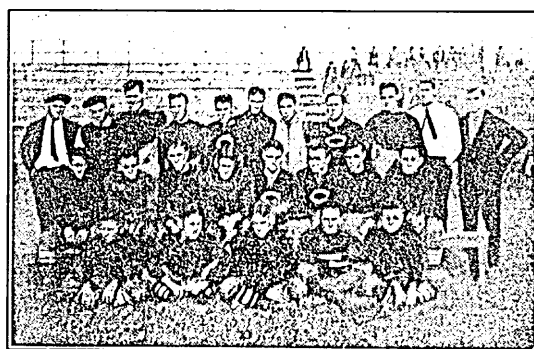
BROWNSON HALL

Comfort, Margowski, Kelly, Riley, Schmitt, Hartman, Parker, Coach Sanders.

Burns, Melody, Oberst, Keenan, Fitzgerald, Logan, Vignos, Doriot.

Meehan, Lightner, Henneberry, Cook, Barry, Follet.

The success of the Brownsonites is wholly due to the coaching they received from Cy Sanders, and the co-operation of their prefects and the support of the members of the hall. If all the halls were kept in the condition at all times as were the Brownson hall lads, and as well and carefully coached the inter-hall race would be much closer and more interesting than it now is.



CORBY HALL

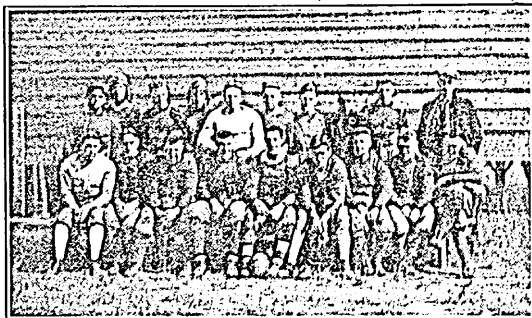
Kiley (Coach), E. Anderson (Coach), Hart, Raub, Carmody, Flynn, Welch, McDonald, Mixon, Flynn (Coach), Lieb (Coach).

James, Johnson, Chausee, Pfeifer, Hoar, Williams, Cook, Maher.

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Recker, Carroll, McGarty, Rohrbach, Reardon.

The Corby team were runners-up in the league, winning all their games. The postponed game between Corby and Brownson would have been a close contest. Coached by Eddie Anderson, star varsity end, and Roger Kiley, his teammate, the sophomore team, had they taken more interest in the league, would undoubtedly have made a better showing.



DAY STUDENTS

Leech, Schmitt, Hamm, Weischaar, Samons, Murray, Walsh, McGrannahan, Hogan, Fr. Cunningham (Coach).

Sullivan, Dunn, Nadolney, Sharp, Donaldson, Feltes, Visconte, Grooms, Keen.

Due to the determined efforts of Father Cunningham, rector of the Day Students, the lads residing off the campus were represented by a well coached outfit. Lacking sufficient material, and confronted with the almost impossible task of getting his men out for practice, Father Cunningham worked wonders with his "boys," and at the close of the season they were showing class and imbibing the spirit of the other halls. In a year or two the Day Students will have to be reckoned with in the inter-hall league.

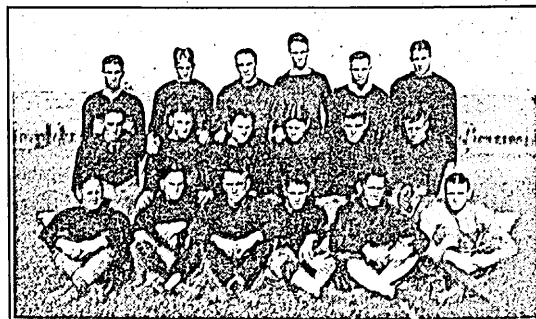
SORIN HALL

Brandy (Coach), Hanrahan, Owens, Prokop, Coughlin (Coach), Huether, Cleary, Fisher, Wilcox.

Dettling, Schwartz, Blasius, Pfohl.



The biggest job is to get this team out—but after they're out, whether they are ten strong, or ten times ten, it's time for opposition to go hole hunting. Captain Cleary, chosen as captain of the all inter-hall team, is fitted for the job. Fast, and built close to the ground, he is at all times a dangerous man to handle. Pfohl, Hanrahan and Wilcox are also up in front in the inter-hall league race for individual honors. Coached by "the little General" and "Little Willie" the Sorin team was a hard nut to crack.



BADIN HALL

Swint, Pulte, Nicholson, Sheehan, McNally, Huether.

Cofley, Hunsinger, Kervan, McManus, Crowley, Landeau.

DeGurse, Cahill, Seyfrit (Coach), Whalen, Brown, Swift.

The Freshman hall always puts out a scrappy bunch. This year was no exception. Seyfrit, varsity candidate, coached his team well, winning from several strong outside teams, and battling hard in the inter-hall league. Huether, star end for the first year men, was always in the game, and was good for a victory over the strong Mishawaka

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team, scooping up a pass, and making the winning tally in the wee moments of the contest. The team as a whole was a well-coached scrappy bunch.

WALSH HALL

Suffering from injuries in the very beginning of the season, the gold coasters were at the outset on the defensive. Generally represented by a strong eleven, this year the Walshites did not show up to their usual form. They were not without their stars, however. John Cavanaugh, playing his first year of football, showed wonderful defensive work, and should develop into a star in several more seasons.



CARROLL HALL

Walsh, Stanhope, Martin, Fr. Gassen-smith, Ternes, Randall, O'Connell, Connell, Brennan, Conley (Coach).

LeMont, Aviles, McGivern, DeCorps (Capt.), Rigley, Berra.

Blum, Rafferty, Johnson.

This is the first year Carroll Hall has been represented in the inter-hall fracas, and if present strength is an indica-

tion in a few years the "prep" team will be one of the strongest in the league. Captained by DeCorps, the flashy quarter, the team was never beaten until the last whistle finished its echo. Berra, Aviles, Walsh and O'Connell are men who were taught their football at Notre Dame, and these kind never give up. Connell was unanimous choice for the all-interhall team, and his work for the prep team was of the highest quality.

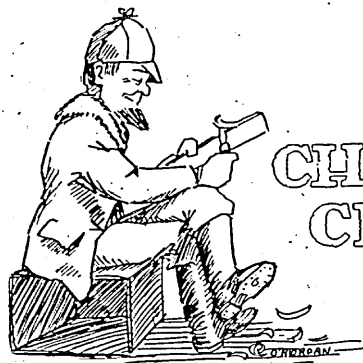


THE MINIMS

"We raise our own." Look at this group of sturdy young athletes, and you will find additional reason for the success of the Notre Dame Varsity. They are trained from the Minim Department to do everything that a Varsity man does, from kicking and passing to off-tackle plays and cross-bucks. To watch a Minim game (they are champions of their class in this vicinity) is to see a Varsity contest in miniature.

Norman Barry, '20 stellar half-back on the Gold and Blue eleven, was taught the rudiments of running, dodging and "fighting" in the Notre Dame Grammar School; he is the ideal type of Varsity man.

Long live the Minims.



CHOICE
CHIPS

I LOVE GEORGE GIPP

"Do you love me," he said, as he played with a strand of dark hair that had skirted the end of her hair-net?

"No," she replied, ringing her hands like a fire bell, and turning her head deliberately away from him, "I love George Gipp."

"But you can't love George Gipp," he retaliated, "because you have never seen him. He may be a rough, uncouth fellow with bow legs and surely you couldn't love a man like that."

"I love George Gipp," she said, as the engine of her being, her heart, turned over again and a sigh escaped from her lips. "Didn't the papers say he flashed brilliancy; that he was the essence of versatility; that he moved with the grace of an antelope—didn't it?"

"Yes, dear, it said all that, and that simply referred to football. Off the field he may be ungainly and savage looking. He may chew tobacco, swear and carry sulphur matches. You *know* me, dear, and you know I love you more than all the alfalfa in the world."

"I love George Gipp," she blubbered out again, as both eyes flowed like broken rain pipes. "I love him because he 'smashed through center' and 'tore a line to shreds' and 'galloped' and 'zig-zagged,' and 'jammed' and 'criss-crossed' and 'hurled' 'n everything."

"But you've never seen him, deary, and you just can't love a man you've never seen;" suppose he turned up here tomorrow and you found him to be a red-headed, freckled-faced son-of-a-sapsucker. You'd faint when you looked at him—I know you would."

"I love George Gipp," she still persisted as her lamps geysered forth another torrent of water and her clothes began to shrink.

The youth left her and hurried toward the lake with red cusses in his heart for George Gipp, whom he considered an All-American heart breaker.

T. E. B.

OUR ALPHABET

A is for Anderson, Hartley and Ed
Had they opponents? Why speak of the dead?

Army cried out e'er her team-mates had sunk

When you go after *Ed* watch out for *Hunk*.

B is for Brandy, a bantam, that's all—
Lispin in numbers and passing the ball,
Folks call him three star, I guess you know why,

His stellar work opens many an eye.

C is for Coughlin, our captain—'nuff said,

He has the build and the drive and the head;

If you are skeptical come out some day
When he's at practice and stand in his way.

G is for Georgie who knows no restraint,
Whose a man? He's a man—damnedif-
heaint,

Half-back and line plunger, punter supreme;

Army thought Gipp, by himself, was a team.

K is for Kiley, his work has been rare;
Roger pulls passed right out of the air,
He's a real bear, on whom Rock can depend,

Many a man has died skirting his end.

L is for Larson the pivotal man,
Lately the idol of many a fan;
Shoulders of concrete and muscles of stone,

If you love earthly life leave him alone.

M is for Mohardt, the fleet-footed one,
How he can travel—that son-of-a-gun!
Give him the pigskin, the rest is a cinch—
Leave it to John when the team's in a pinch.

N is for Normie, you've probably heard
People called bear cats—but Barry's a bird.

Players on other teams give up the race

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When they see Norm making yardage
through space.

P is for Paul, his intelligent toe
Puts grim despair in the lines of the foe.
Straight through the line like a shot from
a gun—

Castner is off for a twenty-yard run.
Many another man, Garvy and Hayes,
Marty and others deserve equal praise,
Let not their deeds be forgotten by you—
Each of them wore the old gold and true
blue.

ONE OLD TIMER DISCOVERS ANOTHER

T. A. DALY

This is a bit of garrulous gab from an old-timer, which the writer fervently hopes will not be returned to him with the customary polite rejection slip by the editor of "The Notre Dame Football Review" for 1920; for if N. D. won't print it, no one else will.

Let me hasten to get in right, from the start, by announcing that this is mostly a boost for Notre Dame. There is, of course a kick in it, but it's only a trifle more than half of one per cent. Pray, pardon that, and let us get to our mutton. Let us emulate the remarkable, right-to-the-pointiveness of a young woman of this supposedly slow burg of Philadelphia who was strolling with a nice young man under the June moon. "May I," he stammered, "call you by your first name." "You may call me by *your* last name if you wish," she said.

Now, I have before me a copy of the "Football Review" for 1919. It was sent to me for the purpose of making me fall so deeply in love with Notre Dame as to induce a prompt acknowledgment of my affections. It wasn't necessary. I fell in love with Notre Dame a long, long while ago, and this passion has grown with the passing years. I have noted, too, with pride quite unmixed with jealousy, that I am not the only lover of Notre Dame here in the East. Her admirers have increased by leaps and bounds (of the heart); and the exploits of the "Fighting Irish" are largely responsible for this. There is nothing so engaging as a manly man.

It was my pleasure a few short weeks ago to watch these "Fighting Irish" be-

ing put through their paces by the incomparable Rockne. It was practice preliminary to the Valparaiso game, but of course, the big figure looming up in every imagination was the Army cadet, to be met later at West Point—and defeated, as usual. That practice was impressive. I was particularly taken with the eagerness with which the Freshmen responded when Rockne called them in to take their punishment. There were "future-greats" aplenty in that squad. It isn't necessary to brag about the "Varsity." I carry no card in the Refined Gold Gilders' or the Lily Painters' Union. Without detracting at all from the fame of the Coughlins (Little Willie and Dan-nie) or the Andersons, Kiley, Brandy, Wynne, Smith or Shaw, may I be permitted to say that the names of these "fighting Irish," Larson, Gipp, Mohardt—most appealed to me? They did, and for a special reason, which brings me to the main point of this story.

If, Mr. Editor, you have before you, as I have, a copy of your excellent "Football Review" for 1919, I would ask you to turn to it and look just inside the front door. On page 2 you will find the picture of a group of young men, who are now rather ancient. The caption reads: "1887—Captain Cusick and His First Squad of Fighting Irish." To our eyes today they are a strange lot. Their immaculately white shirts and tight pants (unpadded) and the equally candid canvas straight-jackets bearing the letters N. D. prompt the whimsical suggestion that those characters stand for "No Dirt." Or, since there are only eleven men all told in the squad, the letters may mean "Never Damaged."

I am especially drawn to the stalwart figure in the center of the picture who holds the football in the curve of his left arm. It was customary in those days, I suppose, as now, to assign the custody of the ball to the captain, when the team posed for its picture. If that's so, the team of 1887 was commanded by a "ringer!" "Captain Cusick?" Nonsense! This particular celt is no other than Henry B. Luhu, son of the late Major G. B. Luhu, one-time commandant of Fort Niobrara, Nebraska, and now—it's "Hank" of—a man of importance in Spokane, Washington.

You can't fool me about old "Hank" Luhu! "I knew him well, Horatio." In

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fact, it was he who almost pulled me to Notre Dame, when, in the fall of '87 I was looking about for new academic fields to conquer, and was given by my long suffering father, the choice of Fordham or Notre Dame. I was fond of home-cooked Thanksgiving and Christmas turkey in those days, and felt disinclined to wander far away, otherwise—but not matter. Anyway a special providence seems to watch over Notre Dame.—I went to Fordham.

Hank went to Notre Dame and passed somewhat out of my life for a time, but he had been very much in it for several long years, when we were at Villanova together. One day when Hank and I were pursuing that branch of our college education which interested us most, he threw a baseball from the outfield which I didn't see coming. My back was turned. The ball hit plumb in the center of what is now a prominent bald spot. It hurt. Hank said it was an accident, but I wouldn't listen to reason. I went for him like a terrier, but Hank was pretty much of a mastiff. He shook me, laughing all the time—his laugh was always exasperating—and finally he spanked me. I never forgave "Hank" for that, until I squared accounts a few years later. He was interne at St. Agnes' Hospital, Philadelphia, in the early '90's when I was a cub reporter on the Philadelphia Record. The young doctors at St. Agnes' were in the habit of boxing, in off hours, in a quiet corner of the hospital. I put on the mitts with "Hank," and went at him with furious alacrity. "Hank" laughed so hard at my ring form that he was quite unable to defend himself. I knocked him over a bed.

Perhaps it was to brag about this feat that I have turned out this bunch of garoulity—"laudator temporis acti, se puero"—but I hope better things than that will be believed of me. It is always a pleasure for me to talk to, or of, Notre Dame men, and "Hank" Luhu is one of your old boys of whom you should be proud. How much he figured in football, I don't know, but I do know that he pulled a mighty oar when N. D. had a crew. He has since done credit to his Alma Mater in the larger affairs of the big world outside. It was a joy to me to come again so suddenly and unexpectedly face to face with him in the "Football Review" of last year.

TO "SMITTY"

Movie, good bye! the boys will surely miss you.
They liked your cheerful smile and quiet way,
The girls, God bless 'em all, will want to kiss you,
It gave them spirit just to see you play.
A thousand hearts are sad to see you leaving,
The memory of your deeds will never die;
Remember, dear old pal, the fans are grieving,
Movie, good bye!

TO BRANDY

He—I know a quarter-back not half my size.
She—It can't be so?
He—He's very light but oh he's surely wise.
She—Do you mean Joe?
He—There's not a faster back in all the land.
She—I guess you're right.
He—He runs his team to beat the very band.
She—He sure has fight.
He—But Joe is leaving now, let's say good bye.
She—I feel so queer.
He—What's that that seems to smolder in your eye?
She—That's just a tear.
He—You're sad but show the boys you've got the pluck.
She—Just watch me show.
He—Good bye old Joey boy, we wish you luck.
She—God bless you Joe.

DAVE HAYES

Old Dave Hayes was a mighty old end
And a mighty old end was he
By Gosh!
He broke up plays in a dozen different ways
And his name was Old Dave Hayes
By Gosh!

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Old Dave Hayes is going away
And he's going away to stay
By Gosh!
But everybody knows that wherever
Davie goes
He'll bring the other fellow on the nose,
By Gosh!
Old Dave Hayes will be missed next year
He'll be missed as he never was before
By Gosh!
He'll be interrupting passes, thrown by
some charming lasses
For the girls know where the class is all
the time
By Gosh!

MAURICE STARRETT

STUDENT MANAGER

This is a hard task. Starrett has performed his many duties as assistant to Rockne in a manner truly befitting to a "Notre Dame man." Unassuming, always friendly, Starrett has gone about his work unselfishly with the interests of the team always foremost in his mind, and has won the staunch friendship of his coach and the admiration of the entire student body. In addition to his student activities he is a monogrammed hurdler.

CHEER KING SLAGGERT

The football renaissance at Notre Dame has been credited to many different things, but the real success of Notre Dame, at home, has scarcely been deeply speculated on. The success which has brought the unprecedented crowds, the turbulent sideline masses and hundreds of newly made football fans to Cartier Field is largely to the credit of one man. That man is Alfred Slaggert, Notre Dame's first real sure-enough cheer king de luxe. Slaggert's work last year clearly entitled him to the position which he holds this year as Notre Dame's first cheer leader and probable monogram man. "Al" demonstrated his organization, personality and controlling abilities on several successful occasions in 1919 when the "cheering game" at Notre Dame was at its lowest ebb. From the time Slaggert took hold of things there was no doubt as to the quality of the student support either vocal or moral on any occasion needed. It was there, be-

cause "Al" could bring it out. "Al" first successfully led the hundreds of Gold and Blue followers to a rooting victory over Indiana's "howling host" of thousands. This year the rooting on Cartier Field has easily been the equal of that exhibited by any schools in the mid-west. Visiting alumni, old students and friends have lavishly complimented the university on the results that have constantly been shown by Cheer King Slaggert and his aides, Burke and Ecklerle. Ceaseless drilling efforts and an unflinching spirit on Alfred Slaggert's part has made Notre Dame cheering and student support what many old timers have dreamed it should be: "More power to you," Al.

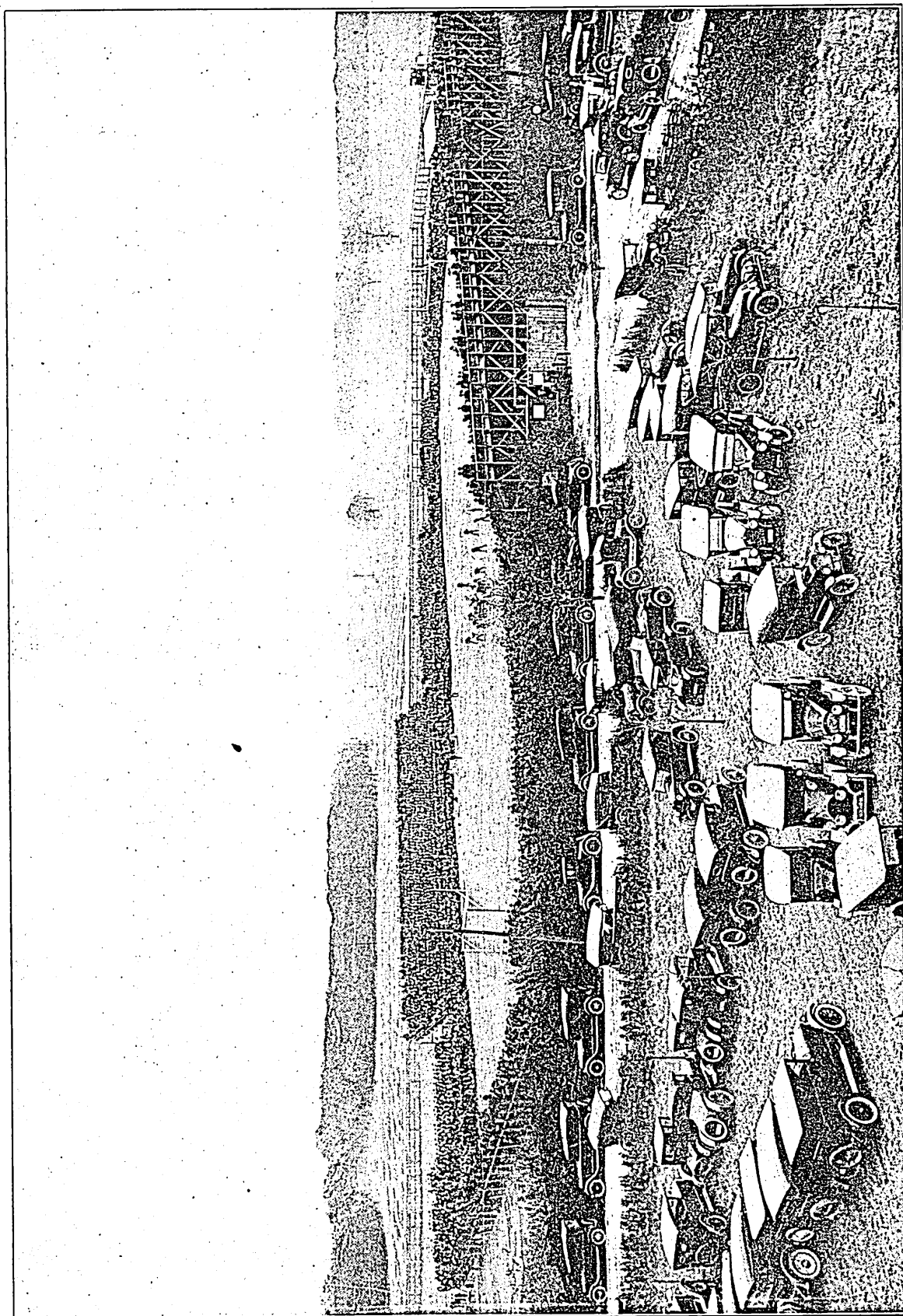
WHO IS IT?

Who is it that we like to see stand out
before the crowd?
Who is it has the rolling voice so thunderously loud?
Who is it of whom all the school is very
justly proud?
Little Willie.
Who is it tackles anything no matter
what it be?
Who is it that above the heads of other
man can see?
Who is it that before a foe was never
known to flee?
Little Willie.
Who is it now for whom we weave a
wreath of laurel green?
And come with all the stateliness that
ever yet was seen.
And as he bows his tital form we slip it
on his bean?
Little Willie.

MAURICE "MOVIE" SMITH

Thanksgiving Day, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, witnessed the last appearance of numerous stars in college football. Among stars even, there are some greater than others, greater in that far-reaching brilliancy which they radiate round about them, and, among stars too, there is always one whose lustrous shafts outshine, outpoint and outglitter his fellows. The collegiate football season just closed had its galaxy of luminaries, each position was well and nobly defended and championed. From end to end and

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CARTIER FIELD
The Purdue Game—Nov. 6, 1920.
Notre Dame 28—Purdue 0.
Attendance 12,210.

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from quarter-back to full-back, in order to justly pick an All-American Team, a truly non-partial critic would of necessity be compelled to place on such a team approximately one hundred players. To merely choose eleven is wrong—wrong because of the simple reason that there *are* more than eleven. There are so many men for the half-back positions that are on a par, all equally good. Weigh *this* quality, or that, compare *this* ability or that and still the critic finds more than, just two half-backs. Take the full-backs and the same holds good. Take the quarters and you are confronted with a like problem. Take the ends and again the difficulty repeats itself. Take the tackles and you find the same trouble. Take the center and once more you have food for argument. Take even the guard position, that of left guard and you will find more than one that are all equally wonderful, equally powerful and equally sufficient for any team—BUT!—Take the position of *right guard*, and there is no need to look about for more than one, for there *is* but *one right guard*. You exclaim, "What! Only one man for the right guard position?" Stop for an instant, consider for a moment, compare statistics, look at results and then draw your own conclusion. An ideal guard must be able to do more things than just wear a suit and belong to the favorite "Frat." He need not of necessity be spectacular—the real guard never is. He must work, first of all, *with* the team as part of the team, and he must *get his* man. He must not only fight, but fight hard and at the same time fair. He must not only *make* holes for his backfield, he must be hole-proof himself. He must not only be able to tackle but he must be able to tackle hard. In a word, he must not only be irremovable and impenetrable on defense but he must be irrepressible and irresistible on offense. Handicaps, no matter what may be their nature, will fail to stop him. These are some of the qualifications, physical in kind that *the* real star guard should have and radiate. Besides these, the real star guard, as far as mental attributes are concerned, is as unassuming and quiet as he was physically aggressive and active. He never played because he sought the adulation and cheers of the spectators—he played because he wanted his team to win, he fought because he was a true son of his Alma Mater—he

worked because there was more music, more appreciation, more praise in the gruff, curt, sharp, "nice work" coming from the Coach than in any other form of notice. If a fellow-player, a fellow-teammate was hurt, he always gave a helping hand, and if an opponent was injured he was always the first to give aid or to seek it. His school and his team first, his opponents second, himself last. In street clothes a man—in football togs a fighting man, and in the estimation and hearts of all who knew him, an All-American man—such is the greatest right guard of the 1920 season, Maurice "Movie" Smith, our All-American Right Guard.

FROM TEXAS

Praise of individuals would seem to be the proper substance of a Review of Notre Dame Football Teams of the last decade. During that period a goodly number of players have achieved national distinction. Some of them have deservedly obtained title to All-American rating. All have added to the glory of the Gold and Blue.

But there is another point of view equally worthy of attention. Let praise of individuals be in this instance set aside and consideration be given to the impressive fact that, however splendid may have been the achievements of individual players, permanence of high class team-play, year in and year out, has become truly characteristic of the grid-iron men of Notre Dame.

Whether or not Rockne be the resourceful coach now, or Harper, as in the days when Rockne was his pupil and later his assistant, it matters little; the men who have directed the energies and stimulated the genius of the players, and they themselves, who have been thus directed and stimulated, have dedicated their efforts to the success of the team idea so faithfully and so persistently, that success has followed upon their efforts with unfailing regularity. The reputation of possessing permanent power, season after season, has set upon their skill a mark of distinction which has enabled critics to pass judgment not only on the relative abilities of notable individual athletes but also upon the relative merits of many of the leading teams of the country. And that same

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reputation of possessing permanent power will continue to give to the monogram of the Gold and Blue a glory that is well worth striving for. There is satisfaction in the thought that Notre Dame has built solidly the foundation upon which is to rest the glory of her athletes.

GRIDIRON GENEALOGY

Somebody ought to write a history of football and somebody else ought to lecture on the subject three times a week. Think how popular a course it would be and how easy for the professor: no muddle-headed questions, no absences, no ponies, and no conditional "exams!" Really, football history is of just as much importance as the story of the ancient Patagonians or the kings of England. The writer could call his work "Kick Chronicles," or "Pigskin Papers" or, if he had studied in Germany, "The Evolution of the Cheerleader; a Study in Insanity." He could use the diction of ancient times and speak of Sir Knights charging down the lea; and, exercising his scientific genius, he might construct all sorts of hypotheses to account for the fact that Notre Dame is not in the Conference.

This brings us to what we wanted to say. This old school would stand out in football history as a Napoleonic dynasty that never saw Waterloo. Over in Australia they tell of Sir George Gipp who as governor of the Island routed the Bushmen; but our own George smashed the American Army! P. T. Barnum brought back Jumbo's scalp from India once; we have taken it from Indianapolis twice. Many outposts have been captured in battle, but nobody except Notre Dame ever ran away with goal-posts. Philbrook and Sunnybrook had the same effect on folks years ago, and since the passage of the Volstead Act, Brandy has intoxicated thousands. There is nothing that figures in victory like a Wynn, and the last but not least, the only King Knute we recognize in this Republic lives in South Bend, Indiana. We could continue indefinitely, but paper is scarce. Anyhow, we do not wish to convey the impression that we are as impartial as Walter Camp.

Football is not scholarship, but neither is war. Hindenburg has no more con-

cern with the culture of the mind than Eichenlaub. But the ungentle art of transporting the pigskin has meant a great deal to the lads at Notre Dame. It has told folks about the place and eliminated a big supply of supercilious eyebrow-raising when we told them where our degrees were going to come from. The common people in whom we trust have learned all about Notre Dame from the score-board. They can't be told that there is no such place when they have seen the Gold and Blue on many a field. Sooner or later they will discover—are discovering—the other sides of the genius of Notre Dame, and this school will inherit the dignity for which it has labored so long.

There! We have drawn one moral from our history. It wasn't done intentionally but we'll leave it. When we chuckle over the team that did big things this year, let us remember the great and goodly men of the past: Salmon and Dorais, Edwards and Fitzgerald, Farley and Hamilton, and Pliska and Elward and Miller and a hundred more—men, all of them, who put their best into the game and established a tradition which we must work our heads off to live up to. When Coughlin and Barry and Gipp and the rest of those who take sheepskins with them next June leave the field for history we can only say with the poet that they go with a glorious company; that they can wrap the drapery of their blankets about them and lie down to pleasant dreams. As for us, we're not going to lie down at all, we're going to give nine 'rahs for everybody.

TO NORM

We've watched you from the Minims up,
'Twas here you lived and grew
And that's perhaps the reason why
We are so proud of you.
You learned to run at Notre Dame,
From dodging prefects 'oft,
So out upon the football field
The running game was soft.
You brought us many touchdowns, Norm,
You made the foe's stand moan,
We cheered you more than all the rest
Because you are our own.
Good luck be yours, no matter where
your lot in life is cast,
And toward the goal posts of success
We know you'll travel fast.

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THE SEASON

BY ARCHIE WARD

"I'm happy," sighed the Whale after he had dined upon the succulent Colonel Jonah, and resumed his swim to quicken his digestion. In which the Whale had nothing whatever on the Notre Dame football fan today—that vast sport loving fandom of the gold and blue that will swarm forth soon for the holiday vacation.

The greatest era of sporting activity in the history of Notre Dame was concluded with the faded football season. Last year's undefeated gridiron campaign was a merry prelude.

All our best young superlatives are justified in fashioning the review of the 1920 football season. It will stand stark alone as the most prosperous both from the standpoint of sterling competition and from the box office viewpoint in the history of the game. Successive victories over Kalamazoo, Western Normal, Nebraska, Valparaiso, West Point, Purdue, Indiana, Northwestern and the Michigan Aggies merit the undisputed championship of the west for the gamest bunch of athletes that ever stepped on a gridiron. Approximately eighty-five thousand fans saw Notre Dame in action this season.

Before the curtain is rung down completely on 1920 football it might be well to shower praises where commendation is due. During the last three months a host of individuals have risen to heroic heights in their endeavors to achieve glory on the gridiron. Not alone have the players responded with unusual success but several coaches have aspired to fame and clasped hands with that elusive deity.

During the season that officially ended Thanksgiving day we find no individuals so deserving of attention as Knute Rockne, Notre Dame's illustrious coach, and Frank Coughlin, captain of the greatest team that ever represented a western institution.

Rockne, we believe, stands forth as the most successful coach in America this season. After the Notre Dame-Army game at West Point last October the cadets were certain that Rockne is the greatest football tutor in the world and that he ought to run for president or something like that.

Rockne developed an amazing offence out of light but speedy material. He

brought to West Point Mohardt, Barry, Wynne and Brandy, a quartet of line smashers that hardly have been equalled this season. And he did not rely entirely upon the strength of these youngsters, but developed a mystifying overhead attack with the scintillating Gipp in the van, whose accuracy in hurling the oval was uncanny. Rockne never left a loophole in his squad and deserves all the glory that went to Notre Dame when it cracked the Army for a 27 to 17 triumph.

Rockne's backs had an amazing way of piling through the forwards and to the secondary defense. Every man who received the ball started like a sprinter. His early momentum carried him crashing into the line, and nine times out of ten he made a hole for himself if one was not already there. Then it was up to the secondary defense to check his advance. It was astonishing to the on-lookers to see the Notre Dame backs go through that big Army line so easily. West Point and the critics in attendance learned a lot of football at that game which they never expected to know.

Notre Dame was fortunate indeed in having a captain the calibre of Frank Coughlin. When a football team lacks fighting spirit the captain is invariably at fault. When an aggregation fails to fight through the crisis of the campaign we look to the leader for the reason. It was evident to devotees of the gold and blue at the outset that the success of the season would depend in a large measure upon the quality of leadership Coughlin provided. For him it was the test. The club carried every other essential than the mental wallop—a most vital factor at a crucial moment in a pennant struggle.

Coughlin's success as a captain is indisputable. The recent jam was a test down to bedrock for his ability as a leader of men. Notre Dame the past autumn was famed for its high powered mental smash. From the time the boys lined up against Kalamazoo early in October to the final blast of the whistle on Turkey day they blazed away with a gatling in either fist. Dawdling found no place in the routine of the gold and blue. Notre Dame carried an abundant supply of pepper with all the natural dynamite of Coughlin. Few leaders ever got their personality into their club to such good effect as Coughlin. It was as natural for his team to fight as it is for a fuzzy gos-

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ling to strike out in a breast stroke on the occasion of its initial plunge.

Consider the achievement of the Irish warriors, for example, in the Indiana game at Indianapolis, November 13. Consider the outlook at the start of the fourth quarter with the count 10 to 0 against them and the Crimson machine operating after the manner of a cresting wave beating towards the beach.

Did they fold, did they wither under the assault? Not on your so-called tin-type. The change was immediate and complete. Their feather duster attack became a bruising barrage. The old spirit of battle surged in the collective Notre Dame breast; they began to fight.

And lest we forget we'll whisper this here—that when the Irish are fighting, they need bow to no team in the game. The final period had hardly got underway before the storm broke after the fashion of a volcano that had just decided to erupt.

The sprightly details are known to all. Menacing jabs at the Indiana line by Barry, Mohardt and Wynne, lightning-like forward and lateral passes with interference as fast and alert as the west had seen this season and above all brainy generalship by Joe Brandy proved a combination too powerful for Coach Stiehm's confident performers and before the smoke screen was lifted from the field Notre Dame had rung up a brace of touchdowns and tucked the pastime in the refrigerator with the rest of the sweetmeats. And after that? With Ethel Barrymore we say—"There isn't any more."

During the Harvard-Princeton game some one asked Captain McEwan, the old Army star, what sort of football player Gipp was. "He isn't a football player," replied McEwan. "He's a wild stallion running amuck."

NOTRE DAME ON THE GRIDIRON

This is Notre Dame's *thirty-second* football season.

We started the game in 1887 by losing to Michigan, 8 to 0.

Michigan had been playing six years and came down to teach us the game.

Since then we have *played 220 games*, winning 168, losing 36 and tying 16.

Previous to this year *Notre Dame has scored 5742 points* to her opponents' 1004, proving the constant quality of our elevens.

The undefeated 1920 squad is the *eleventh undefeated Notre Dame team* in history. Can any other school say as much?

The *Notre Dame scoring record* was made in 1905 when we walked over the American Medical College of Chicago, 140 to 0.

Our worst drubbing was taken from Wisconsin in 1904 when they walloped our coachless eleven, 58 to 0.

In 1912 *Luke Kelly's team scored 389 points* to our opponents' 27, the record to date.

Notre Dame was *not scored upon* in 1889 or 1903.

Notre Dame has won a clear title to the *state championship for fourteen years* by defeating title contenders such as Indiana, Wabash and Purdue.

The *state championship* has been awarded Notre Dame on ten other counts by comparative scores and national standing.

Nebraska has been beaten in three of six games, one was a tie.

We have met *Northwestern* four times previous to this year and won two, lost one and tied one.

In *eleven battles with Purdue* for the state title we have won six, lost three and tied two games.

We have also *battled with Indiana on eleven occasions*, resulting in six games won, four lost and one tied.

Notre Dame's first *invasion of the east* was in 1909 when "Red" Miller's team walloped Pittsburg, 6 to 0. Since that time fourteen other invasions of the east have resulted in eleven notable victories, three defeats and one 0 to 0 tie.

Notre Dame's victims in the east include the Army on five occasions, Pittsburg twice, with one tie; Penn State, Syracuse and Carlisle.

Journeying into the south the Gold and Blue has presented a perfect record of three victories in three games. The undefeated Texas "Longhorns" fell twice and Rice Institute fell by a 55 to 2 score.

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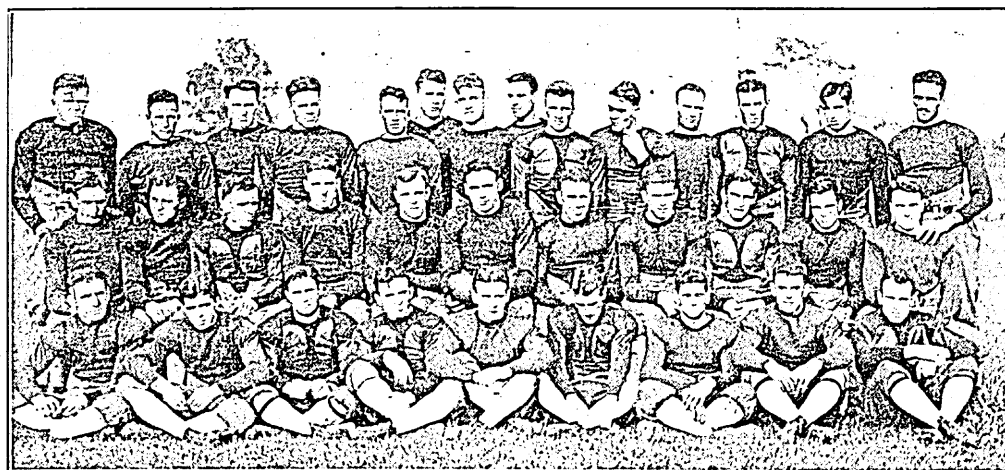
THE SPIRIT OF THE TEAM

Two seasons without a defeat or a tie score is no mean record for any football team. Seldom does a team of calibre accomplish such result if its opponents be of equal standing with itself. Most of the recognized top-notch aggregations of both the East and the West play more mediocre teams than good ones during the course of their schedules; and their hard games are so arranged that no two of them will fall within a period of two weeks. Thus a week of rest generally precedes a big game. Notre Dame, however, has not been particular as to the succession of formidable foes on her schedule after the first two at the opening of the season. From the first real game until the end of the season no mediocre elevens find place on the Gold and Blue schedule, and there occur no rest-weeks to prepare the team for its next worthy opponent.

Practically every team from husky Nebraska to the aggressive Michigan "Aggies" was pointed toward one game—that with Notre Dame. These teams nursed along their best men, keeping them out of preceding games in order that they might be in their best form for

the battle with Notre Dame. Little did they care, it seems, for victory over other teams; a successful season meant above all a triumph over Notre Dame. Under such conditions has the Gold and Blue battled successfully on the gridiron for the last two years, and it is with not a little pardonable pride that the student-body and the alumni of the University look back on the glorious achievements of the teams of 1919 and 1920.

It is a striking fact in our victories over Nebraska, Valparaiso, West Point, and Indiana that each of these opponents scored first, and that then the Varsity struck its stride and turned the tide to victory for itself. Throughout the season the morale of the team was 100 per cent and a handicap score of ten points or so by the opposition only served to arouse the fighting and winning spirit of Captain Coughlin's men. When on these occasions the team came from behind in the middle or last quarter of the contest it was surcharged with a driving force that was irresistible and which in every instance scored a final victory. Such is the spirit that enabled Notre Dame to achieve a record of two years without a defeat and to lay good claim to the championship title in Western football.



1st Row—Voss, Carberry, Kelly, Degree, Seyfrit, Oberst, Cotton, Mixon, Phelan, Larson, Owens, Castner, Mehre, Kennedy.
2nd Row—Wynne, Mohardt, Hays, Dooley, H. Anderson, F. Coughlin, (Capt.) Smith, Shaw, Kiley, E. Anderson, Barry.
3rd Row—Prokop, Colgan, Thomas, Kane, Logan, Brandy, Culhane, Wilcox, D. Coughlin.



AUGUST DESCH

"Gus" Desch, hurdling against the world's foremost timber toppers put up a gritty exhibition of Notre Dame fight at the Olympic games, when he finished third, a bare two yards behind Loomis, in the four-fourty high barrier go. Loomis cleared in fifty-four flat, toppling the world record for that event which

WILLIAM HAYES

"Bill" Hayes was lined up with the foremost century arrows of the world at Antwerp. In addition to the keen competition, the husky dash king was greatly handicapped owing to a knee injury sustained shortly before his departure for Belgium. As a result, Hayes, who was expected to breast the tape well in ad-



Gus Desch



Bill Hayes



John Murphy

was one of the most thrilling contests of the big meet. "Gus" is a hurdler of perfect form and one whose prowess is universally recognized. The Gold and Blue is sure of hurdling points in every meet with Desch bearing the brunt of the barrier events.

vance of Paddock, was forced to bow to the meteoric Californian. It can be conservatively stated that Hayes, dash man extraordinary, will shatter the records which he has already equalled on several occasions, before he puts his spiked shoes on the shelf.

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JOHN MURPHY

"Johnny" Murphy, National A. A. U. Junior high jump champion, was generally conceded first place in the leap event at Antwerp particularly after his easy victory over Landon of Yale in the preliminary trials held in Philadelphia. "Rock's" premier jump ace, set the chilly field fans gasping when he cleared the bar with a perfect leap good for six feet, four inches. Murphy was however, forced to jump under conditions foreign to his methods across the pond, Landon copping the event, making six feet, four and a half inches, which is, incidentally, a new Olympic record. That Murphy is a better man at the event than Landon, goes without saying, and we look forward with eager anticipation to the time when the two will again meet.

COMPLETE OLYMPIC RECORDS OF ALL EVENTS

100 Meters: 1, Paddock (Am.); 2, Kirksey (Am.); 3, Edwards (Eng.); 4, Scholz (Am.); 5, Ali Khan (France); 6, Murchison (Am.). T. 10 4/5.

200 Meters: 1, Woodring (Am.); 2, Paddock (Am.); 3, Edwards (Eng.); 4, Murchison (Am.); 5, Davidson (New Zealand); 6, Osterlaak (So. Africa). Time 22.

400 Meters: 1, Rudd (So. Africa); 2, Butler (Eng.); 3, Engdahl (Sweden); 4, Shea (Am.); 5, Ainsworth (Eng.); 6, Dafel (So. Africa). Time 49 3/5.

800 Meters: 1, Hill (Eng.); 2, Eby (Am.); 3, Rudd, (So. Africa); 4, Mountain (Eng.); 5, Scott (Am.); 6, Sprott (Am.). Time 1.53 2/5.

1,500 Meters: 1, Hill (Eng.); 2, Baker (Eng.); 3, Schields (Am.); 4, Vorahlik (Tch.-Sl.); 5, Landgreen (Sweden); 6, Audinet (France). Time 4.1 4/5.

5,000 Meters: 1 Guillemot (France); 2, Nurmi (Finland); 3, Backmann (Sweden); 4, Koskesviem (Finland); 5, Blewitt (Eng.); 6, Seadrove (Eng.) Time 14:55 3/5.

10,000 Meters: 1, Nurmi (Finland); 2, Guillemot (France); 3, Wilson (Eng.);

4, Matario (Italy); 5, Haskel (Eng.); 6, Manhes (France). Time 31.45 4/5.

Marathon, 26 miles: 1, Kolehmainen (Finland), 2 h. 32.35 4/5; 2, Lossman (Esthon.) 2 h. 32.42 3/5; 3, Arry Valerio (Italy) 2 h. 38.37 4/5; 4, Bross (Belgium) 2 h. 39.25 4/5; 5, Tumikoski (Finland) 2 h. 40.18 4/5; 6, Sofus Rosn (Denmark) 2 h. 48.18; 7, Jo. Organ (Am.) 2 h. 41.30; 8, Hansen (Denmark) 2 h. 41.39 2/5; 9, Falgren (Finland) 2 h. 42.40; 10, Tatu Kolehmainen (Finland) 2 h. 44.3 1/5.

110 Meter Hurdles: 1, Thomson (Canada); 2, Baron (Am.); 3, Murray, (Am.); 4, Wilson (New Zealand); 5, Smith (Am.); 6, Christiansen (Sweden). Time 14 4/5.

400 Meter Hurdles: 1, Loomis (Am.); 2, Norton (Am.); 3, Desch (Am.); 4, Andre (France); 5, Christiansen (Sweden); 6, Daggs (Am.). Time 54.

3,000 Meters Obstacle Race: 1, Hodge (Eng.); 2, Flynn (Am.); 3, Ambrosini (Italy); 4, Mateson (Sweden); 5, Devaney (Am.); 6, Hulsebosch (Am.). Time 10 2/5.

3,000 Meters Walk: 1, Frigerio (Italy); 2, Parker (Australia); 3, Remer (Am.); 4, MacMakner (So. Africa); 5, Maroney (Am.) Time 13.14 1/5.

10,000 Meters Walk: 1, Frigerio (Italy); 2, Pearman (Am.); 3, Grun (Eng.); 4, Master (Canada); 5, Hehir (England). Time 48.10 1/5.

Running High Jump: 1, Landon (Am.) 1m. 93 1/2; 2, Muller (Am.) 1m. 90; 3, Ekelund (Sweden) 1m. 90; 4, Whelan (Am.) 1m. 89; 5, Murphy (Am.) 1m. 87; 6, Baker (Eng.) 1m. 85.

Running Broad Jump: 1, Pettersen (Sweden) 7m. 15; 2, Johnson (Sweden) 7m. 09; 3, Abrahamson (Sweden) 7m. 08; 4, Templeton (Am.) 6m. 95; 5, Aastad (Norway) 6m. 86; 6, Frankson (Sweden) 6m. 73.

Pole Vault: 1, Foss (Am.) 4m. 09; 2, Peterson (Denmark) 3m. 70; 3, Myers (Am.) 3m. 65; 4, Knourk (Esth.) 3m. 60; 5, Rydberg (Sweden) 3m. 55; 6, Jorgensen (Denmark) 3m. 50.

Running Hop, Step and Jump: 1, Tenlos (Finland) 14m. 55; 2, Almlöf (Sweden) 14m. 27; 3, Jansson (Sweden) 14m. 48; 4, Sahlem (Sweden) 14m. 17; 5, Ahearn (Am.) 14m. 08.

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Putting 16 lb. Shot: 1, Porolla (Finland) 14m. 81; 2, Niklander (Finland) 14m. 15 1/2; 3, Liversedge (Am.) 14m. 15; 4, McDonald (Am.) 14m. 08; 5, Nilsson (Sweden) 13m. 87; 6, Tammer (Esth.) 13m. 60.

Throwing 56 lb. Weight: 1, McDonald (Am.) 11m. 26 1/2; 2, Pat Ryan (Am.) 10m. 96; 3, Lynd (Sweden) 10m. 22; 4, Diamond (Canada) 10m. 12; 5, Swenson (Sweden) 9m. 45; 6, Petterson (Sweden) 9m. 27.

Javelin: 1, Myrrha (Finland) 65m. 78; 2, Belconnen (Finland) 63m. 60; 3, Johannson (Finland) 63m. 09; 4, Saarito (Finland) 62m. 395; 5, Klumberg (Esth.) 62m. 39; 6, Lindstrom (Sweden) 60m. 52.

Throwing Hammer: 1, Pat Ryan (Am.) 52m. 87 1/2; 2, Lind (Sweden) 50m. 43; 3, Bennett (Am.) 48m. 23; 4, Seenson (Sweden) 47m. 29; 5, Macgrath (Am.) 46m. 67; 6, Nicholson (Sweden) 45m. 70.

Throwing Discus: 1, Niklander (Finland) 44m. 68 1/2; 2, Taipale (Finland) 44m. 19; 3, Pope (Am.) 42m. 13; 4, Zallhagen (Sweden) 41m. 07; 5, Bartlett (Am.) 40m. 87; 6, Erickson (Sweden) 39m. 41.

400 Meters Relay: 1, America (Paddock, Scholz, Murchison, Kirksey) 42 1/5; 2, France (Ali Khan, Tirard, Lorrain, Murlon); 3, Sweden (Holmstron, Linde, Malm, Sandstrom); 4, England (Abrahams, D'Arcy, Edwards, Hill); 5, Denmark; 6, Luxembourg.

1,600 Meters Relay: 1, England; 2, So. Africa; 3, France (Delvart, Devaux, Andre, Fery); 4, America; 5, Sweden; 6, Belgium. Time 3.22 1/5.

3,000 Meters Team Race—Individual: 1, Brown (Am.) 8.51 1/5; 2, Backman (Sweden); 3, Schardt (Am.); 4, Burtin (France); 5, Blewitt (Eng.); 6, Dresser (Am.); 7, Hill (Eng.); 8, Shields (Am.); 9, Seagrove (Eng.); 10, Hatton (Eng.); 11, Ambrosini (Italy); 12, Devaney (Am.); 13, Lundgreen (Sweden); 14, Heuet (France).

3,000 Meters Team Race: 1, America, 10 points; 2, England, 20 points; 3, Sweden, 24 points; 4, France, 30 points; 5, Italy, 36 points; 6, Luxembourg.

Individual Cross Country: 1, Nurmi (Finland); 2, Backmann (Sweden); 3, Lumatainen (Finland); 4, Wilson (Eng-

land); 5, Hegarty (England); 6, Koskeniemi (Finland); 7, Van Campenhout (Belgium); 8, Heuet (France). Time 27.15.

Team Cross Country: 1, Finland, 10 points; 2, England, 21 points; 3, Sweden, 23 points; 4, America, 36 points; 5, France, 40 points; 6, Belgium; 7, Denmark.

Pentathlon: 1, Lethonen (Finland) 18 points; 2, Bradley (America) 25 points; 3, Hamilton, Legendre, Larthinen, 26 points; 4, Lovland, 27 points; 5, Ohlson, 30 points.

Decathlon: 1, Lovland (Norway) 6.770 points; 2, Hamilton (America) 6.763; Ohlson (Sweden) 6.579; Holmer (Sweden) 6.533; Nilsson (Sweden) 6.434; Wickholm (Finland) 6.406; Vidal (America) 6.359; Gyllenstolpe (Sweden) 6.332; Gespach (Suisse) 5.948.

Tug of War: 1, England.

100 Meters: 1, Kohonamoku (America) 1.1 2/5; 2, Kaehola (America) 1.2 3/5; 3, Harris (America); 4, Herald (Australia).

400 Meters: 1, Norman Ross (American) 5.26 4/5; 2, Langer (America) 5.29; 3, Vernot (Canada) 5.29 3/5; 4, Kahele (America).

1,500 Meters: 1, Norman Ross (America) 22.23 1/5; 2, Vernot (Canada); 3, Reaurepaire (Australia); 4, Kahele (America); 5, Bolden (America).

100 Meters for Women: 1, Miss Bleibrey (America) 1.13 3/5; 2, Miss Guest (America) 1.17; 3, Miss Schroth (America) 1.17 1/5; 4, Miss Jeans (Eng.); 5, Miss Walrond (New Zealand); 6, Gylling (Sweden); 7, Boyle (America).

300 Meters: Miss Bleibrey (America) 4.34; Miss Woodbridge (America) 4.44; 3, Miss Schroth (America) 4.32; 4, Miss James (England).

200 Meters, Breast: 1, Malmroth (Sweden) 3.4 2/5; 2, Henning (Sweden) 3.9 2/5; 3, Altoonon (Finland) 3.12 1/5; 4, Howell (America).

400 Meters, Breast: 1, Malmroth (Sweden) 6.34; 2, Henning (Sweden) 6.40 1/5; 3, Altoonon (Finland) 6.48 2/5; 4, Howell (America); 5, Cedelblom (Sweden).

Fancy Diving: 1, Kuehn (America) 10 points; 2, Pinkston (America) 11 points; 3, Balbach (America) 11 points; 4, Blomgren (Sweden) 19 points; 5, Ekstrand

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(Sweden) 27 points; 6, Janssen (Sweden) 34 points.

High Diving: 1, Valman (Sweden) 7 points; 2, Ekoglund (Sweden) 8 points.

Water Polo: England defeated Belgium, 3-2; Belgium defeated Holland for second place.

Rowing—Singles: 1, Kelly (America) 7.35; 2, Beresford (England) 7.36.

Doubles: 1, America (Kelly, Costello) 7.9; 2, Italy, 8.19; 3, France.

Pair oared boats with coxwain: 1, Italy, 7.56; 2, France, 7:57; 3, Sweden, 6.54.

Four oared boats with coxwain: 1, Sweden, 6.54; 2, America, 6.58; 3, Norway, 7.2.

Eight oared boats with coxwain: 1, America, 6.2; 2, England, 6.5 3/5.

GYMNASTICS

Individual Class: 1, Zanposi (Italy) 88 points; 2, Torres (France) 87.62; 3, Gonnot (France) 87 pts. 45; 4, Kampeners

(Belgium) 86 pts. 25; 5, Thurner (France) 86 points; 6, Greech (France) 85 pts. 65; 7, Maiocco (Italy) 85 pts. 38; 8, Cartilioso (Italy) 84 pts.; 9, Wageman (Belgium) 83 pts. 58; 10, Kriz (America) 83 pts. 10.

BOXING

Flyweight: DeGenerao (Am.) defeated Petersen (Denmark) by points.

Bantamweight: Walter (S. A.) defeated Graham (Canada) by points.

Featherweight: Fritsch (France) defeated Gachet (France) by points.

Lightweight: Mosberg (Am.) defeated Johansen (Denmark) by points.

Welterweight: Schneider (Canada) defeated Ireland (England) by points.

Middleweight: Wallin (Am.) defeated Prudhomme (Canada) by points.

Heavy-light weight: Eagan (Am.) defeated Norstal (Norway) by points.

Heavyweight: Rawson (Eng.) defeated Petersen (Denmark) by knockout.

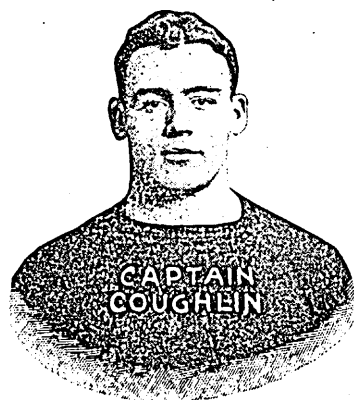
Our Captains, 1920-1921



JOHN MOHARDT
Baseball



CYRIL KASPER
Track



FRANK COUGHLIN
Football



HARRY MEHRE
Basketball

To be a captain of any sport at Notre Dame means that you are the best man in that branch of athletics enrolled in school. Here are four fine examples. In all sports Notre Dame holds a place up at the top, and to be captain in any branch is indeed an honor.

Three Stars from One High School



GIPP, ANDERSON, LARSON

It is quite an honor for any high school to have one of their graduates picked as a regular on the Notre Dame Varsity. Laurium (Michigan) has three men starring at the same time on the Varsity of '20, in the persons of Gipp, Anderson and Larson. This is a remarkable record, indeed.

THE SEASON'S REVIEW OF 1920



Our Army eleven, mighty throughout the season and for three-quarters of its games against Notre Dame, ran into a *cul-de-sac* or a *chevaux-de-frise* or perhaps an *abbattoir*, during the last period, and Notre Dame today is hailed as second to none.—(By George Currie, *Brooklyn Eagle*, November 1.)

Just once this year I have seen the quick kick utilized in a major game. Notre Dame flashed it against the Army on last Saturday and gained more ground with it than with any other kick it made. The soldiers, sucked in close by a line-attack, were taken completely by surprise, and the ball rolled deep into West Point territory. With a clever punter to do the booting, there is no reason why this manoeuver should not come into greater use. It is sound, if used wisely, and has a demoralizing effect.—(New York *Evening Sun*, November 13, 1920.)

The Boilermakers put up a great battle against the Irish, but "the greatest team in the country" was simply too good, and the Boilermakers bowed in defeat before the mighty Catholic aggregation. The game was exceptionally clean and good sportsmanship marked the contest throughout the entire afternoon. It is surely no disgrace to be beaten by such a wonderful aggregation.—(The *Purdue Exponent*.)

Fighting to the last, the plucky Army eleven outplayed but game, went down to defeat here today before the fast, powerful eleven from the University of Notre

Dame, of South Bend, Indiana. The final score was Notre Dame, 27; Army, 17. Although the Westerners trailed for three-quarters of the game, their powerful reserve told in the end and in the final period they put the quietus on the Army men. The game was witnessed by a crowd estimated at 10,000. The field was in good shape in spite of the recent rains.

Notre Dame resorted to forward-passing frequently, Gipp and Kiley figuring in several long gains through this medium. But the Westerners outrushed the Cadets in every quarter. Mohardt and Gipp bored through the Army line almost at will. Gipp proved a powerful runner, the like of whom has not been seen here since the days of Jim Thorpe, the old Carlisle player. He was prominent in every advance of the visitors.—(From the *Brooklyn Eagle*, October 31.)

It was a football exhibition well worth going many miles to see. It was a hard contest, fought with vigor and vim by both sides all the way, but it was also the greatest game, both for attack and defense, which has been seen in the East this season. The Army was beaten, but even in defeat it covered itself with glory. In the development of defense, in all-around effectiveness in both the old and the new football, in sheer brilliancy, the eleven from Indiana, with the scintillating Gipp always in the van, practically outclassed the Army. Notre Dame made twenty first-downs, as against only four of the Army. We do not think that any team in this country could have won over the team from the West as it played here today.—(Daniel, in the *New York Herald*.)

It was home-coming day at Notre Dame and the old grads came all the way from Missouri, Montana, and Pittsburg for the big day, the biggest that South Bend has ever seen. The bunch included Louis Salmon, John Miller, Al Feeney, "Red" Miller, Ray Eichenlaub, and many other old football stars. Notre Dame certainly knows how to treat visitors. Friday night the student body threw a parade for Purdue, flocked into the Oliver hotel and cheered every man on the Purdue team individually. Then they called for speeches. Cooley, the big

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Purdue guard, who, by the way, played one peach of a game, won the oratorical honors with the following masterpiece, which met with 100 per cent approval from both teams: "Fellows," he said, "I don't know which of us will win tomorrow, but this I do know: both of us are going to beat the life out of Indiana." Prolonged applause.

Notre Dame's cheering was splendid. Al Slaggert, cheer-leader, was refreshingly short on acrobatics, but long in getting the noise of the stands unified. Every Purdue player who left the game or was injured received a cheer. The singing was as good as any heard in the state this year.—("Mixed Up Pickups," *Indianapolis News*, November 9.)



COACH ROCKNE

Notre Dame which swamped the Army today at West Point could fairly smother either the Buckeyes or the Maroons.—(*The Lincoln Star*.)

Notre Dame, if it wins its remaining games—and there is every reason to believe it will—should be rated one of the strongest teams in the country. The decisive victory that Coach Rockne's team won over West Point, 27 to 17, stamps the aggregation as one of the greatest offensive and defensive powers, and half-back Gipp, of Notre Dame, as one of the best back-field players in the country.—(*The Chicago Tribune*.)

Knute K. Rockne's Notre Dame eleven, undoubtedly one of the greatest if not

the greatest football team in the country, buried the fighting Boilermakers Saturday afternoon on Cartier field, before a Homecoming crowd of 12,000 people, 28 to 0. George Gipp, although he played but two quarters of the game, stood head and shoulders above any backfield man on the gridiron. As one of the spectators was heard to say, "it was worth the price of admission to see Gipp make that eighty-yard run."—(By Robert McMahon, in the *Indianapolis Star*, November 8.)

There are a number of great players on this year's Notre Dame eleven. Captain Coughlin, the tackle, is one of the best performers in the country, regardless of the many plays sent at the tackles, some of which call for the tackle to be boxed, and others to knife him out. Coughlin generally manages to upset most plays sent to him. Besides Captain Coughlin in the line, Smith is probably the best guard in the West. He was a tower of strength a year ago and is playing better this season.—(Walter Eckersall, in the *Chicago Tribune*, November 28.)



CAPT. COUGHLIN

They are saying this year that Notre Dame has two teams—George Gipp and ten other men. The lithe-limbed Hoosier halfback is the Goliath of a big, shifty,

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well-drilled and powerful eleven. If there is anything that Gipp can't do on the football field it isn't discernible to the naked eye. . . . It is his last year at Notre Dame and it might be added that the door to the All-American mythical eleven of 1920 is standing wide open to the great Hoosier back.—(Dean Snyder, in the Toledo *Times*.)

With the final swing into the home-stretch of the football season, those who have been watching the performances of the various football teams through the schedules they have been tucking away back in their memories the doings of certain players who will be trotted out later on as members of the mythical eleven which is supposed to represent the ideal of the gridiron. One chap stood out in the East yesterday who looks like a certainty. That is George Gipp, whom we watched on the Plains at West Point running riot for Notre Dame against the Army. There were few of those who saw him as the Cadets were routed who did not agree that he is one of the most spectacular and startling players of the year. . . . That Notre Dame eleven looked about as good as anything that has been seen in the East this year and it seems a pity that it is not scheduled to meet Penn State or Harvard. . . . The team has everything necessary in its repertoire up to the minute and Saturday it lived up to the form it displayed when it came here first a few years ago and opened the eyes of the Easterners by a dazzling display of whizz-bang aerial tactics. . . . The name of Gipp may not have a romantic sound to it, but its echo ought to be heard for many a day where deeds of the gridiron are re-

counted.—(Van Ness, in the New York *Evening Telegram*, November 7.)

But the Army was up against more than it could handle—possibly more than Harvard, Yale, Princeton, or Pitt could have handled—another Penn State plus George Gipp. . . . George Gipp, of Notre Dame, a long-legged, spraddle-legged Kangaroo halfback, steps into the picture as the leading 1920 star. Gipp is the best back we have seen in a long time—another Eddie Mahan and every whit as good.—(Grantland Rice, in the New York *Tribune*.)

In the matter of coming from behind to win out in football, one of the hardest assignments in the world of sports, the Notre Dame eleven seems to be in a class by itself. In three of its seven contests with the Army, it has turned the trick. In 1917 the Westerners won out late in the game. Last year with the score 9 to 0 against them, the Westerners came back in the second half with a spirited rally and a brilliant aerial attack and won out, 12 to 9. Last Saturday the Cadets were leading up to the last period, when the Indiana team uncorked a hard-hitting attack to win by 10 points.—(Grantland Rice, in the New York *Tribune*.)

Only a game between Ohio State and Notre Dame would convince the Hoosier following that Gipp and his band are the best in the West. With no way of settling the dispute about the relative ability of the teams, it is a matter of opinion and the East favors Notre Dame.—(Henry Farrell, in the South Bend *News-Times*.)

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Statistics

List of Men Receiving Monograms Since Rockne Has Been Head Coach.

1918-'19

Edward Anderson
Heartley Anderson
Leonard Bahan
Norman Barry

Glen Crowley
George Gipp
Bernard Kirk
Frederick Larson
John Lambeau

Frank Lockard
William Mohn
Raleigh Stein
Maurice Smith

1919-'20

Edward Anderson
Heartley Anderson
Arthur Bergman
Norman Barry
Leonard Bahan
Joseph Brandy
Frank Coughlin

Cy De Gree
James Dooley
George Gipp
David Hayes
Bernard Kirk
Roger Kiley
Edward Madigan

Grover Malone
Walter Miller
Lawrence Shaw
Frederick Slackford
Maurice Smith
George Trafton

1920-'21

Edward Anderson
Heartley Anderson
Joseph Brandy
Norman Barry
Glen Carberry
Frank Coughlin
Daniel Coughlin

Paul Castner
James Dooley
Edward De Gree
Arthur Garvey
George Gipp
Donald Grant
David Hayes
Roger Kiley

Frederick Larson
Harry Mehre
John Mohardt
Robert Phelan
Lawrence Shaw
Maurice Smith
William Voss

SCORES OF GAMES PLAYED SINCE ROCKNE HAS BEEN HEAD COACH

Incomplete on account of "flu" ban.

N. D.	1918-'19	N. D.	1920-'21	
26	Case	6		
60	Wabash	7		
7	Great Lakes	7		
26	Purdue	6		
0	Nebraska	0		
7	Michigan Aggies	13		
N. D.	1919-'20	N. D.	1920-'21	
14	Kalamazoo	0	39	
60	Mount Union	7	41	
14	Nebraska	9	16	
53	Western State	0	28	
16	Indiana	3	27	
12	West Point	9	28	
13	Michigan Aggies	0	13	
33	Purdue	13	33	
14	Morningside	6	25	
			Kalamazoo	0
			Western State	0
			Nebraska	7
			Valparaiso	3
			Army	17
			Purdue	0
			Indiana	10
			Northwestern	7
			Michigan Aggies	0

