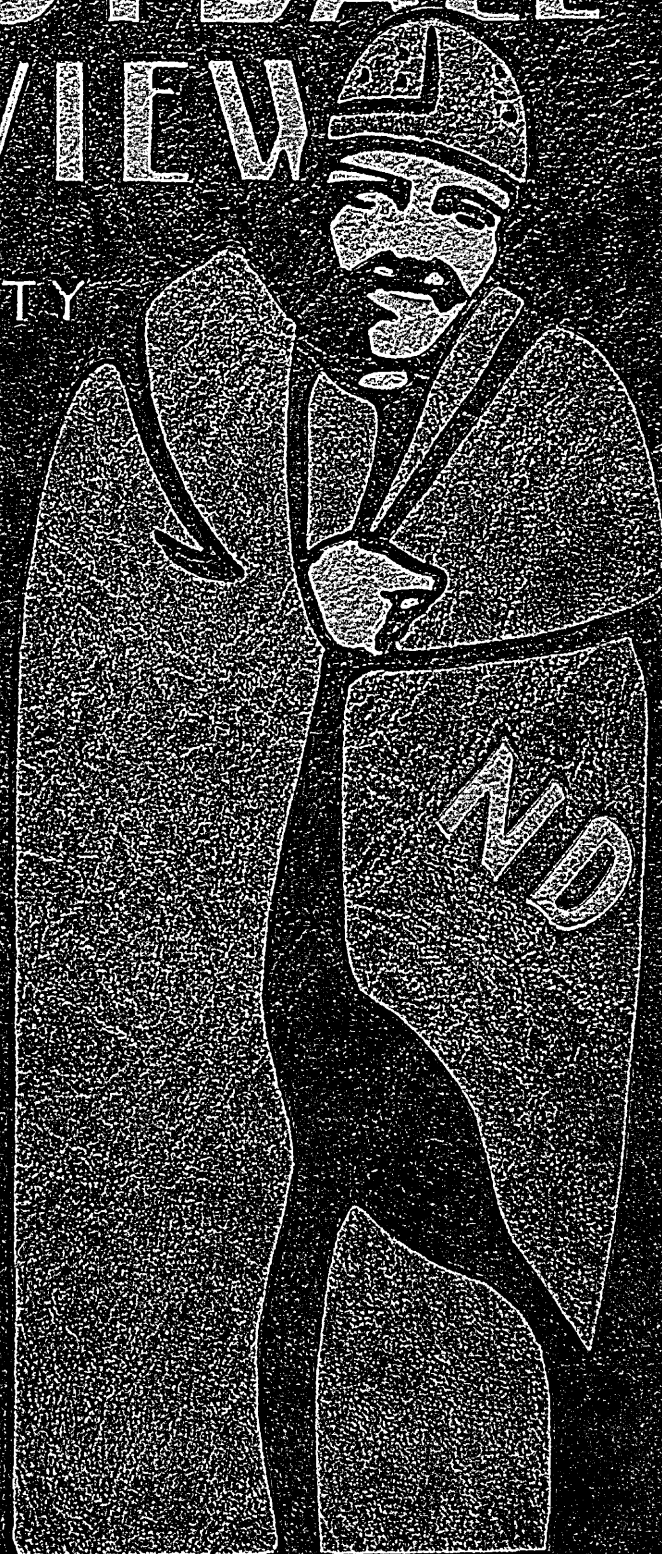


OFFICIAL FOOTBALL REVIEW

UNIVERSITY
OF
NOTRE
DAME

1924



M. E. ROY

OFFICIAL

1924 Football Review

University of Notre Dame

Edited by

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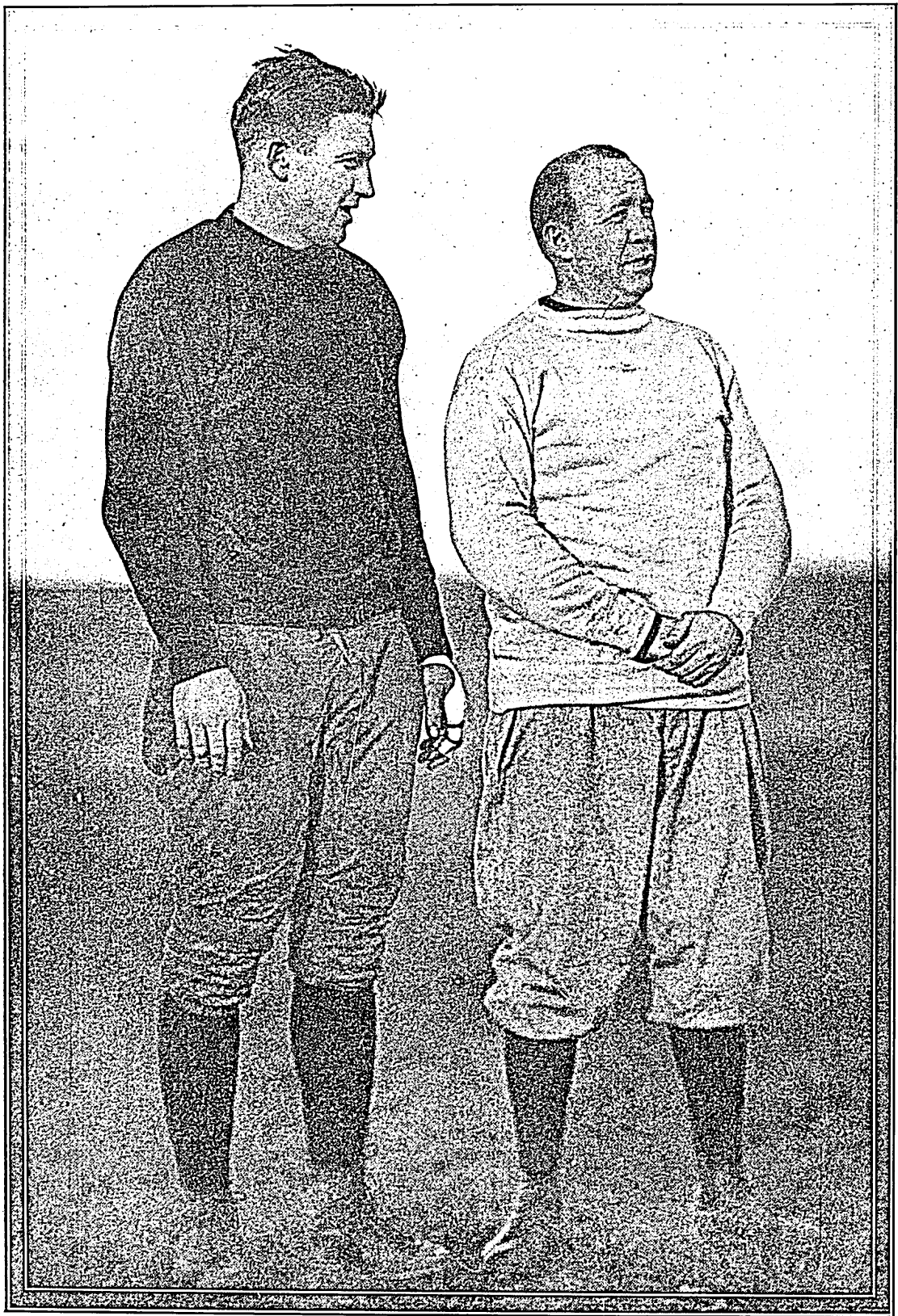
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*The editors wish to acknowledge the assistance given by Mr. Rockne, Mr. Harry Elmore and
Mr. Al. Ryan in the compilation of this Review*



CAPTAIN WALSH and COACH ROCKNE

THIS 1924 FOOTBALL REVIEW

is Dedicated to---

"Rock and His Men"

3

3

Out of the West

*Came Rock and his men;
Lightning on lightning flashed,
Thunder on mountains crashed,
Into the East they smashed—
Rock and his men.*

On to the field

*Come Rock and his men
Fighting a foreign foe,
Hitting them high and low,
Down to the goal they go—
Rockne's men.*

There on the field

*Stand Rock and his men;
Sound of the whistle dies,
Up to the farthest skies
Boom now the frenzied cries,
"Rock and your men!"*

North, east, south and west

*So Rock and his men—
Riding the wings of speed,
Gallop, steed on steed,
Skirting the ends like flame,
Cyclones whose very fame
Devastates with a name—
"Rock and his men."*

Back to the West

*Come Rock and his men;
Back to their comrades true,
Under the Gold and Blue—
Fighting men turned from war,
Hear they the awful roar
Smiting the heavens for
Rock and his men.*

H. A. McGuire

***T**HE CHRONICLE of the 1924 season, as offered to you in the pages to follow, has its inspiration in the achievements and traditions that characterize the University of Notre Dame and its student body.*

What success it has been the privilege of the team to enjoy during the 1924 football season can be attributed to a wholesome interest in the activities of the student body by those men who represent Notre Dame on the gridiron. Their efforts have been expended, at all times, in a spirit of loyalty to Notre Dame. Working as a unit for the success of the team, forgetting the individual, personal interest, the men on the squad have accomplished their purpose. It has been team-work, submission to discipline, the employment of mental faculties to meet conditions as they arose, that figured prominently in their victories.

To every man on the squad, to those who have worked in games, scrimmages, practices, is full credit forthcoming.

It is a pleasure to be the coach of such a group of gentlemen, students and athletes.

K. K. ROCKNE.



KNUTE K. ROCKNE
of
NOTRE DAME

The 1924 Victories



October 4	Notre Dame	40; Lombard	0
October 11	Notre Dame	34; Wabash	0
October 18	Notre Dame	13; Army	7
October 25	Notre Dame	12; Princeton	0
November 1	Notre Dame	34; Georgia Tech	3
November 8	Notre Dame	38; Wisconsin	3
November 15	Notre Dame	34; Nebraska	6
November 22	Notre Dame	13; Northwestern	6
November 29	Notre Dame	40; Carnegie Tech	19

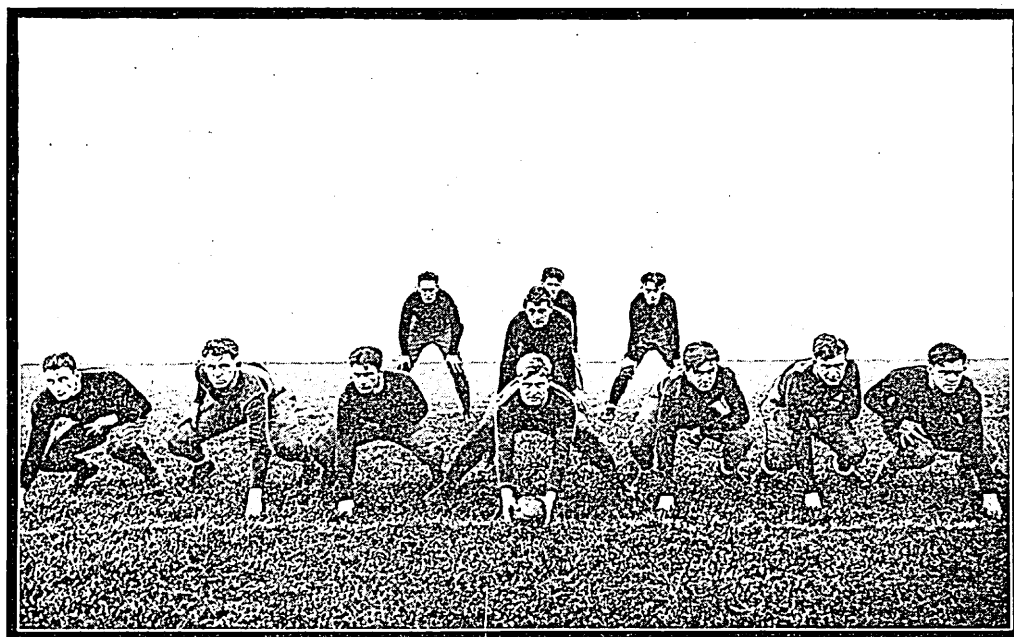
Total number of points scored: Notre Dame, 258; Opponents, 44.



The 1925 Schedule



September 27—Baylor University at Notre Dame
 October 3—Lombard at Notre Dame
 October 10—Beloit at Notre Dame
 October 17—West Point at Yankee Stadium, New York
 October 24—Minnesota at Minneapolis
 October 31—Georgia Tech at Atlanta
 November 7—Carnegie Tech at Notre Dame
 November 14—Penn State at State College, Pa.
 November 21—Northwestern at Notre Dame
 November 28—Nebraska at Lincoln



The Officers of the 1924 Varsity

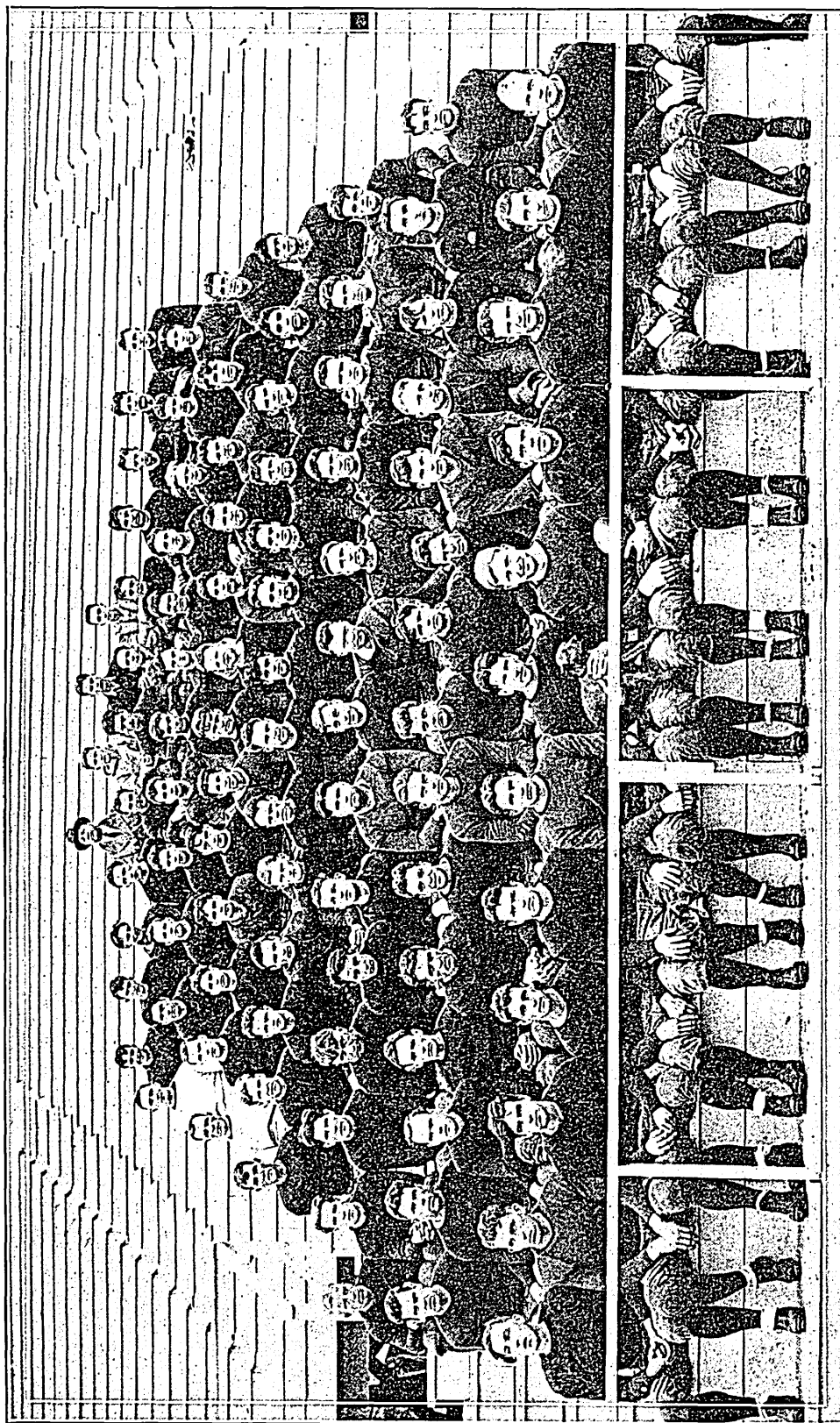
KNUTE K. ROCKNE *Head Coach*
 TOM LIEB *Assistant Coach*
 HARTLEY ANDERSON *Assistant Coach*
 GEORGE KEOGAN *Freshman Coach*
 GEORGE VERGARA *Assistant Freshman Coach*
 ADAM WALSH *Captain*
 LEO SUTLIFFE *Student Manager*

The Personnel

WALSH	WEIBEL	CERNEY	ROACH	HANOUSEK
CROWLEY	BACH	CONNEL	O'BOYLE	GLUECKERT
MILLER	E. MILLER	CROWE	HEARNDON	HARRINGTON
STUHLBREHER	COLLINS	EATON	REESE	McMANMON
LAYDEN	HUNSINGER	HARMON	HOUSER	BOLAND
KIZER	LIVERGOOD	SCHERER	EDWARDS	MAXWELL
G. MILLER				McMULLEN

The Reserves

KEEFE	COHEN	ANDERBERGER	SULLIVAN	GEHARDT
RIGALI	REIDY	CANNY	DAHMAN	McCABE
C. REILLY	BIELLI	MULLIN	FRISKE	GISH
TRUCKNER	WHALEN	McNALLY	GORMAN	DIENHART
WHILTE	EGGERT	STACK	WYNNE	ARNDT
WALLACE	E. CROWE	COUGHLIN	BROWN	MURRIN
	MAYER	PRELLI	GENIESSE	



THE SQUAD

Assistant Coaches



TOM LIEB

In the building of the Notre Dame team of 1924, Coach Knute K. Rockne was fortunate to have had as his assistants: Tom Lieb, assistant varsity coach; George Keogan, freshman coach; George Vergara, assistant freshman coach; and Hartley Anderson varsity line coach.

Tom Lieb won his spurs in Notre Dame football, playing half-back and tackle in the years 1920-21-22. Lieb in his last year of varsity competition, playing at right tackle, was headed for a berth on the mythical all-something teams that annually complete the football season, when a broken leg sustained in the Purdue game cut short his gridiron career.

Lieb returned in track however and balanced his loss of football honors by gaining fame as a discus thrower, winning the state title, representing the United States on the discus team in the 1924 Olympics and finally breaking the world's record in the discus throw last

September. Lieb is a member of the Illinois Athletic club. To Lieb goes much of the credit for the caliber of the Notre Dame line this year, which wielded a terrifying power over all opponents and paved the way for an untied and undefeated season.

Assisting Tom Lieb in preparing the linemen for the great campaign was Hartley "Hunk" Anderson, another former Notre Dame player who served at the left guard berth during the years 1919-20-21. He holds the unique record of recovering two fumbles in quick succession against Purdue and running for touchdowns each time. Anderson and Lieb were former teammates of George Gipp, Notre Dame's all-time all-American.



GEO. VERGARA

George Keogan came to Notre Dame in 1922 and assisted Rockne in football, serving as head coach of basketball and

baseball. Coach Keogan has worked with Rockne for two years in the task of building up winning football teams. The freshman squad under the tutelage of Keogan has stood up against the varsity and fought with the regulars to put them in condition for the season's grind.

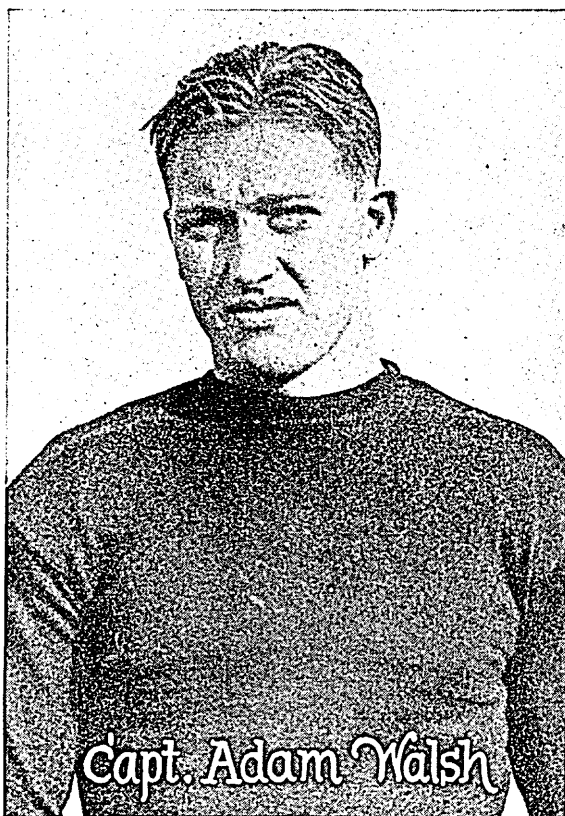
George Vergara assisted Keogan this year in drilling the yearling squad for scrimmage against the varsity, the first year men using the opposition's formations. Vergara played one year with Fordham before coming to Notre Dame and served two years with the Fighting Irish at end and guard.



GEORGE KEOGAN

Adam Walsh

Captain



No matter how brilliant are painted the many episodes that appeared in the 1924 season of Notre Dame football, episodes of sensational victories and sterling individual performances, the historians who fifty years hence recount the deeds of the Fighting Irish will be drawn by a special force to the chronicle of the career of Adam Walsh, center and captain of the national champions.

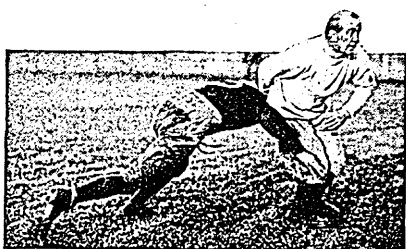
The particular special force that embellishes the work of Notre Dame's fighting captain who will long be remembered in the annals of the sport with Gipp, Thorpe, Coy, Heston and Grange, is one common to human nature since the beginning of time. Men are quick to admire a leader of ultra-courageous qualities, and in Adam Walsh the poets will find a captain in all the fullness of the qualities that are expected from a leader.

Notre Dame tradition years hence will sparkle with the narrative of the football player who fought the mighty Army host on Oct. 18, 1924 at the Polo Grounds in New York, with two broken hands; who was knocked out several times in the

course of the game and had to be lifted to his position. For weeks after the Notre Dame eleven had made its victorious sweep through the east, the sport circles along the east coast hitherto given entirely to Yale, Harvard and Princeton, were hubs of excited comment and discussion about the Notre Dame captain. Written tribute crowded the pages of the daily press and another football demi-god was proclaimed, and rightly so.

It was a thing to marvel at, the feeling of security that settled over the football fans at a Notre Dame game when Adam Walsh ran out on the field to take his place at center. Without the slightest hesitation he was accepted as the last word in capability and Captain Walsh never gave the sporting world reason to believe otherwise.

Notre Dame's captain will be looked upon till the end of time as one of the most ideal captains that ever led a Notre Dame football team. His unlimited courage and fearlessness combined with an unquestionable ability to play the game was the great factor that made Rockne's eleven the most united football team of the year. Of course it will never be forgotten that Walsh served with men whose devotion to Notre Dame was established beyond reproach and whose fidelity to the teachings of Rockne was the reason why Notre Dame is national champion today. The player's devotion to their school was manifested in their support of their captain and no one lived who could question the fact why they supported their captain.



"ROCK" IN ACTION

Great leaders of armies whose deeds are recorded in history have always been men who never asked their men to do what they themselves would not attempt to do. Those leaders were men who took no pains to spare their lives at the expense of their comrades. Adam Walsh responded to everything the spirits of great leaders asked of him. He was in every play on defense and on offense and exercised inimitable judgment in directing his team in the path of victory.

Walsh came to Notre Dame from Hollywood high school in 1921, where he excelled in four major sports. In stature he is typical of the strong, well proportioned men who live along our western coast. His year on the freshman team at Notre Dame was short lived, an injury keeping him out of competition for the better part of the year.

For definite information and minute details of Adam Walsh's brief stay with the yearling eleven, Hartley "Hunk" Anderson, Ojay Larson and Harry Mehre could give a good account. Against these men, the green freshman team were forced to contend and night after night they were subject to much punishment, sacrificing themselves for the sake of Rockne and the team that was to carry the colors through a glorious year, marred only by the Iowa defeat.

In 1922 Walsh made his first appearance on the varsity and alternated with Bill Voss and Bob Reagan in holding down the center of the line through a hard season, tarnished again with defeat, this time by Nebraska. In 1923, Walsh carried most of the burden, ably assisted by Reagan who was playing his last year.

Two years of playing had served to bring Walsh to the fore-front in American college football. In the Army game of 1923, Walsh decisively outplayed and outfought the mighty Garbisch who was then playing his seventh year of varsity football.

In 1924, Walsh at center for Notre Dame met Garbisch, the center and captain of the Army, and the minute by minute account of that memorable struggle beggars all description.

Every voice in the land recounted the story of the heroic captain who led his team to victory against the greatest eleven of the east, and fought off the crashing, plunging backs in the West Point backfield with a bone broken in each hand.

Adam Walsh played his last game in the middle west against Carnegie Tech, and out of the bitter strife of a cold wintry afternoon arose another picture of the fighting captain, painfully injured, but always fighting doggedly to hold on and stem the rush of the victory hunting hordes in front of him.

A half a century hence, the story of Adam Walsh and the great Notre Dame team of 1924 will be pretty much of a legend, one of the outstanding adornments of Notre Dame's traditions. The wild applause of the stands will be but an echo rolling down through the valley of time. Walsh and the players who are today the idols of the nation will then have run the gauntlet of the time and from a high mountain, they will look down upon the glorious past and all the colorful triumphs garnered by the spirit of youth in eager quest of victory and the spoils of conquest.

In the shadows of the sunset of life when the past has sunk into oblivion, Adam Walsh will have his treasured memories and the men who fought with him and the men who yelled and prayed for him will have memories—memories of a fearless captain.

T. COMAN, '25



THE TEAM

Adam Walsh

Captain

Adam Walsh of Hollywood, California, closes a football career without a parallel in the history of the sport, at the Tournament of Roses on New Year's Day, a few miles from the place where the blonde giant learned the game in high school.

Volumes of praise could be written about Adam Walsh. Confined to this brevity, the least that can be said about him is that he was a brave and worthy leader. He played the game as few men have ever played it before him. He was magnificently unselfish and gave his best for Notre Dame.

Sheer grit and determination upheld by the courage of a fighting heart has won for Adam Walsh a place for all time in the hearts of the football world.



James Crowley

Left Half-Back

James "Sleepy" Crowley of Green Bay, Wisconsin, has been an enigma to the sporting world for three years during which time he has added considerably to the history of the sport with performances beyond description and imitation.

He appears on the football field as the strange combination of two opposites: slow, careless indifference, and the speed of a deer. His unique poise has been one of the inexplicable chapters in the game, for, from dead idle stance, Crowley is transformed in an instant into a racing demon, the terror of teams and one of the hardest players to tackle. He is a member of the "Four Horsemen" and one of the most versatile half-backs in the country. His running, passing and kicking have won for him unlimited honors, but they seem to make not the slightest difference to the youth with the droll humor, who lugs the ball and never fails.

Jimmie has not failed to make a backfield position on every All-American picked this year.



Elmer Layden

Full-Back

Elmer Layden of Davenport, Iowa, made his debut in Notre Dame football heralded by a great prep school reputation. Unlike many other youthful stars whose entry into college football marks the end of their trail of gridiron accomplishments, Layden tacked his hopes and ambitions to higher rewards and the close of his brilliant football career finds him one of the most accomplished players of the age. He is almost a universal choice for All-American honors.

A member of the nationally known "Four Horsemen," the bullet fullback who shoots his body through space for long gains, has been one of the most consistent performers on the Notre Dame team for the past three years. His general all-around ability as punter, drop-kicker, passer, ball-carrier par excellence, has made him of incomparable value to the team. His work in the interference has no equal and on defense he backs up the line to the final degree of perfection. He has fought for Notre Dame in many memorable battles during his three years of competition in which time he has been a marked man like so many of his teammates. Stanford will see him in his last game and Layden will be ready to acquit himself to the best of his ability for the team and for Notre Dame.



Harry Stuhldreher

Quarter-Back

Beloved fandom and the impresarios of the sport page have christened Harry Stuhldreher, of Massillon, Ohio, with a multitude of names, described of his prowess as a football quarterback, and the power behind the Notre Dame attack.

The "field general" of Rockne's eleven, the "pilot of the four horsemen," the "most brilliant quarterback that ever trod the white lined field" are but a thimble full of Stuhldreher's titles. All the superlatives in the language have been exhausted in a vain attempt to describe the Notre Dame pilot. The "Napoleon of the gridiron" whose playing has been one of the paramount sensations of the season, prepared at Kiski and since his first game in college football, has been the moving factor behind the Notre Dame attack.

Stuhldreher who has been picked on every All-American team thus far selected, has keen intelligence and a quick perception which enables him to diagnose plays and direct the defense. On the offense, he studies his opponents and directs the play where it will do the most good. He has supreme confidence in his teammates and is known to take long chances when a break might mean disaster. Coach Stagg, of Chicago, not given much to comment, merely shook his head and said, "My, what a quarterback."



Don Miller

Right Half-Back

Don Miller of Defiance, Ohio, the last of the Miller "Mohicans," carved his name in football's hall of fame close beside that of Layden, Stuhldreher and Crowley, as one of the brilliant quartet of "Horsemen."

A youth who did not look to be the football flash the country knows so well today, came to Notre Dame in 1921. He served his apprenticeship with Castner, Bergman and Maher and in 1923 became undisputedly identified with the so-called "Four Horsemen." Saturday after Saturday, Don Miller followed in the dazzling pace set by his famous brothers and touchdowns became a matter of custom. This year, he added to his laurels as one of the best forward pass receivers in the country and continued his mad pace, slashing off the tackles and careening around the ends at a dizzy pace, following perfect interference.

The Georgia Tech eleven of 1923 have the pleasure of looking back to the day, when Miller treated the southerners to a sparkling track meet.

Don has received either a position, or honorable mention on every All-Western and All-American teams picked this fall.



Edgar Miller

Right Tackle

His physical proportions and innate fighting qualities made "Rip" Miller of Canton, Ohio, one of the best tackles Notre Dame has ever had. His massive form, well carried and employed to the best advantage by a mind that knew the game, has prevailed before some of the finest opposition in the country, making it difficult for a gain through the Notre Dame line.

"Rip" served two years as understudy to Cotton and Oberst, but when the last season rolled around and Rockne began to build up his line for the hardest of campaigns, Miller stepped into the right tackle berth and as a regular, performed his work with great credit. His speed and aggressiveness made him a dangerous man at all times, and the opponent's backfield considered it a toss-up as to which side of the line to try, Bach or Miller; a back could not get by either of them.





John Weibel

Right Guard

John Weibel, of Erie, Pa., was introduced to Rockne in the spring practice of 1922, after playing with Brownson hall during his freshman year. His qualities as a guard were not long in presenting themselves to the Notre Dame coach, and the close of three years of college football finds Weibel today, regarded as one of the greatest linemen ever developed at Notre Dame.

His work on the offense was a mighty factor in paving the way for the fleet Irish backs. Weibel, one of the lightest guards in major college football, weighing 165 pounds, served as understudy to Capt. Harvey Brown for two years and in the last year of his competition, cinched a regular guard berth without dispute. He formed with Noble Kizer and Adam Walsh one of the most powerful center trios that has ever worn a Notre Dame uniform. His defensive playing bespeaks a stout heart and his courage never faltered in the face of line plunges by mighty backs.

Joe Bach

Left Tackle

Joe Bach, of Chisholm, Minn., after serving two years with exceptional credit in the Notre Dame line, will wear the mole-skins for the last time against Leland Stanford. His passing will leave a huge gap on the left side of the line that will be hard to fill.

Bach ascended the ladder of fame by leaps and bounds after the Army game of 1923, when he appeared at the tackle berth to take the place of Gus Stange who had been injured. Critics called him the tackle find of the year, and his massive strength rose to immeasurable proportions in front of the Army line, paving the way for another triumph.

His powers of courage are the equal of any which have ever been displayed in football, and when he was knocked out in the Nebraska game, the fans realized that the going was pretty tough in the line. He was a hard and sure tackler and it was not an uncommon sight to see Bach throw the offensive ball carrier for a loss. Bach played one year at Carlton college before coming to Notre Dame.



Charles Collins

Left End

"Chuck" Collins came to Notre Dame from St. Ignatius of Chicago. During his three years of major college football, Collins never once has failed in his duty on the left flank, and deserves to be remembered with the great ends in football history.

He performs his work silently. He has mastered the fundamentals of his position and directs his every movement for the benefit of the team. He has faced good competition for the flank berth, but always he has been found dependable, ever aggressive and a man with a true fighting heart. He is as good on the offense as he is on the defense, receiving passes and forming interference for the ball carriers. With exceptional speed he goes down under punts and seldom fails to get his man. This is his third year as a monogram man.



Noble Kizer

Right Guard

Noble Kizer came to Notre Dame heralded as a great basketball man, but no one ever heard of Kizer the football guard till the season of 1922 and during the two seasons that followed.

His height, his weight and natural aggressiveness combined with his keen mental powers were not long in reserve for basketball, once Rockne had discovered him. He fitted into the Notre Dame mentor's picture of the ideal guard, and his 165 pounds were pronounced as ideal for the man who would play in the guard berth. Maurie Smith and Harvey Brown were his predecessors of similar type and the pace set by these men was quickly taken up by Kizer. He teamed admirably with Weibel and these men have been two of the greatest factors instrumental in Notre Dame's gridiron success. Like his teammates in the line, he is not given much credit for his incomparable work, but Kizer played for the team and not his own personal fame and in the inner life of Notre Dame, he will never be forgotten.



Edward Hunsinger

Right End

"All things come to him who waits", and the season of 1924 was the reward for Ed Hunsinger of Chillicothe, Ohio. Ever since his freshman year in 1921, Hunsinger has had to contend with more experienced competition, but after graduation had taken Carberry and Mayl from the ranks, Rockne had a faithful and dependable end to call in, who displayed an inimitable fighting spirit in every game.

As zealously did Collins guard the left flank, so Hunsinger stood watch over the right. Rockne did not drill his ends to turn the play in and smash interference all year merely for exercise. Experience had revealed to him, that his team was complete with Collins and Hunsinger, and neither wingman failed to produce during the long hard season of 1924. Hunsinger's place will be another spot hard to fill as his very dependable understudy, Eaton, also graduates in June.



Bernard Livergood

Fullback

Bernie Livergood came unheralded and unsung from Stonington, Ill., in 1921. He played on the freshman team and showed much promise of becoming one of the stellar ball carriers of future teams.

Fate however intervened and the handicap of injuries which kept him on the sidelines for a year was further augmented by the presence of Layden and Cerney on the squad to make the competition harder for a regular berth. However, the fate that kept Livergood in the background during the past two years suddenly changed this fall and Livergood stepped out as one of the demon ball carriers of Notre Dame. His work all season proved his worth, which hitherto was concealed by force of circumstances. His line plunging and defensive tactics provided thrill after thrill for the football world. He is one of the three fullbacks who graduate in June and leave a huge vacancy to fill next fall.





John McManmon

Right Tackle

John McManmon, of Lowell, Massachusetts, augmented the efficiency of the right tackle berth by his giant stature this fall. Playing his first year of varsity football, he capably filled in for Rip Miller, when the regular tackle was waiting his turn to go into action.

McManmon has all the qualities of a tackle. His physical proportions enable him to cover his territory well and his natural aggressiveness has been the thorn in the side of a good many opponents. His year of service with the shock troops was completed with great credit and the sporting world of 1925 will expect even greater things from him.

Thomas Hearndon

Right Half-Back

Thomas "Red" Hearndon who came here from Green Bay, Wisconsin, the town that produced the inimitable Jimmy Crowley, was one of the new developments in the 1924 season at Notre Dame. Hearndon and his sophomore teammates were part of the great cycle that rolls around each year; the cycle that is developed while the veterans are carrying on.

Hearndon, gives much promise of being a valuable addition to future varsity teams. On numerous occasions he proved his worth as a ball carrier and looked good in the interference. His work on the eastern invasions was good enough to elicit special commendation from Coach Rockne.



Edward Scharer

Quarterback

Eddie Scharer of Toledo, came to Notre Dame from the university of Detroit where he starred in his first year of varsity football. Scharer learned his game on the famous Waite high school (Toledo) eleven, and although he is not large in stature, he has a world of natural ability and a capacity to think football.

He alternated at quarterback this fall with "Red" Edwards and ran his eleven shock troops with the hand of a master. Scharer is a forward passer, but he gave only a few exhibitions of his talent in this department during the year just closed. He was declared out of football for the year at one time because of a serious injury, but medical treatment soon had him back into the lineup.



Clem Crowe

Left End

Clem Crowe, of Lafayette, Indiana, like Noble Kizer came to Notre Dame heralded as a wonder of the basketball court, but Rockne soon began to prepare his great speed and natural aggressiveness for football.

In the season of 1923, Crowe, playing his first year of varsity football, broke into the limelight by his vicious tackling and fast work going down under punts. He faced competition, however, from a more experienced rival and during the past season has served admirably with the shock troops as understudy to Collins. Crowe's work in the Army and Princeton game was especially good and his presence will be valuable on the 1925 squad.



Ward Connell

Right Half-Back

Ward "Doc" Connell of Beloit, has for three years been a member of the shock troops, the men who go in to take the brunt of the fight and at the same time, wear down the opposition.

Connell, a product of the Notre Dame prep school, has been one of Rockne's most dependable ground-gainers, and when the season is over on New Year's Day, fandom will have several games by which to remember the crashing, tearing halfback who bowled over tacklers like so many ten pins. After the defeat at Nebraska last year, Connell exhibited some new stuff in the Butler game, playing with reckless abandon. He repeated at Carnegie Tech where he made it a habit to score touchdowns. He continued to play great football all this Fall and will be missed when they call the roll for next year.



William Cerney

Full-Back

Bill Cerney of Chicago, who prepared at St. Ignatius with "Chuck" Collins, was the fiery spirit behind the shock troops attack. Cerney who has worn the monogram for football for three years was forced to contend with Layden and Livergood for the regular fullback berth.

Cerney is a splendid type of the Notre Dame football player, a glutton for punishment and does not know the meaning of defeat. His defensive and offensive prowess needs little comment for the Notre Dame fan. Cerney was one of the greatest defensive fullbacks the school has ever known. His courage and driving power gave sparkle to his offense plunging, and by adding punting to his talents, he further augmented the versatility of the team.



Harry O'Boyle

Left Half-Back

Harry O'Boyle of Des Moines, Iowa, proved to be the sophomore flash of the 1924 eleven. His work this fall with the shock troops is the reason so many sport followers are optimistic for next year's campaign.

O'Boyle is a member of the triple threat fraternity although he was not called upon to exercise many of his talents this fall. His speed however combined with his stocky build makes him an elusive ball-carrier and a hard man to bring down once in the open. He has two more years of competition with the Gold and Blue.



Richard Hanousek

Right Guard

Richard Hanousek, of Antigo, Wisconsin, was one of the stars of the freshman team of 1923, and alternated with Kizer in the line this year, performing his duties with the snap of completeness.

Hanousek was another member of the shock troop band and with many of his team-mates who started on the freshman eleven of 1923, will form the inner workings of the team of 1925. Hanousek played at fullback in his prep school days, but Rockne found better use of him as a guard, as he fitted into the Notre Dame system of football with ease. His strength, his aggressiveness and natural football ability have made him a valuable player.





Charles Glueckert

Left Guard

Charles Glueckert of South Bend, has served three years in the Notre Dame line, and although his labors did not net him a letter until this year, the team was satisfied to know that he was there. He performed his work in excellent style and in silence, very little credit ever coming to him for his playing.

Glueckert's name can be inscribed on that long role of Notre Dame's athletes who went out and gave their best and took their measure of satisfaction in knowing that they were working for Notre Dame.

Rex Enright

Full-Back

Rex Enright of Rockford, Illinois, remained out of competition this year because of injuries. He will return in 1925 to complete his course in law. Enright has already served two years with the Fighting Irish and has proven himself to be a fullback of merit. His weight and speed and a large quantity of natural ability make him a player of exceptional worth.



August Stange

Left Tackle

August Stange was absent from the 1924 football team due to an injury which lingered with him from the season of 1923. Undergoing an operation early in the season unfitted him for active service this year, but he will be back next year for his senior year of competition. Stange was both a dependable lineman and a punter. His well proportioned build made a good vehicle for all the natural aggressiveness he possessed.

Max Houser

Left Half-Back

Max Houser, the player who staged a brilliant comeback against Nebraska in 1923, played his first year of college football with Lafayette university. In eastern gridiron circles Houser gained a wide reputation. Since coming to Notre Dame, he has found himself in particularly fast company to which he soon adapted himself. Like so many other backs on the Notre Dame eleven, he served in shifts and served well. Houser is a passer and a punter as well as a ball carrier.



Joe Harmon

Center

Joe Harmon of Indianapolis, the peppery pivot man who trained faithfully for two years on the Notre Dame football team, before he finally got his chance, completes a year of gallant service with the Pasadena game. When Walsh was injured at the Army, Harmon and Maxwell took up the burden and at Princeton and Georgia Tech, played wonderful football. Harmon will be lost to the team for next year.



Wilbur Eaton

Right End

Two years of hard work with the varsity squad brought Wilbur Eaton of Omaha, Nebraska, to the ranks of the football lettermen this fall. His incomparable fighting spirit and determination to stick to it, made Eaton one of the most valuable men on the squad. He served as understudy to Hunsinger and with Crowe, made the going around the flanks rather perilous for the opposition.

John McMullen

Left Tackle

After coming from Chicago, where he made a reputation in high school football, John McMullen was kept from the front ranks only by the force of more experienced material before him. His hard work and determination to carry out the instructions of his coach won for him a place in the shock troops division and McMullen will be welcomed back for next year's campaign.



John Roach

Half-Back

Certain sport critics were wont to ask, "Where does Rockne get such material," as they watched John Roach of Appleton, Wisconsin, reel off a couple of 35-yard runs and incidentally score a touchdown. After hobnobbing with the "Four Horsemen" for a season, Roach came out this year and registered some sterling work, indicating that what he will do next year will have no restrictions.

Joseph Maxwell
Center

One of the most promising gridders to come to light during the season just closed was Joe Maxwell of Philadelphia. Maxwell learned his football under Stan Cofall, former Notre Dame star, and in his first year of varsity competition at Notre Dame, played a large part in the season's triumphs. Maxwell is possessed of a world of natural ability and football sense and is also an excellent snapper-back. Maxwell has two more years with the varsity.

Herb Eggert
Right Guard

Herb Eggert is a Chicago boy who is just completing his second year of service with the Rockmen. Eggert was listed with the shock troops this fall, and served with distinction when called upon to play. During the practice drills this fall, he showed much promise and Rockne drilled him constantly until he was able to hold down the guard berth in major games. He will be back with the squad next fall.

Vincent Harrington
Right Guard

Vincent Harrington of Souix City, Iowa, is the griddier, press correspondents like to tell about; the man who makes every trip and until the 1924 season, had played only thirty seconds in a major game. Harrington however was made of the stuff that Rockne knew would hold up under terrific punishment and when he was called upon to serve, he fulfilled his assignment with everything he had. Harrington will be lost to the squad at graduation.

Frank Reese
Quarterback

After a career of ups and downs, during which time frequent injuries greatly handicapped him, Frank Reese, of Robinson, Illinois, completes his athletic career with the national football champions. It has not been his fortune to be the inspiration of football poets, nor direct a great team to sensational victory, but Reese has played his part and played it well. Frank has generously given of his ability to assist in his team's great triumphs.

Gene Edwards
Quarterback

Gene "Red" Edwards, of Weston, W. Va., former Kiski star and the quarterback find of the 1924 season is undoubtedly slated to be the Notre Dame Napoleon of the next two years. The slimly built pilot is the sphinx of the eleven, but his silence portends more than a lack of noise. His work during the past season has been excellent. He has two more years of competition.

Joseph Boland
Left Tackle

Joe Boland is also from Philadelphia, and like Maxwell he played football under the tutelage of Cofall. Boland's weight and fighting qualities made him a valuable griddier in the shock troop's brigade. Time after time the opposition found it tough going when they tried to send plays through Boland. He has two more years of varsity competition.

Gerald Miller
Right Halfback

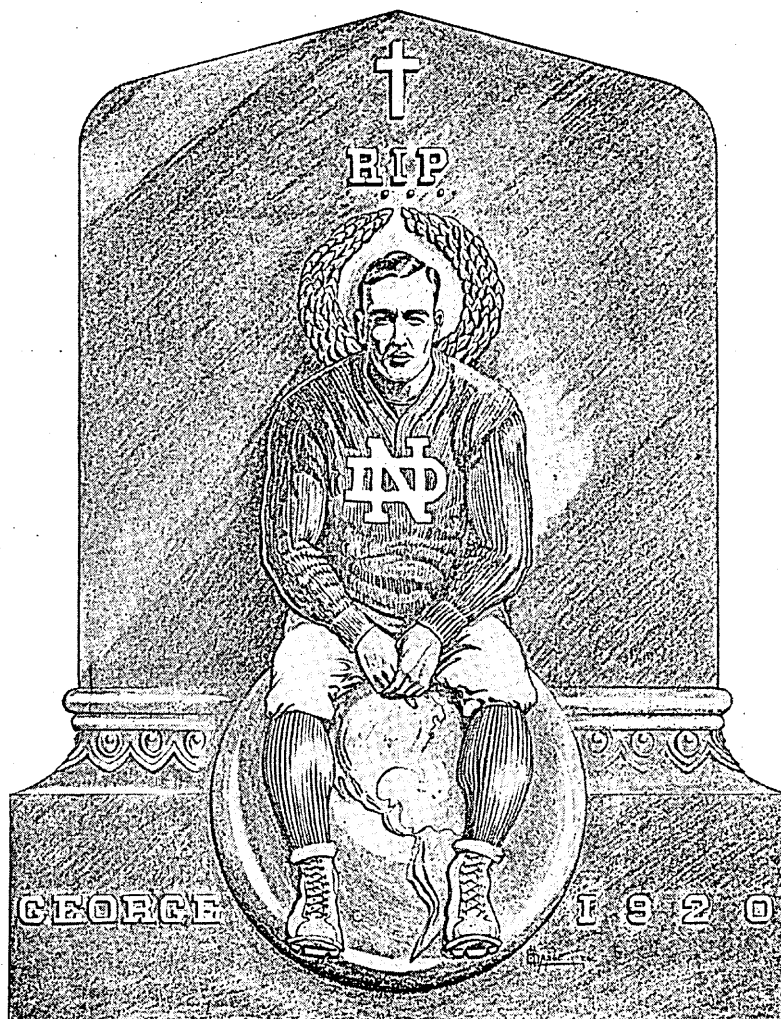
Gerry Miller, a brother to Don Miller, imitated his brothers before him, giving his best for Notre Dame. Gerry, however, lacks the weight for stardom. Gerry is a Notre Dame football man, playing the game hard and clean.

Joe Rigali
Right End

Joe Rigali is another Chicago product who came to Notre Dame intent upon trying out for backfield berth. Rockne, however, made a wingman of him and sent him into the firing line several times during the past season. Rigali responded with excellent work. He is not large in stature but he is a fighter and knows the game.

John Wallace
Right Tackle

John Wallace of Gary, Indiana, another of Rockne's shock troops, will be back with the squad again next year, after having served two years in the line. Wallace like many of the other gridders was forced to compete with players of more experience. His football abilities have not been wasted during his days of apprenticeship and his presence on the 1925 squad will be welcome.



George Gipp

*The wind bites sharply now the chalk-lined grass,
But, hid by night I see a phantom pass
From phantom hands, that we once, dearly, knew,
Caught by still dimmer hands, known, too,
Played for Our Lady, as in life they played,
And she applauds, and the frail phantoms fade.*

Gerald Holland

YOUR TEAM

Harry A. McGuire

“ ”

What is the team to you?

Is it something to bet on? You'll bet upon the time it takes a four-legged brute to paw around a track!

Is it something to boast of at home? That means nothing — you'll boast about the make of car your father's money bought!

Is it a thing to sing about over the cups? No honor there — you'll sing about aggravatin' papa and that red-headed gal five minutes later!

Is it something good to look at? So is Valentino if his make-up is good!

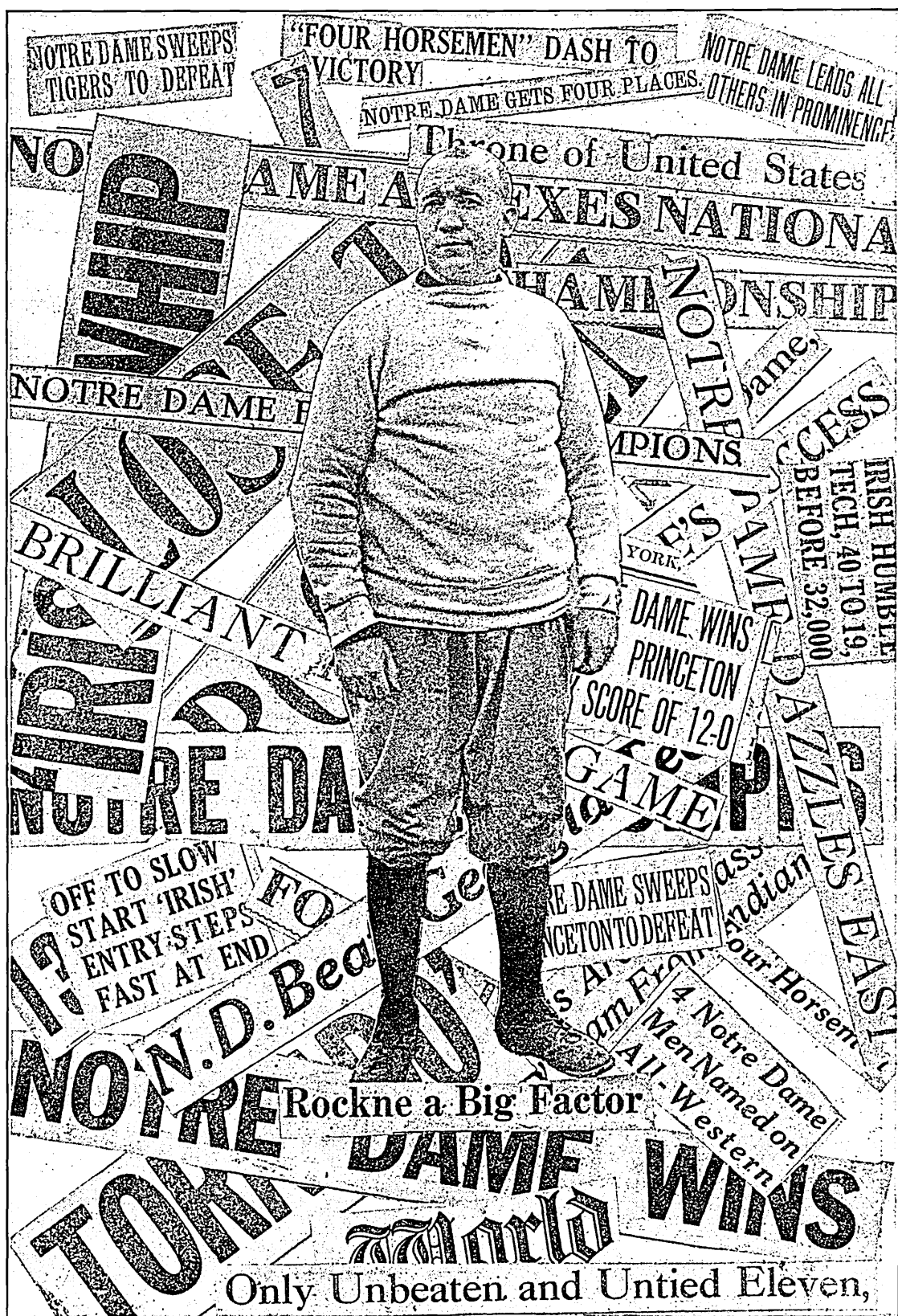
Is it something that affords you the opportunity for parading your knowledge of football technique? Exams offer a similar opportunity, yet you dislike them, because they call your bluff!

Is it something to criticize? You'll spend thirty minutes a day criticizing your janitor!

Does it mean *all* of these things to you? Let it mean all of them, and you have as yet revealed no viewpoint that sheds credit upon you.

For to Notre Dame men their team is something vital. It stands in their estimation as the incarnation of the glories and the trials, the final triumphs and the inevitable defeats of their school. It apotheosizes in their minds the ideals of Notre Dame — as it crouches there on the field it is to them the spirit of Notre Dame itself, hoary with years but young, defeated but never beaten, victorious but never victor, strong with the strength of war but delicate as a flower and gentle as a girl. They see in that mighty spirit the hands that have built the walls of Notre Dame, the minds that have slaved upon its problems, the lips that have prayed for the school and for them. In that spirit they find the souls of the saints who have drudged that they might live life to the full, and the souls of long-forgotten men who fought on the field in blood that Notre Dame might have a good tradition. And they find in that spirit a courage and self-sacrifice, a love of good and scorn for evil that God and His human Mother lend to the armies of Notre Dame.

That's what their team means to Notre Dame men!



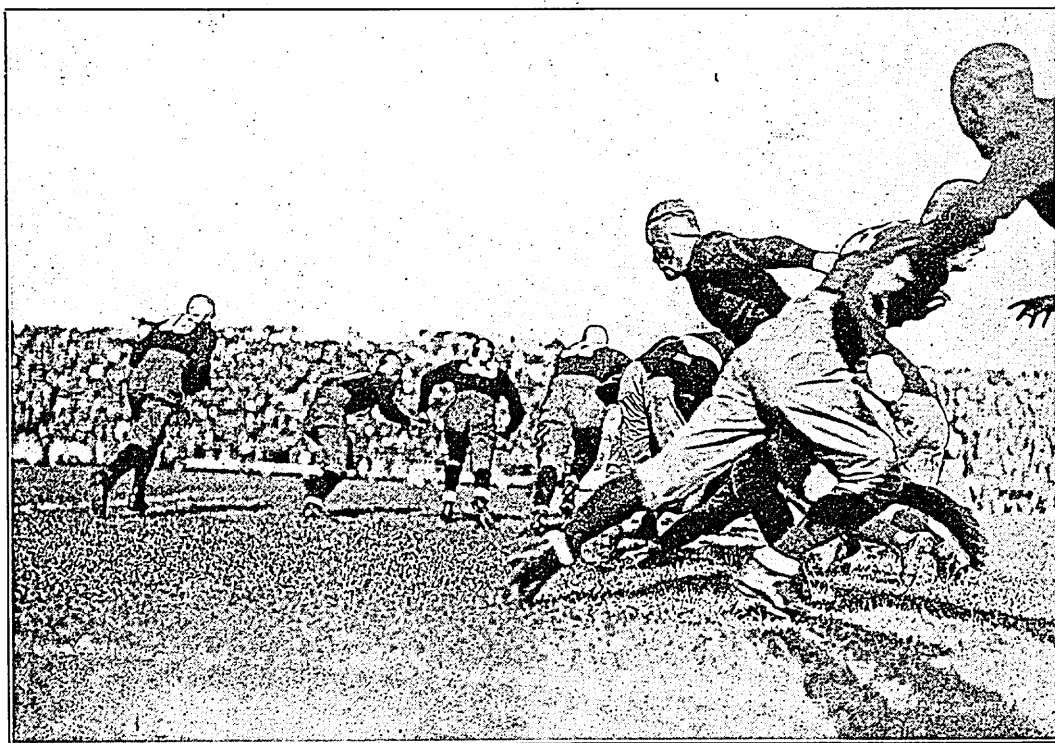
Notre Dame - 40
Lombard - 0

October 4 was a typical mid-summer day, and too warm for football. Not a breath of air was stirring that afternoon when Notre Dame's squad of seventy-seven warriors trotted onto Cartier Field for the first game of the season. Lombard appeared shortly thereafter, and an interested football world waited to learn whether there was truth in the reports that the 1924 Notre Dame machine was bigger and better than ever. Lombard students were on hand, three hundred strong, and Notre Dame's cohorts thronged the east stands. The whistle blew and the season had officially begun.

As usual, "Rock" started his "shock troops," who held Lombard even for the first ten minutes. In the middle of the opening quarter a signal was given, and the entire first team pranced out to relieve the substitutes. Thenceforth the game was just a question of how well the sturdy Lombard defense could stop the charges of the Irish backs. The Four Horsemen were the fleet backs of yore, and O'Boyle and Connell typified the capability of the shock troops by dashes of 50 and 57 yards respectively. The losers were sadly handicapped by the serious injury of Capt. Lamb, their brilliant little quarterback, who had done much to prevent a larger score.

This game proved Notre Dame's remarkable reserve strength and a toll of six touchdowns gave rough evidences of the driving attack that later foes were to expect.

The Lombard team provided far sturdier opposition than the score would seem to indicate. Captain Lamb of Lombard and his teammates presented a well drilled and flashy organization, but they were encountering the country's greatest and were unequal to the task of stopping the team which was later to conquer the football world.



AROUND THE END IN THE LOMBARD GAME

"Notre Dame too Husky; Lombard Loses by 40 to 0"

Chicago Sunday Tribune.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Oct. 4.—(Special.)—Lombard and Notre Dame played four quarters of listless football here today in the opening game of the 1924 season, Notre Dame winning, 40 to 0. Sensational runs ranging from 25 to 65 yards added a dash of color to the contest at various stages and were responsible for the majority of Notre Dame's points.

Lamb, captain and star quarterback for Lombard, was carried from the field early in the second period with a fractured collar bone, sustained when he was tackled in open field by Bella, Notre Dame end. Lamb's removal from the game had a noticeable effect on the Lombards' attack and the visitors were practically helpless after his injury.

Don Miller scored twice for Notre Dame at the outset of the second quarter on end runs. Connell uncorked a 60 yard run for a touchdown in the third, and O'Boyle, a sophomore half, broke away for a pair of 50 yard sprints in the concluding period. Lombard outplayed the second team Rockne started and began early in the contest to open up their aerial game. Many passes were completed, but none of them were good for more than 3 yards and a few were completed for losses.

Joe Williams relates:

Mr. Rockne may not be the greatest tutor of pigskin logic in the tax-ridden universe, but if he isn't sapphires make undesirable jewelry and snowdrifts are fine things to use for fuel.

Mr. Rockne is the kind of coach who can take eleven unfilled uniforms, in fairly presentable condition, and make Walter Camp break down and sob, "Enough, Enough!"

Moral victories are something which are not tolerated in the Rockne scheme. The Fighting Irish, including the Stuhldrebers, the Bachs, and the Hunsingers, are sent out to return with their head-guards or in them.

This is the era of the electric light, yet a lot of Rockne's rivals are still reading the rules under the glare of a kerosene lamp.

"Bugs" Baer said after the Easter invasions:

The Notre Dame football army has been going through the East like a worm through a tunnel. This is probably the toughest collection of militia gathered together since those Minute Boys drilled up around Lexington.

Yet Notre Dame is not happy. They cleaned

up the East last year and then went to Nebraska, where men are men. The Cornhuskers were supposed to be a lot of stump pullers and crop gatherers who were pretty good in a ten-acre lot if you let them pick their favorite grip.

The big boys from the corn belt bobbed their whiskers, took a reef in their suspenders and bounced Notre Dame over the terrain. It was a tough finish to a beautiful season.

Notre Dame is chewing up the East again this year. They cashed a big check in West Point, and also sold Princeton a bill of goods. But they still have to play Nebraska.



ON THE SPORT TRAIL

(By Fred J. Bendel.)

Notre Dame men may come and Notre Dame men may go and Garbisch of Army may play forever, but Notre Dame men of all time will recall with the same thrill of pride and joy that Yale recall, Ted Coy, Harvard members Brickley and Mahon and Princeton eulogizes Poe—the name of Adam Walsh, captain and star center of the Notre Dame football squad.

Notre Dame men will thrill with pride when they remember how this same Walsh outplayed Garbisch hailed by many as an All-American center, again yesterday, just as the same Walsh did a year ago.

The Army massed its bulky power at center or near the middle of the line and Walsh was the man who stopped the charge many and many times. The Notre Dame men had the ball and Walsh was the man who gave superb interference. The Army launched a forward pass in the closing moments of the game and it was the punch drunk Walsh who outguessed the Army quarterback and was right at the spot at which the pass was aimed.

It was Walsh who took two men out in interference as prettily timed as a military maneuver, allowing Crowley to flash by the last outposts of the Army defense in his sensational sprint for nearly half the length of the field.

Twice the tangled masses of humanity on the gridiron at the Polo Grounds was torn apart to reveal Walsh to all appearances stretched out cold on the ground. But each time he was lifted to his feet and like a terrier he shook off the stunning effect of the pounding he was receiving.

It was a superb Notre Dame team that won and a great Army team that lost.

Notre Dame . . . 34
Wabash . . . 0

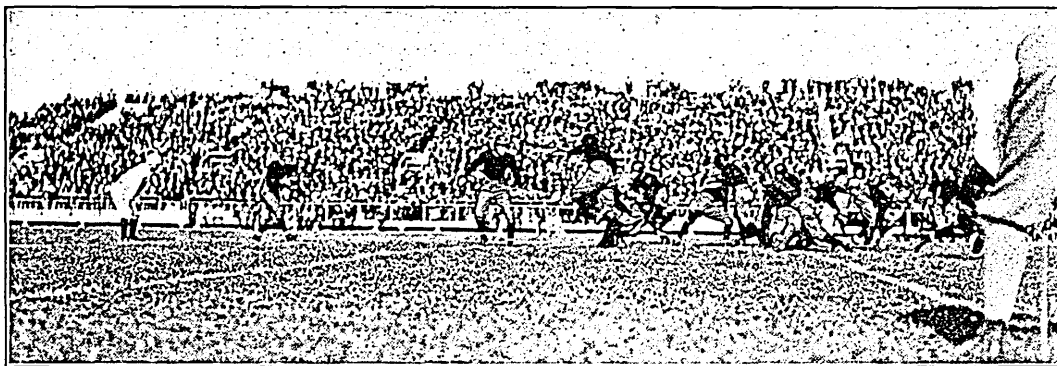
Warming to the task of going through the hard season before them, the battling Irish outfit ran rough-shod over the "Little Giants" of Wabash by a 34-0 score. Some fifteen thousand zealots saw "Rock's" lads rounding into the great grid machine that was to crush down teams, representing every section of the country. The crowd also saw the backfield quartet, which was to be heralded as one of the greatest of all time, run wild over the helpless though struggling Wabash men.

It was this game which aided Coach Rockne to iron out the kinks in preparation for the struggle with the Army on the following Saturday. It was this game also which gave Rockne an idea of the power which lay in his reserve teams.

Occasional flashes of the brilliant performances which were to follow, were present in the dashes of Jimmie Crowley, Elmer Layden and others. That perfect organization and morale was noticeable in the "Wonder Team"; perfections were to bring it through one of the most brilliant seasons ever enjoyed by any grid outfit.

The Wabash game was the initial appearance of one of the greatest little generals of the year, Harry Stuhldreher, who was to lead his famous backfield mates through one of the most glorious seasons ever enjoyed by a Notre Dame team. And he was not long in displaying his marvelous abilities, which were to earn for him the appellation "Napoleon of the Gridiron."

The Wabash victory created a feeling of optimism on the Notre Dame campus. This optimism, well-seasoned with "Rock's" pessimistic "show me" attitude, furnished a perfect atmosphere for the team's battle with the Army the following Saturday afternoon.



LAYDEN PUNTS.

"Notre Dame is Monarch of All American Grid"

By DAVIS J. WALSH, *Cleveland News.*

Remove the tin foil and tissue paper wrapping, waft a handful of dust over the collection and present the corsage of American beauties to Notre Dame university. For the first time these many years, we have an unchallenged national champion of collegiate football and Notre Dame is it. One can no more go behind the records than one can go behind the nape of his neck, and the records show the Irish to be the only undefeated and untied football team of any consequence between the two oceans.

Dartmouth has as sound a record as any team in eastern football. Yet Dartmouth was tied by Yale, which in turn was tied by West Point, which lost to Notre Dame. Yale, another unbeaten eastern team, is eliminated from national consideration by the same equation.

Pennsylvania's record alike is untarnished by defeat. But Penn was tied by Penn State, which was beaten by Georgia Tech, which lost to Notre Dame. So much for the east.

The middlewest has Chicago as champion of its Big Ten conference, but the Stagg entry lost its opening game to Missouri and was tied by Ohio State and Wisconsin, which lost to Notre Dame.

And what of Missouri? It was beaten by Nebraska, which disposed of Kansas before coming to South Bend to lose to Notre Dame. That would seem to eliminate the Missouri valley conference in toto, as far as Notre Dame is concerned.

The southern champion is Centre college, because of its victory over Alabama and Georgia. But the Colonels finished second to West Virginia, which lost to Pittsburgh, which lost to Carnegie Tech, which lost to Notre Dame.

This far, the cycle of elimination is perfect. It leads to South Bend, Ind. for its climax in every case.

The only break in the continuity is found on the far coast, which has had no contest to date with football as played in the middle west and south.

The championship team of the coast conference is Leland Stanford. It might be the greatest team in the world, at that, but your supply of rhetoric fails before you can convince a Californian that this is fact, not fancy. California and Stanford played a 20 to 20 tie in their final game, so that Stanford's title is by no means conclusive.

From Mr. Batchelor's Article in the
"Detroit Saturday Night."

No printed word can begin to convey an idea of the speed, the precision and the power of this (Notre Dame's) backfield. Imagine two Granges, a Friedman and Lidberg placed on the same team. Imagine them trained together for three years so that they could go through their plays in the dark, standing on their heads, or left-handed. Imagine them

drilled daily by a football genius whose plays would make crossword puzzles seem childishly simple. Then imagine them geared up to the speed shown by the participants in a slapstick movie comedy, and you will have some idea of "The Four Horsemen." It is not only the greatest backfield of today, but probably the greatest that the modern game of football has produced.

It is a question whether four other men could be picked from the entire country and drilled to such efficiency in a single season. Certainly if the All-American team ever existed for playing purposes instead of for argument among the fans it would get much better results from this perfect-fitting smooth-working combination of Rockne's than

from any quartet that Walter Camp will pick. These may not be the four best backs in the country individually, but collectively the yare in a class by themselves. Notre Dame is doubly proud of them, too, because they are "home grown." The South Bend institution does not seem to be able to offer the inducements to great stars of the preparatory school ranks that some of the other colleges do and she doesn't get many of them. So Rockne has to "raise them from pups."

GREATEST MODERN BACKFIELD
Perry Lewis, *Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Here are four men who function together like a piece of well-oiled machinery. Their team work is superb. Their individual brilliance dazzling. There isn't a department of backfield play at which they do not excel, and working behind a line which knows its business, they are omnipotent. It is a wondrous football machine which Rockne has created.

Jimmy Crowley did more
than his stuff in the
Wobash game.



Notre Dame	-	13
Army	-	7

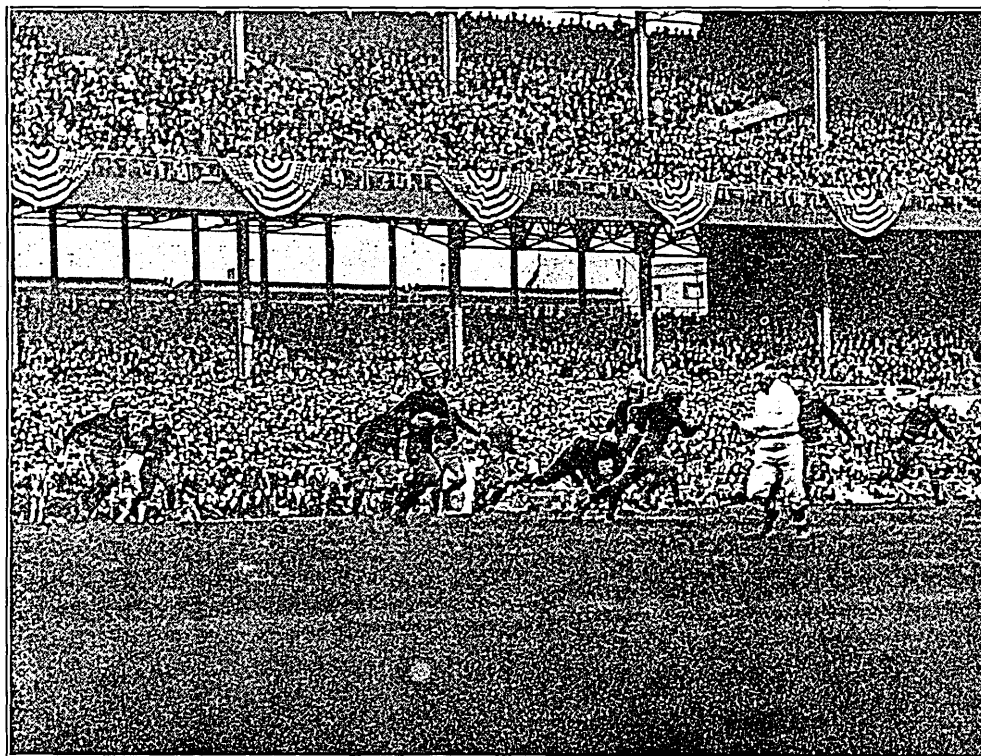
Again the "Fighting Irish" swept out of the West to meet their traditional foe of the Plains. But this time the scene of the battle was set not on the majestic "Storm King" but down at "Coogan's Bluff," before sixty thousand frenzied rooters.

The first quarter consisted mostly of an even punting duel between Wood of the Army and Elmer Layden who had replaced Cerney at full-back. In the second quarter the sixty thousand spectators were brought to their feet by the consistent attack of the Rockmen. Getting possession of the ball on their fifteen yard line, Stuhldreher, Crowley, Miller and Layden showed that they warranted all the praise and admiration heaped upon them. Jimmie rounded the end for twenty yards; then Don cut loose with eleven more. Harry shot a pass to Crowley which netted twelve yards. And while Grantland Rice, perched in the press boxes, was having the great idea of the "Four Horsemen", Stuhldreher, Layden, Crowley and Miller did everything a backfield could possibly do, and did it perfectly. Layden went over for the first touchdown and the quarter ended with the score: Notre Dame 6; Army 0.

In the third quarter, Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death, or rather, Stuhldreher, Layden, Crowley and Miller, again fell upon the eleven Army men—and Crowley went over for another touch-down. The period ended: Notre Dame 13; Army 0.

During the fourth quarter, Wilson of the Army got away for a 45 yard run but the Army attack promptly fizzled. Wood punted to Notre Dame's ten yard line. Layden punted out of danger but the Irish were penalized fifteen yards. A clever bit of strategy by the Army enabled Harding, the Cadet quarterback, to cross the Notre Dame goal. The game ended with the score: Notre Dame 13; Army 7.

The 1924 Army team is worthy of the greatest praise. "Fighting and dangerous to the very end," our own heroes said.



RUNNING THE ARMY ENDS

"Notre Dame Eleven Defeats Army"

New York Times.

Moving with speed, power and precision, Knute Rockne's Notre Dame football machine, 1924 model, defeated the Army, 13 to 7, before 60,000 at the Polo Grounds yesterday. The Hoosiers scored a touchdown in the second period and another in the third, and the Army's only rebuttal was a touchdown shortly after the fourth period had begun. But at that late hour the soldiers were tired and battered, and the machine went on to win.

West Point pluck against Notre Dame's machine was a one-sided proposition, and it was a clean-cut victory. An epic might be written about the Army's brave stand and gallant counter-attack in the final quarter; but after all it was Notre Dame which had the speed, the deception, the decisive punch and, to boot, the coaching genius of Knute Rockne.

If an epic could be written about the Army, there was also material for several poems in the swift, dashing play of the men from Indiana. Notre Dame's backfield attack had some of the poetry of motion about it. Launched from well-concealed and deceptive positions, it swept the Army flanks, darted outside and inside the tackles and tore jagged holes in the line. When Miller, Crowley and Stuhldreher took the ball and started around the end, they ran like men inspired.

On a reduced scale the contest was another Army-Navy game. Next to the crowd that attended last year's service classic at the Polo Grounds, the throng was the biggest in New York football history. Nearly every seat was filled.

It was also one of the most notable of gridiron gatherings. In addition to Secretary of War Weeks, Major Gen. Robert Lee Bullard and other distinguished army officers, Dr. Hugo Eckener, commander of the ZR-3, watched what was probably his first American football game. In the company of Secretary Weeks, the commander of the history-making Zeppelin walked twice around the field in the third and fourth period.

There were hearty cheers for Secretary Weeks and thousands stood and craned their necks, but few recognized the medium-built man in a quiet suit of dark blue, his blond head bared, who walked with the Secretary.

If Dr. Eckener came to see Notre Dame win through the air, he was disappointed. So were 60,000 others, for Coach Rockne kept his fav-

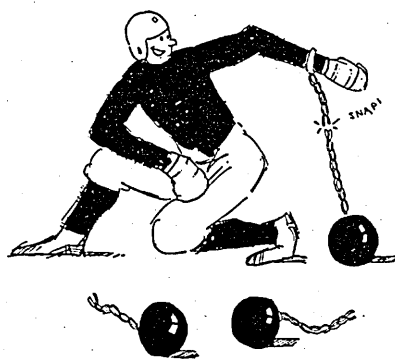
orite weapon sheathed in the scabbard. Not more than a half dozen times during the game did he strike with his forward pass attack. Instead, he met the soldiers on their own ground—the level terra firma. With a relentless drive he attacked the wings, the tackles and the center of the Army's line. The cadets, prepared for a stiff aerial bombardment, were unprepared for this offensive, and it was not until the fourth period that they learned the trick of stopping the twisting, elusive, smashing attack put on by one of the best backfields in the country. For three periods Miller, Crowley,

Layden and Stuhldreher ripped and tore and swooped, and when the cadets finally checked the grinding machine it was too late.

* * * *

It was a game designed to please the fancy of every sort of football follower. For the students of the gridiron there was a rare display of football deception and speed in Notre Dame's well-balanced attack; for the casual follower there was an eye-filling sight in the fleet dashes of Crowley and Miller and Harry Wilson around the far-flung flanks. And for the lover of spectacles there was a touch of life and color in the vastness of the crowd, in the picture of the flag-draped horseshoe and in the Cadet Corps maneuvers before the game.

Capt. Adam Walsh couldn't have been kept down in the Army game even if he had been chained.



HAIL TO ROCKNE

A rousing reception is scheduled for Coach K. K. Rockne and his conquerors of the Army mule when the victory-flushed Irish footballers climb off the rattler at the New York Central station Sunday afternoon at 5:22 o'clock.

The entire Notre Dame student body, headed by the university band, will be on hand to extend the glad hand to the returning heroes and to parade them through the center of town. Cheer Leader Eddie Luther, who accompanied the team to New York and who led the Notre Dame cheering section at the Polo grounds yesterday, will direct the parade and lead the student body in cheers for the victorious Gold and Blue.

Notre Dame alumni in New York city will fete the triumphant Irish laddybucks to-night, but it is expected that Rockne and his preteges will depart from Gotham early Sunday morning. The exact time of their arrival has not been ascertained.

Notre Dame	-	12
Princeton	-	0

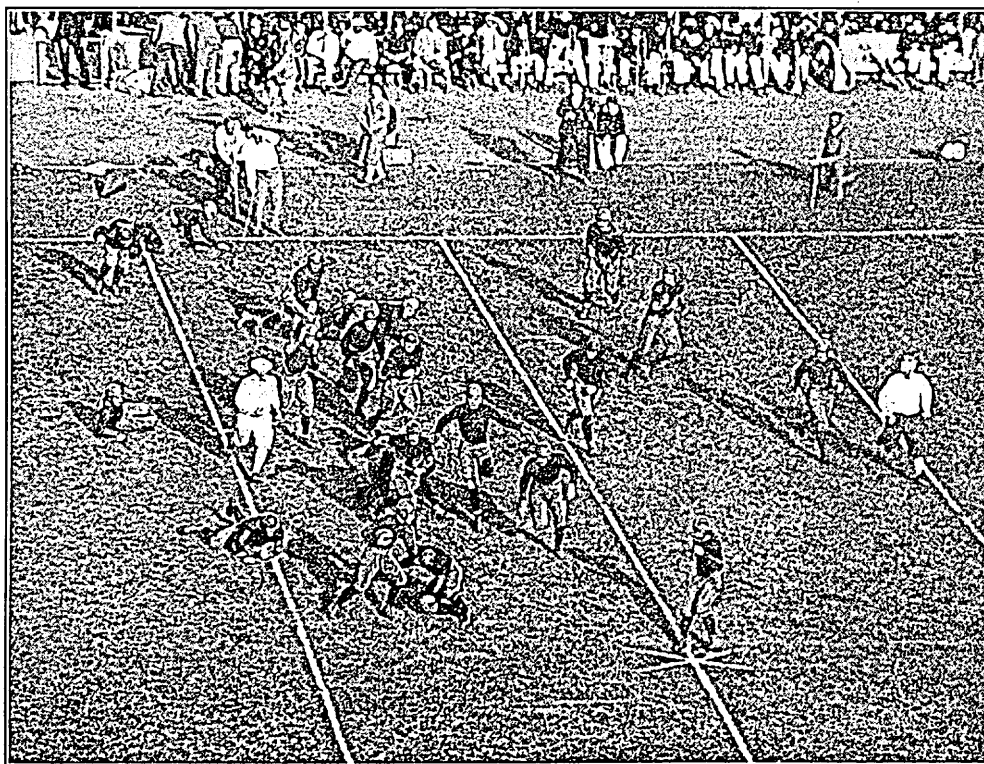
To twist the Tiger's tail is a coveted privilege among the major football teams of the country, especially outside of the New England states. The 12-0 score did not represent the respective margin of ability. Crowley was the star of the game, running wild for two touchdowns and gaining 250 yards during the afternoon. It was a great game. Notre Dame seemed to be able to gain at will and for a second time the Fighting Irish trimmed Princeton. The Tiger was never once within 30 yards of the Blue and Gold goal line.

The Princeton victory gave Notre Dame the second "double win" in the East; the publicity from it is still running the gamut among Eastern sports writers. The Tiger always furnishes strong, colorful opposition.

October 25 was a great day for the Irish. They were truly "Rockets"; they sailed through the air for passes, sped with showers of sparks along the Princeton turf, leaving behind them a trail of brilliant fire and smoke. The Four Horsemen again won the name given to them by Grantland Rice the Saturday previous.

There were many stars in the Princeton game who did not gallop but did everything else. Weibel and Kizer demonstrated that it was not all backfield that did the work. And the slashing work of Bach and Rip Miller did not go unnoticed. It was chiefly due to their efficient line-work that Crowley was able to slip through the slits in the rampart for the large gains.

A crowd of 45,000 crowded Palmer stadium at Princeton to see the "comet" flash. The Irish crashed for twenty-three first downs to four for the Tiger's.



CROWLEY MAKES TWENTY-FIVE YARDS AROUND PRINCETON'S END

"Great Nassau Tiger Snared"

By DAVIS J. WALSH, *New York Times*.

PRINCETON, N. J., Oct. 25.—The pen, they say, is mightier than the sword and this afternoon Notre Dame proved that the rapier has it all over the blunderbus when it defeated Princeton for the second time in as many years. The score was only 12 to 0, but it did not represent the respective abilities of these two football teams any more than arsenic represents a toothsome dish.

Princeton, in the first place, had no Crowley. He was to Notre Dame what the point is to the rapier and his lightning thrusts off tackle simply knifed the Princeton defense into smithers.

Crowley made the two official touchdowns, and added another which became strictly unofficial, not to say out of order, when a Notre Dame man was detected holding. In all, Crowley probably gained 250 yards as a personal contribution to the cause. Many a Tiger claw was laid upon him as he shifted outside tackle for runs ranging from five to 35 yards but a Tiger claw may scratch but it never was known for its ability to retain its hold on a two legged, sprinting eel that seemed to be afflicted with the buck jumps.

Certainly no single claw was able to stop Crowley today for any appreciable part of a tenth of a second.

He was at once the power, the speed, the grace and the agility of the entire Notre Dame attack. Layden kicked in with many a short gain through the line, occasionally Don Miller broke loose around the end and every so often Stuhldreher wafted a forward pass into the arms of a Notre Dame receiver, but on the whole it was Crowley and no other who beat Princeton today.

It was he who sent even the Princeton section of the 40,000 crowd wending its dazed way back into town, muttering and shaking its befuddled head, but ready to grant that it had witnessed a master performance by a master workman. As for their own team, little could be said beyond the fact that it went down fighting. But a blunderbus is hardly to be classed as a modern weapon. Princeton was anything but modern today. It had no real running attack or else it was that Notre Dame's defense was too good. In any case it is a matter of record that Princeton never once advanced within the 30-yard line while Notre Dame car-

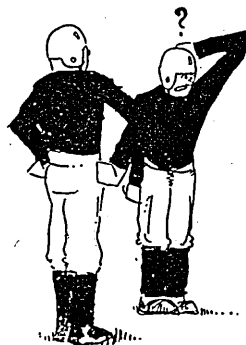
ried the ball almost the length of the field on no less than four occasions.

Two of them resulted in touchdowns, a third was ruled out by a penalty and Crowley's fumble on the nine-yard line prevented a fourth.

It was a very natty exhibition for a team that was outweighed about 20 pounds to the individual man, that going for the defense as well as the attack.

Incidentally, the defense was tested even though Princeton didn't threaten but merely threatened to threaten.

Collins and Hunsinger try to
dope out how Princeton made
three yards around the ends.



(Special Dispatch to The World)

PRINCETON, Oct. 25—

Wow, wow, wow, wow!

Better move along
When you hear the Tiger
sing

His jungle song.

The words above, booming from the Princeton stands at Palmer Stadium today, reached the ears of Knute Rockne's skyrocket backs, Crowley, Miller and Layden.

"Great stuff," said they, individually and collectively, "let's go," and move along they did, twisting turning, breaking out of the grasps of Princeton tacklers time and again, to beat the Tigers 12 to 0 and shatter the Tigers' dream of revenge for last year's 25 to 2 defeat.

Princeton was lucky that the score was not twice as much.

This was no sluggish, poorly equipped Navy team that the jungle cats were up against, but a first class, splendidly drilled and conditioned aggregation with a consistent running attack built on speed and deception carried out by a quartet of chain-lightning backs who would not be stopped.

Princeton had no chance to pull any psychological stuff, for Notre Dame refused to err and the Tigers lacked the continuity of offense to put her in a position to strike with the passing game which went so well against the Navy.

Three first downs by rushing was all she could earn today while her opponents were piling up 14.

Rockne started a complete substitute line-up to save his battered regulars as much as possible. The subs held Princeton even for a period, and then came the regulars. The pressure was applied at once.

Notre Dame - 34
Georgia Tech - 3

The "Golden Tornado" of Georgia Tech bowed to Notre Dame before one of the largest and most colorful Homecoming crowds ever to witness a struggle on Cartier Field. The "Wonder Team", fresh from its Eastern triumphs, ran wild over the Georgia Tech team for a 34-3 win.

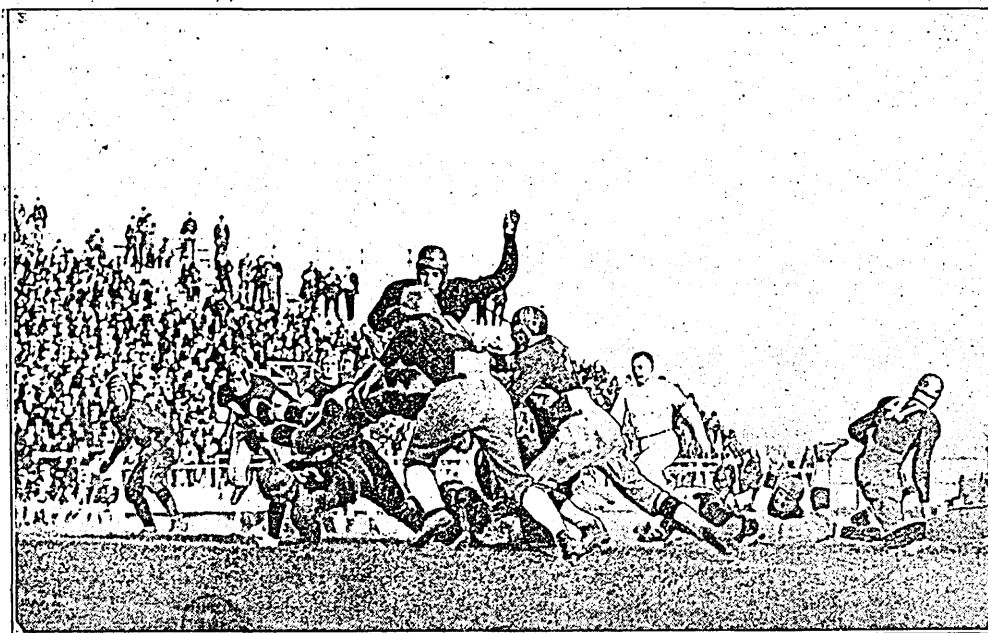
The mighty Wycoff and his mates fought as do always these valiants from the south, but when the great backfield swung into action, even without the generalship of Harry Stuldreher who was injured in the Princeton game, the Yellow Jackets were buried in an avalanche of scores. Crowley, Miller and Layden, collectively, played one of the best games of the season. First one, then the other and steadily, brilliantly, the ball was advanced down the field to the Tech goal.

Georgia Tech struggled desperately that afternoon to dim Rockne's hopes, and never once gave up their hopeless task. Even in the final seconds of play Wycoff made a beautiful effort only to have a hurtling blue form end it as quickly as it had begun. A conquering Notre Dame team was playing before a Homecoming crowd, a crowd typifying the magnificent spirit which was carrying the team onward to an undefeated season.

It was another sectional triumph for the Rockmen; another victory, which made possible for the sport scribes the later choice of National Champions.

In this victory, the line performed brilliantly, the work of Rip Miller, Weibel and Walsh being especially good. The "shock troops," which carried a great part of the burden of the game, played well, with Roach, Eaton and Livergood meriting especial praise.

Notre Dame plays no better sportsmen than the men from Georgia Tech, and looks forward to welcoming to Cartier Field many times in the future, the "Southern Gentlemen."



Three Georgia Tech Men Stop Don Miller. Note the Flying Tackle.

"Notre Dame is 34-3 Victor Over Golden Tornado"

Chicago Sunday Tribune.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Nov. 1.—Sensational runs by Douglas Wycoff of Georgia Tech, full back, and Notre Dame's squad of back field stars featured Notre Dame's 34 to 3 victory over the southerners in the annual homecoming game here today. Approximately 17,000 persons saw the Irish machine in its first home appearance since its triumphant conquest in the east.

Georgia Tech took advantage of the Notre Dame seconds early in the first period, and Wycoff promptly ran through the bewildered Rockmen for 40 yards, placing the ball on Notre Dame's 35 yard line. A series of line bucks netted a few yards, and on the crucial third down Williams place-kicked 42 yards for his team's 3 points.

Tech threatened again in the closing minutes of the game when Barron fumbled Reese's punt in midfield and Wycoff recovered, running to Notre Dame's 1 yard line before being overtaken by Coughlin, a substitute halfback. Time was called before Tech could line up for the next play. Notre Dame had trouble getting started against the dogged defense of the southerners in the first quarter. Wycoff led the Tech offense in a spirited attack and pushed the seconds back down the field time and time again.

At the start of the second period Rockne sent his first string into the game, pressing the injured Adam Walsh into service in an attempt to stop the rushes of Wycoff and his teammates.

The varsity offense directed by Edwards soon got under way and started one of its famous marches down the gridiron. Don Miller, made 35 yards around left end; Crowley hit right tackle for 16, and Cerney made 7 through the center. Tech braced when Notre Dame had pushed it into the shadow of its own goal posts and with fourth down on Tech's 11 yard line, Crowley passed to Don Miller behind the goal line for Notre Dame's first score.

A similar play in the fourth quarter with Scharer passing to Roach was good for a similar gain and a touchdown. Roach made one of Notre Dame's touchdowns in the second quarter on a line buck from the 3-yard line after he had circled the visitors' left end for 45 yards.

Tech played a hard game of football showing a grim determination in the pinches. Sev-

eral times during the third and fourth periods Notre Dame marched down within striking distance of Tech's goal only to have the Southerners brace and hold for downs. Wycoff led his team in every play, being the kingpin on both offense and defense.

Notre Dame played the entire game without the services of Stuhldreher, quarterback extraordinary, who was injured at Princeton last week. Edwards and Scharer, both playing their first season of varsity football, gave plausible accounts of themselves in the absence of Stuhldreher.

Edwards played the greatest part of the game with the varsity outfit, while Scharer guided the seconds in their campaign.

It was a great day for substitutes. Roach and Connell, two half backs with a reputation for speed, cut out a number of nice gains, affording a series of spectacular runs to the afternoon's entertainment. Connell played the great part of the game and was one of the most consistent ground gainers used by Rockne.

Tech appeared weak in the right side of their line all during the third and fourth periods, Livergood assaulting this sector with amazing results throughout the half. Livergood was the one man who gained on every play against the Southerner's defense. His runs of 10 and 20 yards

figured prominently in the scoring of the last two touchdowns.

Ford C. Frick Says:

Sing a song of Notre Dame,
Shout their praises wide,
Tell of Crowley's sturdy might,
Sing of Layden's stride.
Spread the news of Miller's speed,
Speak of Walsh's game,
Fighters of the bulldog breed—
Here's to Notre Dame!

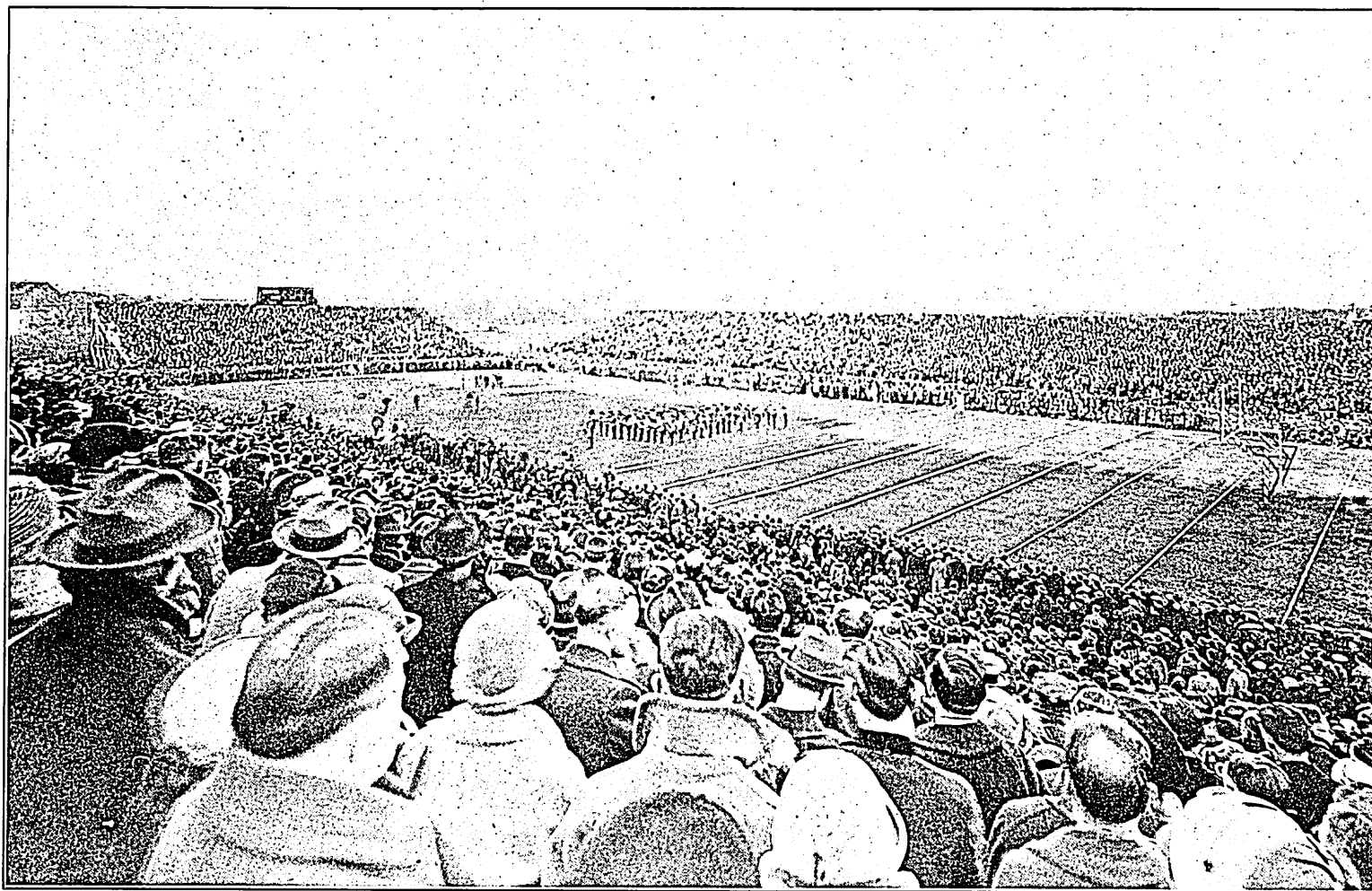
But—

When you've finished all that, ladies and gentlemen; when you have lauded the prowess of Layden and Crowley and Miller; when you've told of the wizardry of Rockne and sung the laudations of a line that wouldn't be turned.

When you've done all that, then it's time to rise to your feet, every durn one of you, and doff your hats and spend one silent moment in tribute to the greatest of them all!

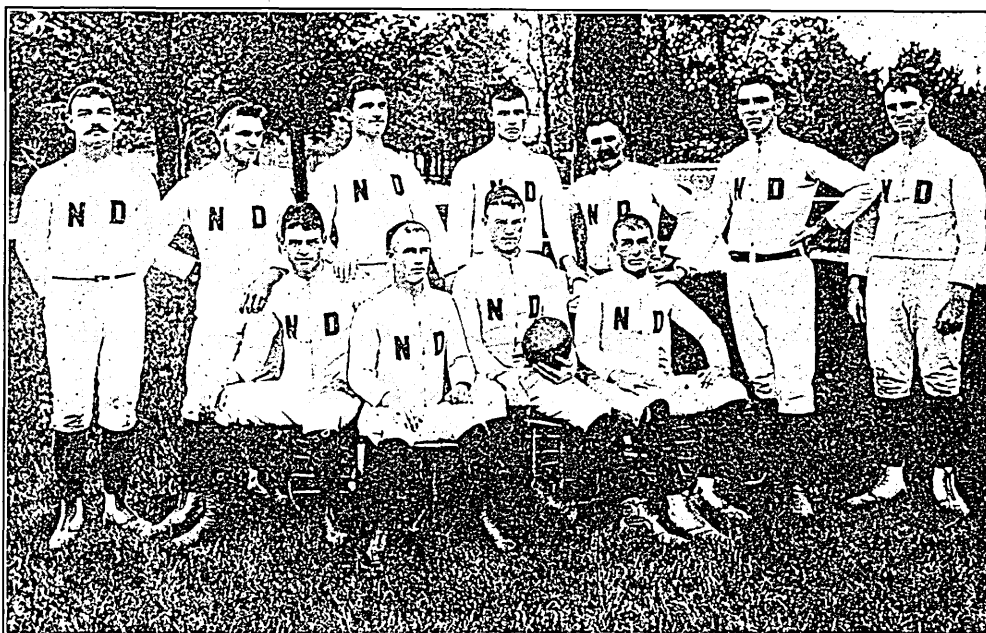
That's little, tow-headed Harry Stuhldreher!





THE LARGEST CROWD EVER PACKED INTO CARTIER FIELD, STANDING WHILE THE NOTRE DAME BAND PLAYS THE VICTORY MARCH BETWEEN THE HALVES AT THE NEBRASKA GAME.

Notre Dame's First Football Team In 1887



Left to right, bottom row—Harry M. Jewett, right halfback; J. E. Cusack, quarterback; Henry B. Luhn, left halfback; Ed Prudhomme, fullback; Second row—J. L. Hepburn, right end; George Houck, right tackle; E. A. Sawkins, right guard; Frank Fehr, center; Pat Nelson, left tackle; Gene Melady, left guard; Frank Springer, left end.

In 1924



Left to right: Joseph Hepburn, of Detroit; Frank Hagenbarth, of Salt Lake City; Dr. Henry B. Luhn, Spokane, Wash.; Col. Wm. Luhn, Omaha, Nebr.; Edward Prudhomme, Bermuda, La.; George Houck, Portland, Oregon; Patrick Nelson, Dubuque, Iowa; Wm. P. McPhee, Denver; Frank Fehr, Louisville; Eugene Melady, Jr., and Eugene Melady, Sr., Omaha. The other members of the team were unable to attend the celebration.

Notre Dame - 38
Wisconsin - 3

Camp Randall Stadium presented a colorful spectacle that day of November 8, when forty-thousand persons gathered to see Rockne's men make their 1924 debut against a Big Ten team. This game was the attraction for Notre Dame's annual student trip so that Wisconsin's famous Cardinal cheering section was well matched by the large Gold and Blue array in the opposite stands. The crack bands of Notre Dame and Wisconsin marched onto the field and combined in alternate renditions of "On Wisconsin" and the "Victory March". Then the teams trotted out, and the demonstration that followed will not soon be forgotten by anyone who was at Camp Randall that day.

As usual, Rockne started his "shock troops", and by the end of the first quarter the score stood Wisconsin 3, Notre Dame 3, the result of the drop-kicking accuracy of Harmon of Wisconsin and O'Boyle of Notre Dame. Then came the call, and the entire first team burst onto the field while the Notre Dame stands went into an uproar. Then the fun began.

Crowley, Miller, Layden, and Stuhldreher were whirlwinds that day, and the line, from end to end, was adamant. Wisconsin fought gamely, but in vain. Lightning thrusts off tackle and sudden swerves around the ends rarely failed to gain yardage, and when the Gold and Blue first team left the field Notre Dame led 31-3. The last quarter found the "shock troops" again in action and the attack was waged as furiously as before, culminating this time in a touchdown by Roach. Notre Dame was invincible in the Wisconsin game. All the men seemed to have a good day; the team-play was perfect. The Notre Dame student body holds pleasant memories of Wisconsin University as a result of the student trip to Madison.



Livergood With Fine Interference Made Forty Yards Through Tackle in the Wisconsin Game.

"Rockne Cavalry Rides Rough Shod Over Wisconsin"

By JAMES CRUSINBERRY, *Chicago Sunday Tribune.*

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 8.—(Special.)—Knut Rockne's great Notre Dame football team swamped Wisconsin this afternoon at Camp Randall, 38 to 3. Had the South Bend coach kept his cavalry backs in the game all the time he might have doubled the count. He had them in long enough to roll up 28 points in about two quarters of the time. The rest of the battle was carried on by his infantry, the second, third, and perhaps the fourth and fifth string men being on the battle front about half time and scoring 10 points against the Badgers.

Wisconsin's only score came at the close of the first period when the Badgers played their best and crowded the Rockne kids down almost against their own goal line. They had a first down inside of the Notre Dame 20 yard line and then Leo Harmon of the Badgers tore through for 7 yards.

Right then and there Gen. Rockne called out his cavalry. He halted the play while eleven regulars, on the bench, yanked off coats and sweaters and pulled on headgear and ran out upon the field to take the place of the young infantry. Loud cheers came from the Notre Dame rooters as the horsemen galloped upon the battlefield. The kids had scored a field goal and were leading, 3 to 0, but had been driven back into their own territory.

It is the credit of Wisconsin what happened then.

A lanky back named McGivern was handed the ball and told to charge into those cavalrymen. He did and made it first down on the 11 yard line. The cavalry seemed about to be driven back.

Again the Badgers charged. Three times they tore into those horsemen but in the three attacks they made only 7 yards. Then Doyle Harmon dropped back to his 14 yard line and booted the ball over the bar for 3 points that tied the score.

It was the big moment of the day for the Wisconsin rooters. They had tied the count against Rockne's great team and they made the most of it. Tremendous cheers rolled across the field from the west stand where the Cardinal rooters were massed. But over in the east stand Notre Dame's cheering throng wasn't worried. Their cavalry was in the fight. They were confident of success. And it was only a few minutes before they were rewarded.

The quarter ended a tie, 3 to 3, but in the second period those terrible South Bend horse-

men started to ride—they were rough riders, every one of them. They simply galloped over the foe.

Wisconsin's men were left helpless upon the battlefield as Don Miller, Crowley, Layden, and Stuhldreher galloped.

In the second period they galloped over the Cardinal uniforms for two touchdowns. They had the count, 17 to 3 in their favor when the half ended.

When the third period opened, all the cavalry was back for more galloping. They wanted to ride down the field some more before turning the game over again to the infantry.

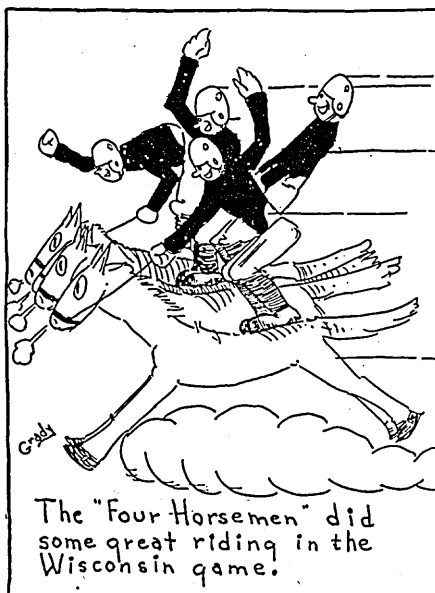
The period had barely begun when Crowley rode down the field for a 60 yard gain, planting the ball on Wisconsin's 25 yard line; Don Miller, Layden, and Crowley then rode over the goal line in a series of most damaging attacks, and the South Bend boys had the count 24 to 3 in their favor.

Still not satisfied, the horsemen took their places for some more riding and in about ten minutes, another touchdown had been counted, Crowley going over for a score on a short run around the Badger left end. Crowley had added a point after every touchdown by carefully kicking goal and the score stood 31 to 3.

Then Gen. Rockne arose from his bench and called off his cavalrymen. Their work was done. They went to their barracks. The battle was won and there was no doubt the infantry could hold the fort. Never did one see so many young football men rushed into battle. No one in the press stand could call them by name. It is doubtful if Mr. Rockne himself knows more than half of them. The program didn't have as many on the list as Mr. Rockne had in uniform. He sent one squad in after another. Seemed as if there couldn't be that many students in the whole South Bend school.

These youngsters, however went out on the field and fought like tigers. They all hope to be horsemen some day like Don Miller, Crowley, Layden, and Stuhldreher. They wanted to show what they could do.

When the game ended, Notre Dame students, led by their band, did a snake dance on the field and tossed their hats over the cross bars at each end of the field. It looked as if there were a few well known Chicago men of celtic origin out there romping with the students.



The "Four Horsemen" did some great riding in the Wisconsin game.

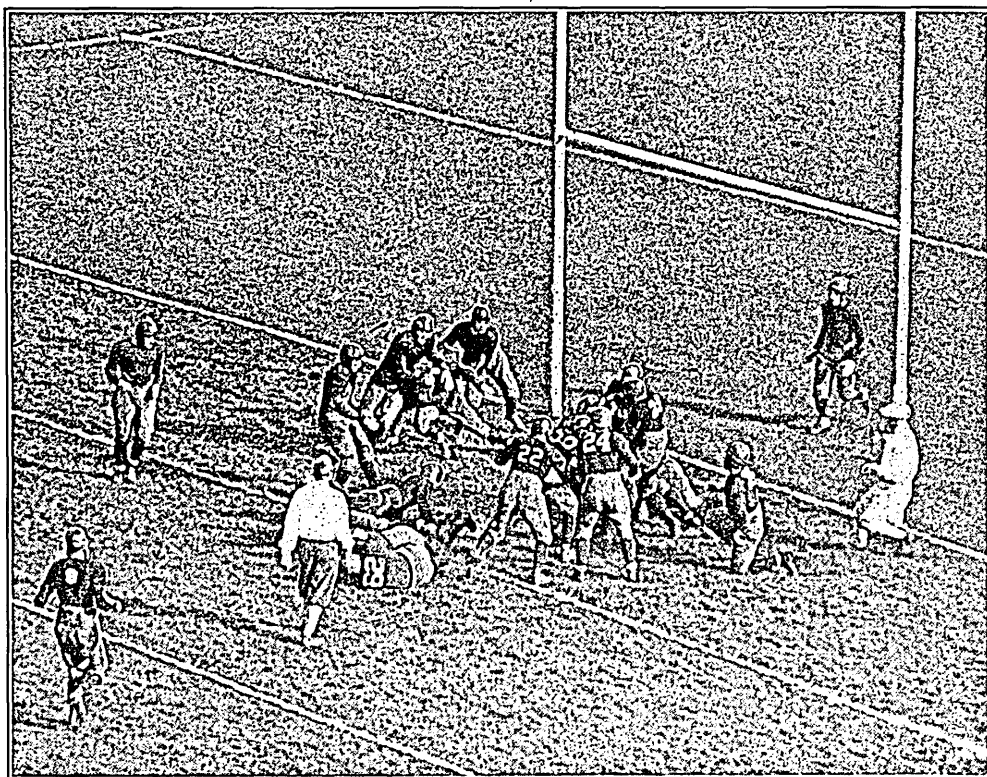
Notre Dame	-	34
Nebraska	-	6

A packed and colorful crowd, which combined all of the enthusiasm of hope and confidence, provided a noble stage for the Irish victory against Nebraska. Notre Dame had vengeance and a pleasant day, tilting the Nebraskans off Cartier field, 34-6. There may be games with more sensational playing, with more artistic football handling, but none, past or future, will ever appeal to the heart of Notre Dame men as this game which witnessed Rockne erasing the memory of two years defeat, by trouncing the huge Cornhusker squad soundly, without apology, before a crowd of 26,000 persons, the largest crowd of fans ever gathered in the Cartier Field stands.

Tickets for the Nebraska game went like wildfire and weeks before November 15 there was not a reserve card to be had except at the hands of scalpers. Even general admissions for standing room were snapped up like diamonds. They stood, they sat on fences, they sat on the sidelines, they hung on the stands, but they saw Rockne's "Wonder Team" douse the light of the Nebraska crew.

In the first period when Nebraska punched through for a touchdown on a fumble there was a big lump in the throats of Notre Dame fans—but not for long. Just as soon as the first string men swung into action it was all over with Nebraska. Looking back, it seems like a pleasant dream, the way Miller and Crowley swiped the ends, ran the tackles, and piled over the white chalk lines. Layden, though battered severely, kept hammering the center of the line; Walsh and Bach were out for clean revenge. "Chuck" Collins did not give the Nebraska halfbacks a ghost of a chance.

The Nebraska game will ever live in the minds of those who saw it, as one of the greatest exhibitions of football ever given by any team in any football age. The Nebraska tie was broken, the jinx thrown off. For Notre Dame men, it was glorious.



THE FIRST TOUCH-DOWN OF THE PRINCETON GAME

"Notre Dame Soars Over Corn-Fed Nebraska"

By KENNETH S. CONN, *South Bend Tribune*

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Nov. 15.—Notre Dame can again raise her head in rightful pride. Nebraska is sadly outclassed, so badly beaten that the score of 34 to 6 fails to show the vast superiority the Rockmen displayed yesterday afternoon at Cartier Field.

The airplane is more effective than the battleship. The crow can cover more territory than the tortoise. The speeding shell from a howitzer can reach its objective quicker than a tank. And Notre Dame is a better team than Nebraska. So much and more was proved yesterday before the largest throng of alumni and football followers that ever witnessed a classic on the local gridiron. The 26,000 spectators saw the football capital of the universe permanently located in South Bend for this season. They also saw Rockmen crowned national collegiate champions. Rockne's proteges won the undeniable right to wear the purple toga and to wave the football sceptre with undisputed authority.

But what is best of all the Rockmen avenged the defeats of 1922 and 1923. The victory over the Cornhuskers was the healing salve that will completely efface the scars of those two encounters. It was not in the books for Nebraska to keep the Crown Prince from ascending the throne three years in succession. Yesterday was coronation day at Notre Dame.

The score does not show the vast difference between the Rockmen and Cornhuskers. The Rockmen completely outclassed their opponents in every department of the game. Twenty-three first downs for Notre Dame as compared to two first downs for Nebraska gave the fans some idea of the complete swamping the western players received.

It was an old game. Not a single star loomed forth from the western sky unless Bloodgood can be ranked among the celebrities for his scooping up of Layden's fumble that finally resulted in Nebraska's lone score and his spearing a forward pass in the last quarter which resulted in one of his team's first downs. Then there was Ed Weir, Nebraska captain, who played a whale of a game at left tackle and was practically his whole team's defense on line plays.

For Notre Dame it is a different story, a vastly superior tale. In Notre Dame's backfield there danced Miller, Crowley and Layden, directed by the greatest field wizard that has

ever turned turf at Cartier Field, Harry Stuhldreher. So to single out any one of the leading lights of the game would be a rank injustice to the other three.

First it was Miller circling around the ends for notable gains, then it was Crowley, and then there was Layden splitting the line with the speed and momentum of a cannon ball. Then to top it off there was Stuhldreher to carry the ball or to toss the pigskin with deadly accuracy into the hands of his waiting backs. They were all there, they were all stars and together they make Notre Dame the greatest eleven in football history.

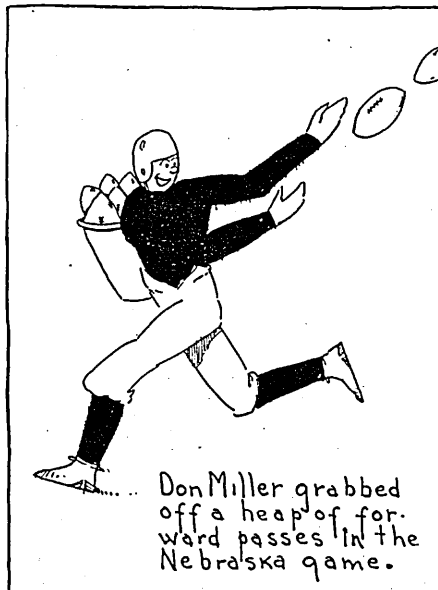
After the backs, who always rank first due to their spectacular playing, comes the Notre Dame line. In the center stood Adam Walsh, captain of the Rockmen, and his section of the forward wall presented a defense that was impregnable. His offensive playing also ranked higher than can be expected of a lineman. The whole line held its own against Nebraska. And the ends, well, they usually stopped the Cornhusker backs for either no gain or loss.

Possibly the most spectacular bit of playing occurred in the final seconds of the third quarter. It was a play that brought the spectators to their feet and sent most of them home hoarse. Layden, after slipping, threw the ball from an almost sitting position

to Crowley who sped 65 yards after receiving the pass for a touchdown. The throw in itself was remarkable and then Crowley's run was a sensation. The two combined gave the privileged 26,000 an insight of the capability of the Rockmen under stress.

Rockne's proteges seem to make it a feature to offer something new in the way of offensive playing in each game. Yesterday's feature was forward passing, and as this phase of the game was originally introduced by Rockne himself back in 1913 when a player for Notre Dame. It reached its highest development yesterday against Nebraska for three of the five touchdowns were due directly to overhead heaves.

The Rockmen tried 10 forward passes, seven of which were successful, Nebraska tried seven aerial tosses, one of which was completed. That just about represents the difference between the two teams in every department.



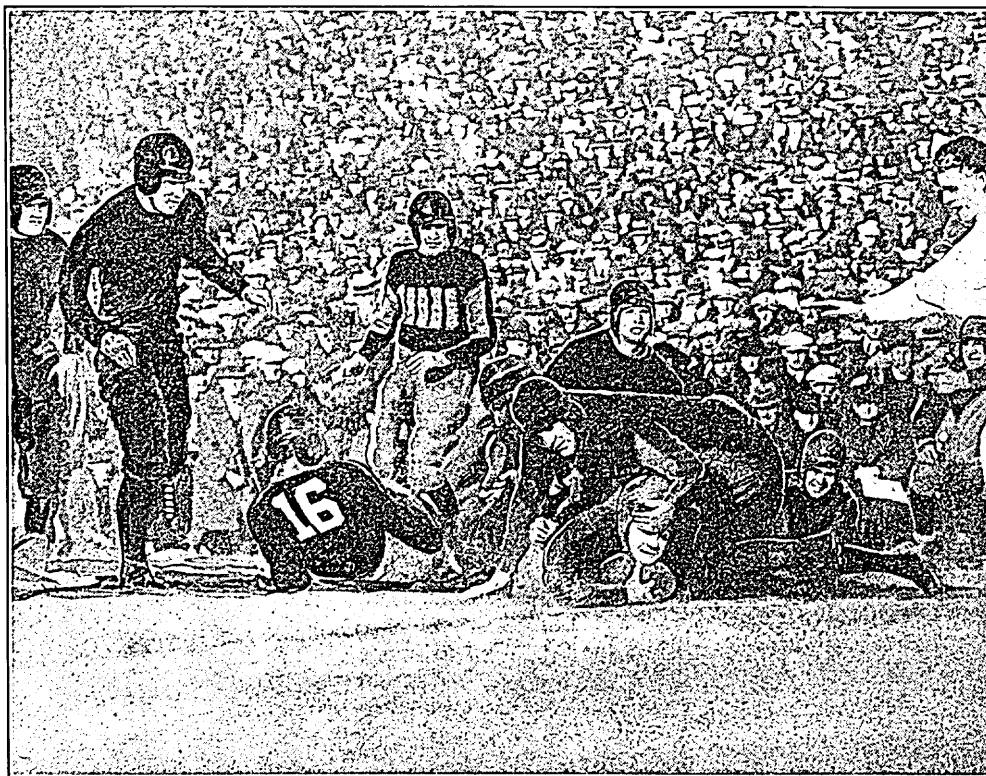
Don Miller grabbed off a heap of forward passes in the Nebraska game.

Notre Dame. - 13
Northwestern - 6

Notre Dame, with but two games remaining on the schedule, journeyed to Chicago for what was considered before the game an easy victory. A sloppy field and a Northwestern halfback named Baker caused the serenely confident Notre Dame team and student body the most interesting Saturday afternoon of the season. Thirty-five thousand people, the largest crowd ever to witness a football game in Chicago, crowded the Grand Park Stadium for the game.

The Northwestern team, playing at the peak of their season's form, gave a wonderful exhibition of football; however the Four Horsemen and the charging wall before them were not to be denied the glories of the undefeated season so nearly within their grasp. Northwestern would have defeated most any team in the country that afternoon but Rockne's wonderful organization could not have been stopped by the Wrigley Building had the Chicagoans the power to throw that little construction in the way of Notre Dame's National Championship. Harry Stuhldreher performed brilliantly; his passes were near-perfect and his handling of the ball was flawless. Harry demonstrated to Chicago the abilities which have made him practically an unanimous All-American choice. The other Horsemen, though slowed up by the soggy field, ran gloriously.

Among other reasons, the Northwestern game will be ever famous for the historic "crack" made by Adam Walsh during the battle. Speaking to the line, composed of Messrs. Weibel, Kizer, Bach, Rip Miller, Hunsinger, and Collins, he said, "Come on you Mules, the Horsemen are waiting."



LAYDEN PLUNGES THROUGH

"Notre Dame is Forced to the Limit"

By JIMMY CORCORAN.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 22.—Notre Dame, the Dempsey of football, almost took the windward side of a royal Purple haymaker on its educated chin yesterday in the Grant Park Stadium. After a merry afternoon of mud slinging, toe to toe socking and bitter pastiming, the Ramblers of Rockne were tickled to scoot off the field on the large end of a 13 to 6 score.

Northwestern flashed more throughout the mill than any one had ever accused them of possessing. And the Irish showed only intermittent touches of the moving game that has made them famous throughout the country. In other words, the Purple nearly battled this famous eleven to a standstill.

Thistlethwaite's athletes regard the result as a victory, and it must be stated that they showed enough for one. The line was mighty, battling the Notre Dame wall on even terms, while Baker and Weinecke, Purple backs, hammered the opposition and turned the ends for repeated gains.

Mr. "Moon" Baker threatened for a time to act as presiding host at an Irish wake. And if he had additional assistance from his mates he might have staged such an event. He was just about the whole show for Northwestern.

"Moon," who has a 99 44-100 per cent wallop, snapped into it bright and early by spinning a drop-kick between the timbers. This occurred early in the first quarter. Notre Dame rooters merely yawned and "ho-hummed." But when "Moon" toed another through the bars shortly after Rockne rushed in the regulars, there was gnashing of teeth and shifting of seats as the cry for "the horsemen" went up.

With the appearance of the regulars the tide turned Notre Dameward, and in the second quarter Stuhldreher shot across for a touchdown. Crowley's boot gave the Irish a point edge. This, it was thought, was only the beginning of another cross-country parade. As events proved, it was the only touchdown that the Ramblers earned during the afternoon.

The "heads up" activity of Elmer Layden brought Notre Dame the second and last touchdown in the fourth quarter. Layden, standing on the Purple 40-yard mark, stepped out to spear a stray Baker pass, and then shook his ten-second hoofs over the goal line.

The horsemen made one mistake. They forgot to bring their boots from South Bend. In

the heavy going, which was not suited to the Irish style of game, the riders were lost. There were stretches of their noted dashing drives, but the finishing touch was usually missing. Rockne, who is a sportsman as well as a great coach, refused to attribute the sluggishness of Notre Dame to weather conditions.

"Northwestern was great," King Knute said after the scuffle. No alibis. And the game exhibited by Northwestern surely doesn't deserve the aftermath of "reasons why."

The elevens skidded out on the field before one of the most colorful crowds Chicago has

ever seen at a sporting event. It was a happy lay-out of 30,000, despite the fact that the boys and girls around the colonnade needed spyglasses to follow the plays. When dusk dropped in toward closing time the ball was hardly discernible.

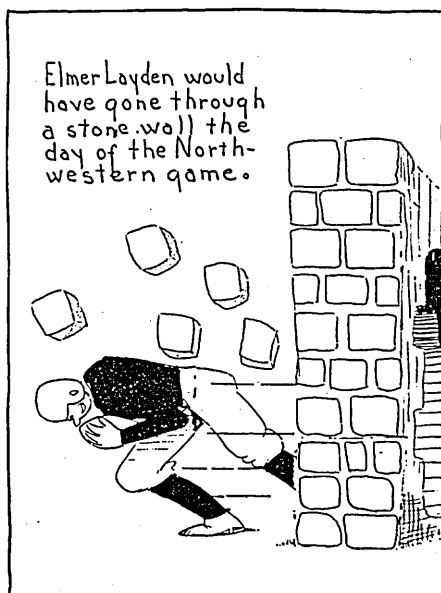
Northwestern lost little time in impressing the Irish that it was set for battle. The Rockne cubs were unable to puncture the Purple line nor were they able to halt the Thistlethwaite charges. Baker touched off the first bomb with his slanting drop kick from the 35-yard line. A few minutes later his splendid effort from the 38-yard line, near the sideline added to the Purple determination. From then on Northwestern went at it like a champion.

The Rockne regulars, after testing the turf, turned to the air game, and it was a long toss, Stuhldreher to Crowley, that aided in the first touchdown. This perfect execution placed the ball on the Purple 9-yard line. From here the horsemen snorted to the 2-yard line and Harry Stuhldreher sifted through for a touchdown.

Northwestern broke loose in a manner that was unfair to organized labor in the second half, and before the turnout realized what it was all about, the Purple was moving down the field for big yardage. This charge died when Baker missed a drop kick.

Notre Dame now snarling and desperate, set out to do business. End runs by Crowley and Miller, an occasional sock by Layden and a forward pass Stuhly to Miller, brought the ball to the Purple 25-yard mark but the Rocknes were left on the limb.

Notre Dame started on another stretch of activity when a forward pass, took the ball to the Purple 5-yard line. Here the famous backs of Rockne turned loose all they had in a mighty effort, but the Northwestern line held.



Notre Dame - 40
Carnegie Tech. - 19

The season of 1924 will go down in the annals of football as one of upsets and surprising consequences. Until the Tech victory, Notre Dame was undefeated but the football world feared for the outcome of Notre Dame's final game. However, the four Horsemen treated the 35,000 fans to such an exhibition of dazzling football that there remained no doubt as to which was the nation's greatest football team.

Rockne, following the custom of preceding games, sent in his shock team consisting of Crowe and Eaton, ends; McMullen and McManmon tackles; Glueckert and Hanousek, guards; Maxwell at center; the backfield included Edward's, O'Boyle, Connell and Livergood. But the Rockmen were confronted with a team of tearing, smearing, fighting Tartans who refused to be subdued until Kristoff blocked a punt and raced thirty-five yards for a touchdown. At this point, Rock stood up and signalled to Walsh to lead his team on the field. Once the regulars got warmed up there was no doubt as to the outcome, though the battlers of Carnegie Tech were by no means easily tamed.

Layden was unable to play because of an injury but Livergood and Cerney, alternating at fullback, played a game which will be long remembered. Don Miller went over for the first touch-down on a pass from his room-mate Stuhldreher; Cerney, who had replaced Livergood, was the next to counter, and the half ended with the score tied at 13-13.

In the second half the Tartan defense weakened and Livergood went over for two touch-downs; Crowley and Stuhldreher added each another one to make the score tally unanimous in the backfield. Bede for Carnegie Tech, added a third touch-down against the Notre Dame "shock troops," who had relieved the regulars.

In the Tech game, Notre Dame successfully completed twelve consecutive passes, a new world's record.



AT CARNEGIE TECH. (1923).

"Notre Dame Gallops Over Carnegie Tech"

By WARREN W. BROWN, *Chicago Herald and Examiner*

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 29.—Three of the FOUR Horsemen of Notre Dame, Crowley, Stuhldreher and Miller, and a person named Livergood, who is not a Horseman, is considerably more than an exercise boy, cut loose in such mad fashion in the second half of today's tussle with Carnegie Tech, passing, and running and banging the line, that they turned a 13-13 tie, in which the first half ended, into a 40 to 19 final score, which is at once the largest score that has been run up against the Rockne Ramblers this season, and the equal of the count Notre Dame amassed against Lombard in the first game of the year.

There was glory enough for Carnegie Tech's light, fast, alert players. One touchdown against the powerful team of Rockne was all they hoped for. Three gave them almost as many thrills as a victory. And of these three one was scored against THE Notre Dame team, and not against the "shock troops," Beede, Tech fullback, going across the line unchallenged, after a fake pass, while all of King Rockne's Horsemen were chasing an unidentified, red-shirted Tech man over in another corner of the park.

This play was so good that Tech yanked it out of the bag again late in the fourth period, after Rockne had recalled his regulars and "shock troops," and had a collection of third string players on the field. It scored again, Beede carrying the ball, while the young men of Notre Dame were running ragged a Tech man who was carrying everything but the football.

Tech's other score, and their first, came in the first period, when Kristoff blocked Edwards' punt, recovered it at midfield, and galloped over the snow-covered field for a touchdown. Santa Claus himself is the only snow traveler who could have brought more joy to the Tech rooters than this 50-yard scrambling Kristoff.

This touchdown saw the end of the "shock troops" for most of the afternoon, and it didn't take Notre Dame long to get themselves a couple of touchdowns after the Horsemen galloped on the field. Tech did manage to hold them until the second quarter, but in this, the deadly accuracy of the pass, as exemplified by Harry Stuhldreher, eventually stamped Tech enough to permit Don Miller to get loose for a forty-yard canter for a score. Crowley kicked the goal, and the six-point margin Tech held through Kristoff's effort was gone.

Tech kicked off to the Notre Dame 28-yard line and then, pass, pass, pass the boys were marching. Stuhldreher to Crowley, Stuhldreher to Miller, line smashes by Cerney, off-tackle slants by Crowley and one final flop of Cerney's that netted three yards and a touchdown. Notre Dame 13; Tech, 6; hooray.

Just when the Ramblers were about ready to don their snowshoes and start on another cross-country jaunt this Cerney person, who seems to specialize in fumbles, put on his act on his own 28-yard line and Harmon of Tech recovered. It was at this point that Tech pulled their phony pass play and scored the counter that tied things up again. They were still tied when the half ended.

It might as well be set forth here and now that in this first period the breaks helped Tech. That blocked kick of Edwards and the fumble of Cerney were both turned into scores. The Ramblers outrushed Tech in the first half, and overwhelmingly outpassed them, the Tech team trying but one pass, the only one, by the way, they tried all afternoon. It was incomplete. Notre Dame registered eleven first downs to three and completed six out of nine passes in the first half.

When the hostilities were resumed Cerney was missing from the picture and Livergood was on the job. His line smashing and Stuhldreher's passing netted a touchdown in a hurry

and Crowley kicked the goal. Notre Dame took the ball on the next kickoff and paraded down the field, giving a demonstration of the manly art of forward passing and line bucking, with little or no resistance being offered their efforts. A final pass across the goal line, Stuhldreher to Crowley, gave the touchdown. "Sleepy" booted the goal, too.

This was all that happened in the third period. Please note that Notre Dame had the ball all the time. They still had it when the final period began, and kept it until they scored a couple more touchdowns. Livergood and Stuhldreher getting them, the final as a result of a quarterback sneak for a bout a yard. "Rockne Second" probably dropped that one in just because it was about the only thing he hadn't pulled in the course of the afternoon.

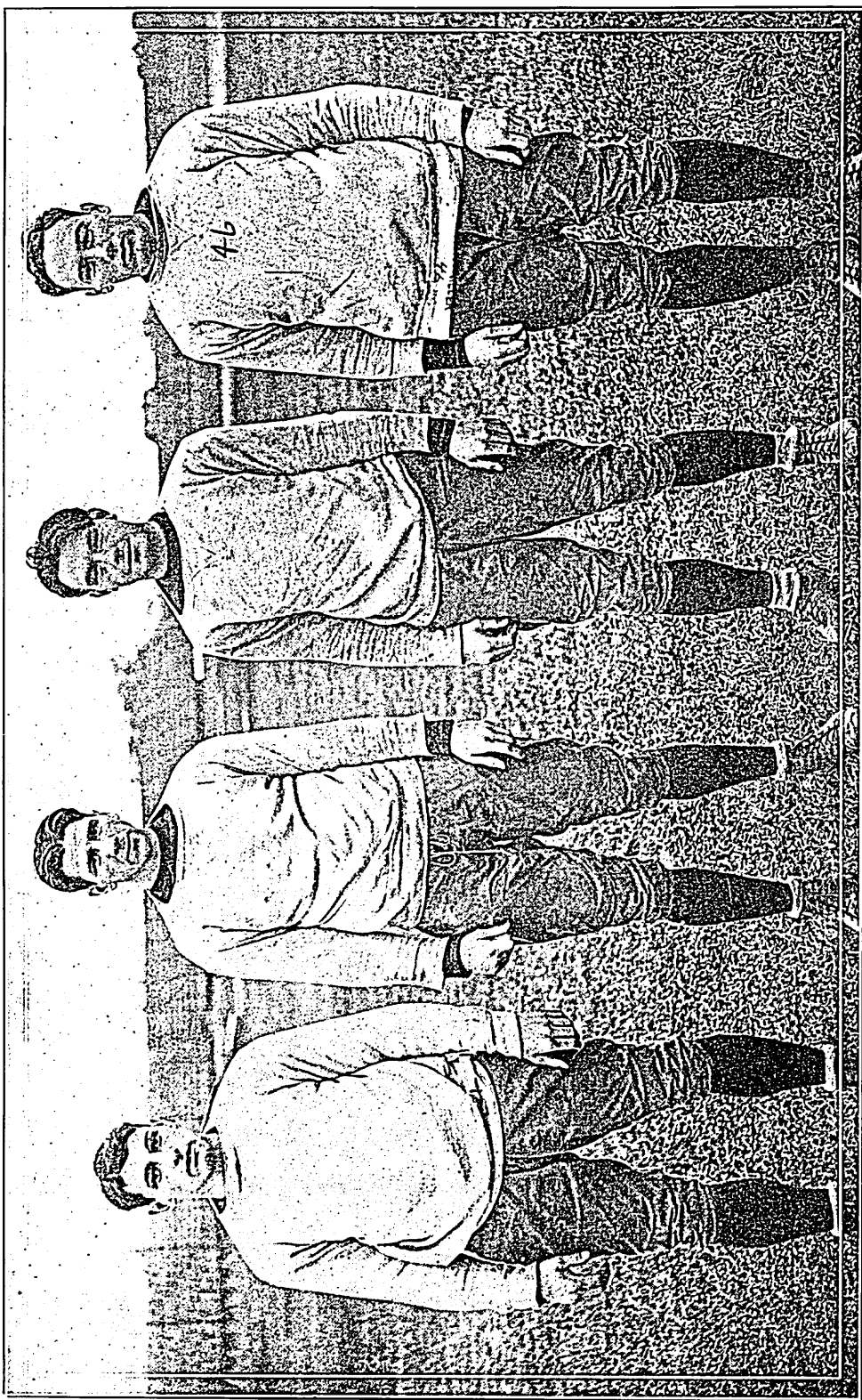
Warren W. Brown Answers a Question:

"What sort of rating does Notre Dame get if you pay attention to comparative scores?"

Does it establish the team's claim to a national championship or doesn't it?"

It does, brother, it does.





Stuhldreher

Layden

Crowley

Miller

The Four Horsemen of Notre Dame



POLO GROUNDS, New York, October 18.—Outlined against a blue gray October sky the Four Horsemen rode again.

In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are: Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden.

—GRANTLAND RICE, (New York Times).

Isn't this Notre Dame backfield the greatest ever played?"

It is the greatest we have ever seen when speed, power, team play, rhythm, grace, dash and general ability are all to be considered. There has never been a faster backfield. There has never been one with as much beauty of rhythm.

They have been in only two defeats in three years, both from the same team. After today they fade from the scene, but no one who saw them play this fall will forget the picture. There have been greater individual backs, but we have never seen four upon one team who had as much class.

—GRANTLAND RICE

October 25 in the Palmer Stadium, Princeton was defeated 12-0 by a great eleven from Notre Dame. The same quartet of splendid backs who ran wild last year again proved their title to fame as one of the most marvelous backfields of all time. Without any question, I think, this quartet is collectively the fastest backfield I have ever seen. In my judgment the slowest member of it can run a hundred in ten-two. But they have not only speed, they have intuitive genius in eluding tackles; moreover, genius fortified and improved by carefully polished coaching to obtain the last inch out of every effort to advance the ball. Crowley is the finest back, ball-in-hand, who has appeared on an eastern gridiron since Mahan. He does not attempt to do all the things Mahan did, but at running with the ball he is every bit as good as Mahan. On the showing of Saturday he is as good defensively as on the offense. Indeed, the great defensive power of this whole backfield was a distinct surprise to me.

DONALD GRANT HERRING, (The Princeton Alumni Weekly.)

The Eugene C. Bonniwell Football Trophy of America Awarded to Notre Dame

The Eugene C. Bonniwell Football trophy, symbolic of the National Football Championship of America, is donated by the Veteran Athletes of Philadelphia, upon such years when the preeminence of any football team is so beyond dispute as to entitle it to national recognition. The cup is awarded only in those years when the Board of Directors of the Association by an unanimous vote of its membership, designates such a recipient.

The Eugene C. Bonniwell Trophy for 1924 has been awarded to Notre Dame.

Some of the Directors of the Association who awarded the cup to Notre Dame are:

HENRY PENN BURKE

Five times Commodore of the Schuylkill Navy, the greatest rowing association in this country.

ERNEST COUZENS

All-American Center and Captain of the University of Pennsylvania 1905 team. Graduate Manager U. of P. Athletics.

SAMUEL J. DALLAS

President Meadowbrook Club, Philadelphia, Vice-President Penn A. C., and President Atlantic Division, A. A. U. for ten years.

WILLIAM G. FRIEDGEN

Philadelphia Turngemeinde Olympic Foils, Sabre and Broadsword Champion, 1900.

PAUL W. GIBBONS

Vice-President, Penn A. C., and national Tennis authority.

CHARLES C. HILDEBRAND

Four letter man Pennsylvania State College and tackle on the 1890-1-2 teams.

DR. GEORGE W. ORTON,

Director of Pennsylvania Relay Races, and holder of seventeen American or National and Olympic Championships at the mile, 1500 meters and three mile distances.

WILLIAM H. ROCAP

National authority on sport, Chairman Pennsylvania State Boxing Commission.

WILLIAM W. ROPER

Ex-Captain-Coach Princeton University football team.

DR. J. K. SHELL

Fullback, University of Pennsylvania, 1884, Coach at Pennsylvania, Swarthmore and Illinois.

RALPH B. STRASSBURGER

United States Naval Academy, whose ninety yard run defeated the Army some fifteen years ago.

ALLEN E. (MIKE) WHITING

Captain and halfback, Cornell.

HERMAN F. WOLFE

World's Amateur 135-45 Wrestling Champion, 1893-98.

The Hon. Eugene C. Bonniwell who is a judge of the Municipal Court of Philadelphia, in a letter to the editors of the REVIEW, writes, "Sorry we cannot sent you a photograph of the cup, but you can rest assured it will be one commensurate with the team of Our Lady."

Rockne Makes Ready to Invade East Next Saturday

ROCKNE NOT ONLY TELLS HIS PUPILS HOW TO WIN BUT SINGS THEM. NOT SO LONG AGO HE WAS ONE OF NOTRE DAME'S GREATEST SINGERS. HE AND CHAS. DORRIS OPENED THE EYES OF THE COACHES TO THE FOUR-ARTIST OF THE FORWARD PASS.

AT THE FAMOUS GARGOYLES OF NOTRE DAME ARE NO MORE SURPRISING THAN SOME OF ROCKNE'S GRIDIRON STRATEGY.

NOW THE AIR IS FULL OF ROCK PLAY.

HE WAS A PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AND PLAYED IN THE BAND, TOO!

MINUTE
ROCKNE
THE WIZARD OF NOTRE DAME

WHAT'S THAT, A FOUR-LEGGED "ROCKING DUMMY"?
NOT EXACTLY, MY SON, BUT YOU MAY CONSIDER IT AS SUCH.
AT THE Tolo grounds...

The War in the West By Llanuza

NOTRE DAME

WASH. WILDER
BACH
MILLER
LAYDEN
COLLINS

THE LONE SURVIVOR —By RIPLEY

THE LONE SURVIVOR

"What Sort of a Team is Notre Dame?"

By WARREN W. BROWN

*Sporting Editor, Chicago Herald and Examiner.**

"What sort of a team is Notre Dame?" seems to be the problem that is worrying all the natives of this country who haven't been able to get a peek at the boys in action. So marked has been the success of the team, in all kinds of going, and against all sorts of competition, many who haven't seen the team, have ascribed to it all kinds of powers, magical and otherwise. It has reached a point where one who has seen the Rockne Ramblers, can tell one who has not, almost any sort of a yarn about the team's accomplishments, and make him believe it. That, I believe, is one of the answers to "What sort of a team is Notre Dame?"

From views taken from a perch on the top of the stand, generally allotted to the workers of the press, at football struggles, and from various observations made at odd moments during practice sessions, the only decision I can come to about "What sort of a team is Notre Dame?" is that it is a team, first, and eleven healthy, husky, capable young players afterwards. That, I am sure, is as much responsible for the success of the combination, as anything else.

Coach Rockne, or his players, or both, have managed to realize a sort of practical application of the "One for all, and all for one," principle. I have, at a practice tilt, heard the coach "call" one of his more famous players, with the same thoroughness, and the same, I am happy to write, good effect as was noticeable when he took to task one of the boys who hadn't even reached a point where he was considered a member of the "shock troops." That's team spirit. That's what wins games. That's "what sort of a team is Notre Dame."

I'll grant that the backfield gathered together this season is a perfect quartet as it has ever been my good fortune to watch. But it is equally true that one can go from one end of the line to the other, and if not always naming a star, as football stars go, nevertheless be able to pick a player who knew his job, and knew, its relation to what his neighbor was trying to do. There may have been players on the Notre Dame team who were not entitled to "All-American" rating, but none can say that there were players on the team who weren't the best possible units for the makeup of a team that comes as close to perfection as one will ever see.

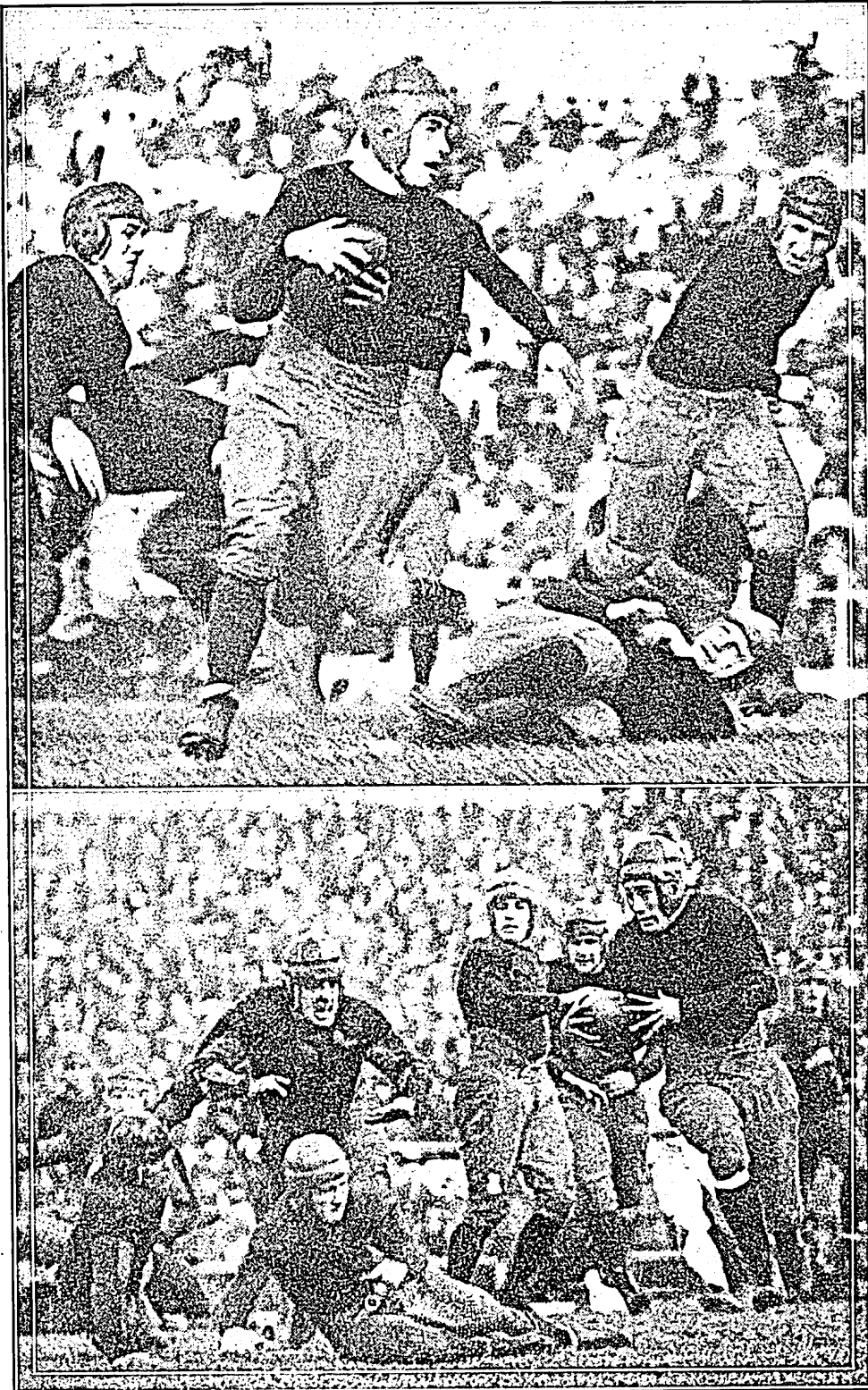
This is not meant for a hurrahing of Notre Dame, just for the sake of cutting loose with a long cheer.

It is more or less hard facts. Study the record that Notre Dame's football team has made in the various parts of the country to which its travels have called it, and you'll concede that none but a perfect team could survive.

It has been said that no team can keep "pointed" Saturday after Saturday; that each team must have its good days and its bad; and that on the bad, the so-called "upsets" are certain. Notre Dame's bad days came along in the season just closed. But Notre Dame was coached, and understood its coaching in such a manner that it was able to resist the "upset," that bad days generally bring.

I haven't a doubt but that Notre Dame will succeed in doing what no team from this side of the Rockies has ever done before—play its game at Pasadena. This is the one game that Notre Dame and Rockne must win, and it is hard to conceive of Capt. Walsh, the four Galloping Goal Crossers, Stuhldreher, Crowley, Miller and Layden, faltering when the word comes that the game must be won. If there is any doubt on this subject, you are referred, respectfully, to Army, Princeton, Nebraska, Georgia Tech, Northwestern, Wisconsin, etc., etc., the milestones—or should one say headstones?—along the path of Notre Dame to the undisputed championship of the United States, the first team in memory, ever to attain such a destination.

*Written upon the occasion of Warren W. Brown's visit to Notre Dame to speak at the alumni ovation to the varsity held December 13.



THE HORSEMEN IN ACTION

(Above) Crowley carrying the ball; (Below) Don Miller running; Layden on the ground.

The "Kick" in Notre Dame

By CHARLES PHILLIPS, M. A.

Lecturer in English Literature; Author of "The New Poland," "The Teachers' Year", "The Divine Friend", etc.

Everything that comes out of that blessed old campus has a kick to it!—FRANK WALLACE, '23, Associated Press.

Ten million people went to football games this year—to the big games. This is not counting at all the million or two, easily that, who witnessed scholastic contests of various grades. Ten million—and it's a safe bet that 9,999,999 of these, some time or other, talked with a thrill in their voices and a pull at their hearts—admiration, exultation, fear, wonder—of Rockne, of the Four Horsemen, of Captain Adam, of brilliant scientific plays and knockout scores of Notre Dame. There's a kick in that name today. Notre Dame! What doesn't it mean!

The deft sharp interference that baffles, surprises, blocks; the arrow-like drive of young swift bodies catapulting through the line; the streaking end-run that jerks your heart into your throat and chokes it there; the trim sure leg that swings the unerring foot; the plump of the pigskin as it sails into the blue for punt or goal; the team, the score, the victory . . . what does it all mean, anyway?

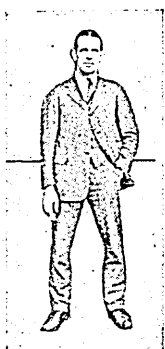
It means this for sure—stout hearts, clear eyes, quick wits, trained muscles, clean limbed vigor, verve and go. There's a kick in all of that. But it means more. It means men; it means character. That's where the real kick comes in. If we pause and think for just one moment of what has gone into the making of this glory of ours, this undisputed glory and this giving of healthy invigorating pleasures . . . to tens of thousands of what sacrifices of time and strength, what submissions to routine and discipline, what practice in self-control, what patience and determination and persistence; what hours on hours of grilling work doing a thing over and over and over again, and once more over and over, to make it perfect;—if we think of this for one minute, then we will know where the kick lies in the magic words "Notre Dame."

"Notre Dame." That name is a symbol today the whole sport world over, and far beyond the boundaries of the sport world—a symbol of more than speed and endurance and gridiron science. With forty-five of the forty-eight states of the Union represented on our campus, Notre Dame has become a sort of America in miniature. Not a mere section of the nation, but the whole nation, its youth, its young blood, its ideals and aspirations, are focused on the old quadrangle where the Bronze Christ holds out His hands in benediction and the Golden Madonna looks down protectingly with maternal love. And on the quadrangle the eyes of the entire country—at any rate, of ten millions of our citizens—have been set during the past year with wonder and admiration and a very deep respect, visioning in the name of Notre Dame something greater even than the title of a great University—visioning in the words "Notre Dame" a symbol of American manhood. That's where the kick comes in—in the realization that our country still produces brain and brawn of the sound old stock that keeps the world moving and makes it, after all, a joyous and interesting place to live in; the stock that can play a game and win and keep its head, and still believe in God with a man's strong untainted faith—the stock that prays to Heaven for its victories, knowing that no worthy act is unworthy the eye of God; the stock that thanks Our Lady for its triumphs and by its every deed and word invokes and honors Jeanne d' Arc of the spotless armour, Michael of the invincible sword, the whole bright company of God's Saints; the stock that can offer even its defeats to Christ as a sacrifice on the altar of faith.

There's a kick in Notre Dame; not alone in Notre Dame football, but in every effort, every endeavor, every activity that its men undertake. It is a training camp for more than famous backfields, mighty captains, invincible Horsemen. It is a training camp for men, for American citizenship, for Christian manhood. That's where the kick is—in the knowledge that America's acclaimed champions of the gridiron are the representatives of an ideal that works, and will work for all time to come, like a strong leaven in our national soul—the ideal of manliness, sportmanship, chivalry, of friendly rivalry and inspiring competition, based on the solid foundation of Christian living. "He's a Notre Dame man"—there's a password for any man, anywhere. There's a kick in the very words. They mean "something doing"—and something done. More and more the world beyond our campus realizes this, because more and more the Notre Dame man himself realizes it and lives up to it.

Everything that comes out of that blessed old campus has a kick to it!

Student Managers



LEO SUTLIFFE
Student Manager

Rockne and the team had an "ace" in the hole this year in the person of Leo H. Sutcliffe, Student Manager. Rockne was the great director and "Sut" was his stage manager, his man behind the scenes. The job was one that required a great deal of initiative, attention to detail, and much patience. On the long jaunts away from home it was up to Sutcliffe to route the team, to write in for hotel reservations, to pack and check equipment, to arrange meals and to supply taxis and other incidentals necessary for the comfort and welfare of the team. Sutcliffe deserves much credit for the way in which he handled the team on their five trips to foreign fields.

At home Sutcliffe had even more to do. But here he had a corps of able assistants—men from the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman classes, who, under the competitive Student Athletic Managers system, are eligible for full managerships their senior year. Under Sutcliffe's efficient organization and supervision these men did their work well, and, consequently, made the competition keener than ever for future managerial positions. This is as it should be for the work these men do relieves the coach of unnecessary worries, and permits him to give his undivided attention to the team.

At home the student managers sell and take in tickets at the gates, take complete charge of seating at the games, take care of the score-board, distribute tickets in hotels and cigar stands, have advertising posters printed and distributed, and take care of visiting teams and officials. Sutcliffe's Junior assistants in this work were Bill Reid, Ed Fallon, Andy Sleigh, Charles Mooney, L. C. Hegele, John Ryan, and Jack Adams. The Sophomore Managerial candidates include William Kavanaugh, James Jones, James Coleman, William O'Keefe, G. O'Brien, and J. Fiske. The Freshman managers are A. M. Grams, E. F. Bourke, J. P. Courts, B. J. Stettler, B. E. Zipperer, W. F. Duffy, J. D. Igoe, P. J. O'Connor, R. A. Weppner, D. Butler, G. Sargus, L. Wingerter, T. Hopper and P. J. McNamara.

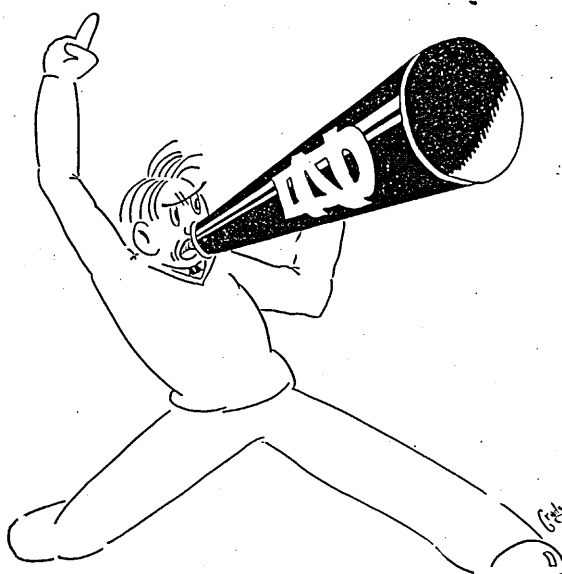
Cheer Leaders



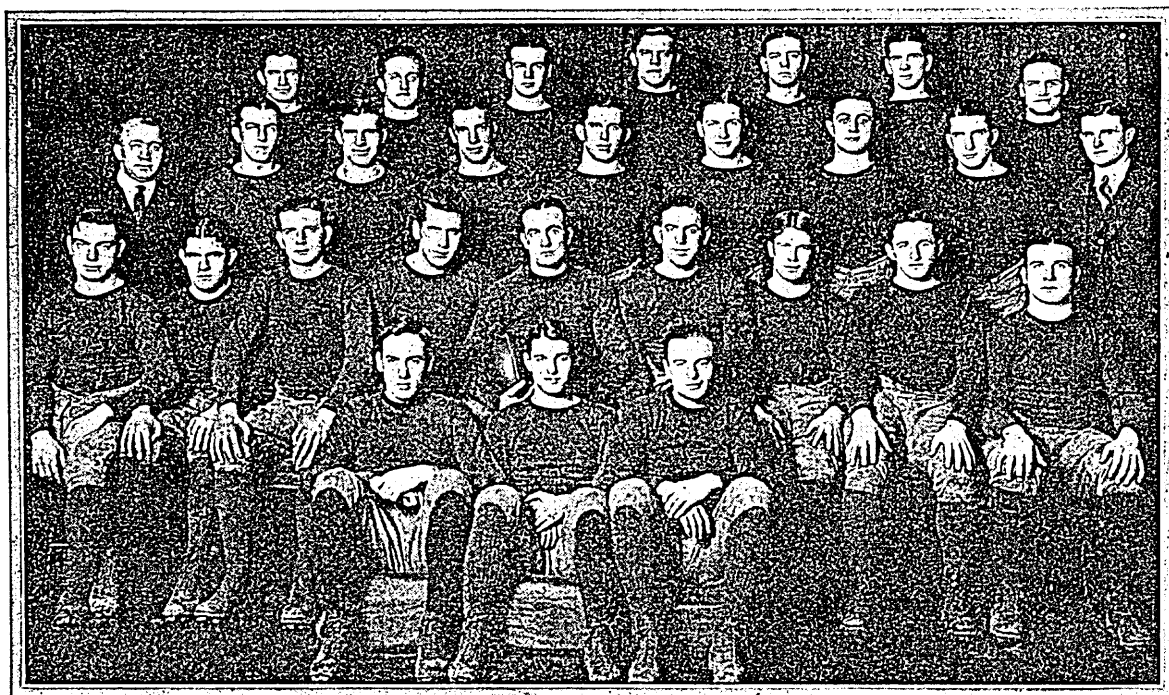
EDDIE LUTHER
Head Cheer Leader

Rockne had two All-American generals this year—Stuhldreher on the field, and Eddie Luther on the sidelines as cheer-leader par excellence. Early in the year Eddie got the gang together, and with his pounding, smashing spirit worked up enthusiasm to fever heat. With a year of experience behind him, Eddie worked like a trojan, and he is now hailed as "Al" Slaggert the second, the peer of Notre Dame's cheer leaders. The rousing demonstrations given upon the occasions of the Georgia Tech and the Nebraska pep meetings are sufficient evidence of Eddie's ability. Among other things, Eddie introduced several new yells, whipped the Freshmen recruits into shape, trained his assistants, and then went to the Army game and made the alumni yell themselves permanently hoarse. He then led five hundred "Fighting Irish" to Madison and it is said that the echoes still linger in Camp Randall Stadium.

The assistant cheer leaders, Abbrott, Sweeney, and Moylan, assisted Eddie in great style. The staff was handicapped, however, because of the lack of a properly concentrated cheering section in the stands.



The '23 Varsity



Officers

KNUTE K. ROCKNE *Head Coach*
 GEORGE KEOGAN *Assistant Coach*
 HARVEY BROWN *Captain*
 ADAM WALSH *Captain-elect*
 JAMES SWIFT *Student Manager*

Personnel

COLLINS	NOPPENBERGER	VERGARA	CROWLEY	CERNEY
CROWE	BACH	KIZER	DON MILLER	ENRIGHT
MAYL	EDGAR MILLER	REAGON	BERGMAN	LAYDEN
MURPHY	OBERST	WALSH	CONNELL	STANGE
HUNSINGER	BROWN	REESE	MAHER	LIVERGOOD
	WEIBEL	STUHLREHER	HOUSER	

The Reserves

LAMONT	NEWMAN	BARRY	MILBAUER	FINCH
ARNDT	GLUECKERT	EATON	ROUX	WALLACE
FARRELL	J. MILLER	HARRINGTON	RIGALI	LA FOLLETTE
ROACH	MAGEVNEY	HARMON	EGGERT	RIGNEY
COUGHLIN	GLYNN	COOKE	McMULLEN	SULLIVAN
McGEE	McGRATH		FRISKE	MACNAB

Freshman Football

The hope and the ambition of every prospective football player entering college is to make the freshman team. A place with the first year regulars gives the aspirant to gridiron glories an edge on the man who waits till his second year to try out for the varsity.

In a conversation between several varsity football stars a few years ago, the freshmen were fondly referred to as the "Goats". The yearling squad faces the task each year of giving impromptu demonstrations of the plays of opponents, scheduled for the varsity on the next Saturday. The varsity perfects a defense against the first year men, using the opposition's formations.

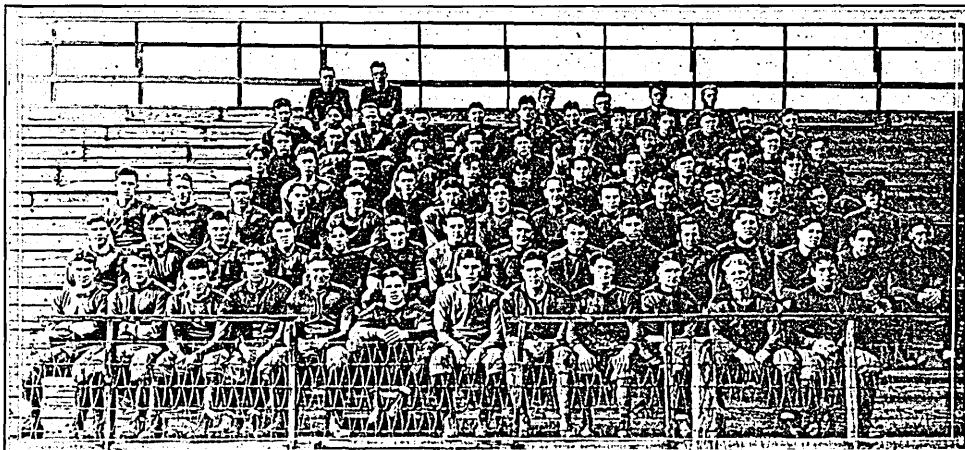
Each year the freshmen squad at Notre Dame plays an important part in shaping the varsity into a winning aggregation. The yearlings toil each night against their heavier and more experienced opponents and at the end of the season they go into oblivion, unhonored and unsung; forgotten everywhere but in the mind of the varsity coach who is looking forward to material for next year.

The freshman team of 1924 played a gallant role in preparing Rockne's Fighting Irish for a season of no defeats and the subsequent national title. Coach George Keogan and his assistant, George Vergara, garnered a fighting freshman team out of more than a hundred candidates who answered the first call last September. What Rockne said about the varsity team can be applied to the freshman also, "We had a fairly good season."

The 1924 freshman team was composed of many good men who showed promise of being valuable additions to future varsity teams, by causing this year's varsity no small amount of trouble in the many scrimmage practices. Three months of playing on the first year team within earshot of the lessons being taught in the famous Rockne school, has served to accustom the frosh to the Notre Dame system of football and although they had little opportunity to develop as a team with organization and a permanent attack because of the numerous changes to different systems to accommodate the various formations of the opponents, the squad as a whole gave every promise of being an invaluable asset to Rockne when he starts his 1925 campaign.

The yearlings won two games in three starts, defeating Western State Normal, 15 to 7, and La Fountaine 31 to 0, and losing to Lake Forest, 9 to 0 after a stubborn battle against the terrific drive of the Academy backfield.

Little can be said of the individual work of the men since they never had a fair chance to show under normal conditions. McCleary and Parisien divided the work at the pilot berth while Bushman, Walsh, Quinn and Fenney performed most of the time at the halves. F. Collins and Hanely carried the fullback burden. In the line were Captain Boeringer and Fredricks at the center; Pliska, Loeppig, Smith and O'Toole at the guards; Norman, Graf, Cavanaugh and McAdams at the tackles; Krembs, Byrne, Heffernan and Shevigny at the ends.



All-American and All-Western Teams of 1924

Walter Eckersall's All-American Elevens

FIRST TEAM	SECOND TEAM	THIRD TEAM
L. E.....Luman, Yale	Lawson, Leland Stanford.....	Wakefield, Vanderbilt
L. T.....Wier, Nebraska	McGinley, Pennsylvania	Van Dyne, Missouri
L. G.....Pondelik, Chicago	Garbisch, Army	Diehl, Dartmouth
C.....Hornell, California	Walsh, Notre Dame	Lovejoy, Yale
R. G.....Farwick, Army	Abramson, Minnesota	Parson, Northwestern
R. T.....Beattie, Princeton	Gowdy, Chicago	N. Anderson, So. Cal.
R. E.....Bjorkman, Dartmouth	Mahaney, Holy Cross	Otte, Iowa
Q. B.....Stuhldreher, Notre Dame.....	Dooley, Dartmouth	Parkin, Iowa
(Captain)	(Captain)	(Captain)
L. H.....Grange, Illinois	Baker, Northwestern	Bahr, Purdue
R. H.....Crowley, Notre Dame	Stockton, Gonzaga	Pond, Yale
F. B.....Layden, Notre Dame	McBride, Syracuse	Wycoff, Georgia Tech

Eckersall's All-Western Elevens

FIRST TEAM	SECOND TEAM	THIRD TEAM
L. E.....Lingenfelter, Drake	Dilwig, Marquette	Seidel, Northwestern
L. T.....Wier, Nebraska	Cox, Minnesota	Henderson, Chicago
L. G.....Pondelik, Chicago	Parsons, N. U.	Bieberstein, Wisconsin
C.....Walsh, Notre Dame	Claypool, Purdue	Lowry, Northwestern
R. G.....Abramson, Minnesota	Steele, Michigan	Hubka, Nebraska
R. T.....Gowdy, Chicago	Bach, Notre Dame	Van Dyne, Missouri
R. E.....Otte, Iowa	Cunningham, Ohio State.....	Collins, Notre Dame
Q. B.....Stuhldreher, Notre Dame.....	Parkin, Iowa	Orebaugh, Drake
(Captain)	(Captain)	(Captain)
L. H.....Grange, Illinois	Baker, Northwestern	N. Behm, Ames
R. H.....Crowley, Notre Dame	Bahr, Purdue	Rhodes, Nebraska
F. B.....Layden, Notre Dame	Thomas, Chicago	Levi, Haskell

Jones-Rockne-Warner All-American Teams

FIRST TEAM	SECOND TEAM	THIRD TEAM
L. E.....Lawson, Stanford	Wakefield, Vanderbilt	Stout, Princeton
L. G.....McGinley, Penn	N. Anderson, Sou. Calif.	Karney, Cornell
L. T.....Farwick, Army	Bellman, Washington	Abramson, Minnesota
C.....Lovejoy, Yale	Horrell, California	Walsh, Notre Dame
R. G.....Pondelik, Chicago	Garbisch, Army	Diehle, Dartmouth
R. T.....Weir, Nebraska	Beattie, Princeton	Van Dyne, Missouri
R. E.....Luman, Yale	Bjorkman, Dartmouth	Cunningham, Ohio
Q. B.....Stuhldreher, Notre Dame	Dooley, Dartmouth	Parkin, Iowa
L. H.....Grange, Illinois	Koppisch, Cloumbia	Baker, Northwestern
R. H.....Crowley, Notre Dame	Pond, Yale	Jones, Florida
F. B.....Layden, Notre Dame	McBride, Syracuse	Scott, Yale

Notre Dame "Scholastic" All-American Teams

Picked by the Notre Dame Student Body*

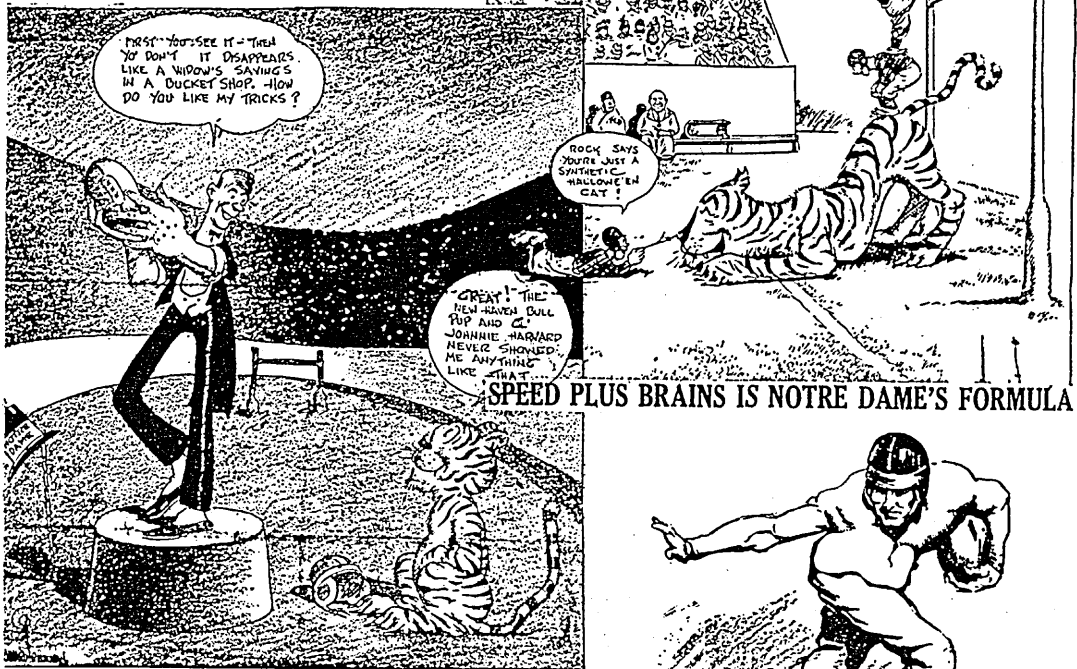
FIRST TEAM	SECOND TEAM	THIRD TEAM
L. E.....Wakefield, Vanderbilt	Bullman, West Virginia	Collins, Notre Dame
L. T.....Wier, Nebraska	Bach, Notre Dame	Gowdy, Chicago
L. G.....Pondelik, Chicago	Farwick, Army	Abramson, Minnesota
C.....Walsh, Notre Dame	Horrell, California	Lovejoy, Yale
R. G.....Garbisch, Army	Deihl, Dartmouth	Eckstein, Brown
R. T.....McGinley, Penn.	Anderson, U. S. C.	Beattie, Princeton
R. E.....Luman, Yale	Lawson, Stanford	Bjorkman, Dartmouth
Q. B.....Stuhldreher, Notre Dame	Pease, Columbia	Dooley, Dartmouth
L. H.....Crowley, Notre Dame	Baker, Northwestern	Pond, Yale
R. H.....Grange, Illinois	Koppisch, Columbia	Miller, Notre Dame
F. B.....Layden, Notre Dame	Hazel, Rutgers	Benkert, Rutgers

*These All-American elevens are the result of five hundred ballots cast by members of the Notre Dame Student Body. The players were given points for first, second or third place selections and the three receiving the higher number of points were given places on the first, second or third teams. A special effort was made to have impartial selections made.

It is understood of course, that to the Notre Dame student, the perfect All-American team is that which Coach Rockne used this fall to make glorious Notre Dame football history.

Teasing the Tiger

And the Host Enjoyed the Magic



The Charge of the Four Horsemen





HARVEY BROWN
Captain

The 1923 Season

The Records

September 29.....	Notre Dame.....	74; Kalamazoo	0
October 6.....	Notre Dame.....	14; Lombard	0
October 13.....	Notre Dame.....	13; Army	0
October 20.....	Notre Dame.....	25; Princeton	2
October 27.....	Notre Dame.....	35; Georgia Tech..	7
November 3.....	Notre Dame.....	34; Purdue	7
November 10.....	Notre Dame.....	7; Nebraska	14
November 17.....	Notre Dame.....	34; Butler	7
November 24.....	Notre Dame.....	26; Carnegie Tech	0
November 29.....	Notre Dame.....	13; St. Louis	0

The Total Number of Points Scored: Notre Dame
275; Opponents 37.

1924 Football Verse



THE HORSEMEN'S RIDE

On gridiron fields of football fame,
 Ride the four great horsemen of Notre
 Dame,
 From Princeton East to Nebraska West,
 They have charged through the lines of the
 countries best,
 "They shall not pass" the Army cried,
 But nothing could stop the horsemen's ride,
 On to victory and immortal fame,
 Still ride the four great horsemen of Notre
 Dame.

—PITTSBURGH GAZETTE TIMES.

"THE FOUR HORSEMEN"

And ever they rode and ever they won,
 That trinity led by a fourth.
 In the East, through the West and the South,
 And right through the walls of the North.

For nothing could stop them nor hold
 Those horsemen that traveled like flame;
 They rode with the footfalls of fate
 And the answer was always the same.

Idealic quartet of all time
 The song that you sang was complete,
 It was 'round 'em and through 'em and past
 To the time of your merciless feet.

Great riders who've never been thrown,
 You're leaving us; deep is regret.
 With some will your memory fade,
 But the ridden will never forget!

—HARCOURT STRANGE.

"THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER"

Crowley and Layden, side by side,
 Miller and Stuhldreher in their stride,
 After to-day will no more ride—
 And so their curtain falls to-night.

—GRANTLAND RICE.

THE IRISH LINE

The poets who sang the great battle of old
 And apportioned the laurels due
 To the victors, full often left untold
 The praises of heroes true.
 To commander or chief in each higher grade
 Were allotted the honors won;
 But rarely were fitting tributes paid
 To the man behind the gun.

So, too, in the mimic battles fought
 And won on the autumn field,
 Not seldom brave Forwards seem half-forgot,
 Their derring-do half-concealed.
 Yet many a headliner's place in the sun
 Is due to their fierce attacks;
 For, like to the man behind the gun,
 Are the lads before the Backs.

So, a song for Walsh and his Line that starred
 The strenuous season through,
 A cheer for each tackle and end and guard
 Who fought for the Gold and Blue!
 Here's to Kizer and Weibel, to Hunsinger,
 "Rip,"

To Collins and Bach, in fine!
 Now, all together, a big "Hip, Hip,
 Hurrah!" for the Irish Line.

—ARTHUR BARRY.

THE PASSING SHOW

There will be stars who are still paradin'
 Out in front with the flare of fame,
 But Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden
 Are playing their final game.

Soon they rise and as soon are fadin',
 Others will come from the laureled glen;
 But I want to see Miller and Crowley and
 Layden
 Taking that ball again.

—GRANTLAND RICE.



GLENN CARBERRY
Captain

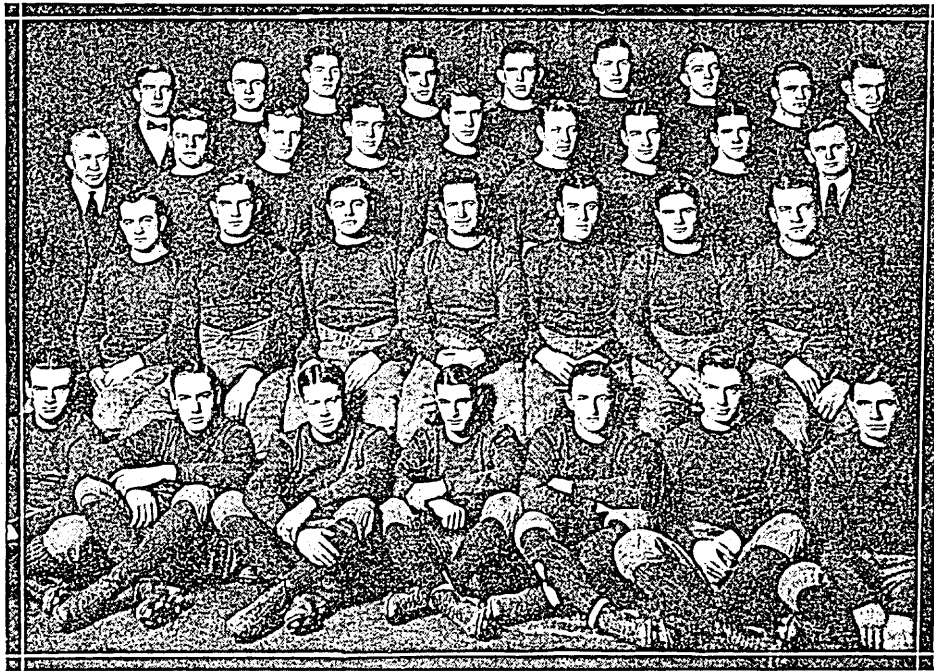
The 1922 Season

The Records

September 30	Notre Dame46;	Kalamazoo	0
October 7	Notre Dame26;	St. Louis U.	0
October 14	Notre Dame20;	Purdue	0
October 21	Notre Dame34;	DePauw	7
October 28	Notre Dame13;	Georgia Tech	3	
November 4	Notre Dame27;	Indiana	0
November 11	Notre Dame	0; Army	0
November 18	Notre Dame31;	Butler	3
November 25	Notre Dame19;	Carnegie Tech	0	
November 30	Notre Dame	6; Nebraska	14

Total Number of Points Scored: Notre Dame, 222;
Opponents, 27.

The '22 Varsity



Officers

KNUTE K. ROCKNE *Head Coach*
 ROGER KILEY *Assistant Coach*
 GLENN CARBERRY *Captain*
 HARVEY BROWN *Captain-elect*
 EDWARD LENNON *Student Manager*

Personnel

CARBERRY
 McNULTY
 COLLINS
 MAYL
 VERGARA
 CROWLEY
 CONNELL

LIEB
 OBERST
 ED MILLER
 STANGE
 COTTON
 MAHER
 CERNEY

BROWN
 DEGREE
 KIZER
 FLINN
 WEIBEL
 DON MILLER
 LIVERGOOD

REGAN
 WALSH
 STUHLBREHER
 THOMAS
 LAYDEN
 BERGMAN
 CASTNER

The Reserves

LOGAN
 GENE MURPHY
 FLYNN
 HUNSINGER

ROUX
 GRIFFIN
 COUGHLIN
 MIXSON
 MILBAUER

COOK
 JERRY MILLER
 VOSS
 REESE
 HARMON

FELTES
 ENRIGHT
 KANE
 TIM MURPHY

Great Write-Ups of 1924

GRANTLAND RICE

(*New York Times.*)

POLO GROUNDS, New York, October 18, 1924.—Outlined against a blue, gray October sky the Four Horsemen rode again.

In dramatic lore they are known as famine, pestilence, destruction and death. These are only aliases. Their real names are: Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden. They formed the crest of the South Bend cyclone before which another fighting Army team was swept over the precipice at the Polo Grounds this afternoon as 55,000 spectators peered down upon the bewildering panorama spread out upon the green plain below.

A cyclone can't be snared. It may be surrounded but somewhere it breaks through to keep on going. When the cyclone starts from South Bend where the candle lights still gleam through the Indiana sycamores those in the way must take to the storm cellars at top speed. The cyclone struck again as Notre Dame beat the Army 13 to 7 with a set of backfield stars that ripped and rushed through a strong Army defense with more speed and power than the warring Cadets could meet.

Notre Dame won its eighth game in eleven starts through the driving power of one of the greatest backfields that ever churned up the turf of any gridiron in any football age. Brilliant backfields may come and go but in Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden, covered by a fast and charging line, Notre Dame can take its place in front of the field.

Coach McEwan sent one of his finest teams into action, an aggressive organization that fought to the last play around the first rim of darkness, but when Rockne rushed his four horsemen to the track they rode down everything in sight.

It was in that 1400 gray clad cadets pleaded for the Army line to hold. The Army line was giving all it had but when a tank tears in with the speed of a motorcycle, what chance had flesh and blood to hold? The Army had its share of stars in action, such stars as Garbisch, Farwick, Wilson, Wood, Elinger and many others, but they were up against four whirlwind backs who picked up top speed from the first step as they swept through scant openings to slip on by the secondary defense. The Army had great backs in Wilson and Wood, but the Army had no such quartet who seemed to carry the mixed blood of the tiger and the antelope.

Rockne's light and tottering line was just about as tottering as the Rock of Gibraltar. It was something more than a match for the Army's great set of forwards who had earned their fame before, yet it was not until the second period that the first big thrill of the afternoon set the great crowd into a cheering whirl and brought about the wild flutter of flags that are thrown to the wind in exciting moments. At the game's start, Rockne sent in almost entirely the second string cast. The Army got the jump and began to play

most of the football. It was the Army attack that made three first downs before Notre Dame had caught its stride.

The South Bend cyclone opened like a zephyr and then, in the wake of a sudden cheer, out rushed Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden, the four star backs who helped best the Army a year ago. Things were to be a trifle different now. After a short opening flurry in the second period the cloud in the west at this point was no larger than a football. There was no sign of a tornado starting, but it happened to be at just this spot that Stuhldreher decided to put on his attack and begin the long and dusky hike.

On the first play the fleet Crowley peeled off 15 yards and the cloud from the west was now beginning to show signs of lightning and thunder. The fleet, powerful Layden got six yards more and then Don Miller added 10. A forward pass from Stuhldreher to Crowley added 12 yards and a moment later Don Miller ran 20 yards around the Army's right wing. He was on his way to glory when Wilson, hurtling across the right of way, nailed him on the 10 yard line and threw him out of bounds.

Crowley, Miller and Layden—Miller, Layden and Crowley—one or the other, ripping and crashing through as the Army defense threw everything it had in the way to stop this wild charge that had now come 70 yards. Crowley and Layden added five yards more and then on a split play Layden went 10 yards across the line as if he had just been fired from the black mouth of a Howitzer.

Speed Beat West Point.

It was speed that beat the Army, speed plus interference. And when a back such as Harry Wilson finds few chances to get started you figure upon the defensive strength that is barricading the road. Wilson is one of the hardest backs in the game to suppress, but he found few chances yesterday to show his broken field ability. You can't run through a broken field until you get there.

One strong feature of the Army play was its head long battle against heavy odds. Even when Notre Dame had scored two touchdowns and was well on its way to a third, the army fought on with fine spirit, until the touchdown chance came at last, and when this chance came in the fourth quarter coach McEwan had the play ready for the final march across the line.

The Army has a better team than it had last year. So has Notre Dame. We doubt that any team in the country could have beaten Rockne's yesterday afternoon, east or west. It was a great football team brilliantly directed, a team of speed, power and team play. The Army has no cause for gloom over its showing. It played first class football against more speed than it could match.

Those who have tackled a cyclone can understand.

GEORGE TREVOR
(Staff Correspondent of Brooklyn
Eagle.)

PRINCETON, N. J., Oct. 25.—Don't ever laugh again at the movie magnate who refused to accept "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" for production because he thought the public was tired of football stories. After watching Crowley, Miller and Layden do their stuff in the Palmer Memorial Stadium this afternoon, no one need wonder that Victor Hugo has been more or less lost in the shuffle.

The halfbacks of Notre Dame ran riot in defeating the mediocre looking Princeton by the score of 12-0, a tally which by no means represents the overwhelming superiority of the Westerners. Rockne's Rockets roamed like wraiths over the cross-barred field to pile up the staggering totals of 20 first downs by rushing, for an aggregate of 350 yards. Bare statistics make dry reading, but one simply must understand the figures in order to appreciate the complete ascendancy obtained by the gentlemen from Indiana.

Only a crushing series of penalties and a distressing succession of fumbles prevented Notre Dame from rolling up four touchdowns instead of two. Despite the misleading score, Princeton was never in the running. Until Weekes came in at halfback, the Tiger offensive was a pathetic thing to contemplate, the plays being smothered at the goal line with uniform regularity.

Princeton employed the Nebraska defense against Rockne's lightning sweeps and slants, the tackles playing extremely wide after the fashion taught by Coach Fred Dawson. This defense, far more intelligently conceived than that shown by the Army, proved futile in the face of the cyclonic speed unleashed by Harry Stuhldreher, the master mind of the Notre Dame eleven. As well try to halt a Kansas cyclone as to stem the blue wave from Notre Dame which breaks with thrashing violence on the luckless defensive ends and tackles.

Worked Hop-Shift Line a Machine.

That neatly timed hop-shift was working with the precision of a turbine engine. The four Notre Dame backs, aligned in box formation, timed their jump to a nicety. As the ball was passed, they halted with a click for just the fraction of a second called for by the rules. Then the interferers leaped ahead, clearing out the Tiger defenders as a forest of fire licks up dry underbrush. Beside the take-out man heading the tandem, Rockne threw a roving guard against Princeton's loose tackle.

In a compact cluster, the Notre Dame backs swept around the Tiger ends or cut back viciously through tackle, interferers mopping up the secondaries as the Yanks once mopped up the German "pill boxes." It was fascinating to sit high up in the towering press box and watch Stuhldreher manipulate his men as Capablanca moves his pawns.

Now it is Elmer Layden, the human mole, on a bullet like plunge through the heart of the brawny Tiger line. Layden who skims

so close to the turf that one expects to see his neck snapped off, Layden who keeps churning ahead with three Princeton tacklers draped on his back, Layden who leans so far forward that he seems to be nose diving instead of running.

Each of the Backs Shows His Worth.

Now it is Don Miller's turn, Miller with the speed of the antelope and the elusiveness of the serpent, Miller who sneaks his way through would-be tacklers, twisting his hips away from their desperate lunges, back jumping and writhing like a hulahula dancer under the influence of rock brandy.

Now it is Jim Crowley's chance, Crowley the whirling dervish, Crowley the fighter, who literally claws his way through the heart of the melee; Crowley who deliberately offers a tackler his foot and then withdraws it; Crowley who refuses to be stopped even when three pairs of orange-striped arms are clutching his blue jersey.

Verily here is the mythical all-American backfield translated into reality; the dream of a Walter Camp come true. No wonder Rockne pops up and down on the side-lines as he sees his outriders in the blue drifting ghost-like through the crumbling orange wall; no wonder, Capt. Adam Walsh forgets the pain in his bandaged hands as he leans forward from his seat on the bench, his face tense with emotion; no wonder the thousands of loyal Catholic rooters, massed in the west stand, wave their azure-blue banners and shriek hysterically. This is a great team, gentlemen; an investment of beautiful precision, an outfit that hits like the hammer of Thor, a balanced blend of power and deception, force and finesse; a typical Rockne team and *ipso facto* one of the greatest elevens of the modern era.

Plays Same Trick He Did With Army.

Rockne sprang a foxy trick on the brawny Princeton eleven right at the start of the game. He took a chance which almost cost him dear. He gambled on his entire second team to halt Princeton for one whole period, and the subs showed their beloved master that his faith was not misplaced. We have never before seen any coach start his entire second string in a supposedly major game.

Figuratively speaking, it was a direct slap at Princeton's face. It was a neat bit of psychology, for once Princeton found that the South Bend subs could stop her varsity combination, the Tigers were seized with an inferiority complex that settled the issue then and there. Rockne must have snickered up his sleeve as he sat on the bench and watched his subs play the Tiger regulars to a standstill.

Meanwhile the Princeton players realized that Notre Dame had a lethal charge of cordite, lyddite and T. N. T. bottled up on the sidelines in the sinewy persons of Miller, Crowley and Layden. Sly fox that he is, Rockne knew that his three musketeers were chafing under this enforced inactivity, that they were clamping at the bit, eager to be up and at 'em.

Now It's Turn For the Regulars.

As the first quarter ended, the crowd was treated to a unique sight. Rockne rose from his bench, gesturing with his right hand. With a concerted bound, the eleven Hoosier regulars tossed aside their blankets and raced like whippets into the field, while the stadium thundered its ovation.

"Here come the regulars," shouted from a thousand Notre Dame throats. "Watch 'em go."

As the sweat-smearred subs trooped off the field, Captain Walsh personally slapped each man on the back and thanked him for his valiant effort. Now the fun began. It was chunky Stuhldreher who started it by catching the Tiger punt and speeding 35 yards up the field. If you have seen a raindrop flit down a window pane, now halting momentarily, now darting ahead, you can conjure up a mental picture of Stuhldreher's whirlwind run.

Opening up his batteries, the Hoosier quarter sent Miller and Layden knifing through the Tiger line until the 8-yard mark was reached. A touchdown would have followed, for Notre Dame is one team which does not lose its punch when the goal line draws nigh, had not Layden fumbled the ball. The South Bend bullet had actually broken clear through the Tiger defense when the slippery ball popped out of his hands.

Up the Field Again in Quick Order.

A Tiger fell on the pigskin. From behind his goal line, Slagle punted to mid-field. That's supposed to be well out of danger, but when Notre Dame has the ball, any point past mid-field is a scoring zone. It took the rollicking Irish exactly five plays once more to put those 50 yards behind them. A well concealed forward pass, Stuhldreher to Miller, lopped off some 20 yards. Then came a low plunge by Layden, the human mole, who burrowed through center like a swimmer executing the crawl. Crowley completed the job, fighting his way through five Tiger tacklers to fall headlong across the line.

On this thrilling play, the hop-shift shook Crowley past the primary line of defense. He went the rest of the way on his own, squirming, writhing, back jumping and shining like a pin-wheel. Jim is Irish and just naturally refused to listen to reason. Notre Dame's try for goal was blocked. Rockne seems to have overlooked the factor of providing protection for his kicker. Still, under the circumstances, we are inclined to forgive him. He taught his boys everything but how to find the fourth demension. On this blocked kick, the Tiger guards pulled Notre Dame's center forward on his face and let Princeton's pivot man through.

Just before the half ended, Dignan of Princeton forgot to keep his fists in check, and was immediately expelled for slugging, Notre Dame getting half the distance of the goal line. The game was as full of penalties

as a Swiss-cheese has holes. The referee was unduly finicky and called "holding" and "off-side" on almost every play.

March Up Field for 80 Yards.

The second half had barely started ere Notre Dame unleashed the best sustained advance of the afternoon, carrying the ball from her own 20-yard line clear across the enemy goal. Unfortunately for Notre Dame, this touchdown does not show in the score, for the referee's eagle eye detected holding on the play wherein Don Miller sneaked his way over the goal.

Elmer Layden was the hero of this superb 80-yard advance, at one time shooting through big holes for 17 yards. Layden was ably assisted by Crowley and Miller, who sneaked their way past Tiger tacklers in their own inimitable fashion.

Notre Dame's second touchdown came at the start of the final period, after a 70-yard march. Yards meant nothing to the Indiana typhoon. Layden, Crowley and Miller took turns skirting the Tiger flanks or wriggling through broad avenue in the line. Crowley's final stab for a touchdown was uncanny. At least four Princeton tacklers hit him cleanly, but he twisted and fought his way through them all. Jim ran with knees flung high, twirling from the hips in a tantalizing fashion. Again Notre Dame's attempt at goal was blocked.

On the following kickoff the Hoosiers astounded the critics by pulling the old flying wedge. It didn't work very well, but it gave old-timers a real thrill. Again, the blue parade started. This time Don Miller slipped off tackle for a hair-raising dash of 35 yards. Don back-jumped his way past three Tiger tacklers.

Battered Layden Is Finally Stopped.

One of the few forward passes that Rockne's men resorted to next carried the ball close to the goal. Discarding his flashy stuff, Stuhldreher now used Layden as a battering ram. Just before the goal line was reached Layden was knocked cold. He was still groggy as he regained his feet, but Stuhldreher called on him for the final plunge notwithstanding. It was bad judgment. Layden was so goofy he didn't know which way the goal lay. Princeton stopped him before he could dive and took the ball on downs right on the goal line.

As the gentle Jersey twilight enveloped the players the whistle shrilled, ending the game. Princeton had waged a game but futile fight against a team that knew more football than the Tigers have ever known or will ever know. As a coach Knute Rockne begins where most of the other mentors leave off.

Beacons are burning along the banks of the Wabash tonight, where the sycamores whisper beneath a pale Indiana moon. Rockne has scored his second "double." Once again he has taken Army and Princeton within the space of 14 days.

WARREN W. BROWN

(*Chicago Herald and Examiner.*)

If Walter Camp thought the Illinois-Chicago game was a sensational display of offensive stuff, he should have been at Forbes Field today. Walter would have dropped his moustache in astonishment at the marvelous execution of attacking plays by the Notre Dame team.

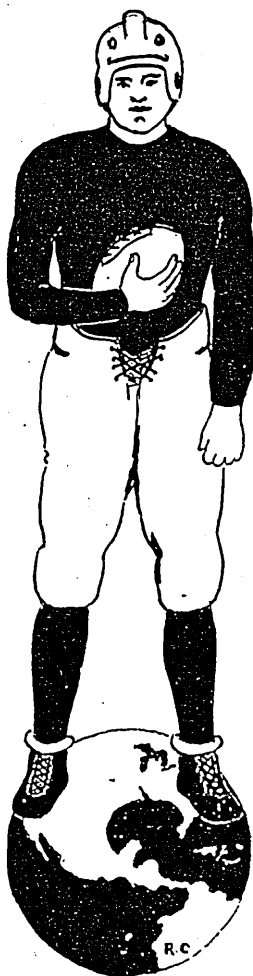
In those two closing periods Notre Dame tried six forward passes and completed all, bringing the total to twelve out of fifteen for the afternoon. They piled up fifteen first downs, for a total of twenty-six for the afternoon, to Tech's six. They gave what friends "Pop" Warner, late of Pittsburgh, had in the house, plenty to write to him about for reference on New Year's day at Pasadena. They pulled their string of victories for the season to ten without a defeat. They clinched their claim to the championship of

all the country east and south of Nebraska. They demonstrated that they are as much at home on a snow-covered field in North Pole weather as on green turf, in nice early October climate.

Considerable aggregation, these Rockne Ramblers; from their fighting leader, Adam Walsh, who, injured repeatedly in to-day's fray, stuck to his job until victory was absolute and certain, down to the lowliest of the third string men who came so fast, and so numerous, late in the game that they defied identification.

When they piled off the field today, their uniforms streaked with mud and caked with mushy snow, they sent 32,000 Pittsburghers shivering home, knowing that they had seen the greatest of the great. If there is any argument about it, "Pop" Warner, January 1, and Pasadena are not so very far off.

They travel far, and they travel fast, these Horsemen.



Notre Dame, National Champions



Go back and check the record over. Here are a few figures that will help you:

In eighteen years of Notre Dame football, (1906-1924), 153 games played, 135 won; 6 tied.

In eighteen years, only seven rivals able to score victories.

Seven years, the Blue and Gold goal never crossed.

Since 1918: 1743 points against 275 points for our opponents; 56 out of 63 games won; 3 tied.

Since 1918, Notre Dame's average score 27 2-3 against 4 1-3 for our opponents.

And for 1924?

Nine games played. Nine games won. Not a game tied, not a game lost.

That's the record up to January 1, 1925. National Champions.

Now fill the last score blank out for yourself:

Notre Dame	27
Leland Stanford	10

Notre Dame, National Champions

